

Hippie Hippie Shake

by

Lee Hall

"if you make a revolution, make it for fun,
don't make it in ghastly seriousness,
don't do it in earnest - do it for fun"

D.H. LAWRENCE

Draft - 19th January 2007

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EXT. SUBURBAN STREET, SYDNEY. DAY.

Title: "Sydney, Australia. 1967"

A broad, tree lined, street in an affluent suburb of Sydney. A young man is walking up the middle of the street. This is Richard NEVILLE, self consciously wearing his "Dylan" jacket and desert boots, trying to be cool but uncertain if he's actually managed it.

RICHARD (V.O.)

**They say if you can remember the
Sixties - you weren't really there.**

He has a rolled up magazine under his arm - and is listening to a small transistor radio - news of protests in America about Civil Rights - he flicks the channel - reports of the conflict in Vietnam - he changes the channel again and catches a snippet recounting the rolling stones drug bust. He turns off the radio - it's as if he can't bear the news of interesting things elsewhere.

RICHARD (V.O.)

**Well, I do remember the Sixties.
And I was there.**

He turns onto the lawn of a pristine property and saunters across the immaculately cut grass quite out of place in this Perfectly-preened Apple-pie environment.

RICHARD (V.O.)

**And it was the same as any other
time, really.**

To the subliminal sounds of Simon and Garfunkel, He puts on some Raybans as he walks into the house.

INT. THE NEVILLE HOUSE. THE SAME.

Richard slouches through the hallway past the exhibition of family photos, and into the living room.

RICHARD (V.O.)

**A whole generation of parents who
felt they'd sacrificed their youth
for their children...**

We see Col. Neville, his father, who is impeccably dressed in a blazer and tie, Richard's Mother, a little more bohemian in her muumuu, and a neighbour in a cream twin set. They are decorously drinking coffee and looking at family snaps of Richard in his graduation ceremony.

RICHARD (V.O.)

**..and a generation of children who
wondered why they'd bothered
sacrificing anything at all to have
so little fun.**

COL. NEVILLE
Morning, Richard.

RICHARD
(sullenly)
Morning, Dad.

NEIGHBOUR
The Colonel was just telling us
about your graduation, Richard.
So, have you any idea what you're
going to do for a career?

The very word strikes fear into Richard's soul.

RICHARD
To be quite honest I haven't really
decided.

MOTHER
(indulgently)
Besides, he's perfectly happy here
having a little time off with us.
Aren't you, dear?

Angle on Richard - this is clearly not the case.

INT. STAIRWAY. THE SAME.

Richard walks upstairs. The Simon and Garfunkel still lilting suggestively in the background. He comes to a door marked with a twee sign saying: "Richard". He goes in.

INT. RICHARD'S BEDROOM. THE SAME.

Richard's room is an Aladdin's cave. There are wall to ceiling posters of the Rolling Stones, Bob Dylan, the Beatles. We scan the wall and see a pinned up copy of the Sydney Uni Times. There is a picture of Richard smiling with another Dylanesque guy - someone has "signed" the paper with a flower and the words " from Martin".

Richard goes to a record player. He puts down the needle on an album already on the deck. The sound of "MY GENERATION" bursts out of the speakers - a massive jolt from the Simon and Garfunkel twiddlings. Richard throws himself on the bed and opens his copy of the magazine he was carrying. It is a British copy of the "New Musical Express" - he opens it at a centre spread which has a picture of the Kinks in Piccadilly Circus with the headline: **SWINGING London.**

INT. SYDNEY INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. DAY.

The Colonel and Mrs Neville dressed impeccably are saying goodbye to Richard.

MRS. NEVILLE

Oh, I nearly forgot - will you give this to Jill?

Mrs Neville takes a jar of vegemite out of her handbag.

RICHARD

Mum, Jill is a grown up member of London's intelligentsia. She doesn't want Vegemite, for godsake.

MRS. NEVILLE

Believe me, Richard. Everybody needs Vegemite, especially when they're 12,000 miles from home.

Mrs Neville straightens his collar.

MRS. NEVILLE

You'll be alright, won't you Richard? You won't get in any trouble.

RICHARD

Of course, I'll be alright, Mum. I really have to go.

He hugs her perfunctorily. She wipes something off his cheek by licking her handkerchief and applying it to the horrified Richard. He turns to his father.

COL. NEVILLE

Well....good luck, Richard.

Col. Neville doesn't quite know what to say. Richard looks at him equally awkwardly. The Colonel finally grabs him and pats Richard's back in a self-conscious hug. Richard seems more bewildered than moved by his father's unusual display of affection. He nods his appreciation then goes. As Richard walks away through the departures gate his mother wipes the tears from her eyes.

MRS. NEVILLE

Do you think he'll be alright, darling?

COL. NEVILLE

I very much doubt it.

INT. DEPARTURES, THE AIRPORT, THE SAME.

We follow Richard closely, he is still tense from the awfulness of public intimacy with his parents. He shows his passport and enters the safety of the departure area. We move with him as he walks away. He does not look back but gradually his whole face relaxes.

His stride gains confidence, his mouth breaks into a broad smile of liberation. For the first time Richard is himself: hopeful, generous, easy going. We know the film has started -

Cue the title song: Hippie Hippie Shake and credits roll as Richard beams his way down the long corridor.

INT. QUANTAS 747. DAY.

The credits continue over: Richard squeezed into an economy seat, his desert boots perched on the seat in front of him. On his knee he is resting a notebook. He writes: "Things to do. 1. Find Martin Sharp. 2 Get a girlfriend" - he thinks about this, then crosses this out and writes: "Get laid. 3." He ponders, then writes confidently: "Change the world." He looks up to see an attractive stewardess looking down at him. He smiles up at her.

AUSSIE AIRHOSTESS
(sternly)
Feet off the seats, please.

Richard's smile drops.

RICHARD
(politely)
Sorry.

INT. PASSPORT CONTROL, HEATHROW. DAY.

The HIPPIE HIPPIE SHAKE song and credits continue as a very tired Richard hands over his passport to an officer wearing a ginger toupee.

OFFICER
Purpose of visit?

RICHARD
Sex, drugs, some rock and roll,
then I thought I'd bring down the
government.

The Officer does not smile.

OFFICER
Don't get clever with me, sunshine.
I didn't get my arse shot off in
Arnhem to put up with prats like
you.

The officer stamps his passport.

INT. AIRPORT. THE SAME.

Richard spills into the arrivals hall bustling with people. People push past him. It is chaotic and noisy. Richard is bleary eyed with exhaustion.

INT. COMMUNTER TRAIN. EARLY MORNING.

The song and Titles continue over Richard squashed in a carriage train. He looks over at an a young man obviously the same age as himself wearing a pin-stripe suit. They look into one another's eyes. Richard looks away as a hip looking dude gets on. Richard looks over and smiles. The hip dude cuts him dead.

EXT. VICTORIA STATION. DAY.

More song and titles as Richard comes out of the station buffeted by the crowds of people rushing to work. Dolly birds in mini-skirts fly past, pneumatic drills blast away, snatches of the Beatles can be heard through the din. London is a chaos of activity and noise.

INT. ROUTEMASTER BUS. THE SAME.

Richard, horribly uncomfortable, with his suitcase on his knee. The bus stops abruptly throwing Richard onto two Zoot Suited Jamaicans who are not amused.

RICHARD

Sorry.

EXT. POWIS SQUARE. THE SAME.

Richard gets off the bus and starts to hump his suitcase along the street past the peeling stuccoed terraces. Stray dogs loiter next to overflowing bins. Raggedy arsed kids are playing football. He passes a window - a sign says: "No Blacks, No Dogs, No Irish."

As he wanders along Richard looks at a piece of paper with Martin's address, finally he stops. He looks up at a door. It has been painted with a picture of the Yellow Brick Road tailing off into infinity - a bit of bright colour and surreal humour in an otherwise down-at-heel street.

Richard knocks on the door. Waits. There is no answer. He knocks again. Nothing. He goes to the window and peers inside. He can't see anything. He moves further round the window and sees it is open. He pushes it up and sticks his head inside.

RICHARD

Hello. Martin.

No answer - so he grabs his suitcase and climbs in.

INT. MARTIN'S FLAT. THE SAME.

Richard looks round - the room is a mess. Books and albums are strewn across the floor. Crumpled clothes lie amongst ashtrays full of butts.

The Beatles Rubber Soul is playing on a dansette, there is a Buddhist poster is on the wall. Suddenly, a girl's voice surprises him:

A GIRL'S VOICE O/S
The money's under the mattress.

He spins round in shock, slips on a copy of "Steppenwolf" and falls over. He looks up to see a girl in the bath across the hall. She is smoking a joint.

RICHARD
Terribly sorry.

GERMAINE
Can I help you?

RICHARD
Actually, I was looking for Martin Sharp.

GERMAINE
Tough luck, sunshine, he's out. Don't tell me you're another earnest virgin come to start a revolution?

Richard gets up.

RICHARD
Actually, I'm a very good friend of his from Sydney University - I may be many things but I am definitely not earnest. Richard. Neville.

Richard proffers his hand, Germaine ignores it and stands up.

GERMAINE
Germaine. Greer. Hold this.

She passes him the joint as she grabs a towel.

RICHARD
So are you Martin's girlfriend?

GERMAINE
For god's sake, do I look like somebody's girlfriend. Pair bonded relationships are about as reactionary as it gets, don't you think?

Richard nods as if he knows what a "pair bonded relationship" is - then takes a drag of the joint which causes a coughing fit.

GERMAINE
Are you alright?

RICHARD
(coughing badly)
I'll be fine.
(he eventually recovers)
So do you have any idea where he
is?

GERMAINE
Christ knows. Haven't seen him for
days.

Richard passes the joint back sheepishly.

RICHARD
Thank you.

GERMAINE
I don't suppose you fancy a fuck,
do you?

He stares at her like a rabbit caught in the headlights.

RICHARD
Well, actually, I'm a bit, you
know, "shagged out" after all that
travelling.

GERMAINE
Please yourself. I'm going to the
library.

Suddenly there is a noise behind him. The door flies open and a long haired character in a great-coat staggers in. It is the same guy from the Sydney Uni Times picture but he looks completely different. Wilder, cooler and like he hasn't slept for days.

MARTIN
Oh my bastard head.

He grabs the joint off Germaine and flops onto the sofa and inhales most of the joint in one drag.

GERMAINE
You've got a visitor.

Richard looks at him, amazed at how he's changed.

RICHARD
Martin!

Martin tries to focus on the figure in front of him.

MARTIN
Richard fucking Neville!
What the hell are you doing here?

INT. PUB, EARLS COURT. LATE AFTERNOON.

Martin has a pint of beer and a gin chaser on the bar, throughout the conversation he is doodling (brilliantly) on a beer mat.

RICHARD.

You said I should look you up.

MARTIN

But I didn't actually expect you to come.

RICHARD.

You didn't think I'd stay in Sydney did you. How could I not come. The "Northern Renaissance". "Swinging London" and all that?

MARTIN

Richard. Forget it. London's swung.

RICHARD.

What do you mean London's swung?

Martin knocks back the chaser and orders another one.

MARTIN

Finished. Over. Swung. Kaput. It's all wannabe Herman's Hermits and wankers in Union Jack waistcoats.

Silence.

RICHARD.

So what have you been doing for the last four months?

MARTIN

Not a lot. Pissed about, read a bit of Epicurus and smoked three kilos of marijuana. Like I said. It's a bust.

RICHARD.

But what about the artistic commune? What about your painting? You were the best artist Sydney's ever had, Martin. You were the only artist Sydney's ever had. You can't be washed up at 25.

MARTIN

I'm not washed up - I'm gestating.

Martin knocks back the second chaser and finishes his beer. Richard is clearly not happy.

MARTIN

Anyway, anything interesting's coming out of San Francisco. Come on.

He sticks the beer mat with his "tag" doodle into Richard's pocket.

EXT. LEAFY NORTH LONDON STREET. EVENING.

Martin offers Richard a joint as they walk along. Richard declines.

RICHARD

But I didn't come 12,000 miles to mope about in a bedsit. What about Vietnam, Civil Rights. Shouldn't we at least be out there trying to change the things?

MARTIN

Who the hell's gonna listen?

Martin takes a toke on the joint.

MARTIN

I think you'll find the world's made up of grey people who see everything in black and white. We're not at Uni now, Richard.

They have stopped at a house.

RICHARD

Exactly, if it's so bloody grey put some colour into it.

MARTIN

You don't get it do you. Nobody gives a toss. If anything's gonna change, Richard - it's gonna change in the mind.

Martin stops takes a final huge toke on the joint and throws it away.

MARTIN

I think this is it.

They look up at a bourgeois house.

He goes up the steps and rings the doorbell.

RICHARD

OK. I'll see you later.

MARTIN

"See you later"? The only reason I came with you was to get a free supper.

RICHARD

(as he rings the bell)
But you hate my sister.

MARTIN

Correction - she hates me - I always thought she was kinda foxy - anyway I dropped half a dozen Black Bombers in the pub - I'll be fine.

Martin smiles beatifically. The door opens - it is Jill Neville in an evening dress. Richard looks in horror at Martin - then turns to Jill.

JILL

Richie, darling!

MARTIN

(beaming a stoned smile)
Hi.

JILL

(mildly horrified)
Oh.

INT. JILL NEVILLE'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

A bourgeois dinner table full of posh, middle aged, portly Politicos. Jill Neville introduces Richard to the group. Martin is sitting in a glazed daze.

JILL

This is George - famous Jazz singer, art collector and professional contrarian. Paul who edits the New Statesman. John Mortimer - QC, champagne radical and internationally famous playwright, and Edward who is writing a book about lateral thinking. This is my little brother, Richie. He's just flown in from Australia.

RICHARD

Hi.

JILL

(looking at Martin)
And this is Richie's friend Martin. He's also from Australia.

Martin is unable to acknowledge anything. Richard takes the vegemite from his pocket to cover the embarrassment.

RICHARD

I'm really sorry about this, but Mum made me bring it.

JILL

Thank the fucking Lord - I thought I was going to die without it. Do start.

Richard tries to eat his prawn cocktail daintily. Martin however seems to be staring into space. Richard is horrified.

JILL

Is he alright, Richard?

RICHARD

Yes - I think he's meditating.

JILL

Anyway - welcome to Radical London.

Richard looks across anxiously at Martin who starts to eat the prawn cocktail straight from the bowl by pouring it down like a shot of vodka. They all try to ignore him.

MORTIMER

So Paul. What is this about a contract with Routledge?

PAUL

Three book deal actually. Hardly a fortune but it'll keep me in good claret. Anyway - I was going to give you the address of a very good tailor I stumbled into on Saturday's demo.

Richard is smiling whilst watching Martin in horror. Suddenly, Edward de Bono addresses him directly catching him completely off his guard.

EDWARD DE BONO

I suppose you're another Aussie upstart come to "spark the revolution".

RICHARD

Well actually -

EDWARD DE BONO

Or join a pop group. Isn't that what young people do?

PAUL
 Yes, come on, Richard, what exactly
 have you young, energetic, creative
 powerhouses, come here for?

Suddenly the entire dinner party has stopped. They all look
 at him expectantly.

RICHARD
 Well -

He looks at their condescending faces. A social panic attack.
 He doesn't know what to say but he reaches into the depths of
 his subconscious.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
 I'm... starting a new magazine.

Richard is as surprised at this as everybody else.

JILL
 Goodness!?

RICHARD
 Yes.

JILL
 On your own?

RICHARD
 No - with Martin. He's going to be
 Art Director. We used to produce
 one at Uni.

JILL looks sceptically at Martin. He is complete off his
 tits.

RICHARD
 He's very good at art.

JILL
 Really?

They all look back at Richard rather concerned.

EDWARD DE BONO
 So what are you intending to focus
 on, exactly?

He has no idea.

RICHARD
 I wasn't really sure. Something for
 young people ...

They look at him more closely.

RICHARD

... about things that are going on.

Martin butts in.

MARTIN

Basically, anything that's not in the New Statesman.

They all look at Martin. Richard's face drops at Martin's totally unhelpful intervention.

EDWARD DE BONO

Well, it takes a lot more to edit a magazine than looking like Bob Dylan.

EXT. TRAFALGAR SQUARE. MORNING

Richard and Martin are sitting on the head of a lion watching the tourists and pigeons below.

RICHARD

What the hell did you say that for?

MARTIN

I don't know what you're so wound up about. He was a complete arse. Anyway, why the hell did you bullshit them about "a magazine" in the first place?

RICHARD

They had me in a corner - I had to say something - I couldn't embarrass myself in front of my sister, could I?

MARTIN

You should have thought about that before you announced the date of publication. Now he's going to write it up in an editorial, dickwad.

RICHARD

Well - perhaps it's not such a bad idea, anyway.

MARTIN

Richard, it's the worst idea in the entire history of human rumination.

RICHARD

It worked at Uni.

MARTIN

Richard we did two issues before they closed it down. The last thing anyone wants is another magazine. Who the fuck wants to hear what we've got to say. Look at them they're all Alfs! Alfs!

RICHARD

There must be hundreds of people out there like us - looking for something ... else. If the most radical thing you can read is edited by that old fuckwit, maybe we could make a difference.

He passes Richard the joint - he refuses.

MARTIN

Look - we should be taking industrial quantities of drugs and having as much sex as possible.

RICHARD

That's what I'm saying: sex, drugs and rock and roll - that's exactly what the magazine should be about. Look, if you're not interested fine. I'll do it myself then.

MARTIN

OK but you're not doing it at my house.

INT. DINGY FLAT. DAY.

Richard and Martin look round the basement flat. Martin smoking a joint.

RICHARD

What do you reckon?

MARTIN

It's an absolute shit hole. What this place needs is a lick of paint.

Richard suddenly ducks as Martin throws a can of paint across the room.

CUT TO:

Later: Martin and Richard throw paint around the flat creating a walk-in, day-glo Jackson Pollock. Finally, they fall over one another and end up in a hysterical heap on the floor. Martin looks up to survey their handiwork.

RICHARD
(laughing hysterically and
with great affection)
You stupid fucking idiot, Martin
Sharp.

MARTIN
(lighting a joint)
But I thought it's just the grown
up, sober ambience you were looking
for.

Richard puts a final can of paint over Martin's head. The paint runs down his face. Martin, unphased, takes a drag of the spliff.

CUT TO:

A week later: Richard sits attentively behind a makeshift desk. He looks at his watch. Martin skulks in the corner, smoking, on a battered old arm chair.

RICHARD
Who would have thought eh? We'd
both end up here in London starting
up an underground magazine.

MARTIN
You do realise no one's going to
come.

RICHARD
You'll see in a minute this place
will be swarming with the most
brilliant minds of our generation.

There is a knock on the door. Jim, a lanky hippie with waist length hair appears wearing a mandala and a lord of the rings badge.

JIM
Hey, is this where the new hip
magazine's edited.

RICHARD
Please, come in.

JIM
Nice walls. You could really get
into trouble if you were tripping.

Martin raises his eyebrow. Richard looks round more hopeful as Another person comes through the door, but is disappointed to see it is Germaine. Germaine is disappointed to see it is Richard and Martin.

GERMAINE

The poster said it was going to be intelligent, dynamic and original.

MARTIN

Don't get at me - I'm only here as moral support.

Then through the door comes widge - a radical student type with badges for any number of issues pinned to his Oxfam jacket.

WIDGERY

Is this the non-aligned satirical magazine with a wide range of political content?

RICHARD

Yes.

MARTIN

No. You're not a student by any chance?

WIDGERY

What gave you that impression?

RICHARD

Please, come in. Ignore him he's got nothing to do with this.

CUT TO:

Germaine, Widge, Jim and Richard are sitting round the table - slightly nervous. Martin is still in the battered armchair looking on in amusement as Richard tries to officiate. Richard looks at his watch again, then:

RICHARD

Well, this looks like it's it. I think we better get started. Why don't we go round in a circle and say what we'd like to write about. Jim.

JIM

I don't know really. Spirituality, the supernatural. I'm particularly interested in Buddhism and Elves.

RICHARD

Elves?

JIM

Yes - I think traditional British mysticism's been unfairly marginalised. I am very keen on Druids.

RICHARD

I see - we'll come back to you.

He looks at his sheet to check the next name -

WIDGE

Widge. Vietnam, Human Rights, the Black Struggle in America, exploitation of the poor, the colonisation of the third world...

MARTIN

You're not a student by any chance?

WIDGE

I'm studying medicine as a matter of fact. What's that got to do with anything?

MARTIN

Just asking.

RICHARD

Germaine. So what would you like to write about?

GERMAINE

Cunt.

RICHARD

Sorry?

GERMAINE

How can we think we're different from our parents when we've got exactly the same attitude towards women's sexuality.

MARTIN

Meet Germaine - promiscuity's answer to the Vietcong.

GERMAINE

How can you claim to be radicals if you don't even know how to fuck us properly?

MARTIN

And she's got a PhD.

JIM

OK. So who's gonna be editor?

RICHARD

Well, me. It was my idea.

JIM

Isn't that, like, really
reactionary?

RICHARD

Course it's not reactionary -
somebody's got to be in charge.

WIDGERY

But isn't that just aping the very
power structures we're seeking to
undermine?

RICHARD

Look - if nobody's in charge
nothing'll ever get done. OK. We'll
all be co-editors. Germaine can
have a sex column and Jim can do
something about Druids and -

WIDGERY

What is this the Hobbit Times, I
thought this was going to be a
serious magazine.

RICHARD

Look the whole point of the
magazine is that it has: politics,
drugs, sex, music. And Druids, for
christsake. The whole point is -
it's not about one thing - it's
about everything. It's about what
everybody else *leaves out*. It's
about recognising it's just as
important to be free in your mind
as it is to be free in the world.
What you do with your body's as
important as what you do with your
imagination. You *can't* have sex
without the politics, drugs without
talking about spirituality. The
whole point is that there is
something for everybody.

Everybody seems impressed by Richard's speech - until it is
punctured by Martin.

MARTIN

Stop trying to please everybody all
the time, Richard.

(MORE)

MARTIN (cont'd)

You should be upsetting people -
doing the completely unexpected -
you need to make every issue
something no one's ever seen
before.

JIM

Like, thematise the issues?

MARTIN

No - I don't mean "thematise the
issues" - I mean make each issue a
different shape - make every one a
different colour - make one a
poster - print one on a toilet roll

RICHARD

(to Martin)

Look - you're not even on the
editorial committee so just butt
out.

JIM

So what are we going to call it?

RICHARD

I was thinking about Oz.

Everybody is non-plussed.

RICHARD

A utopian land of possibility,
removed from humdrum reality where
fantasy can finally merge with
desire.

Nobody's buying it.

RICHARD

It also means Australia.

WIDGERY

It's shit.

JIM

It's cool.

GERMAINE

Fuck it - it'll do.

WIDGE

Agreed.

MARTIN

OK - let's all go and get stoned.

Suddenly, here is a knock on the door. They all look round. A beautiful girl in rather dowdy girl-next door type clothes pops her head round the door.

LOUISE
Sorry. Am I a bit late?

RICHARD
Bloody hell. Aren't you Louise
Ferrier. From university.

LOUISE
Oh my goodness. Richard Neville.
What are you doing here?

CUT TO:.

INT. RICHARD'S KITCHEN - LATER.

Richard is trying to make a cup of tea. He gets her a chair in a flourish of inappropriate etiquette.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Please, sit down.

LOUISE
Really I should go.

RICHARD
No please. I can't believe you've
only been here three weeks too.

She sits.

LOUISE
It's just so weird that you're here
too. To be honest I'm amazed you
remember me.

RICHARD
Of course I remember you - you gave
that excellent paper about Romantic
poetry.

LOUISE
To be quite honest I didn't think
anybody noticed me at Uni.

RICHARD
Of course, I noticed you. I mean -
you had a very interesting take on
Wordsworth, actually.

LOUISE
Coleridge.

RICHARD

That's right. I can't believe it. You were always so aloof, so perfect and here you are in my kitchen.

LOUISE

I always thought that you and the gang around the newspaper were the aloof ones. I think you'll find I'm boringly normal actually.

RICHARD

Yes of course. I mean. No. I mean - Wow. So you're going to write for the magazine.

LOUISE

God no, I wouldn't know where to start.

RICHARD

Of course you would - you could write anything you wanted.

LOUISE

Really. I'm not sure it's my thing.

RICHARD

What is your thing, exactly?

LOUISE

I suppose that's what I came to find out. I woke up one day in a bedroom filled with pink fluffy things and realised if I didn't do something about it I would become more like my Mum than my Mum was. All my life I'd done exactly as I was told and it was about time I did what I wanted to do.

RICHARD

And what do you want?

LOUISE

I dunno - to make difference - do something important.

RICHARD

That's just the same as me.

LOUISE

I think it's the same as everybody. You must be very pleased with how it went. I mean I liked your friend, Martin, actually.

RICHARD

He's a bit of a dilettante,
actually.

LOUISE

It's an incredible feeling isn't
it. Thinking you might actually be
able to change things, make a real
difference, but knowing you might
completely screw it up.

Richard looking at Louise - thinking exactly the same thing
about her rather than the magazine.

LOUISE

Have you thought how incredibly
rare it is - in the entire history
of mankind - to actually feel free.

RICHARD

I supposed it is. Yes.

LOUISE

Well, anyway, I'll just be happy to
hang out. Make myself useful.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Cool, you just - you know - "hang"
as much as you want. To your hearts
content. No pressure. Honestly.

Richard does a bad impression of playing it cool - he runs
out of steam. An awkward pause.

LOUISE

Well, I best be going.

RICHARD

Please, let me show you out.

He fumbles his way to the door, embarrassing himself with his
over solicitude.

RICHARD

Well, it's very nice to see you
again. Bye. Bye.

As soon as she's gone he violently berates himself.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Stupid stupid asshole.

Suddenly, the toilet door opens and Martin is sitting smoking
a huge spliff.

MARTIN

You've got no chance, you know that
- don't you?

Richard looks at Martin.

MARTIN

My advice is to blow the whole
thing off and come down the UFO
club with me.

RICHARD

(friendly)
Look, piss off, Martin.

INT. OZ OFFICE AKA RICHARD'S FRONT ROOM. DAY.

Fast cut images: Richard and Widge bring in an old layout board. Jim paints a big "Oz" on the wall. The gang sans Martin are gathered.

RICHARD

OK. Issue One.

Cue: **Born to be Wild** by Steppenwolf.

CUT TO:

Richard typing frantically at the golfball typewriter whilst Jim lays things out on the floor. Louise delivers a cup of tea to Richard. He smiles at her, coolly.

RICHARD

Thanks.....babe.

LOUISE

I think Psychedelic has a 'y'.

Richard looks at his typing totally embarrassed. He tears the paper out of the typewriter to start again. Germaine typing away - a pile of learned tomes by her typewriter.

More tea is served. Piles of scrunched up paper have accumulated by Richard. He is looking frazzled. Germaine is still typing studiously and serene. Jim is rolling a very large spliff. Widge is trying to work out how to work the layout board. Germaine takes her copy out of the typewriter and hands it to Richard proudly.

GERMAINE

See you in the morning.

The music stops. It is Night. Cups have accumulated, ashtrays have overflowed. Jim is passed out across the desk. Widge is asleep in his chair over a medical text book. Richard is literally nodding off over his typewriter - He finishes what he is typing. He takes it over to the layout board.

RICHARD
 (trying to impress Louise)
 OK. Now for the fun bit.

Richard leans across the layout board to stick the first article in place. But it tips backwards sending everything falling to the floor.

RICHARD
 Shit.

Louise is on hand to help pick everything up. They brush together.

CUT TO:

Richard at the layout board. Louise behind him looking on warming her hands on a nice cup of tea. Richard very awkwardly cutting a piece of typed paper is completely distracted by her. We still haven't seen anything on the page yet.

INT. OZ OFFICE'S LONDON. MORNING.

Next morning. Richard, Louise, Jim, Widgery and Germaine all look proudly at the mock up of magazine. In tiny writing it says Oz - the rest of the magazine is just columns and columns of type.

RICHARD
 The very first issue.

GERMAINE
 It's like the Times circa 1780.

WIDGERY
 She's right.

RICHARD
 But you have to admit it's pretty neat - considering.

LOUISE
 Richard. It's absolutely hopeless.

JIM
 What are we going to do?

EXT. MARTIN'S FLAT. AFTERNOON.

Jim, Louise, Richard and Widgery are outside Martin's flat. Widgery knocks on Martin's door. Nothing.

LOUISE
 Try it again.

RICHARD
 Forget it. We can get in through
 here.

INT. MARTIN'S FLAT. THE SAME.

Richard et al climb through the window and look around at the room.

WIDGERY
 What a dump.

Martin is asleep on the mattress in the centre of the room. He has suspended a whole galaxy of silver stars above the bed - all suspended on strings. Jim knocks over a lamp as he climbs in. Martin wakes up.

MARTIN
 Richard?

A girl appears from under the sheets.

RICHARD
 Hello.

GIRL
 Hi.

LOUISE/RICHARD/WIDGERY/JIM
 Hi

RICHARD
 I hope we weren't interrupting
 anything.

Then a second girl appears.

2ND GIRL
 Hi.

LOUISE/RICHARD/WIDGERY/JIM
 Hi.

RICHARD
 It's just we've hit a problem with
 the magazine.

MARTIN
 What magazine?

Then a third girl emerges.

LOUISE/RICHARD/WIDGERY/JIM
 Hi.

THIRD GIRL
 Is anything the matter?

MARTIN

It's alright - go back to sleep,
darling.

(to Richard)

To be quite honest I'm a bit busy
right now.

Martin looks up at Louise.

LOUISE

Please.

She is impossible to resist.

INT. RICHARD'S BASEMENT. DAY.

Martin rather blearily looks at the magazine. He studies it
with great concentration. Then...

MARTIN

It looks like the Times circa 1780.

RICHARD

We know.

MARTIN

It's pretty neat - considering.

RICHARD

So you think it's basically OK?

MARTIN

It's completely fucking
unredeemable.

LOUISE

We thought you could somehow make
it sort of wild and beautiful?

MARTIN

You do realise I could be getting
laid by Joe Cocker's entire female
backing line up.

He takes the magazine and some scissors. Everyone watches his
every move in studious concentration. He hesitates, then
can't go through with it. They all hold their breath,
disappointed. Then suddenly Martin picks up the scissors
again and starts cutting it up in an indiscriminate manner.
Like Edward Scissorhands, he wildly continues to cut the
first page into an insane but interesting shape. Everybody
watches him in deadly earnest. He sits at the layout table
and stares at it. The letters spell out "The Theological
Striptease"

RICHARD

What the hell are you doing?

MARTIN

I don't fucking know.

Suddenly we see inspiration strike and he leaps up to rummage in the wastepaper bin and starts to cut up photos from a magazine. The others watch him fascinated. Martin is clearly on a roll. He cuts, pastes with a fantastic concentration. Everyone else is crowded round him.

MARTIN

(like a surgeon at work)

Spliff.

A spliff is passed to him.

MARTIN

Scalpel.

A scalpel is passed. He crops a picture.

MARTIN

Glue.

Glue is passed - he takes a huge sniff then puts it down. We see the look in his eye, cue **Voodoo chile (slight return)** by **Jimi Hendrix**, We move in to see in detail what he is doing. We see Martin's fingers cutting and pasting in microscopic close up. The layout becomes almost a landscape and we observe the minute detail. The edges of the paper have become cliff faces, the marks of his pen are rivers of ink. Finally, we focus so far that the whole thing has become abstract colour and we Suddenly pull out to see the fantastic montage. Detailed, intricate, vivid and brilliant. We are suddenly back in the real world of the Oz office. Martin at the drawing-board swaying from his efforts.

JIM

Fucking hell.

LOUISE

It's amazing.

RICHARD

You fucking did it, Martin.

Louise kisses Richard. Richard can't believe his luck.

LOUISE

You're a genius, Martin.

Louise kisses Martin. Richard is less pleased with Louise's appraisal of Martin.

WIDGERY

To youth, imagination..

GERMAINE
.. and impropriety!

They all cheer as Martin collapses onto the desk, exhausted.

RICHARD
OK - let's go and blow some minds.

EXT. STREET, WAPPING. DAY.

A "Richard Lester" type speeded up sequence where Richard and Jim on a tandem cycle to a backstreet printers, go in, come straight back out again with piles of magazines, put them precariously on the back of the bike and cycle away again.

EXT. LONDON STREETS. DAY.

Jim outside a tube station with the magazine. It starts to rain.

CUT TO:

Richard down the Kings Road. A wannabe Herman's Hermit completely snubs him. Louise, in her duffle coat, is further down the Kings Road. Two girls walk by in afghan coats but ignore her. She looks disheartened but an old lady with a shopping basket on wheels buys a copy.

CUT TO:

Widgery outside the factory gates - along side donkey JACKETED guys selling the morning star, the international socialist, the Workers times, etc. No one is interested in "Oz"

CUT TO:

Germaine at the university library - selling the magazine. She starts chatting to a hip guy who buys the magazine. They continue chatting and finally Germaine puts the magazines in her bag and they go off together.

CUT TO:

Martin in a club - he is dancing furiously. On the table behind him are his copies of the magazine. A hip looking young guy sits down - notices it - picks it up and starts reading. Martin dances on oblivious.

CUT TO:

Richard getting disillusioned. But a couple of sixteen year old kids with long hair and kaftan tops who we will later meet as Charles Shaar Murray and Vivian Berger, club together and buy a single copy from Louise.

CUT TO:

It is now night. Jim is still in the same position as the tube traffic is coming the other way.

INT. PUB. NIGHT.

Richard, Martin, Widgery, Jim and Germaine all sit at the table which is piled with unsold copies and a small pile of coins. They all look glum. Louise puts something on the jukebox and joins the solemn group.

RICHARD

It's hopeless. It's barely enough to get a round in.

MARTIN

Rome wasn't built in a day. At least we've got something to build on.

Then across comes a hairy gnome holding a copy of the magazine.

FELIX

What you need is a few more tarts with their tits out and a lot more rock'n roll. If you want to sell the next issue.

They all look round.

RICHARD

Actually, there isn't going to be a next issue.

LOUISE

We only managed to sell thirty four copies and three of them were to Widgery's Mum.

FELIX

Fucking intellectuals. You don't have a clue do you? Give them to me. I'll sell them for you.

LOUISE

How are you going to do that?

INT. BIBA. DAY.

The impossibly trendy mecca for the cool and trendy. Martin flirting with an assistant at the till, Widge, Richard, Jim and Felix wait outside a changing room.

RICHARD

It'll never work.

WIDGERY

It's sexist exploitation.

FELIX

Trust me on this one.

Suddenly the curtains open and Louise appears with Germaine in a hippie top and a very short skirt. Martin sees her and walks over.

WIDGERY

Bloody hell.

LOUISE

It's a bit short, isn't it?

FELIX

That's the whole fucking point, luv. What do you think, Richie?

RICHARD

I think it's very... attractive.

GERMAINE

That's why it's ten pounds fifty.

Germaine gives Richard the price tag.

RICHARD

Why do I have to pay for it?

FELIX

Think of it as an investment.

Felix gives Louise a pile of magazines.

FELIX

Remember. All you say is: "Have you got your copy of Oz yet". Off you go - think revolution.

(to Germaine)

You can appeal to the intellect.

GERMAINE

Arsehole.

EXT. KINGS ROAD. DAY.

Louise on the King's Road. They are inundated with (Male) customers. **We see Louise's expression go from nervousness to pleasure.** Germaine is much more matter of fact, this time standing her ground.

Further down: Richard and Martin outside a pub gazing at Louise.

MARTIN
Who'd've thought, eh?

Felix is in the distance, running round bossing everybody about with his piles of the magazine.

MARTIN
He's a right little tosser.

RICHARD
He's a fucking genius.

INT. OZ GARDEN, LONDON. DAY.

The group are drinking at a table with a huge pile of money in the centre.

LOUISE
To Felix.

WIDGERY
To Oz.

JIM
To the redefinition of values
inspired by a raising of spiritual
consciousness.

Felix looks askance at Jim.

MARTIN
To Louise's legs.

GERMAINE
(encouraging everyone to
join in)
Louise's legs!

We focus on Richard's EMBARRASSMENT at having to acknowledge his attraction to Louise and her legs.

EVERYONE
Louise's legs.

Louise giggles delightedly at being the centre of attention.

FELIX
OK - issue two!

Louise puts down her drink and is joined by Richard - slightly apart from the group.

RICHARD
Are you OK about this?

LOUISE
Well, it's all for a good cause.

She takes the glass out of Richard's hand and knocks back the contents.

RICHARD

I mean you don't have to do it - if you're worried about the neighbours?

LOUISE

No, I want to do it.

Martin pipes up. He is in the middle of the garden with a camera on a tripod.

MARTIN

Jesus Christ, Richard. I thought we were fomenting a cultural revolution.

Back on Louise as she is about to take her top off. On Richard, stood next to her, almost overcome by it all. Germaine, smoking a joint, offers her encouragement.

GERMAINE

All the way, kid, you've got nothing to be embarrassed about.

Louise is emboldened and hands her bra to Richard. Richard looks at the bra. Louise walks away towards Martin and stands self-consciously, in the middle of the garden using her hands to shield her breasts.

LOUISE (CONT'D)

I don't believe I'm doing this.

WIDGERY

(can't take his eyes off her)

I don't believe she doing this.

They all watch as Martin kneels down and delicately paints his signature flower pattern around Louise's belly button. Richard looks wistfully at Louise who giggles as Martin gently finishes his flower, lingering over its execution. He steps back to admire his handiwork. He looks into Louise's eyes for a second - there is a little moment where Martin's cool is undone. Richard spots this. Martin retreats behind the camera as a safety screen to real feelings.

LOUISE

(as Martin looks through the lens)

So how do I look?

MARTIN

(sincerely)

Like you're at the beginning of a whole new age.

Louise looks at him.

MARTIN

You're allowed to smile.

Louise smiles.

The radio, which has been playing throughout the scene, starts playing the Beatles' **Revolution**.

Martin takes a picture - we see it: A snap shot of Louise with Richard in the background looking on - beyond smitten. We run through the stills of the photoshoot, Louise becoming ever more confident - till we rest on the photo of her holding a sunflower which becomes the famous Oz poster: Plant a flower child. **It captures Louise's flowering into a child of the sixties.**

Louise's picture is on Martin's drawing-board. Close up of his hands as he lovingly lays one Louise on top of another, he makes the "Hallucinogenic image" of the kaleidoscope of Louises.

When the image is finished it suddenly moves off the screen followed by more and more - an endless run of Louises running through a printing press.

Piles of Oz magazines with Louise looking out from the cover.

INT. NEWSAGENTS. DAY.

A newsagent is thumbing a copy of the magazine skeptically. The newsagent unfolds the Poster and hold it up. The picture of Louise winks at him. He folds it back up and looks at Felix who is standing expectantly.

NEWSAGENT

OK. But if I get any trouble...

EXT. KINGS ROAD. DAY.

Richard, Martin and Louise walking past shop after shop all have the posters of Louise in the window - with little signs saying "Oz sold here."

EXT. OZ GARDEN. DAY.

SUPER 8 footage of Richard, Louise, Martin, Felix and Germaine who are making a Parody of Bob Dylan's placard routine :

Louise and Richard holding the signs:

"Oz Rules -",

"There are no rules"

Then, Louise, Richard and Martin each with the signs:

"A hand on your cock" "-is more fun than a finger" "- on a trigger"

Then, Martin and Louise larking around, Louise appears to be enjoying Martin's company, they both hold the sign:

"Lower standards now". While Richard is looking on.

Then, Louise is standing alone with a sign saying:

"Be realistic, demand the impossible"

We close in on Richard - dare he reveal himself to Louise?

Now Germaine has an insanely long placard -

"I take my desires for reality because I believe in the reality of my desires"

Jim has a sign saying "Love Thy neighbour"

Germaine holds a sign: "fuck thy neighbour"

Germaine then sticks out her arse towards Martin who snaps a picture.

CUT TO:

Jim selling each issue of Oz to the same customer - each time his hair gets longer, sideburns bushier and dress more crazy. In the background we see the local bobby getting more and more perplexed as the characters around him get weirder and weirder.

CUT TO:

A long shot of Kings Road and we see it turn (rather like a stop-motion film of a flower growing and coming to bloom in front of our very eyes) from a typical London street to the blossoming of flower power.

CUT TO:

Martin comes out of one shop with one girl, then goes into another and comes out with a second girl and so we are able to tell the story of Martin's hedonistic love life. Where at the beginning there was the odd hippie - now it is totally crammed with the psychedelic butterflies. Martin walks along with another flowerpower dolly bird.

CUT TO:

The Oz office - Martin and Jim drop acid as we see a close up of another picture of Louise, it is in the magazine, then we flick through the pages to see exactly what an issue of Oz is. On each page the pictures come to life they are moving. There are animated Robert Crumb drawings, a Victorian medical diagram of a vagina, bands freaking out on stage, the Classified ads column in the magazine: There are Ads for vibrators, How to achieve sexual ecstasy, and "Hippie chick seeks similar for communal sex and vegetarian lifestyle, 12, King St. Whistable". John Lennon and Yoko in their famous naked pose come to life and wave at us as the page turns onto a page headlined "Black Power" Michael X is giving a fervent speech, we turn again to see the incredible string band surrounded by Martin's graphics which move around like shimmering snakes, we turn the page again - What to do at an orgy - there are lots of cartoon figures which are coupling in every imaginable way, we turn to the back cover and a drawing of the Indian goddess Kali with 8 arms seems to be dancing on the page.

CUT TO:

A view of the Oz office at work. Felix at his desk - there are dildos and artwork for the sexy small ads. Louise puts some tea down. Richard is on the phone, Jim is meditating on top of his desk, Widge is typing furiously, Martin at the layout board lights the biggest spliff known to humanity.

CUT TO:

A montage of famous images from the time: the Tet offensive in Vietnam, Robert Kennedy's assassination, the Beatles with the Mararishi, Martin Luther King, hippies in Haight Ashbury, protestors putting flowers in the barrels of guns in Washington DC, the riots in Paris - it feels like the whole world is over run with hippies and their effects. We see that it is being formed on Martin's layout board - it turns into a fantastic collage of the whole hippie explosion.

CUT TO:

A one shot speeded up trip through London. The Oz gang are all in a mini - they pass a joint around and zoom through the streets. They all get out and go into Granny takes a trip then all bundle out and drive across London - they get out at the roundhouse go in a Pink Floyd gig - everyone is dancing madly, as the song ends with it's cyclical fade of "Everybody's gonna be, Alright."

EXT. PICADILLY CIRCUS. DAY.

The midst of an anti-Vietnam demo. The streets are packed with young people with long hair, they are not all as extreme in their dress as the Oz troupe but we see the "hippie revolution" has taken place. They are carrying "Oz placards" saying "troops out".

Richard, Louise, Martin, Felix, and Jim are jostled around in the midst of the noisy chaos. Louise looks round in amazement:

LOUISE

Can you believe it. All these people - just like us, Richard.

RICHARD.

There must be twenty thousand of them.

MARTIN

OK - I take it back. There were people like us - obviously not quite as cool or good looking. But we weren't entirely on our own.

Germaine is carrying a placard saying "Fuck the War". She is pushed by the crowd against a policeman.

POLICEMAN

You do realise that is a technical obscenity.

GERMAINE

OK. I better change it then.

She crosses out the words "The War" so the placard reads: "Fuck".

Felix is selling "Oz": He has a sign "Special demonstration rate". The crowd are jostled forward against a huge line of policemen who are lining the route. It is clearly exhilarating. There is a sea of banners, a cacophony of whistles and chants. The atmosphere is electric. Widge sticks a "Oz against the war" sticker on the jacket of a young policeman:

WIDGERY

You're on the wrong side of the Road, brother.

Widge smiles at the young policeman who must be almost identically the same age. But the policeman suddenly hits Widge in the face. Widge reels back.

POLICEMAN

Hippie filth.

Widge is shocked. Richard comes through the crowd to help Widge whose nose is bleeding.

WIDGERY

Did you see that?

The crowd have surged forward and Richard and Widge are swept along with it.

RICHARD
Are you alright?

Widge is bleeding.

WIDGERY
Jesus Christ. What's the matter
with them?

Suddenly a load of police push against the crowd and the Oz gang are pushed aggressively across the street.

POLICEMAN
Get a bath.

Another policeman knocks Felix's magazines to the floor.

FELIX
Hey! .

The line of police trample them under foot as they push forward.

LOUISE
Bastards.

POLICEMAN
Shouldn't you be at home, love?

The police push forward sweeping everyone in their wake.

EXT. GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON. THE SAME.

Richard, Martin, Widge, Felix and Louise have all taken refuge above the crowd on a statue in the middle of the square. Around them is a massive crowd. Things are being thrown. Widge is covered in blood.

WIDGERY
Fascist bastards.

MARTIN
Come on. There's more than one way
to skin a cat.

He leaps down.

RICHARD
Where you going?

MARTIN
Shopping.

Missiles are thrown around the statue so Richard helps Louise down. Down in the crowd people are getting scared.

RICHARD

Come on. Let's get out of here.

They push their way against the tide of the crowd. Richard holding on to Louise. They reach the police cordon.

POLICEMAN

Where do you think you're going?

RICHARD

We just want to get out.

There is much pushing and shoving.

POLICEMAN

You're not going anywhere.

A missile hits the policeman in the face. There is much shouting and chaos. Suddenly, The cordon breaks and the demonstrators rush out into an open space. Louise is carried along by the force of the crowd. Richard loses her. She finds herself in an open space, reeling round disoriented. Richard spots her and runs towards her at great speed. He throws himself at her. She gasps at the violence of his movement. He slams against her, pushing her onto the ground. A split second later a police horse charges past exactly where Louise had been standing.

Richard and Louise look up to see a riot going on around them. It is terrifying. Richard drags Louise to her feet. Suddenly Felix and Martin appear.

FELIX

(screaming)

Get out of the way.

Richard and Louise look down the street to see massed lines of riot police running towards them down the street. They clutch each other in terror. Martin and Felix run towards the police line. Germaine who is with them shouts:

GERMAINE

No, they'll kill you.

But Felix and Martin throw open sacks of golf balls into the path of the police who skid and fall onto the road like the keystone cops. Martin runs back towards Richard and Louise.

MARTIN

Come on.

They laugh at the comedy of the falling policemen then suddenly Richard is knocked to the ground. Policemen are coming at them from behind. Demonstrators are being viciously beaten with truncheons. Louise tries to help Richard up, but he leaps to his feet and grabs her.

RICHARD

I'm alright.

They run to safety through some very real violence.

INT. OZ OFFICE'S, LONDON. NIGHT.

Martin, Widgery, Germaine, Felix, Jim, Richard and Louise and several other hangers on are gathered around a black and white TV watching the news. People burning American flags. Demonstrators milling around with bleeding faces.

RICHARD

I can't believe it. Under a labour government. They're supposed to be on our side.

MARTIN

Forget it - it's the Democrats in America who are bombing Vietnam. It's not about Left and Right anymore. It's about Right and Wrong.

LOUISE

But I still don't understand why they hate us?

WIDGERY

Because we're getting through to people.

JIM

They didn't have to hit us on the head.

Louise walks outside as the others bicker. Martin sees her leave and is about to follow just when he spots Richard grab a drink and follow Louise outside.

GERMAINE

You can't expect to change things without a fight. They're not going to suddenly give up power because we go round with a daisy chain. Don't you see this is just the start. It was always going to cost us. There's no such thing as a free lunch - never mind "Free Love".

They stare glumly at the violence on the TV screen. Martin having missed his moment.

EXT. ROOF OF THE OZ OFFICES. THE SAME.

They sit and watch the city below them. Louise lights up a joint.

RICHARD
Do you feel alright?

LOUISE
A little bit shaky. But you know - it's the most real thing that's happened since I left home.

RICHARD
Weren't you frightened?

LOUISE
Not really. I suppose the most exhilarating thing was being with so many people. I know it was a riot and everything but somehow just being surrounded like that it felt really safe.

She passes Richard a joint.

LOUISE (CONT'D)
You know when I was little I had this feeling that somehow, deep down, I wasn't just me. I was a part of something bigger, part of something beyond me - but I didn't know what it was. And I knew that if I could just grasp it - I'd be happy. Whole, somehow.

Richard tokes on the joint and coughs.

LOUISE (CONT'D)
You know - I think I might have made that connection. I mean that's what's important isn't it. Sharing lives.

RICHARD
What do you feel connected to?

LOUISE
You, Richard.

RICHARD
Me!?

LOUISE
Your vision. I think what you've done is really important. Bringing everyone together. It was your idea. You realised everything was connected. You were right.

(MORE)

LOUISE (cont'd)
I think you're a very special
person, Richard.

RICHARD
I bet you say that to all the co-
editors of counter cultural organs.

LOUISE
Only the ones I find devastatingly
attractive.

RICHARD
I thought Martin was the one you
fancied.

LOUISE
I have no doubt he'd be a
spectacular lay. But I'm really
looking for something different.

RICHARD
If it's a lousy lay you're after,
I'm sure I won't disappoint you.
Joke. I mean. I think it's a joke.
Are you sure someone didn't bang
you on the head this afternoon?

LOUISE
Not conclusively.
(pause)
You are allowed to kiss me.

RICHARD
Are you absolutely sure?

LOUISE
Well, we are in the midst of a
sexual revolution.

Richard goes to kiss her but realises the joint is in the way, he fumbles about not knowing what to do with it. Louise takes it, takes a long drag and throws it away. He kisses her gently then with real passion. Snow is falling all around them. We pull back over the rooftops of Notting Hill, we see the party below, the snow falling. We sweep over top floor bedsits with Martin Sharp posters on the wall and psychedelic music on the stereos. Richard and Louise disappear into the distance.

INT. RICHARD'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Richard leads Louise into his bedroom by the hand.

CUT TO:

Richard and Louise on the bed face to face. He gently takes off her blouse. It is a deeply erotic moment. She tries to take off his t shirt but it gets stuck over his head.

They can't get it off. The more she pulls - the more he gets stuck. Louise can't do anything for laughing. Richard is moaning. Louise finally pulls it over his head even though his arms are tangled up behind him. They kiss in this ridiculous position. Their eyes closed - suddenly the farce of the t shirt is forgotten and they are lost in each other. They finally part and look down. On the pillow is a little note from Martin it says: **for Richard and Louise** - there are two tabs of acid which he has left for them. Louise picks them up.

She puts a tab of acid on Richards tongue. They kiss. Their lips seem to meld into each other and they literally melt - blending into the paisley patterning on the quilt as they make love. The patterns swirl sensuously in front of us as the Beatles: Tomorrow never knows plays. The patterns swirl in a trippy way but when we come out of examining the swirling patterns in all of their minutiae - we find Richard and Louise are in bed post their love making but still tripping. Richard closes his eyes. Louise holds up a record. He sniffs it.

RICHARD
The Lovin' Spoonful.

He peeks from under the blindfold and sees he is right.

LOUISE
How do you do that?

RICHARD
I don't know. It's amazing. I can actually smell it.

She proffers another LP. It is Richard sniffs.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Is it the Rolling Stones?

LOUISE
Maybe.

RICHARD
Satanic Majesties?

LOUISE
No.

RICHARD
Aftermath.

LOUISE
No.

RICHARD
Let It Bleed.

LOUISE

Yes.

RICHARD

It's amazing - everything connects with everything else - everything is everything else - it's like from the history of time to the end of everything, everything is everything for ever. Do you see?

Louise is smiling at Richard.

LOUISE

Completely.

She takes "Let it Bleed" from Richard and flings it across the room.

LOUISE

I love you, Richard Neville.

She kisses him.

RICHARD

This is what it's really like isn't it. Being free.

He kisses her, and they slowly glide out of the frame.

INT. RICHARD'S BASEMENT. MORNING.

Richard wakes up. He smiles to himself as Louise nestles more closely.

RICHARD

(quotes Wordsworth to himself)

Bliss it was in the dawn to be alive/ But to be young was very heaven.

Then there's a sneeze and a hairy head appears at the foot of the bed. It is Jim.

JIM

Hey, man.

Richard is aghast.

RICHARD

Have you been there all night?

JIM

It's alright, you didn't really disturb me till you started throwing records around.

Suddenly, there is a huge banging at the door. Richard jumps up alarmed.

RICHARD
Jesus Christ. Who the hell is that?

The banging is insistent.

JIM
Aren't you going to get it?

Richard leaps out of bed naked and runs through the "office" covered in the debris of last night's party. He opens the door to a middle aged man in a raincoat and a comb-over whom we recognise as Detective Luff.

LUFF
Neville? Mr Richard Neville.

Richard stares blearily at him.

LUFF (CONT'D)
Detective Inspector Luff.

RICHARD
Inspector Love?!

LUFF
Don't take the piss. Luff. L U F F -
of the Vice Squad, matey. Now out
of the bloody way.

He pushes past Richard as do the other coppers. Luff looks around.

RICHARD
Hang on. You can't just come in
here.

LUFF
You don't think I'd come without a
warrant. You're not dealing with
some plod from Westbourne Grove.
You're not the only one with a
degree from university.

Luff has difficulty getting the warrant out of his pocket. He finally flashes a piece of paper at him and goes over to a pile of Oz magazines. He picks one up and looks inside. He tuts.

LUFF (CONT'D)
So did you always want to be a
pornographer or is it something you
just fell into.

RICHARD
We're a non-aligned counter-cultural magazine. There's nothing pornographic about Oz.

LUFF
(he reads from the paper in his hand)
"Hot Hippie chick likes to suck macrobiotic cock."

RICHARD
That's a classified ad.

LUFF
You should be bloody classified, sunshine. Look at this place. I don't even like to think what you get up to in here.

RICHARD
I don't get up to anything. I never have the time.

Luff heads for the bedroom door.

RICHARD
Hey, that's my bedroom.

Luff opens the door to reveal Jim and Louise cowering in bed. Luff is disgusted and shuts it again.

LUFF
Personally I don't give a monkey's croup what you do in the privacy of your own home. But unfortunately in the last six issues of your magazine you've had 55 adverts for sundry items of sexual equipment. 43 articles advocating 23 separate sexual perversions. And an article about hemophilia.

RICHARD
But that's a blood disease.

LUFF
Don't get smart with me, asshole. Your organ is a cesspit of vice and corruption. Look at this.

He picks up a dildo and examines it with disdain as Louise and Jim come into the office.

RICHARD
It's just an advertising sample.

LOUISE

But you'd be surprised where it's been.

Luff puts it down quickly.

RICHARD

We use it to stir the tea.

LUFF

Look, don't play silly buggers. You might think it's funny, but I'm damn sure I don't want my sixteen year old daughter exposed to filth like this. Look, I'm not some fundamentalist nutter - I'm as broad-minded as the next guy, but this! You think this is freedom? This is low-grade pornography.

JIM

The real pornography is watching your generation drop napalm on Vietnam.

LUFF

I'm not fucking talking to you!

Suddenly Luff grabs Richard and it's serious.

LUFF

Listen. I'm not out to persecute you. Just clean up this shithouse of a magazine or I'll clean out the fucking lot of you. Capeche. Comrade?

He walks out. Richard looks at a copper who is looking rather enthusiastically at a magazine. He puts it down embarrassed. Richard watches Luff go. But a voice behind him makes Luff stop.

JIM

You're going to regret you came here.

Luff comes back. He stares him in the face.

JIM (CONT'D)

We've all got terrible colds.

Luff doesn't know what to do - he turns round and leaves. Louise comes up to Richard, who is suitably shocked, and holds him.

LOUISE

Bastard.

INT. OFFICE. LATER

Everybody is gathered. Jim closes the curtains, fusses about in a paranoid state as if they were being bugged. Felix is unconcerned.

FELIX

Well I think it's fucking excellent news. We're legitimate outlaws. Just think what this is going to do in terms of the circulation.

RICHARD

There'll be no circulation if they close us down. Look we're going to have to be extremely careful what we publish.

WIDGERY

I agree. If we spent more time writing about serious issues and less space exploiting the female form we'd be in a damn better position to protect ourselves. Look do we really need so many advertisements for dildos.

GERMAINE

I agree the problem with Oz is we've got too lowbrow.

FELIX

Lowbrow. Nobody can fucking understand it. Who the fuck's interested in the existentialist position on gay rights?

JIM

I am.

FELIX

What the fuck for?

JIM

Well, I'm gay, actually.

Everybody stops.

RICHARD

Really?

JIM

Well, I haven't actually had sex or anything. But I fully intend to.

FELIX

Anyway - I don't know why everybody's acting like I'm the debaser of high ideals here - each dildo ad means we pay for a 3 colour separation double page spread. How the hell are we going to keep expanding without looking after the advertising revenue?

RICHARD

Look, all Widge is saying is we didn't start up Oz to sell plastic vibrators and LPs for the Incredible String Band.

LOUISE

For godsake! Stop arguing! It's pathetic. We've just been raided by the police and what are we actually doing about it?

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT LAB. DAY.

A glass pipette as it slowly drips a clear liquid into a test tube. Martin and two hippies wearing lab coats look at the tiny drip with a sense of real awe. They speak with hushed reverence.

HIPPIE CHEMIST

Stretiform Tri Diethylamide 25. STD.

HIPPIE CHEMIST 2

Ten times as strong as regular acid.

HIPPIE CHEMIST

It's the way forward.

HIPPIE CHEMIST 2

It will save mankind, man. Simple evolution. We can re-program the uptight Western mind.

MARTIN

What does it do?

HIPPIE CHEMIST 2

Well. It kinda totally atomises your ego putting you completely at one with the molecular universe.

HIPPIE CHEMIST

It is exceedingly heavy.

MARTIN

I heard it can make you go blind.

HIPPIE CHEMIST 2

You say that like it's a bad thing.

Martin looks at a bag full of tiny tabs.

MARTIN

How many trips have you got there?

HIPPIE CHEMIST 2

Six or seven thousand.

HIPPIE CHEMIST

Enough to save a lot of people.

HIPPIE CHEMIST (CONT'D)

Would you care to ingest a sample?

MARTIN

Sure. What happens if you take
five?

They look at him.

EXT. MARTIN'S HOUSE. DAY.

Richard and Louise outside. The door is painted with a painting of a blue sky with clouds.

LOUISE

(shouts up)

Martin! Martin!

RICHARD

Look, don't worry. He's bound to
have something brilliant up his
sleeve.

INT. MARTIN'S HOUSE. THE SAME.

Richard and Louise creep inside. They can hear an Indian raga playing. They emerge into the room which is completely empty, painted white with a huge acetate of a Question mark on the wall. There is no furniture but thousands and thousands of pieces of cut out images all over the floor. Martin sits in the middle - seemingly in a trace.

RICHARD

What happened to your furniture?

MARTIN

There wasn't really any room.

LOUISE

What are you doing, Martin?

MARTIN

I never really know till I'm finished.

RICHARD

You're supposed to be doing the cover.

MARTIN

Hey. You can't rush the creative process, Richard.

RICHARD

Martin. We've a deadline at the printers in forty eight hours. Look, this isn't easy we were raided by the police this morning.

MARTIN

What are you saying to me?

RICHARD

You agreed to do the cover. I need you to do it, Martin. I'm trying to run a magazine here.

MARTIN

Deadlines? Who wants lines of dead things? What are you doing? I thought you wanted to do things differently. I thought the whole point was to do it our way, Richard.

RICHARD

I've had it. It's not fair. Why the hell do I have to run round chasing fucking copy while everybody else is allowed to get off their tits? I'm sick of it, Martin. The problem isn't freedom of expression, it's the industrial level chemical abuse. You've got 24 hours to get it finished or I'll have to use something else - understood?

He storms out.

MARTIN

Did I say something wrong?

Martin looks at Louise.

LOUISE

I think the pressure is getting to him. He's only trying to do his best.

MARTIN
So are you fucking him?

LOUISE
Yes.

MARTIN
I see.
He's a very lucky, man.
A bit square, but lucky.

LOUISE
He's a good, man. So are you.
Please - do something special,
Martin. For me.

Martin looks at her.

INT. OZ OFFICE'S LONDON. NIGHT.

Richard is in the office typing away - burning the midnight oil. Louise appears wearing just one of Richard's long grandad shirts - she kisses him on the neck.

LOUISE
Another wild night at the heart of
the counter-culture.

RICHARD
I'm sorry, sweetheart. I just have
to re-write Jim's article about
Magic Mushrooms and I'll be in.

LOUISE
Won't he notice?

RICHARD
I doubt he'll remember he wrote it
in the first place. Do you think he
really is gay?

LOUISE
For the sake of my gender - I
certainly hope so.

She kisses him on the back of the neck.

LOUISE
OK. But don't take too long. The
"revolution" 'll be waiting in the
bedroom.

Richard reluctantly continues to type. Louise lingers for a moment then retreats to the bedroom. Richard makes a typing error.

RICHARD

Bollocks.

He tears the paper from the typewriter, screws it up and starts again.

CUT TO:

The desk is covered with balls of screwed up paper. Richard is completely knackered. He pulls out a completed sheet. He looks up - it is four in the morning. He quietly leaves the desk and walks through to the adjacent room. Louise is fast asleep. He looks longingly at her, climbs into bed and turns off the light.

BASEMENT. MORNING.

A petal falls gracefully through the air.

Louise is still in bed - Richard has covered Louise's sleeping body with petals. Louise wakes up to see petals falling down onto her face.

LOUISE

Richard?

RICHARD

It takes a great deal of experimentation to maintain a steady velocity.

He lights a spliff.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

You're right. Fuck it. Bigger the magazine. I'm going to lock the door and screw you absolutely senseless till midnight.

Richard drops his robe - he looks down suggesting he has something to be proud of. Louise is obviously impressed by what she sees.

LOUISE

Goodness.

Suddenly, Jim pops his head round the door.

JIM

Rich - we've got a bit of a problem.

Richard spins round covering himself with his hands.

JIM

There's someone asking for you.

RICHARD

Look - I told you not to disturb me. Just tell them to fuck off out of it. I don't care who they are.

Richard turns round to see his Mother and Father standing in the doorway.

MRS NEVILLE

Richard!

RICHARD

Mum! Dad!

Richard covers himself up. They look through to see Louise.

COL. NEVILLE

O hello. Colonel Neville, pleased to meet you.

Richard's horrified face.

CUT TO:

Richard, his Mum and Dad in the office with Felix and Jim.

RICHARD

What on earth are you doing here?

MRS. NEVILLE

We've come over for a week to see Jill. Your Dad sent a letter a month ago - if you actually rang us more often we wouldn't need to just "pop by" would we.

FELIX

Shit, Richard. It must've been one of the letters Jim and I ate when we took that really great acid.

Dad looks around the room and picks up the dildo and looks at it with puzzlement and puts it down.

RICHARD

Jesus Christ.

Richard looks at Louise in horror.

EXT. THE OZ GARDEN. DAY.

Richard, Louise, Felix, Germaine, Jim and Widge are all having a very polite tea party.

MRS. NEVILLE

So what exactly is this magazine you are doing?

WIDGERY

Well, essentially it's a counter cultural organ bringing together all sorts of strands from satirical existentialists to the revolutionary gays.

MRS. NEVILLE

Does anybody actually buy it?

FELIX

Mostly get it for the adverts. We should be the Daily Mail of the Underground. But we're like a bloody philosophy text book.

LOUISE

Felix is the resident philistine.

FELIX

If it was up to me I'd sack all the editors and just let anybody have a go.

MRS. NEVILLE

Who edits it at the moment?

GERMAINE

Officially it's a collective but really Richard is in charge.

MRS. NEVILLE

No wonder it's incomprehensible.

COL. NEVILLE

(looking at Jim)

Do you think he's alright?

GERMAINE

It's OK. He's just tripping.

MRS. NEVILLE

Where exactly has he been?

RICHARD

Anyway, Mum, weren't you going to do some sightseeing?

MRS. NEVILLE

I thought maybe we could see a show. Perhaps Louise and you would care to join us.

RICHARD

Unfortunately, Oz is sponsoring an event tonight at the Roundhouse.

JIM

Yeah, the Living Theatre, man.

COL. NEVILLE

Oh. You quite like the theatre, don't you, Shelia.

MRS. NEVILLE

Do you think it'll be any good?

JIM

It will be the most mind-freaking, extraordinary, completely far-out experience of your entire fucking life.

MRS. NEVILLE

Well, we should definitely go. Richard.

Richard looks at Louise in horror.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE ROUNDHOUSE, LONDON. DAY.

Richard and Louise are stood in a queue of hundreds of the most far out hippies and freaks in London. Mum and Dad dressed in their conservative clothes couldn't be more out of place.

LOUISE

Maybe they'll quite like it.

RICHARD

Nobody *likes* the Living Theatre. The whole point is you're supposed to hate it.

Col. Neville looks at a poster for the show: "Paradise Now" It shows a load of naked hippies writhing in a pile of contorted flesh.

COL. NEVILLE

We saw a very good Pirates of Penzance in Adelaide recently.

RICHARD

Are you sure you wouldn't prefer to just go for a drink?

MRS. NEVILLE

Nonsense - it's not every day you're in London.

(MORE)

MRS. NEVILLE (cont'd)
 I'm going to have a bit of culture
 if it kills me. Besides it's your
 special night.

Some very cool looking freaks pass by:

FREAKS
 Hi Richard.

Richard wishes to die with embarrassment.

INT. THE ROUNDHOUSE. THE SAME.

They take their seats in the front row for the performance. A
 Afro headed guy comes over to talk to Richard. All of hippie
 London is here.

AFRO HEAD
 Hey Richie baby. I've got the most
 amazing fucking grass, man. You
 wanna try some?

RICHARD
 Hi, Mitchell. This is my Mum - and
 Dad.

Richard's Mum and Dad smile politely.

CUT TO:

Richard and Louise at the side of the stage.

RICHARD
 This is an absolute disaster.
 Perhaps I should just run away.

LOUISE
 You already did.

The lights start to dim.

MRS. NEVILLE
 Oh it's starting.

Richard take centre stage. The audience hoot applause.

RICHARD
 It is my great honour to introduce
 to you one of the great artists of
 the counter-counter culture.

As Richard speaks the troupe stand behind him and form the
 word "Anarchy" with their bodies.

RICHARD
 We have heard so much about their
 revolutionary performances, and
 mind expanding activities.
 (MORE)

RICHARD (cont'd)
Ladies, Gentlemen, freaks and my
parents. I am proud to present to
you, from New York City, Mr Julian
Beck and the Living Theatre.

Cheers and applause. Richard take his seat next to his
parents.

MRS. NEVILLE
Well done, Richard.

They watch attentively as twenty near naked scrawny hippies
take the stage and form a circle. They start to do some
ritual group movement with screaming. Mrs Neville puts her
glasses on to get a better look. The actors start to take off
what few clothes they are wearing.

ACTORS
We are one - we are all one

They start to pair off and start to writhe around each other
sexually.

COL. NEVILLE
Bloody hell!

Mrs Neville is transfixed. The actors are now on the ground
in a writhing pile of human flesh - they are making
exaggerated grunting noises which builds into a crescendo of
a collective orgasm. Richard is holding his head.

The actors stand up in a circle facing the audience
completely naked and they start a chant.

ACTORS
We order you to smoke dope.
We order you to change your mind.
We order you to disobey all order.
We order you to make love with your
neighbour.

Richard realises he is sitting next to his father.

RICHARD
(to Louise)
I'll be taking your side.

The actors wail and start approaching members of the
audience.

RICHARD
Oh no.

Richard wants to die.

The actors scream at people in the front row then a naked
Julian Beck decides to pick on Col. Neville.

ACTOR

Come on you bourgeois fucking pig!
Take off your clothes and fuck me
up the ass.

RICHARD

This is not happening.

Richard wants the world to open up and swallow him whole.

ACTOR

Lose your inhibitions. Open your
fucking mind.

It is quite clear that Dad will not take off his clothes but sits firmly rather embarrassed. The actor is used to not getting a reaction and others join him. They start to taunt Col. Neville. The actors chant "Pig!" Whilst the main actor berates Richard's father.

ACTOR

Come on you asshole. What the fuck
are you frightened off. Capitalist
Pig!!!!

The Colonel gets up and land him a sharp right hook. Beck is out cold.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

Louise, Richard and Mrs and Mrs Neville walking back.

COL. NEVILLE

Raving looney.

RICHARD

You weren't supposed to hit the
actors, Dad. It was part of the
act.

LOUISE

Don't you think it's amazing to be
that committed to what you're
doing.

RICHARD

Are you talking about Dad or the
Living Theatre?

MRS. NEVILLE

Well, I rather liked it. I thought
the bit when they all spat on the
man in the front row was a bit
uncalled for, but all in all -
quite enjoyable.

They have reached Richard's basement. They see Martin outside with a portfolio.

MARTIN

Something's going on in there -
they won't let me in.

Richard, Louise et al. come down the stairs. There is loud rock and roll coming from inside. Richard takes out his key and opens the door.

INT. OZ OFFICE'S LONDON. THE SAME.

Richard, Louise, Mum, Dad and Martin come in to see Felix doing a photoshoot. Jim is dressed as a revolutionary, a naked black girl is holding a baby - they all have guns - including the baby.

FELIX

Move the gun out the way of your
tit, luv.

(to Richard)

Hiya.

(to Mum)

Mrs N.

RICHARD

What on earth is going on?

FELIX

Just shooting the new cover. Pretty
hot, huh?

RICHARD

Felix. She's got no clothes on
she's holding a baby and they're
all got guns!

FELIX

Pretty Radical, eh? I thought we
could call it "Revolutionary Oz".

MARTIN

But I'm doing the cover.

FELIX

Look - I did a survey and naked
girls with guns are about as hot as
it gets - commercially speaking.

MARTIN

What is going on, Richard. This is
completely exploitative.

FELIX

What's exploitative about it.
They're not real revolutionaries.

(MORE)

FELIX (cont'd)

She's from a model agency and the baby belongs to the art editor of Vogue.

MARTIN

What about my artwork?

FELIX

It's alright. Richard thought if it actually came in on time we could stick it inside.

LOUISE

You knew about this?

RICHARD

Well -

MARTIN

I thought we were supposed to be changing peoples minds not feeding them the same old shit in new boxes.

FELIX

It's alright for you. You just get stoned and make collages. You don't have to talk to the advertisers. You don't have to worry about the circulation.

RICHARD

I think everybody should calm down.

FELIX

I don't know why everybody's so bothered about who does what anyway. It's so bourgeois. We shouldn't be hogging it for ourselves - it should be democratic. Anybody could edit this thing - it's not rocket science.

MARTIN

How can you possibly be thinking of doing this Richard.

BLACK GIRL

Hurry up, I'm freezing my black ass off here.

RICHARD

I haven't decided on anything.

MARTIN

You fucking sell out!

COL. NEVILLE
Perhaps we should head back to the
hotel?

The baby starts crying.

RICHARD
No, no. It's alright.

MARTIN
Babies with kalashnikovs. I thought
we were about Love and Peace.

FELIX
Flower power's dead, man. That was
yesterday's trip. Keep up with the
times, Martin.

MARTIN
If you are the times, Felix. I
don't want to keep up with any of
it. I quit.

He storms out.

RICHARD
Martin!

MARTIN
You can't leave, Martin.

MARTIN
Just watch me.

FELIX
Wanker!

LOUISE
That's it. Everybody out!

FELIX
But we're in the middle of a shoot.

Louise picks up the camera equipment and thrusts it into
Felix's hands.

LOUISE
NOW!!!!

JIM
Oh fuck.

BLACK GIRL
But I've got no clothes on.

LOUISE

Get out of here or I'll stick this tripod up your revolutionary arse.

She picks it up so the three feet point at Felix.

LOUISE

This way round.

Louise chases everyone out, then slams the door.

EXT. STREET, NOTTING HILL, THE SAME.

Richard grabs Martin.

RICHARD

Please, Martin.

MARTIN

I thought this was about thinking outside the box. I thought this was about me and you. Felix Dennis!?

It starts to rain. Martin storms off. Richard is left reeling. We hear police sirens in the background. His dad come up to him.

COL. NEVILLE

I know we haven't always seen eye to eye. But I'll pay for you and Louise to fly back. We'll get you a lovely apartment down on the beach. This isn't you Richard.

RICHARD

You don't understand, Dad. These are the best days of my life.

COL. NEVILLE

I'm doing my best to understand. Your Mother and I have worked all our lives to give you a chance, Richard. I'm all for doing your own thing, but all this screaming and shouting doesn't seem like Love and Peace to me. It just all seems a bit..squalid. Is this really what you want, Richard? Is this really where you want to be?

For a moment, in the pouring rain, Richard hesitates. He looks at his worried parents. Someone is sick in the gutter across the street. A police car zooms past - siren blazing.

RICHARD

(sadly)

I know it must seem strange to you.

(MORE)

RICHARD (cont'd)
 But yes. This is exactly where I've
 got to be. I'm sorry, Dad.

His father looks Richard in the eye, he reaches into his pocket and pulls out a wad of notes which he stuffs into Richard's hand.

COL. NEVILLE
 Please, take care of yourself.

RICHARD
 I'm sorry, Dad.

He hugs his father.

COL. NEVILLE
 I suppose it's not so bad. They had
 me killing Japs at your age.

For a moment we feel real compassion for Col. Neville who is obviously haunted by the war. His father hugs Richard but this time with real passion then walks over the Road to join his wife they walk off leaving Richard standing alone in the rain.

INT. OZ. THE SAME.

Richard comes in drenched, he stares at Louise who is furiously tidying up the mess.

LOUISE
 Don't say anything.

RICHARD
 But Louise -

LOUISE
 I don't mind making the tea for everybody, I don't mind doing the proofreading, I don't mind getting my tits out for the betterment of art and society - but I absolutely take issue with surrendering editorial control to Felix fucking Dennis.

RICHARD
 You're getting this all out of proportion.

LOUISE
 I thought you were the one with imagination. I thought you were the one with the vision and spirit. And now you want to hand it all over to Elmer Fudd. You can't let people walk all over you. I thought this was something you believed in.

RICHARD

I do believe in it. I'm the one that makes it happen. While everybody else gets to take drugs and fuck around I'm the one worrying about advertisers and tippexing people's typos.

LOUISE

So now you want to sleep around?

RICHARD

No, I never said that.

LOUISE

Yes, you did.

RICHARD

No - I didn't mean that.

LOUISE

We've only just got together and now you're wanting to run around like a dog on heat.

RICHARD

Technically, you'd be the one on heat.

She throws his things into the office

RICHARD

Louise, calm down, we'll go to the Isle of Wight Festival - chill out - it'll be alright. We just need some space to reconnect.

She throws a duvet at Richard.

LOUISE

And you can go to the fucking Isle of Wight on your own and get yourself some lobotomized groupies to blow you to your hearts content.

She slams the door.

RICHARD

But I don't want to get blown by groupies. I don't want to get blown by anybody.

(pause)

Well - except you.

Louise? Louise?

Damn this stupid magazine.

She does not answer. Richard sits in the middle of the floor - head in hands. Then he notices a flier - for the Isle of Wight festival. There is a naked girl dancing. She winks at Richard just like Louise's poster did in the earlier sequence.

CUT TO:

EXT. STAGE - ISLE OF WIGHT - NIGHT - SPECIAL EFFECTS SHOT

Handheld POV: You're looking at a pair of hands as they do up a lime green shirt. They are your hands. A dressing room - candles, incense - someone gives you a joint - you are talking to your backing band as if in a dream. A sexy girl kisses you and you head out to the stage. You walk on stage - the crowd go wild - you plug into a Marshall Amp. The crowd are going wild - but it's muffled - a sort of haze. You start to play some shit hot guitar - you are playing a blazing version of Voodoo Chile - you check out the other members of the band playing with you. You are a god - you are a rock god at the height of your powers. Girls scream. A young topless girl throws herself at you and has to be pulled off by hell's angel security guys. We pull back to see you are Richard Neville dressed in Hendrix paraphernalia. This is a dream. He starts playing the guitar with his teeth.

INT. TRAIN TO ISLE OF WIGHT. DAY.

Richard wakes up with a jolt. He is on a train opposite Germaine who is sat next to a particularly conservative man with a Red Faced.

GERMAINE

Sometimes I can't quite believe the most conservative man in Britain is editing its most radical magazine. Your trouble is you need to shag a few more people. No wonder you're always so uptight.

The red faced man is trying not to listen.

RICHARD

Listen I don't want to "shag a few more people". I'm perfectly happy with Louise.

GERMAINE

See, you're so fucking repressed - look - the only way forward is to abandon all previous forms of social relations, and shag like a donkey. It's not natural to tie yourself down to one person.

(MORE)

GERMAINE (cont'd)

You're in the middle of the biggest revolution in sexual relations since we were fucking monkeys and all you want to do is bang the girl next door.

RICHARD

Look, Louise is more than just a casual fuck.

GERMAINE

Exactly - you pay lip service to being liberated but think like an Melbourne Accountant. Look, you're the one who wants to change things. Well start with your nob end. Open yourself up to what's going on. In my opinion group sex is the highest expression of our new culture.

RICHARD

If you want to get shagged bandy by the massed members of the MC5 that's your problem. All I want is a quiet day off from Oz.

GERMAINE

You always were a reactionary arsehole. You want women to treat women like chattels - not the living, breathing, fucking, sexual volcanoes they really are. The truth is you're terrified of your own sexuality.

Germaine gets up and flounces off to the loo just as a guy comes along with a trolley.

RICHARD

A cup of tea, please.

WAITER

Look, sod off, son. If you want any tea of mine - come back with a haircut.

Richard smiles, sheepishly, at the red faced man opposite.

RED FACED MAN

Listen, I heard the whole thing and I find it absolutely disgusting...

Richard prepares for a conservative onslaught.

RED FACED MAN

...How dare they refuse you service on the basis of your hairstyle.

EXT. FERRY TO ISLE OF WIGHT. DAY.

Richard and Germaine are on deck, having a fag, looking out at the Solent. The whole boat is crawling with hippies.

RICHARD

I suppose this really is it. We really have changed things. The Underground's gone mainstream.

GERMAINE

That's the whole point isn't it? We don't just want to keep it for ourselves. Enjoy it while you can, Richard, you don't know it'll last forever.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO BACKSTAGE. THE ISLE OF WIGHT FESTIVAL.

Richard and Germaine walk up to the backstage entrance policed by a couple of tough looking hell's angels.

GERMAINE

Hi guys!

HELL ANGEL

Alright, luv. The bands are that way.

GERMAINE

See you later - wish me luck.

RICHARD

Don't do anything I wouldn't do.

She walks through - Richard is stopped.

RICHARD

Richard Neville. Oz Magazine.

HELL ANGEL

Who?

RICHARD

Oz magazine. We're one of the sponsors.

HELL ANGEL

Never heard of it, mate.

RICHARD

No, no, no. You don't understand - I'm making a speech. I've got a pass and everything.

Richard shows his pass. The hell's angel looks at him suspiciously but lets him through.

HELL ANGEL
(as Richard passes)
Wanker.

EXT/INT. BACKSTAGE, ISLE OF WIGHT FESTIVAL. DAY.

Hendrix is playing on stage as Richard wanders through the backstage area open mouthed. He is clearly on the pull, constantly distracted by groupies on every side he is virtually drooling when he suddenly sees Martin across the crowd. He pushes his way through the throng of people and finally reaches Martin who is watching the music on the stage.

MARTIN
Surprise, surprise. Come to sell
the revolution by the pound?

RICHARD
Martin, look, I'm so sorry about
Felix and....

MARTIN
Forget it. I don't know why I was
expecting anything else. Same as
every revolution - starts with a
vision ends as an advert.

RICHARD
So what are you doing here.

MARTIN
I only came to see Tiny Tim then
I'm going home. The whole thing's
horseshit, Richard.

RICHARD
You can't go home. Look - this is
what we've been striving to
achieve. Look at all those people.

MARTIN
I thought we wanted people to
express their individuality.
They're all the fucking same,
Richard. Long haired cattle.

RICHARD
But these are ordinary people,
Martin. They are the revolution.

MARTIN
They're Alfs, Richard - it's like a
Perry Como gig with lower standards
of personal hygiene.

(MORE)

MARTIN (cont'd)

The highest act of revolutionary consciousness that's ever crossed their minds is serving in an oriental boutique.

RICHARD

But I thought this is what we wanted. I thought we were trying to change the culture.

MARTIN

Maybe you were, Richard, I was trying to change people's minds. This isn't a revolution, Richard. It's like a hippie version of Woolworths.

RICHARD

Come with me. Help me make the speech. Say it like it is - if you have to.

MARTIN

I told you - I've quit. No one wants to hear what I've got to say.

RICHARD

No. You are Oz as much as anyone. Come on do it with me. Say what you want to say.

EXT. SIDE OF THE STAGE. DAY.

Richard and Martin watch from the side of the stage as Hendrix finishes his set. A couple of groupies pass Richard a joint. Hendrix is truly amazing. Finally he finishes and the crowd go wild. He comes off stage. He grasps Richard's hand as he passes. Wild applause from the crowd.

HENDRIX

Follow that, honky.

The organiser comes over to Richard and Martin:

ORGANISER

You're on.

Richard follows Martin as the announcer speaks.

ANNOUNCER

And here to speak to you from every hippie's favorite magazine, it's Richard and Martin from Oz.

Richard and Martin walk out to huge cheers. They survey the vast crowd.

MARTIN

Hello. Actually, I didn't really expect to be talking to you tonight on behalf of Oz - so I don't actually have anything prepared. But before I pass you over to Richard Neville - the editor of Oz magazine - I'd like to read something to you I found just the other day. As it sums up what I feel about this occasion:

Martin takes a bit of paper from his pocket and reads.

MARTIN

No one can doubt the fact that during the last year a revolution of the most momentous character has been swelling among the youth of the west.

Shouts of approval. Martin carries on - he reads from a piece of paper.

MARTIN

Look at the strength and awareness of the young people today. We are approaching a life in common, a life of revolution. A life to work for the revolutionary advancement of peace and spiritual prosperity. Our job is to wake everyone up.

Cheers.

MARTIN

Do away with illusions. So when people wake up they will never fall asleep again.

Huge response.

MARTIN

And history will Judge the movement not according to the number of pigs we have removed but according to whether the revolution has succeeded in returning the power to the people, to enforce the will of the people everywhere. Power to the People!

The roar of the crowd. Chants of "Oz, Oz, Oz".

MARTIN

Cheers. But thanks are not due to me but to the guy who wrote that.

(MORE)

MARTIN (cont'd)
 (looks at his sheet of
 paper)
 Mr Adolf Hitler. Address to the
 Reichstag 1937.

There is silence. A shocked reaction. No one knows what this means let alone what to do. He walks off. Richard is left looking at the crowd. He turns and runs after Martin as bottles start to fly.

EXT. BACKSTAGE. THE SAME.

Richard spins Martin around.

RICHARD
 What the fuck are you doing?

MARTIN
 Isn't that the reaction you wanted?
 Forget it, Richard. You're on your
 own now. There is only one true
 revolutionary in this entire
 festival and that's Tiny fucking
 Tim.

Martin storms off past the Hell's Angels.

RICHARD
 Tiny Tim?!

EXT. ISLE OF WIGHT. STAGE. DAY.

Tiny Tim has now taken the stage - he is extraordinary looking (think Tim Burton with a ukulele). He starts singing Tip Toe Thru' the Tulips sung in a high pitched falsetto. Richard looks on amazed at this bizarre performer - like Martin truly original, truly eccentric.

EXT. BACKSTAGE. THE SAME.

Germaine walks by with two other girls and joins Richard as he watches Tiny Tim.

GERMAINE
 This is Richard - he's the editor
 of Oz.

GIRL 1
 Wow!

GERMAINE
 This is Ange and Jackie - they're
 the plastercasters.

RICHARD
 Really? What exactly do you cast?

GIRL 1

Mostly dicks of famous people. Tho'
we sometimes do nobodies as well.

GIRL 2

If they're particularly well
endowed.

RICHARD

Really.

GIRL 1

We see it as a crucial part of the
movement. Everybody should try it
once.

GIRL 2

Sociologically it's really kind of
heavy.

GIRL 1

We'll do you if you like.

RICHARD

Thank you, really, but I'm actually
strictly here on business.

They carry on looking at Tiny Tim.

EXT. MOTORWAY. DAY.

Martin hitches a lift.

EXT. BACKSTAGE, ISLE OF WIGHT FESTIVAL. DAY.

Tiny Tim singing - Richard looks on.

RICHARD

Maybe Martin's right? Maybe Tiny
Tim is the only true revolutionary.

PLASTER CASTER

Believe me - the guy is not so
tiny.

INT. OZ OFFICE'S LONDON. DAY.

Louise in the sweltering office. She is on one phone.

LOUISE

Hello, Oz magazine. No I'm sorry.
He's not here....No, I'm afraid
he's not here either. Goodbye.

She puts it down and another starts to ring again. She picks
it up

LOUISE

Hello. Oz magazine. Sorry we're closed.

She puts down the RECEIVER. Another phone starts ringing. Then another. She gets up and walks out.

EXT. HAMPSTEAD HEATH. DAY.

Tiptoe Through the Tulips plays as Martin walks across the deserted Heath - through the flowers. He ducks through some trees and emerges at a little lake. It is deserted. He looks across the beautiful lake. At the other side he sees a young woman directly facing him. He strips off his shirt, his trousers. We see the woman on the other bank is doing the same. Naked he wades into the water. He swims out into the middle of the lake. He takes long deep strokes swimming underwater.

INT. SOMEWHERE BACKSTAGE AT THE ISLE OF WIGHT. SIMULTANEOUS.

Richard is with the Plaster-casters. He looks down.

RICHARD

Are you sure this isn't going to hurt?

PLASTER CASTER

Don't worry. We'll just have to get you properly primed up.

She licks her lips

RICHARD

Oh.

Richard looks down in amazement at whatever priming is going on.

RICHARD

Just be careful with that spatula.

PLASTER CASTER

Don't worry honey, I don't think we'll be needing the spatula.

EXT. HAMPSTEAD HEATH. THE SAME.

Martin emerges from underwater in the middle of the pond, he looks up at the perfect sky.

LOUISE

Hello.

Martin turns and to his surprise the girl is next to him: it is Louise. They both look at each other treading water.

LOUISE
I thought you'd be in the Isle of
Wight.

MARTIN
I came home. It wasn't what I
wanted.

They tread water, languidly

LOUISE
What do you want?

MARTIN
Something like this. But forever.

LOUISE
You'd get bored.

MARTIN
Maybe. Maybe not.

LOUISE
Oh I think so. We're only human.

MARTIN
So what do you want?

LOUISE
Just what I thought I had. Same old
horseshit. Make a difference. Be
properly loved.

Martin does not reply.

LOUISE
Perhaps I could just lie here
forever watching the sun go down.

They both lie like starfish in the water.

EXT. RICHARD'S BASEMENT. FIRST LIGHT.

Richard wearily comes down the street in the early half light
of morning. He is tired and dishevelled. He hides a little
plaster trophy in the bottom of his bag. Takes out a
sunflower.

INT. RICHARD'S BASEMENT. THE SAME.

Richard comes in with the sun flower. He tiptoes to the
bedroom door.

RICHARD
(whispers)
Louise.

No answer.

RICHARD

Louise?

He opens the door - standing with his sunflower. He looks in and sees Louise. She is asleep. He smiles.

RICHARD

Louise.

A head pops out from under the duvet. It is Martin.

MARTIN

Richard. Hey, man. How's it going?

RICHARD

What the fuck are you doing in my bed?

LOUISE

Richard? What are you doing back so early?

RICHARD

I came back because I was missing you. I came back to tell you how much you meant to me. Only to find you fucking like a Jack Rabbit with Leonardo Da Vinci here.

MARTIN

Wait a minute.

RICHARD

I left there at midnight so I could get back first thing this morning. All I've done is thought of you. Only to find you getting fucked by the editorial sub-committee.

MARTIN

Now hang on a minute. I've resigned.

RICHARD

I thought you were special.

LOUISE

If I'm so fucking special what were you doing getting your penis cast in plaster.

Martin gets up.

MARTIN

This is so fucking uncool.

RICHARD

It wasn't what you think. Anyway,
how the hell do you know.

Martin puts his clothes.

LOUISE

I received a rather detailed
description from Germaine who made
it the centre piece of the article
she phoned in last night. Well,
it's alright, Neville. It's your
bed. You go and lie in it.

Louise gets up too.

LOUISE

If you think you are going to leave
me here answering the phone while
you go shagging your way around the
Home Counties, you've got another
thing coming.

RICHARD

It was a mistake. It was research.

MARTIN

What are you doing? This whole
scene is really fucked up. For a
moment there I really thought I was
wrong. That we could love each
other without all that old
fashioned shit about ownership.
Does one lot of love take away
another lot. No, you can be loved
by one person and another and
another and another. There is no
end to it. Listen to you both.

RICHARD

Please, Louise. I take back
everything I've ever done.

LOUISE

Arsehole.

MARTIN

That's it. I've had it. I'm going
back to Oz. I'm sorry, Louise. I'm
sorry, Richard.

LOUISE

Yes, just piss off when the going
gets tough. You're all the fucking
same.

Martin hesitates then leaves. Louise starts to pack her bag.

RICHARD

Please, Louise. These things are bound to happen - we're in the middle of a sexual revolution.

EXT. BASEMENT FLAT. DAY.

Louise storms out of the basement door. Richard behind her.

LOUISE

Listen. You don't need a girlfriend, Richard, you need a secretary who'll drop her drawers at the cock of a hat and fuck off to make the tea afterwards. That doesn't sound like utopia, Richard, that sounds like business as fucking usual. In the straight world I believe they call it "a wife".

Louise storms off.

EXT. STREET, NOTTING HILL, THE SAME.

Louise storms down the street.

RICHARD

But you can't leave me.

LOUISE

Why the hell not?

RICHARD

Because I love you.

This makes Louise stop and turn. She is standing by a queue of people waiting to get on a bus. We think she is going to melt.

LOUISE

Richard. Love isn't about gazing at each other through a psychedelic haze. Love is about commitments. Love is making choices.

A bus arrives.

CONDUCTOR

You getting on, love?

LOUISE

For your information. He fucked me,
Richard, and he *is* fantastic and it
was beautiful. And it made me cry
because all I wanted was you.

The conductor rings the bell. Louise jumps on. The bus pulls
away. Richard is left on his own in the street, reeling.

INT. RICHARD'S BASEMENT. LATER.

Richard comes in Jim and Felix are in the Oz office skinning
up.

JIM

Hi Richard.

RICHARD

What are you two doing here? I
thought you were taking the
magazine to the printers.

FELIX

Oh shit.

JIM

I knew we were supposed to be doing
something.

RICHARD

For christsake - what have you done
with the proofs for the magazine?

JIM

Shit. I dunno.

The phone starts ringing.

FELIX

Fuck. I think we might have given
it to chick with the big bazoobers.
Joke. It's all under control, Rich.

JIM

(to Richard)
Wanna a spliff?

RICHARD

Why doesn't anybody answer the
phone?

JIM

Relax, man. You're like so uptight.
I know you're cut up about Louise
and everything there's no need to
take it out on other people.
Especially if they're gay.

RICHARD
That's it.

He picks up the phone.

RICHARD
Just FUCK OFF!

He slams it down and goes in his room, Packs a few things and grabs his passport and the money his father gave him.

JIM
Are you alright, Richard?

RICHARD
No I am not alright. You can liaise with the printers, and pay the rent, and you can chase every drug addled hippie within a twenty mile radius for an illiterate essay about The Grateful Dead. Cos I've had it. I quit.

FELIX
Where are you going?

RICHARD
To do what everybody else is doing. To fucking chill out and have a good time.

JIM
Nice one, Rich.

Richard leaves.

JIM
Did I just dream that or did it actually happen?

INT. MARTIN'S FLAT. THE SAME.

Martin comes in, looks at all the scraps on his floor, then starts work making an art piece.

INT. HEATHROW. DAY.

Richard in the queue for a flight to Ibiza.

HIPPIE
Hey, aren't you, Richard Neville?

RICHARD
Please - go away. I'm not Richard Neville.

INT. GERMAINE'S FLAT. DAY.

The doorbell rings. Germaine opens the door. It is Louise, bedraggled.

LOUISE

Do you think I could crash.

GERMAINE

It looks like you already did.

INT. OUTSKIRTS OF IBIZA TOWN. DAY.

Richard jumps off a bus. It is hot and bright. Richard looks down the road as the bus disappears into the haze of the sun on the road. It is blissful, paradisiacal. CUE: "HAVE YOU BEEN TO ELECTRIC LADYLAND" by Jimi Hendrix. He begins to saunter along the road. He passes a babe sunning herself on the balcony of her villa. He smiles and walks on. On the other side of the road he notices yet another babe lying in the sun. This time topless. Richard can't believe his eyes. Yet another girl in a swimming costume, even more beautiful than the last passes him. She smiles:

BABE

Hello.

He smiles back and watches her go. He continues down the Road.

INT. OZ OFFICE'S LONDON. DAY.

Felix and Jim are there. The office is packed with schoolkids sitting on desks, on top of filing cabinets. A sign "SchoolKids Edition".

FELIX

That's right - seeing Richard Neville is "temporarily unable" we thought we'd open up the whole idea of editorship.

CHARLES (KID 1)

So you're saying we're the editors!?

VIVIAN (KID 2)

And we can put in exactly what we like?

FELIX

Be as wild as you want. Slag off your parents, your school. Whatever you fucking like. That's the point of Oz. It should be completely democratic.

KATIE (KID 3)
But I quite like my school.

VIVIAN (KID 2)
I quite like my parents.

JIM
We're not saying you have to slag
off your parents. We're just saying
you can. It's yours. You can put in
Rupert Bear if you want to.

VIVIAN
Really?

KATIE
In Oz?!

FELIX
If you must.

CHARLES
Cool.

EXT. BEACH, IBIZA. DAY

Blissful sun. Idyllic beach. Richard emerges from the sea in euphoric haze. He saunters to his apartment on the beach. Just as he is about to go inside he turns round to see a wild hippie in the neighbouring villa shouting in real excitement.

WILD HIPPIE
Hey, you're Richard fucking Neville
- the Mystery Tramp, man. The
Leopard Skin fucking Pillbox Hat,
man.

RICHARD
I'm sorry.

WILD HIPPIE
I don't believe it - Richard
fucking Neville, man.

The Hippie embraces Richard who is in despair.

INT. OZ. LONDON. NIGHT.

Jim and Felix look at the artwork the kids have done on the layout board. Felix is stoned. He squints at the drawing.

FELIX
Goodness. And what exactly is
Rupert doing to her?

VIVIAN

You can see better if you turn it that way.

Felix turns it round.

FELIX

Oh Jesus Christ.

JIM

Is that anatomically possible?

The kids produce a picture of lesbians with a dildo.

KATIE

We were thinking about this for the cover.

FELIX

Fucking hell!

Charles passes a joint to Felix as Vivian explains his position.

VIVIAN

You said we could do what we want. We think its transgressive nature is an important riposte to the simultaneous prudery and hypocritical commodification of women's bodies in the popular media.

FELIX

Are you sure? That's a very big dildo.

EXT. PORCH OF A SQUALID VILLA. DAY.

The Wild Hippie drags Richard into a dark squalid room with a stoned woman lying on a mattress.

MAD HIPPIE

Look, dudes - you'll not believe who I met.

A young child is running around behaving completely weirdly.

WILD HIPPIE

Don't worry about him, dude. He's just taken acid. Make yourself at home, man.

Richard is clearly horrified to be here.

STONED WOMAN

Who are you?

RICHARD

I'm Richard Neville.

STONED WOMAN

Who?

WILD HIPPIE

You can fuck her if you want to.

RICHARD

Maybe I'll just go back to my
apartment and chill out for a bit.

WILD HIPPIE

Common bro' - Don't let other
people get their kicks for you.
Here have a chillum.

The Wild Hippie has Richard in his grip and forces a chillum onto him. Richard looks green at the thought of having to share anything with the hippies at all.

INT. OZ OFFICE'S LONDON. DAY.

Felix, Jim, and most of the kids are asleep in various places in the office. Felix is lying with one of the schoolgirls lip stick kisses all over his face. Vivian Berger, the young Richard, is hard at work pasting everything up. He puts some finishing touches.

VIVIAN BERGER

That's it.

KATIE

OK. Let's get it to the printer.

They put the artwork in a school satchel and head out leaving everybody crashed out.

INT. MARTIN'S MEWS FLAT. NIGHT.

Martin in the empty room, his artwork is coming together. It is clear he is obsessed working day and night unaided by drugs.

EXT. RICHARD'S VILLA. IBIZA. NIGHT.

Richard tries to sleep as a wild hippie party is going on next door. He puts a pillow over his head as the wild guitar music gets louder. He gets out of bed:

RICHARD

Fuck it.

He starts to pack his bags.

INT. GERMAINE'S FLAT. NIGHT.

Germaine and Louise share a bottle of wine.

LOUISE

I don't understand. It was going so well but it all seems to be going out of control.

GERMAINE

It's one thing being free, it's another to be free and responsible. I changed my whole line on it at the Isle of Wight. I thought I was going to have a transcendental sexual experience it turned out like a dirty weekend with the Monkees. It's one thing being free. It's another ending up with a twat like a horse collar for their benefit. We're like the eunuchs at the Orgy. You'll be fine, Louise. Who wants to be teasmaid for the so-called "revolution". I'm fucking off to Spain. I'm gonna write a book about it. Listen if we want to change the world we've got to change the language. Come with me. Let that lot screw it up by themselves.

EXT. LONDON STREETS. DAY.

Katie leads a Gang of St Trinian-like schoolgirls armed with Oz's ready to sell them. A hungover Felix and Jim look on.

JIM

Do you really think this is a good idea?

EXT./INT. LONDON. DAY.

Montage: A hand reaches for a copy of Oz. Down the street. The copy of Oz under someone's arm. Down a corridor we pull out to see it is under the arm of a Police Officer. They stop at a door and go in. A group of policemen are watching a confiscated porno film. The Oz magazine gets slapped down and is picked up by another policeman and heads down another corridor. We follow it down the corridor, then into a room. It is slapped on the desk. A figure on a chair turns round and stares at it gleefully. It is Detective Luff. He opens it He turns it round as did Felix.

LUFF

Gotcha!

INT. HEATHROW AIRPORT, DAY.

Richard at passport control looking like shit - he casually gives his passport - half asleep. The passport guy examines it.

PASSPORT OFFICER

Welcome to home, Mr Neville. Would you kindly step this way?

Suddenly Richard looks worried.

INT. HOLDING ROOM. HEATHROW. DAY.

Richard and Luff are looking at each other across the table.

LUFF

I've got you by the short and curlies this time.

He throws down the magazine. Richard looks, turns it, like everybody else.

LUFF

Rupert the Bear - for christsake!!

RICHARD

What have they been doing?

LUFF

As co-editor and proprietor of Oz you are charged along with Mr James Anderson and Mr Felix Dennis with 48 counts of obscenity, 2 counts of corrupting the public morals. And four counts of publishing pornographic material. Should add up to a possible custodial sentence of between five and fifteen years.

Richard looks sick.

RICHARD

But I didn't have anything to do with it. I've been in Ibiza.

LUFF

It's your magazine, pal. Alternatively - if you got your things and fucked off back to where you came from. I might turn a blind eye to the matter of you leaving the country.

RICHARD

The magazine would still go on without me.

LUFF

Do me a favour, they couldn't run a Christmas Club. I don't see why the British Tax payer should spend decent money banging up the likes of you. I'm giving you twenty four hours. If you're not out of the country I'm gonna nail your bollocks to the front of the Old Bailey, understood.

INT. OZ OFFICE'S LONDON. DAY.

Richard comes in. The office is bare. He walks around the office, almost in tears. All his personal things are gone or the remnants are strewn around.

RICHARD

Where is everything?

Jim and Felix come in.

RICHARD

What the hell were you thinking. I go away for less than a week and everything we've worked for the last two years is completely ruined. Over Rupert Bear for christsakes.

JIM

At least we put the bit with the dildo on the *back* cover.

FELIX

We thought it was a sort of interesting aesthetic experiment.

RICHARD

There isn't anything aesthetic about it. You're just obsessed with filth. I didn't come to London to spend fifteen years in gaol for something I haven't even set eyes on. I'm not even from here. Look - you're on your own, Felix.

FELIX

What do you mean on our own?

RICHARD

I'm going back to Australia.

FELIX

But you can't do that. We're bound over to appear on trial. You can't go anywhere.

RICHARD

It's not my fault it all went wrong.

Felix looks at Richard suddenly the penny drops.

FELIX

They've done you a deal. You bastard. I can't believe it. You've done a bloody deal.

Richard looks At Felix embarrassed.

FELIX

You fucking traitor.

He goes into the room and grabs the few things of his which are left.

FELIX

Think of your reputation.

RICHARD

I'll worry about that on Bondi Beach.

FELIX

Please, Richard, please. You can't leave me to defend myself with him.

RICHARD

What scares me, Felix, is maybe Martin's right - you are the one who's the genius of the times. The real art is knowing how to flog something regardless of what's inside the box. I came here to change things, to make something beautiful. I didn't just come here to sell dildos and offend people. Don't worry. You'll be alright Felix you'll always bounce back.

Richard picks up his stuff and marches out.

FELIX

You've got me all wrong.

Richard passes Jim who is lighting a gargantuan spliff.

JIM

(sunnily)

See you then.

EXT. STREET, NOTTING HILL, THE SAME.

Richard comes out followed by Felix. As Richard storms off Felix shouts after him

FELIX

I am not a fucking philistine. I'm
a populist.

Richard doesn't stop. He pushes his way past the market stalls, walking with increasing determination. Then suddenly he stops dead.

RICHARD

Oh shit.

He looks straight ahead of him. It's Louise.

LOUISE

Where are you going now?

He doesn't answer.

RICHARD

O bollocks.

She doesn't react.

LOUISE

You selfish, cowardly, arrogant
prick!

Richard turns round amazed.

LOUISE

You pig-headed arse. Where do you
think you're going now?

RICHARD

I'm sorry, Louise.

LOUISE

And so you think it's alright just
to walk out and leave? This isn't
about us, Richard. This isn't about
Jim or Felix. This is not about me
and you. This is about a kid in
Dumfries reading Oz under his
sheets cos no one understands him,
this is about kids getting napalmed
in Vietnam. This is about a whole
fucking generation's right to tell
the truth in the way people will
understand it. You wanted to do
something important, Richard. Well
this is your big chance.

(MORE)

LOUISE (cont'd)

They don't want to close us down because we're a failure - they want to close us down because we're winning. You don't choose these moments, Richard, it's like when you fall in love - they choose you. *With dreams come responsibilities.* You can't leave the entire future of free speech in Britain to Jim and Felix, can you?

Richard looks at him. He knows she's right.

RICHARD

So you want me to risk spending the rest of my youth in gaol by taking on the entire British legal establishment on an entirely hopeless cause - with only a bunch of stoned hippies to support me?

LOUISE

Yes.

RICHARD

And I suppose you're not even going to take me back, are you?

LOUISE

Not necessarily.

Richard knows he has no choice but to stay.

RICHARD

Oh fucking hell.

LOUISE

Come on.

INT. OZ OFFICE'S LONDON. DAY.

Louise takes out an electric typewriter, a ream of paper, and a rolodex from her bag.

JIM

What are you doing?

LOUISE

Taking over. I could have been with Germaine in Corfu, but somebody's going to have to take you all in hand.

Richard, Jim and Felix look amazed.

LOUISE

It's about time things got a bit more serious around here.

She picks up the telephone.

INT. SALISBURY ARMS, INNS OF FIELD. THE SAME.

Richard, Felix and Jim sit anxiously in the pub looking at widge.

WIDGERY

So I remembered I once shared a room with a guy whose brother was working at the Inns of Court - who put me on to a really reactionary barrister who put me on to Geoffrey who has agreed to act for Felix.

They look up at Geoffrey - he looks about sixteen.

GEOFFERY

Hello.

FELIX

He looks about sixteen.

WIDGERY

Actually Geoffery's just got a triple starred first for his PhD in Oxford on Freedom of Speech and the British legal system. Apparently he's the shittest hot legal brain in a generation.

GEOFFERY

I prefer to think of myself as the hottest shit.

He puts down his briefcase and a pile of books.

LOUISE

I called Jill who's talked to John Mortimer who's going to represent Jim.

FELIX

Not the John Mortimer! The playwright, barrister, famous champagne socialist John Mortimer?

John Mortimer rushes up to them.

JOHN MORTIMER

The very same, darlings, sorry I'm late.

RICHARD

Hang on. We can't afford you.

JOHN MORTIMER

Don't worry - I've decided to waive
my fees, darlings.

He pours some champagne into a half-pint mug And stuffs a
mouthful of chips into his mouth while jabbering.

JOHN MORTIMER

Anyway, I had a little word with
the Stones who've given us money to
create a little defense committee -
and the news from Apple Records is
John and Yoko are writing you a
"Beatles save Oz" single.

He stuffs more chips into his mouth.

JOHN MORTIMER

I haven't had so much fun in years.
Got to go. Just wanted to wish you
well.

He decides to finish the remaining chips.

See you in court, darlings.

RICHARD

Hang on, what about me?

GEOFFERY

Thing is - it's all very well
having the best defense team in
London.

JOHN MORTIMER

But you don't want to just appear
like charlatans hiding behind
expensive counsel.

LOUISE

So we thought that you should -
defend yourself.

RICHARD

Myself?! But I don't know anything
about the law.

GEOFFERY

That's alright you are allowed a
Mackensie lawyer: a non-
professional friend who can look
things up for you.

LOUISE

Which Widge has agreed to do.

WIDGERY

Don't worry we'll really stick it to them this time.

RICHARD

How come you two get the best counsel in Britain and I get a Trotskyist medical student?

JOHN MORTIMER

Oh don't worry. Trust me. The whole thing'll be a riot.

INT. FLAT. NIGHT.

Richard and Louise are exhausted - they come into the Oz offices which are now strangely empty. They do not speak but both head for the bedroom. Richard flops onto the bed, Louise sits down next to him. Richard looks at Louise - he is unsure what this means. Louise pushes off her shoes.

RICHARD

So does this mean you're having me back.

LOUISE

No, it does not.

LOUISE

Look. I'm only here because I've got nowhere else to stay.

She puts a row of pillows between them.

RICHARD

Are you absolutely sure. I'm ever so sorry, you know.

LOUISE

I am not doing this because of you I am doing this for the magazine.

RICHARD

Oh.

LOUISE

I am serious, Richard. If they win this and close down Oz - it means they can effectively censor whatever they like: Not just "Hippie" magazines, the TV, the newspapers, everything. It's about being able to talk about the world and what it's doing outside your door.

(MORE)

LOUISE (cont'd)
That's why I came back - not for
some juvenile relationship that was
going nowhere.

 RICHARD
So you'll definitely not sleep with
me.

 LOUISE
No, Richard.

 RICHARD
Not even for moral support?
Please. Pretty please.

Louise is not amused. She turns the light off.

 LOUISE
Get some sleep, Richard. You've a
big day tomorrow.

INT. MARTIN'S FLAT. THE SAME.

Martin furiously at work on his artwork. He is unshaven and filthy with paint and glue. He is drinking orange juice rather than alcohol. It is clear he is "high" on the creative process rather than the usual cocktail of drugs.

EXT. BOW STREET. DAY.

The pro Oz demonstrations. Crowds of hippies and celebs chant their support. A van pulls up and Richard, Felix and Jim come through the crowd dressed as school girls. They are patted and cheered.

INT. BOW STREET BOGS. DAY.

Felix and Jim in a cubicle. Felix takes a toke of a joint.

 FELIX
 (excitedly)
Did you see them - John Lennon was
there and everything.

Felix looks down.

 FELIX
I don't know what you're getting so
worked up about. This is fantastic.

Richard is on his knees throwing up. Felix offers Richard the joint.

 RICHARD
Oh for godsake, Felix.

So Felix offers it to Jim.

FELIX

Jim - it'll calm your nerves.

JIM

Oh, I'm not worried. I took 2 grams of peyote. I doubt I'll worry about anything for days.

Richard groans.

INT. FIRST DAY IN COURT. DAY.

Richard, Felix and Jim are brought in. They look around. In the balcony one section is the dull grey of the press corps, who are sat next to Vivian, Katie and Charlie accompanied by hoards of unruly school children crushed in with Jill Neville and finally the Hippies who are a glorious profusion of colour. Richard looks at row after row of enthusiastic Oz supporters. Richard feels much more confident. He gives a vague smile. Then in come the jury. They are complete stony faced middle class, middle aged, middle Englishers. Richard's face falls. He sees the prosecutor, Leary, who is more slick and tanned than any lawyer has the right to be. They all stand for the Judge who is almost a caricature of a hanging Judge, pince-nez and fearsome expression.

FELIX

Fucking hell. We'll be hung drawn'n'quarterd.

John Mortimer comes over - he looks distinctly hung over. He knocks back a little snifter from a hip flask.

JOHN MORTIMER

Hair of the dog. A bit fragile. Had an opening night, last night. Good luck chaps.

Richard looks at Felix - they acknowledge that this is a nightmare. They look at Jim who smiles benignly - as from another planet. Widgery comes rushing in. He comes up to Richard.

WIDGERY

Sorry, I'm late. Here's your notes - just try to stick to the argument and everything will be fine..

Richard looks at the thick pile of paper entitled "**A Marxist Analysis of the Censorship Question**".

RICHARD

But this is complete gobbledy-gook.

WIDGERY

Don't forget the stuff about the Paris Commune and you'll be fine. Look, I'll keep popping in every few days.

RICHARD

What do you mean - you're supposed to be my lay counsel.

WIDGERY

Sorry. I forgot about my finals. I really have to go. Good luck.

The Judge looks disdainfully at Richard, Jim and Felix.

JUDGE

Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear.

RICHARD

Oh fuck.

JIM

(off his head)

Is anything the matter?

CUT TO:

John Mortimer looking distinctly groggy stands to give his opening address speech.

JOHN MORTIMER

Ladies and Gentlemen of the jury, in my view this is a very, very important case, a very important case indeed -

He seems to be lost, but gathers himself.

JOHN MORTIMER

As it is this case which stands at the very crossroads of our nation's liberty and the boundaries of our freedom to think and say what we please. It is a case which will not only decide the fate of a whole generation but whether every single one of us goes forward to a new world of freedom or backwards to an age censorship and fear.

The hungover Mortimer is brilliant.

JOHN MORTIMER

Members of the Jury, we are all of us entitled to disagree with their views;

(MORE)

JOHN MORTIMER (cont'd)
 but this is a case about whether or
 not they are also entitled to
 disagree with ours.
 You will hear a lot about the basic
 beliefs which these young people
 hold. Basic beliefs with which few
 of us would quarrel. That Peace is
 preferable to war. That racial
 tolerance is preferable to
 intolerance. That love is
 preferable to hatred. That
 expression is preferable to
 censorship.

We see that the kids, the hippies, the press and even the
 court officials are hanging on his every word.

Those of you familiar with history
 may have heard of the trial of
 Socrates who was put to death for
 corrupting the morals of young
 people merely because he asked
 "why?". Surely in any civilized
 world it must be a right to ask
 why? So ladies and gentlemen of the
 jury, you are not simply being
 asked to decide the fate of these
 young people, but of our entire
 society.

Everybody is riveted, drawn in by the importance of it all.

FELIX
 Bloody hell. I thought I was just a
 smelly little hippie.

CUT TO:

THE CRY OF THE COURT OFFICIAL:

COURT OFFICIAL
 The prosecution call Detective
 Inspector Luff.

ANOTHER OFFICIAL
 (repeating)
 Inspector Luff.

CUT TO:

Richard, widge and Felix watch closely as Geoffrey
 interrogates detective Luff. Jim is waving merrily in the
 dock oblivious to the proceedings.

GEOFFERY
 Detective Luff - you visited the Oz
 offices many times. How would you
 describe them.

LUFF

Dirty.

Everyone laughs

GEOFFERY

Is that as in 'unclean', or
'sexually explicit'.

LUFF

Both, sir.

GEOFFERY

So do you think the underground
press has a right to exist in this
country?

LUFF

As far as Oz is concerned - I think
it is undesirable - from a family
point of you. In the issue in
question there are 15 separate
descriptions of fellatio, 2
allusions to homosexuality not to
mention the disgusting picture of
Rupert the Bear.

GEOFFERY

So you've read the magazine several
times now?

LUFF

Indeed I have.

GEOFFERY

And presumably you have become
insanely depraved.

LUFF

I most certainly have not.

GEOFFERY

So, in fact, reading Oz has had no
ill effects on you what so ever.

LUFF

Well, I suppose it has had a
tendency to make me think about
sucking penis.

Big laugh from the courtroom. Richard is clearly delighted.
Jim is looking the other way - completely off his head.

OFFICIAL'S VOICE

*The defence call - Mister Edward De
Bono.*

Edward de Bono, the rather slick Maltese psychiatrist takes the stand.

FELIX
We're really scraping the barrel, here.

RICHARD
Be quiet. He's doing this as a family favour.

Leary, steps forward to cross examine him.

LEARY
As an eminent psychologist and expert witness, would you care to tell me what on the women on the cover are doing?

EDWARD DE BONO
Holding hands.

LEARY
It matters not that they are holding hands, Mr De Bono, but that one woman has the other woman's nipple in her mouth! In that case could I draw you to the back cover. Is that or is it not a dil dol?

EDWARD DE BONO
I beg your pardon.

LEARY
I believe that's what it is called. Is she or isn't she holding a dil dol.

EDWARD DE BONO
I don't understand what you're talking about.

ARGYLE
Would you understand if I called it an imitation male penis.

EDWARD DE BONO
I think, in that case, the word male would be unnecessary.

The court erupts in laughter. Leary is clearly getting agitated.

LEARY
But you still don't think it's obscene.

(MORE)

LEARY (cont'd)
 Surely there must be something you
 find negative about the magazine.

Edward de bono thinks.

EDWARD DE BONO
 It's prose style.

EXT. COURT. DAY.

Richard, Felix, and Jim walk out.

FELIX
 It's going to be a piece of piss.

As they walk out of the court a massive cheer is raised by the crowd waiting. They walk through like celebrities - Felix signing copies of Oz, Jim talking to some long haired people with "Gay power" badges.

INT. OZ OFFICE'S LONDON. DAY.

Richard, Felix, Jim and Louise walk into the office. It is full of young people manning the phones. A poster says: The Oz defense campaign. A cheer goes up as the defendants enter the room. Richard realises he doesn't recognise a single face. He goes into his bedroom which is also full of people. A sexy school-girl is sitting on his bed.

RICHARD
 Hi.

GIRL 1
 Hi. You're Richard Neville aren't you?

RICHARD
 Yes.

GIRL 1
 I really admire what you're doing.
 I could blow you if you want.

RICHARD
 No thank you. I don't think that's necessary.

GIRL 1
 Please yourself.

She goes off in search of Felix. Richard has a moment on his own.

INT. MARTIN'S FLAT. THE SAME.

Martin is looking in the mirror. He has just shaved and cleaned himself up after his making his huge piece of art.

We don't see what it is, but he folds it up and neatly places it in a box. He packs the few possessions he has into a bag. It is clear that he is leaving.

INT. COURT. NEW DAY.

Richard, Jim and Felix are in the dock.

COURT OFFICIAL
The crown calls Mr Felix Dennis.

Felix is all puffed up. Some fans whistle from the balcony, the Judge shouts "Order". Finally, he stands before Leary in the witness box.

LEARY
Mr Dennis, you were, were you not responsible for publishing the comic strip on page twenty of Rupert the Bear.

FELIX
I suppose so. Although it was actually drawn by one of the school kids.

LEARY
Indeed, and it was one of *your* "school kids" who had Rupert - in the second frame - inspect a young lady's vagina whilst saying the words: "I'll be blowed - she's a virgin".

Laughter from the gallery.

LEARY
The bear then appears to penetrate the young lady. As a publisher - do you think this is reasonable behaviour for a young bear?
(no immediate answer)
How old do you think the bear is in question?

FELIX
I've no idea.

LEARY
Rupert does go to school does he not?

FELIX
But it's just a cartoon.

LEARY

So what was the purpose in equipping Rupert with such an unfeasibly large penis?

FELIX

We didn't know the exact proportions. Usually they're hidden under their fur.

LEARY

Are you refusing to see that an outsize organ is in some minds a badge of masculinity? And that's why you equipped Rupert with this unfeasibly large penis.

FELIX

What size do you think would be normal?

A huge laugh from the gallery. Felix smiles over at Richard. He seems to be running rings around Leary, then the Judge completely changes the mood by screaming:

ARGYLE

SILENCE IN COURT! I WILL NOT HAVE LAUGHTER IN THIS COURT!!

This is like the thunder of god. Even Leary is shaken. Richard and Jim jump to attention like schoolboys

ARGYLE

Mr Dennis, It is not your place to interrogate the counsel.

LEARY

SO will you not admit that by depicting bestial sex between a cartoon bear and a young lady you were simply seeking to be obscene?

FELIX

Well, no - shagging a bear might be obscene but drawing a cartoon's different from actually doing it. I think war is obscene but I don't think reporting a war is.

LEARY

But it would appear to me Mr Dennis that you are trying to have everything both ways - I fail to see how you can purport to have a satirical magazine that does not offend people.

FELIX

We were just having a bit fun.

LEARY

Exposing children to bestiality.

FELIX

But it isn't bestiality. Rupert isn't a real bear.

Leary flicks through the magazine.

LEARY

Adverts for casual fellatio, the promotion of illegal drugs, drawings of lesbians engaged in all kinds of degrading acts. Of course it's shocking or else there'd be no point in you printing it would there, Mr Dennis?

FELIX

Look, there's plenty of shocking things in the Bible - why don't you go and ban that, for godsake?

LEARY

Answer the question. Why publish a satirical magazine if you don't wish to offend anybody? The whole raison d'etre of Oz is to offend. Is it not, Mr Dennis?

Felix is caught - he blushes. Leary looks very pleased with himself. Mortimer and Geoffrey look concerned. The whole mood is changing. Richard and Jim now look genuinely frightened. Richard looks up at Louise for support. She looks back - without smiling.

LEARY

No further questions.

SMASH CUT TO:

THE USHER

The court calls Mr James Anderson.

RICHARD

Whatever you do - try not to be controversial.

JIM

Don't worry - he's not going to catch me out.

Jim has great trouble getting out of the box.

CUT TO:

Jim is in the dock - he looks terrified.

LEARY

Do you think the cover of this magazine is *attractive*?

JIM

They are quite nicely printed.

LEARY

The lesbians. And the "dildos".

JIM

The dildo?

LEARY

A representation of the erect male penis. Do you find the erect male penis attractive?

Jim hesitates - he knows he will be tricked.

JIM

I'm sorry. Could you repeat the question?

LEARY

Do you find an erect penis "attractive"?

(pause)

Are you married Mr Anderson?

JIM

No.

LEARY

So you have no children of your own?

Leary raises an eyebrow to the jury.

JIM

No. But I am very fond of them.

Leary raises another eyebrow to the jury.

LEARY

Really!

JIM

Before we go any further - I just want to say "I think people should be allowed to do exactly as they please as long as it doesn't hurt anyone else".

LEARY

Thank you, Mr Anderson. So would you see it as a good thing if parents masturbated in front of their children, for example?

Jim hesitates - is it a trick question?

JIM

No.

Richard is relieved that this is the correct answer.

LEARY

Ah -

JIM

But it would obviously depend on the family circumstances.

Richard's expression of despair

LEARY

I'm sorry. Would you like to repeat that.

JIM

But. It would depend on the family...circumstances. Is that the wrong answer?

LEARY

Not at all. You have been an excellent witness, Mr Anderson.

RICHARD

(to Widge)

Oh shit.

We focus on Richard's face. Then we cut to him in the dock - we focus on his failing confidence as he hears a battery of abuse from Leary. It is an expressionistic account of his time in the dock, just as he is about to answer one question we cut to him being barraged by another. The sequence is cut together increasingly fast so at the end we feel Richard's profound exhaustion.

LEARY

Do you really think this is not obscene?/ Have you ever taken drugs?/ Do you really expect us to believe.../ Have you any idea what you are doing?

Still focused on Richard's face we hear the Judge pronounce:

ARGYLE

(off)

Court adjourned till tomorrow at nine thirty.

As the crowd in the gallery disperse we see Martin has been standing anonymously at the back unnoticed by anyone because he is cleaned up. He has the box under his arm.

INT. OUTSIDE THE COURTROOM. DAY

Richard walks miserably with Felix and Jim. But this time a group of conservative protestors against Oz have joined the fray and Richard et al are jostled between both groups as they make their way - shell-shocked, out of the court. Richard is hit in the face by a placard wielded by an irate protestor.

INT. OZ OFFICE'S LONDON. NIGHT.

Richard and Louise come into the office. This time everybody has gone home.

RICHARD

I'm starting to think I am a pervert.

Richard goes through to his bedroom and flops down on the mattress. Louise sits on the bed.

RICHARD

They're going to crucify us. After all this. They're going to send us down tomorrow.

Suddenly, there is a knock on the door. Richard looks Louise.

RICHARD

Won't they ever leave us alone.

Louise goes to the door, opens it. No one is there. Just a box with an envelope stuck to it saying: "to Richard and Louise". Louise brings it inside and opens the envelope:

LOUISE

"From, Martin"

Richard takes Martin's box and opens it. It is a piece of art folded up. Little arrows explain how to open it - Richard and Louise unfold each "wing" folds out till it fills the entire room. It is a brilliant collage of their whole time together. Martin has observed every moment. Richard's longing, Louise's innocence, he has taken pictures of their bliss together, the fun they've all had. It is a history of the whole magazine, but more particularly of Richard and Louise's relationship. It is clearly a love letter to them both. Martin clearly adores Louise. The last image is of the three of them all looking separate ways. There is a real sense of wistfulness, of time passed.

LOUISE

It's beautiful.

RICHARD

We really had something for a moment didn't we? All of us. But we fucked it up - didn't we?

LOUISE

No. Things are just a little more complicated than we thought. How do you know where you want to stop until you've gone too far?

RICHARD

But they've got us. They've won, Louise.

LOUISE

Won? Are you out of your mind? You're on the front of every newspaper in the land. The Beatles have written a song about you. You've got them on the ropes. How many people read the magazine? Fifty thousand? Richard, there are millions of people following this trial. We've started to think that it is all over - but maybe it hasn't even started yet. You can't give up yet. You have to go in there fighting.

RICHARD

But they're right. It is obscene. It doesn't matter but it is obscene. What am I going to say that could make a difference.

LOUISE

Talk about this.

They look at Martin's artwork.

LOUISE

Tell them what it's like it's like.
Tell them what we believe in.

RICHARD

And what if I fuck it up.

LOUISE

Don't worry - you'll make an
excellent martyr.

RICHARD

You do realise when I come out I'll
be in my thirties, don't you.

LOUISE

This is what you're good at.
Bringing people together,
explaining what's important. You
can do this, Richard.

Richard looks at Martin's work. He looks wistfully at him and Louise.

RICHARD

You know I'd give anything to be
back there with you.

LOUISE

I know.

They kiss.

LOUISE

No, Richard. I don't think this is
a good idea.

He kisses her again she yields. They make love.

INT. RICHARDS'S BEDROOM. MORNING.

Richard and Louise wake up. There are no pillows between them. The alarm clock is going. They are both a little embarrassed and awkward with each other.

RICHARD

I guess this is it.

They both dress in silence back to back. Richard wearing a suit and tie. Richard finally turns to Louise.

RICHARD

How do I look?

EXT. BOW STREET. DAY.

Richard and Louise anxiously push their way through the crowd.

INT. TOILET, BOW STREET MAGISTRATES COURT. THE SAME.

Richard alone in a cubicle - contemplating his future. Outside the window we can hear people chanting: "Oz, Oz". He looks green around the gills but straightens his tie.

INT. COURT. DAY.

He pushes his way past the journo's into the court. It's all very threatening. Richard seems very nervous, very small.

INT. COURT ROOM. DAY

Richard enters the court. It seems oppressive. The jurors implacable, the supporters glum, Felix and Jim look positively scared. It is serious and threatening. Leary breezes in cheerily a man of confidence. Luff stares at Richard with a sneer of vindictive smugness.

COURT USHER

Mr Neville.

Richard gets up and walks from the dock to take a place on the court floor. He is nervous - all eyes on him. The press corps ready to take down every word. All faces anxiously looking at him. He looks around - almost faint with nervousness.

INT. COURT. THE NEXT DAY.

Richard stands up. We feel the anticipation. He is overwhelmed. He looks at Louise then at the stony faced jurors, then he sees Martin at the back of the gallery. Martin winks at Richard. Richard stares back surprised to see him. Everyone is agog. He remembers himself and starts speaking.

RICHARD

You may be asking why one of us has chosen to defend himself. It is because I have no wish to hide behind the gowns and wigs of the legal profession. This is too serious to be left to lawyers.

Big laugh.

RICHARD

I came to London to have a great time, to see the world, to fall in love.

(MORE)

RICHARD (cont'd)

And I did, I saw the world, or at least the less salubrious parts of Notting Hill and I did fall in love.

He looks at Louise. Then breaks off as he is overwhelmed with emotion and put off his stride. He picks up the magazine as if getting courage to carry on.

RICHARD

But as time has gone on. I realise there is something much more important at stake. Sometimes to live a life well you have to make choices. You have to suddenly grow up and realise the world is not exactly how you wish it to be. And you have to stand up and accept responsibility - even if the cost is very high - one has to trust your fellow man wether they have long hair or Judges wigs or whatever. A grown up society is one where we can tolerate and trust each other and embrace our youth; this is the responsibility that freedom demands.

Richard holds up the magazine.

RICHARD

I did not edit this magazine. There are many things in it I might have done differently. Many things I oppose. But it is the voice of our youth and maybe we should pay attention. It might seem strange to our ears but if you listen to what they are struggling to say you'll find basic beliefs with which few of us would quarrel. That Peace is preferable to war. That racial tolerance is preferable to intolerance. That love is preferable to hatred.

Everyone is rapt by Richard's performance.

RICHARD

One of the strangest and most menacing allegations levelled against us is that we are part of a community without love, who worship sex for itself. But for a while there was so much love around that a whole generation almost died of an overdose.

(MORE)

RICHARD (cont'd)

Among young people love has no power or magic if it means just loving your wife until the divorce and meanwhile hating black people, homosexuals, communists. Love entails tolerance and compassion - not for the person you want to possess but for those people who are in need of it most. But sometimes our horizons are limited because we are so busy trying to survive in a frenzied and confusing world we find it difficult to care for those who most need it.

Looks again at Louise.

What we tried to do in Oz was redefine love, to broaden it, extend, revitalize it. It is true that it includes sexuality. But only in an effort to make it more healthy and honest. We don't always get it right, sometimes we are crude, sometimes we miss the point. You don't have to endorse what we say. You just need to want a society that confirms the values of tolerance, reason, freedom and compassion. A society where every single one of us can live together in peace and understanding.

He looks directly at Louise. She has tears in her eyes. Even the jurors are moved. He sits down. It has been a stunning speech.

FELIX

Fucking hell, Rich. Where'd you learn to do that?

People start to cheer and applaud Richard. The audience rise to give Richard a standing ovation - when Argyle bangs his gavel violently.

ARGYLE

ORDER! ORDER! Members of the Jury. Despite the best claims of Mr Neville this is not a trial about big issues but of a little magazine concerned not with love but sex, sex, sex. Sex with school kids, with dildos, even with animals. This is not a trial about society. The question is, is this a dirty magazine.

WIDGE
 (to Richard)
 He can't do this. He's leading the jury.

MORTIMER
 Objection - your honour.

GEOFFERY
 Objection!

ARGYLE
 Objections over ruled.
 (he quotes)
 "I can open my throat pretty well if a guy has a really long cock. I dig fucking too but i really love sucking." You heard from witnesses who swear at their children and think it appropriate to have sex on the pavement. Some of these open minded libertarians even wanted to ban the Bible.

RICHARD
 This is ridiculous! Our case is unrecognisable in your mouth.

ARGYLE
 Silence in court! If Oz is a window on the counterculture - I suggest it needs cleaning.

As Argyle speaks we pan along the grave faces of Felix and Jim resting on Richard who looks thoroughly defeated.

INT. OUTSIDE THE COURT ROOM DAY.

Crowds of discontented well wishers gather round Richard, Felix, Jim and Widge who are with Geoffery and Mortimer.

WIDGERY
 This is outrageous. It's a travesty of justice.

FELIX
 He can't say that. We must be able to do something.

GEOFFERY
 The only recourse at this stage is to the Court of Appeal.

RICHARD
 So we're absolutely screwed then?

MORTIMER
 Let's not get over excited. But basically, yes.

Suddenly, there is a commotion - "They've made a decision". Everybody returns to the court. Louise tries to grab Richard's arm as he is bundled along the corridor.

LOUISE

It was a beautiful speech, Richard.

But Richard is swept away and Louise is left standing unsure if Richard heard her or not.

INT. COURT. DAY.

We follow Richard in close up as he comes into the court. We can see the fear and tension in his face he slowly makes his way to the dock with Jim and Felix. Everyone takes their seats. Richard looks nervously at Louise. The jury come in, one by one, it is excruciatingly slow. The leader of the jury takes out a piece of paper:

ARGYLE

Have you come to a decision?

JUROR

No. We simply can't decide.

ARGYLE

Well go back till you jolly well find them guilty. Or not guilty.

The jurors file out. Richard et al are even more wound up.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE - TIME PASSES - ANXIETY MOUNTS - REPORTERS TALK ANIMATEDLY ABOUT THE LONGEST TRIAL IN BRITISH HISTORY - THE HISTORICAL IMPORT - THEN FINALLY, THE JURORS FILE IN AGAIN.

JUROR

We have a majority verdict.

The Judge smiles. The court concentrates

ARGYLE

So on the charge of corrupting public morals, what do you find?

Long pause.

JUROR

Not guilty.

Richard looks at Felix in disbelief. Argyle practically snarls.

RICHARD

We did it!

FELIX

We fucking did it!

Jubilation in the court. It goes wild. Even Court officials are pleased. Argyle seriously pissed off:

ARGYLE

Order! Order!

JUROR

On the charge of publishing an obscene magazine.... Guilty as charged.

Suddenly the mood of the caught changes in an instant.

MORTIMER

(to Richard)

You got away with the big one. The worst they'll give you is a suspended sentence.

ARGYLE

Stand up Mr Neville, you have very great ability and great intelligence. I have born in mind you are a man of previous good character, fifteen months followed by deportation. Mr Anderson, twelve months.

Shouts of no!! Everyone falls into a shocked silence - reeling from it all going wrong.

GEOFFERY

This is a travesty!

ARGYLE

Mr Dennis, you are younger than the other two and very much less intelligent. Nine months. Jailer take them down.

Richard looks at Louise. He is dragged away.

EXT. BOW STREET. DAY.

Richard et al are taken out to a van. The crowd go mad. Richard passes Martin. Martin tries to reach out to him but a policeman pushes him to one side.

MARTIN

Richard!

Richard et al are bundled into a van and the doors closed

INT. PRISON VAN. DAY.

They sit glumly.

FELIX

(to Jim)

I don't know why you're so glum.
Finally you're going to get bummed
senseless for rest of 1971.

EXT. COURTHOUSE. THE SAME.

Louise sits on the steps of the court with the debris of the protest strewn around her. Martin comes up and sits beside her.

LOUISE

I thought you were in Australia.

MARTIN

Not yet. I locked myself away for a bit. Did a lot a thinking. Maybe I did get it wrong. I wasn't as sorted out as I thought after all. Real Love in the era of Free Love seems pretty hard to find.

LOUISE

I think you were just a bit shy, Martin.

MARTIN

Maybe. I think what I really wanted was you.

LOUISE

Yes, I know. But it's all a bit late now, isn't it? I mean, we've all grown up. And I guess we have to remember the best bits and not dwell on the regrets.

MARTIN

If you say so.

LOUISE

Yeah. You're a very special man, Martin. Maybe you weren't really meant for these times.

MARTIN

What do you mean? I am the fucking Sixties.

LOUISE

You know what I mean.

MARTIN

Poor Richard.

LOUISE

Yeah. Poor Richard.

INT. PRISON - DAY.

They are taken through. They walk sheepishly. The really hard prisoners all look on threateningly. Richard, Felix and Jim look ill. Then one of the prisoners recognises them.

INMATE

It's those hippies from Oz.

Everybody stops and cranes to get a good view. Then someone cheers another starts clapping - suddenly they are walking through the prison with tumultuous applause - like royalty.

INT. ROOM. THE SAME.

A warder looks at them sternly.

WARDER

Off!

Their colourful clothes are swapped for prison outfits.

Cut to:

A barber's chair.

RICHARD

No you can't do this. It must be against the rules.

WARDER

Sit down.

FELIX

Not my hair, man!

A large warder pushes Felix down in the chair.

FELIX

The bastards.

His head is shaved to a crew cut.

Cut to:

Each of the boys get their hair cut off by the warder with the trimmer. So they are all completely shorn.

They sit facing themselves in the mirror. Richard and Felix seem about to cry. Jim looks carefully at his new haircut.

CUT TO:

They are walked through the grim corridors, led into a cell and the doors are banged shut.

INT. CELL. DAY.

They sit down - hopelessly.

JIM

Well, it's not so bad. I did need a trim.

Richard and Felix look at Jim in disgust.

FELIX

Do you think they'll give us time off for having to share a cell with him?

Richard is trying to read, Jim is cross legged chanting "Om" whilst meditating. Felix is tapping frustratedly on the radiator. Richard is driven to distraction. The cell door opens.

WARDER

Neville! A visitor.

INT. MEETING ROOM, GAOL. THE SAME.

Richard goes into the room and sits down. He looks over the table to see Martin.

RICHARD

If you've come to gloat, don't bother. You were right about everything. It's all a bust. I thought you were supposed to be in Australia.

MARTIN

(joking)

What - and miss you getting sent down for eighteen months?

(in earnest)

I haven't come to gloat. I've come to say goodbye - properly. I don't want to leave with any bad feelings, Richard. Not after this. After everything. I know that you're the gifted one and you just think I'm some schmuck with a layout board -

RICHARD
How can you say I'm the gifted one?

MARTIN
But you always were. Look - you've got the limelight, you get the girl. You're even a revolutionary hero for godsake. All I've got is hiding behind my fucked up imagination. You did it, Richard, everything I couldn't. You know when we were both in Sydney I used to think you were a right wanker.

RICHARD
Oh.

MARTIN
Well, I was wrong. You stood up to them. You made it all make sense. You're a top man, Richard Neville.

RICHARD
Well, when I get out of here, I guess I'll be over in Sydney. Maybe I'll look you up.

MARTIN
As long as you don't try to start up another magazine.

Martin hugs Richard.

RICHARD
(deeply moved by Martin)
I fucking love you, Martin Sharp.

Martin beams.

MARTIN
I love you too, man.

WARDER
Alright, alright. For godsake.

INT. PRISON. THE SAME.

Richard walks through the prison to his cell.

INT. CELL. NIGHT.

They are all three in their bunks feeling maudlin and dejected - already bored with their internment.

RICHARD
So what will you do when you get out?

FELIX

Dunno. I'll probably become a multi-millionaire publishing magnate with an international empire. What about you?

RICHARD

I intend to move as far away from you as is geographically possible.

FELIX

You can be facetious if you like, Neville. But I was just a no hope shit kicker till I met you guys. And I don't care what you say, OK we might be banged up in here, but we moved the fucking goalposts. This'll happen all again. Not to us, maybe. But there'll always be another bunch of kids to take them on from where we left off.

RICHARD

That's the most profound thing I've ever heard you say, Felix.

FELIX

I really mean it Richard. You might be a boring fart, but you made my life richer.

RICHARD

What about you Jim?

JIM

To be quite honest - if it wasn't for the lack of acid - I'd be quite looking forward to a bit of time off.

Richard sits in his bunk. He takes out an envelope - in it is a photo of Louise he sticks it on the wall. He lies staring up at it.

RICHARD

Well, goodnight.

Then he hears a faint noise. It gets louder. He gets up.

RICHARD

What's that noise?

The faint chant becomes louder. Felix, Richard and Jim look at one another.

FELIX

It's coming from outside.

They climb up and look out of the tiny barred window of their cell.

JIM

Look, can you see it?

Richard's pov. An all night vigil of hundreds of hippies with "Long Live Oz" banners and lighted candles has congregated at the perimeter of the fence.

EXT. THE PRISON. THE SAME.

We fly over the heads of the thousands of Oz protestors - hippies, schoolkids, ordinary people, Martin sharp and Louise. They chant "We will not be silenced, We will not be silenced" which moves into " Long live Oz, Long live Oz". All lit by candle light - as far as the eye can see. Traffic is stopped outside the jail. It is a massive demonstration. We can't help being moved by their sincerity.

INT. CELL. NIGHT.

Richard et al in the dark. Close up of Richard alone.

INT. PRISON. DAY.

Felix, Richard and Jim in the breakfast queue - as depressed and anonymous as everyone else. A stern warder appears at their shoulder.

WARDER

Neville. Dennis. Anderson. This way.

They all look at each other.

INT. GAOL. THE SAME.

The warder marches them through the prison.

FELIX

What the fuck is going on?

INT. PRISON MEETING ROOM. THE SAME.

Richard, Felix and Jim sit at a table looking at Widge and Geoffrey.

JIM

I don't understand. What does it mean in layman's language?

RICHARD

I think it means we've got to appear in public looking like this.

JIM
O fucking hell.

EXT. LONDON. DAY.

A black maria leaves the prison. Makes its way through London to the court. The van suddenly comes to a halt and Richard et al are bundled out and through a crowd of expectant onlookers.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
(playing over the images)
"In an extraordinary turn of events the defendants in the longest trial in British history have been recalled by the court of Appeal only hours after being sentenced."

INT. COURT ROOM. DAY.

The court is full. A new judge addresses the court. We see the faces of Leary and Mortimer.

NEW JUDGE
In accordance with directive 921 of ordinance 64 of the Trial By Jury Act of 1640 we have found the jury was misdirected on 78 separate counts.

We see The press crowd in the balcony - all agog.

NEW JUDGE
Therefore - all charges are dropped. Case dismissed. You are free men, gentlemen.

Finally, we see Jim, Richard and Felix in the dock. They are wearing judges wigs which They throw in the air. Mayhem ensues. Felix does a back flip out of the dock. Jim swan dives into waiting supporters. The Judge is borne up and carried out.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE COURT. DAY.

Huge crowds. Jubilation. Felix is greeted by screaming girls. He runs into the crowd picking them up and disappearing under an avalanche of kisses. Jim is carried off by "Puffs against Censorship" all of whom look identical to Jim before the haircut. Richard manages to duck into the crowd and remains invisible with his short hair and anonymous. Waiting at some distance he sees Louise. He walks up to her slowly.

LOUISE
Nice hair.

RICHARD

Thanks.

She throws her arms around him and kisses him.

LOUISE

You did it. You made a difference.
It'll never go back to what it was.

I am so proud to have been a part
of that, Richard.

RICHARD

What are you saying, Louise?

LOUISE

You know, I came here to see what
it was like to be free, to fall in
love, to live my own life. Well,
I've been free, I've been in love,
but I haven't lived my own life,
Richard.

RICHARD

(genuinely upset)

No. Louise. You can't leave me now.
(trying to keep it light)
I'm a countercultural hero.

LOUISE

Exactly, This was your gig and I
wouldn't have missed a second of it
for the whole world.

RICHARD

No.

LOUISE

You know things can never be the
same. Not after all this. We're not
who we were. We've grown up.

RICHARD

You've thought this through haven't
you?

LOUISE

This is not the time to be looking
back. Go to Australia, and do all
the things you've always wanted to
do, fuck your way round Sydney,
take a shitload of drugs and
ferment the Australian Revolution.
I loved you, Richard Neville.

(MORE)

LOUISE (cont'd)
And I know the best moments I spent
with you will be the best moments
of my entire life.

But if you really want to be truly
free - you have to be willing to
let some things go.

RICHARD
I know.
So what do you think you'll do?

LOUISE
I don't really know yet. It's hard
to know what could compare.

RICHARD
(can't resist the joke)
You've not become a lesbian or
anything have you?

LOUISE
No, Richard.

RICHARD
(tears running down his
cheeks)
Well good luck then.

LOUISE
Good luck too. And thanks for the
ride.

They kiss full on the lips for the last time. Nothing could
be sadder for both of them, but both of them know this is
right. They break away knowing that it's goodbye.

RICHARD
You know what, Louise?
I had the time of my life.

Louise is now streaming with tears.

LOUISE
Me too.

Louise starts walking slowly backwards. Richard stands there
watching. As The moody blues - **Go Now** plays, she gradually
disappears into a crowd of dancing revellers celebrating the
victory. She is gone. As the camera soars over the Old Bailey
and the celebrating hippies it descends into the next street
and it is 2007, cars stream by. We come down on a newsagent
cabin and see Oz's real legacy - all the magazines full of
sex, drugs, politics. The Radio goes from playing the moody
blues to playing the Stone. A couple of girls in retro
Sixties clothes walk by.

A man in a suit buys a paper we will discover in just a moment that it is the real Richard neville. He winks into the camera. Black out.

Epilogue:

Cue music: A COVER VERSION OF **HIPPIE HIPPIE SHAKE**. Over the song we see the real life people as they are now.

Jim ANDERSON - spent 18 years as a Hippie in California and now lives in Australia studying the mating habits of cicadas.

Felix DENNIS - became a multimillionaire publisher of such titles as GQ and Maxim. He is also a published poet.

Germaine GREER is, as ever, Germaine GREER.

DAVID WIDGERY founded Rock Against Racism but died after a fall at his home in 1992.

Martin SHARP is one of Australia's most prominent artists.

Louise FERRIER co-founded the Feminist Magazine "Spare Rib".

Richard NEVILLE took lots of drugs, shagged his way round sydney and is a writer still fermenting the Australian revolution. He lives with his wife and children in the Blue Mountains National Park in New South Wales, Australia. Cue a song:

"May God bless and keep you always
May your wishes all come true
May you always do for others
And let others do for you
May you build a ladder to the stars
And climb on every rung
May you stay forever young"

A shot of Richard with his family on a verandah. Behind them is the Blue Mountain's National Park in blissful sunlight. We feel Richard made good in the end. He looks tanned and happy in contrast to his tormented early self.

THE END

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