

i'm not there

Inspired by the life and work of Bob Dylan

Screenplay by
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Story by
Todd Haynes

CHARACTER/STORY LEGEND

woody

11-yr-old, black orphan, in a backwoods melodrama unfurling from a traveling boxcar.

arthur

Teenage poet in 19th century garb in an offscreen interrogation.

jack/john

Folk-era legend turned evangelist, exposed in a 1985 TV documentary.

robbie

Vietnam-era movie star looks back at a marriage and a war.

jude

Androgynous idol (portrayed by a woman) reeks havoc during his first electric tour.

billy

The storied outlaw, presumed dead--and no longer a "kid" (mid-50's)--finds his adopted township on the brink.

PROLOGUE (B&W)
INT. CONCERT HALL (1966)

HANDHELD TRAVELING SHOT (16MM) through a long dim corridor, echoey roar rising. A Stagehand dressed in a suit opens a door and we pass through, up a flight of stairs and out another door where the booming sound intensifies.

Several dark figures turn, directing us past a hanging partition into a large black void--the source of the now thunderous cheers and applause.

We enter the screaming dark as a rising spotlight sears the screen.

SUDDEN CUT TO:

INT. MORGUE

Sliding into frame--a head covered in a white sheet.

FEMALE V.O.
(quiet, internal)
Here lies a man

ECU--just as the sheet is whipped off--eyes shut.

FEMALE V.O. (cont'd)
Conquered
from behind
by trembling flesh.

Wheels of a gurney spinning, jerking into place.

CLOSE-UP overhead lamp crackling on.

LONG SHOT: Two Coroners and a Nurse, masked and smocked, surrounding the cadaver.

FEMALE V.O. (cont'd)
God rest his soul & his rudeness

BRIEF ECU'S:

- The scalpel, along its incision.
- Pens on paper, taking data.
- Coroners' mouths speaking quickly (no sound).

INT. FUNERAL PARLOR

ECU of the corpse's hands as they are placed, crossed, upon his chest. We notice the long strange fingernails of a guitar player.

CLOSE on the dark face of a Mourner settling in the foreground, as Two Others look on from behind.

FEMALE V.O.

A devouring public can now share
the remains of his sickness
& his phone numbers.

BLACK SCREEN

FEMALE V.O. (cont'd)

And there he lay:

INT. WHITE WALL

MATCHING FRONTAL SHOTS display each of our central characters
in quick succession:

-ARTHUR (scruffy white teen in 19th century garb)

FEMALE V.O.

Poet

-JACK (mid-20's, white, chiseled--wearing a work-shirt)

FEMALE V.O. (cont'd)

Prophet

-BILLY (late 50's, white, wearing a weathered Stetson)

FEMALE V.O. (cont'd)

Outlaw

-WOODY (precocious 11-yr-old, black, wearing a beaten cap)

FEMALE V.O. (cont'd)

Fake.

-ROBBIE (30's, white, with grizzled, movie star looks)

FEMALE V.O. (cont'd)

Star of electricity-

INT. FUNERAL PARLOR

AERIAL CLOSE-UP of the man in the coffin, seen clearly for
the first time: JUDE (androgynous, mid-20's, white, with a
dark nest of hair) is wearing his Ray-bans.

FEMALE V.O.

Nailed by a peeping Tom
Who turned around to investigate a
ghost and discovered-

INT. WHITE WALL

ARTHUR, as before, addresses camera.

ARTHUR

A poem is like a naked person.

INT. WHITE WALL

Jude--seated against white like the other--removing his shades through a stream of flares.

ARTHUR (V.O.)
Some people call me a poet-

FEMALE V.O.
The ghost too-

INT. MORGUE

ECU--Jude's eyes flash open.

Sudden GUNSHOT: BLACK SCREEN

FEMALE V.O.
...was more than one person.

INT. WHITE WALL

BRIEF SHOTS (over six more GUNSHOTS):
Billy. Woody. Robbie. Jude. Jack.

And Arthur, gazing into camera, as before. Beat.

ARTHUR
But a song is something that walks
by itself.

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN

and the rousing introduction to a song:
Stuck Inside of Mobile with the Memphis Blues Again

TITLE MONTAGE (B&W)

A visual rocket trip through New York City in a chain of moving images (1966):

INT. NYC SUBWAY - DAY

Tearing out of darkness, the POV of a subway car blazes into the acid light of a station.

MAIN TITLES

Doors open on snarling faces pushing in, shoving out.

White strobing light from an oncoming train brings dark flickering faces passing through windows.

Then, bursting into daylight, we rise up over streets through
stammering girders and braided rails, grey buildings passing
(as we hear):

*Oh, the ragman draws circles up and down the block.
I'd ask him what the matter was but I know that he don't talk.
And the ladies treat me kindly and furnish me with tape,
But deep inside my heart I know I can't escape.*

EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE - MOVING SHOTS - DAY

Tourists and freaks collide on the streets of Greenwich
Village. The folk era has gone mainstream--people with
cameras line up under signs reading "GENUINE FOLK JAMBOREE"
while others toss coins into the cap of a Bearded Poet
reciting scat-verse. We pass Junkies pawing for change and
Italian ladies staring out from their stoops.

*Oh, Mama, can this really be the end?
To be stuck inside of Mobile with the Memphis blues again.*

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE NYC - DAY

We pass a Well-Dressed Woman lying prostrate on 5th Avenue,
as hundreds of holiday shoppers pass. A piece of Christmas
tatter lands over her face like a shroud.

Passing by, the only one seeming to notice, is a young black
boy in a suit (Woody, our precocious 12-year-old)--escorted
by a white Man In a Trench Coat.

EXT. RURAL RAILWAY - DAY (COLOR)

Suddenly--as if conjured by the little boy's gaze--we are
passing a line of railway workers from a moving train. They
stare back without expression.

*Now the rainman gave me two cures, then he said, 'Jump right in'.
The one was Texas medicine, the other was just railroad gin.*

EXT. KENTUCKY HILLS - DAWN (1959)

We sweep past black trees swaying against the ultramarine.

Far in the distance the speck of a figure can be seen.
Rolling hills sweep us closer, revealing Woody, running like
a banshee, guitar strapped over his shoulder and knapsack
smacking at his side.

He closes in on the mighty locomotive, watching as an empty
car approaches.

From inside the empty boxcar we see his head bobbing up and
down.

*And like a fool I mixed them an' it strangled up my mind,
An' now people just get uglier, an' I have no sense of time.*

A RUSH OF MOVING SHOTS (urban decay meets rural strangeness):
-Times Square hookers and bums.
-Hollow faces of the Metropolis.

-Costumed spooks in shady gulches.
 -Shirtless mountain children with guns.

*Oh, Mama, can this really be the end?
 To be stuck inside of Mobile with the Memphis blues again.*

BRIEF SHOT - INT. LIMO - NIGHT (B&W)

A frenzied mass of fans pressed against the window (an image returned to later in the film) as the song ends and we

FADE TO BLACK

woody [BACKWOODS MELODRAMA UNFURLS FROM A TRAVELING
 BOXCAR (1959) SHOT IN MUTED COLOR]

EXT. KENTUCKY HILLS - DAY - (1959)

SAILING OVERHEAD the moving train, we see Woody leap into the car.

INT. BOXCAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Woody goes crashing against the wall.

Opposite, two befuddled hobos (HOBO MOE and HOBO JOE: white, middle-aged) leap out from under a blanket. They scramble respectively for a pistol and stick, which they aim at their sudden intruder. They pause, blinking at the little boy, weapons sagging.

HOBO MOE

Say!

HOBO JOE

How old're you, boy?

WOODY

'Leven years old.

HOBO JOE

So where's yer mama?

WOODY

Don't got one. No pappy neither.

HOBO JOE

Son, what's yer name?

WOODY

Woody. Woody Guthrie.

HOBO MOE

Just like the singer!

WOODY
 (lookin' off)
 Way I see it, singin's kept me
 right in this world more'n any
 scripture's done. And I'll tell you
 another discovery I've made--it
 only takes a fountain pen to get
 yourself robbed!

HOBO MOE
 Say--wudduya make outa that?

He motions Joe to the slogan scrawled across the front of
 Woody's guitar case: **THIS MACHINE KILLS FASCISTS!**

HOBO JOE
 Son, you wouldn't be stashin' no
 weapons inside that case o' yers?

WOODY
 No, sir. Not in any literized way.

SUDDEN CUT TO:

arthur [OFF-SCREEN INTERROGATION OF A TEENAGE POET,
 SEATED AGAINST A WHITE WALL (1966) 16mm/B&W]

INT. WHITE WALL

Arthur sits down into frame, dressed in a frayed 19th century
 vest and cravat, and a thick shock of hair.

Offscreen we hear the dry male voice of a Government AGENT.

AGENT(O.S.)
 Please spell your name.

An off-screen typewriter punctuates each command:

ARTHUR
 J-E-A-N-dash-N-I-C-O-L-A-S-dash-A-R-
 T-H-U-R-R-I-M-B-A-U-D.

AGENT (O.S.)
 Born October 20th--makes you
 nineteen, nearly twenty--is that
 correct?

ARTHUR
 Yes.

AGENT (O.S.)
 And... European?

Arthur cracks a little smile. We hear:

WOODY (V.O.)
Well. North Carolina, 'riginally.

WOODY

INT. BOXCAR - DAY

Hobo Joe and Hobo Moe are listening.

WOODY (CONT'D)
Little town called Riddle. But all
over, really--Gallup. Phillipsburg.
Sioux Falls.

HOBBO MOE
I got me a cousin in Sioux Falls.

HOBBO JOE
Z'ere really a town called Riddle?

WOODY
Well. Tell you the truth, that's
sort of a...whatchamacallit-

HOBBO JOE
A composite?

WOODY
A compost heap's, more like it.

Moe and Joe laugh.

WOODY (cont'd)
I reckon my mind got mixed with
ramblin' when I was all so young.
But it was Aruella Grey--blind
protest singer from Chicago--that
first taught me the blues--four,
five years ago. That's when I first
started writin' songs o' my own.
First one was t'Carole Lombard on
piano. Thought I might sing it for
her one day.

For a moment Hobo Joe looks confused--but Woody chatters on.

WOODY (cont'd)
Written some hillbilly songs. Carl
Perkins, from Nashville, he sings
some of them. Talking blues kind
o'stuff. Played piano with Bobby
Vee--Would have been a millionaire
if I'd stayed with him!

HOBBO JOE
So what bring you round these
parts?

WOODY

Ohhhhh-

CLOSE-UP Woody, who stops for a beat.

WOODY (cont'd)

Carelessness.

A lonesome harmonica announces a tender lament: *Moonshiner*

A SERIES OF DISSOLVING SHOTS FROM A MOVING TRAIN slip us into a mini-travelogue, as Woody recounts the events of his past:

-EXT. RIDDLE STATION - DUSK

We pass the signs (*Riddle Station*) of a small weathered train station and the lights of a tiny town, nestled between two black hills.

-EXT. RURAL ROAD - TENNESSEE - MORNING

Dark brush clears, revealing a Little Girl, rocking on a swing. She hops off and stands, watching us pass.

-EXT. SMALL TOWN - NEW MEXICO - NIGHT

Dark buildings, lit from within, and a small din of drunken voices.

WOODY (V.O.)

I lost my one true love. Started drinking. Next thing I know, I'm in a crap game. Wake up in a poolhall. When I meet up with a Chinaman working in a dimestore who says he loves my sound. Next thing I know, he's got me singin' at his boss's establishment-

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SIDESHOW TENT - CARNIVAL - NIGHT

MATCH-CUT passes rowdy drunken faces, shouting toward camera.

REVERSE SHOT settles on a small wooden stage on which a very fat CARNY with patent-leather hair struggles over the crowd.

CARNY

Alright now, quiet down--We got a-- quiet now--This here youngin', the Tiny Troubadour, he gonna sing a little song... so quiet on down-- that's right--Here 'e comes!

Little Woody toddles over to a very tall stool which he struggles to mount, losing his cap in the process. He scurries down to retrieve it and back up again only to lose

it from the other side--nothing short of Chaplinesque.
Stinging laughter.

WOODY

Uh--This here's a number-

But the first string he plucks snaps into a flying squiggle--
sending the cap sailing and the crowd roaring.

EXT. SIDESHOW TENT - CARNIVAL - LATER

The tent opens and little Woody is tossed out into the
gutter.

He uprights himself, picking up his instrument, and starts
walking--camera resuming its LATERAL momentum.

WOODY (V.O.)

'Course success isn't all it's
cracked up to be. Somethin' sorta
freakish, I suppose, settin'
someone up onstage, apart from all
the rest. When down in every boxcar
there's men of all ranges, bouncin'
together.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CROWDED BOXCAR - NIGHT

We FOLLOW a loaf of bread being passed from grimy hand to
grimy hand, jiggling together in the dark, moving car:

*I've been a moonshiner for seventeen long years
I've spent all my money on whiskey and beer
I go to some hollow and set up my still
And if whiskey won't kill me then I don't know what will*

The loaf is lowered down to Woody who sits in a corner. He
pulls off a hunk and passes it on.

WOODY (V.O.)

Hobos, nobos, gentlemen loafers,
one-er-all-time-losers--call us
what you will.

INT. BOXCAR

WOODY (CONT'D)

We of the Pullman side-car and the
sunburned thumb, we ain't kiddin'
ourselves. It's lonesome roads, we
shall walk.

(then, suddenly upbeat)

'Til I joined the Union cause!

EXT. COAL MINE - DAY

Woody, sitting on a fence, performing *Rocks and Gravel* for a group of white coal miners over lunch break. Propped in front of him a sign reads: **UNIONIZE TODAY!**

WOODY

(singing)

Takes a-rocks and gravel, baby/Make a solid road, make a solid road./ Takes a-rocks and gravel, baby/Make a solid road, make a solid road./Takes a good woman mama,/To satisfy my weary soul.

We fall back as he finishes, miners cheering, settling on two defectors, MINER 1 AND MINER 2.

MINER 1

(watching the commotion)

Haven't seen as smooth a talker since Northern Coal come snoopin' round our backsides.

MINER 2

Claims he's Woody Guthrie.

MINER 1

Who's Woodah Guthrie?

MINER 2

I dunno. Sanger. Hit parade. Show tunes.

MINER 3, who's been watching Woody from afar, turns:

MINER 3

That boy's got 'em tricked out o' their shoes.

The other two Miners turn to see all the coal men lining up to sign Woody's petition.

MINER 3 (cont'd)

Don't they know we done unionized twenty years ago?

ARTHUR

INT. WHITE WALL

A dark figure is clearing frame, revealing Arthur:

ARTHUR

So what am I doing here anyway?

AGENT (O.S.)

We, uh-(rustling of papers)-merely wish to ask a few questions.

ARTHUR

Yea?

AGENT (O.S.)

Our records indicate that you've--
been away, that you've--stopped
writing.

ARTHUR

So?

AGENT (O.S.)

So you have. Stopped writing.

ARTHUR

I stop a lot of things. I've been
on too many streets to be doing the
same thing over and over again--Can
I smoke in here?

AGENT (O.S.)

For someone whose work has appealed
to so many, you sound somewhat
fatalistic.

ARTHUR

I'm not fatalistic. Bank tellers
are fatalistic. Clerks are
fatalistic. I'm a farmer. Who ever
heard of a fatalistic farmer? I
smoke a lot of cigarettes, but that
doesn't make me fatalistic.

WOODY

INT. MOVING BOXCAR - DAY

CLOSE on the hobo, glued (the sound of a match striking).

CLOSE, Woody, lighting a hand-rolled cigarette.

WOODY

Long story short: There I was,
hitching east and the first guy to
stop says he wants to sign me up
for a recordin' contract. What
could I say?

For a beat all we hear is the rumble of the train.

HOBO JOE

So... You really are Woody Guthrie!
Moe! You realize who we been
talking to? This here's Woody
Guthrie!

HOBO MOE
(twittering)
He's famous...

HOBO JOE
(shaking his head,
smiling)
Coulda swore you was an older man.

WOODY
Well I used to be! Much older!

HOBO MOE
(hearing the reverse)
Ain't it the truth.

HOBO JOE
So when was it you say you cut your
first singing record?

WOODY
(beat)
Spring o' thirty-six.

His companions stop, stumped.

HOBO JOE
But-

WOODY
(oblivious)
John Hammond discover me, sittin'
on a farm. Next thing I know, I'm
steppin' off the dock right into
New York City.

If I Had A Hammer (Trini Lopez)

jack [TV DOCUMENTARY UNCOVERS A FOLK-ERA LEGEND, USING
KINESCOPES & NEWSREELS (1985) COLOR/B&W]

TV CLIP (1963):

-ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE--GREENWICH VILLAGE (EARLY 60'S)

A series of shots from the era: various folk establishments--
Gerde's Folk City, the Folklore Center, The Bitter End, the
Gaslight--some at night with crowds gathered in front.

SIXTIES NARRATOR (V.O.)
Greenwich Village--once the hotspot
for beatnik jazz and bebop, is
today home to the popular folk-
music fad, a do-it-yourself musical
expression that's attracted
youngsters from all across the
(MORE)

SIXTIES NARRATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)
 nation. For many, these homespun
 songs of the working man express a
 truth and candor sorely lacking in
 today's growing consumer society.

We see kids in Washington Square playing guitars, recorders,
 bongos--or huddled together in Bleecker St. coffeehouses.

-EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE STREET - DAY

A FOLK GIRL on the street is questioned.

SIXTIES NARRATOR (O.S.)
 Why do you prefer folk music to
 other types of music?

FOLK GIRL
 Because it's honest. Commercial
 songs, pop music can't be honest.
 They're censored by the people who
 control society and make the rules.

(FAUX) ARCHIVAL CLIP--JACK ON VARIETY SHOW (1964) (B&W)

Kinescope of a darkened stage as lights rise up on its logo,
 live audience applause.

SIXTIES NARRATOR (V.O.)
 But of the many new and talented
 artists to emerge, only one has
 served to capture the heart and
 soul of the folk music philosophy.
 A young individual who both writes
 and performs some of his era's
 finest tunes...

JACK's head revealed in silhouette.

SIXTIES NARRATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)
 ... has been hailed by The New York
 Times as the movement's "troubadour
 of conscience". His name-

Studio lights burn on revealing a burnished impression of
 Jack, smiling, waving, with his guitar strapped around his
 shoulder as he walks to the center of the stage.

SIXTIES NARRATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)
 ...is Jack Rollins.

FREEZE-FRAME as a classic Rollin's song begins:
A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall

BURN IN: JACK ROLLINS--Troubadour of Conscience

INT. TV STUDIO SET (1985) (COLOR)

PULL-OUT to reveal a "high-tech" wall of multiple screens, each displaying images from the career of Jack Rollins, framing the previous in the context of a 1985 TV expose.

FEMALE TV HOST (O.S.)

Folk sensation of the early sixties, Jack Rollins was the promise of a new generation. So why, at the height of his career, did he choose to throw it all away, trading in the limelight for a different kind of light altogether?

By now the FEMALE TV HOST is revealed, addressing camera in the candy-colored light. Her hair and clothes placing us squarely in the era.

FEMALE TV HOST (cont'd)

Today, the name Jack Rollins might be best remembered from the 1964 drama, "*Grain of Sand*", the story of a popular folk-artist battling his conscience, and the performance that launched the career of Hollywood rebel, Robbie Clark.

A (B&W) CLIP FROM "*GRAIN OF SAND*", INSPIRED BY THE LIFE OF JACK ROLLINS:

-INT. RECORDING BOOTH (SET) - DAY (1965)

Actor ROBBIE CLARK, portraying "JACK", confronts a dark-haired ACTRESS at a peak moment. He wears a cap and work-shirt, still strapped to his guitar and harmonica.

ROBBIE [AS "JACK"]

...Hell--I never even planned to stay in this dang record business!

ACTRESS [PORTRAYING "ALICE"]

Then who else, Jack? Who else is gonna cut through all the phony sell and talk about what's true?

ROBBIE [AS "JACK"]

Hey, I just... I jus' sing what I see around me, that's all I do. I don't pick what I see--it picks me! And some of it ain't pretty--whatever they say. How you ever gonna make things better if you only wanna show what's pretty?

BRIEF CLIPS (from ensuing interviews):

-INT. ALICE'S APT - LIVING ROOM - NEW YORK - NIGHT (1985)

ALICE, the real Alice (early 40's, white), a well-known singer from the era, seated on a couch in her living room.

ALICE
He saw things...

-INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - COLUMBIA RECORDS - DAY

GERRY HAMLIN (60's, white), the senior executive:

GERRY HAMLIN
He was a rebel and I wanted to record protest...

(FAUX) ARCHIVAL CLIP--JACK ON VARIETY SHOW (1964) (B&W)

Jack, strapped to his acoustic guitar, sits beside the VARIETY SHOW HOST, who addresses camera. Jack, peering out meekly, also appears to be stifling his amusement.

VARIETY SHOW HOST
...taken to the hearts of young people who see him--the high school age, college age people--they somehow seem to identify-
(to Jack)
Why do you think that is?

JACK
Uh--I don't know. I just--got a lotta thoughts inside me and I guess I gotta say 'em. Most people ... keep it all inside. I think for these people--I do what I do.

FREEZE-FRAME on Jack.

FEMALE TV HOST (V.O.)
Prophet? Preacher?

INT. TV STUDIO SET

WIDE SHOT studio set, as the host strolls toward camera.

FEMALE TV HOST
Tonight, we bring you face to face with the real Jack Rollins. In our exclusive interview, his first in twenty years, not only will you learn the truth behind his famous disappearance-

On a screen behind her: a (B&W) STILL of Jack ZOOMS-INTO the guitar he holds up.

FEMALE TV HOST (cont'd)
 -but the remarkable story of how
 yesterday's troubadour of
 conscience became today's... Pastor
 John Rollins-

The guitar has DISSOLVED into a cross.

FEMALE TV HOST (cont'd)
 That's right, a Pentecostal
 preacher. I'm Tucker Tornby. And
 this is About Face.

Music and logo is overtaken by a spirited bluegrass trio,
 rising fast: *Tombstone Blues*

WOODY

EXT. RURAL TENNESSEE - VARIOUS SHOTS PASSING FROM TRAIN

Finally, dark pines passing reveal a small wood cabin.

WOODY (V.O.)
 I learned I didn't need no
 automatic bathrooms or electronic
 bedrooms or souped-up can-openers.
 What I needed was the folk.

EXT. ARVIN CABIN - LOUISIANA - DAY

Out on the porch Woody sits strumming and singing with two
 older men, both black--ARVIN (late 30's) and OLD MAN ARVIN,
 his father. Woody plays a bit wildly, showing off.

WOODY
 (singing)
*The sweet pretty things are in bed now of
 course/The city fathers are trying to
 endorse/ The reincarnation of Paul
 Revere's horse/But the town has no need
 to be nervous/The ghost of Belle Starr
 she hands down her wits/To Jezebel the
 nun she violently knits/A bald wig for
 Jack The Ripper who sits/At the head of
 the Chamber of Commerce.*
 (joined by both Arvins):
*Mama's in the factory/She ain't got no
 shoes/Daddy's in the alley/He's lookin'
 for a fuse/I'm in the streets/With the
 tombstone blues, etc.*

They finish, wet and breathless.

ARVIN
 (shaking head, laughing)
 Looks like you picked up your
 freedom 'fore gainin' your
 technique!

INT. ARVIN CABIN - KITCHEN - LATER THAT EVENING

Woody shares a large Southern meal with the two Arvin gentlemen and the rest of their family--four black children, staring at Woody like he was from Mars, and MRS. ARVIN, their sturdy, windswept mother (late 30's, black).

WOODY

'Course the real American music
always come from the bottom up.
Blind Willie McTell--best blues
singer east of Cannery Row--he say,
"Son, if you can sing the old songs
an' understand 'em an' perform 'em
well--ain't no place you can't go"!

Mrs. Arvin, busy serving, notices Woody's leg, bouncing like a jack-hammer.

WOODY (cont'd)

(to Mrs. Arvin)

Me? I reckon I came outa the womb,
singin' and pickin' and playing!

MRS. ARVIN

Sound like a demon child to me!

Old Man Arvin chuckles over this but the children just stare all the harder.

MRS. ARVIN (cont'd)

So where your people at? Your
kinfolk?

WOODY

Oh, they're back in Stockton,
ma'am. California. That's where I's
raised. I figure they got plenty o'
mouth's t'feed already. Not that I
care a fig about material things.
'Cept fer maybe a decent car. We
thumb-slummers and box-jumpers--we
get kinda peckish when it come to
cars.

OLD MAN ARVIN

(loud, pipe in mouth)

That boy sound like old Doughboy
Hawkins--feller I know'ed in the
dustbowl!

MRS. ARVIN

(directed to her husband)

I tell you what I think. I think
it's 1959 and this boy's singin'
songs about the boxcar! What's a

(MORE)

MRS. ARVIN (cont'd)
 boxcar gonna mean to him? Right
 here we got race riots and folks
 with no food. He should be out
 there singin' songs about what's
 happening now.

ARVIN
 Now Flo, this is our guest you're
 speakin' of-

MRS. ARVIN
 I know it's our guest, I'm just
 trying t'speak what's in my-

WOODY
 (suddenly sharp)
 No!

Silence. Woody, flush from attack, stares back at her with
 determination.

WOODY (cont'd)
 Say it.

Mrs. Arvin looks at Woody, sighs.

MRS. ARVIN
 Child, live your own time. Sing of
 your own time.

Woody looks back at her, solemnly (we hear):

WOODY (V.O.)
 I wouldn't want to be Bach or
 Mozart or Shakespeare or Tolstoy-

INT. BOXCAR - DAY

Woody is looking out the open door.

WOODY (CONT'D)
 Joe Hill or Gertrude Stein or James
 Dean. (beat) They're all dead.

JACK

INT. ALICE'S APT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

As the 1985 interview continues, we find Alice reading a
 quote of Jack's from a book:

ALICE (READING)
 "And since Dickens and Dostoyevsky
 and Woody Guthrie were telling
 their stories better than I ever
 could, I decided to stick to my
 own."

She looks up to camera, removing her glasses as a plaintive ballad begins: *The Lonesome Death of Hattie Carroll*

[FAUX] NEWSREEL FOOTAGE (B&W) - JACK PERFORMING (1962)

CLOSE-UP Jack, looking delicate and lean beneath his early clump of hair.

A WIDER ANGLE reveals him standing on the back of a flatbed truck dressed in overalls, singing to a crowd of Southern black farmers.

JACK (O.S.)

(singing)

William Zanzinger killed poor Hattie
Carroll/With a cane that he twirled round
his diamond ring finger.
At a Baltimore hotel society gath'rin.'
As they rode him in custody down to the
station./And booked William Zanzinger on
first degree murder.
But you who philosophize disgrace
And criticize all fears
Take the rag away from your face.
Now ain't the time for your tears.

GREENWICH VILLAGE STREET - DAY

Song continues under words of three thoughtful fans.

FAN 1

He knows how to peel back the
surface of what he sees.

FAN 2

I think his music shows how people
suffer and are ignored by society.

FAN 3

His songs are like true visions of
how things really are.

[FAUX] NEWSREEL FOOTAGE (B&W) - JACK PERFORMING (1962)

Jack, in CLOSE-UP, continues under:

ALICE (V.O.)

He saw things. He had this amazing
ability to sponge--everything
around him. And distill it into
something of insight and vision.

INT. ALICE'S APT

Alice is sitting with her two cats, and a cup of tea.

ALICE

And this just elevated the
discussion--in the folk world but
(MORE)

ALICE (cont'd)
among all popular music--the bar
had risen.

EARLIER

Alice, watering her plants, in her comfortably appointed New York apartment. She coos to her shiny red terrier.

FEMALE TV HOST (V.O.)
Alice Fabian, one of Jack Rollin's
closest colleagues, was herself a
leading figure in the folk revival,
achieving success a few years
before their first meeting in 1962.

STILL PHOTOGRAPHS

show Alice in the early 60's, hair long, face open and
beautiful--and later, Alice and Jack singing together on a
dark stage.

INT. ALICE'S APT - LATER

Alice, closer, seated. Brief silence.

ALICE
I just knew from the instant I
heard him--you just know. And he
was writing all these songs--which
no one was doing in '61, '62. His
finger-pointin' songs, he used to
call them. But what Jack Rollins
did with the topical folk song was
a lot more than point fingers.

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - COLUMBIA RECORDS - DAY

GERRY HAMLIN (60's, white), the senior executive at Columbia
records:

GERRY HAMLIN
First met Jack at a Caroline Hester
session--1961. Signed him on the
spot. He was a rebel and I wanted
to record protest--That was right
when we were startin' up the whole
'Nam business so... timing-wise,
protest-wise, we couldn't have been
more, ya know... on the money.

INT. CARLA'S APT - NEW YORK - DAY

CARLA (46, white), another folksinger from the time,
interviewed in her home.

CARLA

Folk music has always been political music. But he was really expressing it as an art form in a way that was very multi-leveled and very deep and that went beyond all the sloganeering. He really... raised consciousness.

INT. BERNSTEIN'S HOME - UPSTATE NEW YORK - DAY

MORRIS BERNSTEIN, a Jewish intellectual in his late 60's, sits beside his wife in their living room, where Jazz posters, African art and B&W photos of Jack are displayed.

MORRIS

He was also just one of the best natural performers you'd ever seen. He could do a funny thing. He could do a pathos thing--Sensational. You would have thought we'd invented him, we were so pleased and proud.

STILLS - JACK AND ALICE PERFORMING - 1963 (B&W)

ALICE (V.O.)

So he said yes. And every night, I'd call his Little Scruffiness out onstage... and introduce America to this music and this man, and...

INT. ALICE'S APT - NIGHT

ALICE (CONT.)

We were very close. As close as anyone really gets, I think--despite tremendous distortion from the media--the whole king and queen of protest, all that business--or as *Esquire* called us, "the Liz and Dick of the self-righteous set"!

(she laughs)

And there was that maternal thing--that feeling, you know--somebody's got to take care of him because he sure as hell isn't going to take care of himself!... I was smitten. Then *Paths of Freedom* came out and of course that was--Well... He didn't need me anymore.

A tiny smugness in her smile betrays an old, well managed disappointment.

ALICE (cont'd)

It was actually sort of shocking seeing him suddenly--established.

(MORE)

ALICE (cont'd)
 Jack always fought the
 establishment.

A searching lament on dancehall piano begins softly:

I'll Keep it with Mine (solo version)

WOODY

INT. ARVIN CABIN - PARLOR - LATER THAT NIGHT

CLOSE on Woody's sleeping hands as they're gently unclenched from his guitar by Mrs. Arvin. She pulls up his blanket and stands, looking down at him.

For once Woody appears utterly unprecocious.

MRS. ARVIN
 (whispers)
 Ungrateful child. Hidin' your
 tracks while you out blazin'
 trails.

EXT. ARVIN CABIN - DAWN

In the pale blue misty morning, little Woody appears from the side of the cabin, climbing up a small rise that runs along the tracks. He looks over his shoulder-

A distant train can just be seen through the hanging fog.

ARTHUR (V.O.)
 I'll tell you one thing. You don't
 have to write anything down to be a
 poet. Some of them work in gas
 stations, some shine shoes.

ARTHUR

INT. WHITE WALL

ARTHUR (cont'd)
 I don't really call myself one
 'cause I don't like the word. Me?
 I'm a trapeze artist.

INT. ARVIN CABIN - PARLOR - MORNING

Revealed from under a blanket, a note reading: **Thanks!--Woody**

Mrs. Arvin picks it up. On the backside, in tiny letters, she reads-

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - DAWN

LONG SHOT of Woody pacing a speeding train and jumping it.

WOODY (V.O.)
 (close whisper)
 "I'll see you sometime/When the
 leaves are blowin'/In the brown
 dust/On the edge of town."

INT. ANOTHER BOXCAR - DUSK

CLOSE-UP Woody, fast asleep, jiggling. A note of discord gathers as black shadows slide over him like sauce. Suddenly-- a screeching train WHISTLE wakes him, and he jolts:

Four toothless grizzly characters staring down at him, snorting and drooling: a DRUNK, MOONSHINER, BEGGAR and THIEF-- all trashy white and snickering.

BEGGAR
 (re: Woody) It's awake!

DRUNK
 Wut is 'e, anniwhy?

THIEF
 (sharp, to Woody)
 Hey! You talk Anglish?

Woody nods shakily, as a low rumble of music begins to rise:
Series of Dreams

BEGGAR
 You carin' money?

MONSHINER
 Weapons?

Woody shakes his head.

THIEF
 (to others)
 He's LYIN'!

BEGGAR
 His size alone makes 'im iffy.

With that the Thief pulls out a mean-looking knife, and passes it over Woody's neck--Woody's big eyes following.

THIEF
 (a torturous grin)
 First, I say we eed 'im...
 Thayn-(exploding)-SKEEN 'IM!!

This sends the other three warbling like fire-bells.

THIEF (cont'd)
 Geet 'im, boys!!!

All at once the four hulks go lunging, but Woody makes a low slide out of the way--causing the Drunk to catch the blade and the Beggar and Moonshiner to collide, toppling.

Woody grabs his guitar and makes a run for the door, but the Thief grabs ahold of one of his legs. Woody clings to the door while kicking with the other. One good kick clocks the Thief in the jaw--and sends Woody flying out the door.

EXT. MOVING TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

The train is just crossing over a large black lake as Woody soars out, flailing through the air--and crashes into the water below.

UNDERWATER

Woody plummets through the foam, unfurling in purple waters, music swarming. Bubbles fade and Woody looks out into the deep, where we see (SUPERIMPOSED):

UNDERWATER MONTAGE (B&W superimposed over deep water):

-Woody, center screen, marching in place "across America" (in the style of thirties-era, Warner Bros. and great soviet film posters)--while the warm faces of his chums circle around him: Hobo Joe and Moe, Mr. and Mrs. Arvin, Old Man Arvin, the Carny--dissolving in and out of the watery depths.

WOODY (V.O.)

(deep and resplendent)

I dreamed of crusades, of republics without history, of secret religious wars, displacements of races and continents: I believed in every kind of witchcraft. At first it was a study. I wrote out silences and nights. I recorded the inexpressible. I determined vertigos.

Woody, approaching, glances off and stops:

BRIEF SHOTS (EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY)

-An empty swing swaying from a tree.

-The white truck with the red cross, pulling away.

-Tearing after it, down the road (becoming):

(INT. HOSPITAL)

-Tearing down hospital corridors, nurses passing, straight into--a shutting door.

BLACK SCREEN (silence)

robbie [LOOKING BACK AT A MARRIAGE & A WAR, IN THE
STYLE OF EARLY GODARD (1973) EKTACHROME]

INT. BEDROOM - TOPANGA CANYON HOUSE - MORNING (1973)

ECU of the second hand of a clock: last three ticks.

ALARM sounds over an AERIAL CLOSE-UP of CLAIRE (French-born, early 30's, white)--an introspective, attractive brunette--asleep in bed. She remains, eyes closed, trying to ignore the alarm for several seconds. Then she reaches over.

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - PARIS - LATE AFTERNOON

Dark, floor-level view of a large hotel bed.

A beat of silence before "*The Happening*" (The Supremes) blares from a radio alarm-clock, glowing orange.

From under the covers a man groans and a young woman emerges, sitting up, her head a tangle of honey-colored curls (LOUISE: early 20's, English). She looks down at the mound beside her, giggles--then suddenly mounts it like a horse, bouncing to the music. Groans from underneath as the heap topples her, emerging as ROBBIE (our movie star)--who slams the radio mute and himself back under.

INT. TOPANGA CANYON HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

BRIEF SHOTS (over a blend of sounds):

- TV screen switches to Capt. Kangaroo--buzzy color.
- Shades fly up on canyon view.
- Wet, pink sheets stripped from a bed.
- Dishes washed with a bright blue sponge.
- Milk poured into bowls of granola.

LATER

WIDE STATIC SHOT observes Claire and her two daughters eating breakfast: MOLLY (6), in miserable spirits after wetting her bed, and CARLIE (3), the even-tempered and self-sufficient one, staring up at the TV between bites.

The spacious, wood-frame interior looks out over dense greenery. A few large abstract paintings (Claire's, from years back) adorn the walls.

MOLLY

(moaning irritably)

Noooo!

CLAIRE

Oh my dear...

(stroking Molly's hair)

You two are going to have such a good time... on a boat? With the

(MORE)

CLAIRE (cont'd)
water? Sounds pretty neat what your
daddy has planned-

MOLLY
(high whine)
Can't you come?

CLAIRE
No, Molly. You know I can't come.
Is that--you think you're feeling
nervous about the trip?

MOLLY
I just don't wanna gooo!

CLAIRE
Well, let's talk about it after
school-

MOLLY
When's daddy coming?

CLAIRE
(collecting dishes)
Sunday. I think--I only spoke to
Sally because it's impossible to
get your father on the-

A doorbell RINGS.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
(already rising)
Oh! It's Emily--Molly you didn't
eat a thing!

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

BRIEF SHOTS--washing dishes, cleaning up.
-ECU telephone dial--Claire dials quickly.
-ECU hand-scrawled note on the refrigerator, reading:
Robbie--PARIS--George V Hotel [phone number].

RECEPTIONIST (THROUGH RECEIVER)
(British)
Bonjour, Hotel Georges V--How may I
direct your call?

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - PARIS - PRESENTLY

CLOSE on Louise, reflected in the vanity, as Robbie showers
in the background (we hear him whistling gaily). Phone starts
to RING and Louise turns, glancing at it in the mirror. It
rings two more times and stops--All at once she feels
morbidly sad. Robbie's shower cranks off and she snaps back--
giving herself a spontaneous beauty mark in eye-paint.

Robbie has stepped from the shower and is drying himself off with a large white towel, performing his whistle-song. He wraps the towel around his head and prances past Louise.

LOUISE
(English accent)
Robbiiiiiie!... How can you
whistle...!

ROBBIE
(already O.S.)
Who was that on the phone?

Louise looks over at him innocently.

INT. TOPANGA CANYON HOUSE - LATER

WIDE SHOT living room (incremental ZOOM-IN)--as Claire collects clothes and toys, moving toward the stairs before stopping (center frame) and glancing to camera.

WIDE REVERSE--incremental ZOOM-IN on TV set at the other end of the room--Nixon making a press announcement.

NIXON [ON TV]
...That we today have concluded an
agreement to end the war and bring
peace with honor in Vietnam.

NEWSCASTER(V.O.) [ON TV]
The president is scheduled to sign
the nine-point agreement with North
Vietnamese leader, Le Duc Tho,
later today, bringing officially to
a close America's nine year
campaign in Southeast Asia...

CLOSE-UP Claire, breathing adamantly through her nose, as music takes over the track--the pensive opening chords to a rich and stately visitation: *Visions of Johanna*

ROBBIE (WHISPER OVER)
The American war in Vietnam held
little meaning for her personally.
But it became a shadow, hanging
over the same nine years of her
marriage. Now the longest running
war in television history had been
canceled. And all she could feel
was the freeze it left behind.

Her eyes dart over to--FAST PAN--a stack of legal papers, sitting on a desk-top.

EXT. MUSEUM - SCULPTURE GARDEN - NIGHT (1973)

Steaming pools of light and clumps of dark figures and equipment have invaded the Paris Museum's dark stretch of statuary: the sculpture garden is being occupied by the strange laboratory of a film set.

*Ain't it just like the night to play tricks
when you're trying to be so quiet.*

We sit here stranded, though we're all doin' our best to deny it.

Louise, dressed in a coat and hat of white fur, is being escorted into the arms of a large, classical sculpture. Dark figures fuss with her long, glittery lashes and froth of curls atop her head, as crew and camera slowly circle. Louise looks out into the dark.

And Louise holds a handful of rain, tempting you to defy it

INT. TOPANGA CANYON HOUSE

ON TV - VIETNAM FOOTAGE--close and grainy, volume low.

Claire in CLOSE-UP, staring. She glances off at

One of the paintings on the wall. It looks like a painting about war. Vaguely discernible the TV news continues below:

TV NEWSCASTER (O.S.)

...In entertainment news: Actor Robbie Clark is returning from Paris after four months abroad shooting his upcoming thriller, the eagerly awaited "Gangplank".

The phone begins to RING and Claire glances back, toward the set. She sees the NEWSCASTER reporting "Entertainment News" with Robbie's picture SUPERIMPOSED behind him.

TV NEWSCASTER (CONT'D) (cont'd)

The film co-stars Clark's own rumored love interest, lovely newcomer, Louise Pickering-

*Lights flicker from the opposite loft
In this room the heat pipes just cough
The country music station plays soft
But there's nothing really nothing to turn off
Just Louise and her lover/So entwined*

INT. MUSEUM MEZZANINE

CLOSE on Robbie in a shadowy phone booth, trying Claire at home. He hangs up.

And these visions of Johanna/That conquer my mind.

INT. CARRIAGE HOUSE - TOPANGA CANYON - LATER

CLOSE SHOTS--Claire removing old tape from a canvas wrapped in plastic, and unsheathing the grimy sheath.

She takes three steps away from her canvas, eyes closed, and turns. She opens them.

MEDIUM REVERSE of her canvas, leaning against the wall: a field of muted pattern over which the word "KONG" is scrawled in red.

*In the empty lot where the ladies play
Blindman's bluff with the key chain
And the all-night girls they whisper of/Escapades out on the "D" train*

INT. MUSEUM MEZZANINE

MOVING SHOT follows Robbie through the black cavernous floor, ghostly busts and gilded frames glimmering through the dark.

*We can hear the night watchman click his flashlight
Ask himself if it's him or them that's really insane.*

EXT. SCULPTURE GARDEN - LATER

As Robbie arrives--fast ZOOM-IN on Louise, blazing in the light, spotting him instantly across the lawn.

Robbie returns to his seat and newspaper, back-lit puce-yellow. He glances over at the activity.

CLOSE MOVING SHOT (the shot they are actually filming) slowly encircles Louise, enfolding her in shadow. A tear is revealed.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)
Wonderful!

*Louise she's alright, she's just near
She's delicate and seems like a mirror
But she just makes it all too concise and too clear
That Johanna's not here.*

Louise, waiting for the slate--again through the lens of the on-screen camera. A sudden ZOOM-IN and RE-FOCUS finds her caught in the spasm of a flickering shadow.

The ghost of 'lectricity howls in the bones of her face.

INT. CARRIAGE HOUSE - LATER

Claire now stands amid a slew of unsheathed paintings, most of them political in theme--and a chalet of grimy plastic.

Where these visions of Johanna have now taken my place.

INT. MUSEUM - FREIGHT ROOM - LATER

A weave of grating shadows scale over elderly faces, as Four Ladies With Neck-Braces (all dressed to the nines) slowly descend in a freight elevator. As the door slides open they are revealed all in wheelchairs, armed with sour-faced ushers in tuxedos.

As the ladies are wheeled from the elevator, the camera enters frame, craning toward them like an erection. We are watching another take in progress--the final shot, in fact, of a long, distended shoot.

FILM DIRECTOR (ENGLISH)
More menacing--Gladys--succumbing
succumbing and... distraught--yes!

Robbie observes from below, sipping an early glass of champagne.

Louise, standing a few steps behind, watches him darkly.

ROBBIE
(aside to Louise)
The Pepsi generation, they ain't.

Louise looks straight, too distraught for jokes.

DIRECTOR
(softly)
Aaaand... cut.
(raising a glass)
Ladies and gentleman, I wish to
thank each and every one of you for
your patience--you made it
marvelous for me--So cheers to all
of you!

Cheers, applause--a swell of humming chatter and cork-popping --allows Robbie and Louise one perfunctory kiss before he's engulfed by crew members, shaking his hand or guy-hugging him. Robbie looks over to Louise just as

She turns, hurrying into the dark.

ROBBIE
Hey--Louise? Excuse me fellas-

INT. MUSEUM--MOMENTS LATER

LONG SHOT Louise, running through a pulse of light.

CLOSE-UP Robbie stepping into a sliver--but losing her again.

Suddenly eyes are on him everywhere: cool marble glares, shimmery canvas stares, twinkling through the blackened emporium (as the song continues in instrumental):

ARTHUR (V.O.)

Art, if there is such a thing, is in the bathrooms. Everybody knows that. Museums are cemeteries. They're vulgar, they're all against sex.

ARTHUR

INT. WHITE WALL

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

I'm not putting it down, mind you. I spend a lot of time in the bathroom. But great paintings should be where people hang out. Think how great you'd feel if you could see like a Picasso in your daily diner. It's not the bomb that has to go, man. It's the museums!

Music has ended.

MALE VOICE (OVER)

Action!

ROBBIE

EXT. NY ALLEY - NIGHT - 10 YEARS EARLIER (1963)

In a dark, wet-down alley, a movie is shooting.

Robbie, dressed as folksinging legend, Jack Rollins, is confronted by the Actress playing "Alice".

Behind them stands a huge billboard with Robbie's face and the words: **JACK ROLLINS--The Homespun Voice Of The Young, Champion of 'The Folk'!**

ACTRESS [AS "ALICE"]

And what about all o'them--hunched over their phonographs in the dark, believing for the very first time--in something?

ROBBIE [AS "JACK"]

Don't ya see, Alice. It's not me anymore. It's him. The guaranteed, double-your-money-back voice-of-the people! It's folk music *business*--the business of *show*--Lights, camera--*apathy*.

ACTRESS [AS "ALICE"]
You didn't answer my question.

A small crowd of spectators have assembled to watch the shoot. Two girls are just approaching--one noticeably pretty, with long straight hair (it's Claire--ten years younger).

ROBBIE [AS "JACK"]
Once, maybe, there was a choice.
You could sing about Mary Hamilton
and lemon trees or you could step
out, like me, and try and shake
this flytrap. But they stole the
feeling, Alice. And I was their
singin' picket sign! If I don't
bust outa here quick and try and
dope things out--
(he stops, looking at her)
So long, Alice.

He turns and starts off down the alley as the Actress stares after, eyes filling.

DIRECTOR 2
Aaand cut...

Murmurs of approval from the crew to which Robbie scratches his head. But he notices Claire.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - GREENWICH VILLAGE - DAY (1963)

HIGH ANGLE of the West Village block and the steamy windows of the corner Coffee Shop.

ROBBIE (WHISPER OVER)
They first met in New York, in the
Village, in December of '63. They
knew that things had changed, that
a president had just been buried.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - GREENWICH VILLAGE - DAY

CLOSE-UP Claire in profile, applying powder, aware she's being watched. Finally, she looks over.

LATER

Square MEDIUM SHOT of Robbie, sitting in a booth staring into camera.

ROBBIE (WHISPER OVER)
But as the last leaves fell from
the trees, neither would know that
a march was already underway that
would lead the country into a
decade of war.

MATCHING REVERSE of Claire, snapping her compact shut.

CLAIRE

Why?

ROBBIE

(thinks a moment))

Because I find you pretty. And you seem tender.

CLAIRE

Any other...?

ROBBIE

What?

CLAIRE

Reason?

ROBBIE

You're French?

CLAIRE

Yes. So.

ROBBIE

You've got to be kidding me!

CLAIRE

Why?

ROBBIE

Nothing! It's perfect! Are you kidding?

CLAIRE

I think you are making a joke.

ROBBIE

No!

CLAIRE

Then what else, aside from being French, you like so much about me? What?

Gently winning music begins softly:

Keep it with Mine(instr.)

ROBBIE

Your hair, your lips, your eyes, your mouth.

CLAIRE

I see.

ROBBIE
So?

CLAIRE
You are an actor?

ROBBIE
Yes. So?

CLAIRE
I like what you said in that scene.

ROBBIE
What scene?

CLAIRE
But that was just a part you played
--I would like to know--

ROBBIE
What scene, what did you see?

CLAIRE
A scene in a lane--but what is at
the center of your world?

ROBBIE
The center of my world? Wow.
You're--no monkeyin' around.

CLAIRE
Why? It's very simple, this
question.

ROBBIE
Hmmm. Well. I'm twenty-two--I guess
I would say 'me'.

CLAIRE
I suppose you are honest.

ROBBIE
Don't you think you're the center?--
That you should be the center?
Talking with your own mouth?
Thinking with your own head?

CLAIRE
Yes, but there are things in the
world, too. That are important.

ROBBIE
I'm not denying that. That's not
what I'm saying.

Hold on Claire, watching him, before music suddenly cuts.

ROBBIE (WHISPER OVER) (cont'd)
New York, February 5, 1964. His
coat is grey. Hers, solid-blue.

EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE STREET - MORNING (1964)

HIGH WIDE ANGLE of their street (through apartment window) as
we see them coming out and heading off together.

ROBBIE (WHISPER OVER)
They share an apartment above a
bakery. The air is cold. She takes
painting classes at Cooper Union
while he completes dubbing on
upcoming film, his first starring
role. She tells him she's sure it
will be a hit.

JACK

INT. BERNSTEIN'S HOME - DAY

MEDIUM SHOT of Morris Bernstein, his wife at his side, as he
continues his 1985 interview.

MORRIS
Sure there was a--certain nostalgia
present in the folk movement. They
were coming out of a pretty shitty
time--the McCarthy era, Eisenhower
era--and there was a tendency to
romanticize the Depression and the
progressive movements associated.
So just as long as folk remained
purposefully a minority taste,
everybody was on the same side
against the big, bad commercial
tastelessness. But when the big,
bad, commercial tasteless-ness
finally caught up, then, well, all
of the sudden the race was on. And
this time somebody was gonna win.

I Want You

ROBBIE

INT. BEDROOM - VILLAGE APT - DAY (1964)

Fleeting, fragmented CLOSE-UPS of Robbie and Claire making
love--fingers on skin, knuckles, tumbling hair, eyelashes:

ROBBIE (V.O.)
(briskly, over intro)
And the cats across the roof, mad
in love, scream into drainpipes.
An' it's I who am ready, ready
t'listen, restin' on a silver peace
--never tired, never sad, never
guilty...

The guilty undertaker sighs

*The lonesome organ-grinder cries
The silver saxophones say I should refuse you.*

LATER

BRIEF SHOTS--Chinese food cartons everywhere, Robbie cracking up, pointing to the TV screen: Woody Woodpecker, drilling the Coyote's head.

INT. PAINTING STUDIO - DAY

CLOSE SHOTS of Claire, engrossed, painting in the pale filtered light, amphibious color devouring color and thick brushes covered in paint.

Her concentration breaking, she turns:

Robbie, stretched out shirtless on a black couch, is stuck watching her.

*The cracked bells and washed-out horns
Blow into my face with scorn
But it's not that way, I wasn't born to lose you.*

INT. ROBBIE'S CONVERTIBLE - NY PARKWAY - DAY

Robbie and Claire drive upstate in Robbie's bright orange Fiat Spider, whipping Claire's hair into flight. They are quiet, happy.

*I want you, I want you, I want you so bad.
Honey, I want you.*

EXT. RURAL CYCLE SHOP - UPSTATE - LATER

Music continues as Robbie tests out a new motorcycle outside a cycle shop, and Claire watches.

He speeds by waving and goes right into the wall. She laughs.

LATER

CLOSE on Claire, yanking the rip-cord and hopping on the motorcycle. Fast ZOOM-OUT reveals Robbie in the Fiat beside her and Claire riding circles around him (literally)--before speeding out of frame.

ROBBIE
(calling after)
Watch it--It's not a fuckin' can of
tomatoes!

He jerks the car into gear and follows.

*Now all my fathers they've gone down/True love they've been without it.
But all their daughters put me down/'Cause I don't think about it.*

EXT. HIGHWAY - SUNSET

MOVING SHOT stacks Robbie in the car alongside Claire on the motorcycle, as they head back to the city--their laughter, words and hair all blowing in the wind.

ARTHUR (cont'd)
series of mouths--Long live the
mouths!

Music resumes:

ROBBIE

INT. BEDROOM - VILLAGE APT - NIGHT

FULL REVERSE on Robbie, back to camera, hunched over
listening--slow ZOOM-IN.

CLAIRE (READING, O.S)
"I am present at the birth of my
thought. I watch and I listen. I
draw a stroke of the bow:"

MATCHING ZOOM into the words on the page (Rimbaud):

CLAIRE (READING) (cont'd)
"the symphony stirs in the depths,
or comes with a leap to the stage."

MATCHING ZOOM on Claire, CLOSE.

CLAIRE (READING) (cont'd)
"It began with waves of disgust and
it ends, since we can't immediately
seize this eternity,

MATCHING ZOOM into TV screen:
(indecipherable at first)--dark fields of Vietnam.

CLAIRE (READING) (cont'd)
"it ends with a riot of perfumes."

A wave of Napalm ingests the image.

Faint sounds of APPLAUSE could pass for burning jungles.

FAST DISSOLVE:

INT. CINEMA - NIGHT (1965)

Music continues amid rising APPLAUSE as Robbie and Claire (in
a square 2-SHOT), all dressed up for Robbie's premiere, are
just taking their seats.

ROBBIE (WHISPER OVER)
"Grain of Sand" would become the
underground hit of 1964 and Robbie
Clark the new James Dean, Marlon
Brando and Jack Kerouac, all rolled
into one.

Lights dim around them (shrouding their faces and gouging
their eyes) before the silvery light turns them to specters.
All sounds fade save the music, as we softly PUSH IN.

ROBBIE (WHISPER OVER) (cont'd)
But the movie disappointed her. The
more they tried to make the picture
(MORE)

ROBBIE (WHISPER OVER) (cont'd)
 youthful the more the images on
 screen seemed forced and old-
 fashioned. It wasn't the film they
 had dreamed, the film they had
 imagined and discussed. The film
 they each secretly wanted to live.

Three cards in succession (bold white on black):

CARD: A VIEW OF THE WORLD
 CARD: BELONGING TO
 CARD: ONE GENERATION

The opening strains of a softly droning:

It's All Over Now, Baby Blue (Thirteenth Floor Elevator?).

JACK

MONTAGE - ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE - CIVIL RIGHTS CLASHES (1964-5)

Images from the civil rights campaigns in the South: students
 at lunch-counter sit-ins in Tennessee, freedom riders on the
 road, door-to-door canvassers in voter-drive Mississippi--
 shots favoring faces and stillness over hoses and dogs.

You must leave now, take what you need, you think will last.
 But whatever you wish to keep you better grab it fast.
 Yonder stands your orphan with his gun, /Crying like a fire in the sun.
 Look out the saints are coming through
 And it's all over now, Baby Blue.

INT. ALICE'S APT - NIGHT

ALICE

A lot of things can get in the way
 when you're trying to do what's
 right. I just think it went alot
 deeper than say Selma or the bomb--
 I mean here's a guy being marketed
 like truth in a bottle--who
 believed it! What else is he gonna
 see but hypocrisy everywhere he
 turns? He started thinking maybe
 Woody Guthrie just dwelled on
 simpleness cause it's what, you
 know, people expected--
 Just...acting out.

INT. NEW YORK BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT (1963)

(FAUX) COLOR NEWSREEL, wafting in from white:

A golden, flared-out banquet hall, stuffed with a largely
 white, middle-aged crowd of members and speakers (including
 JAMES BALDWIN, age 39). As the music fades we glimpse Jack at
 a table, a black waiter refilling his glass.

ALICE (V.O.) (cont'd)
 Like the night he accepted the
 civil rights award--this huge
 fiasco, two weeks after the
 assassination.

A crackle of rusty applause and a brief shot of Jack half-sprinting to the podium (music fading)

Jack steps into light, tie crossed, hair sticking up in the back. He looks damp and pasty. The newsreel audio is echoey with bad sync--none of which matters once Jack gets going:

JACK (ON FILM)
 (over applause)
 Yea, thank you--I wanna... accept
 this on behalf of everybody that
 went down to Cuba. (a few claps)
 First of all because they're all
 young and it's took me a long time
 to get young and now I consider
 myself young. And I'm proud of it.
 I'm proud that I'm young, 'cause,
 you know what? It's not an old
 people's world out there. I mean
 ... you all shouldn't even be here!

HANDHELD SWISH to the audience--some nervous laughter, and navigating back to Jack.

JACK (cont'd)
 I know you got yer--everybody's got
 a fuckin' cause today--everybody's
 mad with justice! I dunno, I think
 it--changes people into things.
 'Cause I was there at the March on
 Washington and I was lookin' at all
 the Negroes there and I didn't see
 any Negroes that looked like none
 of my friends. My friends don't
 wear suits--my friends don't have
 to wear suits or any kind of thing
 to prove they're respectable
 people. It's not like it was before
 --there isn't any black or white
 anymore, left-wing, right-wing--
 There's up wing and there's down
 wing and that's about it. Which is
 why this man who shot President
 Kennedy this Lee Oswald... I don't
 know exactly where--I mean, the guy
 was clearly, ya know... But I think
 I saw something that he...felt,
 er...in me--I mean--I'm not saying
 I'd ever, y'know... I'm jus'
 saying, 'cause-
 (boos and hisses)
 (MORE)

JACK (cont'd)
 Okay--you can boo! But booing's got
 nothing to do with it-

Jack is escorted away from the podium.

INT. BERNSTEIN HOME - UPSTATE NEW YORK (1985)

MORRIS
 For God's sake--Every single person
 who ever lent that kid a dime was
 sittin' in that room.

INT. ALICE'S APT (1985)

ALICE
 A week later he sent an apology to
 the radio.

EXT. HOTEL BANQUET ROOM - NEW YORK (1963)

[FAUX]NEWSREEL FOOTAGE: A few, brief glimpses of Jack leaving
 the banquet, and shots of a disheveled Jack outside.

JACK (V.O.--HOME RECORDING)
 It's a fierce heavy feeling,
 thinkin' something's expected of
 you, but you don't know exactly
 what it is. It brings forth a weird
 kind of guilt.

ARTHUR
 INT. WHITE WALL

ARTHUR
 I used to be a seer and a sayer.
 But words are objects and sight is
 ego. So my days of seeing and
 saying were through.

JACK
 ARCHIVAL TV CLIP (1965) - (COLOR)

A schtick "folk" number for TV begins, some glossy example
 of the folk crossover at its most absurd.

RAMBLIN' BOB (V.O.)
 Mass communication killed it. I
 blame the Beatles. The whole thing
 became one big carousel sideshow--
 the whole atmosphere.

EXT. RAMBLIN' BOB'S YARD - WOODSTOCK, NY - DAY (1985)

RAMBLIN' BOB, a respected troubadour from the era, sits in
 his back yard.

RAMBLIN' BOB

But I stuck it out, you know. I didn't go runnin' to mama. Jack and I were different in a lotta ways.

INT. ALICE'S APT - NIGHT

ALICE

We hadn't spoken for a good while-- I think he was--involved with someone at the time--But I do remember him saying something to me on the phone that was--something about angels hanging from buildings which frightened me actually--
(she stops, looking down)
I thought he was hallucinating.

INT. ANGELA'S APT - LOS ANGELES - DAY

ANGELA (mid-30's, black-latina) sits on the couch of her textured, earth-tone apartment. She wears a short Afro and a small cross around her neck, and seems to pay as much attention to her child, running around behind camera, as anything.

ANGELA (V.O.)

He was having a lot of worries, and I just asked him one day if he ever prayed. And he said, "Pray?"--like that, you know. And he started asking a lot of questions--He's always been that way, very--interested, you know?

(catching sight of something O.S.)

Isaiah? Come over here, honey. We're talking about your daddy.

(back to interview)

So--Anyway... a lot of folks I knew were starting to--do some searching --friends around the scene, musicians, producers--and a lot of people were talking about this-- Pentecostal gathering in Arizona, this Gateway Fellowship. See I was a lapsed Seventh-Day Baptist at the time and now I've gone back--which is why we haven't hardly spoken since Isaiah--(turns, smiling)
There he is!

Angela's 5-year-old son, ISAIAH, enters frame, revving his Hot Wheels Mustang on every surface. She puts him on her lap, facing camera:

ANGELA (cont'd)
How's my big boy? Huh?

He ignores her, revving his little car against her thigh.

ANGELA (cont'd)
So, I knew I wanted Jesus back in
my life and people seemed so jazzed
about the Gateway, I decided.
That's when I told Jack I was
leaving him for another man.
(she smiles)

ISAIAH
Je...sus.

A low rumble rises:

jude [SPARKS FLY FOR A HALLOWED FOLK-STAR ON HIS FIRST
ELECTRIC TOUR (PORTRAYED BY AN ACTRESS)--WITH SURREAL
REPERCUSSIONS (1966) FELLINIESQUE B&W]

CLOSE-UP: ROLLS ROYCE HOOD ORNAMENT

A quiet, pensive drumbeat takes over (no other sound).

TRAFFIC JAM - ENGLAND - DAY

VARIOUS SHOTS--stony faces through car windows, staring into
camera.

ARTHUR (V.O.)
Woody Guthrie was dead. Little
Richard was becoming a preacher. So
whether you were a folksinger or a
Christian--rock'n'roll was the
devil.

INT. LIMO - BRIEF CLOSE-UPS

-Blood-pressure bag being pumped around a narrow arm.
-Meter dial bouncing down.
-Physician closes his bag, speaking to another man
(quick ADJUST TO):
-NORMAN, Jude's manager (imposing, mid-50's, white).

ARTHUR (V.O.)(cont'd)
Me, I was in a ditch, up a cliff,
outta step, ready to quit.

ARTHUR

INT. WHITE WALL

(silent DRUMBEATS continuing):

ARTHUR (cont'd)
 I wrote the kind of stuff you write
 when you have no place to live and
 you're wrapped up in the fire pump.
 I nearly killed myself with pity
 and despair.

JUDE

INT. LIMO - DAY

CLOSE SHOT through windows of two teenagers in a car pointing excitedly to camera, their parents' heads turning to look.

CLOSE, inside the limo--the ticking clock on the dashboard.

ECU--the strange, long-nailed fingers of a guitar-player, clutching a folder of type-written pages.

ARTHUR

INT. WHITE WALL

ARTHUR (cont'd)
 And then I wrote it.

JUDE

EXT. AMPHITHEATER - ENGLISH FOLK FESTIVAL - DAY

WIDE AERIAL SHOT (slight SLOW-MOTION) floats over a bustling crowd gathered around a large outdoor stage, anxiously awaiting Jude's arrival. A low stir of music begins to gather steam.

ARTHUR (V.O.)
 It was like swimming in lava.
 Skipping, kicking, catching a nail
 with your foot. Seeing your victim
 hanging from a tree.

BACKSTAGE - BRIEF SHOTS

A limo is screeching to a halt, doors opening.

The anxious faces of the festival DIRECTOR and co-founder, a venerable FOLK GURU (40's), whip over to see:

The clamor of skinny black-booted legs shuffling up a ramp, slithering past like bug-legs.

ORCHESTRA - MOMENTS LATER

The Folk Guru is speaking from the mike, dissonance rising as

Serious young faces creep forward into crowded LOW ANGLES--boys in sweaters with sideburns and fresh-faced girls with berets and mascara. Their stern anticipation for the singer's arrival seems ominous.

FOLK GURU

(amid distortion)

The person who's coming up now...is
a person who has in a sense...
changed the face of folk music to
the large American public because
he has brought it to a--a point of
view... of a poet... Ladies and
gentlemen--the person that's going
to come up now has a limited amount
of time-

The crowd groans, overtaking his final words.

One fair Folk Damsel steps into a low CLOSE-UP, the crowd
tightening around her. She holds a small bouquet of daisies
and looks out solemnly.

FOLK GURU (cont'd)

(barely audible)

And his name is Jude QUINN-!

Thunderous cheers, leaping heads and swinging arms--as
several dark figures are glimpsed taking the stage.

BRIEF CLOSE-UPS--of black bags being unzipped, cases opened.

The Folk Damsel glances off at something.

A bird just landing on a naked branch.

Jude, with his back to the crowd, gives a quick nod to his
Bandmates-

JUDE (cont'd)

A-one and a-two and-

He whips around--fast ZOOM-OUT to Jude and his band with
machine guns, firing into camera.

BRIEF SHOTS (SLOW MOTION)

Young faces in distress.

All sounds cut out:

ARTHUR

INT. WHITE WALL

ARTHUR

(beat)

I wrote it. I didn't fail. It was
straight.

JUDE

EXT. AMPHITHEATER - CONTINUOUS

A rousing dirge begins, overtaking all sound, as we observe
(without hearing) Jude's actual "assault" and its heated

reaction:

Knockin' On Heaven's Door

WIDE AERIAL VIEW (slight SLOW MOTION) hovering over the churning swarm. There against the flat white shell five dark figures dance their spider ballet, pulsing along not with guns but very loud electric instruments. At the center is Jude, the most spindly and strange of the pack, lurching into the microphone and bouncing about like an electric marionette.

ORCHESTRA

Faces in the audience (SLOW-MOTION) covering their ears or eyes, screaming out or crying--some even cheering--though no one unaroused by the proceedings.

*Mama, take this badge off of me/I can't use it anymore.
It's getting dark, too dark to see
I feel I'm knockin' on heaven's door.*

BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

(song cuts out):

Crashing into actual sound, the pounding bassy din bellows from the stage, obliterating conversation. Tensions are at the boiling point:

The Folk Guru, barely audible, is screaming over the nuclear blast at the Sound Man. It appears the engineer has refused to lower the level without Jude's approval, enraging the Folk Guru, who suddenly shoves his way past Norman and the others and yanks an axe from the wall.

FESTIVAL DIRECTOR

What're you gonna do?

FOLK GURU

I'm gonna cut their lead!

He tries to shove ahead but is intercepted by Norman, mouthing: "Over my dead body."

Folk Guru shoulders past and Norman grabs him by the collar, and suddenly the two are rolling around like schoolboys.

ORCHESTRA

(actual sound resuming):

The music bellows as the crowd bottlenecks:
-A boy pulls a sick girl out through the crowd
-Guys standing on trash-cans, screaming out.
-And the final chords and crashes of the song.

JUDE

(over the din)

*I'm sorry for everything I've done
and I hope to remedy it soon!*

And the band tears off, bedlam rising.

EXT. AMPHITHEATER - AFTER CONCERT

A SERIES OF SHOTS--audience members, addressing camera
(as music continues under):

-A young couple, huddled together.

GIRLFRIEND

It isn't true, it isn't true--he
isn't serious.

BOYFRIEND

Not anymore.

-A BEARDED SCOTT (Glaswegian accent) in a rage:

BEARDED SCOTT

He looks like a person crawling
through the gutter! Well if that's
how he walks through a gutter--I'd
rather walk with my head up through
a gutter, rather than like his
crawling through the bloody gutter!
Just making a pile out of it!--Yea,
that's what he's doing, he's just
making a pile out of it!

-Pacing ourselves with two GUYS (young, white) stomping
along:

GUY 1

He's a traitor! A complete sell-
out!

GUY 2

J'accuse!

-A clean-cut Irish LAD WITH GLASSES.

LAD WITH GLASSES

Actually, I quite liked getting
blasted out of my skin.

-ONE GIRL glares into the lens, standing beside ANOTHER GIRL
(late teens, white). The music has ended.

ONE GIRL

(shellshocked)

I think it was evil. (beat)

All at once we ASCEND--the glare of the Second Girl
following.

ANOTHER GIRL

And we were his biggest fans.

We continue rising, leaving them all behind--and kick into a

song of jubilant venom:

Positively Fourth Street

INT. PLANE - DAY

We are following Jude as he starts down the aisle of his plane, wrestling with his fur coat and portable typewriter.

EXT. RUNWAY - LONDON ARRIVAL - DAY

Jude steps out of the plane, his hair a tangled bonfire, and waves.

PAN PAST the crowds of fans, their banners rippling, the largest reading: **LONDON LOVES JUDE!**

One group has already toppled a barricade and is tearing over, engulfing Jude at the foot of the stairs before security intervenes.

*You got a lotta nerve to say you are my friend.
When I was down you just stood there grinning.
You got a lotta nerve to say you got a helping hand to lend.
You just want to be on the side that's winning.*

Jude is led to his car where reporters have gathered.

TV REPORTER

(to his camera)

It's not folk, it's not rock, but a whole new brand of telling it like it is. And Jude Quinn is definitely... 'What's Happening, Baby!'

(sudden chaos)

Here he is now-!

REPORTERS

Jude! Jude! Mr. Quinn!!...

TV REPORTER

Jude! Have you got a word for your fans?

JUDE

Uhh... Astronauts!

Jude is whisked off into a car and sped off, leaving them all scribbling into their pads.

INT. BANQUET ROOM - LONDON PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

A swirl of reporters are clamoring for seats as Jude enters, escorted by Norman, crackling flashbulbs strip the screen.

Music fades as Jude sits down at a long table.

SWIRL OF REPORTERS

Jude!--Jude!--Mr. Quinn!--Mr.
Quinn!--!

NORMAN

(pointing)

Yes?

REPORTER 1

Why do you think you were booed at
your recent appearance in Coventry?

JUDE

Hey, if they can't understand my
songs then they're missing
something. If they can't understand
green clocks, wet chairs, or
hostile statues, they're missing
something too.

Blank stares.

JUDE (CONT'D)

But I guess there's a little boo in
all of us.

REPORTERS

Jude--Jude--Jude!--

REPORTER 2

So, is it true you no longer sing
protest songs?

JUDE

Like what. Who said that?

REPORTER 2

(cowered)

I didn't say it to--I just read
somewhere you had stopped.

JUDE

That's--all I do is protest.

REPORTER 3

So--Do you have message?

JUDE

Do you?

REPORTER 3

I mean--Are you trying to
accomplish anything?

JUDE

Am I trying to accomplish anything.

REPORTER 3

Are you trying to change the world or anything?

JUDE

Am I trying to change--the word, did you say?

REPORTER 3

You know--Are you trying to push your idealism to the people?

JUDE

Well, what do you think my ideals are?

REPORTER 3

I don't know... that's why I'm-

REPORTER 4

Mr. Quinn, among folk singers, how many could be characterized as protest singers today?

JUDE

How many? You want to know how many?

REPORTER 4

Yes.

JUDE

A hundred and thirty-six.

Laughter. Jude notices an attractive Swedish Journalist, who smiles back at him.

REPORTER 5 [JONES]

Mr. Quinn?

JUDE

Yes?

A tall, well-groomed reporter stands, MR. JONES (mid-40's, white)--short PUSH-IN on LOW MEDIUM SHOT.

JONES

Some have questioned, given the harshness of your recent music, whether you still care about people the way you once did.

JUDE

Well, ya know, we all have our own definitions of those words..."care" er "people."

JONES

Well we all know the definition of
"people".

JUDE

Yea--Do we?

JONES

Is it your belief, then, that folk
music has perchance failed in its
goals?... the Negro cause, for
instance, or the cause of peace?

JUDE

You know, saying 'cause of peace'
is just like saying 'hunk of
butter.' How can you listen to
anybody who wants you to believe
he's dedicated to the hunk and not
the butter?

JONES

(beat, then)

I don't know if I follow.

JUDE

Look I didn't come out of a cereal
box. There's nobody out there who's
ever gonna be converted by a song.
Alright? There's no Phil Ochs's song
that's gonna keep a movement moving
or a picket line picketing. His
songs are acts of personal
conscience, like burning your draft
card--or burning yourself... It
doesn't do a damn thing. Except
disassociate you and your audience
from all the evils of the world.

CLOSE on Jude, a pitch softer:

JUDE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

And I refuse to be dissociated from
that.

Jones, staring back, as all other sounds perish.

MAGAZINE PAGES (COLOR/B&W)

CLOSE-UP on the pages of LIFE magazine (c. 1966) quickly
turning, images shuffling: crisp, bold color ads for cars and
hair and liquor alongside dramatic photojournalism in large-
scale B&W (1966 in all its radical contrasts).

JUDE (O.S.)
 All these people... sitting around
 being offended by their own
 meaninglessness.

We stop on a (COLOR) ad for hair-dye featuring twin poses of the same model as a blond and a brunette ("Maybe the real you... is a blonde!").

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY (B&W)

Jude sits stretched out on the black silk sheets of a round, elevated bed, tearing the ad out from a pile of magazines and setting it aside. His lovely new English friend, MONA (mature, mid-20's, white)--a singer and poet--is curled opposite, painting her nails white.

Through the open door we hear Norman yelling into the phone:

NORMAN (O.S. ON PHONE)
 What'm I asking? I'm asking for
 your goddamn hotel security to keep
 these assholes out of the lobby--
 What? What?... And you, sir, are
 one of the dumbest assholes and the
 most stupid persons I've ever
 spoken to in my life, alright?...
 What? Well I certainly hope so.
 (slams receiver down)
 Sonofabitch arrogant bastard.

SONNY (late-20's, white), Jude's friend and official side-kick, sits opposite Jude with his guitar. Beside him, against the dark corrugated walls, a mass of white roses sprout from a large ceramic vase.

SONNY
 Meaningless is right.

JUDE
 You think the average cat that
 works eight hours a day cares a tit
 what I do? Anyway--it ain't gonna
 keep me in heaven or out of the
 fiery furnace, that's for sure--and
 it's not gonna make me happy.

MONA
 (stretching)
 So what would make you happy?

More magazine pages going by.

JUDE
 (absorbed)
 I'm happy, you know. I'm happy just
 (MORE)

JUDE (cont'd)
--coming across things. I don't
need to be happy.

MONA
Alright--What brings you pleasure?

Jude looks up, snapping back to her question.

JUDE
Never touch the stuff.

He shuts the last magazine on his lap.

SONNY
Lemme see that.

Jude tosses it onto the coffee table, backside up, and walks
over to the dresser.

CLOSE-UP magazine--where a svelte, magnetic model with short
hair and heavy mascara preens, scantily clad in a white bib
and black tights (COCO--early 20's, white).

SONNY (cont'd)
There she is again--Your little
pixie-

JUDE
No way, man.

MONA
Zat Andy's latest bird?--Coco
something?

SONNY
Rivington--Coco Rivington Howell
Rockefeller, the 3rd-

Momentarily, the photo comes alive: Coco swings around into a
second pose, sticking out her tongue.

SONNY (O.S.) (cont'd)
And queen of the underworld.

Coco winks.

MONA
She's got good style.

SONNY
I'd ball her.

JUDE
Be my guest.

MONA
So you dated her, did you?

Jude shuts a small toiletry case and starts out the door.

JUDE
Never! That girl's trouble.

SONNY
You invite her to the party?

MONA
She's in London?

JUDE
Sure. We always invite trouble.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - OUTER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jude passes Norman, still on the phone, to fish something out of his jacket. Spread throughout the spacious, modern interior are mostly intimates and the remains of room service: MIKE, the band's guitar player, jamming with some of the others, as Three Groupies listen, passing a joint.

NORMAN (ON PHONE)
Sinatra wants it? What about Otis Redding? He'd rather it be Otis...

JUDE
(to Norman)
And where's the fuckin' contract?!-
I don't trust those motherfuckers.

NORMAN (ON PHONE)
Nothing--he's saying he wants to see the final-

JUDE
I'm saying I'm sick of giving
cretins money off my soul!

On his way back out he grabs a newspaper with a large "Jude spread" and slips into the master bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

WIDE ANGLE--a blazing fluorescence flickers on, revealing a spacious, hot-white room with black marble floors. Jude stands in one corner reading the article as we hear muffled sounds from outside. Someone knocking at the penthouse door:

NORMAN (O.S.)
Nothing, everything's fine--No--
Hold on a sec--If that's that dirty
sonovabitch--(sharply) Who's
there?!--What?
(we hear him opening the
door)

HOTEL WAITER (O.S.)
...Came to collect your dishes.

NORMAN (O.S.)
Oh.

OUTER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

We FOLLOW empty dishes as they're collected, revealing the HOTEL WAITER (early 20's, white) whose eyes dart anxiously around the room.

BRIEF SHOTS

-Bathroom doorknob turning.
-The Waiter looks up.
-Quick ZOOM-OUT to Jude, standing at the door reading aloud from his spread

JUDE
"...Puffing heavily on his
cigarette--he smokes eighty a day"
(lowers paper)
God, I'm glad I'm not me!

Fast ZOOM-IN on the Waiter, suddenly pointing.

HOTEL WAITER
(shouting, unhinged)
Hey--HEY! I got something to say to
you!

Norman is there instantly, phone in hand, intercepting the aggressor.

HOTEL WAITER (cont'd)
Fuck him! I want to talk to him!
(to Jude)
You're a fucking traitor!

Sonny approaches from the other room, as Mike slips out the door and calls a ROADIE.

NORMAN
(to Waiter)
Listen, pal, if you know what's
good for you you'll turn right
around and-

The Hotel Waiter whips out a knife--and everything stops.

HOTEL WAITER
(hot-wired)
Fuck, you, man! He's the fuckin'
traitor to folk music!

The Roadie tears in, the Waiter spins around, swinging his blade--as a hepped-up rocker rips: *Highway 61 Revisited*

NORMAN

(quietly, into receiver)

Stu- ...We're fine--I'll call you back-

(he hangs up)

The Roadie makes a grab for his arm but misses--and the Waiter's blade cuts his cheek.

NORMAN (cont'd)

Jesus-

(BRIEFLY) MASTER BEDROOM - AERIAL SHOT

White, long-stem roses dumped on black satin.

OUTER ROOM

MOVING POV SHOT enters room and slowly approaches the altercation from behind, as the Waiter and Roadie square off.

WIDE SHOT reveals Mona, gold ceramic vase raised over the Waiter, clocking him.

BIRDS-EYE-VIEW (FISH-EYE LENS)--as Waiter collapses everyone is revealed staring down into camera.

NORMAN

Everybody's alright?

ROADIE

(to Mona)

Thanks fer--steppin' in.

JUDE

(smirking)

Just like a woman.

Mona smirks back.

ROBBIE

INT. CARRIAGE HOUSE - DAY (1973)

Simple Twist of Fate begins

CLOSE on Claire, sliding her last canvas back in its rack.

WIDE ANGLE reveals her standing amid the many rows of dark, wrapped-up paintings, still.

ROBBIE (WHISPER OVER)

They had married, quietly, after she became pregnant--to appease her mother and his publicist. But as his life and career continued to

(MORE)

ROBBIE (WHISPER OVER) (cont'd)
 expand, hers seemed to move in the
 opposite direction.

INT. NEW YORK GALLERY - NIGHT (1967)

WIDE: Claire stands at the front of front of her gallery, talking to a couple dressed in black. It's the opening of her painting show. As the couple proceed into the large white space, sprinkled with quiet observers, Claire looks over toward camera.

WIDE REVERSE: Robbie stands outside surrounded by a sudden crowd of kids, holding flowers. He sees her and smiles.

INT. TOPANGA CANYON HOUSE - HOLLYWOOD PARTY - NIGHT (1967)

Square MEDIUM SHOT of Claire and another WIFE (from behind), watching their Husbands carousing--namely Robbie, the bustling party's amplified host (music continuing).

ROBBIE
 Oh, fer cryin' out loud--You gotta
 be kidding me-

He puts a balding man in a sudden headlock.

ROBBIE (cont'd)
 -Claire, honey--You gotta meet
 someone...

Claire smiles apologetically to the Wife, joining Robbie.

ROBBIE (cont'd)
 Take a look, Sidney...
 (presenting Claire)
 Was I shitting you?

SIDNEY
 (indicating Claire)
 This? You dirty son-of-a-gun.

ROBBIE
 Claire, Sidney Green--very bad old
 friend.

CLAIRE
 (they shake)
 Hello.

SIDNEY
 She's a doll.

ROBBIE
 Fantastic painter, Claire--(to
 Claire) Sid's a collector!

SIDNEY
What do you paint, honey?

CLAIRE
Oh, they're-
(he leans in to hear and
she resumes, louder)
They're abstracts, most of what I
do!

SIDNEY
She's French?

Robbie just grins.

SIDNEY (cont'd)
Ah, fer-cryin' out loud.

ROBBIE
(looking off)
Oh, no...

SIDNEY
What?

ROBBIE
It's Mailer.

CLAIRE
Norman Mailer?

But he's gone, squeezing his way back through the crowds,
heading for a red-faced NORMAN MAILER, just arriving.

Sidney turns back to Claire with a stretched smile. Beat.

SIDNEY
Abstact, huh?

He looks her up and down.

LATER

CLOSE-UP Claire (as music replaces all other sounds). She
watches

Robbie, in slight SLOW-MOTION: cajoling drunkenly with the
last, drunken survivors.

ARTHUR (V.O.)
Silence, experience shows-

ARTHUR
INT. WHITE WALL

ARTHUR (CONT.) (cont'd)
is what terrifies people most.

ROBBIE

INT. FIRST CLASS CABIN - DAY (1973)

SLOW ZOOM-OUT from ECU of Robbie, stuck staring out the window. A note on his open datebook reads: Call Claire! Then turns, surprised.

An attractive Stewardess is just setting down a Bloody Mary, followed by a small beckoning smile.

Robbie smiles shyly back (beware of actors).

Brisk IRIS-IN, music fading.

FAST IRIS-OUT:

JUDE

EXT. HOTEL GROUNDS - DAY

Nashville Skyline Rag

LOW ANGLE on female PUBLICIST (30's, white)--a tightly-wound specimen strapped to a clipboard--stepping into frame and glancing about robotically, like a bird.

The elegant, sloping grounds of the stately hotel are littered with affluent Middle-Aged Ladies in white mid-60's fashion--oversized hats and sunglasses--but no sign of Jude.

Norman (Jude's manager), Mona and Sonny, all in sunglasses, wait outside a black limousine, its Chauffeur stationed beside an open door. We see the hotel pool just behind them.

[NOTE: The brisk, offhand rhythms that follow move quickly and casually, like similar scenes in Fellini]:

NORMAN

If he said he'll be here, he'll be here.

PUBLICIST

(to Norman, looking about)

Is there a handler?--someone who looks after him?--It's just such an important booking--more than a critic, he's an opinion-maker, and hosts a very popular art review on the telly--so he has very little time. When did you see him last?

Mona turns indictingly to Sonny.

SONNY

I told you! He and John and Paul and George--

NORMAN
Yes, but did he ever come back?

PUBLICIST
(seeing something)
What's that--over there?

SWISH-PAN to

GARDEN GATE

POOF!--a great puff of smoke reveals Jude and THE BEATLES, huddled together, coughing (slightly HIGH-SPEED)

They break into sudden locomotion, silent-screen style, scurrying around each other as Jude sings out like a Chipmunk:

JUDE (HI-SPEED SINGING)
(replacing "I can't hide")
I get hiiigh! I get hiiigh!!

And they all collapse on the floor in hysterics, followed by a rain of camera-flashes.

BRIEF AERIAL VIEW: PAUL whispers something to Jude as a silent-film CARD (white on black) translates:

CARD: "Actually--it's: 'I can't hide'."

Jude looks puzzled.

PUBLICIST
(hurrying over)
Mr. Quinn! Mr. Quinn--Yoo-hoo!

Jude's head pops up, followed by his Four Companions.

Rushing over with her clipboard is the Publicist.

PUBLICIST (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Yes--hello!--We're all just here...
at the car... No worries!

Jude (NORMAL SPEED), standing opposite his companions, lifts a hand goodbye. They wave back solemnly and start off through the gate.

A booming voice sends Jude spinning: DUCHESS(50's, white), a large, operatic figure, is suddenly upon him with outstretched hand, her rickety husband (ADMIRAL) and GAWKY TEEN son in tow.

DUCHESS

Mister Quinn!--What a privilege
indeed to shake the hand of such an
original mind!--a true visionary!

JUDE

Howdy.

Behind him, The Beatles have slipped off through the gate--
when a sudden roar of CRIES reveal them tearing back the
opposite direction, barely ahead of a wall-to-wall stampede.

Jude, oblivious, has been swept off by The Duchess, with the
Admiral and son struggling to keep up.

DUCHESS

Caroline Hester--the folksinger!--
is a very dear friend of ours and
she--

PUBLICIST

(arriving, breathless)
Mister Quinn! Hello--!

DUCHESS

--just the other night she was
saying how liberating what you're
doing really is for all of them--

PUBLICIST

(tagging them)
Ma'am - I'm terribly sorry--

JUDE

Caroline said that? Well you tell
Caroline to come round and see me
anytime, now that she's liberated.

Her son, the GAWKY TEEN, jumps in.

GAWKY TEEN

--Jude!

JUDE

Yea?

GAWKY TEEN

--Y'know like in Generation Dungeon
when you say he has "eyes of a
camel & sleeps on a stick"--?

PUBLICIST

Mr. Quinn--

GAWKY TEEN

That's gotta be Victor, right? Cuz
once I saw this picture of Victor
in a magazine and he was smoking
Camels--which I know Danny Ronk
used to smoke but Danny switched to
Lucky Strikes in '64-

GAWKY TEEN (CONT'D)

-and I don't think you actu-
ally wrote "Generation-
Dungeon" until like early '65-

PUBLICIST

We should hurry, Mr. Quinn--
everyone's at the car--
Norman, Mona, Sammy-

JUDE

Sammy? Who's Sammy?

GAWKY TEEN

(to Publicist)

Sonny. Dover--The central don of
the inner circle and Jude's oldest
ally--He pays maracas on "Medicine
Sunday".

Jude's attention has been diverted:

Waving to him from under a parasol, seated alone at a table,
a CLASSY DAME suggests some history.

CLASSY DAME

Yoo-hoooo, loverboy!

Mona spots the exchange, as Jude is hit off-guard by a sudden
crowd of hotel guests.

CROWD

Jude! Jude! Mr. Quinn!

Amid the momentary chaos the old Admiral leans in to him.

ADMIRAL

(confidentially)

Say--You wear a hip-guard?

JUDE

(confidentially)

Only in public.

An older LADY WITH TAPE-RECORDER sticks out a microphone.

LADY WITH TAPE-RECORDER

Two words on Shakespeare, Mr.
Quinn. For our listeners.

JUDE

Two words? Raving queen. And cosmic
amphetamine brain--I dig
Shakespeare!

JONES (O.S.)

I have a question for Mr. Quinn.

Jude turns to see:

Mr. Jones, the self-serious reporter from earlier, leaning
out from the black limousine.

PUBLICIST

Oh, Keenan--Please forgive us.
(to Jude) Mr. Quinn, allow me to
introduce, Mr. Keenan Jones, arts
editor and host of--

JUDE

(less than welcoming)
I remember you.

JONES

(to the crowd)
I was just going to ask Mr. Quinn
why he insists on putting us, and
the rest of the world, on so?
Some might be persuaded to doubt
his sincerity.

JUDE

Who said I was sincere?

JONES

(taken slightly aback)
So you're--you're saying you're not
sincere?

JUDE

Not any more than you.
(leaning closer, smiling)
You just want me to say what you
want me to say.

Jones falters--and the questions come flying.

CROWD

Mr. Quinn! Why have you gone
commercial?... Are you a
professional beatnik?...What is
your opinion on China?...Do you
call yourself a Christian?...

CLASSY DAME
(waving her scarf)
Judey! Darling!

Suddenly, eclipsing the cacophony, another voice is heard:

COCO (O.S.)
(close-miked)
Publicity people today...

CLOSE on Jude, sensing something--all sounds receding. He peers over the edge of his shades.

EXT. DREAM GARDEN - DAY

WIDE SHOT through a garden archway--silence and woods. A figure can be seen in the soft shimmer--a young slender woman in black tights (Coco Rivington).

CLOSE ANGLE Coco.

COCO (CONT.)
The only non-conformists they allow
are conforming non-comformists.

She laughs and takes off running (ZOOM-OUT) into a sudden dance. Even in play she moves with pony precision--stiff and bewitching as a doll.

Jude, quietly adjusts his view. He takes a step forward--and is suddenly a yard away.

JUDE
Hey--What're you doing here?

She turns around and sees him: instinctive coyness. She turns away and begins to saunter along the rocks and wildflowers.

Jude follows.

JUDE (cont'd)
You alone?

COCO
Now why would that be any concern
of yours?

JUDE
Look--I'm sorry about what happened--

COCO
Nothing happened.

JUDE
Fine. Nothing happened.

She stares back at him a beat, then turns, continuing on.

COCO

Clearly that would best describe
your perspective.

JUDE

Ah, come on, now. I was straight
with you.

COCO

I thought you had no recollection.

JUDE

Look. I couldn't recall San
Francisco at all. I can't even
remember El Paso. But you shouldn't
take it so personal.

She scurries up a small pile of rocks.

COCO

Believe me, I don't. My current
situation far precedes anything
from the past.

JUDE

Well--sure. But you never know how
the past'll turn out.

COCO

Sorry, but your kisses are nothing
like his.

JUDE

I bet. Anyone I know?

COCO

Your lucky tongue will not decay
me.

JUDE

(turning away, fed up)
Ah, take your bloody glands and
medallions and make love for once
freely!

COCO

So that's what you think you have
over everyone? *Freedom?* (laughs)

Jude squats down into a CLOSE-UP, quiet suddenly.

JUDE
 (as much to himself)
 I just gotta--just clean up a
 little... I'll be fine.

COCO (O.S.)
 Here's a tip. Use your fists.

He turns back around but he doesn't see her. He stands,
 looking all around.

JUDE
 Very funny!... Heyyy!... Coo-cooo-!
 (starts coughing loudly)

Sudden MOVING LONG SHOT sails past the empty garden. Quick
 PULL-OUT returns us to:

INT. LIMO - DAY

Jude sits beside the window in the midst of a coughing fit.

CLOSE-UP--a glass of water is being handed to him. Jude
 reaches to take it--fast ZOOM-OUT reveals Mr. Jones, seated
 opposite.

Jude takes a long slurp from the glass.

Sonny, Mona, Norman and the Publicist are also in the car,
 watching.

JONES
 You sound and look very tired, very
 ill. Is this your normal state?

Jude clears his throat.

JUDE
 I take that as an insult. (slurps)

Behind Jude, through the window, a golf-cart pulls into view,
 pacing itself with the limo. Three long-haired men inside all
 turn and look--one distinctly resembling Allen Ginsberg.

SONNY
 (matter-of-fact)
 Isn't that's--what's-his-name, the
 poet--Ginsberg?

MONA
 Yes!

Jude whips around to discover (it is!): ALLEN GINSBERG and
 two tall poet-friends (PETER and LARRY)--grinning through the
 window, which Jude begins promptly rolling down.

PETER

Allen thought that was you in there. I don't think we've met.

GINSBERG

(shy)

Hi.

JUDE

(shy)

Hey.

PETER

Allen, tell him what you said to that reporter, the one that asked if you thought Jude had sold out.

JUDE

(a little proud)

They're asking you?

ALLEN

I said I didn't know. That perhaps you sold out to God.

JUDE

What does that even mean?

GINSBERG

Like if your mission was to see whether great art could be done on a jukebox, then, you know, we all benefited-

PETER

Profited, you said--"by his coercion".

LARRY

That was it.

Ginsberg shrugs in return, still smiling.

GINSBERG

So? What now?

JUDE

Now?

GINSBERG

What's left?

Jude smiles, boyishly.

HIGH ANGLE, from outside car, as Jude looks up, thinking.

JUDE

Ohhh-

Sudden ZOOM-IN

LOW-ANGLE REVERSE - EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY

Floating overhead like a drowned man in the sky, anchored by a rope tied around his ankle, is Jude.

JUDE (V.O.)

My salvation.

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

ECU Jude.

CLOSE-UP Ginsberg, falling a little in love.

CLOSE on the hand he gently extends, wavering between the two vehicles--and Jude taking it.

GINSBERG

See what we can do.

He winks at Jude and suddenly they're off, zipping through traffic in their cart.

SONNY

(grinning at Jude)

Oh, he'll give it to ya.

Jude, smiling, looks out the window, as we hear:

JONES (O.S.)

Well, then *is* there any truth to what they say-

MOMENTS LATER

Interview underway, Jude is already bored.

JONES (CONT'D) (cont'd)

That you no longer care as you once did about color discrimination or the war?

JUDE

Who cares what I think. I'm not the president. I'm not some shepherd. I'm a storyteller--that's all I am.

JONES

Granted. Though I'm sure as a human being you still care as deeply as you ever-

JUDE

Why?

JONES

Why?

JUDE

Yea. What do you care if I care or don't care--What's it to you? What if I told you I never cared about protest songs, folk songs--that it was all just about jumping into the scene. I knew I wasn't going to stay there--it was never my thing. I just knew I could do it better than anyone else.

JONES

I don't believe you. You act like-

JUDE

All that matters is what I'm doing now.

JONES

Then would it matter to you if, for instance, a certain all-Negro militant group in the United States were promoting what you're doing now for its own violent ends--precisely the kinds of violence your earlier songs opposed?

JUDE

If you're asking whether I'm a member of the Black Panther Party the answer is no.

(momentarily direct)

But I can't really tell you how I care.

JONES

(losing patience)

Well if that's your sole response it would appear in fact that you care rather little--would it not?

Jude turns, glaring.

JUDE

How could I even respond to that if you have the nerve to ask me?!

JONES

You made it clear you-

JUDE

I mean you've got a lot of nerve asking me these things. Do you ask the Beatles that?

JONES

Do I-?

JUDE

Do you ask the Beatles that?

SONNY

Or Mister "Eve of Destruction"?

JUDE

Yea--D'you ask Barry McGuire that?

SONNY

How 'bout Victor Mature? He looks like Victor Mature.

JUDE

I thought he looked more like Elsa Lancaster... with sort of a North Mexican kind of a thing happening-

SONNY

Kind of a thin, wild mercury feel-

JUDE

Very protesty, very very protesty.

JONES

Well you certainly enjoy seeming like you care very little.

They've come to a stop at a stop-light. People are crossing.
And the fuse is lit by the sinister strains opening:

Ballad of a Thin Man

JUDE

(turning to Jones)

Oh, yea?

Jude opens the door and gets out of the car.

PUBLICIST

Mr. Quinn--we really need you-

JUDE

You say you want my time?

(he slams the door)

There isn't enough time to give you my time! You think I care about what you and your readers think about me? I know more about you

(MORE)

Jones--outraged--rises from his seat in protest, finger in the air. Suddenly a cage drops over him--

And now Jones is the one onstage being laughed at.

Standing outside the cage is Jude, dressed as Mr. Jones. He slowly extends his microphone.

And you say, "Impossible"/As he hands you a bone.

-INT. COMMUTER TRAIN - NIGHT

Jones alone in profile, riding home, patterned lights pouring over him like psychedelic liquid.

*Because something is happening here
But you don't know what it is*

-EXT. HOTEL GROUNDS - POOL - DAY

Jones lounges with several white-haired bigwigs, everyone dressed in white towels or robes.

Do you, Mister Jones?

Allen Ginsberg, smoking a cigar, is stretched out on a table receiving a massage. His masseuse, a large black man with a beret, is Black Panther founder, BOBBY SEALE.

CLOSE-UP Jones discreetly passing Ginsberg a small wad of cash. Bobby spots the interaction.

You have many contacts/Among the lumberjacks

EXT. STREET-CORNER - NIGHT

CLOSE-UP small box labeled "HIGHLY CLASSIFIED" as it's--ZOOM-OUT--handed to Jones by a Shadowy Figure. Jones slips it in his coat and crosses the street as a further ZOOM-OUT reveals the silhouettes of three Black Panthers, watching from an upstairs window.

To get you facts when someone attacks/Your imagination

INT. OFFICE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

We FOLLOW Jones walking down a shadowy corridor--no one else in sight.

But nobody has any respect/anyway they already expect you

-INT. JONES' OFFICE - NIGHT

BRIEF CLOSE-UP as Jones lifts off the top of the small box, revealing inside: a faded 1957 High School year book.

-MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE on yearbook pages flying by--settling on the caption "Jude Quinn". We SCAN with Jones' finger over to the picture: an early portrait not of Jude but folksinger Jack Rollins.

TRACKING-IN from behind, Jones' head pops up with the discovery. He turns, sensing something-

Bobby Seale, plus three other Panthers, fully armed in full regalia, take aim from their end of the room.

To just give a check to tax-deductible charity organizations

INT. LIVING ROOM - JONES' HOUSE

Mrs. Jones' SLOW-MOTION smile has turned to horror--we hear!

BOBBY (V.O.)

Stop. Stop the song.

-EXT. POOL - HOTEL GROUNDS

CLOSE-UP reel-to-reel tape player--a black finger pushes the stop button and the song comes to a momentary stop.

Spread around the pool (like the bigwigs previously) are Six Black Panthers--including the Two Armed Guards, Bobby and his co-founder, HEWEY NEWTON, stretched out on the table, getting a massage. His masseuse is Mr. Jones.

Hewey and Bobby, each in oversized headphones, share a spliff while drawing up their proposal for a Black Panther party.

HEWEY

Bobby, no--See, we are the geeks, man--You dig?

BOBBY

Why is that cool?

HEWEY

No. It's like-

-INT. CARNIVAL SIDESHOW TENT

Now it's the Six Black Panthers--all in the Geek's cage.

HEWEY (V.O.)

We're the ones bein' paraded around like some kinda circus freaks-

-EXT. HARLEM STREET - DAY

Mr. and Mrs. Jones, creeping by in their car, looking out their window. Mrs. Jones smiles, waves-

A black family on a stoop, staring back.

HEWEY (V.O)

"Come on up and see Harlem, Mr. Jones, but make sure your window's rolled up tight"-

-EXT. POOL

HEWEY (CONT'D)

Man, you got to understand this song is sayin' a hell of a lot about society. All power to all people, man. That's what it's saying.

CLOSE-UP tape-player as Bobby rewinds it.

BOBBY

I missed it, man--I missed it again!

HEWEY

Awww, Bobby!

BOBBY

Jus' one more time, Hewey - I swear, man!

Jones drops his head as Bobby leans over the reel-to-reel.

CLOSE as he pushes play and the song resumes--returning to its opening scene:

-INT. MEN'S ROOM

The door swings open and now we move in to find Jude in Jones' place at the urinal, looking over. He wears a black gaucho's hat and a white sheet around his waste.

And this time all the bigwigs in towels are there as well, squeezing past each other, blankly.

REVERSE on Jones watching guardedly, still clutching the yearbook.

Well, you walk into the room like a camel/And then you frown

Jude finishes at the urinal and steps over facing Jones. He begins to slowly approach. Jones, unamused, is backed into a corner.

There, Jude unfurls a large black whip (a la Mastroianni in "81/2") which he snaps--CRACK!--right at Jones.

The bigwigs in towels look on in amusement. CRACK! CRACK!

Jones ducks--and is soon running on all fours through the legs of all the bigwigs.

He comes upon a man-hole cover which he quickly opens.

INT. UNDERGROUND - MOMENTS LATER

Jones is climbing down the metal ladder into the near pitch, sliding the cover over the man-hole from below: blackness.

You put your eyes in your pocket/And your nose on the ground

-INT. CONCERT HALL

Jude, electric in the light, performs the song on stage with his band, standing over the piano with one spidery hand in the air.

JUDE

(singing)

*There ought to be a law/Against you
comin' around/You should be made/To wear
earphones*

Steady ZOOM-IN to Mr. Jones, seated squarely in the audience, staring at the stage.

JUDE (O.S.) (cont'd)

(singing)

*Because you know something is happening
here but you don't know what it is*

Jones flips on a light, revealing:

-INT. BATHROOM - PENTHOUSE

To Jones' surprise he finds himself in the blazing light of the penthouse bathroom. Slowly, he opens the door to the bedroom.

-BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE on a note reading: "I KNOW WHO YOU ARE" being slipped into the yearbook--which Jones places on the black satin bed.

Do you, Mister Jones?

Suddenly he turns.

QUICK SHOTS (quoting "The Graduate") show a naked figure reflected, slipping into the room, shutting the door and turning to stand in front of it. Except that here the "Mrs. Robinson" briefly reflected is Jude (the actual body of the actress portraying him).

The song's final riffs play frantically as Jones tries, in panic, not to look. All at once he makes a run for it, shoving Jude out of the way.

-INT. CONCERT HALL

Music crashes to an end--and the hot spot sizzles to black.

A brisk MOVE along faces in the dark during a short swell of commotion.

Jude straps on his guitar and steps to the mike.

JUDE

(in a narcotic Peter Lore)
Uhh...This is called... Stop Now,
Don't Go Chasin' Me Down--It used
to be like that. And now it goes
like this-
(a bottle is thrown)
Ah, man--You know something--I'm
not gonna play any more concerts
here in England-
(some cheers)
-'cause this music, this is not
English music you are listening to,
alright?--You haven't really heard
American music before. And what
you're hearing--I want to say right
now--you're not hearing anything
but words and sounds... You can
take it or leave it. If there's
something you disagree with, that's
great-(some shouts)-What?

CLOSE, dark faces stirring, fidgeting, tensions mounting.
Suddenly someone bolts up from his chair, pointing vehemently
to the stage.

From a distance we see him yell out-

VOICE IN CROWD [THIN TEEN]

JUUUUDAAAS!!!!

Heads turn--including Jude's--to the lone figure standing.

BRIEF CLOSE-UP reveals him to be the Thin Teen, fan club
president from the previous montage, crying no more.

Jude, CLOSE, amid rising panic, hears another.

ANOTHER VOICE

Judas!...

QUICK ADJUST to someone else in the house, standing,
shouting. Then another, and another. The crowd begins to
churn.

Jones, in the audience, takes in the growing frenzy.

BRIEF SHOTS show kids mounting the stage as enormous curtains
are yanked shut, and Jude is escorted offstage by security
guards, looking back, curtains still swaying.

Woody's eyes drop down, and he stares for several seconds at something below.

Slow ZOOM-IN to a small headline from one of the newspapers spread over the bums. It reads:

**FAMED FOLK STYLIST OF YESTERYEAR
LANGUISHES GRIEVOUSLY IN NEW JERSEY HOSPITAL**

CLOSE-UP Woody as a tear leaps from his eye.

HOBO JOE
Say there, son. What happened to
that smile?

EXT. MOVING TRAIN - LATER

LOW ANGLE of Woody jumping from his boxcar, as the thundering train slows to a stop. He turns and waves goodbye to his companions.

Hobo Joe and Hobo Moe wave back grandly, straining for dignity with tears running off their chins.

Woody sets off across the rolling hills.

*Where God is in his heaven and we all want what's his
But power and greed and corruptible seed
Seems to be all that there is.*

EXT. NYC BUS TERMINAL - NIGHT

Woody boards a bus with the The Manhattan skyline behind him.

BUS DRIVER
New Jersey! Bus to New Jersey, now
boarding!

EXT. NEW JERSEY HOSPITAL - DAY

The bus clears, leaving Woody standing with his back to camera, facing the grey hospital building.

INT. NURSES STATION - NEW JERSEY HOSPITAL - DAY

Woody steps out of the elevator with a bouquet of flowers. He walks steadily down the aisle to the nurse's desk.

A NURSE behind the counter turns and sees little Woody, standing opposite, flowers in hand.

NURSE
May I help you?

WOODY
Flowers for a Mr. Guthrie.

NURSE
Room 205.

WOODY
Thank you, ma'am.

Woody sets off down the hall, searching quietly for the room. As he approaches it he stops, stricken by what he sees:

HOSPITAL ROOM

Through the open door, a withered remnant of folksinger WOODY GUTHRIE lay in a hospital bed, asleep.

HOSPITAL ROOM--NIGHT

Woody sits very still on a bench beside the sleeping legend, staring. Bathed half in light from industrial nightshifts, half in supple dark, Woody sighs, dropping his head.

CLOSE-UP on Woody's guitar case: **THIS MACHINE KILLS FASCISTS!** Woody's hand enters frame, moving gently to unclasp it, as we begin a slow TRACK-OUT:

Woody takes out his guitar, resting it on his lap, and begins to check the tuning. As we continue to withdraw the bedridden Guthrie begin to rouse, his head slowly turning to Woody who has begun to play, picking gently, imperfectly, tenderly.

A weathered male voice begins:

BILLY (V.O.)
So I stayed. Where else was I gonna go?

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

billy [A STORIED OUTLAW, PRESUMED DEAD--& NO LONGER A 'KID'--FINDS HIS ADOPTED TOWNSHIP ON THE BRINK (1913) COLOR]

EXT. MOUNTAIN VIEW - BILLY'S PROPERTY - AFTERNOON

Slow MATCHING TRACK moves out from a shady porch overlooking a farm. A man is stepping out into the sun, slightly hunched, wearing a soiled Stetson.

Gently rising, a wistful ode to domesticity and sloth:
You Ain't Goin' Nowhere('71)

BILLY (V.O. CONT.)
Finally, here, amid the vast indifference of the land--I was invisible. Even to myself.

BRIEF SHOTS
-A lizard zaps a look and freezes.

-A rippling net of birds fill the sky.
 -A shiny black retriever barks at them, fighting his leash.
 -The face of a horse, struggling while being bridled--
 quick ADJUST to (the bridler):

BILLY BONNEY MCCARTY (mid-50's, white), looks up to the sky.

*Clouds so swift, rain won't lift/Gate won't close, railing's froze
 Get your mind off wintertime/You ain't goin' nowhere*

LONG SHOT of Billy's property--a grand, sagging old barn and comfortable two-story house beside it. Storms brewing overhead.

BILLY (V.O.) (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 Papers said they cut me down,
 stopped me dead. That outlaws
 always die. But only a fool would
 believe what they read in the
 papers.

As Billy heads over to his leaping dog, a black retriever named Henry, his horse begins stirring and kicking as well.

BILLY (cont'd)
 Henry--calm yourself, girl. Yer
 makin' everybody boogers.

Weird faces spotted in the shade: Three Children, cracked in poster-paint make-up and makeshift costumes, stare out from the shadows.

As Billy attempts to untangle his agitated pet, Henry breaks free, tearing off into the woods.

BILLY (cont'd)
 Henry! Henry!!

LONG SHOT: Billy mounts his horse and goes chasing after his sprung canine.

*Whoo-ee! Ride me high/Tomorrow's the day my bride's gonna come
 Oh, oh we're gonna fly/Down into the easy chair!*

EXT. WOODS - LATER

Billy rides briskly along the soft blue hillside as dark trees thunder past.

BILLY (V.O.) (cont'd)
 On the side of the highway where
 nobody goes, where it causes no
 worry, where the show must go on...
 this is where I want to die. Until
 that day--I'll eat when I'm hungry
 and drink when I'm dry.

Billy rides, looking all around, calling his dog's name.
Then, up ahead, he hears something.

OVERLOOK

At the edge of the incline, he spots the familiar shape
through the brush.

BILLY (cont'd)

Henry!

Billy takes off in its direction, swatting the branches of
low-hanging trees--and twisting to a sudden stop.

BILLY (cont'd)

(looking all around)

Henry? Henryyyy...!

He listens for any sign.

CLOSE on his profile, hearing something in the distance: a
low far-off RUMBLE. He peers out across the canyon to the
range of mountains on the other side.

LONG SHOT: vague grey patches of smoke or dust or mirage.

BRIEFLY--CLOSER, the smoke looks more like the dustclouds of
battle.

ROBBIE

INT. BEDROOM - TOPANGA CANYON (1968)

BRIEF SHOTS beneath a blast of Hendrix's-

All Along the Watchtower:

-ON TV: Tet offensive in Vietnam.

-Robbie looking over from the other room.

-Claire's face, electric in TV light.

BILLY

EXT. OVERLOOK - DAY

In the distance--a sudden BOOM.

BRIEF SHOTS:

-Billy's eyes in profile, peering out.

-Henry, also looking out--takes off into the brush.

-Billy turns, hearing something, and sets off again.

A quiet chill begins:

The Man in the Long Black Coat

EXT. HILLSIDE ROAD - LATER

CLOSE PAN UP the trotting legs of Billy's horse, heading down
a half-paved road. Billy, in profile, looking left and right.

BILLY (V.O.)
How long had it been? I couldn't
even say.

ROBBIE

INT. LIMO - MALIBU - DAY

CLOSE-UP Robbie, looking out. Houses passing.

BILLY (V.O. CONT.)
The day I arrived looks a lot like
today.

EXT. BEACHHOUSE - DAY

WIDE STATIC SHOT: Robbie stands with his luggage at the door
of his large, glass-and-wood beachhouse, the black stretch
parked out in front, the driver just leaving.

BILLY (V.O.)
Least that's how it seemed at the
time.

BILLY

EXT. HILLSIDE ROAD - LATER

Music continues as we pass Five Children, white and unwashed,
standing guard before a shady gulch, staring hard into
camera. The two Eldest Boys are shirtless and armed--one with
a rifle, the other a sword. The smallest, A Girl, sits crying
beside a dead pony.

CLOSE on the Boy with the gun, staring hard at Billy as he
passes.

The mother, MRS. BAKER, a middle-aged woman with hard
features, is sorting garbage.

BILLY (cont'd)
Evenin', Mrs. Baker.

MRS. BAKER
Well if it isn't our own Billy B.
McCarty, come down off the eternal
hillside.

BILLY
Black retriever run off on me. If
y'see anything--or the children.

MRS. BAKER
No loose critter do wise round
these parts. We had a panther
'tack, evenin' last--Varmint keel
our pony.

BILLY
 (looking back, toward the
 children)
 'M sorry t'hear that.

Mrs. Baker looks back with a smile of pained resignation.

MRS. BAKER
 Numbered days for countin'
 blessings.

BILLY
 Can't say I ever counted much on
 those.

Billy starts back on his way.

MRS. BAKER
 You're a good man, Mister McCarty.
 Have a good Hallow-Eve.

BILLY
 And yourself.

Billy rides on. Around the bend he passes a half-opened trunk, with dime Detective novels spilling out. A few paces down, a small, framed reproduction of the Mona Lisa lay with broken glass.

EXT. HOMER'S HOUSE - HILLSIDE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Up ahead we see a pear-shaped figure, leaning attentively over a telephone pole, struggling with a hammer and nail. Meet the skittish curmudgeon, HOMER HOUNDSTOOTH (mid-30's, white), dressed in a faded plaid suit and bow-tie, and wearing an antiquated chin-brace.

Opposite Homer a precarious pile of junk teeters beside an open field.

BILLY (cont'd)
 Homer? 'Zat you?

HOMER
 (wits end)
 Oh, Mr. B-

BILLY
 Haven't seen you in a coon's age.
 What seems to be the trouble?

Billy dismounts, stepping over.

HOMER
 (desperate)
 Useless bag o'thumbs is what I am-

BILLY

Here.

Billy takes the hammer and hangs the sign as they chat.

BILLY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

How you been comin' on?

HOMER

Oh, poor enough, I reckon. Urlin's
done left me agin. Ha'n't known
what she took umbrage at this time.
Wasn't me that promised no kidney
pie fer Hallow-Eve!--There ya go.

Homer regards the newly hung, hand-made sign ("ESTATE SALE")
which marks the tottering tower of junk.

HOMER (CONT'D) (cont'd)

(scratching his chin)

Sellin' off what not.

BILLY

I tell ya, Homer, women are
sentimental--and we're the victims.
Nah, I'll take a woman who can cook
and sew over sex appeal any day.

HOMER

(momentary trance)

No woman stateside makes a finer
kidney pie than my Urlin.

BILLY

(surveys the open field)

You ain't seen no black retriever
runnin' loose by any chance?--Henry
tore off on me...

HOMER

What--she get spooked?

BILLY

(turning)

Seem to. Why?

HOMER

Critters know what's goin' on.
Don't gotta tell them nothin'.

BILLY

What do they know?

HOMER

They know the town o' Riddle's
gettin' blown to Kingdom Come--for
one thing!!

BILLY

(resumes looking around)
What?--that old highway plan? Never
had a chance.

HOMER

(stopping)
You mean--you really ain't heard?

BILLY

What?

HOMER

Mr. B that plan's gone through!
It's official! Last Tuesdee they
all come--Old man Garrett and all
them bunch with the big black cars,
wavin' papers--I never seed such a
stupor!

BILLY

What're you talkin' about--what's
official?

HOMER

Six laner headed straight through
Shadow Valley. Commissioner Garrett
says we got thirty days come
November.

BILLY

They can't just walk in here and--
surely folks are--are people doing
anything?

HOMER

Oh! Well... first Charlie Harper--
the zookeeper?--shot hisself in the
face in front of them three maiden
sisters and two bachelor brothers,
them all who went insane on
account. Tiny Montgomery got cut in
two jumpin' out a moving train--an'
three days later some old Granny
cut herself in three doin' the
same! Five hangins', three
Phenobarbitols. Worse yet, this
mornin'. You familiar with young
Clarice Henry, Mizzez Henry and the
Cap'm's girl?

BILLY
 'Course I am.
 (Homer is silent)
 What?

HOMER
 I just dread being the bearer o'
 bad news.
 (leans in, quieter)
 Cap'm found her. Throat cut clean.
 By her own hand, they sayin'.

BILLY
 No...

The dark precursor to a song of mystery and loss begins
 softly: *One More Cup of Coffee* (instrumental)

HOMER
 Jus' married too, poor ol' Moose.

Billy remounts his horse.

HOMER (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 What you fixin' t' do?

BILLY
 I'm fixin' to pay my respects to
 Mrs. Henry and the Captain, fer
 one. But the whole thing sounds
 pretty fishy to me. Y' comin'?

HOMER
 (backstepping)
 Oh, no. No, no. Not today. Shameful
 day.

BILLY
 Suit y'rself. (starting off)
 Anyway--if Charlie and his brothers
 are gone--who's mindin' the zoo?
 (silence)
 Homer?

Billy glances back but Homer's gone.

ROBBIE

EXT. OUTDOOR RESTAURANT - TOPANGA - EARLY EVENING (1968)

CLOSE-UP Claire, regarding camera with quiet scrutiny. No
 sound but music (continuing) over:

ROBBIE (WHISPER OVER)
 1968 was the year it all went off--
 the guns, the gloves, the bombs--
 the kilter of the nation and the
 (MORE)

ROBBIE (WHISPER OVER) (cont'd)
 world. While America floundered in Vietnam, its cities burned in civil strife. And with the collapse of Johnson and the slayings of King and Kennedy, overnight it seemed the American stage was stripped of every major player. All alone... with Richard Nixon.

We cut in to Robbie in mid-speech (music out) sitting opposite, talking to others at the table.

ROBBIE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 I don't know, man. All these groups promoting the movement--whatever--they tried to suck me in, make me their commercial spokesman or some nonsense--But I'm telling you, inside these groups with all their president-vice-president-secretary-bullshit--they're as bad as the hate groups!

He and Claire are sitting at a park-side restaurant, sharing a third bottle of wine with Robbie's old friend MARTIN (29, white) and Martin's long-haired girlfriend, GRACE (23, white).

Claire, half-listening, holds her sleeping baby inside a shoulder hammock.

ROBBIE (cont'd)
 You just think it's all about them--all these armies of corporate flag-wavers who wanna hijack religion and control people's minds with happy pills--!

MARTIN
 I never said that.

ROBBIE
 Sure you did--I admire you. You take your paranoia seriously.

Martin huffs. Grace clears her throat, begins carefully.

GRACE
 I don't know. We all seem to agree the world is this terribly fucked-up place. But I feel there's something that can be done to change the situation and you... don't really sound like...

CLAIRE
 He doesn't.

ROBBIE
 (little smile)
 You wanna know why you think that?
 That something can be done? To
 change things?

GRACE
 Why?

ROBBIE
 Cause you're a chick.

CLAIRE
 What?

GRACE
 What is that supposed to mean?

ROBBIE
 Forget it.

Suddenly, a camera flash flares--Robbie looks over.

A Man In a Suit and Hat under a tree is taking pictures.

ROBBIE (cont'd)
 Son-of-a-bitch--I see you!

GRACE
 So... you're... basically a
 chauvinist.

ROBBIE
 Why? 'Cause I think guys and chicks
 are different? That's all I'm
 saying. And they are, they're not
 the same. They each got access to
 different kinds of pain. Which is
 pretty much why chicks can never be
 poets-

(another camera flash)
 Asshole!-

GRACE
 What?

CLAIRE
 Oh, Jesus-

MARTIN
 (nervous twitter)
 Uh-oh.

CLAIRE
 Robbie, please, you are not
 serious.

GRACE

That is the most preposterous thing
I've ever heard!--Emily Dickinson?

ROBBIE

(little headshakes)

Nah. It's not the same.

GRACE

As what?

Camera flash!

ROBBIE

Whitman. Shakespeare. Rimbaud-

MARTIN

Grace is--pretty big on Women's Lib-

ROBBIE

Guys and chicks are different. I'm
sorry.

CLAIRE

I cannot believe you are actually
saying these things. I cannot
believe you actually think--women
are incapable of intense-

Robbie grabs a flyer and quickly tears it in half.

ROBBIE

Okay-okay--Try something-

(hands her half)

You write down the nastiest thing
you can think of and I'll write the
nastiest thing I can think of and
we'll compare-

CLAIRE

What? What does that prove?

ROBBIE

(thrusting paper)

Just do it!

Claire instinctively rises, an arm around her sleeping baby--
provoking a fresh slew of flashes.

CLAIRE

No! No! I want to know what this
thing is that women cannot
experience-

ROBBIE
(bellowing)
Cut the fucking snaps!!!

CLAIRE
-or write about or talk about or
put on paper? What is this place?
Do you own this place--Did you
invent it?

ROBBIE
(half-smile, quietly)
No.

She stares at him. Everyone in and around the restaurant is now staring.

ROBBIE (cont'd)
You're missing the point.
Completely. I worship women.
(tiny smile)
Everybody should have one.

Robbie cracks up as Claire turns away. She bolts, hurrying off with her baby through a sputter of flashes.

ROBBIE (cont'd)
Okay... Claire--Claire, c'mon--I
was kidding--God's a woman!...Hey!

He's left standing. Everyone looking. One more flash--and he explodes.

ROBBIE (cont'd)
FUCK you, man!
(spins around, starts
pursuing)
I told you to stop fuckin' doin'
that--did I not tell you that?!!

The photographer is backing off, then runs.

Robbie watches him go, turns back to Martin, shaking his head, forcing a laugh on his way back.

Martin stands, looking away, as Grace starts collecting the empty bottles.

ROBBIE (cont'd)
What? (no response) What?

MARTIN
Nothing. (manages to look back)
You've changed.

ROBBIE
Fuck right, I've changed. You're
gonna tell me you haven't changed?

MARTIN
(straight on)
No. I haven't.

ROBBIE
Then you're not breathing.

MARTIN
All this--new car, new clothes, the
shades! You never wore shit like
that before.

ROBBIE
Man, you tell me I've changed as if
that's all there is to say--in this
completely different voice than the
one you had ten minutes ago. So who
isn't changing? Kid's shooting
craps in the alley garage pot? You
say "nothing's perfect"? I say-
(he's said it before)
There Are...No...Politics.

Silence.

MARTIN
Then what the fuck is there?

ROBBIE
Medication.

The song returns:

One More Cup of Coffee
DISSOLVE TO:

BILLY

EXT. MAIN STREET - TOWN OF RIDDLE - LATER

A DRUNK dressed as a pirate is passing, waving his bottle to
the skies--as Billy emerges from the shadow of the hill.

DRUNK
Th'road t'Salvajjin is paaaved with
Sin... So tosssonna mask and go
down witha grin!

Just beyond, Riddle's Main Street shimmers with a strange,
ghost-like bustle. Strung with lights the color of fruit, the
square seems to be blushing, all decked-out for Halloween
Eve, a big day in Riddle.

BILLY (V.O.)
No town ever loved Halloween like
the town of Riddle. So who a fella
(MORE)

BILLY (V.O.) (cont'd)
 really was never seemed to matter
 --not with what pretendin' had to
 offer.

The Halloween Shop is aglow, its storefront window stuffed with masks--Buster Keaton, Calvin Coolidge, Barbara Stanwyck, Al Jolsen. A large banner reads: **THE ONLY YEAR ROUND HALLOWEEN SHOP IN THE NATION.**

And brimming out the door and up and down the street, old and young alike: the tassled, draped, and painted creatures of a Riddle Hallow-Eve.

BILLY (V.O.) (cont'd)
 It was my kind of town.

A scrawny RED-HAIRED BOY is just running by, joining two other BOYS on the street. He wears cowboy chaps over pajamas, a Viking cap and a bow-tie.

RED-HAIRED BOY
 You shoulda seen me! I come in like
 a Ferris wheel and boys I sure was
 slick!

BOY 2
 (scaling his get-up)
 What the heck are you supposed to
 be?

RED-HAIRED BOY
 (stunned--then indignant)
 Well--if you don't know, I'm not
 gonna tell you!

Billy rides on, passing a stream of costumed characters: The Hunchback of Notre Dame...Mr. Clean...Cassius Clay...Bette Davis...President Kennedy...Beethoven...

And milling through the crowd amongst them--a lone ostrich... five monkeys...and a gazelle.

Billy approaches a family packing up a Model-T, CHESTER LEE and his wife POLLY (mid-30's, white), and their three children in costume.

BILLY
 Say there, Chester.

CHESTER
 (turning)
 Billy.

POLLY
 Mr. McCarty, Happy Hallow-Eve.

BILLY
 Polly. So what's with all this
 doomsday hocus-pocus goin' around-
 (seeing their luggage)
 You takin' a trip?

Chester and Polly look back at him stunned--FREEZEFRAME.

An urgent country two-step begins *High-water*

ARTHUR (V.O.)
 Seven Simple Rules For A Life In
 Hiding.

ROBBIE

INT. TOPANGA CANYON HOUSE - DAY (1968)

BRIEF CLOSE-UPS: Claire bolts the front door, lowers shades,
 closes blinds.

ARTHUR

INT. WHITE WALL

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
 One: Never trust a cop in a
 raincoat. Two:

ROBBIE

INT. TOPANGA CANYON HOUSE - DAY (1968)

CLOSE-UP--TV screen burning on.

Claire sits opposite with her baby still attached. She holds
 out the remote control, drugged by the flipping channels.

ARTHUR (V.O. CONT.)
 Beware of enthusiasm and of love-

BRIEF INSERT - TV SCREEN - CHANNELS CHANGING (B&W)

ARTHUR (V.O.) (cont'd)
 Each is temporary and quick to
 sway. Three:

INT. BEACHHOUSE - SUNSET (1973)

WIDE SHOT looks out on a wall of windows facing the ocean.
 Outside on the porch we see Robbie, seated with a beer,
 looking out at the burning sky: incremental ZOOM-IN.

ARTHUR (V.O.)
 When asked if you care about the
 world's problems, look deeply into
 the eyes of he who asks.

EXT. OUTDOOR RESTAURANT - DAY (1968) - (SILENT)

Robbie, where we left him, standing opposite Martin and Grace. Martin drops his eyes.

ARTHUR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He will not ask you again.

BILLY

EXT. MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

The music continues as Billy rides on.

Piles of beef are being thrown into a suitcase as Billy passes the Butcher and his Wife, busy loading a tiny cart with a pile of belongings.

BUTCHER
Pack up the meat, sweet--it's top
of the end--King for king, queen
for queen--it's gonna be the
meanest flood anybody's seen!

ARTHUR (V.O. CONT)
Number four and five:

A series of greetings from passing Townfolk:

TOWNFOLK
Evenin' Billy... Bonney... Howdy
Mr. B-

ARTHUR (V.O.)
Never give your real name.

A man dressed as a BELL-HOP is just marching by.

BELL-HOP
(to Billy)
Good evening, Mr. Gladstone, sir!

Billy looks back as he passes, and turning back around he nearly collides with a boy tearing across the street, dressed as CHAPLIN.

CHAPLIN
My dear man--please, get me outta
here--!This is chicken town!

CLOSE on Billy locking eyes with the little urchin.

ARTHUR (V.O.)
And if ever told to look at
yourself-

JUDE

INT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

TV SCREEN--channel changing continues, stopping (amid some hoots and hollers from the room) on a distorted CLOSE-UP of Mr. Jones, the journalist, seated on a stool addressing camera. (Behind him it reads: CULTURE BEAT--with Keenan Jones)

JONES (ON TV)
...His singing voice snarls and scratches so jarringly his success seems, at first, inconceivable-

ARTHUR

INT. WHITE WALL

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Never look. Six-

JUDE

INT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE-UP Jude, crashed in a chair watching, surrounded by the usual posse.

JONES (ON TV, CONT.)
But for Jude Quinn's true believers that raggedness, that roughness, has always guaranteed his truth.

Jones's broadcast continues as we MOVE past the various heads assembled in the room, groaning and wise-cracking in response. Jude, on the other hand, is silent.

JONES (ON TV) (cont'd)
It's precisely what makes them trust in his hard-luck tales, and strive as they may to sample the struggles their far more conventional backgrounds have denied them. Well if Quinn's recent foray into electric music has put a crack in their consensus, the final word on his famously clouded origins is sure to close the book, once and for all, on their trust.

Jude--CLOSE.

ARTHUR (V.O. CONT.)
Never say or do anything the person standing in front of you cannot understand.

BILLY

EXT. MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Billy, turning the corner, sees something up ahead.

JONES (ON TV, CONT.) (V.O.)
 For despite his unwashed,
 freewheelin' credentials, and
 contrary to anything we might have
 seen or heard, the real Jude Quinn-

A small funeral procession is just turning off toward the square.

JUDE

INT. PENTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jones on TV.

JONES (ON TV, CONT.)
 -middle class, educated--is himself
 about as utterly conventional as
 they come.

ARTHUR (V.O.)
 And seven?

ON TV: a B&W photograph of a Jewish couple holding a baby (early 1940's).

JONES (ON TV)
 The eldest son of a Brookline,
 Massachusetts department store
 owner by the name of Isaac
 Goldstein. Ah, yes.

REVERSE on Jude, staring coldly at the screen--slow TRACK IN.

JONES (V.O. CONT.) (cont'd)
 The real name of America's
 backwoods vagabond turned rock'n'
 roll martyr--is Aaron Jacob
 Goldstein.

Sonny sneaks a peak at Jude (he had no idea Jude was middle-class and Jewish).

Jude's face tightens, still encroaching, as the first strains rise up of a dark, forbidding dirge:

This Wheel's On Fire

ARTHUR (V.O.)
 Never create anything. It will be
 misinterpreted.

MOVING IN on Jude, closer still.

ARTHUR (V.O.) (cont'd)
It will chain you and follow you
the rest of your life.

MATCH DISSOLVE:

INT. LARVAL UNDERGROUND (MODEL) - BRIEF SHOT

TRACKING IN on a dark, festering view of the subterranean ecosystem, viscous and parasitic.

INT. BATHROOM - PENTHOUSE - NEAR DAWN

CLOSE-UP MAGAZINE (COLOR): Page turns to Mona Lisa in a large ad for Scotch Whisky.

ARTHUR (V.O.)
And it will never change

The page is torn out.

BRIEF CLOSE-UPS:

-Jude's clippings (some seen previously) as he arranges them on the black marble floor.
-Tiny red pills bouncing in SLOW-MOTION.

*If your mem'ry serves you well,/We were gonna meet again and wait
So I'm gonna unpack all my things and sit before it gets too late*

OUTSIDE BATHROOM

BRIEF CLOSE-UPS (inanimate, in moonlight):

-Mona, upside-down in frame, dead asleep.
-Mike, (the guitarist) asleep in the next room, mouth open, with a girl.
-The remains of drink and drug-taking.

In the distance, strange echoey clacking.

*No man alive will come to you with another tale to tell
But you know that we shall meet again/If your mem'ry serves you well.*

BLACK TARANTULA - ON WHITE

BRIEF CLOSE-UPS: its furry black legs, its balletic slowness and sudden appalling speed, scuttling across the clean white frame.

GINSBURG (V.O.)
(close and reverberant)
"Behold, the hole of the tarantula.
Revenge sits black on your back,
and wherever you bite, black scabs
grow."

This wheel's on fire, rolling down the road

BATHROOM

BRIEF SHOTS INTERCUT (set to the beats of his echoey typing):

-Jude's clippings up CLOSE: B&W shots of racial violence, LBJ, the electric chair (etc.); color ads from magazines and full-page Vietnam spreads (juxtaposing the severe and surreal of mid-sixties America).

-Jude on the black-marble floor banging away, folded over his portable typewriter like a shell.

-CLOSE on his flutter of words in the gate:

dancing/pillhead/virgins/gangrene/enthusiasm

Best notify my next of kin/This wheel shall explode!

BRIEF SHOTS--all TIME-LAPSE (suggesting a sped up universe, unmoored by time):

-A sliver moon flies up into darkness, down into light.

-Voracious flowers exploding in bloom.

-A white-light subway searing through island rock like an acid.

Ginsberg (V.O.) (cont'd)

"I enrage, to trick you out of your
lie-holes and strip you of your
word justice--so revenge may spring
forth."

*This wheel's on fire, rolling down the road
Best notify my next of kin/This wheel shall explode!*

The screen is stripped WHITE, music fading.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CHURCH HILLTOP - BLEACHED-OUT IMAGES - DAY

-Close on the page of a 19th century philosophical text, entitled "Oh, Tarantulas".

Ginsberg (O.S.) (cont'd)

"For that man be delivered from
revenge, that for me is the highest
hope--"

-Ginsberg addresses camera, awash in pale light, after shutting the book he's been reading from.

Ginsberg (CONT'D) (cont'd)

"a rainbow after the storm."

Quick ADJUST reveals the flash of a huge white cross towering behind him.

ROBBIE

INT. TOPANGA HOUSE - NIGHT (1973)

WIDE ANGLE living room--TV blares and the phone rings as Molly and Carlie run off steam. Claire, with groceries, heads for the kitchen to answer it.

CLAIRE

Girls--Molly--I want you to take
all your things up to your rooms
and I'll be up in two minutes for
your baths. Okay? (picking up)
Hello?--

INT. BEACHHOUSE

WIDE-ANGLE living room--silent (in comparison) and dark.
Robbie sits on a couch in the corner on the phone.

ROBBIE

You sound out of breath.

CLAIRE (THROUGH RECEIVER)

Ah--You're back?

ROBBIE

Yea--today. How're the girls?

CLAIRE (THROUGH RECEIVER)

They're great, enjoying school.

ROBBIE

That's great. And you?

CLAIRE (THROUGH RECEIVER)

Fine, we're all fine--Now *which*
night is boat night? Saturday?

INT. TOPANGA HOUSE - KITCHEN

MEDIUM SHOT Claire unloading the dishwasher as she talks.

CLAIRE

Hello?

ROBBIE (THROUGH RECEIVER)

Yes... Saturday--that's...wow. Day
after tomorrow.

CLAIRE

Yep.

ROBBIE (THROUGH RECEIVER)

Fine. That's fine.

MOLLY

Mommy, who are you talking to?

CLAIRE

You sure?

ROBBIE

Yes.

CLAIRE
Okay--what time?

ROBBIE (THROUGH RECEIVER)
Uhhhhh--Eleven?

CLAIRE
(rolls her eyes)
Fine.

ROBBIE (THROUGH RECEIVER)
...Earlier?

MOLLY
Mommy, who are you talking to?

CLAIRE
(to Molly)
What did I tell you about pick-up?

INT. BEACHHOUSE

ROBBIE
Claire, I can get 'em earlier, just-

CLAIRE (THROUGH RECEIVER)
No--It's fine--But please bring
those boxes--I asked you-

ROBBIE
What boxes?

CLAIRE (THROUGH RECEIVER)
The photos--my photos--I've asked
you like-

ROBBIE
Fine. Fine.

CLAIRE (THROUGH RECEIVER)
(off-phone)
Molly!
(back to Robbie)
I gotta get off--We'll see you
Saturday-

ROBBIE
Sure-

And she's gone. He stays there a second before slowly hanging
up the phone. Silence. He looks over.

The young Stewardess (from 1st class) is perched on the
carpet leafing through a book about Robbie. She looks up and
smiles.

BILLY

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - RIDDLE - SUNSET

A BARKER selling miniature pamphlets (his sign reads: "NOW YOU SEE IT, NOW YOU DON'T: THE RISE & FALL OF RIDDLE TOWNSHIP") is heard booming as Billy continues following the small funeral procession, now walking his horse. He finds himself among a strange migration of people, all dragging belongings and luggage toward the bandstand.

BARKER

Buy it here, read it there! An epic
tale of blunder and despair! A
withering saga of mystery unveiled!
A swansong to America before
Chaplin set sail, or the Children
of Dawn in crazy duress ever
watched a red sun without botherin'
t'dress!

As the Barker fades, Billy turns, hearing yelling from out across from the green.

FRANTIC WIFE

STOP! THIEF! *Someone stop that man!*

There, in the dark of the street, he sees a man running off. A FRANTIC WIFE runs after, clutching two small children.

FRANTIC WIFE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

You--THIEF!

Suddenly he stops and turns, alone in the street, clutching a dark sack in his arms. Beat.

CHILD

Daddy!

FRANTIC WIFE

You took the silver! You took the
gold!

The FRANTIC HUSBAND begins to backstep.

FRANTIC HUSBAND

The breath in my nostrils is
smoke... as if I'd never been.
(staring back wildly)
I'llberightback!

And he turns, tearing off into the dark. She runs screaming after him, leaving the children--but stops, staring after.

FRANTIC WIFE

NOOOOO!!!

A streetlamp powers on--silencing her with its light, alone in the middle of the street.

Billy turns-

A lone bowling ball is just rolling by.

Up ahead, a giraffe is crossing. And rising up from the bandstand, a ragged lament: *Goin' to Acapulco*

Billy turns to listen--spotting the procession as it mounts the bandstand. He sees it is indeed his dear friends bereaving, Mrs. Henry and The Captain, joining onstage a Catholic priest in full regalia and the open casket of their teenage daughter, Clarice, propped up 45 degrees, her face virginal even in death. Her eyes, on the other hand, remain bug open.

Tucked beside them atop the Town Square Municipal Bandstand, the Brass Band Players have begun. CLOSE on the BRASS-BAND SINGER, swathed in white war-paint and wearing a scarf and hat, who fills the song with tender bathos (slow ZOOM-OUT).

BRASS BAND SINGER

(singing)

*I'm going down to Rose Marie's, she never
does me wrong./She puts it to me plain as
day and gives it to me for a song.It's a
wicked life, but what the heck Everybody
has to eat/And I'm the same as everyone
else/When it comes to scratching for my
meat.*

The crowd stares out with empty faces: strange and comical, unknown to despair, young and old alike, many in costume, paying their respects.

The giraffe saunters nearer, just beyond the bandshell, and a pelican, circling overhead, lands on the rim of the coffin, just above Clarice's head.

A Middle-Aged Man, standing in the crowd, holding his Daughter's hand, begins to weep.

BRASS BAND SINGER (CONT'D) (SINGING)

*Goin' to Acapulco/Goin' to see fat gut
Goin' down to have some fun
Yeah, goin' to have some fun...*

The song continues, the perfect serenade for Billy's state of mind--and the Riddle of old, weird America, so sadly and sweetly on the brink.

BILLY (V.O.)

Trouble was, I'd grown partial to the place. That sudden smell of fear. The thrill of waiting up for the end of the world.

JUDE

INT. BATHROOM - CLUB SILVER - NYC - NIGHT

CLOSE on Jude, in a high-voltage, mylar bathroom--a constant electrical buzz on the track. People pass by as Jude, wrapped in shades, leans against the counter facing the mirror. He looks wasted.

JUDE (V.O.)

The air is full of sinister currents. Now's not the time to act silly.

A QUEEN can be heard bitching at his boyfriend, the EROTIC HITCHHIKER, who stands there with his eyes locked on Jude.

QUEEN

Ok, so I shoot dope once in a while. Big deal. What's it got to do with how I walk? I'm telling you Mervin, if you don't lay off me, I'm gonna rip you off some more where that scar is--

(turning suddenly to Jude)

Do you know any Swedes?

JUDE

Excuse me?

HITCHHIKER

Didn't we meet at a hootenanny down in Puerto Vallarta?

CLUB SILVER

We FOLLOW Jude through his large, super *avante*, promotional party, already in full swing. The large, square, multi-tiered space, lit solely by its four light-box walls, bathes everyone inside in a milky backlight.

A hand grabs his shoulder, turning him around: it's Norman.

NORMAN

Congratulations--You're a millionaire.

JUDE

What?

NORMAN

(sitting)

They agreed to everything--expanded tour, preferred rates, full guarantees--

JUDE

How many dates?

NORMAN

Well--a lot less than any other
millionaire in show business! Fifty-
five, I think it was, additional-

JUDE

Plus the thirty--what?

NORMAN

Twenty-nine... minus tonight.
Eighty-three shows.

JUDE

Eighty-three shows? I can't do
eighty-three shows!

NORMAN

Well-

JUDE

You're gonna fuckin' kill me doin'
eighty-three more shows--Who the
fuck ever said I wanted to be a
millionaire?

BRIAN (O.S.)

Jude?

Jude turns, revealing BRIAN JONES, just arriving, standing a
yard behind him, accompanied by a tall, Willowy Female.

JUDE

Heyyy... Trip into the light here,
Abraham-

Brian follows orders, stepping closer, extending a hand.

BRIAN

Really far out show-

JUDE

Thanks, man.

BRIAN

Brilliant!

JUDE

Grab a throne. You know Norman, my
executioner. Norman Green, Brian
Jones, from that cover band...

INT. CLUB SILVER - ENTRANCE - LATER

We are FOLLOWING Coco Rivington into the club turning the
heads of New York's most unturnable. The twiggy, doll-faced
anti-star, followed by Three Gay Chaperones, looks like a

cryptic pixie in her signature black tights and heavy mascara.

When someone breaks the rules and flashes a shot, Coco throws an icy glare. Her posse tightens.

COCO
Find the drinks.

INT. CLUB SILVER (TOP LEVEL - PLATFORM TREE) - LATER

AERIAL CLOSE-UP of a large white coffee table, covered in glasses, large op-art ashtrays--and hundreds of pills.

Jude is just flopping down on the white sectional--suspended on a platform lined in white fur. (The "Platform-Tree", occupying a quarter of the room, suspends three round floating platforms, sleekly furnished, with a corkscrew-staircase running through the center.)

JUDE
Look at all these medicines!

Wired again, he has joined the churning mix of freaks and queers, artists and models--as well as Mona, Norman, and Sonny (looking unusually anxious).

JUDE (cont'd)
(excited, pointing)
What're those?

ARTIST
(next to him)
That's a Mandy.

JUDE
A what?

ARTIST
A Mandy--Makes you sleep.

JUDE
Ah, who the fuck needs that--I haven't slept in six days!...

Norman rolls his eyes (he looks tired).

JUDE (cont'd)
It takes a lot of medicine to keep up this pace.

At the other end of the white-on-white platform, someone's head turns. A dark figure is just ascending the central staircase. It's Coco.

Coco's POV, as she reaches the top and approaches the swirl of people, all turning, staring, smiling--all except one:

Jude, seated with his back to camera, his defiant cloud of hair a graphic snub.

NORMAN

Coco!

COCO

Norman, darling--I'm so sorry we're late--It was all my fault-

Sonny lands in front of her, glowing and awkward.

SONNY

Hey. What's happenin'?

COCO

What's happening? I feel like complete crap is what's happening.

SONNY

Well--ya don't look it!

Jude, she sees, still hasn't budged--so she pulls Sonny in for an extended kiss. Subtly or not--everyone takes note.

Slow PUSH-IN on the back of Jude's head, finally turning to see for himself.

JUDE

Wow. Would you look at that!

Coco breaks off, taking out a compact.

JUDE (cont'd)

True love... Here in the land of Charles Atlas and the bomb.

COCO

(stepping away)

Oh, fuck off!

SONNY

(to Jude, as a buddy)

Listen, she's been--she's just been real uptight lately-

JUDE

Oh she has. Oh I see.

COCO

Yes, in fact, if you'd like to know --It's been complete *shit*. Angelina's been missing for four days straight-

SONNY

Her cat.

COCO

You don't have to tell him--Judey knows who Angelina is, don't you Judey.

JUDE

(innocent)

Uhh. If you're asking if I remember your little pussy--'Course I do.

Burst of laughter--even Sonny can't stifle a smile. But Coco just tosses a fake smirk, rolling her eyes.

COCO

(to Mona)

Charming.

Mona returns a thin smile and looks off.

Sonny tries putting an arm around Coco, who recoils.

JUDE

She had the sweetest little pussy--
'specially if you're into teeth.

SONNY

Okay, man.

Coco turns, shutting her eyes and screams. She marches to the stairway and starts circling down. Sonny hurries after.

SONNY (cont'd)

Hey--Baby-

COCO

Don't call me that.

HIGH ANGLE from top of stairway ZOOMS-IN steadily on the two of them, spotlit as they reach the ground. There, Sonny tries to comfort her but she pushes him off and runs (as we hear):

JUDE (O.S.)

I tell you, love and sex, are two things that really hang people up. Why that is I'll never fully understand.

MOMENTS LATER

FOLLOW Jude slowly descending the stairs, addressing camera, as the sexual underground passes from behind.

JUDE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 One thing, though--it has nothing
 to do with male and female.
 There are too many other things
 that people just won't let
 themselves be involved in. So its
 really whatever two souls happen to
 be. Or three.

INT. CLUB SILVER - GROUND LEVEL - LATER

Suddenly the lightbox walls have become gigantic screens,
 projecting the face of LBJ proclaiming (in treated newsreel):

LBJ (ONSCREEN)
 Death to all those who would
 whimper and cry! (big applause)

CLOSE SHOT of Sonny, staring out from the shadows, while Jude
 sits behind him lighting a big cigar.

SONNY
 Did she--you think she--?

BRIEF ECU of Jude, temples coiling--accompanied by a tonal
 chill.

WIDE ANGLE Club Silver--suddenly the lightbox walls have
 become gigantic screens, projecting the BLACK TARANTULA ON
 WHITE, huge in CLOSE-UP, eating a mosquito in HIGH SPEED and
 suddenly tearing off from wall to wall.

Jude, in the foreground, finishes lighting his cigar, with
 Sonny now in the rear, facing Jude.

JUDE
 Don't worry, man. She'll be back.
 Chick's gotta shit on something.

The lightbox walls suddenly cloud into shots from underwater.

SONNY
 (a mumble)
 Wudduya mean?

JUDE
 What do I mean? What do I mean?

Mona, a few yards away, turns to listen.

SONNY
 What? (nothing) Listen. If you
 didn't want me to go out with her -

JUDE
 Who are you? Why are you even here?

Sonny shakes his head, looking down--as we see Jude projected huge against white, peering down like a strange giant.

JUDE (cont'd)

You're like a shadow, man. A remainder. Maybe you were hip once but that trick got old a long time ago. Now every time you open yer mouth it's like, how long's this gonna take?

We see Norman, listening, dropping his head.

Coco, further off, steps out of the shadows, accompanied by a white-haired man.

JUDE (cont'd)

Not like anyone's gonna tell you to yer face--No one wants to deal with a pathetic situation--so I have to.

Sonny, paralyzed, slips on his shades--as images on the wall quicken: Jude with a hammer, a candle, a framed Mona Lisa, shots of Coco against white, the tarantula, etc.

JUDE (cont'd)

It's sad, man. You used to be funny! But there's nothin' funny, okay?--about a clueless parasite. Get real, man--You honestly think that chick sees you as anything but a tool? Who are you kidding?

Sonny, rigid in ECU, makes a tiny snapping sound and shivers.

JUDE

Oh, no. You gotta be kidding me! I can't even watch this.

Once again, LBJ projected on the walls:

LBJ (ONSCREEN)

The sky isn't yellow--it's chicken!

A tear slides down Sonny's nose as he makes a quick sniff. A female hand appears on his neck--PAN UP to Mona, staring at Jude in disbelief. Behind her the walls twinkle with stars.

MONA

People said you could be a real cocksucker.

JUDE

Yea, well, it ain't what goes into a man's mouth that defiles him.

MONA

No.
(dead serious)
It's what comes out.

Jude struggles out of his seat.

JUDE

Ahh--good and evil are words
invented by people trapped in
scenes.

Standing, Jude swoons a little from the altitude and goes swaying into Sonny, clutching him. He looks up, makes a short gasp--and sprays an arm of vomit all over his victim.

Everybody just stares.

AGENT (V.O.)

So how do you get your kicks these
days?

ARTHUR

INT. WHITE WALL

ARTHUR

I hire people to look into my eyes,
and then I let them kick me.

AGENT (O.S.)

And that's how you get your kicks?

ARTHUR

No. Then I forgive them. That's
where my kicks come in.

A note of ill-ease introduces:

Cold Irons Bound

JUDE

INT. CLUB SILVER - REAR EXIT - LATER

Security men are rushing Jude out of the club, flanked on either side by Sonny and Norman--as Mona, Mike and a slew of others follow.

Five men are pushing two dark doors open on a wall of screaming fans who pour into the sunken vestibule like lava.

The Security Men begin shoving bodies out of the way to clear space. One Guard pulls out his club, as the anxious, driving music rises.

EXT. CLUB SILVER - ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

MOVING CLOSE-UP of Jude, being dragged through a sea of fans. Camera RISES OVERHEAD as a wave of bodies overtake him and he

is pulled from Sonny and Norman. A chorus of shrieks fill the air.

CLOSER SHOTS reveal hands clutching at Jude's clothes and hair, and guards clubbing the offenders.

INT. LIMO - MOMENTS LATER

The door closes shut on Jude alone--sudden quiet. Muted behind glass the struggles of the crowd are even more chilling. It's hard to tell who in fact is in the cage.

A chilly omen of music rises as the car begins inching forward. Jude glances over-

He sees one Girl, her hair dripping, burst through the crowd and stop, glaring at him with queer intensity.

Jude is strangely transfixed.

The Girl mouths "I love you" through the glass, only inches from him, as we continue PULLING AWAY. Then something in her hand--a match, which she lights--instantly ignites her hair, which goes up in flames.

The crowd parts, clearing the sacrifice, as we continue PULLING OFF--the eyes of the burning girl serenely fixed on Jude.

Jude, through the glass, stares into camera.

AERIAL CU - JUDE PASSED-OUT (INT. PENTHOUSE) - He twitches, music swarming.

A brazen gospel song cuts it: *Trouble In Mind*

EXT. CHURCH HILL - DAY

Circling the white, modern monument a huge, white, tortured Christ is revealed, affixed to the front of the plaster monolith, gazing down on the sweeping valley.

HIGH ANGLE (Christ's-eye-view) looks down on two microscopic visitors (FISHEYE LENS)--Jude and Ginsberg, shouting up in his direction:

JUDE

Son, you'd bedder get down offa
that thang! Yer labble to git
yersaylf keeld! (to Ginsberg)
That boy's in a fix.
(back to Christ) Hey--how does it
feel?

LOW ANGLE on our mangled savior with Ginsberg in the foreground, looking up.

GINSBERG

(softly)
 Man that is born of woman is of few
 days, and full of trouble.

*I got to know, Lord, when to pull back on the reins,
 Death can be the result of the most underrated pain.
 Satan whispers to ya, "Well, I don't want to bore ya,
 But when ya get tired of the Miss So-and-so/I got another woman for ya*

INT. PENTHOUSE

AERIAL CLOSE-UP Jude, passed-out, responding as if to a dream
 (slow ZOOM-IN)

JUDE (V.O.)

(reverberant)

So why when nations rage and
 kingdoms totter--when disaster
 follows hard on disaster and terror
 hangs on every side-

EXT. CHURCH HILL

FAST ZOOM-OUT from Jude who demands of his icon-

JUDE

Why has thou made me thy mark?

The song comes to a crashing halt.

JUDE (cont'd)

(normal audio)

Huhh?!!

BRIEF SHOT - ECU JUDE'S EYES PASSED-OUT (INT. PENTHOUSE) -
 jolt reflex.

Song resumes on:

pastor john [TV DOCUMENTARY RETURNS, INTRODUCING
 PASTOR JOHN ROLLINS (PORTRAYED BY THE SAME ACTOR)]

BRIEF MONTAGE--ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE (1970'S):

A grainy, stock collection of images: glossy sixties
 psychedelia leads to seventies cocaine and disco, gay
 protests, abortion rights, Nixon and corruption: Brooke
 Shields in *Pretty Baby*, Jody Foster in *Taxi Driver*, etc.

As the song's acid-gospel chorus kicks in strong:

*Trouble in mind, Lord, trouble in mind,
 Lord, take away this trouble in mind.*

B&W STILL - JACK ROLLINS PERFORMING (1964)

ZOOM-IN on Jack, posing with his guitar, and HOLD on his face:

PASTOR JOHN (V.O.)
I watched the sixties turn into the
seventies and everyone I know--
succumb, you know. And I realized-

DISSOLVE TO:

COLOR STILL - PASTOR JOHN ROLLINS(1983)

CLOSE on another face, in bifocals, that of PASTOR JOHN. ZOOM-OUT to reveal a paunchy, balding version of the former Jack, posed in clerical robes before a powder-blue drop.

PASTOR JOHN (cont'd)
... doesn't matter how much money
you got--there are two kinds of
people in the world: lost people
and saved people.

EXT. ARIZONA HILLS--DAY

A SERIES OF SHOTS: The Arizona landscape, in all its biblical dryness.

FEMALE TV HOST
In Spring of 1974, Jack Rollins
followed his girlfriend Angel
Reeves to Arizona and enrolled in a
course of bible study-

EXT. GATEWAY FELLOWSHIP CHURCH - ARIZONA - DAY

Slow ZOOM-OUT from the Female TV Host, strolling toward camera and settling outside the modern beige structure.

FEMALE TV HOST
-here...at the Arizona Gateway
Fellowship, a Pentecostal assembly
just outside Phoenix.

RACK-FOCUS to the name on the building behind her: "THE GATEWAY FELLOWSHIP", a new-agey, airy construct crowned with a modern-art crucifix.

FEMALE TV HOST (V.O.) (cont'd)
Six months later, Rollins accepted
Jesus into his heart.

EXT. CHURCH GARDEN - DAY

An EX-PRODUCER, another Gateway member, is interviewed.

EX-PRODUCER

I remember writing him--just
telling him how great it felt, not
having to put your faith in man
anymore. (big smile)

EXT. CHURCH PATIO - DAY

Another member of the church (T-BONE) sits under a tree.

T-BONE

I didn't know him then but sure I
knew who he was. People worshipped
him. I think only Jesus could have
unburdened someone like that from
such--omnipotence.

INT. PASTOR JOHN'S OFFICE

PASTOR JOHN

It was a physical thing. I felt it.
All over me. The glory of the Lord
knocked me down and picked me up.

EXT. HAROLD SQUARE - NEW YORK -DAY (1974)

KINESCOPE: In a TV-doco "REENACTMENT", set to an hypnotic
synthesizer, we ZOOM-IN steadily from an AERIAL VIEW of busy
New York streets and sidewalks.

PASTOR JOHN (V.O.)

'Cause it's hard not to go to hell.
There's so many distractions, so
many influences; you start walking
right and pretty soon there's
somebody out there gonna drag you
down.

ZOOM continues into the flow of people, until ONE MAN trips
on another and falls, crowds spinning past.

The man, glancing up, catches sight of something in the sky
and pulls himself up--not Jack as much as a Jack "type". He
stands staring as we SETTLE.

PASTOR JOHN (V.O.) (cont'd)

But sure as we're livin' and sure
as we're born--Look up, look up!

Three elongated angels play horns, hanging in the sky over
Harold Square.

PASTOR JOHN (V.O.) (cont'd)

Gabriel blows his horn.

INT. CHURCH OUTER OFFICE - DAY

We see Pastor John, chatting awkwardly with Two Secretaries and a Junior Pastor (audio low).

FEMALE TV HOST (V.O.)

Today, the one-time sixties folk hero is a fully ordained member of the Gateway ministry, and an active participant in the State's Evangelical community.

EXT. ENTRY GATE - GATEWAY FELLOWSHIP CHURCH - DAY

A FELLOW PASTOR, DAVID, stares thoughtfully,

PASTOR DAVID

We felt he was more qualified to preach the Gospel than anyone of our generation--because of his history. We strongly encouraged him that he had a platform and should be open to God's leading.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - GATEWAY FELLOWSHIP CHURCH - EVENING

A Bible study group shows heads nodding in agreement and content stares from devout parishioners. Later, Pastor John leads the round table discussion.

PASTOR JOHN

The burden of being God's chosen people, it's no burden on the Christian in this land, it's America's holy gift. And what greater honor for a nation than to speak for God.

INT. PASTOR JOHN'S OFFICE

He sits, listening to the TV Host who sits opposite (silent).

FEMALE TV HOST (V.O.)

Yet for the past two decades, Father John has remained silent about his past. I asked him why.

PASTOR JOHN

(with a strange smile)
"Old things are passed away, and all things are made anew".

FEMALE TV HOST

What do you say to critics of organized religion?

PASTOR JOHN

Well, Christ is no religion--we're not talking about religion. We're talking about truth.

FEMALE TV HOST

Does that mean other forms of worship are not the truth?

PASTOR JOHN

(a hint of his old testiness)

Hey, I didn't invent these things. These things were shown to me. You like drugs and homosexuality flooding the streets? Fine. Let Hollywood be your moral compass--I did.

[FAUX] NEWSREEL FOOTAGE - NEW YORK CITY (1976)

We see JOHN LENNON (the anti-Christ Beatle himself) stepping out of a gallery, one arm around his JAPANESE COMPANION.

PASTOR JOHN (V.O.)

John was someone I did contact, but he... resisted.

JOHN LENNON (ON VIDEO)

(in answer to some question:)

For whatever reason he's doing it, it is personal for him and he needs to do it. But the whole religion business just suffers from too much talk about--soldiers and marching and converting--That's one thing I admire about Buddhists--they don't proselytize...

He is pulled off, into the night, where the camera lingers for a moment:

PASTOR JOHN (V.O.)

Who knows. Might have saved his life.

A spiritual cradlesong begins softly:

Every Grain of Sand (extended intro)

INT. GATEWAY CHURCH - SUNDAY SERVICE

Pastor John preaches to the choir--an enthusiastic crowd:

PASTOR JOHN

I've never lied to you. I never told you who to vote for, or to follow anybody--back then, when I was selling my records. What I didn't know is that it didn't matter what kind of music you played--that folk and pop and rock'n'roll were all rolled up in the devil's pocket--I'm not talking about a devil with a pitchfork and horns. I'm talking about a spiritual devil. At the midnight hour! And he's got to be overcome. 'Cause the war to end all wars is coming, some say it has already begun--right now, in the Middle East, where it is prophesized the weak will fall and Jesus will set up his kingdom in Jerusalem where the lion will lay down with the lamb. We're not worried. We're already free. Right now! Someone's got to tell you that you're free! And why are you free? You're free because Jesus paid for you to be. That's why you're free, today and forever--'cause Jesus paid and prayed and bled and wept for you and you and you. And Jesus is coming home. Now pick up your bed and walk!

The congregation rises in cheer, audio fading (we hear):

*In the time of my confession/In the hour of my deepest need
When the pool of tears beneath my feet/Flood every newborn seed*

ROBBIE

INT. BEACHHOUSE - CLOSET - NIGHT

Robbie is standing on a stool taking down boxes.

-He lifts the finished stack and starts down the hall with them. One misshapen box slips out, capsizing on the floor--photos everywhere.

ROBBIE

Fuck!

-CLOSE AERIAL SHOT surveys the sprawl of images--shards of Robbie, Claire and the babies through the years, odd cards or letters strewn in--as Robbie refills the box. Now and then he stops, holds up a shot, smiling or squinting, and moves on.

*There's a dyin' voice within me/Reaching out somewhere
Toiling in the danger/And in the morals of despair.
Don't have the inclination to look back on any mistake*

Like Cain, I now behold this chain of events that I must break
 LATER

He tapes the last box shut and starts over to the others when he spots something on the floor.

An old carmel-colored envelope, a hostage from the box. He reaches down to get it, turning it over--and stops.

CLOSE-UP Robbie: a chill.

*In the fury of the moment I can see the Master's hand
 In every leaf that trembles, in every grain of sand.*

INT. TOPANGA CANYON HOUSE (1970) - MORNING

WIDE SHOT of an empty table bearing an open pad and pen--very slow ZOOM-IN. Music fades as a voice begins: Claire's.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

"...Because relations are always ambiguous and I continually fail to communicate... Because I continue to blame myself even when I'm not to blame..."

Claire hurries into frame, carrying her crying baby, and sits down at the desk to continue writing (steady ZOOM and music continue).

CLAIRE (V.O.) (cont'd)

"...because each failing has only made me more remote from myself, from my babies and from you..."

NEXT DAY

Robbie stands, back to camera, at the other end of the apartment (DIRECT REVERSE) beside a pile of luggage, reading the letter. Music fades.

CLAIRE (V.O.) (cont'd)

"For all these reasons and many more yet unknown--I must listen, I must look around more than ever"--

Claire, stepping in from the hall while breast-feeding Carlie, stops, seeing him.

Robbie turns, stopping as well.

CLAIRE (V.O.) (cont'd)

--"I must leave."

BRIEF FLASHBACK - INT. VILLAGE COFFEE SHOP - 1963 (silent)

CLOSE-UP Claire, as he first saw her, serious and young.

INT. TOPANGA CANYON HOUSE (1970) - LATER

CLOSE-UP Robbie, now seated. He looks up.

Claire is centered on the couch looking back. (WIDE)

Robbie is sitting in a chair with Claire's good-bye letter in his hands (WIDE REVERSE). Silence.

ROBBIE
(tight-lipped)
Alright.

Silence.

CLAIRE
Thank you.
Silence.

ROBBIE
But not with the girls.

CLAIRE
Yes, Robbie-

ROBBIE
(standing)
NO!

CLAIRE
(standing)
Robbie-

ROBBIE
You're not taking my kids!

CLAIRE
What are you going to do? What
would you do?

He glares back at her, then shakes his head, turning away.

CLAIRE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
(near tears)
Because I would, you know! Perhaps
I even would--if you actually
could... who knows?... But I'm not
going to take your children away
from you Robbie so you don't have
to try and threaten me!

She bursts into tears, as a plaintive guitar begins:
Idiot Wind (acoustic version)

Robbie steps forward, reaching out to Claire, who folds into his arms. He strokes the back of her hair.

Someone's got it in for me, they're planting stories in the press.

BILLY

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - RIDDLE - LATE DAY

CLOSE on Billy, breaking from a trance--all sounds are very distant. He looks up at

Clarice Henry, in her propped-up coffin, wind gently rustling her ribbon and hair. Beside her, the PRIEST speaks from a podium (unheard).

*Whoever it is I wish they'd cut it out quick,
but when they will I can only guess.*

We FOLLOW a blowing page from a newspaper as it flies up from behind the bandstand and seesaws through the air, settling on a man's boot.

Billy looks down and sees it. Slow ZOOM-IN on it's headline:
TOWNSHIPS BOW TO COMMISSIONER GARRETT.

He picks up the page and slowly lifts it into view.

Below a photograph of Commissioner GARRETT (70's, white) reads the sub-heading: **FAMED CAPTOR OF OUTLAW BILLY THE KID**, and beside it, a photograph of Garrett as a young Sheriff.

CLOSE-UP Billy (quiet ZOOM-IN), staring hard, then looking out toward the horizon.

There, in the distance, three cars are seen curving through the field, leaving three coils of dust rising in the sun.

*There's a lone soldier on the hill, watching falling raindrops form.
You wouldn't know it to look at him but at the final shot
He won the war, after losing every battle.*

Billy spits on the ground and looks out again, eyes narrowing.

ROBBIE

INT. TOPANGA CANYON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

BRIEF SHOTS--Robbie and Claire begin to make love--softly, mournfully--for the last time.

*I woke up on the roadside/Daydreaming about
The way things sometimes are.
Hoofbeats poundin' in my head at
Breakneck speed and makin' me see stars.*

INTERCUT with the following:

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY (1970-1)

VARIOUS SHOTS (NO SOUND):

- Claire hidden behind large sunglasses.
- Robbie with a beard, standing up and shouting.
- Robbie's Lawyer, pulling him down, talking to him.
- View of parking lot from 2nd-story window: we see Robbie cornering Claire--and each ones' lawyer barreling over.

*You hurt the ones that I love best, and cover up the truth with lies
One day you'll be in the ditch, flies buzzin' around your eyes,
Blood on your saddle.*

INT. FAMILY COURT - DAY (1971)

CUSTODY TRIAL:

-Claire avoiding Robbie's glances in the courtroom.
-Robbie, clean-shaven, looks around anxiously.
-Carlie waves to him, sitting with Robbie's parents.
-The gavel comes down and Robbie storms out of the room.

*Idiot wind, blowin' through the buttons on our coats
Blowin' through the letters that we wrote
Idiot wind, blowin' through the dust upon our shelves
We're idiots, babe, it's a wonder we can even feed ourselves*

INT. TOPANGA CANYON HOUSE - SUNSET (1973)

CLOSE-UP Claire, stroking Molly's head, who sobs in her lap.

MOLLY
I doon't wannaa go-ho-ho!... I doon't
wannaa gooo!!

CLAIRE
Shhhhh. Shhhhh.

Meanwhile, Carlie, stretched out on the floor, is swirling
crayons, completely immersed.

BRIEF ECU--colors overtaking colors.

INT. BEACHHOUSE - STUDY - NIGHT

Robbie leans over a work-bench full of paints and sparkles
and pastels, wrapping presents and making colorful cards for
his girls.

INT. TOPANGA CANYON HOUSE - NIGHT

TV-CHANNELS CHANGING

Music lowers as we stop on a black and white movie (familiar,
by now)--Robbie's breakthrough film, "Grain of Sand".

Claire, realizing what it is, stops for a moment to watch.

ON TV - (B&W) EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

CLOSE-UP Robbie, giving a speech to the dark-haired Actress
(the completed version of what we once saw being filmed):

ROBBIE [AS "JACK"]
You could sing about Mary Hamilton
and lemon trees or you could step
out, like me, and try and shake
this flytrap. But they stole the
(MORE)

ROBBIE [AS "JACK"] (cont'd)
 feeling, Alice. And I was their
 singin' picket sign! If I don't
 bust outa here quick and try and
 dope things out-
 (he stops, looking at her)
 So long, Alice.

ACTRESS [AS "ALICE"]
 Jack!... Where you gonna go?

Jack turns back a moment (LOW, MEDIUM SHOT), his billboard
 looming behind him.

ROBBIE [AS "JACK"]
 First place that doesn't know my
 name.

BILLY

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - RIDDLE - LATE DAY

CLOSE-UP Billy, guiding his horse closer while slipping on a
 milky-plastic mask with the eyes cut-out. An old rickety
 voice is booming through a megaphone:

GARRETT (O.S.)
 ...And so, good people of Riddle,
 we come with no intent of
 intrusion, but merely to commend
 you on your courage during this
 time of change.

Billy's POV of the bandstand slowly reveals a dark wizened
 figure, leaning from a wheelchair, surrounded by three State
 Agents in suits--Collections Commissioner PAT GARRETT (82,
 white) wears a tall black hat over long white hair.

ECU of Billy's eyes blinking through the plastic holes.

GARRETT (cont'd)
 And to furnish you directly with
 news that permission for the
 Evacuation Fund has been issued by
 the State of North Carolina, as I
 staked my promise it would be.

The three State Agents applaud vigorously, but the crowd
 looks on confused and disarmed.

A man standing near Billy, RABBIT BROWN (mid-50's, black),
 shakes his head.

RABBIT
 How's that gonna help a person?

GARRETT
 Dollar compensation will be
 available to all eligible evacuees,
 (MORE)

GARRETT (cont'd)
directly following relocation,
providing you can-

BILLY
Followin' relocation?

GARRETT
(tries continuing)
... providing you can establish-

BILLY
(through the mask))
You wanna... toss some pennies our
way after you've taken our homes
and our lives from us?

GARRETT
I assure--whoever that was--no one
up here is in the business of
takin' lives.

BILLY
Might wanna... 'xplain that to Mrs.
Henry over there.

Garrett looks over--Mrs. Henry looking up, standing beside
her daughter's coffin.

WOMAN IN CROWD
Yea!--or Miz Montgom'ry, er old man
Sikes!

BILLY (CONT'D)
Way I figure, you and yer -
commission got two mountains right
there in front o' you, flat as a
river on either side--'stead o'
shooting through the center and
taken our town 'long with you.

Cheers from the crowd.

GARRETT
Who was that talkin'?--You there!
Show your face.

BILLY
(starts to lift mask)
Just... speaking as any Riddler
here, yer honor.

Billy removes his mask and Garrett squints from the stage.

GARRETT
What's your name?

BILLY
My name?

GARRETT
Yes, sir.

BILLY
William.

CLOSE on Garrett who freezes into a sudden atrophied stare.
For an instant everything seems to stop.

GARRETT
William?

BILLY
Yes, sir, William. Thing is we--you
got us pretty much hangin' from a
thread, your honor, facing yer
waters of oblivion--we got no
choice but to demand our grievances
be heard.

TOWNFOLK
You tell 'em, Billy!...Mr. B knows!

GARRETT
Who are you--I know you.

BILLY
Uh--I don't reckon so, sir--no
reason that you would.

GARRETT
You ever live in Dallas County?

BILLY
Dallas County? No, sir, can't say I
have--

GARRETT
New Mexico?

BILLY
Nope. Hear nice things though.

GARRETT
And you never been on no Comanches
raids?

BILLY
(a shake of the head)
Never could shoot straight enough.
No--all we're askin' for your honor
is for you and yer boys to do as
you see fit--just so long as you
(MORE)

BILLY (cont'd)
steer clear o' this place and leave
us be.

The crowd booms, raising their arms, jumping and whistling.

GARRETT
(struggling to be heard)
Is that so...You might feel
differ'nt after that first blast
hits ya! (cackle) 'Cause we got
laws when it comes to hooligans-!

BILLY
Whatever you got--doesn't matter--
I'm determined to stand-

Billy is stopped by the crowd's sudden silence.

BILLY (quieter) (cont'd)
... whether God delivers me or not.

The STATE AGENT beside Garrett makes a gesture to the floor
and a Policeman surprises Billy from behind.

STATE AGENT
(shouting from the
bandstand)
You think you're speaking for the
people? Is that what you think, old
man? You just stirrin' up lies and
gettin' folks agitated!

GARRETT
(to Agent) What he say his name
was?

STATE AGENT
We have methods for dealing with
scoundrels like you!

The Policeman cuffs Billy behind his back.

RABBIT BROWN
Wudduya think yer doin'?

TOWNFOLK
What are you arrestin' him for?
...Yea!!...You have no right!

STATE AGENT
Boys, bring 'im in.

The Policeman starts pulling Billy off, who loses the reigns
of his horse. Rabbit makes a grab for the Policeman.

RABBIT BROWN
Hey!

The cop retaliates by clubbing Rabbit in the head--and the crowd surges.

As Billy is dragged off, Garrett's men point their guns at the crowd and Billy's horse begins to panic. Garrett, with megaphone, struggles to be heard over the tumult:

GARRETT

Ever'body just calm yerselves. We don't wanna be draggin' in no more insurgents on account o' bein' all worked up. Quiet up, now!!

Garrett, shaky, lifts his gun and shoots into the air. He's quickly whisked off the stage as the crowd storms the bandstand. Billy's horse goes rearing mad and the Giraffe, in the distance, runs amok. All sounds quickly drop for

BILLY (V.O.)

It takes a thief to catch a thief.

BILLY

INT. GARRETT'S CAR - MOVING - SUNSET

Garrett's car is speeding around the great black hill, licked golden by the setting sun.

Close on Billy catching sight of something out the window:

Homer Houndstooth, standing off to the side of the road, staring bug-eyed at Billy sped by in the car. He is holding his bag of tools in one hand and waving to Billy with the other before being swallowed up in taildust.

INT. PRISON - RIDDLE - NIGHT

The cell door slams.

JUDE

EXT. WOODSTOCK - DAY

BRIEF CLOSE-UP--Jude pulls his bike's rip cord into gear.

EXTREME LONG SHOT--Jude rides across the green hillside as we hear, over the distant purring motor:

FOLK GURU (V.O.)

I don't know if I even see Jude getting onstage a year from now. He's gotten inside so many people's psyches--and death is just such a part of the American scene right now.

Slowly rising, a haunting, pained, half-conscious song emerges, which carries over a series of scenes:

I'm Not There (1956)

INT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

BRIEF ECU--Jude's eyes flutter in sleep.

LOW POV (FISH-EYE LENS)--everybody staring down at Jude through murky light: A PHYSICIAN, just completing his examination, with Sonny looking on and Norman and the Folk Guru reacquainted.

PHYSICIAN (V.O.)

His vitals are stable. I wouldn't move him. What he needs is sleep--and plenty of it.

NORMAN

Thanks, doc.

SONNY

(to no one in particular)
It's the reds that make him mean.

CLOSE-UP Jude, passed-out on the floor--slow ZOOM-IN:

ARTHUR (V.O.)

I know I have a sickness, festering somewhere. I don't mean like Woody Guthrie--wasting away in some hospital.

ARTHUR

INT. WHITE WALL (music holding):

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

I couldn't do that, decay like that. That's nature's will and I'm against nature. I don't dig nature at all. Anyway, the only truly natural things are dreams... which nature can't touch with decay.

ROBBIE

INT. TOPANGA CANYON HOUSE - MORNING (1973)

Claire helps Carlie open the door onto Robbie, who holds Claire's boxes and his gifts for the girls. He hugs Carlie and smiles at Molly, stationed beside her mother. But he keeps the spirits light, dispensing gifts and boxes, and soon both girls are enticed, headed out the door with their daddy.

EXT. TOPANGA CANYON HOUSE - DAY

CLOSE-UP, putting the girls in their seatbelts and shutting the door. She remembers something she left inside the house and runs back to get it.

CLOSE--she hands Robbie the divorce papers--quick ADJUST: he glances up at her and back down again with a quick nod.

Claire at the door of the car. Despite herself, a split-second glance to Robbie remembers.

When he looks up again he's smiling, starting off.

INT. ROBBIE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Claire, through the rear window, waving goodbye. Shift to Robbie's thick lashes, glancing back.

INTERCUT WITH:

ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE - PARIS PEACE TREATY (1973)

-Close on the actual peace treaty signing.

-President Nixon and Le Duc Tho shaking hands.

BILLY

EXT. PRISON - RIDDLE - NIGHT

CLOSE on the window of Billy's jailcell--jiggled loose from its frame, dust swirling in the moonlight.

Moments later Billy jumps down to greet Homer who stands below holding a metal saw in one hand and his bag of tools in the other.

HOMER

Don't you worry, Mr. B. Your secrets safe with me.

BILLY

(looking off)

God save the secrets--And you, Homer.

HOMER

Thanks.

Rising up through the music, the distant purring of a train.

EXT. RAILYARD - LATER

CLOSE on Billy running alongside the barreling locomotive and leaping into the first empty car.

INT. BOXCAR - DAWN

As the train barrels along--Billy watches the town of Riddle fade from view, music fading with it. As the rumble of the locomotive subsumes the rest--a dog barks in the distance.

CLOSE-UP Billy, who squints, seeing something out against the sloping hills--some kind of animal, running faster than it ever has--a black dog. Billy's dog, Henry.

BILLY
Henry!! HENRY!! C'mon, girl--you
can do it!

But the train is too far along, gaining speed and soon Henry stops running and Billy leans out watching her as he goes.

BILLY (cont'd)
Ahh--Henry, my beauty!... Goodbye
my lady.

Only the sound of wind for several seconds, then--
Sad-Eyed Lady of the Lowlands

EXT. CRASH-SITE - WOODSTOCK - MOMENTS AFTER CRASH

A slow LATERAL TRACK inches past the steaming knot of twisted metal, burning cloudy blue, accompanied by the waltzing elegiac grandeur of the music. We PASS the gnarled, smoking tree, and finally, the glimpse of a bloody arm between mangled handlebars. After several beats of music we hear:

JUDE (V.O.)
It doesn't matter what kind of
nasty names people invent for the
music. It could be called arsenic
music, or Phaedra music, for all I
care.

JUDE
INT. LIMO - NIGHT

We watch the play of light dance across the ceiling of the car like an apparition, melting into slowly scaling geometries--as Jude speaks from the back of his limo, alone.

JUDE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Folk music is a word I just can't
use anymore. What I'm talking about
is traditional music--which is to
say mathematical music, based on
hexagons.

BILLY
MONTAGE (PREVIOUS SHOTS):

From the ghoulish children cracked in poster-paint to the face of Clarice Henry--a quick survey of Riddle curiosities:

JUDE(V.O.) (cont'd)
All these songs about roses growing
out of people's brains, and lovers
who are really geese and swans that
(MORE)

JUDE(V.O.) (cont'd)
turn into angels--They're not going
to die.

JUDE

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

JUDE (CONT'D)
Obviously, death is not so
universally accepted. But mystery
you can be sure of, since they're
all so full of mystery.

INT. TV SET

We see Mr. Jones, back on the set of his commentary show,
addressing camera.

JONES
And contradictions?

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

Jude responds--without hostility--also to camera.

JUDE
Yea--contradictions.

INT. TV SET - CLOSER

JONES
And chaos?

INT. LIMO

We glide through dark London streets, dark stretches of park
or residence, passing in the night, music fading.

JUDE (O.S.)
Chaos, watermelon, clocks,
everything. Traditional music
doesn't need protection.

Jude--with tannic shadows scaling his face.

JUDE (cont'd)
In that music is the only true,
valid death you can feel today off
a record player. But like anything
else in great demand, people try to
own it. It has to do with a purity
thing. I think its meaninglessness
is holy.

MONA (V.O.)
He'll be alright, won't he?

NORMAN (V.O.)
He better. He's got 83 shows to go.

BRIEF SHOT - WOODSTOCK HILLSIDE - DAY

We hear the crash of a distant motorcycle.

ARTHUR
INT. WHITE WALL

REVERSE SHOT--the first so far--revealing the AGENT (dark-haired, white, late-40's), seated several yards away, plus a Secretary and Aid seated behind him. With his chin resting in his hand, he stares at Arthur with laser intensity--trying to get to the core of something.

CLOSE SHOT (over-the shoulder) on Arthur.

ARTHUR
Are we done?

MATCHING REVERSE on the Agent, his eyes slowly narrowing.

AGENT
I wish I could say we were.

ARTHUR
What?

AGENT
As it turns out, I'm afraid--we're gonna have to hold you.

ARTHUR
What?--Are you kidding me? On what charges?!

AGENT
Well, willful dissemination of subversive material, for one.

ARTHUR
What are you talking about?

AGENT
Corruption. Conspiracy. Endangering the welfare of minors. Not to mention-

ARTHUR
(in disbelief)
Are you--out of your mind?--what century is this?

The classic irreverent skat rises up fast, overtaking all:
Subterranean Homesick Blues

AGENT

-material and inferred involvement with known belligerent, paramilitant, or multi-terrorist organizations, including such factions known as the Black Panther Party, Brown Panther Party, Chicago Seven, Intrepid Four, The Diggers, Weather Underground, Simbionese Liberation Army, Baader-Meinhauf Group, Palestinian Liberation Organization, Jewish Defence League, IRA, ACU, A-C-T...

...Johnny's in the basement/Mixin' up the medicine
I'm on the pavement/Thinking 'bout the government
The man in the trench-coat/Badge out, laid off
Say's he's got a bad cough/Wants to get it paid off...

BRISK FADE TO BLACK

BILLY

INT. BOXCAR - MORNING

CLOSE-UP Billy opening his eyes from sleep. He lifts his head, looking around, his hair stuck up like a tongue. He sits up from a warped piece of wood tottering against the floor and shoves it out of the way. Underneath he finds an old blanket, some industrial tubing--and an old guitar case, white with dust which Billy pries loose, covering himself with the powder. He unclasps its one remaining clip and opens --(faintly, we hear): *Mr. Tambourine Man*

Inside, still in one piece, the old acoustic guitar is missing two strings. Billy gives them a strum and they burp. He flaps it shut and gives it a brush with his arm. But he spots something and starts brushing more dirt from the case.

CLOSE-UP case, where a forgotten slogan scrawled in white can just be seen, peeking through: **THIS MACHINE KILLS FASCISTS.**

The distant murky music hangs in the air, holding under:

BILLY (V.O.)

People are always talking about freedom, freedom to live a certain way, without being kicked around. Course, the more you live a certain way the less it feels like freedom.

In the last blue light of the day Billy sees an elephant passing along the mute horizon.

WOODY JACK ROBBIE JUDE JOHN BILLY

BRIEF SHOTS - CENTRAL CHARACTERS IN THE FILM:

Voice and music continue over a string of silent glimpses from prior scenes, glimpses of--Woody. Jack. Robbie. Jude. Pastor John. And Billy.

BILLY (V.O.) (cont'd)
 Me--I don't know. I can change
 during the course of a day. I wake
 and I'm one person and when I go to
 sleep I know for certain I'm
 somebody else. I don't know who I
 am most of the time.

BILLY

INT. BOXCAR - DAY - DAYS LATER

CLOSE on the strings of the guitar (music has stopped) and Billy making his first clumsy strum. Slow PULL-OUT as he continues, plinking plinking, gradually relaxing, learning as he goes.

We continue out the door of the car, rising up over the train. The music opens-

*Yes, to dance beneath the diamond sky with one hand waving free
 Silhouetted by the sea, circled by the circus sands,
 With all memory and fate driven deep beneath the waves,
 Let me forget about today until tomorrow.*

INT. BOXCAR - DAY

CLOSE on Billy looking up.

BILLY(V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Maybe no one's free, being who they
 are.

A cuckoo, circling overhead.

BILLY (V.O. CONT'D) (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 Even the birds are chained to the
 sky.

A distant swirling harmonica solo has risen.

CLIP - "EAT THE DOCUMENT" (COLOR/1966)

We WALK HANDHELD through huddled fans outside a theater, gazing out as we pass. The muffled harmonica continues.

CONCERT FOOTAGE

CLOSE-UP BOB DYLAN performing the long, swirling solo on self-fastened harmonica. The large-lidded eyes, innocent and solemn, the amphibious, puckering cheeks and the shimmering tones unfolding and unfolding, never quite resolving--as we very slowly

FADE TO BLACK

CLOSING CREDITS

Like a Rolling Stone