

March 16, 1990

THE DOORS

By

Oliver Stone

Music and Lyrics by The Doors

Additional Poetry by Jim Morrison

"I am not mad
I am interested in freedom"

Jim Morrison
(1943-1971)

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1. INT. BLACK SCREEN

1

MORRISON'S VOICE

The movie will begin in five moments
The mindless voice announced
All those unseated will await the next show
We filed slowly, languidly into the hall
The auditorium was fast and silent
As we seated and were darkened
The voice continued
"The program for this evening is not new
You've seen this entertainment
Through and through
You've seen your birth, your life and death
You might recall all the rest
Did you have a good world when you died?
Enough to base a movie on?"

FADE IN:

2. INT. RECORDING STUDIO (LAST SESSION) - LA DEC 1970 - NIGHT

2

A dark silence hovers along the deserted, bunker-like studio. MIKE stands and booms shadow a grand piano ...

The ENGINEER waits in the booth, lit, alert man, bored, fiddling ...

*

ENGINEER

*

Hey Jim, It's your birthday man, whaddaya say we try this another night...

Camera moving tentatively along the shadows, discovering the sidelight on a Navy-surplus pea jacket thrown on a chair, moving to a candle's orange flutter on pages written with verse ... a hand breaking the seal of the bottle of Irish Bushmill's whiskey.

VOICE (off)

Kill the lights a little more, will ya John?

They might drop a bit more ... Camera crawling past the FINGERS weaving a new cigarette out of the Marlboro pack. An ashtray full of butts ... and an asthmatic horrid cough, filled with phlegm ... crawling up the slight paunch in the bright jersey with #66 on it ... stitched on the sleeve is the team mascot -- an American Indian in full headdress.

ENGINEER (off)

Hey man, how come the Doors aren't in on this?

*

Camera revealing JAMES DOUGLAS MORRISON, -- 27, poet, buried in the shadows, curls of cigarette smoke about his haunted sensuous eyes, meditative lips scragged with beard and long greasy hair, not a pretty sight, yet a man full and bold and struggling for survival through his words ... beneath the Bushmill moon, he takes the tambourine and shakes it violently in our face

JIM
No music, No Doors. Let's roll...Is
everybody in? ... Is Everybody in?...Is
everybody in? The ceremony is about to
begin ...

He shakes a TAMBOURINE at the mike and one of his sudden giant
Indian YELLS rock through the studio.

JIM (CONT'D)
WAKE UP!!!! HAS THIS DREAM STOPPED!!!!

Music riffs from "American Prayer". AUDIENCE SOUNDS ghostly on the
track. The ENGINEER reeling backwards from the sudden shift in
sound, cursing silent. *

JIM VOICE
Let me tell you about the heartache and the loss of God
Wandering wandering in hopeless night *
Indian's scattered on dawn's highway bleeding ghosts *
crowd the young child's fragile eggshell mind...(wind sounds)

The GRIN on Jim's face magnesium flares out to:

3 EXT. ARIZONA DESERT - DAY (1940S) 3

The blinding YELLOWNESS of the desert, so barren, so hot it stings
to look at. An OLD CHEVROLET winds through the yellow-orange
landscape beneath a brooding blue SKY crackling with ELECTRICITY --
the storm coming in in the distance as the MUSIC writhes out at us
like a reptile from under a rock -- the beat of RIDERS ON THE STORM.

DOORS SONG
Riders on the storm (2)
Into this house we're born
Into this world we're thrown
Like a dog without a bone
An actor out on loan
Riders on the storm

4 CREDITS ROLL, OVER THIS DREAMSCAPE 4

JIM VOICE
(continues over imagery) ...me and my
mother and father and grandmother and
grandfather were driving through the
desert at dawn and a truckload of
Indian workers had either hit another
car or just -- I don't know what
happened...Indians were scattered all
over the highway bleeding to death.

4A INT. CAR - DAY 4A

MOM, DAD, the youngest BABY in the front seat -- pointing at the
storm.

GRANDMA & GRANDAD in the back with JIM, about 4 and his SISTER, 3
asleep.

Mom's a beauty and Dad's an austere handsome military man in civilian clothes, mouthing words -- look, wake them up, a desert storm ... but we barely hear

A LIGHTNING BOLT shreds the blue sky with a thunderous sound, frightening dawn of creation ...

Grandma nudging Jim awake. His eyes open --

Just as the car turns the bend -- revealing

An overturned TRUCK lying in the road -- dead and wounded INDIANS everywhere ...
A cop car, ambulance. A terrible accident ...

The first thing Jim sees ...

An old INDIAN FACE staring at him ...

The car pulling alongside, Dad rolling his window down ...asking if he can help
(SOUNDLESS)

A line of wailing INDIAN WOMEN, CHILDREN

Mom's scared face ...

JIM VOICE (cont)

...but it was the first time I tasted fear. I musta been
about four, like a child is just like a flower, his head
is floating in the breeze.

Grandma trying to hide Jim's face but he looks back ...

The cop waving them through

The kid looking back through the rear window, terrified -- his first view of death. The
bodies, the sense of doom overlaying the land -- a child's worst nightmare.

MOM

It's just a dream, Jimmy, just a dream

SONG (continues)

There's a killer on the road
His brain is squirming like a toad
Take a long holiday
Let your children play
If you give this man a ride
Sweet family will die
There's a killer on the road

The boy's eyes going back to the Indian MAN looking at him ... then to the dying opened
body bleeding out its guts on the asphalt ... the dying man's face, twisted, moaning,
amazing eyes at the point of death -- they settle on Jim

MOM

It's just a dream Jimmy, just a dream

A strange SOUND occurs -- the rattle of an ancient gourd, "shi-chi-chi, shi-chi-chi". Something flying through the air. A bull-roarer, a whirling leather thong, announcing the appearance of a shaman.

INTO JIM -- his eyes staring out the back His receding point of view -- the Indians, the overturned truck ...

JIM VOICE (cont)

...The reaction I get now looking back is the soul of the ghosts of those dead Indians -- maybe one or two of them were just running around freaking out and just leaped into my soul -- and they're still there. (wind, music)

*

SONG

Girl you gotta love your man (2)
Take him by the hand
Make him understand

The car pulling away across the giant 1940's landscape

DISSOLVING TO:

5. EXT. ARIZONA DESERT - DAY (1963)

5

SUBTITLE READS: ARIZONA DESERT, 1963. CREDITS CONTINUE TO ROLL.

Panning up the black chino pants to JIM MORRISON, now 20, steel seaman's suitcase in hand, thumbing a ride, the road sign behind him saying "Los Angeles 370 miles"

SONG (cont)

The world on you depends
Our life will never end
Girl you gotta love your man

A LARGE LIZARD in the dust cocks its head, blinks, as the boots walk by to the car pulling over.

6. INT. CAR

6

JIM in the backseat packed with HUSBAND, WIFE, CHILDREN, DOG, MOTHER-IN-LAW. Between boy and man, eyes ancient and new. He wears his favorite color: black -- torn black chinos, paint-spotted black t-shirt, a slouch his favorite pose but the eyes and smile can be warm and shy like a little boy, gentle surface, storm in the brain.

The HUSBAND, now looking at Jim a little nervously, pushes up the Perry Como on the radio ... as it cuts to a sudden news flash:

RADIO

... from the Texas School Book Depository. We repeat. President John F. Kennedy was shot a few minutes ago in Dallas!

SLOW MOTION: The Husband's face distorting, saying something on the track like: "What! God NO!" but it's subdued, low. Trying other stations.

Jim turns to look out his window, as if he already knew.

RADIO (2nd VOICE)

... taken to Parkland Memorial Hospital. There's no word on the President's condition. Mrs. Kennedy is ...

The WIFE'S and HUSBAND'S VOICES seem lost in the background.

WIFE & HUSBAND

Oh God, Oh God. Not the President for Christ's sake.
Oh God -- WHO'S NEXT?

On Jim -- staring out the window. "Who's next!"

SONG

Riders on the storm (4)

On the DESERT.

DISSOLVE TO:

7. EXT. VENICE BOARDWALK - LOS ANGELES - DAY (1965)

7

SUBTITLE READS: VENICE, CALIFORNIA 1965

CREDITS continue to their conclusion as we segue into the BLUENESS of VENICE, CALIFORNIA, 1965 -- the dawn of a new age. All was possible.

Individual SHOTS of the BOARDWALK throbbing with a feast of HIPPIES, head shops, ARTISTS drawing psychedelic murals, POT SMOKERS, MUSCLE BUILDERS, tambourines accompanying the transistor radios on the Beach Boys and "I Got You Babe", dogs chasing frisbees, BIKINI BODIES on the beach, LSD sold over the counter ... set to the upbeat chords of *HELLO I LOVE YOU*

DOORS SONG

Hello I love you
Won't you tell me your name?
Hello I love you
Let me jump in your game
She's walking down the street
Blind to every eye she meets
Do you think you'll be the guy
To make the queen of the angels sigh?

JIM, in torn black chinos, no shirt, walking real slow past it all, carrying a notebook of his own and a paperback of Baudelaire, his eyes settling on ...

A YOUNG BEAUTY and her yellow labrador -- a fashionable thin, long, red-haired "20th century fox" in jeans moving through the crowd ...

He thinks about it -- a fraction of eternity -- and he's off ... after her.

3 EXT. VENICE CANAL - DAY

8

She moves along its banks, as if the universe moved to her rhythm, turning once to look back. Jim caught in her eyes. They're alone. Now he's the one seized by doubt. He slows, pretends to take another interest.

DOORS SONG

She holds her head so high
Like a statue in the sky
Her arms are wicked
And her legs are long
When she moves
My brain screams out this song

8A EXT. VENICE CANAL - ANOTHER CANAL - DAY

8A

As she turns into another street, he resumes following her. She gets to a house, goes in. There's a group of people partying. He stops, watches.

DOORS SONG

Sidewalk crouches at her feet
Like a dog that begs for something sweet
Do you hope to make her see you, fool?
Do you hope to pluck this dusky jewel?

9 EXT. PAMELA'S HOUSE - VENICE CANAL - THAT EVENING

9

The two story house has a quaint run-down charm. Friends have dropped by, people smoking joints, beers.

She's on the upstairs balcony -- talking with a YOUNG MAN (professor type) in his 30's, who passes her a joint. *

JIM lurks in the shadows of the trees; he's been standing outside watching. ... The MUSIC shifts to the quieter LOVE STREET.

DOORS SONG

She lives on Love Street
Lingers long on Love Street
She has a house and garden
I would like to see what happens

The YOUNG MAN gestures, and goes back inside the house. She's alone now on the balcony, sitting on a kitchen table... *

It's now or never. Jim scales the tree alongside the house with the agility of a gymnast.

DOORS SONG

She has robes and she has monkeys
Lazy diamond studded flunkies
She has wisdom and knows what to do
She has me and she has you

CONTINUED

The girl's grinding up pot in an old shoebox with a spoon and kitchen strainer. She looks up and sees his crotch three feet from her face, balanced there effortlessly on the railing like a highwire act, opens her mouth in surprise. *

Jim drops softly to the balcony, a smile of disarming gentleness. *

JIM

Hi ...

GIRL

Wow! Hi ...(looking at the tree) You have a problem with doors?

JIM

Waste of time...

His head cocked slightly onto his left shoulder, he drawls, southern gentleman, polite, slow, thoughtful as if he had all the time in the world, as if the guy would never come back. *

JIM (CONT'D)

I followed you ... from the beach ...

GIRL (impressed)

Wow! You followed me? Why?

JIM

...cause...you're the one...

He moves. Kisses her swiftly, softly, right on the lips. *

GIRL (mesmerized, awkward)

Wow...neat...(looks back) ...maybe you should meet my old man? *

JIM

Later. You got a name? *

He looks into her face. Classic American face, freckles, big round eyes soft as rain, long sunset red hair. She feels his intense, starving eyes. He kisses her a second time. *

The YOUNG MAN coming back with the rolling paper -- sees him.

As he hops back on the railing -- swings out into the tree -- looks back once.

JIM

Mine's Jim.

A moment. She must decide. The YOUNG MAN within earshot.

9
CONTINUED (2)

GIRL

Pam...

The ice broken in that instant. Jim smiles.

JIM

Jim and Pam, Pam and Jim...

He vanishes. The Man abreast of Pamela, as if he's seen a vision.

YOUNG MAN

Who the hell was that?

PAMELA (everything's cool)

That's Jim. My new friend.

10 INT. UCLA SCREENING ROOM - DAY (1965)

10

On the screen a 16mm black and white student film of a stunning BLOND in black bra, panties, garters dancing in black heels on top of a TV set. panning down to images of goose-stepping Nazis and a Nuremberg rally on the set. Sounds of lovemaking and an Indian peyote ceremony from the track, an Indian holy man incanting... Jim's VOICE comes on the track as well.

JIM'S VOICE

Nietzsche said "all great things must first wear monstrous and terrifying masks in order to inscribe themselves on the hearts of humanity". Listen children -- to the sound of the Nuremberg night.

STUDENTS in the audience groan at the pretention of it. Moving to JIM's eyes hidden in his parka hood, peeking through at the screen.

A CLOSEUP now of JIM on screen looking straight into the lens as he takes a hit on a hash pipe, and winks.

JIM VOICE (on screen)

Have you ever seen God?
-- a mandala. A symmetrical angel.
Felt? Yes. Fucking the Sun.
Heard? The music. Voices.
Touched? An animal. Your hand
Tasted? Rare meat, corn, water and wine

STUDENTS (ad lib)

SSSSssss...ego trip man, c'mon!

RAY MANZAREK, a tall student with powerful voice and manner, thick glasses, long hair sweeping down over his eyes, leans over to Jim.

RAY

Hey man it's great, don't listen to em, it's non-linear man, it's poetry man, everything Godard stands for.

The lights coming on as the last absurdist images flicker off. Hissing and a big Bronx cheer summarize the feelings of the 100 odd STUDENTS crammed into a bunker-like theater.

A youngish INSTRUCTOR stirs to the front row from a row of upset FACULTY. Hands shooting up to criticize.

INSTRUCTOR

This is pretty shocking stuff Mr. Morrison. And I might say indulgent. Naziism and masturbation, when used for shock value, are not art. But to be constructive, let's start with your intention. What was it?

STUDENT 1

It was a bore!! That's what! (laughter)

TRICK, BONES and JACK, three friends sitting next to Jim, shoot their hands up.

TRICK

Hey it was better'n a Warhol picture.

GIRL 1

No it wasn't. It was worse!

TRICK

A guy sleeping for seven hours...

STUDENT 2

...is less pretentious! There was no political consciousness. Naziism is...

JACK

Hey hold on man! You guys are the facists!

BONES

It takes genitalism to absurdity man, just cause the squares here can't dig it cause the film school's still so square....

VOICES

Oh c'mon man, give it a break. Boo! Beatniks go home! Take another mushroom...

A cacophony of voices, critics, emotions blend out over Jim's quiet eyes.

INSTRUCTOR

HOLD IT DOWN!!... Mr. Morrison -- what are your feelings?

JIM

I quit. (walks out)

1 EXT. TURKEY JOINT WEST - NIGHT

11

JIM, BONES, TRICK, JACK approaching the bar. MUSIC of "GLORIA" blasting from the door, CHICKS popping in and out, definitely college crowd circa '65.

TRICK (to Jim)

Hey man whatdya expect, an Oscar?

BONES

You can't quit, you gotta voice. People can't dig cause they don't understand yet.

JACK

If you're an individual, if you're too good, they wanna cut your dick off. Look what happened to Orson Wells.

TRICK

You quit now, they'll yank your deferment in no time and they'll get you for Vietnam man. Three more months you graduate.

BONES

Be cool, you never learned fuckin patience Morrison, you want everything at once.

NICK

They didn't get it. So make your films and fuck what they think.

JIM

You know what I think?

He slows, a dramatic young lion pose, surveying the girls.

BONES

Yeah whadday you think?

JIM

You really want to know what I think?

The cronies wait, anticipating something inescapably evil to escape his lips.

BONES

Yeah yeah, whatddaya think?

JIM

I think we gotta get really ripped!

12

INT. TURKEY JOINT WEST - NIGHT

12

Tall bespectacled RAY MANZAREK is banging out GLORIA on the piano in bad Jerry Lee Lewis style.

RAY

I tell you bout my baby
'bout five foot four from head to toe
She came to my room
Just 'bout midnight
She makes me feel so good
She makes me feel alright

Camera moving to reveal JOHN DENSMORE wiry, solid on the drums...moving on to ROBBIE KRIEGER, wispy, ethereal looking, the youngest, flamenco-type moves on his early electric guitar. Also a HARMONICA PLAYER and a BASE. They all seem slightly embarrassed by either the cheap sound system feedback or Ray's warbling, but the crowd couldn't care less -- a German beerhall, they want noise and sex. *

JIM and his GANG, beers in hand, mouth back the words, beers everywhere shoved to the smokey ceiling, everyone on their feet, nuts with spring fever. Jim eyeing the GIRL next to him. *

JIM

You know what I'd like to do to you?

GIRL

(waiting, intrigued) No what?

JIM

You really want to know what I'd like to do to you?

GIRL

What!

The FOOTBALL TEAM TYPES edge over nearby, one of them picking out Jim with a glare.

JIM (whispering)

Wanna hear the scream of the butterfly...

She looks puzzled by the suggestion.

FOOTBALL PLAYER

Hey Morrison!

JIM (eluding the man)

Can we have a couple of beers. You're not even an asshole man -- you're a semihole. *

He evades the football man's grasp, elusive physicality. He hops over tables, heading for the stage. Other KIDS are up on the stage dancing, but Jim goes right up alongside RAY, shaking his hips like Elvis. Ray giving him the mike. Improv time.

JIM (singing)

She came to my room
She came on my floor
She came on my bed
She came on my face
Ooooooh I want to wrap your legs
around my head baby baby
and her name was Gloria *

12

CONTINUED (2)

12

They love it. The place going wild. The girl with the football player wanting him.

13

INT. RAY'S CAR - FREEWAY - NIGHT

13

JIM is insane on beers in the back seat, reaching over the wheel to try to drive the car for RAY who is flailing at him. Jim pulling Ray's hair...

JIM (barely comprehensible)
HA HA HA HA HA! COME ON, LET'S DRIVE
TO MEXICO MAN. TIJUANA. LET'S GET
LOST!

Jammed into the sedan are TRICK, BONES, ROBBIE, JOHN...

RAY & ALL
COOL IT JIM, COME ON COOL IT.

JIM
FREEDOM!!! DON'T YOU KNOW YOU'RE ALL
SLAVES!

As he winds down the window and starts crawling out of the car. Heavy traffic. Ray weaving to avoid another vehicle. Honking horn.

JOHN
HE'S GOING OUT! HE'S GOING OUT!

TRICK
HE'S GONNA JUMP

RAY
GET HIM BACK IN

His waist is out the window, John and all grabbing for his heels.

14

EXT. SPEEDING CAR - NIGHT

14

SPECIAL EFFECT: JIM's head six inches from pavement moving at 60 mph through heavy traffic. Screaming, laughing like a maniac. Beeping horns all over the place.

JIM
DEATH OLD FRIEND!!

In the car, madness, raging chaos, the four boys pulling him in.

15

EXT./INT. PAMELA'S HOUSE - VENICE CANAL - THAT NIGHT

15 *

Night. Shadows. A tree. A figure moving.

JIM (SONG)
Awake!
Shake dreams from your hair, my pretty child
my sweet one
Choose the day and choose the sign of your day
the day's divinity
the first thing you see

15

CONTINUED

15

Jim slides her upstairs' door open, crawls in next to her bed. She's asleep with her boyfriend. He touches her toe. She awakes, startled.

*
*
*
*
*
*

JIM

Come on, come out for a walk, it's a pretty night.

PAM

You're crazy!

*

10. VENICE CANALS - NIGHT

16

M and PAMELA moving along the byways. A clear starry California night.

JIM (SONG)
A vast radiant beach
And a cool jewelled moon
Couples naked, race down by its quiet side
And we laugh like soft mad children

There's a crash. They turn bristling.

A COYOTE lurks under the sickly light of a streetlamp, pulling its head from an overstuffed garbage can, looking back at them.

EXT. VENICE BOARDWALK - NIGHT

17

Fires on the boardwalk. Hippies, Bums, Older People. JIM and PAM move through talking, skipping, touching like children. *

JIM (SONG CONT'D)
...smug in the wooly cotton brains of infancy
The music and voices are all around us
Choose, they croon, the ancient ones
The time has come again

EXT. VENICE BEACH - NIGHT

18

One of them race down by its side, slowing to a walk. His loved orphan voice.

JIM
Can I stay with you tonight? We could
talk 'till dawn. I just don't want
to be alone.

PAM (hesitant)
Okay...just talk though. No funny
stuff.

JIM
Okay. I promise.

PAM
I've been real upset. I lost my car
on the freeway yesterday. I left it
somewhere and I can't remember where
and when I went back it was gone. My
sister... *

JIM
I bet you never expected life could
be this hard. (strokes her hair
affectionately) And you're still so
young. *

One breaks into sobs, seeking his arms. He hugs her.

I wonder where we'll be ten years from now?

I really don't want to know

Come on.

Choose now, they croon
Beneath the moon
Beside an ancient lake
Enter again the sweet forest
Enter the hot dream
Come with us
Everything is broken up and dances

19 EXT. VENICE BUILDING - NIGHT

19

Their silhouettes mount the fire escape of a jagged old structure overlooking the boardwalk.

20 EXT. VENICE ROOFTOP - NIGHT

20

PAM glancing through Jim's notebooks as they sit on his sleeping bag with a lantern and bunsen burner, overlooking moon, ocean, scudding clouds and a vast forest of television antennas. Fires burn from the beach.

In the notebooks, at intervals during the conversation, we see powerful sketches colored in visionary hallucinogenic William Blake mode with writing between. Books are everywhere -- panning Kerouac, Ginsberg, Nietzsche, Rimbaud, Mailer, Artaud, mythological works, shamanistic books, a library of stolen ideas.

These are like beautiful! I never read much poetry in school. I hated it. What's a "shaman"? (mispronounces)

He's the medicine man who starts in a peyote trance. And he gets everyone in the tribe going and they share in his vision and it heals them. It's the same in all cultures -- Greeks, Jesus. Some Indians say the first shaman invented sex. He's the one who makes you crazy.

Are you a "shaman"?

Uh (pause) no. I just write about it.
What turns you on?

I don't know. Experience. Freedom.
Love...Now.

(more)

✱

PAM (Cont'd)
Peyote's like love. When it's given
it's blessed. When it's sold it's
damned.

PAM
I like peyote. I like acid, it's
easier to get. I like the spiritual
voyage. The first time I did acid I
saw God. I did. I had a friend who
was Christ. And he was Judas too. I
suddenly knew the secret of everything --
that we're all one, the universe is
one. And that everything is beautiful.

JIM
Is it? I don't know. I think you're
alive by confronting death -- by
experiencing pain.

PAM
I think you're alive by recognizing
beauty -- seeing truth because when
you discover truth you discover what
love is...we're all saying the same
thing. It's "love me and I'll love
you."

JIM (looks at her, ironic)
It's only thru death that you know
life. Jesus, medicine men heal people
by sacrificing their own life.

PAM
Do you love Death?

JIM
I think life hurts a lot more than
death. When you die the pain is over.

Pam shivers, a strange thought.

PAM
Why do I look at you...and see my
death? (pause, shrugs) No, that's
ridiculous.

JIM
I bet your dad's a school teacher.

PAM
How did you know!

JIM
I don't know.

PAM
What was your father?

JIM
Military

PAM

I bet you moved around a lot.

JIM

Yeah, about 8 times.

PAM

How many sisters and brothers?

JIM

Two.

PAM

One...she's the pretty one...I love
your neck. (she gets in his lap)

He runs his fingers thru her hair, kissing her gently.

JIM

"...but one, the most beautiful one
of all dances in a ring of fire and
throws off the challenge with a shrug"

PAM

That's beautiful. Who did you write
it for?

JIM

I wrote it for you.

The panties coming off. Rousseau dangling from the Venice moon.
He moves a little over excited, nervous, more awkward than we might
expect.

PAM

...take your time, Jim ...there's no
hurry, I'm all you have to do
tonight...

DOORS SONG

Well the clock says it's time to close
now I guess I'd better go now...

As we depart the rooftop.

DOORS SONG

Your fingers weak with minarets
Speaking secret alphabets
I light another cigarette
Learn to forget, learn to forget, learn to forget

DISSOLVE TO:

CONTINUED

Possibly we hear the soft backbeat of *MOONLIGHT DRIVE* without lyrics. RAY MANZAREK is meditating in yoga posture, longer hair as well, in his post-graduate phase, sandals, colorful hippie shirt. But the meditation is not going well. He's shaking his head at himself, frowning.

RAY

Om om...No bliss! No bliss!

Jim has approached closer, amused, looking down.

JIM

Hey Ray, try acid man, it's guaranteed.

Ray opening his eyes -- his POV -- Jim, slouched, jacket over his shoulder, sun behind him.

RAY (suprised)

Morrison...Aw shit. Last trip I thought I was going through hell's digestive system. Something painted by Hieronymus Bosch.

JIM

I never had a bummer on acid.

RAY

I like naturally high man.

JIM

Whatever works. Making movies at MGM yet?

RAY

Well I saw the head of production and I said Godard doesn't use scripts, he improvises with his camera and he said, "great who's Godard?"

JIM (laughs)

We gotta take the planet back, reinvent the Gods, make new myths.

RAY

Right on. I thought you went to New York?

JIM

Never got there. Went out to the desert and uh...got lost y'know. Days. I been living on Trick's rooftop. Got stuck on this chick...

RAY

Whatcha been doing?

JIM

Writing. Poems. Songs.

RAY
Songs? Lemme hear one.

*

JIM
I can't sing.

RAY
So neither can Dylan. "Johnny's in
the basement mixing up the medicine,
I'm on the pavement thinking about the
government". But he's got the words
man. That's what they want.

JIM (suddenly sings)
Let's swim to the moon un hunh
Let's climb thru the tide
Penetrate the evening
That the city sleeps to hide

Jim has crouched, digging his hand in the sand. As the grains spill out of his fist he has his eyes closed.

Ray pantomimes chords in the keyboard sand. All of a sudden we're in RAY'S POV -- a mystical moment. Jim singing, no sound, then pure song, unadulterated by atmosphere.

JIM (CONT'D)
Let's swim out tonight love
It's our turn to try
Parked beside the ocean
On our moonlight drive

Jim stops, shrugs. Ray looks at him a long beat. Intense eyes, the manner of a man who knows what he wants and cannot be stopped.

RAY
Wow!...Y'know man those are hot lyrics --
really hot!

JIM (pleased)
...could you write the music for that
down, if we went over to your place,
could you write that on your organ?

RAY
Are you kidding! I could fly. You wrote
that? You got others?

JIM
A bunch. It's like I'm taking notes
at a rock concert going on inside my
head. I actually hear the music --
the spirit of the wine y'know,
intoxication.

RAY (slaps him on the knee)
Man. You got a voice like Chet Baker --
haunted! What the hell happened to you
in the desert? Let's get a rock and roll
band together man and make a million
bucks.

JIM
...be great wouldn't it?

RAY (walking JIM)
It's the perfect time man! Two of the
guys outta my band are really into
this. I meditate with them. You know
them...Robbie and John. We could have
it in the can in three weeks.

JIM
Hey why not, I could write the songs
with you guys.

*

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*
*

RAY

The Stones did it outta the London School of Economics for Chrissake. Things are about to explode man. You can feel it in the air. (points out over the ocean) Vietnam's right out there. Sides are being chosen. People wanna fight or fuck, love or kill, everything's gonna flame. The planet's screaming for change, Morrison. Make the myths man!!

Jim laughs, loves Ray's ardor as they move along the ocean side.

JIM

There oughta be great orgies man. Like when Dionysus arrived in Greece, he made all the women mad, leaving their homes and dancing off in the mountains. Great golden copulations in the streets of LA. (looks at a passing girl) Hey, do you know her?

RAY

What do we call ourselves. "Dionysus"?

JIM

I got a name.

RAY

What?

JIM

The Doors.

RAY

The Doors? (facial distaste) That's the most ridiculous...(then) ...you mean the doors in your mind? Like the Huxley book.

JIM

"The Doors of Perception"? Acid...

RAY

Yeah sure mescaline experiments -- reducing the sugar flow to the brain. Great book.

JIM

It's from William Blake actually, the line -- "when the doors of perception are cleansed -- things will appear as they truly are..."

RAY (finishes)

--infinite". It's great, Jim.

JIM

So where do we start? How do we start? Where are the girls?

RAY

Rehearsing. You're moving off the
rooftop and in with me and Dorothy.

As they walk off, the two of them along the edge of the Pacific.
A dog jumping for a frisbee. The music of MOONLIGHT DRIVE now riffs
over the real song now.

DOORS SONG

Let's swim to the moon
Let's climb thru the tide
Penetrate the evening
That the city sleeps to hide...

DISSOLVING TO:

22 INT. RAY'S HOUSE - VENICE BEACH - DAY

22

The first heavy strains of BREAK ON THROUGH driving over the
DISSOLVE. It sounds bad technically, but it's hot. Random raw
screams and shouting. PAM is crosslegged on the floor, clapping
to the music, number one fan.

JIM & DOORS (live)

The day destroys the night
Night divides the day
Tried to run
Tried to hide
Break on thru to the other side

JIM straining to make it work, jumping around violent, still not
in control. Yet searching. JOHN cutting out.

JOHN

That's really square. Let's hip it
up. Jump on your cues.

RAY

Tighten it up. Stay with the beat Jim.
You're dragging.

JIM

Let's try it again, come on. I'm just
getting into it.

PAM (on floor)

I think it's hot!!

ROBBIE (strumming)

I still think the lyrics are weird man.

JOHN (frustrated)

I still think it sounds like the bottom
of a fishbowl man.

JIM

(to Robbie, aggravated) Then you write
one man! We need more songs anyway. We
all gotta go back and write.

They're drained, tired, in a large rehearsal/living room 30 feet high, fronted by large glass windows looking out at the beach at Marina. The room is filled with golden, gorgeous setting sunlight.

PAMELA goes to the kitchen with DOROTHY, Ray's Japanese fiancée. *

ROBBIE

I been working on something goes like this...A minor.
(chords his guitar)
"You know that it would be untrue
You know that I would be a liar
If I was to say to you
Girl, we couldn't get much higher"
F sharp...chorus
"Come on baby, light my fire
Try to set the night on fire..."

Robbie's voice is tinny but something immediate's in the air, all the radar out.

RAY

Okay man there's some good changes in there.

JIM

Got any more lyrics?

ROBBIE (gives Jim a page of lyrics) *

Some. I call it "Light My Fire". I
figger if I'm gonna compete with your
stuff it's gotta be about earth, fire
or snakes.

JIM

Don't underestimate Death.

JOHN

Yeah but it sounds like the Byrds man,
we're not folk rock man. How 'bout
trying it with a Latin beat. *

ROBBIE

I thought we could do the usual verse
chorus verse chorus and

JOHN

We don't need a bridge.

ROBBIE

Yeah, we could maybe improvise a couple
piano and guitar solos over it (kicks
in second verse) "The time to hesitate
is through" (doesn't have the second
line) Du du duh dud dada ...

JIM (spontaneous)
"No time to wallow in the mire
Try now we can only lose
And our love become a funeral pyre
Come on baby light my fire"

John drumming it, different, more Latin.

JIM
Pretty good! Pretty neat!!

RAY (to John)
Nice groove, John. Chaka chaka chaka,
then bula burump bula (to Robbie) ...
you're right, it could take a coupla
long solos, that's wild man, like
Butterfield did on "East-West" --
really hip.

ROBBIE
Y'ever heard Coltrane's "Favorite
Things"?

JOHN (hitting the drums)
Yeah -- maybe stretch it out and put
it in 4/4 on bass, 3/4 on guitar and
snare.

RAY (clicking, excited)
Why not! A minor to B minor. Jazz! That
then is jazz! But it needs a hook.
Something. Give me some space. I need
some space. Leave the room guys. Come
on! Go!

The three excluded Doors head out to the beach like obedient
schoolboys while Ray fools with his organ.

23 EXT. VENICE BEACH - DAY

23

As they go out, JIM hugging ROBBIE's head to his shoulder as they
feel the excitement of a new song.

JOHN (irritated at Ray)
Guy's obnoxious, man always bossin'
people around! I thought we were equals!

JIM
Aren't we? (to Robbie) That was great
Robbie. Whaddaya thinking about when
you play?

ROBBIE
Don't know. Mostly the fish in my fish
tank.

JIM (laughs)
Hey whadya say we take some of that
Tijuana acid and see what kinda trouble
we can get into tonight?

23

CONTINUED

23

ROBBIE

The chicks always go for you man. I
get the dogs.

JIM

Then we'll start a religion or plan
a murder or go to Tijuana.

JOHN

Whatsamatter with you man, what about
Pam, you got the morals of a coyote.

JIM

Why you wanna sleep with her John, just
to bug me?

JOHN

Hell NO!

JIM

...means "hell yes". She likes you man,
she really does and y'all should.
What's a rock and roll band for man,
if you can't party all night and do
bad things?

RAY (yelling from the house)

I GOT IT I GOT IT...GET IN HERE.
HURRY.

JOHN

Sieg Heil!

As they head back.

24

INT. RAY'S HOUSE - DAY

24

TIGHT on RAY like a schoolmaster cueing them.

RAY

Okay here it is. Bach and Rock. Count
it off John

JOHN (clicking)

1 ... 2... 1 - 2 - 3 (crack)

It goes. The famous organ intro to *LIGHT MY FIRE* blends over the
room like magic, carrying JIM, ROBBIE, JOHN, DOROTHY, PAMELA along
over:

25

EXT. SUNSET STRIP (TRAVELLING) - NIGHT (1966)

25

A row of NIGHTCLUBS glisten off the hoods of passing traffic.
Marquees announce: THE BYRDS, RED ROOSTER, LOVE, THE HERD, TURTLES, *
CAPTAIN BEEFHEART. The CLUBS are PANDORA'S BOX, THE TRIP, CIRO'S, *
BIDO LITO'S, GAZZARRI'S, THE EXPERIENCE.... Headlights and neon *
intercut with: *

DOCUMENTARY TYPE SHOTS of TEENAGERS, HIPPIES, LONGHAIRS, running
summer rampant, banging tambourines. COPS busting kids against cars
on the street as PARENTS go by rolling up their windows. The action
was on the street. *LIGHT MY FIRE* carries over the montage.

25

CONTINUED

DOORS SONG

You know that it would be untrue etc.

JIM VOICE (last session)

The music was new black polished chrome and came
over the summer like liquid night

26

EXT. LONDON FOG - NIGHT

26

"THE DOORS -- BAND FROM VENICE" on the marquee...moving down to a
motley crew of TEENAGE GIRLS, underage, trying to get past the
BOUNCER. The sounds of BREAK ON THROUGH carry past when the doors
open and close admitting a SAILOR.

GIRL GROUPIE

(approaching, to 2nd girl) Is that
horny motherfucker in the black pants
here tonight?

BOUNCER

IDs! IDs! Can't get in without an I.D..

GIRL 2

Oh please. I forgot my I.D..I'm on the
list.

BOUNCER

I forgot my list.

27

INT. LONDON FOG - NIGHT

27

BREAK ON THROUGH blasting out at us from a sleazehole -- half full -- *
BIKERS, SAILORS, HOOKERS, a baseball game on the TV. A dance floor
the size of a bed, the DOORS on a tiny platform above the bar,
London newspapers on the wall.

JIM & DOORS (live)

We chased our pleasures here
Dug our treasures there
Can you still recall the time we cried
BREAK on through to the other side (3)

Some groupies have formed a small fan club at the base of the stage,
muscling past PAM, but most people ignore them, drinking, arguing,
dancing to their own fuckbeats. Possibly this has something to do
with the fact that JIM sings with his back to all of them.

JOHN looking over furious at RAY who mutters under the music. *

RAY

Turn around Jim! Come on let 'em in.

JIM

I found an island in your arms
A country in your eyes
Arms that chained us, eyes that lied (CHORUS)

Jim jumps around violently to the front, getting the attention of
all. Rubbing his leather pants against the mike stand, leaning
against it, not yet comfortable with the extrovert side of himself,
eyes closed, but starting to enjoy it. He sings to Pam. *

28

INT. BACKSTAGE - THE FOG - THAT NIGHT

28

JERRY, the ex-vic cop manager who runs the joint, can't understand the appeal, talking to JIM and ROBBIE who are packing and hauling their equipment out. DOROTHY is there.

PAM (innocently)
So Jerry...do we get paid for this?

JERRY (ignoring her)
What shit, "day destroys the night",
"crawl back in your brain", "go
insane". What do people wanna pay
money to hear that shit.

JIM (explains it, gentle)
The greater the suffering, the more
terrible the events, the greater the
pleasure Jerry. They want it, it's
catharsis. Like the ancient Greeks.

JERRY (amused)
We're in Los Angeles punk, how would
you know, they like your pants, they're
not listenin' to you, what the hell
they see in you I...

JIM (laughs)
But they understand Jerry. All our
real desires are unconscious and
unseen...

JERRY
(scratching his head) ...you're the
weirdest fuckin' guy I ever...

JIM
You love us?

JERRY
I love ya. You got two more shows to
do.

Camera gliding across the small crowded smokey room to RAY and JOHN
in conversation with a slick Beverly Hills MANAGER type.

MANAGER
...I got some real tight record company
connections, just leave it to me man,
I'll take you guys all the fuckin' way,
you blew my mind out there.

RAY
Yeah right, but what about the music?

MANAGER
Hey the music? I love it man, that's
why we're talking right? Some of it's
a little on the dark side though. Ya
know ya oughta get some tunes like
Herman's Hermits stuff -- "Mrs. Brown
(more)

MANAGER (Cont'd)
you got a lovely daughter". That shit
goes right to the radio man.

RAY
Uh huh. Well, how 'bout gettin' us some
real equipment?

MANAGER
Listen, I sign you guys to a five year
management contract and you got it all.
Equipment. Demo. A truck WITH
roadies. Three, maybe four percent
record deal. Wherever ya want to go
babe, trust me, I'll get you there.
Whatd'ya say?

RAY
(exchanging looks with John) We'll have
a band meeting. The four of us do
everything unanimously or we don't do
it.

MANAGER
The musketeers. I'm touched. But
lemme tell you something -- loyalty
don't pay the bills. Think about it.
Call me tomorrow.

He gives Ray a card, leaving, crossing to Jim and PAM talking.

JOHN (to Ray)
What a sleaze! Man, Jim's gotta start
facing the crowd if he's gonna be the
front man.

RAY
He's just getting his confidence.

JOHN
He never does what we rehearsed. What's
the point of...

RAY
How does it feel?

JOHN
Great, but...

Pam on payphone calling her friends to come.

PAM
...make sure you get Barb and Sue Anne
to come. And tell them to ask for Jim!

The MANAGER on his way out leaning into Jim's face, slyly.

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28

CONTINUED (2)

28

MANAGER

Jim, how old are you?

JIM

Ah, twenty one...

MANAGER

Jesus, you're a gold mine, I'll make it quick and to the point and if you repeat it I'll deny it---drop these guys, I'll put you with some real musicians, your voice, your looks, that's what'll sell records, we'll make a million bucks. A year. Goodbye. Call me. I'm right.

He gives Jim a card and goes. Pam disgusted with the type, Jim laughs, likes the guy.

JIM

I like a man wears his soul on his face.

RAY (coming over)

"Whiskey's" next, I can feel it in my bones.

ROBBIE

I still think the lyrics are weird.

28A

INT. LONDON FOG - NIGHT

28A

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MONTAGE EFFECT -- Jim sings "A Little Game" on the Fog stage. Super
over WHISKEY sign.

29

EXT. SUNSET STRIP -- THAT NIGHT

29

CU moving down -- the "LOVE" is on the marquee at the famous WHISKY A GO GO as we move down to see JIM, PAM, and the DOORS. Jim jumps through the TEEMING TRAFFIC (horns, anger) right in front of a COP CAR, crossing to a long line of teenage FANS dying to get into the club.

JIM (to Ray, innocently)
Jesus Ray, every girl out there wanted
to fuck me, I could feel it for the
first time!

RAY
Right on stud. But you better watch
out for the guys.

JIM (to the band)
Guys, I'm serious about the desert,
we still gotta deepen man, we gotta
take some peyote -- all of us together,
we got one more stage to go...

ROBBIE
I don't know man, fucks up my playing.
I been playing music for 10 years man
and this is the first time in my whole
damned life I ever played it.

JIM
Are you satisfied?

JOHN
Will you get off my case! I'm never
doing acid again. Too many bad trips
man.

JIM
It's not acid John, it's peyote. It's
a bonding ceremony. It's got to be
more...more...more...

JOHN
I'm into TM man. I promised my guru...

PAM
I want to! I want to! I'm ready. Let's
go to the desert...do the peyote, the
good peyote.

JIM (to girl in line)
Who's on now?

GIRL 1
(withering look, very hip) "Love".

JIM
Yeah, Arthur Lee's cool.

GIRL 1
They're the best... better'n the Beatles.

JIM
You mean the Marx Brothers of music,
we could blow 'em away.

The GIRLS looking at each other like who is this jerk.

GIRL 2
And who are you?

JIM
The Doors...We're up the street at the
Fog.

Laughter from the GIRLS.

GIRL 1 (contempt)
The Doors. I heard of you. That's
the dumbest name. I wouldn't go to the
Fog if you paid me.

JIM
Oh yeah what would you do for money?

PAM
Let's go Jim, come on.

Meanwhile DENSMORE is hitting up on GIRL 2.

JOHN
So you don't have a phone number? What
do you mean you don't have a phone
number?

GIRL 2
I don't have a phone number. So give
me your number then.

JOHN
I don't have a phone.

Robbie is doing his imitation of a shrimp for ANOTHER GIRL who's
laughing.

GIRL 1 (intrigued, to Jim)
Well, would you leave my name at the
door?

JIM
Well I don't know. What's your name?

GIRL 1
Caprice.

JIM
Caprice? That's the dumbest name I ever
heard.

A look between Jim and Caprice. Pamela pulling Jim away, gives
the girl a look.

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29

CONTINUED (2)

29

JIM

Hey! I am the Lizard king. I can do
Anything! Raise your hands if you
understand! Alive, any of you alive --
let's take a poll -- how many of you
know you're really alive!!

The crowd giggles. Jim climbs a pole, yells.

JIM (CONT'D)

No one? Raise your hands c'mon
man...let's go.

On the crowd. A few raise their hands, smile.

We IRIS in on the Doors suddenly -- a strange sound -- REVERSE IRIS
on Jim -- feeling it now. The peyote.

JIM's POV -- Pam irising out. This strange sound in his ears --
a rattle of an Indian gourd, similar to what we heard in the car
in Arizona when Jim was a boy. Now a distant Indian drum beating.
The beginning strains of THE END dribble in.

30

EXT. DESERT - DAY

30

A dented RED CHEVROLET fishtails on a dry mudflat, whipping up
dustdevils.

They're all LAUGHING (strange noise) -- in a circle somewhere on
the edge of a precipice in deep arroyos and magnificent rocks and
cacti...

A football huddle of faces - RAY, JOHN, ROBBIE, JIM -- the four
DOORS ...laughing with the first mad impulse of the peyote.

PAM is vomiting her brains out as DOROTHY tries to comfort her on
the edge of a cliff ... Jim panthers up the dune.

JIM

Everybody having a good time?

They hug. She throws up again.

JIM

...awright, pretty good, it gets
better.

Jim holds his head. Feels the ride.

JIM

WOA!! It's fast.

JUMP CUTS: Jim and Pam are touching each other. Face. Shadows.
Sand falls from Pam's hand. Jim turns to hawk at a bird. "Hawk!
Hawk!" Then Pam is dancing alone on the dune.

Abruptly Jim is back in the circle with the Doors in a sense torn
between them and Pam. EXTREME CLOSEUPS of their faces, their eyes,
the tensions of the trip tearing apart their teeth as they go from
the laughing to the dangerous part.

JIM

When the serpent appears, his head is ten feet long and five feet wide. He has one red eye and one green eye. He's deadly and he's seven miles long. As he moves -- on his scales is written all the history of the world, all people, all actions, all of us our little pictures on the scales, God it's big! -- and it's eating as it moves all the time, devouring, digesting consciousness, power, a monster of energy!

*
*

John shutters -- as does Robbie and Ray. Jim seems possessed.

JIM (cont'd)

We must kiss the snake on the tongue, if it senses our fear, it will eat us instantly. But if we kiss it without fear, the snake will take us through the garden and out the gate. To our freedom -we must ride this snake. To the end of time.

Pause. He has instilled a flux of fear in the group.

JOHN

I think I'm fucked up. I'm not thinking right.

JIM

You're fucked up John. Go with it, confusion is the sound of creation.

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JOHN

You should see your eyes right now, you're death. Look at your eyes -- you're crazy man, you look crazy. You scare me.

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JIM

No no no John John. God is crazy too. God is part insane as well as sane. Not in control all the time. Dionysus was the God of the wine. He made ecstasy but he also made madness. Madness is all right. That's what you want, isn't it, isn't it? Where's that joint?

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ROBBIE (crying)

I get scared thinking of all the choices inside. I could go. I could stay. I can live anywhere. I could die now if I wanted: It's limitless choice...and no one cares.

*

JIM

Die Robbie.

*
*

JOHN

What the fuck!

PAM (wandering in)

I don't know what I am. I'm on the cusp
of Sagittarius and Capricorn.
Sagittarius is wild and Capricorn
domestic and safe, so I don't know
which one to be.

Jim looking at her, smiles.

JIM

I love you.

DOROTHY

(into the same lens) Oh my God, the
light, it's so beautiful Ray. Can you
see it...it's all one...honey?

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Ray has his head buried in his hands.

RAY

I'm in pain man. I want something from the peyote. I feel the universe functioning perfectly but I'm still perfectly locked inside myself. Instead of Oneness, I feel total Isolation. Aloneness. Fear... Pain... Jim, all I feel is pain.

JIM

Pain makes me feel more alive Ray. Pain is meant to wake us up. People try to hide their pain but they're wrong.

JOHN

I feel Lust. I want to fuck everything I can, and I know it will never be enough.

JIM (whispers)

(Pam wants you) You're a good Catholic John, you want it so you can feel guilty about it... Fuck death away John.

ROBBIE

I feel Fear...so bad I just numb out all my feelings. I'm afraid of my father, I'm afraid of Yahweh...I wish I could play my guitar.

JIM

Maybe you should kill your father Robbie. He tried to kill you. Kill him!

ROBBIE

I'm so fucking scared.

JIM

But you're Alive! It's beautiful! Fear, pain, lust, we've got to know all our feelings before we can come out the other side free men. Don't feel ashamed of yourselves, don't let society destroy your reality. Our freedom's the only thing worth dying for, it's the only thing worth living for!

He takes Ray and Robbie's hands, his voice calming them, reform the circle. John hesitant. Not all will enter the gates at evening.

JOHN (cold sweats)
I'm not gonna make it man. I'm scared
Jim, I'm still scared. Blindness is
coming on.

JIM
Then use us John, use our strength,
it's us four now, a tribe of warriors,
everything we have comes from the same
source, the great Creator of Being.
Trust him, trust us. Ride the snake...
I promise you I will be with you till
the end of time.

Pulling John into the circle, bonding, their four heads sunk to the
desert floor, Jim making wild Indian sounds, deep-throated
"shoooh....shoooh"...now humming a song from the desert.

JIM
My wild love went riding...mmmmmm. She
rode all the day. She ride to the
devil. And ask for him to pay...shooo
shoooo

The OTHERS join in his chant, the four rising and falling like a
collective breath.

JIM (ad lib)
...she went to the desert
she went to the sea
Joseph we did see...

Suddenly Jim breaks and rises out of the circle. Ray, Robbie, John,
all looking at him. The same need. Pamela, the desperation of her
eyes.

JIM (to himself)
...I'm lying to you. I am scared.

He goes, his boots in the sand.

JOHN
Jim, where are you going.

JIM (looking back)
I'll be back. I gotta go alone.

Pamela calling from another dune, far away.

PAM
Jim! Jim...come here, dance....don't
go away.

His POV -- of her, receding. She screams for him. He's in pain.
Cannot help her.

30

CONTINUED (5)

30

A BIRD of prey in the sky.

Jim moving across a lunar landscape. SPECIAL EFFECT: The sun is black like night or else white in a black sky. Voices in the distance. "Jim, where are you going?" A mother's voice, a father's voice.

DOORS SONG

Can you picture what will be
So limitless and free
desperately in need
of some stranger's hand
in a desperate land
Lost in a Roman wilderness of pain
and all the children are insane:
waiting for the summer rain

FLASHBACKS

31 INT. CAR - MOVING - DESERT

31

JIM, 4, in the back of a car in the desert -- looking back ...

At the overturned truck, the bodies in the road...at the older Indian looking at him...finally at the dying Indian...his eyes.

32 INT. MORRISON HOME - DAY

32

Somewhere. The child alone. On the living room floor. Drawing his sketches in a book. MOM's feet moving past -- then DAD'S feet. We may sense a subtle shift in mood when the parents come in -- from the boy's eyes which never leave the sketch he is drawing.

33 EXT. DESERT - DAY

33

An OLD WOMAN is beckoning to him from an opening in the face of the mountain ... then she's gone.

JIM bounds towards the crevice.

34

INT. ROCK PALACE - DAY

34

He is in an isolated cathedral of rocks. The CRONE, muttering, leaving through another crevice. Suddenly a MOUNTAIN LION is visible, stretched hugely across a rock. It growls ferociously, upset, and suddenly shoots out the back of the cave. Silence.

Jim, thunderstruck, gaping. A gallery of ancient INDIAN PETROGLYPHS surround him on all sides. Curious, oblong figures, buffalo, sacred deer and bear, creatures of the hunt; hunters and their weapons, rain clouds, masked deities proclaiming the answers to the Mysteries, the story of Creation.

Camera weaving up to see one of the faces of the deities -- staring at him from the wall -- an eagle's face ...

DOORS SONG

There's danger on the edge of town
Ride the King's highway
Weird scenes inside the gold mine
Ride the King's highway west, baby

The sound of a rattle -- "shichishichi" -- he realizes he's being watched. By what? He whips his eyes everywhere. A large LIZARD perches on a boulder assesses him calmly, tatters of a former skin clinging to its throat, spits a forked tongue and drills its black pearly eyes into his skull... Now the sound of the Bull-Roader, whipping the air, announcing the appearance of the shaman.

Jim's struck with an overwhelming sense of ... awe ... ancient mysteries. He turns. The lizard is looking at him. *

The GHOST of the DEAD INDIAN is also looking at him. We are looking at JIM from its point of view -- a blur of light, some headdress, a sense of skins ... music drops back, no lyrics ... the voice is old, familiar, possible Spanish descent dialect or huararchi. *

INDIAN GHOST VOICE

... you are a prince among white men,
yet you are a warrior among us. You
are ready now. Go out "walk with the
pain of the world, travel to the end
of the wind" -- and change it for all
men as you were born to do. *

The voice, the pretense, - the glow too quickly fades -- leaving Jim so alone, not sure what he has heard, yet he knows he has heard, and he knows he has seen -- and once you have seen, it will never be the same again. His eyes. *

34A

EXT. CAVE - DAY

34A *

JIM exits the cave. *

MATCH CUT TO:

35

INT. WHISKY A GO GO - NIGHT

35

EXTREME CLOSE on JIM'S EYES as he continues with *THE END*.

DOORS SONG

Ride the snake
Ride the snake, to the lake

DOORS SONG (CONT'D)

The ancient lake
The snake is long, seven miles
Ride the snake
He's old, and his skin is cold

Camera pulling out from his eyes. There's something different tonight. Something in the air. His eyes are open, he's facing outward, gripping the mike for his life, hair falling in his face, dripping sweat, we sense all his soul concentrated in what he has to say.

Cliques of GROUPIES have staked claims at the foot of the stage, eyes fucking him as he writhes, spreading his legs. Every twitch, every moment he sucks out the tension on the musical interludes generates a whip of a reaction in his audience.

Nobody is moving in the club. The DANCERS are still, the GO GO GIRLS in their white plastic boots and dresses hang motionless in their gilded cages. Even the WAITRESSES have stopped, frozen with their trays, denying something is going to happen.

PAMELA, DOROTHY...JERRY from the Fog, also the manager of this place, watches from the balcony, shaking his head, doesn't understand. Panning to two RECORD TYPES with him -- JAC HOLZMAN, distinguished six footer, suit, and PAUL ROTHCHILD, funky, pigtailed, ex-con, early 30s.

JIM & DOORS

The west is best (2)
Get here and we'll do the rest
The blue bus is calling us (2)
Driver where you taking us?

The band has come together fully now. ROBBIE'S fingers sliding across the trembling strings, staring at the ceiling, wandering around the darkened portions of stage left, he feels Jim -- echoes him back with his flamenco-blues guitar.

JOHN on drums, reading Jim's moods, throws in the spontaneous and violent riffs that keep it savage. He literally tortures Jim's ears with his drums.

And RAY, concentrated with his nodding head like a big flamingo over his keyboard, mixing it up, throwing curves, yet also ---and more delicately -- torturing Jim with the messianic organ sounds that shriek in his ears. There is something of Merlin in Ray -- the alchemist knowing how to play Jim.

And JIM -- "that sneaky silent lithe flowing flexing animal" -- ready at last to share both his body and his soul with the world, to live out the words of the Indian prophet ... to lead.

JIM

The killer awoke before dawn
He put his boots on
He took a face from the ancient gallery
And he walked on down the hall

Ray looks over up from his board, catches Robby with a 'what's this?' look ... They go with it, improvising ...

Jim clutching the mike tighter, seeking solace in its arms; it all hangs in the air as if he doesn't have any idea what he's going to say next.

JIM (CONT'D)

He went to the room where his sister lived
And he paid a visit to his brother
And then he went on down the hall

Pamela sensing something is coming ... the AUDIENCE ... Jerry ... the go-go dancers...

JIM (CONT'D)

And he came to a door,
And he looked inside
"Father?"
"Yes, son?"
"I want to kill you".

FLASH -- A FATHER'S FACE, any face, older, any man ...

JIM (CONT'D)

Mother ... I want to ...

FLASH -- A MOTHER'S FACE, any face, older, a woman

JIM (CONT'D)

AAAAAAGGGGGGGHHHHHHH
YOOOOOUUUUUUUUU!!!!!! FUCK YOU ALL
NIGHT!

*
*

The SCREAMS primal, pure Jim -- Indian savagery ripped from the depths of his soul, of his pain -- bouncing off the walls ...

As the AUDIENCE gasps, shocked, stunned ...

As the guitar hits a high, horrid reverb, JIM in slightly SLOW MOTION suddenly tightens his backbone as if electrocuted and shoots violently backwards, hitting the floor like a puppet cut from his string -- we sense Jim himself has crossed a barrier now, gone into yet another stage of his performance, a stage from which he can never return. Like the gunfighter who has killed his first man.

RAY sees it instantly where it's going, hits the organ! Robbie and John follow. the instruments EXPLODE all at once trying to bury Jim in his primal unmistakable scream.

The CLUB in shock. Tribal taboo broken in one instant. Jerry exploding off the balcony toward the stage ...

Pamela, extremely moved and impressed, and Dorothy ... the go-go girls, as jaded as they come, are stunned tension ... the groupies love it.

Jim has jumped up now, dancing an Indian war dance around the mike.

*

JIM (CONT'D)

Come on baby take a chance with us (X3)
and meet me in the back of the blue bus
doona blue rog onna blue bus doona blue yeah!
Come on yeah!

*
*
*
*
*

36. INT. BACKSTAGE WHISKY HALLWAY -- THAT NIGHT

36

JIM is being muscled out the door by JERRY, livid.

JERRY
NOBODY'S GONNA FUCK THEIR MOTHER ON
MY STAGE! YOU'RE OUTTA HERE. You don't
ever come back to play, you don't ever come back to
drink -- You're DEAD ON THE STRIP!

JIM (ranting back at him)
Kill the father, fuck the mother, kill the father, fuck the
mother -- that's what I'm into! That's what I'm into!

Jerry pinning Jim to the wall,

JERRY
You - MORRISON ! You're fucking filthy twisted
perverse punk, get back to your fucking sewer!!

JIM (calmly smiling)
You have the face of a pig man.

Lost in the melee, RAY and JOHN springing Jim back from likely death

RAY
JERRY JERRY ... He was talking about Oedipus!
GREEK TRAGEDY!! It's ART!!

JERRY
FUCK ART!! GET THE FUCK ART OUT!!!

Pushing, shoving, scrambling. Past a long-haired JOURNALIST yelling into a payphone.

JOURNALIST
NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THE DOORS --
NEVER!! GET A PHOTOGRAPHER DOWN HERE.
"ROLLING STONE'S GOTTA SEE THIS!!

As they rumble by him, all yelling at once. Into the street.

37. EXT. ALLEY & STAIRCASE OUTSIDE WHISKY -- THAT NIGHT

37

The DOORS go sailing out, followed by one of their drums, JOHN and ROBBIE
restraining Jim from going back in.

JIM
TAKE A LONG LOOK OLD MAN. WE ARE THE
FUTURE. WE ARE THINGS TO COME.

JERRY
FUCK YOU ... YOU'RE FUCKING DEAD

Wanting to come after Jim but restrained now by the RECORD MOGULS,
HOLZMAN and ROTHCHILD.

ROTHCHILD
Come on Jerry, cool it, cool it ...he's
a kid, it's a song about dying,
changing...

JAC HOLZMAN pushing past to Ray. Pamela separating Jim visually
from Jerry.

JOHN (to RAY and ROBBIE)
We'll never work again man. The Mafia
controls all these clubs.

HOLZMAN (to Ray and Robbie)
Quite a night! Hi, I'm Jac Holzman. I
own Elektra Records.

RAY (knows the name)
Oh sure, hi.

Holzman pauses, a dramatic presence, six foot two, impeccably
dressed, he knows the weight of his words.

HOLZMAN
Listen ... I think if you could just
put what you did in there on record,
we could really have something ...and
we could make alot of money...

It hangs there. Impossible words.

RAY
Yeah?

John and Robbie sharing looks.

HOLZMAN
(pointing to ROTHCHILD coming up)
Yeah...and Rothchild here was born to
be your producer.

ROBBIE (recognizing Paul)
Hey, the guy that did Butterfield!

ROTHCHILD
Bertold Brecht, cabaret and rock. Give
me a fucking break. You guys are
amazing! Let's go make a record.

JIM
(to Ray, pointing back at Jerry) Hey,
is that asshole gonna pay us?

HOLZMAN (amused)
Why don't you go inside and ask him
- Jim?

Strains of LIGHT MY FIRE cross the cut.

38 INT. SUNSET SOUND RECORDING STUDIO - DAY (1966)

38

Four-track TAPE SYSTEM is rolling.

DOORS SONG

You know that it would be untrue
You know that I would be a liar
If I was to say to you
Girl, we couldn't get much higher

Camera moving fast thru the control room, past the ENGINEER (BRUCE BOTNICK), taciturn, 20's, the PRODUCER (PAUL ROTHCHILD) in pig heaven, and the owner JAC HOLZMAN in his blue suit watching.

PAUL

Hey Bruce, you feel it?

BRUCE

I'm having big fun.

PAUL (to Jac)

I got goosebumps Jac. This is history
going down here. An album of killer
music in six days...six days...unreal!

Camera moving fast past a smiling PAM watching, out to the DOORS on the floor, jamming...on to JIM in the vocal booth, headphone to his ears.

JIM

Come on baby, LIGHT MY FIIIRRRREEEE!!!

The song, now fully - orchestrated, rolling on over the following MONTAGE:

JIM (after song)

Pretty good! Pretty neat!

39 EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - SAN FRANCISCO
(DOCUMENTARY FOOTAGE) - DAY (1967)

39

LIGHT MY FIRE continues.

*

DOCUMENTARY FOOTAGE of the "Human Be-In", the "Summer of Love" -- swarming FLOWER CHILDREN, WAR PROTESTORS.

A staged 16mm. grainy shot of JIM and PAMELA, RAY and DOROTHY, JOHN, ROBBIE and their TWO NEW GIRLFRIENDS wandering thru the CROWD sharing the spirit. Pam and Jim fool around -- laughing -- tickling each other for the home movie camera shot by Ray ...Pam is goofy, makes funny faces, teases him running a flower under his nose, thru his hair, then trips him. He chases her across the lawn.

40 INT. FILLMORE WEST STAGE - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT (1967) 40

The CROWD is "beautiful" -- candles, incense sticks, flowers, vibes of peace and love. The instrumental of "Light My Fire" is playing, but only three DOORS are on stage till Jim comes swinging across on a rope like tarzan all the way across the stage -- then drops down, rebounds lithely and hits the mike.

JIM (singing)

The time to hesitate is through
No time to wallow in the mire.

JIM swandives into the stoned crowd with the mike at the instrumental section, a colored spotlight flecking him, GIRLS kiss him. The guys want to be him, the girls want him -- and he knows it, teasing and tantalizing them...

JIM (CONT'D)

Try now we can only lose
And our love become a funeral pyre
Come on baby, light my fire
Try to set the night on FIIIIIIIIRE!!!!

BODYGUARDS running in to pull him out as he's tossed, like a limp god, over the heads of the crowd, rolling like a buoy on a rocking sea, from hand to hand, Dionysus, devoured limb from limb by the "little girls".

PAMELA watching from the side curtain.

ALABAMA SONG (WHISKY BAR) now kicks in with its comic, Brechtian strain as we:

41 OMIT 41

42 EXT. AIRPORT TARMAC - DAY 42

Screaming FANS chase the DOORS to a commercial airplane, scribbling autographs. One of the GIRLS smacking JIM on the lips as he laughs, her cameras clicking. PAMELA shooting a home movie of it, pushed aside by the crowd, rescued by ROBBIE and the new young manager, BILL SIDDONS...

DOORS SONG

Oh show me the way to the next whisky bar
Oh don't ask why Oh don't ask why

43 EXT. NEW YORK CITY SKYLINE (SEEN FROM PLANE) - DAY 43

The City as seen by:

44 INT. AIRPLANE - DAY 44

JIM'S face pressed to the window, PAMELA next to him hugging each other.

44

CONTINUED

JIM (real close, hugging her)
I don't mind dying in a plane crash,
a smile on my face.

PAMELA (cutting his food)
As compared to what?

JIM
I just don't want to go out slow --
brain tumor, botulism. I want to feel
what it's like, cause death is only
going to happen to you once.

PAMELA
I don't want to die ever, what a weird
thing to say.

DOORS SONG (CONT'D)
For if we don't find the next whisky bar
I tell you we must die
I tell you I tell you
I tell you we must die

45 EXT. CBS - NEW YORK - NIGHT (SUMMER, 1967)

A LIMOUSINE pulling up in front of the Ed Sullivan Marquee. The sidewalk is mobbed with FANS, mostly YOUNG GIRLS.

DOORS SONG (CONT'D)
Oh moon of Alabama
We now must say goodbye
We've lost our good ol' mama
We must have whiskey oh you know why

46 INT. LIMO - NIGHT

JIM looking out at the MOB with the other DOORS and PAMELA. The look on his face is ironic.

His POV -- the YOUNG GIRLS' FACES, arms grasping at the windows like tentacles of a poisonous hydra, their faces deformed by SILENT SCREAMS (we hear faint strangled shrieks below the song) ... POLICE and SECURITY pressing them back, linking arms to clear a path for the Doors.

DOORS SONG (CONT'D)
Show me the way to the next little girl
Oh don't ask why Oh don't ask why

The GIRLS crying hysterically as Jim lazily, leopardly, moves across the CROWD, almost like Oswald waiting for the Ruby bullet but with that sweet, pleasant smile on his face, dark glasses concealing...

GIRLS (faint)

Oh Jimmmmm, pleeeaaase look, I looove
youuuuu, Jimmmmm, pleeeeeease,
Jimmmmm, here, sign miiine...take a
picture Jim?...Jim, Jim, oh please look
at me Jim!!

Their voices distorting. A GIRLCHILD squeezing thru the cordon with the fatal bullet. In slightly SLOW MOTION, Jim seeing her come ... as she glues herself hip to hip, lip to lip with Jim, her hands clawing at his leather pants. It takes TWO COPS to peel her off. Pamela furious. Jim is gracious with everyone, signs patiently, talks, kisses, shakes hands with the boys, lets them touch his hair, his body, poses for a picture, seems to like it.

DOORS SONG (CONT'D)

For if we don't find the next little girl
I tell you we must die
I tell you I tell you
I tell you we must die

47

INT. CBS BACKSTAGE - THAT EVENING

47

The nervous PRODUCER, HERB, leading "MR. SULLIVAN" thru the corridor to the Doors' DRESSING ROOM past several "ACTS" getting ready to go on .. animals, tumblers, a soprano wailing ...

PRODUCER

Right this way Mr. Sullivan. They're called "the Doors". They got the number one single in the country -- "Light Your Fire".

SULLIVAN

"Light Your Fire"? Is that sooo?

PRODUCER

They look pretty grungy but we're...

48

INT. DOORS DRESSING ROOM - EVENING

48

Bedlam. MAKE-UP ARTISTS pancaking the faces of the DOORS -- the nightmare coming true. RAY in a white suit with too many pinstripes. ROBBIE a spearmint turtleneck, beads, long sideburns, JOHN in red velveteen head to foot with a tie-dye splotch on the front of it. Their hair's being violated enough by a nervous gay black HAIR DESIGNER to make them totally self-conscious and nervous about their first live TV appearance -- all except JIM who remains in his signature black leather with the silver navajo belt and shiny spangles -- watching a portable TV... A GIRL leaving his side, crossing Pamela. Eye contact between them speaks of Pamela's jealousy.

JOHN (indignant)

You're gonna cut it!

HAIRDRESSER (doing John)

No, I'm going to worship it. What kind of shampoo are you using?

JOHN

The kind you get in hotels.

HAIRDRESSER

Pamper yourself sweetheart, you don't want split ends, you're a celebrity now (moving to Ray) You have very serious-serious hair, it needs to rebel. I'll give it a tinge of something freaky.

RAY

I'd rather stay the same color.

HAIRDRESSER

Scaredy cat.

ROBBIE

What about me?

HAIRDRESSER (a look)

Honey, we don't have enough time.

*
*
*
*
*

TV NEWSMAN

... here in Detroit, 42 people dead,
more than 2000 injured ... 1400
buildings burned, 5000 people have just
lost their homes as Detroit joins more
than 100 cities torn by riots this hot
summer!

On JIM, as they pancake him, reflective.

JIM

No wonder "Light My Fire's" number one.

HAIRDRESSER (to JIM)

What about you handsome?

JIM (friendly)

The biggest mistakes in my life have
been haircuts.

PAM

Don't wash it. Don't set it. He likes
it the way it is...

HAIRDRESSER (backing off)

All right, be mean ...

Commotion from the doorway as the PRODUCER leads the lock-jawed MR.
SULLIVAN in with everyone bowing and scraping to the Pope.

PRODUCER

Boys -- meet Mr. Sullivan

Mr. Sullivan waves from the doorway.

SULLIVAN

Hi boys, heard your song "Light That
Fire" (Herb corrects) ... think you're
great ... good luck out there.

DOORS (ad lib)

Oh thanks Mr. Sullivan.

PRODUCER (moving alongside Ray)

Well the guys at Network have told us
they have a small problem with the
lyrics "girl we couldn't get much
higher". You can't say "higher" on
network so they asked if ... you could
say, "girl we can't get much better"
... can you dig that?

A look from the guys. Jim sullen. Tension in the air. Mr. Sullivan
waiting.

JIM

How 'bout, "girl you couldn't bite my
wire".

Pause. The producer puzzled a beat. It doesn't go down.

PRODUCER

I don't think Standards and Practices
would ...

Sullivan exiting, waving at no one in particular like Nixon would.

SULLIVAN

Look, you boys don't forget to smile
now. Don't be so sullen out there...

JIM

Uh well, we're kind of a sullen group,
Ed.

SIDDONS reassuring the Producer.

SIDDONS

We'll work it out Herb, promise. Give
me five.

PRODUCER

(not totally convinced, exiting)
Groovy! Uh you boys should know Mr.
Sullivan is considering you boys for
four more shows. You dig?

Pause.

JOHN

Well?

JIM

What -- are we the Beatles now John?

RAY (laughs)

It's only a word man. The Stones
changed...

JIM

Hey Ray, why don't you change your name
to Sid or Irving Manzarek or
something...it's only a word y'know.

ROBBIE

It's my words. I don't care, let's just
jam.

Ray's seething tension. Younger brother starting to get out of
hand.

49

CONTINUED

49

SULLIVAN

Now here on our stage direct from Los Angeles, California, ladies and gentlemen, The Doors!

The lights come up on the DOORS in their ultimate nightmare -- each Door appearing consecutively in a lightspot as Jim sings the ubiquitous "Light My Fire", trapped in this Elvis Presley - Vegas act, he looks like he couldn't care less. DOORS hang suspended everywhere on the set -- their name spelled out in big block stand-up letters.

Jim has a hard-on in his pants, barely concealed by his tight leathers.

PRODUCER (in control booth)
What's that?...oh Jesus!...get off it!!
Where's he going?

Jim misses his marks deliberately, the camera having a hard time following him.

JIM & DOORS
You know that it would be untrue
You know that I would be a liar
If I was to say to you
Girl, we couldn't get much higher
Come on baby light my fire

50

INT. CONTROL BOOTH (SIMULTANEOUS) - THAT NIGHT

50

The PRODUCERS freaking out.

PRODUCER (hyperventilating)
He said it! He said it! On National TV
You can't do that! You can't do that!!!
You blew it you little shit! You'll
never play Ed Sullivan again.

Jim on the monitors, singing through to his freedom, falls on the floor flat, the camera missing him completely.

JIM
Come on baby, light my fire
Try to set the night on FIIIIIRRRRE!

51

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM -- NEW YORK - NIGHT

51

OVERHEAD ANGLE -- JIM lies there in a sweat. PAMELA pulls off him, naked, frustrated, trying to rouse him.

PAM (tender)
What can I do, what do you want me to do? ... Jim?

JIM
I don't know ... I guess I should see a doctor or something...maybe I should go to someone of the straight Jungian philosophy.

PAM
It happens to other guys too...

Jim, quietly pissed, reaches for the whiskey bottle at the side of the bed.

JIM

It's so scary up there. To be adored. Isn't that irony? Teenage death girls want my dick -- a mere clown -- not my words. I'll never wake up in a good mood again.. Lament for my cock, a tongue of knowledge deep in the feathered night, gives life, soar and crucify, I seek to know you...

PAM

It's not so complicated Jim, it's just sex, y'know.

JIM

You should marry an insurance salesman.

PAM

It's the hours man, the pressure, everything's like your last performance, you're setting yourself up.

JIM

We weren't built to last.

PAM

Aren't you doing this for you, because you're a poet, not a rock star. Ed Sullivan's not a place for you.

JIM

You really know what I am Pam? You know what poetry is? Where is the feast they promised us? Where is the wine -- the new wine -- dying on the vine?

PAM

What are you saying!

JIM

Y'see -- I lied to you. I really love Fame.

PAM

(Here we go.) Why are you doing this to me?

JIM (drinks)

'Cause you're in the room.

She tries to take the bottle away. He resists. They struggle. It becomes a fight.

PAM

And this is gonna help! It's probably the cause. 'Least put some soul in your success asshole!

JIM
Maybe you're the cause!

PAM
Right.

JIM
I mean I don't have this problem with
anybody else.

PAM (getting the bottle)
Give it to me!!!

JIM (getting it back)
No!!!! Mommy!!!

PAM (gives up, tries to exit)
Fuck you man I'm outta here.

He grabs her. They lurch, smashing the lamp. WILD CHILD song
kicking in.

JIM (excited now)
Get mad! Yeahhh! Love my girl! Yeah, go
fuck the other guys. How many white
guys have you fucked Pam? 10, 20? Black
guys what? You like Chinese dicks?
Mongolian penis? 30?

PAM (fighting)
...how many dogs have you fucked! You
don't say No to anybody! Drugs, dogs,
uglies, you'd fuck a doorknob with
butter on it!

JIM
How could I do that

PAM (shouting top of her lungs)
You're the first one who couldn't make
it with me anyway! You're the only limp
dick in the lot!!!

Camera running at them from the end of the room. JIM laughs
manically as they roll off the bed into a wall. Kicking, hitting
hard.

DOORS SONG
Wild Child full of grace
Savior of the human race
Your cool face
Natural child, terrible child
Not your mother or your father's child
Your own child, screaming wild

JIM
HA HA HA!! WILL YOU DIE FOR ME!

PAM
NO! WILL YOU DIE FOR ME!!

JIM
I'D DIE FOR ANYBODY

PAM
WHAT ABOUT ME! WHAT ABOUT ME!

JIM
CUNT CUNT CUNT

PAM
LIAR LIAR LIAR. YOU PROMISED. YOU
PROMISED

JIM
I'M SORRY I'M SORRY I'M SORRY

A VOICE across the wall joining in, banging.

VOICE
SHADDUP WILLYA. I'M TRYING TO
SLEEP!!!!

JIM
THEN MOVE TO MIAMI YOU SLAVE!!!

More naging. By this time the fight has expired of its own
volition.

JIM (quietly)
You were saying?

They giggle, start to laugh. Then they cuddle on the floor, in the
corner, in this semi-lit New York hotel room.

JIM (low)
...will you die for me, Pam, a clown,
a despicable clown?...a mere despicable
clown?

PAM
Yes yes yes

JIM
...I need a home. A place to hide

PAM
...with me. Yes...yes...

JIM (mumbling)
...how could we make a home? ...where
there's sanctuary?

PAM
...yes, yes, yes

He's hard now. She's guiding him inside her.

JIM
...we're in Africa, we're just
animals...I wanna stay inside you all
night baby...let's fuck death away,
now fuck death away...

PAM
...yes....

52

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE -- HOTEL SUITE NEW YORK - DAY

52

Camera moving in past the buffet, champagne, flowers in the hotel suite overlooking CENTRAL PARK ... to the DOORS in armchairs surrounded by an informal group of a DOZEN JOURNALISTS and PRESS PHOTOGRAPHERS ... JIM behind dark shades drinking long Hawaiian fruit punches, decked out in snakeskin.

JOURNALIST 1 (stiff, Times type)
What are your songs about Mr. Morrison?

TIME DISSOLVES over the questions and answers. A vaguely dreamy quality.

JIM
Uh love death travel...revolt. We all write the songs, we're interested in anything about disorder, chaos, especially activity which seems to have no meaning...I think when you make peace with authority, you become authority.

JOURNALIST 1
Can you define that a little more?

JIM
Yeah you can call us erotic politicians I guess.

DISSOLVING OVER:

JOURNALIST 2
Do you really consider yourself a shaman Mr. Morrison?

DISSOLVING OVER:

JIM
...a scapegoat maybe -- I take on the audiences' fantasies, obeying their impulses. When the impulses are destructive, I'm destructive. It's kinda like sucking the puss out of a rattlesnake, something like that.

*
*
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*

JOURNALIST 1 (smiling)
...like a medicine man or witch doctor?

RAY (cuts in)
Jim said to me once, the history of rock and roll's like Greek drama or caveman stories. The audience comes to see ancient rituals in ancient caves. Their souls in jeopardy. They're not watching any longer, they're participating -- and everything's in play, your life, your death...

JOURNALIST 1 (glib)
Is that why they scream so much?

Gentle laughter. The JOURNALISTS don't get it...panning their looks. The backbeat of *CRYSTAL SHIP*, dreamy hazy, Warhol-like interview floating over the room like a giant mushroom cloud.

DISSOLVING TO:

JOURNALIST 3 (more down to earth)
Mr. Morrison, how do you feel about
being called the "ultimate barbie
doll".

On Jim -- a beat. A sickly smile spreads.

JIM
I guess when you say something like
that, it's a shortcut to thinking.

JOURNALIST 3
Then do you "think" about the dreadful
reviews your new poetry book has
gotten?

Holding up a copy of "The Lords and New Creatures". *

JIM (softly)
I guess they didn't understand.

JOURNALIST 3 (having scored)
And it's true you financed it's
publication? *

Jim motions him over, whispers something at SIDDONS who goes to
fetch a pair of scissors. *

RAY (angry)
Have you bothered to read the poetry
ma'm? You keep denying that anything
good can come from L.A., I mean isn't
that kind of a provincial attitude? That
Bob Dylan's the only poet cause he's
from the East Coast, but you won't
even look past Jim's goddamn looks at
the words man!

JIM (embarrassed)
Hey c'mon Ray, hate should be allowed.

JOURNALIST 1
...but what really are your songs about
Mr. Morrison? You preach, "saving the
planet", "making a new age" but how
does drinking, taking drugs, this boozy
sort of apocalyptic stance at the world
influence young people in a postive
way?

JIM
I like that -- "boozy apocalyptic" --
you're a word man, but how does your
newspaper influence young people to
think about Vietnam?
(more) *

JIM (Cont'd)

Who's sending the soldiers over there to die? The establishment -- right? Your newspaper -- right? That seems to me a lot more dangerous than the stuff we do.

*
*
*
*
*
*

DISSOLVING OVER:

JOURNALIST 3

Do you believe in drugs Mr. Morrison?

SIDDONS comes back in, hands Jim a pair of scissors.

*

JIM (graciously disdainful)

Did you know Nietzsche said, "all good consciousness, all evidence of truth comes only from the senses"? Hey you wanna arm wrestle? Come on, you look pretty tough today. C'mon, I'll take you all on.

*
*
*
*

JOURNALIST 3 (ignoring his smile)

And alcohol? Is that considered part of the shaman's wisdom?

JIM

Part of the clown's wisdom -- it's kinda the American way. You know we spend more on alcohol and tobacco than on education.

*
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*

DOUBLE IMAGES on the DISSOLVES.

JOURNALIST 3

Are you by any chance in a trance now Mr. Morrison?

JIM

Do you hurt?

JOURNALIST 3

What?

JIM

What hurts you the most?

He cuts his hair with the scissors. A commotion.

*

JOURNALIST 3

What are you doing?

DISSOLVING OVER:

JIM

Uh...got tired of the barbie doll look. It hurt.

JOURNALIST 3

Are you serious?

JIM (cutting hair blindly)
About? Y'know when people are joking,
I find they are dead serious and when
they're dead serious, I find them
funny.

They're amazed. The point is made however -- visibly. The anger
in his action is so extreme yet so contained -- the cynosure of all
eyes as always. Eyes shooting back at JOURNALIST 3...JOURNALIST
4 cuts in from the back of the room altering the mood.

JOURNALIST 4
What do your parents think about what
you are doing?

JIM (pause)
Actually, I don't really remember being
born. It musta happened during one of
my blackouts.

Laughter. JOURNALIST 4 with dark hair and demeanor, gypsy-like
jewelry on her arm and avant garde clothing, large glasses, is
probably a rock magazine writer but seems to like Jim and his work.

JOURNALIST 4
But they must've expressed some
feeling?

JIM (pause)
Well, to be honest they're not living
anymore so I don't like to talk about
that.

Flashbulbs hitting his face at that moment.

JOURNALIST 4
Could you at least tell us how they
died?

Jim puts the scissors down, going to a low mysterious voice.

JIM
Oh, it was a ... horrible car crash
... in the desert in the fifties,
Arizona ... ran right into a truckload
of Indians ... Navajos, they were
lying out on the road, all bleeding,
and I was with my Grandma and Grandad,
we were banged up and all ... and I
was looking at my Dad and he was lying
there ... but his throat was severed
and there was air coming out.

He puts the room in a hush. He has mesmerized them and they're not
sure whether to believe it or not.

JOURNALIST 4
I'm sorry.

JOURNALIST 2
I have the feeling I'm being put on.

*

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*

Jim rises, staggers slightly as he makes his way to the bar on the way out of the room, smiles right at her, ignoring everybody else in the room.

JIM

Y'all believe what you want to believe,
you will anyway ...but it does kinda
show you what excites people? (looking
directly at her) Fear, pity, horror--
all those good things that count. It's
sorta I guess like being on the edge
of an orgasm, y'know...that mystery
just before you come. When? If? Should
I? Will you die for me, eat me, this
way, the end...

*
*

52

CONTINUED (5)

52

He goes. The room in silence, embarrassed, nervous titters looking at Journalist 4 who flushes deeply as we cut to:

53

INT. PATRICIA'S SOHO LOFT - THAT DAY (RAIN)

53

Rain, rain, rain ... pelting the large windows as we glide to JIM fucking JOURNALIST 4 (PATRICIA KENNEALY) madly in the twisted sheets...

He gives up, exhausted. The SONG CRYSTAL SHIP backbeats the scene...

*

He wanders around her place. Her place is crammed with books and intellectualabilia, skulls, candles, globes of the world, plants. She puts her glasses back on.

PATRICIA

You want to do some more cocaine? It'll loosen you up.

*

*

*

JIM

Great! A new thing.

*

*

As she goes to a bowl of cocaine, laid alongside a bottle of champagne and a basketful of items all catered by Jim. He's at her bookcase, thumbing through an ancient manuscript.

JIM

Wow how old is this?

INSERT -- the DRAWINGS in the book pertain to Witchcraft.

PATRICIA (snorting)

14th Century. I practice the Craft.

JIM

The Craft?

PATRICIA

I'm a witch (smiles). A white one.

JIM (impressed)

Wow! You Patricia? Who would've guessed?

Ironic of course when you look at her long dark locks and demeanor. She looks back at him, challenging.

PATRICIA

The Kennealy's were Celtic cheiftains and pre-Christian shamans when your Druid ancestors the Morrisons were a minor Scottish clan founded by a bastard son of the king of Norway.

JIM reappraising her. Her eye contact is very direct.

PATRICIA

It's a religion, witchcraft. Witches are the protectors of the seasons, the harvests, goddesses of the grain. And when crossed, destroyers.

Jim waits. Something in the feeling of the room has shifted. The sound of her razor chopping coke. He snorts -- the first time. *

PATRICIA

You ever try drinking blood?

JIM

What?

PATRICIA

It works you know. You drink blood the right time of the moon...they used to dance in the forests naked. I think that's what offended the Puritans and led to the Burnings. They were a sexual threat to their male order like the Bacchae -- five days a year for Dionysus, they used to wander the hills in ancient Greece, the first witches, clans of wild women fucking, looting, eating animals raw, the wine in their blood running hot -- looking for Dionysus ...to tear him to pieces -- isn't that wild? *

Jim is down on his knees crawling around her. She is crawling back. *

JIM (hooked)

Where do you get the blood?

Patricia laughs.

SUPERIMPOSITION TO:

PATRICIA drawing blood from her arm-- wipes it on his mouth. Some of it spills out, tamping the white powder with red stains. Jim watching enthralled, coked out. She hands him the jewelled Moroccan dagger. *

PATRICIA

Blood is the rose of mysterious union, symbol of potency...now you.

JIM

No ... I don't like ... cutting myself.

PATRICIA (stern)

Don't be such a child! If I do it, you have to do it.

He extends his arm. The look between them. He closes his eyes like a little boy. She makes the cut.

DOORS SONG

Before you slip into unconsciousness
I'd like to have another kiss
Another flashing chance at bliss
Another kiss, another kiss

SUPERIMPOSITIONS:

CONTINUED (2)

Candles, incense burn. As Jim and Patricia dance in the loft naked to music, drinking champagne.

JUMP CUT: He is chasing her with one of her goat horns between his legs. They wrestle, yell, lusty bacchanale.

*
*
*

SUPERIMPOSITIONS TO:

They're fucking madly on the wooden floor of the loft, bathed in blood and white powder all over the place, rain pelting the windows, thunder, Orff's "Carmina Burana" cutting in over the Doors' song.

PATRICIA (sexy)

Come on rock god, fuck me, fuck me
good.

In slightly ape-like SLOW MOTION, he's wildly thrusting at her like a stallion, then reaches down, yanks out her diaphragm -- holds it to her eyes briefly and throws it across the room into the fireplace.

JIM (lips out of sync)

I'm gonna burn you down.

PATRICIA

Come on...

Incants him to climax with CELTIC WORDS.

Jim is wild, reaching for the Moroccan dagger, holding it to her face as he continues to pump.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

Cut me! Cut me go on!

JIM (knife to her cheek)

Nobody'd ever look at you again --
'cept me. I'd scar you forever.

PATRICIA

Yeah YEAH!

JIM

AWRIGHT! AWRIGHT!

PATRICIA

FUCK ME! FUCK ME!! GO ON FUCK ME!!!

DOORS SONG

The crystal ship is being filled
A thousand girls, a thousand thrills
A million ways to spend your time
When we get back I'll drop a line

The camera shooting up to the ceiling in a tilting dutch angle as the world comes unglued. Jim yelling with release.

-*

DISSOLVE TO:

54

INT. PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO - NEW YORK - ANOTHER DAY

54

GLORIA STAVERS, beautiful 30ish ex-Vogue model shooting Jim for her layout. It's not going well. He's resisting, the attitude negative to be photographed, compounded by the acid it seems he's on.

GLORIA

Take off your shirt.

JIM (cow noise)

Mooooooooo!!!

GLORIA (taking his shirt off)

You remind me of a Russian peasant.
I see you standing in a wheat field.
The pride, the arrogance. You love
to look at yourself don't you. You
love yourself. (he's moving, getting
into it)...good....big cat stalking...

JUMP CUTS -- photos going off...JIM starting to pout narcissistically, Jagger-like, for camera -- a bare-chested pose, long lion's mane of hair streaming down to his shoulders. She's shooting rapidly taklking him thru the trip. Her sentences falling on separate cuts of Jim. As we hear the backbeat of PEOPLE ARE STRANGE.

GLORIA

...the camera is like a roulette wheel
Jim. It becomes whoever you want it
to be -- a woman you want to seduce,
a man you want to kill, a mother you
want to upset, a wife you want to lie
to or love, whatever you want it to
be, it is...

JIM (pausey, paranoid)

Where are the Doors.

He resists, he goes with it, push pull, prowling her loft on the acid, a bottle of cognac in one hand -- changing from shot to shot like a chameleon, free, wild, vicious, obscene.

GLORIA

Forget the Doors. It's you they want,
Jim. You're the Doors.

JIM (scared suddenly)

We do everything together

GLORIA

You control the audience, like dogs,
manipulate them Jim, one picture can
control a million people, be anything
you want -- growl at them, be ugly,
be frightened, be selfish. Be man,
woman, whild, animal. Live, die,
return again. Anything you want.
Everything is permitted.

A weird dance ensuing between them -- teasing, enticing. He runs away, writhes along her wall, being photographed inch by moving inch. He crawls to her. She gets down with him on the floor, straddling him, photographing. Then he straddles her as she shoots him from her back. They kiss, flirting. He growls like an animal...dives into her closet...tearing open the doors, flinging away hanging clothes, he finds her white fur coat and puts it on...JUMP CUT -- him as he moves to her full-length MIRROR, confronting himself. She slides up behind him.

GLORIA

Go on look at yourself, fall in love with yourself. You're your own audience now Jim. They want you. Worship and love and adore you...

A pause. She wants him. No longer so cool.

GLORIA

...Jim Morrison, the god of Rock and Cock...

JIM

I am the snake and you are the lute

GLORIA

Exactly...

Our camera dwells on Jim in the mirror, closer, closer -- the image and the reality, which is which anymore -- where does it end?

The Great Jim Morrison, The Shaman, then Pamela, Patricia, Gloria, a series of women who face after face fill the ancient gallery, interchangeable masks as PEOPLE ARE STRANGE climaxes and JIM's face SPINS OUT OPTICALLY TO:

DOORS SONG

People are strange when you're a stranger
Faces look ugly when you're alone
Women seem wicked when your unwanted
Streets are uneven when you're down

LIMBO - MAGAZINE COVERS

JIM'S FACE on a series of MAGAZINES twirling -- "SIXTEEN", "GLAMOUR", ROCK MAGAZINES, etc. flowering out into:

INT. DOWNTOWN LOFT - NEW YORK - NIGHT (WINTER)

Style vampires drink and grope and drug and dance under the staccato blips of strobe lights. Artists and intellectuals, groupies and debutantes, everyone on display, as contrived and replicated as one of the Warhol prints of Elvis or Marilyn and Mao on the walls ...

FISHEYE POVS -- hearkening back to the acid trip -- as JIM wanders through the dream, drinking, smoking, swallowing pills. PEOPLE look at him, talk to him (AD LIBS) but drugs distort everything and their voices are foreign, incoherent and they disappear. "PEOPLE ARE STRANGE" continuing:

55

CONTINUED

55

DOORS SONG

When you're strange
Faces come out of the rain
When your stange
No one remembers your name
When you're strange
When you're strange
When you're strange

56

INT. ROOM - LIMBO

56

Jim peering into a room somewhere -- one of Warhol's FILMS is playing on a wall -- a man sleeping, eating ...

A GLIMPSE OF VIETNAM WAR FOOTAGE on a TV monitor -- B-52s dropping bombs.

A fat little PR MAN grabbing Jim's arm, leaning in, distorted.

PR MAN (cool)

You must meet Andy Warhol, Jim. He's
more than an artist. Andy is art.
Bright people in America wonder -- does
Andy imitate life, or does life imitate
Andy. The meeting of two kings. Yes,
Come.

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PAMELA is suddenly there, laughing, nuttily introducing a handsome strapping TOM BAKER, a charismatic actor, and a COUNT, suave, urbane, on heroin. Her voice lost in the jabber -- their names sound as if they're in a bottom of a tank. PAMELA seems so impressed with the high life of New York.

PAMELA

Oh Jim this is Tom ... Baker, he's an actor, he was in Andy's movie and this is Count Ruspoli. He lives in Paris, but he's Italian. He's from a very famous family over there. They're seven hundred years old.

*
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*

COUNT (Italian accent)

Hi Jim, you are great... I see you at Ondine's with Bobby and Jimmy. It ...

PR guy stays there, introduces himself to the count.

*

PAM (pawing at Jim)

Don't you like the way he talks. Isn't he cool?

*

JIM (annoyed with Pam)

Yeah...hey what's your trip?

TOM (cutting in)

Saw your gig at 'The Scene'. Hot...very-hot... You strung out? Here. Try this. (pill, popper, joint, a drink, all at once)

JIM

Love your movies man. What a great penis...

Tom is obviously a major druggie. A popper - joint trade-off going off.

RAY's face leaning in distorted.

RAY

Come on, we're splitting man. Dorothy's waiting at the door. We'll get a bite at Max's and...

JIM

You can't leave. Where's your will to be weird man?

JOHN DENSMORE appearing with a wasted looking ROBBIE who is giggling, high, and with a NEW GIRLFRIEND in tow.

JOHN

Get outta here man. This is fucking weird man.

The PR MAN is still next to Jim, jumping up and down excitedly waving across the room at nothing in particular. As the PHOTOGRAPHERS try to get Jim and the Doors in a photo opportunity.

PR MAN

Right this way Jim. Andy's in the
bedroom.

*
*

JIM (to RAY)

Don't go, y'see Norman Mailer, I hear
he's here?

RAY

Yeah can we meet him, he's great...just
like he is. (enamored) You wanna meet
him?

*

JIM (paranoid)

I don't know ... did he know who you
were?

*
*
*
*

RAY

Yeah sure, he's cool, come on, he's
your hero!

JIM

Nah...later...

A wasted, emaciated Edie Sedgewick type floats into Jim's fractured
POV - introducing a MAN with a crew cut and silk suit.

EDIE (echoey voice)

Hey Jim, this is Jake Johnson, you
remember Jake Johnson -- the astronaut,
he's just got back from outer space.

*
*

JAKE JOHNSON

I like the Doors, I like the Doors,
I like the Doors.

*

JIM

I like outer space.

Tom Baker brings a tall, incredible looking BLONDE in bleack leather
towards him.

TOM

Hey where's my joint? (a roach goes
back). There's this chick sings with
the Velvet Underground, Andy's band.
She says she can drink you under the
table.

They stare at each other like two cats. Eye level stares that go
on and on. She finally hisses in a German accent.

NICO

I'm Nico. It's boring tonight. Some
of us are going downtown to a new club.
You want to come?

A voice to kill, looks to undress, fully as tall as Jim.

TOM (distantly heard)
...elevate your taste in trolls man.

JIM (to Nico who reaches for her vodka)
Vodka? Race you.

NICO
Your death...

JIM (to Ray and Robbie)
Wanna go? ... Come on let's go.

ROBBIE
She looks too freaky to me.

NICO
Wait just a minute.

As she floats away.

JIM
Come on there's pussy Robbie.

ROBBIE (excited)
Hey I met this chick Lynne, she wants
to be alone.

Lynne is there, pretty, nods to Jim.

RAY
Come on Jim, let's go.

JIM (childlike)
Don't you guys wanna meet Andy Warhol?

JOHN
Tell you the truth, I can live without
him. He's a freak. Let's get outta
here. We got a show tomorrow.

JIM
Come on man! I thought we were gonna
be a band, the four of us -- and party
all night, rock and roll!

RAY (laughs)
I could never keep up with you Jim.
I couldn't make the music.

Jim's eyes briefly on -- Pamela giggling with the French Count,
putting her hand on his arm as she laughs. Innocent, nothing meant
but a moment ...

JIM
(desperate mockery, grabs Ray) Don't
go. Don't leave! You can't leave. I
don't know what will happen. It might
be Death.

RAY
Come on Jim, this isn't our scene,
these people are vampires. We gotta
stick together man, the four of us.
Let's make the myths man.

56

CONTINUED

56

A moment, strange. Slightly SLOW MOTION. Ray tapping Jim's shoulder goodbye ... Robbie and John's faces passing on. As if they're parting -- in a symbolic way. Jim blinking in the same SLOW MOTION, looking. Nico is gone -- but Tom is there, across the room, waving.

The INDIAN SHAMAN looks like he's standing there in a corner. Jim, ripped, heads for him, but the PR WOMAN cuts him off. Jim forgets he saw the Indian.

PR MAN

Right here Jim, right here. Andy's waiting. You know what you have in common is uniqueness.

Past more faces. The Music has subtly shifted to STRANGE DAYS somewhere along the way.

DOORS SONG

Strange days have found us
Strange days have tracked us down
They're going to destroy
Our casual joys
We shall go on playing or find a new town

Past a cache of QUEENS in white leather ogling Jim, one of them coming over boldly, chatting him up (AD LIB dimly heard), them grabbing his crotch and kissing him. Jim rearing back, laughing but wary. Past the RICH LADIES dripping with jewels and faces peeled from Brazilian sleep tanks and Swiss knives.

Past a YOUNG MAN dressed in Jim Morrison leather pants with his hair and eye make-up, a warped image of Jim, smiling back at him.

JIM (looking for Nico)

Nico!

57

INT. BEDROOM - SAME NIGHT

57

A quieter room, drugged out, the PR GUY cheerily leading JIM, stepping over SLEEPING BODIES, over fur coats strewn across the floor ... to a MAN with white hair like a circus clown, his back to us, talking with some black-tied EUROPEAN ARISTOCRATS looking so cool.

WARHOL

Well, it was such a big opening, we just had to go to Philadelphia, y'know, you were supposed to, mmm...

PR GUY (butting in)

Andy! Andy!

ANDY turning at the interruption. He looks like a chic voodoo doll. Holding an incongruous gold telephone in his arms like a teddy bear.

Slightly SLOW MO as Warhol's black empty eyes confront Jim -- a pit of nothingness in them, amnesia, death. In Jim's SLOW MOTION reaction we read what he sees. Andy going on with his story, to the group that includes TOM BAKER.

ANDY

...but so many people showed up, the paintings were getting crushed, so they took them all down...um, it really looked great y'know...maybe uh...
(long pause)

PR MAN (cutting in)

...the walls. The blank walls. Andy was the art. Should do a show. Just walls. Today it's really about people, not what they do. It's the astronaut that matters, not the voyage, the actor, not the movie -- how do I say, it's the trip, not arriving.

Andy is looking at Jim. Jim at Andy.

PR MAN (babbling on)

...you know what Andy says, some day everybody's gonna be famous for 15 seconds, but it won't mean anything.

TOM BAKER

That's too short. I need a couple hours.

They laugh. Andy's eyes hidden, face as white as styrofoam.

ANDY

We'd just love to have you in our movies Jim, you're so beautiful, you'd be so good, you mmmm, here...this is for you Jim.

Andy shows his eyes, gives Jim the gold telephone he's carrying.

ANDY

Edie gave this to me and said mmmmm, I could talk to God with this. But I don't really have anything to say. So...mmmm now you can talk to God. Oh hi!

Vanishes, waving to somebody else. Jim holding the phone.

DOORS SONG

Strange days have found us
And through their strange hours
We linger alone

Nico reappears waving at him to come quickly.

NICO

Morrison!

58

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - NIGHT (WINTER)

58

SNOW on the streets ... a group of DRUGGIES staggering in the snowbanks, throwing snowballs, stupid giggling, wheezing puffs of cold air ...

Jim throws the golden telephone into the trash and pees on it.

*

58

CONTINUED

58

IRIS SHOTS continue -- PAMELA laughing battily with TOM BAKER who's putting the make on her ... The COUNT is on heroin. *

JIM passing a vodka bottle back and forth with NICO hitting a stash of ups. They fall in the snow, mad Russian winter.

DOORS SONG (CONT'D)

Bodies confused
Memories misused
As we run from the day
To a strange night of stone
(SONG REPEATS OVER)

59

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR (REGENCY) - THAT NIGHT

59

BLACK & WHITE IRIS SHOTS continue -- imagistic, disassociative.

A LONG CORRIDOR -- COUPLE staggering down the red carpets, champagne bottles in hand. The COUNT gets lost. *

PAM laughing -- suddenly alone, notices, goes looking for Jim ... floating down this endless corridor with white doors and red carpet.

60

INT. ELEVATOR

60

NICO stripping .. a superb body ... riding the floors ...

10...11...12...13

Jim taking an amyl nitrate with her ... laughing ... Nico with that crazed German laugh...PAMELA pushing the elevator buttons wildly...

The elevator opening on her. From Pamela's POV -- Nico down on her knees, her blonde head buried in Jim's leather pants ... Jim pinned against the back wall, smiling dopically, eyes barely registering Pam ... who screams loud and long, hiding his eyes...not wanting to know ... The images faster and more fragmented: Pam beating at Jim wildly. He's laughing. Nico's laughing. The Aristocrats in the hallway are laughing. The world is laughing with its madness. *

DOORS SONG

Strange days have found us
Strange days have tracked us down

61

INT. NEW HAVEN CONCERT HALL - NIGHT (1967)

61

An eager rowdy CROWD chants DOORS! DOORS! DOORS! DOORS! to a stage without the Doors. TECHIES are moving amplifiers, running sound checks, stalling time, the MANAGER SIDDONS gauging the crowd, nervous. RICH GIRLS and LOCAL HONCHOS have backstage passes. COPS crawling over the stage, the PROMOTER of the concert trying to get the crowds attention. *

TECHIE (at mike)

Testing one-two-three. Testing.

PROMOTER (on mike)

Look, the Fire Marshall's not gonna
let the show go on. Either you go back
to your seats, you go to the aisle,
you don't do that -- no show!

CROWD (pushing towards stage, no aisles)

DOORS! DOORS! DOORS! (turning to:)

MORRISON! MORRISON! MORRISON!

62 INT. BACKSTAGE CORRIDOR - SAME NIGHT

62

The SOUNDS of the CROWD pound thru the hallway. CAMERA following
JIM reading a magazine article, accompanied by PATRICIA KENNEALY --
past the TECHIES, turning to look -- they go into empty SHOWER ROOM.

63 INT. SHOWER ROOM - SAME NIGHT

63

The Crowd NOISE still carries, echoing. JIM leads PATRICIA to a
quiet, isolated stall where they can be alone. Tapping the magazine,
sincerely moved by what he reads.

JIM

"Lord Byron"? Really. You think? You like
the poems?

PATRICIA

Like? I loved them! "Mad bad and
dangerous to know." That's what they
said about him. Your poems should be
taken as seriously.

JIM

These are the kindest words I've ever
heard in my life. No one has ever
understood. Thank you. (then) Maybe
I should always fuck my critics.

PATRICIA

Y'know I don't even like rockers.
They're sleazy. I made up my fuck list
the other night -- out of 30 guys there
were maybe three of them, y'know. I'm
not a groupie.

JIM (hotter, grabs her)

Let's do it, here, now ... with the
sound of the crowd. Like Nuremberg,
wild German fucking.

PATRICIA

You like that hunh? Beg!

JIM

I'm begging! I'm begging you!

PATRICIA

You wanna fuck me, Morrison, don't ever
lie to me again. Ever!

JIM

About what!

PATRICIA

Your father. Why do you tell me
bullshit like your father's dead?

JIM (pissed)

What's your problem with fathers!
They're dead, both of them, I told you.

PATRICIA

If he's so dead, then who answered the
phone when I called the house?

Jim -- a look, struck.

PATRICIA (CONT'D, knowing look)

You didn't really think you'd get away
with that, Morrison. An Admiral in the
United States Navy. Who's at the Gulf
of Tonkin when Vietnam starts. Your
Dad's a Deputy Chief of Operations.

JIM

What'd he say? That was really stupid.
Why didn't you just ask me.

PATRICIA

Well naturally he wasn't too happy when
I called. Your Mom wanted to talk but
he shut her off.

JIM

You're a fuckin' cunt. You could ruin
his career if...

PATRICIA

What, I'm a "fuckin' cunt" because I
called the house? Like it's hard to
trace your school records. University
of Florida, Albuquerque, New Mexico,
Arlington, Virginia, Washington, D.C.
Brother, sister, it's seven miles long
baby -- it's all in the "The End", it's
so easy.

Fingering his pants, her hand slips inside. Teasing, dominating
him. Her dark side radiant.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

Don't ever try to hide anything from
me again. Okay? Go on...tell me. Did
he make you cut your hair? Did he hit
you, was he a bully? Did he love you?
How much?

Jim describes a small space between thumb and forefinger.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

And your mother?

Jim makes a little larger space.

JIM (pause)

I don't want to talk about it. Hate
is a very underestimated emotion.

His look is right at her. Silence. Patricia knows he won't talk. Through the pause we hear the crowd chanting, bigger and bigger - "MORRISON MORRISON MORRISON!" She's excited, wanting to make love here, now. He's cooled out, however.

PATRICIA

It doesn't matter anymore does it.
Listen to them. It's you they want
now. Not the Doors, not your mother
or your father's child...They want you
Jim.

Jim shakes his head, weary. Suddenly he's scared inside.

JIM

You're wrong. What they want I can't
give...my death -- ripped to pieces --
do you feel their power? (the noise
pounding)

PATRICIA

You have no choice, Jim. I see you
up there like Icarus. I see you flying
closer and closer to the sun. And your
wings are melting...

JIM

I want to live, Patricia. I don't wanna
die.

Jim's ironic eyes, to the ceiling. Laden with a power to which he
has married himself yet brave, resisting as she pulls his zipper
down and goes to her knees in front of him. Shaking his head.

JIM

Patricia...Patricia...

A beefy COP stands there looking at them,

COP

Whatcha doing there?

JIM

Uh...nuthin'

COP (approaching, suspicious)

Okay, outta there both of you. No
one's allowed backstage. Let's go.

PATRICIA

You idiot, don't you know who...

63

CONTINUED (3)

63

JIM

Hey, I'm with the band man. It's cool.
Take it easy.

THE COP has no patience, grabs JIM by the arm and pulls. JIM shoves him off. THE COP pushes back. A shoving match.

COP

Let's go. NOW! You're both under arrest.

JIM

(pointing to his crotch, angry) Hey, eat it man!

The cop whips out a black can from his belt, sprays Jim.

JIM(CONT'D)

Mace! Shit! (in pain)

Patricia screaming at the COP grabs JIM, propelling him violently out the stall of the bathroom.

64

INT. BACKSTAGE CORRIDOR - SAME NIGHT

64

PATRICIA

Help! They got Jim!!!

JIM

Why'd you blind me man? You blinded me!

SIDDONS and RAY running up with ROADIES and OTHERS.

SIDDONS

What the hell happened! (to Jim) Don't touch Jim. Get some water. Don't touch your eyes.

JIM (in pain)

I BEEN BLINDED MAN. I BEEN MACED.

COP (realizing)

Hey all he said was...

SIDDONS

He was WHAT! He's Jim Morrison for chrissake. Jim, Jim -- you okay -- let's get you under the water here. Don't touch, you'll be okay.

COP 2 comes up.

COP 1

I'm going to have to issue a warrant for his arrest.

SIDDONS

Are you NUTS! (blocking them)

64

CONTINUED

64

JIM guided back into the shower stall by his entourage, eyes blind as Oedipus, starts to laugh. A black Irish laugh.

Ray looking on PATRICIA in the hallway. A beat, senses what happened.

RAY

Why don't you leave him alone lady,
he doesn't need more shit in his life.

PATRICIA

What do you know what Jim needs?

A precise military Drum Beat hits as we launch into "The Unknown Soldier".

DOORS SONG

...Hup two - three - four...
COMPANY HALT!

65

INT. NEW HAVEN STAGE - THAT NIGHT

65

THE DOORS on stage, JIM - eyes masked, facing death at a mock execution, in full black leather armor.

DOORS SONG

Present arms!...

The famous drum roll, tension building. Sudden sound of guitar. Jim crumples to the ground. Blood shooting from his mouth.

JIM & DOORS

Make a grave for the unknown soldier
Nestled in your hollow shoulder
The unknown soldier
Practice as the news is read
Television children dead
Bullet strikes the helmet's head
It's all over
The war is over!

The audience is enrapt. Jim suddenly jumps up, looses the blood curdling scream of an aroused demon and the band bangs into Willie Dixon's BACK DOOR MAN.

JIM & DOORS

OH YEEEEAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

AYYYYYYAAAAAMMMMAAA BACK DOOR MAN

The FANS go wild, to the farthest reaches of the arena, as he grabs his crotch and shakes it at them. INSTAMATICS flashing rapidly as the KIDS press forward at Jim fondling the mike stand, sliding up and down its smooth shaft.

JIM & DOORS

Well the men don't know
But the little girls unnerstan'

Joint's sail onto the stage at his feet, ready to be smoked. A TEENAGE BOY & GIRL make a break thru the cordon of COPS at the front of the stage, heading for Jim. The Cops chase them down mid-stage, and wrestle them back to the edge -- throwing them back into the audience.

JIM & DOORS

When all the good people are trying to sleep
I'm out there making my midnight creep
Yeah, cause I'm a backdoor man
The men don't know
But the little girls unnerstan'

Danger fills the air, electric. Jim strutting, Indian like, up to one of the Cops, whipping off his hat and flipping it to the Crowd, which roars with approval. A couple Cops looking at Jim, sensing they're being challenged but not sure how. They shuffle and look offstage for direction. Their apparent impotence brings redoubled jeering from the Kids.

RAY, next to his stick of incense on the organ, shares a look with JOHN as they head into the instrumental break in the song. There's something different about Jim -- more demonic, more driven -- a spirit has taken him over.

RAY'S POV -- JIM catching his look, but no recognition in those eyes. They're dark pools, like Warhol's eyes. He turns away, taking the mike and off the cuff rapping improvisationally with the backbeat, keeping poetic meter.

JIM

I wanna tell you 'bout something that happened just a few minutes ago right here in New Haven. This is New Haven isn't it? New Haven, Connecticut, United States of America?

The CROWD yells in acknowledgement, one stoned TEENAGER naked from the waist up and ripped on beer, yelling out.

HECKLER

HEY MORRISON, is the West really the best or are you just stoned on weeeeeedddddd??????

VOICE'S (annoying)

"Light My Fire". Sing "Light My Fire". Yeah. Give us Light My Fire!...(giggles) We want Mick Jagger! Take your clothes off Jim. Show it to us! We want the Lizard King!

Jim ignores it, sits on the stage, lights a cigarette. Long pause, tension building. Their catcalls for "Light My Fire" die out as Jim faces them down. They wait...not knowing what happens next.

JIM (finally)

Well I was with this girl backstage, y'know. We got to talking and we wanted some privacy, so we went into this shower stall. We weren't doin' anything y'know jes' standing there and talking.

The AUDIENCE laughing, the band continuing to play, John adding emphasis to Jim's words with various shots and rolls. Camera moving over the crowd picking out the KIDS, sensing the anarchy dormant in their faces.

JIM (CONT'D)

... and then this little man came in there, this little man in a little blue suit and a little blue cap ...

More COPS turning to face Jim from front stage, getting the point now. RAY sees it coming ...

JIM (CONT'D, redneck voice)

And he said -"Whatcha doin' there?" I said, "nuthin'" and he said, "Well you better get outta there or ..." "Or what" I asked him ...

The AUDIENCE has now grown deadly silent. Nearly every cop is facing JIM as he uses his dumb Southerner voice. RAY's eyes warning JIM.

JIM (CONT'D)

And he started pushing me and I pushed back and he didn't like that so he reached back there and got out his little can of mace. And sprayed it right in my eyes. And blinded me. Why? Cause I was alone in a room with a lady doing what he would like to be doing if he could ever get it up without a gun.

The LIGHTS coming on suddenly, the AUDIENCE seething. Shouts of "Fuck em! Right on!"

JIM (CONT'D)

In the United States of America. Land of the free. Home of the Brave man -- in God We Trust right? TURN OFF THE LIGHTS.

CROWD roars. A POLICE LIEUTENANT in his 50's, grey hair, beefy, marches out onto the stage, standing next to Jim, arms akimbo. A SECOND COP joins him.

Ray rolling the music out into a silence as Jim sticks the mike in the officer's face, defiantly.

JIM (CONT'D)

Say your thing man!

More cops come out, snatch the microphone, as Jim flashes the audience a "touchy aren't they?" shrug.

LIEUTENANT

Young man you've gone too far. The show's over. You're under arrest.

TWO more COPS moving on Jim, pinning both his arms and dragging him off stage.

JOHN (scared)

They're gonna beat the shit out of him man!

RAY moving to intercede with SIDDONS and ROADIES.

JIM (resisting)

HEY...HEY! HEY!

Ray and Siddons are pushed aside by other cops. The crowd is going nuts. Chairs are thrown. Kids rushing onto the stage where the Cops beat them back.

ANNE is writing it all down on her notepad. A certain satisfaction and joy at the unfolding of this event.

66

INT. BACKSTAGE STAIRCASE - SAME NIGHT

66

JIM is dragged roughly down a flight of stairs.

JIM

GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME SLAVE

67 EXT. ARENA PARKING LOT - SAME NIGHT

67

JIM is wrestled across the lot, pinned to the car and handcuffed, punched and thrown into the car, yelling. Journalists try to intercede, one is also arrested.

JIM
YOU'RE SLAVES. YOU'RE ALL A BUNCH OF
SLAVES. THIS ISN'T HAPPENING TO ME MAN,
THIS IS HAPPENING TO YOU!!!

68 INT. HOLDING ROOM - POLICE STATION - THAT NIGHT

68

JIM is spreadeagled against the wall, a dignified, defiant look on his face.

COP 1 (coming in)
Hey whatcha got here? A boy or a girl?

COP 2 (coming closer to Jim)
What do you care. You're gonna fuck
him anyway...Okay rock star, let's see
the backdoor you keep bawling about.
(stretching his ass cheeks) Where's
the roach powder?

COP 1
Ain't he the prettiest long-haired boy
y'ever saw?

COP 2 (reaching for a can)
Turn around rock star

As Jim defiantly does so, Cop 2 looses a big cloud of roach powder into his long hair.

COP 2 (CONT'D, backing off)
Stand clear, who the hell knows what's
living in there?

All during this, snickering laughter from the onlooking half-dozen POLICE OFFICERS gathered to watch. Jim waits, then with great claim, in a quiet voice:

JIM
You finished? You sure you're finished?
Haven't you forgotten something -- the
consolation prize they gave ya for
taking your cock and balls? The guns.
Why don't you use em you withered
dicks! You shit-eating red-neck
chickenshit bastards, I hope this makes
your worthless lives ...

As he's smacked by COP 2, sending him sprawling into the wall ...

JIM (CONT'D)
(on the floor, quiet) You better kill
me cause I'm gonna come back and fuck
everyone of your daughters...

*
*
*

69 EXT. POLICE STATION - THAT NIGHT

69

A SNOWBALL smashes against the glass. COPS coming out with sticks.

A RIOT brewing. A HUNDRED TEENAGERS sallying back and forth on the sidewalk, taunting the cops. A dozen of them have already been arrested.

KIDS
LET JIM GO!!! MORRISON! MORRISON! WE WANT MORRISON!

COPS
GET OUTTA HERE! GO HOME. GO ON NOW

COPS chase the KIDS with sticks. But just as it looks like it's going to get out of hand, JIM appears at the doors of the station, stepping out between RAY and the DOORS and SIDDONS. He signals his freedom, arms in the air.

CROWD
MOR-RI-SON! MOR-RI-SON! MOR-RI-SCN!

Jim waves, does a small pained victory jig in front of the thwarted Gestapo, ribcage and spleen hurting. *

CROWD
JIM JIM JIM JIM JIM JIM

RAY (aside to Robbie)
He could go all the way man! In five years he could be in the White House. Another JFK.

Robbie's look tells us he thinks Ray is as much caught up in his dreams as Jim.

CUT TO:

FLASHBULBS hits us full frame as:

70. INT. MUG SHOT - LIMBO

70

A reminder of the reality as the thud of a clanking gate shuts. MORRISON's profile, disheveled hair -- he glares angrily.

FLASH!

FRONTAL SHOT, slated Police Dept -- New Haven Conn -- 23750 -- 12-10-67. A sullen handsome portrait.

71. INT. RECORDING STUDIO - (LAST SESSION) - LOS ANGELES
NIGHT (1970)

71

JIM drinks ... an ugly cough. Silence. In this puffy wrack and ruin there is still the ironic tones and sweet delight of the boy amazed and amused by it all. We hear the ghostly CROWD still cheering. *

71

CONTINUED

JIM

I drink so I can talk to assholes. This includes me. Let's just say I was testing the bounds of reality -- that's all -- I was curious... I kinda always preferred to be hated. Like Erich Von Stroheim in the movies ... the man you loved to hate ... it's meant to be ironic, courage wants to laugh. Y'know it's essentially a stupid situation. I go out on a stage and I howl for people. In me they see what they want to see -- some say the Lizard King, whatever that means, or some black-clad leather demon whatever that means ...but really I think of myself as a sensitive, intelligent human being but with the soul of a clown which always forces me to blow it at the most crucial moment (pause) a fake hero ... a joke the gods played on me ... it's okay, I accept the joke ... and smile. Death old friend, death and my cock, I can forgive my injuries in the name of wisdom, luxury, romance. Words got me the wound and will get me well. All join now in lament of my cock, a tongue of knowledge in the feathered night. Boys get crazy in the head and suffer. I sacrifice my cock on the alter of silence.

The ENGINEER looking at him puzzled. Has Jim lost it? MIKE, his friend, is there in the Engineer's booth, with the Door's SECRETARY, Leticia, and an elegant MYSTERY WOMAN. They're smoking dope, partying.

MIKE

Hey Jim, how 'bout hitting a strip-joint? It's getting late and we can...

JIM

Nah, later...

The violent backbeat of *THE WASP* now picking up.

JIM (CONT'D)

Now listen to this
I'll tell you about Texas Radio and the big beat
soft driven slow and mad
like some new language
reaching your head with the cold sudden fury of
a divine messenger
let me tell you about heartache
and the loss of God
wandering, wandering
in hopeless night
out here on the perimeter
there are no stars
out here we is stoned, immaculate
... but I tell you this:
No eternal reward
will forgive us now
for wasting the dawn

71

72 EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAWN (1968)

72

JIM walks the dawn streets. Classic image -- jeans, boots, jacket, the sun starting to rise on the smog and translucent pink light along Santa Monica Boulevard outside the cheap Alta Cienega Motel where he lives ... PEACE FROG shoots us through.

DOORS SONG

Blood in the streets in the town of New Haven
Blood stains the roofs and palm trees of Venice
Blood in my love in the terrible summer
The bloody red sun of phantastic L.A.

Over the SONG, a MONTAGE of the 60's passing to its darker side.

72A DOCUMENTARY IMAGES

72A

MARTIN LUTHER KING assassinated, BOBBY KENNEDY gunned down, PEGGY FLEMMING ice skating at the Olympics; A QUAKER burns himself to death protesting the war in Vietnam; B- 52 bombs dropped on CAMBODIA; KENT STATE erupts; CHARLES MANSON is arrested. *

73 INT. BARNEY'S BEANERY - LOS ANGELES - MONDAY

73

JIM -- drinking in Barney's Bar.

HEADLINE READS:

"KANSAS COPS SLAM DOORS; CONCERT CANCELLED," 2nd HEADLINE: "DOORS 3RD ALBUM OUT, SALES UP, MAGIC DOWN."

73A Dissolve to CRITIC'S FACE. Back to Jim's face.
Superimpositions over it of:

73A

NEWS FLASHES

LYNDON JOHNSON's dog face on TV withdrawing: NIXON waving as he wins '68; Rowen and Martin's LAUGH IN; COLUMBIA STUDENTS taking over; 3rd HEADLINE: "MORRISON BUSTED IN VEGAS". MARTIN LUTHER KING going down again; NIXON winning; massive ANTI-WAR PROTESTS in Washington; floating space ships in "2001"; B-52s sailing over Vietnam 4th HEADLINE: "DOORS PROVOKE CHICAGO RIOTS" -- again and again, faster, faster. *

DOORS SONG (OVER)

Blood is the rose of mysterious union!
There's blood in the streets & it's up to my knees
She came
Blood in the streets of Chicago
She came
Blood on the rise and it's following me
Just about the break of day (etc)
the river runs red down the legs of the city
She came
The women are crying red rivers of weeping

73A

CONTINUED

73A

The MONTAGE collides into an ECU on JIM -- drinking as if to silence the images, the sounds we hear and see on his face. Spirits crying for release. In alcoholic solace. He passes out, head hitting the bar.

Jim's English friend, MIKE, walks in, throwing a harsh shaft of LA morning light across the dark bar and JIM's face, bleary eyed, passed out on the counter. He has a drinking paunch. With him are TOM BAKER, "TOM", the actor from the Warhol scene in New York and a huge biker type drinker named DOG, one of Jim's roadmen, a beard fanning his chest, tattoos everywhere. In the front of these three monoliths are about twenty beer bottles, numerous Jack Daniels bottles emptied and a lesbian BARTENDRESS pouring up a breakfast shot of bloody Marys... Mike hands Dog a breakfast in a brown paper bag.

MIKE

Morning. Pour me breakfast Delores...

Delores pouring the bloody mary. As Mike scoffs at Jim passed out.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Whatsa matter with Jimbo? Can't handle it huh (studying the beer bottles for leftovers).

TOM

Pussy whipped, man ...

DOG reaching in, dragging Jim's face up by the hair. Sticks Mike's greasy eggs and bacon in front of Jim.

DOG

Hey Jim, come on babe, eat this... one last place to go. Ray's getting it on.

Jim is suddenly alert -- an instant and surprising transformation, without hangover, eager eyed.

JIM (sparkling)

Alive she cried! Right Dog, another cubic centimeter of chance (slaps Dog, notices the eggs, queasy) Ugh, I can't eat this stuff, it'll really make me sick. Gimme a Dos Equis will ya Delores? And a Ramos gin fizz with it.

TOM

Fuck man did you fade or what, we were on a "death run" up to the 9000 building after the gig, you bet me a grand you'd walk the ledge.

JIM (instantly)

Let's go ... Right now!

73A CONTINUED (2)

73A

TOM

Then mumbling about "gotta go home, sanctuary," pussy whipped. We were gonna film it! A thousand bucks! (to Delores) Give him a double.

JIM

A triple, Tom, shem and shaun...

TOM

...imagine me and Morrison in a fuckin movie together, can you imagine two powerful two-fisted Irish fucking drinking guys in a movie, in a documentary movie!!

MIKE

I'll direct the shit out of it, man. Dennis Hopper can do it, I can do it.

JIM (drinking the fizz down)

...all of us direct it! In black and white. Call it "Zero." A real road movie! Two of these (points to drink) you feel a lot better.

As he pisses on the floor next to the bar stool.

DOG

Whatcha doing! Oh fuck.

DELORES

Fuck you Morrison. You're outta here you fuckhead, get out!

DOG (lifting Jim out of there)

Come on Jimbo, one more place to go. Ray's getting married man, this morning, remember! You're the best man.

TOM

Fuck Ray -- fuckin Pollock all he cares about's money. Fuckin sell out. You sold out too man. The last album's shit, and lemme tell ya something, people know it.

MIKE (defending Jim)

Come on Baker, lighten up.

JIM

That's all right. I like it (that dopey smile).

DOG (to Jim)

Come on man, toe the line. Boots to the pavement. Let's walk.

74 OMIT

74

75 EXT. SANTA MONICA BOULEVARD - SAME MORNING

75

JIM, loose, wanders right into the traffic, waving to anybody, trying to hitch a ride. DOG and the OTHERS going after him. Jim seen slipping a tablet from his pocket into his mouth.

JIM

(to no one in particular) I LOVE L.A.--
the best neon. City of Night! City of
Light...why are you going to work?
You're not slaves, you're free, cars,
you're free...

TOM catching up to him.

TOM

Awright shaddup Morrison, just cause
you don't gotta work. (going into his
pocket) Give me some of your money,
asshole, and I'll yell anything you
fucking want.

MIKE (coming up)

What was that speckled motherfucker
you just took? Give me some!

JIM (yielding, to Tom)

You gotta fail to succeed Tom, gotta
surrender to the waiting tides.

Moving through traffic. Horns honking, incessant insanity.

76 EXT. PACIFIC PALISADES - SAME MORNING

76

RAY and DOROTHY take their vows in front of a HIPPIE PRIEST.

ROBBIE and JOHN and their WIVES-TO-BE, and OTHERS from the BAND look on.

PAMELA is all decked out in her best, wedding clothes, red satins from Morocco, five-inch clog heels, flowers in her hair. Looking around pissed as:

HIPPIE PRIEST (ad lib)

Awright, the vibrations are right now,
I feel peace and love here today, I
feel a grooviness coming on, do you
Ray Manzarek take your lady
love...(etc.) fill the white wings of
death, scatter your ashes forever...

JIM slinks up through the trees, alone, quiet, changing faces to face them as SUMMER'S ALMOST GONE plays sinuously.

DOORS SONG

Summer's almost gone
Where will we be
When the summer's gone?

76

CONTINUED

76

RAY (aside)
Where the fuck you been man?

JIM
Man, I been here all the time...over
there watching. I'm really happy for
you Ray you found life...

He smiles innocently. Ray, a beat, turns away. Pam coming over,
squeezes his hand, sweetly, no fights today, she's his lady.

77 INT. COUNTRY STORE - LAUREL CANYON - THAT DAY

77

JIM, in dark glasses, strongly feeling the effects of the acid,
stares at a box of Kellogg's Corn Flakes, unable to relate.

Down the aisle PAMELA, in her wedding clothes, is pushing a shopping
cart, filled with the feast she's preparing. The Store is a haven
for HIPPIES from Laurel Canyon, barefoot RUNAWAYS, BIKERS ...

PAM
Jim, I need some safflower oil. Do you
think you can find me a bottle?

JIM
Safflower oil, sure.

PAM
And get some Gravy Train for Sage.

JIM (obediently)
Yes.

PAM
I'll meet you up front.

Jim looking, zombie-like for the food. PEOPLE of course stare at
him, knowing who he is.

TIMECUT TO:

At the CHECK-OUT COUNTER, the food being tallied up, JIM spots his
face plastered on the cover of something like the "L.A. FREE PRESS" --
"ROCK'S BAD BOYS GO SOFT -- WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE REVOLUTION?"

PAM
Jim you got any cash?

Seeking in his pocket -- nothing but a credit card and a crumpled
old dollar bill... The faces of the Hippies looking at him. With
one of the magic markers on the counter, he draws in his beard on
his cover shot.

DOORS SONG

Morning found us clearly unaware
Noon burned gold into our hair
At night we swam the laughing sea
When summer's gone where will we be

78

EXT. JIM & PAM'S HOUSE - LAUREL CANYON - DAY

78

PAM and JIM and the labrador SAGE trudge up a hill carrying the groceries to their modest little house tucked into a hill of dangling eucalyptus trees. We sense a community of artists, hippies, Volkswagens.

PAM

It's only another \$95,000 but I could get the best clothes. From India, Morocco Jim, clothes you can't find anywhere, we could get the richest people to come, Miles Davis, Cher, the Stones, it's gonna be the best boutique on La Cienega Jim. ...why are we walking, how come we don't have a car?

JIM

...cause you lost it. It's fun to walk, isn't it.

PAM

...that was months ago. We got another car.

JIM

Which car?

PAM

The red one with the black interior. Remember it was a shift and I didn't like it. What happened to it?

JIM

Oh yeah...I wrecked it.

PAM

Oh Jim! Damn! Where's the Gravy Train? Whatsamatter? What are you on? You promised you wouldn't drink today.

*
*

JIM

No Ma I ain't drinking.

PAM

You're not gonna drink any more are you Jim.

JIM

No Ma I ain't.

PAM

And you're gonna change those stinky leathers you been wearing for three weeks.

JIM

I don't know 'bout that.

PAM

What the hell are you on?

JIM

Uh - just some low grade acid. It's not heavy. (whispers) Pam, read my mind.

PAM

Jesus Jim! Goddamit! You PROMISED. I made the duck! People are coming! Ray and Dorothy think we're flaky enough and I...you said you'd wait till after, you're going to peak before me.

JIM

Hey it's okay, it's okay ... come on, we'll trip and then eat our feast.

PAM

Yeah sure.

Putting down the bags at their porch, pausing. He moves to her, kisses her, conciliatory and gentle.

JIM

Come on baby, y'know it's a good thing for Ray and Dorothy I think women are such noble creatures -- they carry on your name with dignity after you die, (spawning like minnows).

PAM

What are you saying? You wanna marry me Jim?

JIM (elusively)

I think women basically have a comic approach to life -- I mean how can they not when they look up in the dark and see a dangling penis, seeking entry. It looks like a face y'know -- little beard "Hi mom" (Pam giggling now) I wanna get inside you. Look around. (humming) "Do the funky chicken, do dah, dah, funky chicken do da da "love my girl" -

She's cracking up now. As he takes the acid out, holds it in front of her like a sacrament.

JIM (CONT'D)

Let's go wild child, let's get out
there Romeo and Juliet, Marilyn Monroe
and Vincent Van Gogh, Jim and Pam, rock
and roll (a poem)...all the poetry has
wolves in it, but one Pam -- the most
beautiful one of all -- dances in a
ring of fire and throws off the
challenge with a shrug

*
*
*
*
*

As she takes the tablet on her tongue, swallows.

PAM (romantic)
I like it when you sing to me

JIM
'cause I'm the poet and you're my muse

Strains of *YOU'RE LOST, LITTLE GIRL* drift in, setting a more ominous tone.

79. INT. JIM AND PAM'S HOUSE - LAUREL CANYON - THAT DAY

79

The FOOD is laid out, the DUCK cooking ... but no one is there as we move across this tastefully decorated house to PAMELA in the living room, rattled, obsessively going through Jim's papers. PEOPLE are knocking at the door. Guests looking through the windows, tapping. A giant poster of Marilyn Monroe frames Pamela.

PAM
What am I going to do about these papers! Jim, Jim --
you really need someone to organize this stuff. Your
handwriting's just like a little kid.

Jim is somewhere else -- pulling out the DUCK which is totally charred black. He laughs.

PAM
My God look at this. I wonder if William Blake was
ever this disorganized.

RAY and DOROTHY walking in. ROBBIE and JOHN general commotion. Dorothy immediately seeing the duck, runs to it ...

DOROTHY
Oh the duck!

JIM (coming over)
Get some drinks, man. Over there
(getting Pam's attention) Pam!

PAM
I'm gonna be your editor now, seriously I'm going to
organize all your stuff. I'm gonna take out all the fuck
words.

DOORS SONG
You're lost little girl
You're lost little girl
You're lost, tell me
Who are you?

PEOPLE are introducing themselves, coming in from all over, like in a shoebox. Hippies.
Doors people ... now TOM BAKER with MIKE and DOG ... Now an aggressive Chuck
Berry type BLACK SINGER with John's GIRLFRIEND. Then a TIMOTHY LEARY
look-alike appears. CHATTER blending everywhere as we build to a vast confusion at
Jim and Pam's party.

JIM (CONT'D)

Let's go wild child, let's get out there
Romeo and Juliet,
Marilyn Monroe and Vincent Van Gogh, Jim
and Pam, rock and roll (a poem)
"Clothed in sunlight
Restless in wanting
Dying of fever
Changed shapes of an empire
Vast promissory notes of joy
How it has changed you
How slowly estranged you
Solely arranged you
Beg you for mercy"

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As she takes the tablet on her tongue, swallows.

JIM (cupping her chin)
Pam ...Honey, you're trying too hard.

PAM
I'm not - I'm not.

JIM (soft, reassuring)
Yes you are.

PAM
There's some great poetry here Jim,
some wonderful ideas.

JIM
Yeah but nobody wants to read poetry
anymore, nobody cares, it's not like
important y'know. Just put it away.
Not right now.

PAM (lost)
But what am I supposed to do? How do
I fit in? Who am I supposed to be around
all these people?

The FRENCH COUNT coming in now, from the Warhol party in New York.
They're looking at her, embarrassing as everyone overhears.

COUNT
Darling Pamela, I brought you a little
something. *

JIM (ignoring it)
You're my girl, that's who...

PAMELA (laughs insanely)
I'm not your girl, don't give me that
shit. I know you fuck everything that
touches you.

Only in life would ANNE O'RIORDAN walk in at this precise moment,
a smile on her face. Ray's eyes roll. *

ANNE
Hi Jim ... (waiting for the introduction
to Pam) *

JIM (to Pamela)
All right so I do. I live my life the
way I want. I don't want anyone
expecting anything from me -- including
you! You don't like it then get the fuck
out! (to Anne) Oh hi Anne. You know
Pam? She's a little pissed off right
now but ...

RAY
Okay Jim let's eat that duck.

DOROTHY (calming Pamela)
Come on Pam, let's put out the plates ...

PAMELA (stunned, pushing thru to Anne)
Anne O'Riordan. Are you Anne O'Riordan?

ANNE
You must be Pamela

PAMELA
(eyeing her up and down through her tears)
You actually put your dick in this woman Jim?

JIM
Well I ... sometimes yeah

PAMELA
(condescending to Anne) I understand ... I really do
but don't ever think that Jim's gonna love you or take
care of you. You're one of a hundred you know

Anne uncomfortable, Jim getting pissed.

JIM
Hey - don't you know when to stop!

PAM
Look who's talking

ANNE
I'd like to think Jim can make up his own mind who he
loves and who he doesn't

PAMELA
Don't kid yourself sweetheart, Jim's crazy but he's not
that crazy. He loves me.

ROBBIE
Jesus, it's not gonna be one of these dinners is it Jim?
How 'bout some turkey?

TOM BAKER
Love it!! Far out.

DOROTHY
Yes, let's go into the kitchen. The duck's ready.

John's GIRLFRIEND is trying to introduce the BLACK SINGER to Jim.

GIRLFRIEND (anxious)
Jim, you should meet Chuck Vincent. He came
specially to meet you.

JIM (deeply surprised)
Oh yeah -- Chuck. You're my idol
man...since I was 12. The best man...

CHUCK VINCENT is suddenly there in Jim's face, bulging eyeballs.

CHUCK VINCENT
So you the white boy makin' all that
money.

JIM
I still can't hold a candle to you.

CHUCK VINCENT
Hey everybody Chuck Vincent's here.
Yo sho can't boy, I ain't heard much
of yor stuff. What I done heard don't
show me much.

ROBBIE (insulted)
So fuck you man...

JIM (laughs)
Chuck Vincent man! No. He's
right...Chuck Vincent's here,
everybody, Chuck Vincent.

CHUCK
Ain't no honkey ever gonna sing the
blues, you ain't been there. Where
dat turkey at?

The charred TURKEY is being carved up. A moment of peace, then:
Pamela walks up to Jim with a bowl of sweet potatoes in her arms,
an announcement.

PAM
I just have one thing to say to you --
YOU'VE RUINED ANOTHER THANKSGIVING JIM
MORRISON!!

JIM
It's not Thanksgiving honey.

As she throws the sweet potatoes right at him, spraying everybody.
Jim laughing nuttily, the Count wiping the potatoes off. Pam
rushing now for the turkey to throw, Jim chasing her.

PAM (freaking out now)
YOU BASTARD! YOU RUINED MY DUCK, YOU
KILLED MY DUCK!!! BLOOD BLOOD BLOOD
RAZORS RAZORS EVERYWHERE!

Throwing the turkey at Jim, smearing everything, everybody.

COUNT
Pamela, bella, please behave hunh...Va
fanculo Jimmy, what the hell did you
give her

She doesn't want the Count's solace, throws him off.

79 CONTINUED (4)

PAM

GET OUT!!!

PATRICIA leaving now, covered with turkey sauce.

PATRICIA

See you later.

JIM (to the Count)

She's working it out, man, it's okay
(going to console her) Pamela, Pamela
... come on baby, it's all right,
shhh.

HUNGARIAN GYPSY FOLK MUSIC playing madly from the tape deck. John fiddling with it, nervously.

PAM

BLOOOOOOODDDDDDD! DEEATHHHH! STOP THE
BLEEDING JESUS. I'M DYING HELP MEEEEEE!

JIM

PUSH! PUSH! IT'S A BOY!

They struggle, she goes for the carving knife, Dorothy and Ray trying to restrain her. OTHER GUESTS keep talking as if things are quite normal. Pam breaks through Dorothy -- coming after Jim

PAM

RAAAAZOOOORS!!! RAAAZZZZZORS AND
DUCKKKS! THIS SHAMAN SHIT IS BULLSHIT!
FUCK YOU AND YOUR DARK RIDE!!

He grabs her wrist just in time, equally insane now -- a comic glow in his face. Jekyll and Hyde.

JIM

Oh murder? MURDER??? YOU WANNA DO SOME
MURDER

RAY

JIM! COME ON. GET A HOLD OF YOURSELF!

TOM, DOG & MIKE (jumping in)

MURDER!!! YEAH!...Where's my camera!

A ball of people wrestling across the kitchen floor, upsetting the table and the remainder of the dishes, a carving knife at stake in the air ... Jim finally wrestling the knife away and holding it over Pam.

JIM

YOU WANNA KNOW WHAT MURDER IS. YOU
WANNA FEEL DEATH ...HERE! (forces the
knife back into her hand) MURDER ME!
FEEL WHAT IT'S LIKE! GO AHEAD. GIMME
SOME DEATH!!! (kneels at her feet).

She explodes inward, a bloodcurdling SHRIEK. The knife clattering from her hand.

PAM

YOU YOU YOU!!!! YOU KILLED MY DUCK! YOU
KILLED MY DUCK!!

Jim laughing insanely. Jumping up and down on the duck. RAY grabbing him, angry.

JIM
I'M STILL KILLING YOUR DUCK!!! FUCK!!!
MURDER DEATH!!! THE DUCK IS DEAD.

RAY
JIM!! WILL YOU STOP THIS SHIT WILL YOU
STOP!! WILL YOU GET SANE!!

JIM (explodes out of his grasp)
DON'T TELL ME WHAT TO DO!! EVER!! EVER!!

A silence. Robbie ... John ... their women ... they start exiting.

TOM & MIKE (to RAY)
Yeah FUCK OFF MAN!

Ray about to lose his temper with Tom, checks it.

CHUCK VINCENT (to John's girlfriend)
This party's gettin' low rent. Let's
go babe. *

Exiting with the other Doors ... Dog picking the duck up from the floor.

DOG
Hey, fuck him, let's eat this thing.

Pamela is sobbing, in a quiet bewildered voice, repeating to herself.

PAM
What the hell's happened to us Jim? What
the hell is happening to us. There's
some great poetry ...

On Jim...saddened.

DOORS SONG
You're lost little girl (2)
You're lost, tell me
Who are you?

80 INT. TUNNEL - OUTDOOR THEATRE - NIGHT

80

The backbeat of NOT TO TOUCH THE EARTH as a DOCUMENTARY FILM CREW, moves past us directed by MIKE and DOG and TOM shoot past us, sun guns, nagras ("Rolling! Speed!") then

A mad rush of HANDS and SCREAMS as SHAPES whip by under swinging light-bulbs -- big BLACK BODYGUARDS, six or seven of them, bulling their way thru the grasping faces, as MORRISON appears ... camera swinging wildly with him to reveal:

81 EXT. ARENA - (ANY CITY) - NIGHT

81

THOUSANDS OF FANS roaring "DOORS! DOORS! DOORS!"

VOICE (loudspeaker)
Ladies and Gentlemen, from Los Angeles
California -- The DOORS!

SIDDONS (in crush)
Jim! Your Mom's here with your brother.
What do you want me to do with 'em?

JIM (shakes his head)
HIDE ME!!!

HARD CUT TO:

Madness. COPS lining the edge of the stage, looking worried. As Jim throws his leather jacket into the cheering crowd and does the ghost dance around the microphone, Indian style, one foot, resurrecting the dead, the power of the circle. The stage is bottom lit, Dantean in look. The Doors casting giant shadows of heroic proportions. DEA AGENTS in suits and short hair take photos from the front of the stage, clipboards in hand. Blocked by a row of cops, it is impossible for Jim to communicate with his audience.

JIM & DOORS
There's been a slaughter here
Don't stop to speak or look around
Your gloves and fan are on the ground
We're getting out of town
we're going on the run
And you're the one I want to come
Not to touch the earth
Not to see the sun
Nothing left to do
But run, run, run
Let's run, let's run

SIDDONS yelling at MIKE, the roadie.

SIDDONS
Vice Squad says one more "fuck or shit"
they're gonna close us down man.

MIKE
Stick my dick in their ear!

Jim ignoring all this, one hand cupped to his ear listening for the sound of the earth, gone into a shaman-like state, weird spiralling chords carrying over the following MONTAGE of hallucinatory insanity.

JIM & DOORS
House upon the hill
Moon is lying still

82 EXT. JIM & PAM'S HOUSE - LAUREL CANYON - NIGHT

82

A POV up at the house -- into which JIM enters. The lights are on. Sage at the door sniffing.

83

INT. JIM & PAM'S HOUSE - LAUREL CANYON - NIGHT

83

JIM & DOORS
Shadows of the trees
witnessing the wild breeze
Come on baby run with me
Run with me, let's run

JIM'S POV entering the bedroom--PAMELA naked in bed with the COUNT,
is snorting heroin. Shadows of the trees and leaves blowing against
the walls. Their voices, dim, distant.

JIM (ironic)
Oh hi...I didn't realize you were
entertaining.

PAM (stoned)
Hi.

She sits up on the bed, wobbly. The COUNT, more sophisticated in
these things, lights a cigarette from the bedside table, revealing
heroin paraphernalia.

COUNT
Scusi Jimmy, I hope you're cool about
this...

JIM (very cool)
Don't forget your smack on the way out.

83A

EXT. ARENA - CONCERT

83A

Jim's struggling to break through the barrier of cops.

JIM (yelling)
The mansion is warm at the top of the hill
Rich are the rooms and the comforts there
Red are the arms of luxuriant chairs
You won't know a thing till you get inside

BACK TO:

84

INT. JIM & PAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

84

The COUNT is gone. JIM, icy cold, grabs PAM by the wrist.

JIM
I told you about that shit. Or are
we talking about death choices here?

PAM
I'm just doing my thing, just like you
said, it's my thing, why can't I have
a thing. Ow! You're hurting me!

84 CONTINUED

34

JIM (rising anger)
Get up. Hurt? You want to know HURT?
Let me introduce you to my good friend
hurt.

He is on her, throws her from the bed. She runs and hides in the closet, slamming the door behind her.

PAM (screaming)
NO FUCK YOU! THIS IS MY...

JIM (crazed)
Ah sanctuary!...a soft place to hide.

PAM (inside)
...from you, you pig!

As he picks up a can of lighter fluid and douses the closet door and the floor.

JIM
I'll give you a place to hide forever!

We INTERCUT with PAM inside the closet yelling for mercy inside.

PAM
JIM!

He puts a candle to the drenched door/floor.

JIM
This is the best part of the trip,
honey...

Inside, PAM feels the first flames licking up, smoke wafting in.

JIM leaves the house.

Pam kicking wildly at the doors, trying to smash her way out as the FIRE crescendoes. She finally shatters the frail molding and bursts out.

85 EXT. JIM & PAM'S HOUSE - LAUREL CANYON - NIGHT

85

PAM runs out into Laurel Canyon like a terrified doe running from a forest fire. SONG beat *NOT TO TOUCH THE EARTH* continues.

86 EXT. STREET - LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

86

Jim and Mike driving drunk, fucking TWO BLACK CHICKS. Mike in the back seat. Jim drives the car up onto the grass of a Police Station and plows right into it.

87 EXT. BOULEVARD - LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

87

Knowing who's inside, sufficient be it to see the blue Shelby Mustang plow into a telephone pole on Santa Monica Blvd.

JIM & THE DOORS

Dead President's corpse in the driver's car
The engine runs on glue and tar
C'mon along, we're not going very far
To the East to meet the Czar

88 INT. ANNE'S SOHO LOFT - NEW YORK - NIGHT

88

A HIGH PRIESTESS, assisted by a HIGH PRIEST, conducts a Wicca wedding amidst a setting of candles, mixing a few drops of JIM and ANNE's blood into a consecrated cup of wine, from which they drink. They all wear long black robes, the only light from the candles, standing inside a circle in front of a table with altar, incense, chalice.

HIGH PRIESTESS

(dimly heard) ... we worship the
ancient forces of Nature, the Triple
Goddess, the Great Mother and the Lord,
the Horned One... when the vow is taken

89 INT. LIMO - DAY

89

MOTORCYCLE ESCORTS COPS zoom past the limo windows on the LA STREETS.

90 INT. ANNE'S SOHO LOFT - NEW YORK - RESUME NIGHT

90

The PRIESTESS presses the two cut wrists together, binding them with a red cord.

HIGH PRIESTESS

... it is a blending of souls on a
karmi and cosmic plane that affects
your future incarnations on this
planet. Death does not part -- only
lack of love -- and the vow is forever
in the Goddess' sight.

JIM & DOORS

(building faster and faster)
Run with me, run with me
Run with me, let's run
Some outlaws live by the side of a lake
The minister's daughter's in love with a snake

Jim faints.

91 EXT. DOORS OUTDOOR CONCERT - NIGHT

91

JIM, mind totally gone into his trance, spreading his arms like wings, hopping from one foot to the other like a shaman around his microphone, whirling, yelling out great rewards for the tribe. Plentiful antelope, healthy corn.

The kids are going wild - writhing like maenads in his intoxicating embrace. Embers from an enormous BONFIRE drift past the stadium lights into the night. But the KIDS, increasingly frustrated by a barrage of COPS, cannot see their leader and now push against the cops with the very result the authorities seek to repress. *

91

CONTINUED

91

JIM & DOORS

Who lives in a well by the side of the road
Wake up girl! We're almost home
We shall see the gates by morning
We shall be inside by evening
Sun, sun, sun
Burn, burn, burn
Moon, moon, moon!

RAY, gone into his own trance, happening to look up from his keyboard. His eyes widen.

His POV -- an INDIAN SHAMAN hovers over the microphone. Cloaked in hides, his face obscured by a horned headdress with colored tails and feathers streaming down his shoulders, rattles in each fist, the BONFIRE glowing

JIM & DOORS

I will GET YOU
Soon ---- soooooooooon SOOOOOOONNNN

The COPS can't hold. TEENAGE SHOCK TROOPS hitting the stage, clambering up. The stage becoming a riot. Cops wading in with sticks. ROADIES and BODYGUARDS yanking the MUSICIANS from their places ...

JIM (indifferent, to himself)

I am the Lizard King
I can do anything

As DOG hauls the shaman king off in a bearhug, smiling stoned, immaculate.

92

INT. ALTA CIENEGA MOTEL - DAY

92

Start slow CLOSE UP on JIM, he's crying, his head on a pillow, silent, haunted...pull out to see the room, no explanations. A TV GAME SHOW is on, JUDY, 17, and her FRIEND, 16, watching naked, skinny..., piles of murder magazines and books, clothes, and personal items trashed around the thread bare room he calls home. She looks over at him.

JUDY

Man wow -- watsa matter Jim? It was beautiful...wasn't it? Kim? Wasn't it great?

KIM (2nd girl, studying murder magazine)

It was all right

Jim continues to cry.

JIM (gently)

Hey it's no big deal. I like to cry when I come. It's close to death... maybe you'd better go home now before your mama gets home.

JUDY

She is home Jim (whispers to Kim who goes into bathroom, giggling)

JIM

What?

JUDY

It's a secret.

JIM (innocently)

You know you've always been good to me in bed Judy. And it was nice of you to bring your friend. I want to keep seeing both of you but it can't be all the time y'know. It would be a night every few weeks or so. That's just the way I am, I'm not dependable. I can't be a boyfriend. Would you do that? I mean could you handle it? That way? I don't want you to get hurt.

JUDY (putting on a tacky dress)

I already been hurt enuf' by you Jim, I don't have much to lose do I?

JIM

...do you love me?

JUDY

...yes

JIM

...Well, just think about it awhile. Call me when you get your new number...(Girl 2 comes back in, dressed) hey that's a really nice outfit you're wearing, you really have good taste in clothes. How long have you two been friends?

He's so concerned, so solicitous that both girls crack up laughing.

JIM (grins)

What?

A knock at the door.

JIM (CONT'D)

Come back later! (another knock) Who is it!

VOICE (slurred)

It's a secret.

JIM (recognizes it)

Whyn't you come back later. I don't have any clothes on.

PAM's mascara is running from her eyes, begging to get in. The BLACK MAID cleaning the adjacent room overheard, unsurprised.

93

CONTINUED

93

PAM

Jim, I gotta talk! Let me in please.
I gotta talk.

JIM

Now Pam sweetheart, I'm busy.

Pamela listening at the door. She's on the second story of a cheap motel overlooking a boring parking lot on the edge of La Cienega.

PAM

Jim, I know there's someone in there,
I can't believe you're doing this
again. You're disgusting.

INTERCUTS TO:

94

INT. MOTEL ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

94

JIM

Well you see Pam there's this crazy
girl in here, she's just lying on the
bed with her legs open and I don't know
what to do.

PAM

FUCK YOU!!! I want to see her.

JIM (off)

It's your cousin Lizzie, you don't want
to see her. Go home.

PAM

We're all sisters, let me see her.
Jim, ... I got this wonderful leg of
lamb in the oven for supper ... and
the house is immaculate. Sage is
waiting. He wants you to play with
him...are you coming...

JIM

Almost.

PAM

Jim goddamit answer me!! (no answer,
she yells) JIM! I FUCKED HIM TO HURT
YOU! HE DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING TO ME!!

PEOPLE in the parking lot looking up. A silence is her only
response. She waits, turns away from the closed door as *TOUCH ME*
BABE cuts in:

DOORS SONG

C'mon, c'mon, c'mon c'mon now
Touch me babe
Can't you see that I am not afraid

95

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - THAT NIGHT

95

In the VOCAL BOOTH, JIM is chugging on a brown paper bag with whiskey in it, crooning with heart but the voice is warped, weak.

JIM

What was that promise you made
Why don't you tell me what she said
What was that promise that she made
I'm gonna love you
Till the heaven stops the rain
I'm gonna love you
Till the stars fall from the sky
For you and I

VARIOUS PEOPLE are hanging around the studio listening -- a couple of HIPPIE CHICKS, A BURN VICTIM w/ bandages, a CHARLES MANSON TYPE, a Siberian HUSKY, the TIM LEARY type. Paper bags, burgers, bottles, California rose, apple juice, hard-boiled eggs.

In the ENGINEERING BOOTH. ROTHCHILD, the producer, is displeased.

ROTHCHILD

(to Botnick the engineer) ...fuckin'
neanderthal primadonna is too drunk
to see. (cuts the music, to Jim) Cut
it...that was beautiful sweetheart, we
had a technical problem, we'll take
it again from the top babe whenever
you're ready.

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On the floor, the DOORS are depressed. DENSMORE looking at MORRISON, aimlessly, nervously. KRIEGER looking tired and beaten, takes a discreet hit on a joint. Ray scans an art book, patient.

DENSMORE

What's his fucking problem?

JIM (equally false)

Paul babe.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

PAUL

Right here baby.

JIM

Why don't you suck a fart out of my
asshole you slave driving facist
motherfucker!

As he stalks out of the booth. Raging, near-incomprehensible.

A small portable TV set is playing the "Dean Martin Show" low on one end of the recording console. Around the room the detritus of the time -- Mailer's "Armies of the Night", The Stone's "Beggar's Banquet", Janis' "Cheap Thrills", Traffic, The Band.

*

ROTHCHILD (exasperated)

I hear the booze, I hear the smokes
Jim, I don't hear the voice and babe
I didn't hear the song!

JIM

So what are we going to tonight Paul!
67 takes! It's stale!

RAY (coming in with JOHN)

Alright, let's try something else.

JIM

I wanna sing blues. This stuffs
getting too self-conscious.

ROBBIE (offended)

Cause it's my song man?

JIM (simultaneous, incomprehensible)

Let's sing "Rock is Dead"! You're all
a buncha slaves..."Oh come all ye
faithful."

ROTHCHILD (hot)

Shut up Jim! I don't understand! I don't.
What are ya doing! I love you like a
brother, I do, but why are you fucking
this up. It's a perfect radio song
for chrissake! No one wants to hear the
blues anymore! Think like a singer,
you're the only baritone crooner we
got left...Sinatra, Elvis, Crosby,
you're as good as they are, but WHY
ARE YOU FUCKING THIS UP! WHY!

Pause. Jim's face darkening. Something he sees on the television.
He stops, frozen, sickly. Several BIMBETTES are dancing around a
shiny new automobile as strains of LIGHT MY FIRE pop out.

JIM

Catchy, you sold it to a commercial?

Ray, Siddons, Robbie, John, shuffling for a moment.

JIM (CONT'D)

For that? How much did you get for it?

RAY

Now, Jim...

JIM

HOW MUCH?

SIDDONS

It was \$50,000. You weren't talking
to us that week and we figgered you...

JIM

You figured? What the fuck is this Ray?

RAY

It's not like a big deal Jim, the
song's already been commercialized,
the money was great.
(more)

RAY (Cont'd)

Robbie wrote the lyrics and he didn't
mind, neither did I, neither did
John...we gotta get to TV.

*
*
*

JIM

What?...are you saying? Are we the
Doors? One for all and all for one? Do
you know what you're saying to those
millions of kids! "Just kidding, not
real". That's what you're saying.

*

*

JOHN

Oh come on man, you think just cause
you're the lead man in the band you
can run the whole show.

*
*

JIM (building intensity)
You think I was kidding Ray? (turning
to John) Hey John, those are
interesting shoes, you like those
shoes?

PAMELA, looking drawn and pathetic finds this moment to walk into
the studio.

JOHN (aggressive)
Yeah I do.

JIM
Good. Then do you want 50 of those
shoes?

JOHN
No.

JIM
Then what do you need more money for?

Pause. Turning to Ray.

JIM (CONT'D)
I'm dying Ray. I wasn't kidding. Maybe
you were. But I'll tell you something,
it's not about these desires you have
man, or money, or these records, it's
about breaking through wasn't it? You
just lost something man. (to all) We
all lost something boys. We lost
something.

RAY
I don't think so Jim. There's a bigger
picture here.

JIM
There sure is. In your fucking face!

A small smile flickers Jim's face as he picks up the small TV and
like a quarterback, hurls it, spinning end over end from his corner
of the Control Room towards Ray and Rothchild and the Doors. They
dive for the floor as it smashes to bits into the wall behind the
tape machines.

JIM (CONT'D, quietly)
Just kidding... (turning to Pam) Hi Pam.
Just watchin' some TV.

He seems pleased to distract his anger into her. She doesn't seem
to notice anything unusual going on. The Doors silent, feeling
Jim's rage.

PAM (pathetic)
I wanted you to find us Jim. It meant
nothing.

JIM
I know. I know.

PAM

You don't have to torture me Jim. Let
me make it up to you, please...

The others all look away embarrassed. This is certainly a moment
the ordinary partner might turn away from Pamela, her tears running,
but her pathacy, her inability to deal with pain is precisely what
moves Jim the most -- a side of himself in her -- an ultimate
weakness she has, he shares. As he goes to her, puts his arms
gently around her.

JIM

It's alright honey, it's gonna be
alright. You're my girl and that's
the way it's always gonna stay.

PAM

(snuggles him, zoned) Really...?

JIM (ironic, to the others)

So, let's keep that money machine
rolling. Come on guys...

Rothchild looking to Botnick and to Ray. But the real look, the
unforgiving one, is from Jim to Ray who feels it. Rothchild douses
the lights in the studio.

ROTHCHILD

Right on Jimbo.

TIME CUT TO:

Overdubb of DOORS SONG *SOFT PARADE* - Jim's VOICE booming thru the
studio.

JIM (reciting)

When I was back there in seminary school
There was a person there
Who put forth the proposition
That you can petition the Lord with prayer
Petition the Lord with prayer
Petition the Lord with prayer
PETITION THE LORD WITH PRAYER

ROTHCHILD looking from his booth across at Jim. His POV -- only JIM
is visible.

ROTHCHILD

Where the hell did she go?

In the control booth RAY and ROBBIE share a look. The lights have
been dimmed in Jim's booth, and he's weaving back and forth a bottle
of Ripple in his hand as they kick in with the music. Camera closing
now on Jim in the tender section, on the money.

JIM & DOORS

Can you give me sanctuary
I must find a place to hide
A place for me to hide

In the darkened booth, PAM is on her knees his pants worked down around his ankles, caressing him, sucking him off.

PAM (sotto voice)
... sing to me, Jim, sing to me.

JIM & DOORS
Can you find me soft asylum
I can't make it any more
The man is at the door

The DOORS sense it. ROTHCHILD knows it, hushed. Magic's suddenly in the air once more as we jump stanzas to:

JIM & DOORS
Catacombs, nursery bones
Winter women
Streets and shoes, avenues
Leather riders selling shoes
(The monk bought lunch)
Successful hills are here to stay
Everything must be this way
Gentle street where people play
Welcome to the soft parade

But Jim's voice has now gone off key, floating carefree, drifting -- drifting away.

ROTHCHILD chuckles, philosophically.

The Doors in control booth start leaving. Robbie goes back out to get his personal items.

But the OVERDUB still plays over the booth as Jim doesn't realize. We take liberties cutting around on the song.

JIM & DOORS
All our lives we sweat and save
Building for a shallow grave
(then)
The soft parade has now begun
Listen to the engines hum
People out to have some fun
A cobra on my left
Leopard on my right

The Doors and ROTHCHILD all exiting, leaving BOTNICK the engineer to clean up some technical things and of course the two occupants of the darkened booth.

JIM SONG (fiercely)
Calling on the dogs (5)
When all else fails
You can whip the horses' eyes
And make them sleep
And cry.

95

CONTINUED

95

The music stops. Silence.

Inside the booth, two shadows breathe deep, huddled on the floor in each other's arms. A whisper out of the dark.

PAM

I love you.

96

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - LAST SESSION (1970) - NIGHT

96

JIM his head cocked, lost in the memory.

JIM (reciting)

Why does my mind circle around you?
Why do planets wonder what it would be like to be you?
All your soft wild promises were words, birds,
Endlessly in flight
Being drunk is the best disguise
As the body is ravaged
The spirit grows stronger

Pause. He coughs horribly, the phlegm sucking out his chest with a horrid, asthmatic sound which he douses with another cigarette and another shot of whiskey. The Bushmills now two thirds empty. He looks over at the MYSTERY WOMAN now beside him at the microphone. MIKE and the SECRETARY watch.

The bored ENGINEER across the darkened midnight room yawns.

ENGINEER

Let's send out for some pizza Jim.

JIM

Nah, how 'bout some tacos when we're through?
(downs another shot, continues)
The world on fire
Taxi from Africa
The grand hotel
he was drunk
a big party last night
back, going back in all directions
sleeping these insane hours
I'll never wake up in a good mood again
I'm sick of these stinky boots
Do you know we are being led to slaughters
by placid admirals?
And that fat slow generals are getting obscene
on young blood?
Do you know we are ruled by TV? (pause)

A SLOW DISSOLVE BEGINS:

96

CONTINUED

96

JIM (CONT'D)

Oh great Creator of Being
 Grant us one more hour to perform our art
 and perfect our lives
 The moths and atheists are doubly divine in dying
 We live, we die, and death not ends it
 Journey we more into the nightmare
 We're reaching for death on the end of a candle
 We're trying for something
 that's already found us ...

DISSOLVING TO:

97

INT. MIAMI AUDITORIUM - NIGHT (1969)

97

Crammed into every available space of an old SEAPLANE HANGAR with no seats -- standing room only -- a MASS of KIDS swelter in the heat, grumbling, fanning themselves with programs as a warm-up BAND plays.

In the wings of the stage, a RADIO DJ/CRITIC is recording on tape. It's the same kid we saw long ago at the Whiskey backstage, pronouncing the arrival of the Doors on the scene. Now he's got a beard, glasses, a more cynical face.

RADIO DJ/CRITIC (into microphone)

A hot night in Miami January '69 -- every space in the auditorium is consumed...unfortunately the Doors have long since sold out. They've become an act. Morrison "falls" off the stage at least every other performance. "The Soft Parade" album only confirms the plasticity of their approach. Songs like "Touch Me" and "Follow Me Down" are not the Doors we once knew. So the question is: Why am I here? Are funerals entertainment?

DENSMORE looks on from the stage wings, withdraws -- to RAY nearby.

DENSMORE

He ain't gonna show! I know it man. We should fuckin' go on without him.

RAY

Bill's with him. They're an hour away, he'll get him here.

98

INT. NEW ORLEANS AIRPORT BAR - SAME NIGHT

98

SIDDONS, the manager tugs on MORRISON who's getting soused with DOG, TOM, MIKE, and ROTHCHILD the producer. The P.A. SYSTEM announcing the departure of the Miami flight!

SIDDONS

Goddamit Jim! We missed one already, we gotta get this one man!

Jim slams has shot glass on the bar. He's got a beard for the first time, looking like a tribal elder.

JIM

More!

MIKE

Four more all around and up and down!

As the WAITRESS takes the order

SIDDONS (urgent)

NO! CUT EM OFF! CUT EM OFF!

JIM

Don't be so melodramatic Bill, it's not fun anymore.

DOG

I can't fly sober.

SIDDONS

Jim, you don't show for this one, we're dead, the whole group -- no more bookings.

JIM

I care.

ROTHCHILD

Come on Jim, we'll get fuckin' laid in Miami.

SIDDONS

We need the work Jim! They're making us post a \$10,000 bond just to show up -- we're the only group in rock-n-roll with a fuck clause! (aside to Dog) Get him on the fuckin' plane. That's what I pay you for.

DOG (to Bill)

You're an awful little guy to be talking like that.

JIM (muttering)

Chump change, we're working for chump change.

SIDDONS

Look at you, you're a pathetic fuckin' slob and so are all your friends!

*
*

JIM

I got an idea Bill, you're fired.

INTERCUT TO:

The warm-up BAND is applauded and booed. The CROWD resembles a pit of snakes, wriggling on top of each other. Impatient CATCALLS.

99A

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

99A

JOHN

Listen to 'em! They're not coming for the music anymore. They're coming to see a fuckin' freak show!

RAY

You think it's easy for him. He moves left he's got vice squad, on the right narcs -- and the audience just waiting for him to get busted.

JOHN

He wanted it! Not us. I just don't fuckin' get the point anymore. I never did I guess. Y'ask me he's just become a drunken fuckin' asshole that's what. And he's gonna take us down with him.

RAY

Compassion was never your forte man.

JOHN

Don't lecture me Mr. Philosopher, you never felt a fuckin' thing in your life. I loved that man. I loved what he was.

Robbie strums his guitar, breaks the tension in the room. A lick of "Five to One".

ROBBIE

It ain't the old Jim that's for sure. I think he's living for everybody else man and somewhere along the way he's lost his own self.

RAY (almost to himself)

The wine man, the ancient wine. The ancient wine.

ROBBIE

What?

RAY

Something he once told us. About Dionysos. When the madness took over...

INTERCUT TO:

100 OMIT

100

101 INT. AIRPLANE - THAT NIGHT

101

The STEWARDESS, uptight, tries a smile at JIM, TOM, MIKE all belted in one row.

STEWARDESS

My name is Rita Hager and if ...

JIM

If your name is Rita, then yor ol man
must be ol man Rita!! (guffaws)

*
*

TOM, MIKE & DOG (chorusing)

That ol man Riva, he just keep rolling
along!

STEWARDESS

Excuse me sir, my father is not my old
man.

*
*
*

A BABY, with her MOTHER, stares at Jim fascinated. He lifts his
dark glasses, winks back at her.

TIMECUT TO:

The STEWARDESS slips the oxygen mask over her face.

STEWARDESS

In the event of a decrease of pressure,
pull the oxygen mask to your...

*

TOM

Ma ol lady had one of those but she
calls it a diaphragm when I'm eating
her out!

DOG

Nah, it's a douche bag on a dixie cup.

STEWARDESS

I'm sorry sir, but you're embarrassing
me.

*
*
*
*
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*
*
*

MIKE

Great tits.

SIDDONS

Come on guys, cool it!

*

Other PASSENGERS looking over.

TIME CUT TO:

In flight. Dog squeezes from the lavatory and drops a small bar of
soap in Jim's drink. They laugh, push, yell. Jim is smoking a
cigar.

*
*

JIM

(teasing to Rothchild in the row behind
him) C'mon Paul, you can get us some
heroin man.

ROTHCHILD (suddenly serious)

No I can't and I won't.

JIM

Why not?

ROTHCHILD

Cause I don't want to participate in anything that would accomplish your goal?

JIM (wry)

Oh and what is my goal Paul? Death

ROTHCHILD

"Death old friend".

JIM (laughing)

Wrong. I just want the pure beauty of absolute zero and sing the blues man -- do nuthin, go nowhere, just be.

TOM

With that waistline Jimbo you got no choice.

JIM (laughs, goodnatured)

What's wrong with being a large mammal, a big beast like a tank. I feel great!

DOG

Yeah. What's wrong with being fat.

TOM

You mean "Crawling King Flab"? Rock is cock babe and your rock is dyin'.

JIM

Rock is death! There is no longer belief. Hey, I'll write poetry and direct movies.

TOM

And what are you offering? Sex? You can't get it up. Salvation? You can't even save yourself. Come on Jim, you're not gonna be remembered.

JIM

Miss?...

STEWARDESS

What do you need?

JIM

Some love.

MIKE

They'll still be talking about Jim when you're a walk on Baker. I'll make you a deal. When you do something, I'll criticize it.

TOM

I think you both should take your heads out of the toilet bowl. After "Soft Parade" You need an album sweetheart.

101 CONTINUED (3)

101

MIKE

You should take it outta your ass.

JIM

The first two novels come along they love you, next few they slam but if you stay around long enough, one day they say, "hey he's part of the national psyche".

STEWARDESS

What are you drinking?

MIKE

Screwdrives-her. (lifts her skirt)

STEWARDESS (to Siddons)

I'm going to have to call the captain if you can't control these people. I guarantee that.

TOM

(a cruel sarcasm Jim seems to enjoy)
...if you live long enough, don't kid yourself Jimbo -- you're all alone out there, Jimbo, cept for me, cause you're too wacked out man, they're scared, you're too fuckin crazy.

JIM (feigning innocence)

I wasn't mad, Tom. I was only interested in freedom.

TOM (the devil)

Bullshit! You're bored, you're not free. You tested all the limits, fame, fucking, money, -- whatcha gonna do now Jimbo! When the music's over, when you're too fat and ugly to get on a stage, whatcha gonna do for act three -- puke on Heaven's door?

JIM

Listen you two bit fuckin actor, you underestimate the audience. You think they all want a better job, a house, two cars, money, that's what you think but you know what they really want, Tom, in their lives, what they really want --

TOM

Tell me.

JIM

(a whisper) something sacred, that's what they want, something sacred.

Tom spews the contents of his mouth all over Jim in response. Jim throws his sandwich back at Tom ... then another drink goes ...

101

CONTINUED (4)

101

JIM (CONT'D)

Fuck you ignorant devil's asshole
slave!

TOM

No you. Something sacred. My cock is
sacred. Suck on that!

JIM

I don't eat shrimp.

A full fledged food fight in progress. Dog, Tom, Jim, Mike pushing
and shoving. A drink spills over an innocent PASSENGER.

DOG

Incoming!

The STEWARDESS coming up with the CAPTAIN.

CAPTAIN

ALL RIGHT!! If you young men don't
change your attitude right now, when
we get to Miami you're going to be
arrested.

JIM

Yes, sir. (reflexively)

TOM (saluting)

YESSIR -- you asshole.

102

EXT. MIAMI AIRPORT - SAME NIGHT

102

PLANE taxiing up. TWO POLICE CARS, red lights revolving, are
waiting.

103

INT. PLANE - SAME NIGHT

103

PILOT escorting FOUR FBI AGENTS aboard.

CAPTAIN

As captain of this ship I'm placing
all four of you under arrest. The FBI
will ...

MIKE

For what! What'd we do!

TOM

Read me my rights, motherfuckers
motherfuckin bulls!

JIM stunned in his drunkenness. SIDDONS and ROTHCHILD protesting
AD LIBS.

104

INT. MIAMI AUDITORIUM - THAT NIGHT

104

The CROWD is heckling a long-haired HIPPIE in a leather hat who
cradles a live, snow-white LAMB telling him to "GET OFF", screaming
AD LIB for the "DOORS, DOORS, DOORS!! JIM JIM JIM!!"

HIPPIE

Look at this thing! Look at this
beautiful little living thing!! How can
you eat it!! How can you eat its
flesh???

CATCALLS. Angry fists pound the edge of the proscenium. Bodies push
and pack against each other. If Hieronymus Bosch had painted a rock
concert, this would be it.

HIPPIE

LOVE ANIMALS, DON'T EAT
THEM!!!!(Boos!!)

105

INT. BACKSTAGE - THAT NIGHT

105

Excitement. EVERYBODY moving fast ...

... as JIM, dark sunglasses and beard, surrounded by TWO FBI AGENTS
and his BODYGUARDS move toward the stage, two hours late. SIDDONS
with him arguing AD LIB with RAY and the PROMOTER, a southern
sleazeball with long muttonchops and velvet shirt and beads. A mess --
the CROWD chanting DOORS! DOORS! DOORS! DOORS!

SIDDONS

(screaming at promoter) What the FUCK
happened to the SEATS!! (grabs him)
What's the FUCKING IDEA man! THERE'S
NO SEATS!

PROMOTER

I took 'em out! What's wrong with that!
We stuffed an extra five thou in there.
(pissed at Jim) Where the fuck you
been!

*
*
*

105 CONTINUED

SIDDONS

That wasn't THE FUCKING IDEA MAN!! We're gonna sue you!...We're pulling the plug.

PROMOTER

So sue me! You're playing or you ain't leaving here with your equipment sonny!

SIDDONS (to Ray)

We're not playing.

Meanwhile, JOHN arguing with RAY and JIM who sways, drunk. The FBI agents get lost in the background.

JOHN

I'm not going out there man!

RAY

JOHN, C'MON!!

JOHN

Look at him! I'm not going out there 'till I get some sorta guarantee he's gonna stay in line. I've had it with this shit.

JIM

Whatsa matter, scared Johnny boy?

JOHN (going physically for Jim)

YOU'RE A FUCKIN ASSHOLE MAN!!

RAY

JOHN!! STOP IT!! COME ON!!

Jim laughing, throws his arm around ROBBIE for support, ROBBIE patient with him. John yelling as they approach the curtains and the lights and the first monster realization of the THOUSAND MOUTHS waiting in the pit of hell.

JOHN

You're pushing death Morrison.
Everybody thinks we're drug addicts
cause of you Morrison.

JIM

We the Beatles yet?

JOHN (held by Ray)

We took drugs to EXPAND MINDS ASSHOLE,
not ESCAPE. I'M NOT GOING OUT THERE
WITH YOU.

JIM

Hey John y'ever eaten human flesh? When
we get to New York, I know this
chick...

RAY (taking John aside)

Come on man.

JOHN
I'm not going out there!

RAY
We'll talk tomorrow, we'll settle it.
Just do it tonight man and ...

As JIM brings up a tiny vial with a lubricating head on it, holds it to Robbie's lips playfully. They're in the shadows.

JIM
... just a touch Robbie, it's the
funkiest stuff, you'll play like an
orgasm tonight...

ROBBIE
No man come on, I don't want any.

JIM
... just a little lick, come on trust
me ... for old times, the four of us,
let's get together one more time, ...
the Doors man...Please. For me.

Something so sincere in Jim's eyes. Robbie takes the fatal lick. Jim smiles manically as the NUREMBERG SOUNDS of the CROWD drown them out.

ROBBIE
You said you love pain man, but you
run from it every chance you get.

106 INT. STAGE - SAME NIGHT

106

The DOORS come out finally. The noise is overwhelming. Acid, light, noise. Wagnerian Gods, Hitler

JIM spreading his arms like Icarus set to fly. The ROARS redouble, their FEET stomping out:

CROWD (insane)
DOORS DOORS DOORS DOORS ...

Joints are thrown by the dozen on the stage at Jim's feet. He is a god now as he bends regally, picks one up.

COPS everywhere looking as ...

He lights it. The CROWD going nuts as the DOORS go into the ominous introductory strains of *FIVE TO ONE* trying to get the onus off Jim and the show on the road. The Audience knows the song, go into a primal FOOT STOMP with it. Bras are thrown on stage. Kids writhe madly in the primal Doors dance.

People with SPARKLERS running through the hangar. CAMERA FLASHBULBS popping throughout the show...get Jim on film while you can.

Jim, drunk, high, smoking the jay, won't go into the lyrics right off, forcing the Doors to circle the beat again. He jerks his hand back from the mike as if it were a hot wire.

JIM
ARE YOU READY!!!! (beat) ARE YOU
REAAAAAADYYYYYYYYYY!!

The Crowd explodes once more. As a COP heads upstage to get Jim for the joint -- he coolly flicks it back into the crowd, avoiding disaster. Perfect timing as the Cop looks around, suddenly distracted by:

The Crowd yelling something. An INSANE TEENAGER stands on the railing of a balcony above the auditorium, poised to swan dive some 18 feet into the crowd. Which he now does, arms held out like wings.

The Crowd yells, parting to allow his bulk to smack the floor. Pause. Cops rushing to the spot. The KID suddenly stands up, unhurt, with a stoned out look on his face.

TEENAGER

Wow!

Then splits at a full run thru the crowd chased by the perplexed Cops. Everybody surging back towards the stage as JIM looses one of his primal SCREAMS.

JIM
YAAAAA0000000000WWWWW...Love my girl!
(song) Five to one
One in five
No one here gets out alive
You gets your baby
I'll get mine
Gonna make it, baby
If we try

He slobbers, drunk, slouches, stumbles, regains his balance. The Crowd loves it, but Ray senses something wrong. Robbie starts to feel the effects of the acid Jim gave him -- his eyes registering fear.

JIM & DOORS
The old get old
The young get stronger
May take a week
And it may take longer
They got the guns
But we got the numbers
Gonna win yeah -- WE'RE TAKING OVER !!

During the instrumental break, Jim picks up one of the roses from the floor, pokes it at John on the drums, who whacks it to death on his skins. Jim starts to whirl the mike cord like a slingshot or bolo, in an ever-widening arc...

...it flies off and smashes into the head of the PROMOTER at the edge of the stage arguing with SIDDONS. The man is staggered, weaving, Siddons helping him to a FIRST AID TEAM.

JIM
YAAAAA0000000000WWWWW!!!

The crazy VEGETERIAN HIPPIE runs out on stage to give Jim the white lamb to make this political point. Jim holds the lamb in his arms. It's purring, gentle. DOG chases the HIPPIE off as he gives the microphone back to Jim and takes the lamb from him...he staggers over to ROBBIE and goes down to his knees, pretending to give him head on his frantic stoned guitar solo.

JIM & DOORS

Your ballroom days are over baby
Night is drawing near
Shadows of the evening
Crawl across the years
You walk across the floor
With a flower in your hand
Tryin to tell me no one understands

PHOTOGRAPHERS flashing cameras. BAKER urging him on from the wings as he passes out. A GIRL runs onto the stage, dumps a bottle of champagne on Jim's head. Jim takes his shirt off, soaking wet. The CROWD is also stripping in the heat, shirts, blouses, screaming so much now they are obviously way past listening to any song. It has become a view of the future -- the NAKED GIRL and BOY dancing stark naked drugged out in the middle of it all, the FAT GIRL prowling naked on the edge of the stage before she's arrested, the FIGHTS in the Crowd, fists, blood, a black man chased and beaten, the sense of Altamont here, the hippie flower trip gone to shit -- it's all come down here tonight, the end of an era.

JIM & DOORS

Trade in your hours for a handful of dimes
Gonna make it baby -- in our prime
Get together one more time
Get together

He stops singing suddenly, squinting out into the madness. The arena echoes with the uncomprehending chant of the Mob...

MOB

...one more time
Get together one more time
Get together one more time

SPECIAL EFFECT -- the INDIAN GHOST is leaving Jim's body -- spectrally moving off him, hovering there in the air, its eyes -- the face of a dying Indian on an Arizona highway -- then gone. A moment, only three, four beats. An optical illusion? Maybe. Or is it saying, 'now you are just a white man' ...maybe not. As it drifts off in a cloud, into the vast audience's EYEBALL.

JIM

YOU'RE ALL A BUNCHA FUCKIN SLAVES!!!

The instruments continue to vamp but there's a hush to the CROWD.

JIM (CONT'D)

Lettin people tell you what you're gonna do! Lettin people push you around! How long you think it's gonna last! How long you gonna let them push you around!!

He waits. INTERCUTS of the FACES in the crowd.

VOICES (ignoring Jim)

"Light My Fire"! Play "Light My Fire"!!
Come on Jim... (some boos sprinkled in) Take your clothes off man! Get wild! Fuck me baby. Fuck me girl, suck my cock honey around the world! Mexican whore suck my prick! Keeper of the royal sperm man! CELEBRATE THE LIZARD MAN, DRAIN IT MOTHERFUCKER!!

JIM

C'MON GET IT ALL OUT! ALL THE LITTLE HATREDS, Everything inside you...LET ME HAVE IT!

CROWD

FUCK YOU!

JIM

THAT'S THE ONE LITTLE WORD I WANTED TO HEAR! THAT'S THE VERY LITTLE WORD! THE WHOLE WORLD HATES ME! THE WHOLE FUCKING WORLD HATES ME!

*
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*
*

VOICE (girl)

SAVE US...SAVE US, JIM...JIM! EEEE...I TOUCHED HIM.

JIM

Maybe you love it, maybe you love gettin your faces pressed into the shit of the world! You'd all eat shit wouldn't ya!! Adolph Hitler is ALIVE AND WELL HERE IN MIAMI!! YOU'RE ALL A BUNCHA SLAVES!!

The Crowd BOOS back at him, surging suddenly with hatred for Jim. Intercut the Crowd -- feel this hatred.

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JIM

WHAT ARE YA GONNA DO ABOUT IT!
WHAT ARE YA GONNA DO ABOUT IT!
WHAT ARE YA GONNA DO ABOUT IT!

The Band has petered out by this point but out of nowhere, ROBBIE, zonked on his version of LSD, starts up with "TOUCH ME BABE."

JIM & DOORS (going with it)

Come on, come on, come on
and FUCK me babe!

Can't you see that I am not afraid
(cuts the music)

HEY WAIT A MINUTE... (music cuts off raggedly)

Miami Beach Florida hunh? I was BORN and RAISED

not far from here ... went to Florida State... (cheers)

Then I GOT SMART. I went to California where you can

let your hair grow long and walk down the street without
people calling you a FREAK ... They're trying to

CHANGE THE WORLD out there in California.

VOICES

Yeah, STOP THE WAR MAN, PEACEEE ...
WE LOVE YA JIM.

JIM

NO I'm not talkin' 'bout NO REVOLUTION.

I'm not talkin' 'bout no DEMONSTRATION.

I'm talking 'bout HAVING SOME FUN. I'm

talkin' 'bout DANCIN. I'm talkin' 'bout

LOVE. I'm talkin' 'bout some LOVE. LOVE

LOVE LOVE LOVE LOVE!!!! Grab your

friend -- and LOVE him. Come

ooooooooaannnnn. Yeah!

Jim pulling his shirt off -- barechested -- waving it like a
toreador in front of his leather crotch.

VOICES (cheers, giggles)

"Light My Fire"! Come on Jim - play

"Light My Fire"!

The audience seems to be paying no attention to what he is doing
or saying, which drives him to deeper rage.

JIM

Ain't nobody gonna love my ass? Come

on ... I need ya. There's so many of

ya out there and nobody's gonna love

me! C'mon -- what'cha come here for

anyway? You didn't come here for music.

You didn't come here to see a good

band. You came here for THIS didn't

ya...

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He saunters to the edge of the stage. Hisses at them. He clasps his crotch, leering at a cute LITTLE GIRL in the front row, shaking it at her. Her BOYFRIEND, pissed at Jim, runs for the stage. Jim unzips his leathers.

JIM (CONT'D)

I'm lonely out here -- Ya wanna SEE
IT ... COME ON SWEETHEART ... I need
it, I NEED IT, need ya, need ya, NEED
YA, COME OOOOOAAAANNNNNNN ...

Chaos, confusion now erupt in the crowd! The BOYFRIEND is running at JIM as the BODYGUARDS throw him back into the crowd. Jim flicking his shirt over his crotch, back and forth like a drunken matador. The Doors look at each other, don't know what's going to happen.

JIM (CONT'D)

Didja see it! You wanna see it AGAIN???

The crowd roars its approval. Confusion reigns. Drunken CATCALLS. Things, bras, cans thrown at the stage.

VOICES (ad lib)

Take it off! Take it all off!

JIM

What if I pull it out fer ya!! And SHAKE
IT AROUND!!! Will that do it for you!
Would ya, would ya, would ya!! Now watch
-- I'm gonna show it to ya!

He feigns opening his belt and exposing himself, flipping his shirt back and forth over the crotch in a mock striptease.

JIM (CONT'D)

There it was! Ya see it? Ya see it?...Ya
wanna see it again?

A flock of TEENAGE GIRLS are sure they've seen it, hysterical.

TEENAGE GIRL

I saw it!... Yes, yes! Jim! Jim!

TEENAGE GIRL 2

Where? I didn't see it.

JIM (roaring out his commands)

COME ON UP HERE AND LOVE MY ASS! I WANNA
SEE SOME ACTION OUT THERE! I WANNA SEE
SOME ACTION OUT THERE! I WANNA SEE SOME
ACTION OUT THERE! I WANNA SEE SOME
ACTION OUT THERE! I WANT YOU TO LOVE
MY ASS! I WANT SOME
LOVE....LOVE....LOVE....LOVE C'MON,
C'MON....NO LIMITS, NO LAWS YOU WANNA
FUCK? COME ON! COME ON UP HERE!!!!

He looks like he's really gonna tear it all off now. A flash of boxer shorts. RAY moving. SIDONS moving. DOG getting to him first, wrapping him in a bearhug from behind, lifting him holding his pants up.

VINCE THE ROADIE
DON'T DO IT MAN. DON'T DO IT!

RAY
HEY JIM.

JIM
C'MON! C'MON! NO LIMITS, NO LAWS! NO
LIMITS, NO LAWS! NO LIMITS, NO LAWS!

The place is in PANDEMONIUM now. GIRLS jumping on stage and dancing with Jim still in Vince the Roadie's bearhug. Another RIOT...COPS fighting the TEENAGERS off the stage, now wobbling under the weight.

PROMOTER (pissed, head bandaged)
GET OFF THE FUCKING STAGE! GET OFF THE
FUCKING STAGE!! (stiffarms Jim off the
stage)

RAY starts playing *BREAK ON THROUGH*. trying to keep things normal.

JIM now out there in the arena in a CONGA LINE, doing his rain dance, hands on hips, the TEENAGERS forming a long snake behind him.

The huge speaker columns teeter and fall. A corner of the STAGE now COLLAPSES from the weight, PEOPLE spilling on the floor, screams. The power console tips over next to DENSMORE. He bails. Manzarek and Krieger follow.

The PROMOTER is yelling at SIDDONS about his insurance contract as the COPS and FBI AGENTS close in, looking for Jim.

COPS
Where's the guy with the penis!

Who is out there leading his naked drunken FLOCK, hundreds of them in a phallic Pied Piper dance thru the darkened seaplane hanger. From *BREAK ON THROUGH. PART TWO*:

JIM ET AL & DOORS
You know the day destroys the night
Night divides the day
Try to run, try to hide
BREAK ON THROUGH TO THE OTHER SIDE
BREAK ON THROUGH TO THE OTHER SIDE
BREAK ON THROUGH TO THE OTHER SIDE
Dead cats! Dead rats!
Did you see what they were at
Dead cat in a top hat!
Sucking on a young man's blood
Fat cat in a top hat
Thinks he's an aristocrat
Thinks he can kill and slaughter
Thinks he can shoot my daughter
Dead cats! Dead rats!
Think you 're an aristocrat
Crap, that's crap

106

CONTINUED (7)

106

Ray watching from the corner of the stage, littered with bras, bottles, shirts, shoes, socks, panties, hats, broken equipment, debris -- the end of the dream. The Doors as a live band are dead.

DISSOLVING TO:

107

INT. MIAMI COURTROOM - DAY (1970)

107

The "Charges" are being read by the JUDGE, distant, not of this world. The court is lit in southern gothic daylight, ghostly chiaroscuro, all colors bled. Camera moving along the sweaty white faces of the six older JURORS, all of them straight "silent majority" ... past the PROSECUTOR, his shadow cutting the jury box ... onto JIM bearded, smoking 2 packs a day, a deep racking cough, sitting with his elder ATTORNEY RAY, ROBBIE, JOHN, PAMELA, OTHERS in support are there in background. The trial is going down like a morphine dream, Jim featured in diopter close-up.

JUDGE VOICE

... you are charged under four counts
with lewd behavior, simulated
masturbation, public drunkenness,
profanity, and public exposure.

A blues riff goes by -- brief, ghostly from *RUNNING BLUE*.

JIM SONG

Poor Otis dead and gone
Left me here to sing his song
Pretty little girl with the red dress on
Poor Otis dead and gone

JIM (V.O.)

I can't believe this is happening
I can't believe all these people
are sniffing each other & backing away, teeth grinning,
hair raised, growling, here in the slaughtered wind
This is it
No more fun
the death of all joy has come

The PRESS SECTION is full as Jim's older LAWYER argues in front of the JURY, a distant voice.

LAWYER

Your Honor, I would like to bring to
the Court's attention the contemporary
Broadway musical "Hair" in which cast
members disrobe and appear naked on
the stage.

JUDGE (pounds his gavel)

Inadmissible evidence.

JIM VOICE OVER

I had a vision of America
 Seen from the air
 28,000 ft. & going fast
 A one-armed man in a Texas parking labyrinth
 A burnt tree like a giant primeval bird
 in an empty lot in Fresno

SUPERIMPOSITION:

LAWYER

Your Honor ... any difference from the Miami nightclubs
 where comedians frequently incorporate profanity into their acts

JUDGE (gavel)

Inadmissable evidence

JIM VOICE OVER (CONT)

Miles & miles of hotel corridors
 & elevators, filled with citizens
 Motel Money Murder, Madness
 Change the mood from glad to sadness
 Play the ghost song baby

The backbeat of *WHEN THE MUSIC'S OVER* starts, into its spiralling descent.

SUPERIMPOSITION:

LAWYER (distant)

... there has not been one shred of evidence: 300
 photographs and not one shows a thing; not reliable
 testimony, nothing but hysterical heresay

The PRESS is bored, their numbers reduced. The spectators have changed from kids to
 OLDER PEOPLE intent on preserving their way of life. A TAPE is playing of Jim's devil
 voice at the concert, cursing: "Come on up here. No limits! No laws", etc...
 (screams, obscenity)

JIM & DOORS (SONG)

When the music's over (3)
 Turn out the lights (3)
 For the music is your special friend
 Dance on fire as it intends
 Music is your only friend
 Until the end (2)

SUPERIMPOSITION TO:

LAWYER

... this is a major First Amendment violation by the
 Police and Politicians of Miami. Every witness they've
 brought has admitted under oath to not actually seeing
 the client's genitals - except one who ...

107

CONTINUED (2)

107

The PRESS section is now down to about THREE bored FACES, one of them PATRICIA KENNEALY who looks pregnant.

JIM smiles at her.

JIM & DOORS

Cancel my subscription to the Resurrection
Send my credentials to the house of detention
I got some friends inside

108

EXT. ORANGE BOWL - MIAMI - DOCUMENTARY FOOTAGE (DAY)

108

ANITA BRYANT & JACKIE GLEASON at the NATIONAL DECENCY RALLY. A large CROWD in the vicinity of 100,000. NIXON addressing them.

JIM & DOORS SONG (OVER)

The face in the mirror won't stop
The girl in the window won't stop
A feast of friends alive she cried
Waiting for me Outside!

MONTAGE -- NEWSPAPER HEADLINES SPIN OUT:

JIMMI HENDRIX OVERDOSES IN LONDON.

JANIS JOPLIN OVERDOSES IN LOS ANGELES.

A ROLLING STONE WANTED POSTER ON JIM -- "In the County of Dade/Dead -- Did He Or Didn't He?".

JIM & DOORS SONG (OVER)

Before I sink into the big sleep
I want to hear
The scream of the butterfly
Come back baby
Back into my arms

109

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MIAMI BEACH - DAY

109

The MUSIC continuing into a long backbeat without lyrics -- emphasizing the downward spiralling theme ...

JIM

...Well, you gonna get rid of it? Fucked
up people y'know, crazies, unwanted
Indians just throw it in the river.

Pause. PATRICIA -- four and a half months pregnant, stares. A glary window onto a balcony overlooking the sea with Florida palms and a strip of beach. A room in a highrise hotel. Jim's mess is everywhere.

PATRICIA

I can't fucking believe you just said that!

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JIM

Patricia, wouldn't it be better to have a kid with someone who wanted to be its father?

PATRICIA

It'd be a fucking genius, that's what it'd be! You and me. The child would be a god, goddess!

JIM

It'd be a monster.

A look. She's stunned, ugly wrath gathering. He tries to soothe her.

JIM (CONT'D)

I got this trial dragging on me, Patricia. I couldn't support the kid -- I can't afford it and I don't want the responsibility right now.

PATRICIA

You're a COWARD!! A LITTLE BOY!! The only way you can't afford it is emotionally. You forgot your vows man. They were forever in the goddess' sight. Death doesn't part, only love Jim!

JIM

Come on Patricia, I was stoned ... it seemed like the fun thing at the time.

She pulls a dagger with a skull's head on it, goes for him.

PATRICIA

I'm gonna cut your balls off Morrison!

JIM (that smile)

You want 'em?

PATRICIA (beat)

FUCK YOU. I'm gonna have the kid.

JIM

Then it'll be your kid. If you want the abortion I'll pay for it and I'll come up to New York to be with you when you have it.

PATRICIA

No you won't.

JIM

Yes I will.

109 CONTINUED (2)

PATRICIA

Bullshit Morrison (release him, stalks)
You know who you are ... (pause) NO.
What difference does it make. You know,
you never pretended. I did. I don't
even like kids particularly, (laughs
to herself) but I don't want the other
thing either. I guess what I really
want is to throw myself off this
fucking balcony (Hurls the knife out
off the balcony) Well now that you've
fucked the future, Morrison, have you
fucked everything?... (cruelly) Have
you looked at yourself in the mirror.
Your stomach...

JIM (hurt, near tears)

Please don't say those things to me,
Patricia.

She suddenly grasps him, clutching, hunger, lust.

PATRICIA

Fuck me one last time, you worthless
piece of shit.

JIM & DOORS

... the scream of the butterfly
Come back baby
Back into my arms

On Jim's face.

110 EXT. MIAMI COURTROOM - DAY

110

TWO HUNDRED PERSONS are gathered on the lawn outside, banners
decrying the Doors. A MIDDLE AGED SPEAKER, clean cut, squarely
dressed, expresses his outrage.

SPEAKER (bullhorn)

... endorsed by President Richard
Nixon! (cheers) The immoral conduct
of degenerates such as Jim Morrison
is an unacceptable insult to this
country and the principles for which
it stands...

JIM & DOORS (CONT'D, OVER)

We're getting tired of hanging around
Waiting around with our heads to the ground
I hear the gentle sound
Very near yet very far
Very soft, yeah, very clear
Come today, come today

JIM heading up the stairs to the COURTROOM, approached by a few
LOCAL REPORTERS. RAY, ROBBIE, JOHN, SIDDONS try to block Jim off
but he comes forward. The song going into a soft background riff.

110

CONTINUED

110

JIM

Well uh, it's designed to wear you down y'know...when that rap sheet says the "United States of America versus You" it takes you down day by day, specially when no one really gives a shit about, y'know, the First Amendment that's on trial here...Nobody says anything about that, it's just uh did you take your pants off y'know, I mean that's not what it's about, it's about freedom, that's what it's about...but who cares, right? Freedom exists in a schoolbook.

REPORTER 1 (disinterested)

...but the promoters are cancelling your shows, will this affect the way you play?

JIM

Well, I can only open doors, M'am. I can't drag people thru 'em. I'm no saviour.

REPORTER 2

But you've called yourself a shaman?

JIM (beat, pained)

Did I? Well, I'll tell ya, my words stand a far better chance of being around a hundred years from now than my waistline.

As he goes into the courtroom, a dolled up REPORTER 1, the local anchor-lady turns to her camera.

ANCHORLADY

The question that will be answered today: Did Jim Morrison or did he not take off his pants last March? This is...

111

INT. COURTROOM - THAT DAY

111

The judge passing sentence, distant, hazy under song. Darkened shadows across the floor, silhouettes...the world bleak and white...

JUDGE

James Douglas Morrison, I hereby sentence you to sixty days of hard labor in the Dade County Jail and for public exposure I am sentencing you to six months of the same, after which you are to serve two years and four months of probationary time.

*

SECRETARY (overlapping)

I booked you round trip to New York for Thursday, Pamela's called six times, Patricia, Kathy, Judy, Gayle is pregnant, she says but...you gotta get straight, honey, go to sleep, get a massage, go to the dentist, get a haircut honey, you gotta cool out...

JOHN

Probably a bath too...

OFFICE BOY

(reading a rock magazine) Jesus Jim, this guy really despises you.

JOHN

...didn't invite us to Woodstock. Twenty other groups but not...

SIDDONS

What's heavy is the radio stations pulling us from their playlists. The big cities -- Philly, Cinci, Chicago, Detroit -- it's insane! Record sales suck!

RAY

(with irony, reading something) "The band you love to hate".

LAWYER (2nd Lawyer if necessary)

We can drag this appeal out for years, we can keep you out of jail.

JIM (drinking)

You're drinking with number three.

SIDDONS

Max firmly believes the FBI's behind it. We're subpoenaing their records -- they had memos on you in Phoenix and they got you extradicted to Miami illegally without a felony...

MIKE

A new image -- Jim Morrison as "Renaissance Man" -- We bring you back slow, quiet, the beard, elder of the tribe.

OFFICE BOY

(reading from review)...like Lennon said "you either grow with the music or it grows without you."

ROBBIE

Hey, it was fun.

All the voices merging into one:

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112 CONTINUED (2)

VOICES

First Hendrix now Janis Robbie flew
to Hawaii legalities pending
dispositions book in Toronto interview
with PBS renew your diverse license
psychic predictions nine paternity
suits fifty thousand dollar bond recoup
our losses Pamela's shopping spree with
your credit card Morrison

VOICES (CONT'D)

Hotel some-body from film school
mountain of coke in the broom closet
Jac Holzman eight thirty in the morning
remix perform schedule Paul Rothchild
taxes Texas teenyboppers tomorrow.

Jim, during this, picking up the TV remote, flicking on the images.
The VOICES blending with TV VOICES as he swithes the channels. The
camera moving in on Jim, the VOICES fading. All we see is Jim. All
we hear and see is the TV:

TELEVISION

Chicago Seven in it's tenth day...Bobby
Seale gagged and chained (click) L.A.
shootout with Black Panthers (click)
Charles Manson indicted for murder of
actress Sharon Tate (click) U.S. ground
troops in Laos and Cambodia (click)
Indians still occupying Alcatraz Island
(click) For the My Lai massacre
testified 120 villagers shot by
American soldiers in a trench...

The SONG climaxes into an inner scream of madness.

JIM & DOORS (CONCLUDE)

For the music is your special friend
Dance on fire as it intends
Music is your only friend
Until the end (3) (SCREAM!)

Silence on Jim.

JIM (mildly)

I think I'm having a nervous breakdown.

The sound of wind, the backbeat of *LA MYLAN* flooding in.

113 EXT. CHATEAU MARMONT HOTEL - LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

113

JIM dangles out on the narrow ledge that circumscribes the 20th
floor rooftop -- wind blowing thru his wild hair, the card zooming
by like racer lights on Sunset below. The song *LA MYLAN* continues,
born from this renewed feeling of danger.

JIM & DOORS

Well I just got into town 'bout an hour ago
Took a look around, see which way the wind blow
Where the little girls in their Hollywood bungalows

PAM screaming for him to come back from the edge as TOM BAKER and
MIKE and DOG and a CAMERAMAN film in 16mm.

113

CONTINUED

113

PAM
JIM! PLEASE GODDAMIT!! COME BACK IN
PLEASE!!

JIM yelling back, as he drinks from a pint of whiskey, enjoying himself enormously.

JIM
Whatcha worried about? I like it out
here.

He feigns a fall.

PAM
NOOOOOO!!

RAY and SIDDONS arrive, terrified, looking for him.

JIM (laughing at Pam)
Life on the edge baby. Come get me if
you love me baby.

PAM
PLEASE GODDAMIT JIM MORRISON I'M NOT
GONNA KILL MYSELF FOR YOU. GET IN HERE.

Jim cracking up with laughter. BAKER, drunk and the FILM CREW love it, swishpanning with a cheap sungun.

MIKE (dancing)
We got it man! Keep going. Great get
a two shot.

BAKER
GO ON GET OUT THERE PAM

Pam is sufficiently cracked on her own set of drugs to start climbing out onto the ledge, skirts blowing in the wind.

PAM
JIM MORRISON GODDAMIT I LOVE YOU I WANT
YOU I NEED YOU

Jim moving futher along the ledge.

JIM (raw)
YOUR WHOLE LIFE'S BULLSHIT! YOU LOVE
ME THEN COME AND GET ME.

JIM & DOORS (OVER)
LA Woman (X2)
LA Woman Sunday afternoon (X3)
Drive thru your suburbs
Into your blues (X2)
Into your blue-blue Blues-Into your blues

Siddons and Ray terrified. Is this the night it's finally going to end in a suicide plunge? Ray trying to stop Pam, too late.

RAY
Pam!! Oh shit...get the ambulances
man...

113 CONTINUED (2)

113

Pam's moving shakily along the ledge, cracked on downers.

Jim watching her come, amazed at her risk.

RAY (yelling down)
JIM! HELP HER. She's gonna fall.

TOM
Jump!

He watches, does nothing.

JIM
Come on baby, come on.

RAY
(trying another tack) Jim we gotta
finish "LA Woman".

JIM
Don't have an ending Ray.

Reaches his hand out. She is closer. But shaky.

RAY (white)
They're both gonna die ... ARE YOU
HAPPY YOU COCKSUCKERS!!

Ray goes after Tom Baker and the Film Crew. A scuffle. Yelling, shouting, but down below in the intimacy of the ledge, blowing out on the edge, the wind and the world and death. Two crazy children linked on this gothic balcony of the Chateau reach their hands out for each other.

JIM
Come on baby, come on

PAM (quoting him)
"...but one, the most beautiful one of all --
dances in a ring of fire --"

JIM (raw singing)
"I see your hair is burning. If they
say I never loved you, you know they
are a liar!"

PAM
"...and throws off the challenge with
a shrug"

JIM
All the poetry has wolves in it Pam!!!

She has never been so concentrated, inching closer to him. Her heels overhanging oblivion.

PAM
I don't wanna die with you Jim
Morrison, I don't wanna die!

JIM & DOORS

Never saw a woman
So alone (X2)
So alone - lone lone

JIM

C'mon Pam, this is it! We'll do it right
here! Right now! You and me!

Ray, Tom, Siddons, Mike, Dog, they all watch in horror, sensing it
will happen. They have even stopped filming. Inches...inches.

He dodges her touch, confused...to the last possible second. Then
SHE'S THERE -- in his arms. Her arms latch around him and she hugs
him with all her wiry soul.

PAM

Jim -- let's go, let's leave this town!
You and me! Never come back.

JIM (demonic)

We can. Right now. Just one more
step...

PAM

No Jim. I want to LIVE with you. I want
to LIVE with you.

The two lovers huddled together on the ledge. He slips his head down
on her lap, looking up into her eyes with the strangest tears in
his eyes.

JIM (a poem)

There was preserved in her
the fresh miracle of surprise...
clothed in sunlight
restless in wanting
dying of fever
married to doubt
how it has changed you
how slowly estranged you
solely arranged you
beg for your mercy

- OR -

...but all will pass
lie down in green grass
and smile and muse and gaze
upon her smooth resemblance
to the mating-Queen
who it seems is in love
with the horseman
Tomorrow we enter
the tomb of my birth
I want to be ready.

On her face -- moved. Pause. LA WOMAN floods in on his smile,
an upbeat surge.

Upstairs, the ONLOOKERS relax. HOTEL MANAGEMENT and COPS are now
rushing up in background.

JIM & DOORS

Mr. Mojo Rising
Mr. Mojo Risin' (X2)

DISSOLVE TO:

114 EXT. DOORS OFFICE - SANTA MONICA BL. - L.A. - DAY (1970) 114

There's music rocking from the inside. Cables and baffles run from the second story down to the rehearsal room on the first.

JIM & DOORS
Keep on risin'
Got to keep on risin'
Risin' Risin' (X8)

115 INT. DOORS OFFICE - DAY 115

The SECRETARIES and STAFF dance to the SOUND rocking thru the floor.

JIM & DOORS
Well I just got into town about an hour ago
Took a look around, see which way the wind blow

Camera moving thru the offices, past the OFFICE BOY, past SIDDON, past the PUBLICIST, etc -- a farewell to the band.

116 INT BASEMENT - RECORDING STUDIO - DAY 116

We see RAY, ROBBIE, JOHN, BOTNICK, a BASS and 2nd RHYTHM GUITARIST, WIVES, GIRLFRIENDS but no Jim. They're really driving, the music soars. PAMELA'S hair shaking as she swings to the beat.

JIM & DOORS (CONT'D)
With a little girl in a Hollywood bungalow
Are you a lucky lady in the City of Light?
Or just another lost angel - City of Night?

117 INT. TOILET - RECORDING STUDIO - SAME DAY 117

Wires run into a tiny toilet revealing JIM with headphones to his ears barking into a dangling mike, one leg propped on a toilet seat, in a groove. A new, strange, unparalleled beauty in his voice, hoarser but wiser, haunted by experience yet joyful as youth, Jim is ironically, at his best.

JIM & DOORS (CONT'D)
LA Woman (X2)
LA Woman/ Sunday Afternoon (X3)
Drive thru your suburbs
Into your blues (X2)
Into your blue- blue blues

118. EXT. LOS ANGELES FREEWAY - DAY

118.

MONTAGE: Moving, moving, moving -- all the POVS from fast-moving CARS travelling with the pace of L.A. Song of freedom, of escape -- the STRIP, the cars, the freeway, the BILLBOARDS ... farewell L.A.

119. INT. NEW YORK HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

119

Camera creeping towards ANNE O'RIORDAN as she waits, alone on a white table for the doctor to arrive. Jim never showed up after all. But on we go.

JIM & DOORS

I see your hair is burning
Hills are filled with fire
If they say I never lov'd you
You know they are a liar
(etc)
Never saw a woman
So alone (X2)
So alone lone lone
So alone

120 EXT. RAY'S HOUSE - VENICE - DAY

120

*

JIM drives up in his beaten GTO MUSTANG, top down, bags all over the place, hops out. Carrying his bulk with grace, knocks and rings. *RIDERS ON THE STORM* starting to play over.

120A. INT. RAY'S HOUSE - DAY

120A

DOROTHY opens the door. Jim a stack of presents under his arm.

JIM

Eek Dorothy! You cut your hair!

DOROTHY

We're trying to have another baby.

JIM (moving past her)

What - was your hair getting in the way?
(she smacks him lightly) Where are the kids?

120 B. EXT. RAY YARD - DAY

120 B

He spots them, crossing to the YARD where a CHILDREN'S BIRTHDAY is in progress -- TWO DOZEN KIDS, a CLOWN acting out for them. A few parents and friends -- ROBBIE and LYNNE, their kid, JOHN and his RECENT LADY, their kid...

When the KIDS spot JIM they light up.

120B CONTINUED

120B

JIM

Hey - am I late or is this the cool remnant of a dream?

KIDS (rushing to him)

Eee! Jim! It's Uncle Jim...Come on...what did you bring me Jim...

JIM (picks up Robin)

How's my girl! And how's my boy!

They stick a ludicrous printed birthday hat on his head. A bearded Santa Claus now engulfed with kids, though puffy, body gone, a literal physical wreck, yet a gentle pathos about him and still a charisma that the children react to without thinking. He gives out the presents all over.

JIM (CONT'D, ad libs)

For you...Pancho gets this one...Melanie -- yours ... Hey Dorothy don't grab now... open that one, that's yours...keep your paws off that now...

As RAY and ROBBIE and JOHN and the others circle him.

JIM (CONT'D, to Robin, a 5 year old)

...and to you, princess, from your Royal servant, James Douglas Morrison (bows).

*
*
*

As ROBIN, the cutest of them all, a bow in her hair, takes the package, opens it.

RAY

You wanna hear the new mixes on "LA WOMAN?"...

JIM

No, I gotta plane to catch.

*

JOHN

Won't take long man, it's the best one since "Days".

ROBBIE

We added rain to "Riders", come on.

Jim cocks his head, listening to it playing from an inner room, his eyes on ROBIN opening the gift -- a beautiful, ANTIQUE DOLL of an 19th century poet - rock star, stuffed, velour jacket, white fluffy lace collar, it could be Byron or it could be Jim Morrison -- in fact the hair is perfectly weaved to resemble Jim in his young lion phase -- an ironic gift, meant from the heart. It stops everybody -- they all look. A haunted quality to the doll.

KID

Ugh! What's that!

ROBIN (to Jim)

It's you.

120B CONTINUED (2)

120B

JIM
Forever young...

She kisses him.

ROBIN
Oh it's beautiful...Thank you Uncle
Jim.

120C INT. RAY'S WORK SPACE - DAY

120C

Off the patio windows of the birthday party, sounds and sunshine pouring in. The Clown running around, laughter. The music plays -- BRUCE at the mixing board.

JIM & DOORS
Riders on the Storm(x2)
Into this house we're born
Into this world we're thrown
Like a dog without a bone
An actor out on loan
Riders on the storm

Where we and Jim came in, I guess. Jim drinks from a cognac bottle straight, foot tapping, enjoying it, knows it's good -- but other things are calling. This is history.

JIM
I gotta admit -- that ain't bad for
four guys who weren't even talking that
day.

Slapping shoulders, shaking hands.

JOHN
You really gonna live in Paris man?

JIM
Yeah John, be anonymous, write a book:
"Observations of an American While on
Trial in Miami".

ROBBIE
I still think we got a couple of great
blues albums in us man.

JIM
I'm pinned man. Everything I do they
got a category for it, y'know.
Freedom's gone.

JOHN
Hey, I'm gonna miss you Jim. I'm gonna
miss the feeling of playing music with
you.

JIM
You can always whip the horses' eyes.
You John miss me?

JOHN

More than you think asshole (turn away,
repressing - the emotions)

ROBBIE

(walking him to the garden) Well far
as I'm concerned, Jim, I made music
with Dionysus man. We had some moments
on stage like no one will ever fucking
know.

JIM (making light)

Yeah, yeah -- and you lay off those
drugs Rob. We're gonna play again some
day. *

ROBBIE

Jim -- "do not go gently into that
good night. Rage rage against the
dying of the light". (he winks
goodbye)

The kids running up to grab JIM, pulls him back to the party.

GIRLS

Come 'ere Uncle Jim, we're playing
blind man's bluff...

TIME CUT TO:

120D EXT. GARDEN - LATER DAY

120D

JIM, a bearded Santa Claus with the birthday hat on his head,
surrounded by the GIRLS and BOYS and DOROTHY shooting a home movie.
They're eating birthday cake but UNCLE JIM is drinking straight from
the cognac bottle -- a strange sight.

JIM (to Robin)

So what are you gonna be when you grow
up?

ROBIN

I wanna be your wife

He laughs, looks at Dorothy who's shooting him with the Super 8. *

JIM

I don't know, can I afford you? Pam
kinda wiped me out with her dress store
y'know...

ROBIN

I'll make my own dresses and you'll
see, I'll be the best wife. 1

DOROTHY (nodding)

You'll never be alone Jim.

JIM (to Dorothy)
You know I've never been happier. Not
as much of a rush as I used to be in
y'know... this is the strangest life
I've ever known.

His eyes on a LITTLE BOY who's walking into the party, sitting down
with the others, ignored, isolated, a birthday cap on his head.
Clothes belong to the 1940's and the face seems familiar. Jim is
not sure, woozy from the cognac. As he fades. We saw the Boy many
years ago in the backseat of the car in the Arizona desert.

Jim's head falling gently into his folded arms on the table, the
cognac bottle at his elbow, merlin hat on, beard, the kids laughing,
pulling his ears and nose -- he doesn't wake up.

TIME CUT TO:

As Ray comes over now, rouses him gently.

RAY
Gotta plane to catch man?

Jim coming awake in that instant alert way of his, but obviously
hung over.

JIM
O?...splittling headache from which
the future is made.

Puzzling remark, He gets up, shaky, exits, kids tearing at him.
Goodbyes.

121 EXT. RAY'S HOUSE - VENICE - TWILIGHT

121

The beach is behind them, the last of the frisbee players and dogs,
the skaters go by, as we continue to hear RIDERS from within.

RAY
Is Pam really there in Paris waiting?

JIM (ironic, head hurts)
Sure. The Count's there so where else
would she be? Gotta try to start over,
without all the hassles, y'know. I
think we can.

RAY
I never knew what you saw in that
nightmare chick man.

JIM
Well she is kinda flakey --like me.
I mean she's just so vulnerable about
everything. It makes me sad man.
(pause) But she's always kinda believed
in something about me y'know -- her
little picture of me as the unsung poet
-- and it's a fantasy I kinda dig
y'know, 'stead of the one I live.

RAY

I don't know man, I don't wanna sound like your old man but you're only 27, you're living like you gotta get it all in, you gotta slow down man, you did it, you broke thru to the other side.

JIM

We didn't break thru Ray, we just pushed things a little. When you really break thru, there's nothing left. No music, no Doors, no God, nothing--only a will to power. *

RAY

I don't believe that. You were an American prince, man -- with overbred genes -- (Jim scoffs, laughs)
No! What could've been Jim? You could've been President. (Jim cracks up) No man! What could've been Jim? We stood here on this beach on the edge of the Pacific that crazy summer day in '65 -- and we knew, you and I, we knew we were at the edge of the mind. we were there, man. One planet, one globe, one mind. Consciousness, we raised it, we were there.

Jim, not the sentimental type, climbs in his car, amused. *

JIM

And now what?

RAY

Now? (smiles, lethally sweet) You've made me into Ishmael. I am the last survivor of the Pequod. And I exist only to tell the story of Ahab who fought the black whale.

JIM (loves it, laughs)

It was white Ray. You gotta stop harpin' on that day. I was so ripped I can hardly remember it.

Ignites engine. Ray leans in, lightening up.

RAY

Hey, what was that poem you once wrote about two chicks on the pier?

JIM

Come on man, I gotta fly.

RAY

Come on. Just once.

JIM (VOICE OVER, pulling out the car)

In that year we had a great
Visitation of energy
Back in those days
Everything was simpler and more confused
One summer night, going to the pier
I ran into two young girls
The blonde was called Freedom
The dark one Enterprise
We talked
And they told me this story

As he departs, waving.

RAY (OVER)

What was the story?

His point of view -- Jim receding into the sun in his mustang -- making a shakey, screeching curve at the bend of the beach. And he's gone. An ominous ROAR of an AIRPLANE above RAY. -- flying away.

122. EXT. LOS ANGELES - TWILIGHT

122

The PLANE flies off into the setting ball of red sun.

123. INT. RECORDING SESSION (LAST SESSION) - L.A. - DEC. 1970

123

The bearded POET hunches in his chair, exhausted, clutching the paper, finished. Pause. He downs a final shot, grunts to the Indian Ghostman sitting there on a stool watching him in the corner of the studio. The Ghostman laughs (but nothing comes out of his mouth). His wrinkled eyes are happy, feathered ponytail, he nods...pleased.

MORRISON

Well, didja get all that?

GHOSTMAN

You done good, Jim, go now -- rest

The ENGINEER, exhausted, doesn't feel anything funny.

ENGINEER

Yeah, I got it Jim.

The poets face brightens. A small but ever-so-sweet smile of triumph hikes up the corners of his mouth.

JIM

Aw right. Let's get some tacos!

He stands, sways, than moves out of view. The empty bottle of whiskey, its sands run out, is left behind.

123

CONTINUED

123

As we FADE OUT, a hardy, mischievous Morrison laugh and a ripple of sensuous MUSIC carry us into the lilting, lamenting strains of AN AMERICAN PRAYER -- THE END without lyrics for now as we cut to:

124

INT. PARIS BEDROOM - NEAR DAWN (NIGHT) (1971)

124

PAMELA is agitated in her sleep -- waking as she feels him watching. Is that him? At the door? A SHADOW -- leaves. Footsteps moving down the narrow Parisian corridor with the creaky floor.

PAM

Jim...that you?

Looks at the time. Somewhere near dawn. The sounds of a bath being drawn. Nightmare or sleep? She tries to fade back to sleep but the MUSIC and the WHISPERING prod her, pull her awake...

DISSOLVE: SAME FACE -- AN HOUR LATER.

Putting her robe on, the slippers, the light...moving. She is much more ravaged looking than before.

125

INT. BATHROOM - DAWN

125

She finds him now...His face floating upwards, angelic eyes, the beard is now gone, a little smile on his face. He must be playing another joke. Although she really knows as she says the words:

PAM

Jim! It was you. I always know when it's you. (moving closer) Come on baby get out of the tub ... mama'll dry you off ... (pause) Jim Morrison, now you stop joking you hear me, cut it out!

His face. At peace, as she sobs, the MUSIC cresting to Jim's lyrics.

PAM (CONT'D)

...was it all right Jim, did you enjoy it when it came my baby? Just like you said it'd be?

JIM (OVER)

They are waiting to take us into the severed garden do you know how pale and wanton thrillful comes death at a strange hour? Unannounced unplanned for like a scaring overfriendly guest you've brought to bed? Death makes angels of us all? And gives us wings where we had shoulders smooth as raven's claws...

DISSOLVE TO:

126

EXT. PERE LACHAISE CEMETERY - PARIS - DAY

126

His face etching into a perfect Alexandrine bust of physical beauty. The camera moving to reveal, a wintry day, leaves blowing, the wild cats everywhere in the empty cemetery, the

126

CONTINUED

126

crumbling tombs, the flowers fresh and dead around Jim's tomb, the graffiti, wine bottles, Wilde, Bizet, Piaf, Chopin, Morrison...

JIM (CONT'D, OVER)

No more money, no more fancy dress this
other kingdom seems by far the best
until its other jaw reveals incest and
loose obedience to a vegetable law.
I will not go I prefer a feast of
friends to the giant family ...

The MUSIC rolling up on:

127

INT. CORRIDOR & STAGE - LIMBO

127

Smoke. Some lights. The distant cheers of a CROWD. In slightly SLOW MOTION, a FIGURE moves down a corridor into a blinding light of stage and smoke.

THREE OTHER SHADOWS are there waiting -- as the GHOST moves to the microphone in altered motion.

The AUDIENCE is out there somewhere in the dark -- we sense they too have become ghosts, as all of us will one day. The MUSIC continuing up to roll from AMERICAN PRAYER -- THE END -snatches we annotate.

GHOST ANNOUNCER

Ladies and Gentlemen, from Los Angeles
California -- The Doors! (ghostly
applause)

JIM & THE DOORS (snatches)

...have you seen the warm progress
under the stars? Have you forgotten the
keys to the kingdom? Have you been born
yet and are you alive? Where is the
feast we were promised? let's reinvent
the gods, the myths of the ages! We need
great golden copulations

Camera closing past the DOORS to JIM alone, circling the mike with his dance -- the INDIAN GHOSTMAN jiggling, shaman-like, off to the side -- now levitating above the stage, all crazy, gawky dancing.

JIM

Well, I'll tell you a story of whiskey, mystics and men
And about the believers and how the whole thing began
First there were women and children obeying the moon
Then daylight brought wisdom and sickness too soon
...the moon is a dry blood beast
We have assembled inside this ancient and insane
theatre to propagate our lust for life
and flee the swarming wisdom of the streets
we live we die and death not ends it (screams in agony)
FATHER HAVE MERCY!!!

Ending with a solitary sing-song croak.

JIM

Bird of prey, bird of prey
Flying high, flying high
in the summer sky

Bird of prey, bird of prey
flying high, flying high
gently pass by

Bird of prey, bird of prey
flying high, flying high
Take me on your flight (pause then)
I will come again
down from the wild mountains

THE SUBTITLE READS " JIM IS SAID TO HAVE DIED OF 'HEART FAILURE'.
PAMELA JOINED HIM THREE YEARS LATER"...HER ASHES WERE BURIED
NEXT TO HIM."

128. BLACK SCREEN WITH CREDITS...Let's lighten it up with some good old 128
rock and roll. As we hear Jim and the Doors running loose on
ROADHOUSE BLUES"

JIM & DOORS

ALRITE
YEAH YEAH
YOU GOTTA ROLL, ROLL, ROLL
YOU GOTTA THRILL MY SOUL -- ALRITE
ROLL, ROLL, ROLL, ROLL, A THRILL MY SOUL
A-GOT-A-BEEPA, GONCHA CHUCHNA
HOCA CONK, A DONTA EATCHA COONA NEECHA
BOP -A -LOOLA, LECHOW, BOMPA KECHOW
YESOW CONK, YEAH RITE

ASHEN LADY (X2)
GIVE UP YOUR VOWS (X2)
SAVE OUR CITY (X2)
RIGHT NOW (X2)

WELL I WOKE UP THIS MORNING
I GOT MYSELF A BEER (X2)
THE FUTURE'S UNCERTAIN
THE END IS ALWAYS NEAR

LET IT ROLL BABY ROLL (X3)
ALL NITE LONG

THE END