

JIMI, JANIS AND JIM MUST DIE

an original screenplay by

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FADE IN:

INT. WHITE HOUSE OVAL OFFICE - JULY 1970 - DAY

PRESIDENT RICHARD NIXON is having a meeting with J. EDGAR HOOVER, Director of the FBI and Nixon's Chief Domestic Policy Advisor, JOHN EHRLICHMAN. They are watching the Charles Manson trial on T.V. Nixon gets up and turns off the T.V. and then sits back down behind his desk.

NIXON

That psycho hippie Manson and his crazy drugged out girl disciples did us a big fucking favor, that's for goddamn sure. Everyone is absolutely terrified of them and the whole hippie drug culture. You'd almost think that they were working for us.

HOOVER

So you want to build on the paranoia they've created.

NIXON

Exactly. What Manson did put the majority of Americans squarely on our side in our war on drugs. Now I want to focus on the young people. I want every young person in the country to be scared shitless to do drugs, which they should be. And I want the kids that are only doing drugs because of peer pressure to come back to us.

HOOVER

The American people are clearly behind you on this issue Mr. President.

NIXON

I swear to God, we have an entire generation of young people that are completely self-destructive, hate authority and are simply unafraid to try stupid things. They'll ingest a whole pharmacy of different types of illegal drugs without even caring what happens to them, just because their friends are doing it too. I'm sure the Russians are watching this very closely. What better way to destroy the American government from within than by getting dumb, drugged out American kids to do their dirty

(MORE)

NIXON (CONT'D)

work for them. It's a communist conspiracy and nobody's doing a goddamn thing about it.

HOOVER

Do you want my people to come up with some options?

NIXON

Let's see what you think of my idea first.

HOOVER

What do you have in mind?

NIXON

What if some of the major hippie leaders that are very popular musicians die of drug overdoses? That should scare a lot of kids back to our side.

HOOVER

(pause, thinking)

We can pull that off. We can target ones that are already known addicts. Their overdoses will all look like accidents.

NIXON

My guess is that after their heroes are dead, a lot of these kids will do some serious soul searching for the first time and decide that they don't want to die. That's when they'll call mom and dad for help. Then we'll get them into treatment programs so that these parents can get their children back. When I ran for President I told the American people that I would win the drug war, and I mean to.

HOOVER

Do you have potential targets?

NIXON

I asked John to look into that.
(to Ehrlichman)
What have you come up with?

EHRlichman

Mr. President, I have three potential targets - Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix and Jim Morrison.

NIXON

Never heard of them.

HOOVER

I know who they are. We've had our eye on them for some time. All three are very popular musicians with a huge hippie following. They all strongly advocate the use of drugs. All three are also well left of the Democrats.

NIXON

Communists?

HOOVER

Possibly. And all three are adamantly against the war.

NIXON

I want Lennon. John Lennon.

HOOVER

I wish we could get him, but it's going to be tough to make it look like an accident. There have already been two attempts on his life within the last couple of months. One was by a drugged out kid who was upset that the Beatles broke up and the other was a born again who got really angry when Lennon said the Beatles were bigger than Jesus a few years back. So now Lennon and his wife are holed up in a Park Avenue fortress with lots of security. It also doesn't help that he keeps telling the press that the American government is going to try to kill him. There's just too much attention on Lennon right now for a clean hit. Maybe later.

NIXON

I fucking hate that limey cocksucker. He's a communist and doesn't even try to hide it. Part of the New Left. Met with Mao's people personally.

(MORE)

NIXON (CONT'D)

Why doesn't he go back to England and protest his own government? The only reason he doesn't live over there is because he doesn't want to pay those ridiculously high British taxes. Goddamn homosexual diva son-of-a-bitch.

EHRlichman

Mr. President, I agree with Mr. Hoover. If we take out Lennon now, it will be hard to get the majority of the American public to believe that it was an accident. Plus, the British government still like him a lot for some reason - there's always a chance they might turn on us since he's one of their VIPs.

NIXON

O.K., I don't like it, but I'll play along for now. He really should change the spelling of his last name to L-E-N-I-N and make his first name Vladamir. That way he would be Vladamir John Lenin Communist Hippie. That's a good name, don't you think?

Hoover and Ehrlichman chuckle.

NIXON (CONT'D)

Tell me about these other three.

EHRlichman

(reading from his
file)

Janis Lyn Joplin. Twenty-seven. Born and raised into a middle-class family in Port Arthur, Texas, but tries to convince everyone she's white trash so they'll buy more of her albums. Was discovered in the San Francisco hippie scene.

NIXON

What the fuck happened to San Francisco and the Bay Area? It used to be one of the most beautiful places in the whole country - a really conservative place, too. But for years now, all the fucking gay sailors go there to get their cocks sucked and to fuck other faggots in the

(MORE)

NIXON (CONT'D)

ass, just like Sodom and Gomorrah. And if that wasn't bad enough, the spoiled Berkeley kids have shut down their own campus several times. Not only that, they refuse to let any of the normal kids go to school who just want to get an education. The bad kids get hooked on drugs, start studying Karl Marx and violently protest the war. Looting and violence everywhere - it's a disaster going on all over the country, and I won't stand for it.

EHRlichMAN

Joplin's a heroin addict.

HOOVER

And that provides us with our opportunity. It should be an easy hit. No one will suspect a thing.

NIXON

What do you mean? Don't junkies know how much to take so they won't die?

HOOVER

Yes, but they want to take it to the limit to get as high as possible. And as their tolerance builds up, they have to take more and more. Heroin addicts don't inject pure heroin or it might kill them. So they cut it, usually with baking powder or sugar.

EHRlichMAN

So all we have to do is make sure that she injects pure heroin - lots of it, when she thinks it's already been cut. The coroner will assume that she got too wasted to remember whether she cut it or not or when she last shot up. So we'll make sure that it looks like she accidentally injected herself twice with pure heroin. She's also a big alcoholic which makes the heroin more toxic.

HOOVER

We've done this type of hit before, many times. Normally we'll mix in a strong tasteless sedative into their favorite bedtime beverage, and then insert the drugs into their rectum after they pass out, but I think this method should work just as well.

NIXON

Are you going to use your people?

HOOVER

No, I'll get the five families to do the job. Their people sell drugs to all the hippies anyway, so getting in close is no problem for them.

NIXON

This makes a lot of sense. I want every hippie girl out there that is taking drugs, that is giving every longhaired smelly hippie guy syphilis and gonorrhoea, getting abortions that they don't even remember, to wake up and smell the coffee. I want them to start shaving their legs again and wearing bras. I want them to be respectful to their parents and the society that made them, the way that all young people should. My daughter Tricia works with these girls and she is always telling me that pimps use drugs to control them and make them do whatever they want, just like that crazy Manson.

(pause)

Tell me about the other two.

EHRlichman

James Marshall Hendrix. Black. 27. Grew up mostly in Seattle. Did a year in the Army as a paratrooper before receiving an honorable discharge.

NIXON

How did he get out early?

EHRlichman

He claimed he was a homosexual and wanted to fuck all of the guys in his platoon, so they let him out.

NIXON

Cocksucker!

EHRlichMAN

He's addicted to several different drugs.

HOOVER

If we take him out, we have the added value of reaching all of the minority drug users - making them terrified. We can't get them to stop doing drugs unless they want to stop.

NIXON

That's the whole point of all of this. I want every hippie in this country to be so scared of drugs that they'll want to grow up, change their lives and take on adult responsibilities. As long as they remain children, they'll always be tempted by drugs, which we know is a direct pathway to the communist party.
(to Ehrlichman)

Next one.

EHRlichMAN

James Douglas Morrison. White. 26. Comes from a very good family. His father is a rear Admiral in the Navy.

NIXON

Jesus Christ - an admiral?!

EHRlichMAN

He served with distinction in Ww2 and Korea.

NIXON

Rear admiral Morrison, that name sounds familiar. Wasn't he in command of naval operations during the Gulf of Tonkin incident?

EHRlichMAN

He was. Everyone says he's a good egg.

NIXON

(shaking his head)

There has never been a time in American history when there were so many young rotten apples coming from

(MORE)

NIXON (CONT'D)

good families. And drugs are the reason - it has to be.

EHRlichman

The son is a huge drunk and a drug addict. He could die at any time without us even hitting him. He also has a history of mental instability.

NIXON

Good. Hit him. I like this plan. It's beginning to grow on me. Go to it and report back to me. When is this going to happen?

HOOVER

I would recommend that we hit two of them as soon as possible with the third hit sometime within the year. That should get us the maximum public response that we're looking for.

NIXON

John, after this gets done, I want to start a grass roots effort of mothers against drugs. I don't want anything negative, just that we want all of the wayward children to come home. Let's start with the churches in the rural areas and as it grows, we'll get the churches in the cities, too, and if we're lucky, it should grow exponentially from there. I want everyone to jump aboard, white, black, Hispanic, Asian, etc. and I also want this to cross party lines. If everything goes as planned, we can take credit for winning the war on drugs during my reelection campaign.

EHRlichman

Yes sir.

HOOVER

If possible, I'd like to hit two of them overseas so that no one will be able to tie this together.

NIXON

O.K., but make sure you talk to Dick Helms about this. We may need CIA support.

HOOVER

Mr. President, if you wouldn't mind talking to Dick, I'd really appreciate it. We've never really gotten along.

NIXON

No problem. I think Dick will be very excited to help. Let's get to it.

HOOVER

We'll get started right away, Mr. President.

NIXON

Excellent.

(pause, thinking)

You know, the best part about this plan is that we're not really killing anybody. All three of these horrible druggie, anti-war trouble makers likely would have overdosed anyway, probably sooner rather than later. We might as well have them overdose now so that for the first and only time in their miserable lives they're actually doing something to help their country, rather than their usual behavior of trying to do everything they can to burn it to the ground. It's pretty ironic when you think about it, even poetic. Being the ungrateful bastards that they are, they may not want to give anything back to this country, this most wonderful country in the world that created them, that nurtured them, that gave them all the freedom and opportunity in life to be anything they wanted to be, which they chose to squander and waste completely. But that's all right. Since they don't want to give back, we'll make them give back. If they won't make good Americans when they're alive, then they'll make great Americans when they're dead.

INT. RUNDOWN HOTEL IN BAD PART OF TOWN - TWO WEEKS LATER - NIGHT

JANIS JOPLIN enters her room as the phone rings. She carries two paper bags full of groceries. She sets the groceries down on a table and closes the door. She then removes the phone connection from the wall.

JANIS

The fuckers never leave me alone.

There is a knock on the door. Janis opens the door and BILL, white, hippie, cowboy, twenty-five, enters.

JANIS (CONT'D)

Perfect timing, Bill. Was it hard scoring?

BILL

Not really. Larry knew a pretty cool pusher from the last tour.

Janis begins putting the groceries away which consist of canned chili, potato chips, candy bars, T.V. dinners and a 12-pack of canned beer.

JANIS

I'm surprised. All the pushers normally get busted in this town.

BILL

I think he just got out of jail.

Janis opens two cans of beer and gives one to Bill. Bill takes a drink.

BILL (CONT'D)

Ain't nothing better in the world than cold beer - thank you, Darlin'!

JANIS

My pleasure, Bill. And thank you for getting the junk. Did he cut it already?

BILL

Yeah, sugar. I watched him do it. Are you gonna shoot up with me?

JANIS

I haven't decided yet.

Bill takes out a book of matches, cotton ball, spoon, syringe and needle and plastic tubing.

BILL

I think it's great that you stopped for a while. I'm not sure I could do that. How long has it been since your last fix?

JANIS

Almost two weeks.

BILL

I don't blame you. It's definitely the smart move - being a junkie is the worst thing you can be.

JANIS

No, being patriotic is the worst thing you can be.

Bill chuckles.

JANIS (CONT'D)

I've tried to quit before. I nearly made it for a whole month back in '68. We were on a European tour and I couldn't get any for a week, so I went cold turkey and then just kept going. But finally we were able to get some and I went back.

BILL

Did you drink a lot during those three weeks?

JANIS

Are you kidding - gallons! Just like now. I'm not sure how else you're supposed to quit. Maybe I should just become a big drunk like that fucking dickhead Morrison.

Bill chuckles as he takes out a very small package of heroin and places some of it on the spoon as Janis turns on the radio. Bill then lights a match and places it under the spoon to cook the heroin. He then puts the cotton ball in the liquid and draws it in with the syringe.

JANIS (CONT'D)

Can you believe how fucking big these guys are getting? It seems like every time I turn on the radio one of their songs is on.

Bill pulls the plastic tubing tight around his bicep and then taps his vein.

BILL

I can't figure it out either. They sure don't do it for me. But the kids definitely want the heavier sound now. That seems to be the direction that rock music is headed.

Bill injects the heroin.

JANIS

It definitely isn't '67 anymore,
that's for sure. I think Woodstock
might have been the end of peace
music. No more simple blues.

BILL

You might be right for the most part.
But people will always love your
music, Janis. And there will always
be an audience for your voice.

(pause, his speech
slows)

This shit is starting to hit me.

JANIS

Is it good?

BILL

I'd give it about an eight out of
ten. Make that nine out of ten.

(speech slows even
more)

Not too shabby for cow town junk. I
think I might take a nap and dream a
bit. Can I sleep here?

JANIS

Of course you can. That's why I
always get a double. You never know
who's gonna need it.

BILL

Thanks. You wanna shoot up?

JANIS

Not right now. I think I might drink
the rest of these beers while I watch
T.V. and then go to the liquor store
and get some whisky.

BILL

Sounds like a plan. See you in a
few hours.

JANIS

Enjoy your dreams.

BILL

Thanks.

Bill falls asleep, still wearing his cowboy boots. Janis
turns off the radio and turns on the T.V. She finishes the
rest of her beer and gets another beer from the fridge and
opens it. She kicks back on her bed.

JANIS

(to herself)

The end is definitely in sight. The end of my career. I know damn good and well that I won't have an audience in two years if I don't change my music.

(pause, sighs)

So I guess I'd better change.

INT. SAME MOTEL ROOM - TWO HOURS LATER

Janis enters the room from outside. She has a quart of Southern Comfort that she has already started drinking. Bill is still asleep on the bed.

JANIS

That really must be some good shit. I'm definitely going to try some a little later.

Janis shakes Bill's boot.

JANIS (CONT'D)

Hey, sunshine, we've got places to go and people to see. I'm supposed to meet up with the band in about an hour.

Janis turns on the radio. She turns the dial and finds a song she likes and begins to sing loudly. Annoyed that Bill won't wake up, she goes over to him and kisses him on the lips.

JANIS (CONT'D)

Holy shit! Holy shit! Bill, you overdosed, you stupid cowboy! What the fuck am I going to do?!

Janis takes a big drink of whisky.

JANIS (CONT'D)

Fuck!

(big exhale)

Calm down, Janis - you've been through this before.

Janis puts the phone plug back into the wall and calls the front desk.

JANIS (CONT'D)

(recovering)

Can you give me the number of the Hilton? O.K. - got it. Thank you.

Janis calls.

JANIS (CONT'D)

Hi, yeah, can you put me through to a good friend of mine? His name is Shane. Yes, this is Janis. Morris, it's nice to meet you. Yes, I will sign an autograph for you when I come over. Can you put me through to Shane? Thanks Morris.

(pause)

Shane, I'm in big fucking trouble! Bill bit it! Yes, he's dead! I don't know, he seemed like he could handle it well enough. You gotta clean up this mess! Why, because it's your fucking job! I don't know Shane, he's been dead for an hour or two at the most. So you'll take care of it? Good. I don't want anyone to know I was here and you've got to get rid of his body. I don't know...call somebody! This is your job and what I pay you for, so fucking get it done!

(pause)

O.K., that's better. Get me a suite at the Hilton - I should be there in about twenty minutes. O.K. Bye.

INT. FANCY HOTEL ROOM - ONE WEEK LATER - MORNING

JOHNNY, a mobster, late 30's, sits on the double bed waiting, drinking a cup of coffee. STEVE, late 30's, a record executive, sits in a chair at a desk smoking a cigarette. The door knocks and Steve opens it. Janis and SHANE enter. Shane, 20's, looks like an upscale hippie who just came from a fashion show. Janis is dressed casually, not wanting to draw attention to herself and is carrying a half empty quart of Southern Comfort.

STEVE

Thanks for coming, guys. Janis, how are you?

JANIS

O.K., I guess. This is my personal assistant, Shane.

Steve shakes hands with Shane.

STEVE

It's probably best if we wait until everyone gets here before we start.

(MORE)

STEVE (CONT'D)

The front desk just called and everyone else should be here in just a minute.

SHANE

Can I bum one?

STEVE

Of course.

Steve gives Shane a cigarette and lights it for him. Janis walks over to the window and looks out. The door knocks and Steve opens it. In walks JIM MORRISON and JIMI HENDRIX, who are accompanied by Jimi's two large bodyguards, REGGIE and TONY, who are both black, 20's.

JIMI

(to Reggie and Tony)

Guys, why don't you hang outside. This shouldn't take too long.

The bodyguards exit and Steve closes the door.

JIM

(noticing Janis)

Really?! I didn't know the redneck bitch from Texas would be here! Who the fuck invited her?!

Janis tries to throw a punch at Jim, but is intercepted by Shane.

JANIS

Morrison, you aren't even close to being a real man!

JIM

(laughing)

Talk about carrying a grudge for way too long. Why don't you go stick another needle in your tits?

JANIS

I'll kill him!

Janis lunges at Jim and this time is held back by Shane and Jimi.

JIMI

Didn't the two of you get this out of your systems back in '67?

JIM
 (laughing)
 I missed her too!

JIMI
 Cool it, Janis.

Janis walks over by the window and tries to cool off. She crosses her arms and glares at Jim.

JIM
 (motioning toward
 Shane)
 Who's this guy?

JANIS
 That's Shane. He's my personal
 assistant, you asshole.

JIM
 (chuckling)
 Well, Shane, I hope you last longer
 than Janis' previous assistants.
 They're always good looking guys,
 never girls. Girls are too much
 competition. So, for these guys,
 first she gives them the crabs, then
 the crotch rot and finally she gets
 them hooked on smack and then they
 overdose and die. But that's o.k.,
 because she just dumps them on the
 side of the road and then gets another
 one. That's what stars do. But I'm
 sure that won't happen to you.
 (laughs)

Janis lunges at Jim and this time succeeds in punching him squarely on the jaw, knocking him to the floor. As Janis tries to finish the job, Jimi and Shane pull her off of him.

JIMI
 Janis, that's enough! And Jim, shut
 up!

Jim gets up off the floor.

JIM
 (glaring at Janis)
 Fucking bitch!

Jim lunges for Janis and Janis lunges for Jim. Shane holds back Janis as Jimi holds back Jim.

JIMI

Hey, the two of you can beat the
shit out of each other later on for
all I care, but I want to know why
we're here!

Janis goes back to the window and Jim goes back over by the
bed.

STEVE

(looking at Jimi,
Janis and Jim)

All right, let's cut the bullshit.
You know who I am and you know what
I do, right?

JIMI

(pause)

Yeah, you're Steve, the guy who fixes
things for the music industry when
things get fucked up with the feds.
I've heard about you. You know a
lot of people in Washington.

JANIS

Everyone knows who you are. Why do
you think I came?

JIM

Well I don't know who he is. I only
agreed to come to this early morning
meeting so I could fuck with Janis
again. And I must say, the meeting
has been everything I hoped it would
be and more, so far. The good news
is that I never went to bed last
night, so the party just keeps going!

JIMI

Why didn't you contact our management?
Why did you call us directly? Janis,
I assume he called you too?

JANIS

Yeah.

STEVE

Because the information you're about
to hear is dangerous, very dangerous,
and I have no idea who may be in on
this.

JIMI

What the fuck are you talking about?

STEVE

(motioning to Johnny)

This is Johnny and he has some really important information that affects all three of you.

JIM

We're all being deported to Cuba!

JIMI

Come on, Jim.

JIM

Sorry!

STEVE

Johnny, go ahead and tell them.

JOHNNY

Words come down that Nixon wants all three of you dead.

Jimi, Janis and Shane are all stunned.

JIMI

What the fuck?!

JANIS

Why?!

JOHNNY

Because he wants to win the drug war and he thinks he can do it if he takes you out.

JIMI

(hanging his head)

Holy shit.

JANIS

That's bullshit! Nixon would never do that - he'd never get away with it. We're too big. People will notice. There's no way it can happen.

JIMI

(solemnly)

Janis, use your head. Johnson and Hoover killed both Kennedys and Dr. King. If they pulled that shit off and everybody bought it, you really don't think that Nixon and Hoover could take us out?

JANIS
(quiet, realizing)
Fuck.

JIMI
Probably a piece of cake for all the
experienced killers they have at
their disposal.

JOHNNY
Their plan is to kill all three of
you and make it look like you
overdosed.

JIMI
And the FBI is going to do it?

JOHNNY
No, Hoover wants the five families
to do the job.

JIMI
(catching on)
Because pushers that work for the
mob will be more difficult for us to
spot. FBI agents stand out like
sore thumbs. They've been trying to
bust me on drug charges since '67,
but my guys are too smart to buy
from agents.

JOHNNY
Exactly.

There is silence and then Jim starts laughing.

JIM
I love it! I always knew Tricky
Dick was good for a laugh!

Janis walks over to Jim and slaps him across the face,
silencing him. She walks back over to the window. He pays
no attention to her, takes a flask out of his back pocket
and takes a drink.

JIMI
How do you know all this?

JOHNNY
I'm a made guy in one of the five
families. That's as much as I can
tell you.

STEVE
Are the families going to do it?

JOHNNY

Nobody wants to cross Hoover. Hoover lets us run our businesses the way we want as long as we take out any communist organizers in the unions that we control. We also do special jobs for Hoover every once in a while, like this job.

JIMI

(scared)

If the President, FBI and the Mafia all want us dead, there's really nothing we can do, right? No hiding place is safe. I mean, I could disappear somewhere in the middle of nowhere, some small country, and they'd still find me - isn't that right?

JOHNNY

That's right. But don't panic just yet. Four of the families, and they're the ones who sent me, earn with all three of you, so they all told Hoover that they would take the job but in reality they're just stalling for time. The other family, who I won't name, already has their people on the job. To be perfectly honest, I'm surprised all three of you are still alive. Have there been any attempts on your lives within the last few weeks?

JIMI

I haven't noticed anything.

JIM

(laughing)

Man, these have to be the world's worst assassins. How hard can it be to kill me? I know, why don't I jump off the Golden Gate Bridge - that will fuck up all of their plans!

JANIS

(begins sobbing, looks at Shane)

I think someone tried to kill me last week. I was with a friend and he bought some drugs for us. He said he watched the dealer cut it with sugar.

(MORE)

JANIS (CONT'D)

I'm on a break so I didn't take any, but he shot up and was dead within an hour.

STEVE

Are you sure he didn't just take too much? Heroin and morphine addicts overdose and die all the time.

JANIS

Not the younger ones who have money and know what they're doing. He wasn't a rookie. He was a heroin junkie longer than me - since '65 at least.

JOHNNY

That's a botched hit. That heroin was never really cut and what your friend injected was pure heroin that was meant for you. The wise guy in charge of the hit is probably in a lot of trouble with his capo. The only way he can redeem himself is by killing you, and by killing you very soon.

JANIS

(beginning to panic)

How will killing us get them what they want?

JOHNNY

Because of what you represent. Like it or not, all three of you are viewed as leaders of the drug counterculture.

JIMI

That's fucking bullshit, man! I'm a musician, not some political leader!
(begins to walk around
the room, becoming
paranoid)

Jesus. Why not take out John Lennon instead? He's a bigger fish and does as much drugs as any of us.

JOHNNY

Too much light on him. The public has to believe it was an accident. They might not buy it with Lennon. Everybody knows that Nixon wants him dead.

JANIS

This is fucking bullshit! I'll call a press conference and expose the whole thing!

JOHNNY

Who would believe you, Janis? Who would believe any of you? Yeah, some of your fans would believe you but the rest of your fans would probably think you're really high and they'd have a really good laugh. And regular people certainly aren't going to believe you. To them you're not just part of the drug problem, you are the drug problem. If a big newspaper or one of the major networks runs a story about this, Nixon's people will be down on them so fast that it wouldn't even be worth it for them, because there's no witnesses and no facts, only hearsay. And besides, the media is focused on the war right now, not the three of you.

JIMI

(beginning to understand the bigger picture)

And the Manson trial. The media is focused on the Manson trial and how crazy Charles Manson used drugs to get his bitches to kill for him. If the three of us overdosed now, Nixon and Hoover will be able to tie this altogether. They'll say that drugs make you crazy. They make you kill people and they can also kill you. Look at Manson, but look at your heroes, too. Look at what happened to them. The same thing can happen to you. The same thing will happen to you. It's the perfect plan.

JOHNNY

That's what they think.

JIM

Let me guess, and all three of us will die just like Marilyn Monroe.
(chuckling)
What are they going to do, inject downers up our asses?

JOHNNY

Something like that. Because of who you are, a drug overdose for all three of you might not be too hard to sell. A lot of people will say you got what you deserved.

JANIS

(becoming very paranoid)
The establishment! Square people!
Goddamn Vietnam war lovers!

JIM

(laughing)
Can I get a bullet in the head like the Kennedys? I want my head to explode like a big fucking melon. That way I'll get what I deserve.
(raising hand)
I vote for that!

Janis, distraught, sits down on the bed and begins crying. Jimi, also distraught, sits beside her and puts his arm around her.

JIMI

Is there anything we can do?

JOHNNY

Yeah there is. Beef up your security. Don't go anywhere without them. If you're going to do drugs, buy in bulk and cut it yourself. Make sure your friends use the stuff before you do and watch them closely for a few hours to make sure it's o.k.

JIMI

What if we stop doing drugs?

JOHNNY

If you can do it, that would be best. Announce it to everyone. If everyone knows you're clean, taking the three of you out and making it look like a drug overdose gets a lot harder.

JIM

(chuckling)
No drugs, no problem. I hate my stupid fans anyway. This will be my golden opportunity to tell them to fuck off. Who told them that drugs were good for them anyway?

JIMI

You did. All three of us did.

JIM

Oh yeah, I almost remember that.
Well now I guess we have to pay the
fiddler.

Janis suddenly explodes in anger, getting up from the bed
and slamming the whiskey bottle on the table.

JANIS

I can't quit for more than a month -
I've tried!

STEVE

I know, Janis. We'll get you into a
good rehab program. There's one in
Malibu that's worked for a bunch of
stars.

SHANE

Janis, you can do this.

STEVE

When do you go out on tour again?

JANIS

Not for another month.

STEVE

Then think of it as a nice vacation.
You're going to love it there.

JANIS

(sad, resigned to her
fate)

It doesn't seem like I have much of
a choice.

STEVE

And I will make sure you have really
good security while you're there.

JIMI

So say we do everything you said and
they can't hit us right away. Won't
they just wait us out and hit all
three of us later on? You can't
stay completely alert forever - I
learned that shit in the Army.

JOHNNY

No, Nixon wants to see results right away. If Hoover can't deliver on the three of you pretty soon, he'll have to find other targets and there's no shortage of candidates, really.

(pause)

So, some of your fellow performers in the music industry may get killed instead.

JANIS

Some of our friends?

JOHNNY

Maybe.

(pause, thinking)

Probably.

JIMI

I don't want to sound selfish, but better them than me.

STEVE

Remember, don't tell anybody about this, and I mean anybody. There may be people in the music business that are involved in this.

JOHNNY

That's actually very likely. They may have a business or even personal connection to the family. If you talk to the wrong person about this, you could be signing your own death warrant. Word will get back to the family, they may panic and then their people may just murder you outright. It won't be what Nixon and Hoover want, but I'm sure they'll stage it so that it looks like a drug buy that went sour. So like Steve said, don't talk to anyone about this. It's safer for everyone if nobody knows anything about this but the people in this room. Steve and I are in a lot of danger too for telling you this, so don't think we don't have any skin in the game, because we do. We could get killed. Again, beef up your security. If you have really good security over the next few months, I'm betting that Nixon and Hoover are going to start looking for other targets.

JIMI

Thanks for letting us know so that
we can prepare.

JOHNNY

Like I said, we make a lot of money
with the three of you and we want to
see that continue.

JIM

(laughing hard)

Ha, ha, ha! This is the best joke
I've ever heard, by far!

Jim grabs Janis' Southern Comfort and takes three big swigs
before setting it back down on the table very carefully,
like a drunk clown.

JIM (CONT'D)

Kill your brothers, kill your sisters
and go along for the ride! I'm so
into this - can I draw up an
alternative hit list? How about Pat
Boone, Elvis or Liberace? How about
John Wayne?!

JIMI

Hey, Lizard King...

JIM

What?

JIMI

Shut the fuck up.

SHANE

(very scared, suddenly
freaking out)

Well what the fuck am I supposed to
do?! Janis, you never said I'd be
involved in anything like this! You
mean I could get killed just for
hearing this shit?!

JIM

Hey, Shane.

SHANE

What the fuck do you want Morrison?!

JIM

Welcome to America!

INT. NICE HOTEL ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Janis and Jimi are lying on top of a bed. They are both naked and are drinking beer and smoking cigarettes.

JIMI

(scared)

I'm really scared, Janis.

JANIS

You heard what the mob guy said - as long as we have really good security, we should be o.k., right? Your guys are outside our room and my guys are back at my house. I'll probably hire two more guys, real pros, and keep them on for the next three or four months. You should do the same.

JIMI

I will, but I think there may be another problem.

JANIS

Yeah, like that mob guy said, that family has people in the music industry out here, so we keep our mouths shut, beef up security and we should be o.k. Right?

JIMI

(scared, grimly)

What if that family's people go to our record companies and they decide to give us up?

JANIS

Huh? What the fuck would they do that for? They make their money off our backs, remember?

JIMI

Yeah, but not as much money as they used to make.

JANIS

(catching on)

Because we aren't selling as many albums as we did in '67?

JIMI

Yeah.

(MORE)

JIMI (CONT'D)

If our record companies think that we're on our down side and Nixon wants human sacrifices that are hippie rock stars, then why not us? Just think how much money our record companies will save if they don't have to promote us anymore. They can spend all their money promoting bands that are getting huge right now, bands that are selling a lot more albums than we are, like Led Zeppelin and Grand Funk.

JANIS

(reassuring)

Neither one of us is doing drugs right now, just like that guy recommended. So, if they're going to hit someone, they'll probably hit Morrison first.

(laughing)

We can use him as our canary in a coal mine!

JIMI

Boy, you really would like to see Jim dead, wouldn't you?

JANIS

He beat up one of my girlfriends, badly, a few years ago. He's a mean fucking drunk.

JIMI

Yeah, he's an asshole no doubt, but he's also a genius.

JANIS

He's no genius to me. The geniuses are Ray, Robbie and John that have to perform without him when he's too fucked up to go on stage. I actually like the Doors better as a trio with Ray singing all of the songs. They're three of the nicest, most talented musicians I know and I feel badly that they have to put up with that asshole. And the irony is that Morrison gets all the credit and all the fame, which is exactly the way he planned it all along.

(MORE)

JANIS (CONT'D)

The whole "please feel sorry for me because I want to kill myself" is really just a bunch of horse shit. He's a third rate actor working with first rate musicians. The truth is that no wants to live more than Morrison.

JIMI

You're probably right, if they're going to hit one of us, they'll hit Jim first. He doesn't have any security and he's drinking and doing more drugs than he ever has. It's like he's daring them to kill him.

JANIS

Morrison being heroic? Don't make me laugh. All of that is just part of the act. But I bet you that deep down inside he's even more afraid than we are.

JIMI

I know you hate him, Janis, and he's fucked me over more times that I have fingers and toes, but he doesn't deserve to die.

JANIS

If they kill him what do you think we should do?

JIMI

I have a good friend in a remote area in Brazil. He's a drug trafficker and lives on a huge ranch with a shitload of armed security. He's always begging me to come over for a vacation. Best of all, nobody has any idea that I know this guy, not even my people. My tour ends in a month, so I was thinking of sneaking away then, flying from LA to Mexico City, from Mexico City to Uruguay, and from Uruguay to Brazil. I'll use a fake passport. I was thinking about staying at his place for a couple of months.

JANIS

What about your career?

JIMI

Fuck the career - I want to live!
It'll still be there when I get back.

JANIS

Can I go with you?

Jimi gives Janis a French kiss.

JIMI

Of course you can. We'll go right
after you get out of rehab. I'll
have a fake passport made for you.

JANIS

Let's go as husband and wife!

JIMI

That's a great idea!

JANIS

(laughing)

Just to warn you, I'm a bitch when
I'm on the rag and I'm a pretty shitty
cook.

JIMI

I can cook!

JANIS

What a relief! I can't wait to leave.
Let those Mafia fuckers kill someone
else.

JIMI

Yeah, but I sure feel sorry for Jim.

JANIS

Fuck that guy!

Jimi sadly looks down at the bed. Janis puts Jimi's head in
her lap and begins stroking his hair.

JANIS (CONT'D)

It's gonna be o.k., baby. We're
going to make it.

Janis sings to Jimi as she strokes his hair.

INT. SECLUDED BAR FLY BAR - TWO DAYS LATER - DAY

Jimi and Jim are sitting at the bar of a very old barfly
type bar, drinking. An old man, who looks homeless, and is
the only other patron in the bar, has his head resting on
the bar. BRUCE, the bartender, 50's, waits on them.

JIMI

I could never understand why you like places like this.

JIM

Are you kidding? This is heaven. There's nobody around to fuck with me, and I can drink as much as I want. Hey Bruce, do you know how to make Long Island Iced Teas?

BRUCE

Sure, Jim. Should I make that two?

JIMI

No, I'm going to stick with beer.

JIM

Bruce, yeah, go ahead and make two and I'll drink them both.

BRUCE

Coming up.

Bruce starts to make the drinks.

JIM

I'm really sorry Jimi about the whole Nico thing a few years back.

JIMI

That o.k., I was really pissed off at the time that she picked you over me, but then the two of you fell deeply in love which made me feel guilty.

JIM

Why guilty?

JIMI

Because it was never going to work. You and Nico are almost exactly alike. You fell too hard for each other and were completely obsessed with one another.

JIM

Yeah, but it was a great four months while it lasted. And when it turned to shit, it turned into a big pile of Great Dane dog shit real fast.

JIMI

That's the way love works I guess.

JIM

All I know is that I'm never falling in love again. I don't know how to be what women want and everything is pressure, pressure and more pressure.

JIMI

What about Pam?

JIM

What about her?

JIMI

Do you still love her?

JIM

Sure, sometimes.

JIMI

I always liked Pam.

JIM

Everybody likes Pam - that's my problem with her.

JIMI

I spoke to Janis yesterday.

JIM

You mean you fucked Janis yesterday. What did that little cunt have to say about me?

JIMI

She said that she and I should lay low and then see if the mob takes you out. She called you a canary in a coal mine.

Jim roars with laughter.

JIM

Ha, ha, ha, I love how Janis hates my guts! I almost feel like she and I are family. She's kind of like one of those cousins that you didn't know you had from the Ozarks who wants to know where she can get some good possum pie.

JIMI

You better start looking after yourself, Jim. Get some security and stay away from people for a while.

JIM

I've been hiding from people my whole life and I never let anyone get close. If some Gumba wants to hit me, I hope he'll introduce himself to me first so I can buy him a drink.

Bruce brings Jim his two drinks.

JIM (CONT'D)

Thank you, Bruce.
(raises his glass)
Here's to the Sicilian American greaseball that's going to whack me!

Jim chugs both drinks until they are gone.

JIM (CONT'D)

"There once was a young man from the west, who jizzed four times on Gwen's chest. He jizzed eight times more, but Gwen became sore, and told him he's just like the rest!"

Jim laughs. Jimi chuckles.

JIMI

So stupid!

Jim laughs even harder and then starts choking.

JIM

Another two Long Island Iced Teas, Bruce!

BRUCE

Coming up, buddy.

JIMI

They're going to kill you, Jim.

JIM

I know.

JIMI

And you really don't care.

JIM

I really don't care. We all gotta go some time and what's on the other side has got to be better than this.

JIMI

What if there isn't anything on the other side?

JIM

Even better! Nothing is everything!

Jim begins laughing again as the drinks begin to hit him.

JIM

Whoa, now those are some good Long Island Iced Teas. When I die, will you come to my funeral?

JIMI

Of course.

JIM

I just wish I could see it. My rotten family will be there including my dad the admiral. I bet he won't shed a tear, not one drop.

JIMI

It kind of sounds like you have your whole funeral all planned out in your mind.

JIM

Of course, I always like to think ahead! By the way, I'm sure Nico will be there since she's still madly in love with me.

JIMI

Still?

JIM

Oh, yeah. She calls me all the time. She'll be really distraught at my funeral, so make sure you fuck her to make her feel better. She always used to say that you and I were a lot alike.

JIMI

The only difference is that I don't enjoy pissing people off as much as you do. But then again, you were always a clown.

JIM

I'm no clown, I'm a fool - there's a difference. In the classical traditional sense, of course.

JIMI

That figures.

Bruce brings over two more drinks and Jim immediately pounds them both down.

JIM

Two more, Bruce. Hey, how did you make that last round so quickly?

BRUCE

I made two pitchers of them the first time since I knew you would probably want at least six or eight before you switch over to something else. I know my customers.

JIM

Good man.

JIMI

This is your last chance, Jim. They're probably going to be coming for you very soon.

JIM

(laughing)
Great!

JIM (CONT'D)

"There once was a girl named Mary,
who bought her fresh milk at the
dairy. One day walking home, a cow
she did groan and said Mary my teat
is for Larry."

JIMI

Who's Larry?

JIM

The cow's steer boyfriend!

Jim and Jimi laugh.

JIMI

That's the worst joke ever!

JIM

It's not a joke, it's a limerick!

Bruce brings over two more drinks.

JIMI

Drink your drinks you fool!

Jim pounds down both drinks.

JIM

Bruce, for my next round I think I would like to switch to something more in line with what Jimi and I have been talking about.

JIMI

What's that?

JIM

A zombie!

Jim and Jimi both laugh.

EXT. LARGE HOUSE IN MALIBU, BY THE POOL - THREE WEEKS LATER - DAY

Janis is lying on a beach chair by the pool. EDDIE, a very good looking actor, blond, 20's, is lying on a beach chair next to her. They are alone.

JANIS

Eddie, how do I look?

EDDIE

You look great, Janis. You don't have a junk face anymore. You've got a nice tan and the abscesses on your arms and legs have all healed up. You've really become a hot chick!

JANIS

Thank you, baby!

EDDIE

I'm sure not looking forward to leaving this place.

JANIS

You'll be o.k., Eddie.

EDDIE

I wish I could say you're right, but being on a movie set is so fucked up. Sometimes it's sixteen hours a day and you're sitting there waiting most of the time. It wouldn't be as bad if I just had something to do.

JANIS

Why do you have to sit around for that long?

EDDIE

It takes them forever to set up a scene but only about two seconds to shoot it.

JANIS

That sounds awful, even worse than being a musician touring on the road endlessly.

EDDIE

You're always tired. When you're on set, you have to take uppers with coffee to stay awake and when you go home you have to take downers with booze just to get a few hours of sleep.

JANIS

When you're on set and you want pills, just think about the life you have now. You're healthy, you look great. Do you really want to go back to that?

EDDIE

No way.

JANIS

Well, there you go. I know for sure that I'm not going back to smack and whisky. For the first time in a long time my stomach doesn't hurt and when I look in the bathroom mirror I don't spit at my own reflection anymore.

(looking at her arms
and legs, smiling)

I feel pretty again.

EDDIE

Do you want to go to my room?

JANIS

(laughing)

Hold on Eddie! I gotta make some phone calls but after that I'm all yours.

EDDIE

(smiles at Janis)

I'll be waiting for you naked in my bed.

JANIS

You sure know how to work it in the bedroom. Some of the positions you taught me I never knew existed!

EDDIE

How do you think I got through the iron gates of Hollywood? I don't have the talent you have, so I fucked every studio executive's wife that wanted me. Most of them were nice looking but some of them were ugly as shit - but those were the ones that did the most for my career.

JANIS

And they should have. They probably hadn't felt that good in years.

(chuckling)

I can testify to that!

Janis kisses Eddie.

EDDIE

I'll be out of here in three days and I'll be back on set in a week. I think if I can make it through the first month without the pills, I can probably ditch them forever. I just gotta make it through the first month.

JANIS

You will. Have faith. If you feel like you're starting to go under and the craving gets so bad you can't take it, you can always call me and we can talk, just like we do here.

EDDIE

How will I reach you on the road?

JANIS

I'll give you the number of my secretary here in LA. She'll know how to reach me. I'll let her know that it's o.k. for you to call me. Plus, I have your phone number, so I'll call you to make sure you're doing o.k.

EDDIE

Thanks Janis.

JANIS

I'm here for you, baby.

Janis and Eddie French kiss.

EDDIE

Janis, can I ask you something?

JANIS

What's that, good looking?

EDDIE

Is something eating at you? I mean, I know you're still going through junk withdrawal sickness, but it seems like something else is really bothering you.

JANIS

(charming, deflecting)

Oh, you know how it is. I'm just wondering what I'm going to do when I get back into the recording studio. Gotta come up with some hits if I want to stay on top!

EDDIE

You'll always be on top, Janis.

Janis smiles radiantly and gives Eddie a big hug.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM IN A NICE HOUSE - ONE WEEK LATER

Jimi is sitting up in bed, playing his guitar. Two beautiful girls, both blond, 17 and naked, are passed out on either side of him, lying on their backs. Both have dried blood on their upper thighs from having their vaginas partially torn. Reggie enters the room.

REGGIE

Jimi, do you need anything?

JIMI

Reggie, how about clearing these bitches out of here.

REGGIE

No problem.

JIMI

Did you see that big white guy following us around for the last few days.

REGGIE

Yeah, I went and talked to him.

(MORE)

REGGIE (CONT'D)

He's just a big fan and wants to see you in concert as many times as he can while he's on vacation.

JIMI

Do you believe him?

REGGIE

Yeah, his name is Donald. I even smoked a joint with him. He's harmless. Would you mind signing an autograph for him?

JIMI

Sure. Just make sure that you keep your eyes open all the time. These people that want to kill me really mean business.

REGGIE

I've got your back, boss. Ain't no one going to get to you unless they get through me first...

(punching his fist
into his hand)

...and that ain't going to happen.

JIMI

Thanks Reggie. Remember, I don't want anybody else knowing about this except me and you.

REGGIE

You know I know how to keep my mouth shut. Even Tony has no idea. He asked me yesterday why you hired extra security and I told him that you got word that a drug bust might be coming down somewhere on our tour.

JIMI

Did he believe you?

REGGIE

Of course he did. You need anything else?

JIMI

No, I'm fine.

(yawning)

Good night - I'll see you tomorrow morning.

REGGIE

Night boss.

Reggie picks up the two girls and puts one over each shoulder and carries them out of the room.

Jimi lays down and goes to sleep.

INT. SAME BEDROOM - TWO HOURS LATER

Jimi is asleep. Three large men, dressed in black with black hoods over their faces, enter the room and quickly grab Jimi. Jimi struggles as one of the men puts a cloth soaked with ether over Jimi's mouth. Jimi continues to struggle and then goes limp. The men turn Jimi over on his stomach and one of the men pulls down Jimi's pants and then injects a substance into his anus. He then pulls up Jimi's pants as one of the other men puts a half empty pill container on the night stand next to the bed. The three men then quickly leave the hotel room.

INT. SAME BEDROOM - ONE HOUR LATER

Reggie enters the room. Jimi is dead with his face lying in vomit.

REGGIE

Sorry about that, Jimi, but they paid me five thousand dollars for this and you didn't pay shit. Every bodyguard I talked to gets paid double what you paid me. I never did like your music, either, all that weird shit you play for the white kids.

(pause)

Well, now I gotta do some acting.

(yelling)

Oh, shit! Hey, Tony, get your ass in here, Jimi's really fucked up!

TONY, Jimi's other bodyguard, runs into the room and they both turn Jimi over.

TONY

Fuck, I think he's dead, Reggie!

REGGIE

Call an ambulance!

TONY

What's the number you're supposed to call for emergencies here in England?! Is it zero?!

REGGIE

Go get Wayne, he'll know what to do!
I'll stay with Jimi.

Tony runs out of the room.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Yeah, Jimi, you're dead all right. Shouldn't have been so greedy with the money. Should have let me deal drugs for you - we could have made a fortune, a lot more than you were making on your own. It's too bad, brother, but your time was up. Just another big star asshole, that's all you were. Thought you were immortal - guess not, huh? Didn't think that good old loyal Reggie would double cross you. Didn't think that in a million years. Well, baby, I gotta look out for number one, me. I hope they got electric guitars in hell, because that's where you're going.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Jim is asleep with PAM. The radio alarm clock goes off.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

This just in. Jimmy Hendrix, rock musician and an icon of hippie culture, was found dead last night in a house in London. The preliminary report from the police indicates that he likely died from a drug overdose. He was 27.

Jim wakes up, startled. He begins crying.

JIM

No!

PAM

What's wrong, baby?!

JIM

Jimi's dead - they killed him!

Jim hugs Pam and cries inconsolably.

EXT. ALLEY - TWO DAYS LATER - NIGHT

The three large men, again completely dressed in black are carrying Reggie's body.

They place the body lying down facing a wall. One of the men rolls up one of Reggie's sleeves and injects him, leaving the needle in his arm. The three then quickly exit.

INT. RESTAURANT - ONE WEEK LATER - MORNING

Steve, Shane and Janis sit in a corner table in a secluded restaurant. They are the only people in the restaurant. The lighting is dim. Janis and Shane are both visibly distraught.

SHANE

What have you heard about Jimi?

STEVE

Johnny said that Jimi overdosed on his own - it wasn't a hit.

JANIS

Bullshit!

STEVE

He said that particular mob family doesn't do hits over in Europe. They were going to hit him when he came back to the U.S.

JANIS

Then the government did it!

STEVE

Johnny said that the government didn't do it either - no hits in England. The Americans and the English aren't getting along too well right now since the British wouldn't send troops to fight in Vietnam. Nobody wants to make things worse.

JANIS

That's a lie - Jimi wasn't using!

STEVE

He was Janis. I talked to Chaz. The stress was just too much for him so he started shooting heroin again and he was taking downers to sleep.
(pause, to Janis)
How are you doing?

JANIS

How do you think I'm doing?!

STEVE

Are you using again?

SHANE

She is.

Janis breaks down and starts crying hysterically. Shane puts his arm around her and Steve puts his hand on her hand.

STEVE

It's o.k., Janis. I know how stressed out you are. We all loved Jimi, but don't let the stress of this situation do to you what it did to him. Yes, he had been clean for a while and when he started using again, his tolerance wasn't what it had been, so the drugs killed him. Actually, the drugs fucked him up so bad that he choked to death on his own vomit, but you know that shit happens all the time with junkies.

JANIS

They killed him! I know they killed him!

STEVE

No they didn't. Let this be a lesson for you, Janis. I don't want you to overdose like Jimi. You need to get yourself, clean, especially now.

JANIS

What difference does it make if all these people want to kill me anyway?!

STEVE

I know for a fact that they're not going to get you.

JANIS

What?

STEVE

That's right. I've got some good news for you. Some very good news. Johnny called me last night and said that Nixon and Hoover don't want to hit you and Morrison anymore.

JANIS

(confused)
What?! Really?!

SHANE

Why the change?
(MORE)

SHANE (CONT'D)

When we saw him a couple of weeks ago that's not what he said.

STEVE

True. But Nixon changes his mind like a lot of powerful politicians do. He's obsessed with John Lennon and wants him taken out as soon as possible. Don't be surprised in a couple of weeks if he's found dead from a drug overdose.

JANIS

(overjoyed)

So I'm in the clear?!

STEVE

You're in the clear.

SHANE

(overjoyed, very relieved)

Hallelujah!

Janis hugs Steve and kisses Shane.

JANIS

I feel like a brand new person!

SHANE

Jesus, what a relief! Janis, just think when you get back in the studio, you'll have so much new great music coming out of you!

STEVE

I'll bet it will be your best work so far.

JANIS

I'll start writing tonight - I can't wait to get back into the studio!

(suddenly starts sobbing)

Oh, but poor Jimi! Poor, poor, Jimi!

STEVE

You can dedicate your new album to Jimi. But you've got to quit drinking and doing heroin.

JANIS

You're right. I'll record the new album and then I'll quit.

STEVE

I sure wish you'd do it now.

JANIS

I will - I promise. But I need something to get me through all of this, just for a little while.

(sobbing)

Otherwise, when I close my eyes, all I'll see is Jimi's face.

STEVE

O.K., but when you get done I just heard about this other drug and alcohol rehab place that's fantastic. It's in the Arizona mountains. The lady there has a whole different holistic approach with herbs, meditation, massages, the whole works. They have a great success rate.

JANIS

That sounds perfect.

STEVE

So you see, Janis, you've got nothing to worry about.

JANIS

(sadly, reflecting)

Poor, poor Jimi.

STEVE

If you quit, you'll make him proud. I'm sure he's up in heaven right now looking down on you, sweetheart, and I know he would only want the best for you. Make him proud of you, Janis.

JANIS

I'll try. Poor Jimi!
(puts her head down
on the table and
cries softly)

Shane puts his arm around Janis.

INT. STEVE'S OFFICE - LATER THAT DAY

Steve is in his office with Johnny.

STEVE

She bought it completely and she's using again, so your people should be able to hit her at any time.

JOHNNY

That's good news, because I'm under a lot of pressure to get this done. Nixon and Hoover want Janis dead, and I mean yesterday.

STEVE

So if everything goes well, you'll take care of my wife?

JOHNNY

Steve, we appreciate your help in all of this and we couldn't have done it without you. I was getting nervous that we wouldn't be able to get to Janis in the amount of time that Hoover gave us, so yes, as a reward, we'll take out your wife.

STEVE

I've already got too much money going out the door in alimony and child support with my first wife and I can't afford another expensive divorce.

JOHNNY

Has she been talking to divorce attorneys?

STEVE

All of them!

JOHNNY

O.K., once Janis is taken care of, we'll take care of your wife a few days later.

STEVE

How are you going to do it?

JOHNNY

An auto accident always works best. Windy roads with lots of turns where you live - shouldn't be too hard to make it look like she was driving too fast and lost control of the car.

STEVE

And if she somehow survives the crash down the hill, you'll be sure to finish her off?

JOHNNY

Of course. My guys have done this many times before and no law enforcement agencies have never had any suspicions or questions. These guys are real pros.

STEVE

And they'll make sure my little girl isn't in the car.

JOHNNY

They will.

STEVE

Well I really appreciate it, Johnny.

JOHNNY

It's nice doing business with you, Steve. I'm glad you went in with Mario and I on the restaurant.

STEVE

It's packed every night and who doesn't love great Italian food, especially in LA where it's so hard to find?

JOHNNY

True!

STEVE

I was just curious - why haven't you hit Morrison yet?

JOHNNY

I was told to hold up on that one.

STEVE

Why? Isn't he the easiest one to hit? Knowing him, he probably would be very happy.

JOHNNY

All I know is that I was told to wait for now. I think Nixon and Hoover want to see what the public reaction is going to be with Jimi and Janis dead. It could be that they want to see Jim in jail instead.

STEVE

Oh yea, from the Miami concert last year. He pulled his dick out on stage and told the audience to go fuck themselves. I heard that half the audience got really offended and the other half laughed and took off all their clothes. No wonder his band mates are fed up with him and don't like playing with him anymore.

JOHNNY

The Miami district attorney is about to indict him and Hoover's people want to see if he gets convicted.

STEVE

How much time could he get?

JOHNNY

If they win, he could get as much as five years hard labor.

STEVE

It's hard to believe that Morrison being the world's biggest jackass may have just saved his life.

JOHNNY

Anyway, that's the latest information. For all I know, Nixon and Hoover may change their mind again and still want him taken out. If anything changes, I'll let you know. Thanks again for all of your help, Steve.

STEVE

Glad I could help. And thank you for the other thing, Johnny.

INT. RUNDOWN HOTEL IN BAD PART OF TOWN - TWO WEEKS LATER - NIGHT

Janis is giving oral sex to JACK, a very good looking hippie, early 20's.

JACK

Ohhhh!
(comes)

Jack pulls up his pants as Janis reaches for a half empty beer and takes a drink.

JANIS

Did you get it?

JACK

Yeah, I got it from the black guy with the German Shepherd, just like you told me.

JANIS

Did you pay more than twenty bucks?

JACK

No, it was twenty, just like you said.

JANIS

Sometimes that guy tries to fuck me on the price because of who I am.

JACK

He didn't this time. He was very nice and said he's known you since '66.

JANIS

Huh, I didn't know it had been that long. I guess so.

Jack hands Janis a small plastic bag with heroin in it. Janis goes over to the table and puts a small amount on a spoon and lights it. She then sticks a cotton ball on the spoon and sucks in the liquid with a syringe, before injecting it into her wrist. She then lies down on the bed.

JANIS (CONT'D)

The best part about taking a break for a few months is that once you come back, you can shoot up into almost any vein you have. I'm so used to blowing out every single vein and then I can only shoot up under my fingernails and toenails which hurts like a motherfucker. Do you want to snort a little?

JACK

No thanks. I've tried heroin before but I didn't like it.

JANIS

You're lucky. I'm going to want to fuck later, so you'll need to reload that beautiful cock of yours.

JACK

No problem for a beautiful girl like you.

JANIS

You're so sweet!

Jack strokes her hair.

JACK

After all, I am a huge fan.

JANIS

How would you like to go out on the road with me? I could really use a new man in my life.

JACK

I'd love that! Would you feed me too?!

JANIS

I'll pay for everything. You just keep fucking me and being sweet and we'll have a great time.

JACK

Deal!

JANIS

This is some really good shit. I'm going to nod off for a bit.

JACK

Do you mind if I listen to the radio?

JANIS

Go for it.

Jack turns on the radio and turns to a classical station.

JANIS (CONT'D)

(chuckling)

You like classical? Man, that's for old people.

JACK

I like everything. I normally change the station every ten minutes or so, classical, then jazz, then blues, sometimes folk and rock and roll of course.

JANIS

That's cool. Why don't you come over and give me a kiss, beautiful?

Jack gives Janis a French kiss.

JANIS (CONT'D)

Yummy! There's food in the fridge in case you get hungry. Let me sleep for about an hour and wake me up - I don't want to sleep all night.

JACK

Sure.

Janis falls asleep. Jack goes to the kitchen and gets a Twinkie and a beer. He acts as if he is conducting the symphony in time with the music, using the Twinkie as his baton. He puts the Twinkie down on the table, takes a drink of his beer and then goes over to Janis.

JACK (CONT'D)

(taps her on the cheek)

Janis, are you asleep? Hey, Janis, are you asleep?

Jack then pulls a syringe out of his back pocket, rolls up Janis' pant leg and injects heroin into her vein.

JACK (CONT'D)

I'm real sorry, Janis, but the Mafia guy in the suit said they'd kill me and my brother if I didn't do this. The way I figure it, a junkie like you was just going to off herself sooner or later anyway.

(pause)

I wasn't joking about being a big fan.

(sadly)

Sorry, Janis.

Jack exits the motel room.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF SHANE'S APARTMENT - ONE HOUR LATER

Shane parks his car in his apartment parking lot and staggers drunk out of the car.

SHANE

I'm alive, motherfuckers, and nobody's gonna kill me. I've got more lives than a cat! Janis is almost done with her new album and she said that I helped inspire her! That's right - me!

A man dressed completely in black comes up from behind Shane and hits him in the back of the head with a baseball bat. Shane falls down and the man hits him again in the head twice. The man then pulls Shane's body away from the car.

The man takes Shane's keys and wallet and then drives off with Shane's car.

INT. RUNDOWN APARTMENT IN BAD PART OF TOWN - NEXT MORNING

JANEY, Hippie, 19, is brushing her teeth in the bathroom. She is listening to a portable radio that is broadcasting the news of Janis' death.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

Janis Joplin is dead. The woman who has been called the voice of her generation and a defining icon of hippie culture is dead at 27. More to come at 8 AM.

JANEY

Holy shit!

Janey spits out and wipes her mouth.

JANEY (CONT'D)

Jack, did you hear that?! Janis Joplin's dead!

Janey exits.

INT. APARTMENT - DOOR TO JACK'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

JANEY

Hey Jack, did you hear me? They're saying that Janis Joplin died last night. That's less than a month after Jimi Hendrix. I guess the 60's really are over.

Janey knocks twice.

JANEY (CONT'D)

Knock, knock. I know you probably have a girl in there like always, but I'm coming in anyway, so please cover up because here I come.

Janey opens the door and Jack is lying dead on the bed with a syringe sticking out of his arm.

JANEY (CONT'D)

(screaming)
No, Jack!

EXT. WRECKED CAR AT THE BOTTOM OF A HILL - TWO DAYS LATER - DAY

Steve is dead sitting in the driver's seat of his smashed up car.

EXT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - THAT NIGHT

Eddie gets out of his sports car. As he closes the door, Johnny approaches him.

JOHNNY

Hey, Eddie!

EDDIE

Do you want my autograph?

(starts to open his
car door)

I have a few signed ones in my car.

JOHNNY

An autographed photo would be great, Eddie, but I'm not really here for that.

EDDIE

What can I do for you?

JOHNNY

It's really terrible about what happened to Janis Joplin, isn't it?

EDDIE

(confused)

Yeah, she was quite a talent. But drugs are pretty rampant in the music business right now, from what I've heard.

JOHNNY

Did you know Janis?

EDDIE

Hey, buddy, I'm late for a dinner appointment.

Eddie tries to get by Johnny, but Johnny blocks him.

JOHNNY

Don't worry, Eddie, I won't keep you much longer. I heard that you got to know Janis quite well when you two were in rehab together. You know, that nice place in Malibu.

(MORE)

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

She went there for heroin and you went there for pills.

EDDIE

(scared, angry)
Who the fuck are you?

JOHNNY

Somebody you don't want to mess with.

EDDIE

Yeah, she was there when I was there.
So what?

JOHNNY

I understand that you and Janis got quite close.

EDDIE

Look pal, I get close with a lot of girls. I'm trying to move up the ladder in the entertainment business so that's kind of part of the job description for somebody like me that wants to be a movie star or a series lead. Do you know what I mean?

JOHNNY

Sure, I know what you mean. You're a very good looking guy, no doubt about it. Janis's type I'd say.

EDDIE

What do you want from me?

JOHNNY

I'm a private detective. Words come down that Janis killed herself because she was really upset about something. The people who hired me want to know if that's true, and if so, what she was so upset about.

EDDIE

(becoming calm)
Man, she was a junkie. Do you know how many junkies overdose for no reason at all other than that they just got too wasted and took too much? A whole lot.

JOHNNY

Yeah, but you and Janis must have talked. You spent almost a whole month together.

EDDIE

Sure. We'd sit out by the pool and talk shop. We were both in the entertainment business so that's what we talked about.

JOHNNY

What did she say?

EDDIE

She said she was really stressed out about not being the big star she had been in '67 during Monterey and all that. She was worried that other bands were coming up and selling a lot more albums than she was selling. She said she needed to change her sound and didn't know how. She also said that she was worried that she would start using again when she went back out on the road.

JOHNNY

Is that it?

EDDIE

Yeah, that's it. Can I go now?

JOHNNY

Sure, Eddie. Thank you for your time.

Johnny lets Eddie pass as Eddie walks casually toward the restaurant entrance.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Oh, Eddie.

EDDIE

Yeah?

JOHNNY

You must have been really torn up when you heard about Janis passing.

EDDIE

(casually)

If you say so. Strung out hippie chicks die all the time.

(MORE)

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I normally try to stay away from them. Too many hot chicks in Hollywood that don't have all of those drug problems. I only fucked Janis because it was something to do and I was really bored. If you don't believe me, go try rehab for thirty days.

JOHNNY

No, I believe you, Eddie. How's that pill problem going for you?

EDDIE

I've been clean for almost two months now.

JOHNNY

Good for you - keep it up!
(begins to get in his
car)
Have a nice dinner.

EDDIE

Thanks.

(watching Johnny drive
away, to himself)

They killed her. So that's what she was so worried about. Good thing I'm a damn good actor - I think he actually believed me. He must have been on the fence about me anyway, not knowing if I know anything, otherwise I'd already be dead. But I think he believed me. Well, if he didn't, I guess I'll be dead in the next day or two and there isn't a goddamn thing I can do about it.

(lights a cigarette,
big inhale and exhale)

But I think he believed me. I sure as fuck hope so. They're probably watching me to see if I do anything stupid, like if I panic and go running to the cops.

(big inhale and exhale)

No, you're not going to do that. You're going to keep your cool and go about your business like you never even spoke to the guy. Janis was just a temporary acquaintance that I barely knew. Nothing more. That's the smart play.

Eddie puts out his cigarette and goes into the restaurant.

INT. NANCY'S ROOM - THAT NIGHT

We see the inside of Nancy's room in a typical suburban American home. Nancy, white, fifteen, is a very pretty teenage girl with long red hair. Her walls are covered with Janis Joplin posters and she has a lava lamp on her end table. A Janis Joplin song plays on her portable record player. Nancy is crying.

NANCY

I love you, Janis! You mean so much
to me!

Nancy pulls out a .357 revolver from under her bed, puts the gun in her mouth and pulls the trigger, blowing her brains out against the wall and her bed. Her mother, SHERRY, late 30's, hears the loud bang and opens the door.

SHERRY

(screaming)
Nancy, no!

Sherry runs to Nancy and cradles her in her arms as she cries hysterically.

INT. COLLEGE DORM - ONE NIGHT LATER

BILL, JEFF and FRED, all college freshmen, all eighteen, are standing outside of Fred's dorm room, as Fred knocks on the door.

BILL

He's probably got a girl in there.

JEFF

Did he finally make it with Sarah?

BILL

No, I just saw Sarah five minutes ago. It can't be her.

JEFF

I bet he's jacking off!

BILL

And we caught him!

Jeff knocks.

JEFF

Come on out, Ronnie! This is the
masturbation police and we have a
warrant for your arrest!

Bill and Fred laugh.

FRED

Come on, man! Put your pants on and open the door. I left my keys and wallet on my desk.

Fred knocks again and there is no response.

FRED (CONT'D)

Guys, do you think he's o.k.? This isn't like him.

JEFF

What drugs has he been taking? Maybe he's just zonked out.

BILL

He's been taking the same drugs that we've been taking at the same time that we've been taking them, so I doubt he's asleep.

FRED

Jeff, do you still know how to do that trick with Bill's gas card?

Jeff extends out his hand as Bill fishes his gas card out of his wallet and gives it to Jeff.

JEFF

Watch and learn, gentlemen.

Jeff inserts the gas card between the door and the lock and is able to open the door. The three barge in together.

BILL

Pull your pants up, Ronnie!

As all three charge into the room yelling, Fred turns on the light, revealing RONNIE, dead, with an electrical chord tied around his neck, attached to the leg of his twin bed that he turned upright. There are Jimi Hendrix posters all over the walls. Bill and Jeff run out of the room screaming as Fred falls to his knees crying.

JEFF

Fuck!

BILL

Get the H.A.! Call the police!
Call an ambulance! Ronnie killed himself!

Tiffany, nineteen, also a freshman, hearing the commotion, runs into the room and sees Ronnie and Fred.

TIFFANY

Jesus!
(begins crying)

Tiffany sits behind Fred and hugs him as they both stare at Ronnie.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Why did he do it, Fred? Why did he do it? Everybody loved Ronnie.

FRED

(crying)
Look at the walls, Tiffany. When Hendrix died, Ronnie died with him.

INT. WHITE HOUSE OVAL OFFICE - ONE MONTH LATER - DAY

President Nixon is meeting with J. Edgar Hoover and John Ehrlichman. All three are in a very good mood.

NIXON

Do you think we were smart or just lucky?

HOOVER

A combination of both, I think. You certainly had a great plan and I think our friends carried it out pretty well for us.

EHRlichman

The public response has been unbelievable. There's a tidal wave of emotion out there with the American people, and it's all on our side. Americans, the real Americans, are fed up with the drugs and the violence.

NIXON

Are the hippie kids leaving their communist communes and going back home?

HOOVER

We're seeing that. We're also seeing a lot less drug busts in the last month around the country. A lot of kids are quitting the lifestyle.

(MORE)

HOOVER (CONT'D)

Many have stopped doing drugs completely and are going back to school.

EHRlichman

It's a home run, Mr. President.

NIXON

I want to thank you both for your help - it was a great team effort. What are your plans for Admiral Morrison's son?

HOOVER

I saved him for last because he has been indicted in Miami for indecent exposure during one of his concerts there last year.

NIXON

He probably was so drugged out that he can't even remember what he did.

EHRlichman

That's what he's been telling everyone but that isn't going to help him in court.

HOOVER

I spoke with the Miami district attorney and he told me that his office is going to go all out to get a conviction.

NIXON

Good! If he's found guilty, how much time do you think he'll get?

HOOVER

They'll try for five years, but since he doesn't have any prior convictions, he may only get a year.

NIXON

That's not enough. If he got five years hard labor in state prison, with the lifers fucking him in the ass every chance they got, now that's real punishment. But a year in the county jail, which would probably be six months with good behavior, that's unacceptable. They might as well just send him to summer camp.

HOOVER

If they're even able to convict him. His record company hired the best defense attorneys for him, which I would have expected.

NIXON

Based on what you're telling me, the jail option for this degenerate doesn't sound like it's going to work, so I say let's hit him.

EHRlichMAN

I agree, Mr. President.

HOOVER

We can do that. The first two hits were pretty easy. This one will be even easier.

NIXON

Delay it for a little while. We should be able to ride the American public's current emotions for about six months. Then I say we hit him then, just when people are starting to forget, and when he overdoses, it will reinforce to everyone that drugs are dangerous and that this can also happen to their kids if they start using drugs.

(pause)

I'd like to meet with Admiral Morrison.

EHRlichMAN

(surprised)

Do you think that's wise?

HOOVER

(also surprised)

I wouldn't recommend it.

NIXON

I'm curious, that's all. I can't imagine why such a good man would have such an awful son. I want him to explain it to me. It may give me some ideas how I can reach more of these young people who are against the war, hate the government and hate me personally.

HOOVER

(reluctant)

He's no dummy. I've asked around about him. He might figure out what we have planned for his son.

NIXON

So what if he does? He's a good Navy man and knows how to keep his mouth shut. And besides, he knows what a huge fuck up his son is and I'm sure he also knows the harm his son's done to the young people of this country and to the war effort. I bet he's really embarrassed. I know I sure as shit would be.

EHRlichman

Mr. President, Admiral Morrison was one of the admirals that mouthed off when the Israelis attacked the U.S.S. Liberty.

NIXON

Well I'm not going to hold that against him. All the Navy guys were upset about that, and I was too, but the Liberty just got caught in the wrong place at the wrong time. It was spying for us and the Israeli's didn't want anyone to figure out that they were going to attack the Golan Heights the next day. So they attacked the Liberty. But I'm sure that all of the admirals got over it once they saw the bigger picture of fulfilling our goals in the Middle East. America needs Israel.

(pause, to Ehrlichman)

I want to meet Admiral Morrison by the end of next week.

EHRlichman

Yes sir.

INT. SECLUDED BAR FLY BAR - TWO DAYS LATER - DAY

Jim is sitting at the bar while Bruce waits on him. There is no one else in the bar. Jim looks terrible - desperate and exhausted.

JIM

They're going to kill me, Bruce.

BRUCE

Who?

JIM

The government and the Mafia.

BRUCE

No, really?

JIM

It's true. Nixon had Jimi and Janis killed and I'm going to be next.

BRUCE

Is that the same Jimi who was in here with you a few months ago?

JIM

The same.

BRUCE

Jesus!

(pause)

But on the radio they said that Janis girl died from a drug overdose.

JIM

That's what they want you to believe. They were both murdered, trust me.

BRUCE

(believing him, alarmed)

What are you going to do?

JIM

I was thinking that I might kill myself.

BRUCE

You don't want to do that - then they win.

JIM

I don't know, Bruce. I'm so scared and tired - I just want this to be over, one way or the other.

BRUCE

What about your father?

JIM

What about him?

BRUCE

Didn't you say he's an admiral in the Navy?

JIM

He is.

BRUCE

Call him up and talk to him. Maybe he can help.

JIM

My dad and I hate each other.

(pause)

You know I worshipped the guy when I was a kid and I got to go on every ship that he ever commanded. He was always so excited to show me around and for me to meet his crew. It's probably the most fun I ever had. I was so proud of him and he was so proud of me. I was Dad's boy.

(pause)

But when I turned 16 and told him I didn't want to go into the Navy and that I wanted to be a poet, it kind of killed a part of him I guess. He never treated me the same way again. I was no longer part of his empire and he didn't love me anymore. I let him down and he let me down big time. So, yeah, I'd rather just kill myself than have to talk to my father again.

BRUCE

Jim, that's childish. Do you think you're the only guy who didn't get along with his old man? My dad used to beat the shit out of me every time he had a bad day at work, and there were a lot of bad days. He beat the shit out of me, he beat the shit out of my sister, he beat the shit out of mom and he even killed one of our dogs. That guy was an absolute piece of shit and I didn't even go to his fucking funeral.

JIM

To fathers!

(drinks)

Wow, I thought I had the worst dad - maybe not.

BRUCE

Jim, you should call him.

JIM

If I'm going to do that, I might as well just bite the bullet and visit the whole family.

BRUCE

Where do they live?

JIM

San Diego.

BRUCE

You've lived in LA all this time and you never visited them?

JIM

Not once.

BRUCE

Jim, based on what you're telling me, if it's true, you need to go see your father, and you need to see him right away. He may be your only chance.

JIM

O.K., Bruce, but I don't think it's going to make a damn bit of difference.

BRUCE

I don't care how much you hate him or how much he hates you. Remember, you're still his flesh and blood and you need help. And he's an admiral for Christ's sake - he's gotta have some pull.

JIM

There are a thousand admirals in the Navy, Bruce. Trust me, I grew up around all of that and I know. My guess is that he'll just slam the door in my face, or if he does listen to what I have to say, he'll probably just laugh his ass off, tell me I deserve everything that's coming to me, and say how glad he is that he voted for Nixon. My dad's such a fucking asshole.

BRUCE

Well, if you're going to go see him, and you're going to ask for his help, I sure as shit wouldn't go with that attitude. Why don't you extend the olive branch for once.

JIM

You mean use the carrot instead of the stick.

BRUCE

It's worth a try, don't you think?

JIM

I'm not even sure I want my father's help.

BRUCE

If you didn't, we wouldn't be having this conversation. Looking back at it, maybe I could have tried a little harder with my dad. Maybe I shouldn't have written him off entirely when I was young. Tried to see things from his point of view. Maybe I should have given him and myself another chance. Maybe. But it's too late now. He's long dead and I'll probably be dead in another five or ten years with the way I smoke and drink. Give it a try, Jim, it couldn't hurt.

JIM

O.K., Bruce. I'll go see him and I'll try.

Bruce pours Jim and himself a shot of whisky.

BRUCE

Here's to second chances!

JIM

Here's to second chances that are probably glorious failures with asshole fathers!

BRUCE

That's too cynical for most people but probably very optimistic for you. I'll drink to that!

Bruce and Jim both chuckle and drink their shots.

INT. RESTAURANT - ONE WEEK LATER - DAY

Jim and Admiral Morrison enter a secluded restaurant that overlooks the Pacific Ocean. There are only a few patrons in the restaurant. Admiral Morrison is wearing his uniform.

JIM

Not many people in this place. Smart move considering who your dining companion is. I wouldn't want you to be horribly embarrassed or anything like that.

ADMIRAL MORRISON

It's 3 PM - we're between the lunch and dinner crowds.

JIM

It probably would have damaged your career if you had taken me to the Officer's Club on the base.

ADMIRAL MORRISON

Please don't get me started.

JIM

I took time out of my very busy schedule and drove all the way down from LA to see you, remember?

ADMIRAL MORRISON

And I appreciate it. But I don't appreciate the way you treated your mother, your sister and your brother.

JIM

What was I supposed to do - they're cold blooded like alligators.

ADMIRAL MORRISON

(trying not to lose
his temper)

Goddamn you, Jimmy. Don't talk about them like that.

JIM

Nobody calls me Jimmy anymore, Dad, except you. That person died a long time ago.

ADMIRAL MORRISON

And I suppose you replaced him with this drug infested communist that wants to overthrow the government that now sits in front of me?

JIM

I never said that I wanted anyone to overthrow the government and I'm not a communist, although it certainly is within my constitutional rights to become one if I decide to in the future.

ADMIRAL MORRISON

That would be just like you. Do you know what that would do to my career?

JIM

I don't give a shit about your career. Do you know how many times we moved when I was a kid? Eleven - that's how many times we moved. Do you know how hard it is to make new friends when you know you're only going to be somewhere for about a year? After a while, you just start to give up.

ADMIRAL MORRISON

You being strange and antisocial had nothing to do with the way your mother and I raised you.

JIM

It had everything to do with the way you raised me!

ADMIRAL MORRISON

(starting to lose his
temper)

You goddamn ungrateful son-of-a-bitch. You could have done anything in life with that mind of yours, but you chose to be a third-rate entertainer that promotes children doing drugs. I'm so disappointed in you - you might also be a child molester for all I know.

JIM

(laughing)

I'm glad to see you still haven't lost your touch, Dad. You're still the same insensitive brute that I've always known and loved!

Admiral Morrison gets up to hit Jim and is barely able to restrain himself.

JIM (CONT'D)

Do it! Go ahead and do it, Admiral!
Let's make sure we get a picture of
you punching me in the face and I'm
sure your buddies at the Pentagon
will give you a nice fat promotion.
After all, isn't that all you want
out of life, a fat promotion and a
bunch of medals?

ADMIRAL MORRISON

Everything I did, I did for all of
us. To build us a better life.

JIM

Ha, Ha, Ha! It sure is getting deep
in here - deep from all the bullshit
you're slinging around!

Admiral Morrison slaps Jim. The patrons and servers stare
at them.

JIM (CONT'D)

Well that's the old George Morrison
we remember. What took him so long
to show up?

Admiral Morrison sits down.

JIM (CONT'D)

Don't you have anything to say for
yourself? Everyone in the restaurant
is staring at you. Maybe you should
apologize to them for being an ape
who can't control his temper. I've
got it, let me apologize for you.

(loud, like a TV
announcer)

Ladies and gentleman, please forgive
my father. He has dementia and
believes he's actually an admiral in
the Navy. But I think he's got it
out of his system now and we'll just
have a nice quiet early dinner.

A WAITER comes over to their table.

WAITER

That isn't going to happen again, is
it? Otherwise I will have to ask you
both to leave.

ADMIRAL MORRISON

(calming down)
It won't happen again.

WAITER

Good. What can I get you both?

ADMIRAL MORRISON

I'll take a scotch and water. Jim, what do you want?

JIM

Same.

WAITER

Coming up.

The Waiter exits.

ADMIRAL MORRISON

Can we talk rationally now? I have something important to tell you.

JIM

Can we?

ADMIRAL MORRISON

I'm going to be meeting with the President of the United States next Tuesday. He asked for me specifically and I can't figure out any reason why he would want to meet with me. I'm pretty high on the totem pole, but not that high. So I'm guessing that it must have something to do with you.

Jim reacts as if he has been punched in the stomach and almost starts crying.

ADMIRAL MORRISON (CONT'D)

So it is about you. Jimmy, what did you do?

JIM

(lowering his voice)
Dad, they're going to kill me.

ADMIRAL MORRISON

(lowering his voice)
What?!

JIM

Did you hear about those two musicians that died from drug overdoses?

ADMIRAL MORRISON

Yeah, I was surprised that you weren't one of them.

JIM

I'm supposed to be number three.

ADMIRAL MORRISON

What did you do?! Why do they want you dead?!

JIM

They want the kids that are doing drugs to stop doing drugs and if they can kill the three of us off that are most associated with the drug culture, they think they can win the drug war. Since the death of Jimi and Janis, it's already working better than they hoped.

ADMIRAL MORRISON

Well, if their plan is already working, what do they need you for?

JIM

(sobbing)

I don't know, Dad, I'm so scared. I haven't slept ever since Jimi and Janis died and Jimi was a good friend of mine. We didn't mean to hurt anyone. Can you help me? Can you talk to the President for me? Can you tell him that I'm sorry and I'll redeem myself? I'll do whatever he wants. I just don't want to die. I want to live.

Admiral Morrison, deeply affected, gets up and sits down next to Jim and puts his arm around him.

ADMIRAL MORRISON

(very emotional,
reassuring)

I'll take care of you, Jimmy, I promise. Maybe I wasn't the best Dad to you growing up. Maybe I didn't talk to you enough or encourage you when you wrote poetry. Hell, I didn't even know you could sing - none of us did until your mother bought your band's first album. I will talk to the President and we'll figure something out. No one is going to kill my boy.

JIM

Thanks Dad - I love you!

ADMIRAL MORRISON
 (tears in his eyes,
 very happy, stroking
 Jim's hair)
 Now that's the Jimmy I remember. I
 love you too, son.

INT. CAMP DAVID - FOUR DAYS LATER - MORNING

Admiral Morrison is sitting alone in the Oval Office with
 President Nixon.

NIXON
 Admiral, I've heard nothing but great
 things about you.

ADMIRAL MORRISON
 Thank you, sir.

NIXON
 And as the leader of the greatest
 nation in the world, I want to thank
 you for your service.

ADMIRAL MORRISON
 I've always felt that it has been a
 great honor to do my duty for my
 country, sir.

NIXON
 But there is something we need to
 talk about. Something that requires
 our immediate attention.

ADMIRAL MORRISON
 (trying to hold back
 his emotions)
 It's about my son, Jim, isn't it
 sir?

NIXON
 It is.

ADMIRAL MORRISON
 (becoming emotional)
 If anyone needs to be punished Mr.
 President, then it should be me.
 (pause)
 He was always my boy, my son.
 (reflecting fondly)
 He would always wait for me to come
 home and he'd ask me about any naval
 maneuvers that we had performed. He
 always wanted all of the details.

(MORE)

ADMIRAL MORRISON (CONT'D)

And he read everything he could get his hands on about naval strategy and tactics. He wrote a brilliant paper for his history class on the Battle of Trafalgar and when he wrote a paper on the Battle of Midway, he interviewed thirteen veterans of the battle that served under me and Jimmy came up with things about the battle that I hadn't even heard. And that was when he was in the eighth grade! Jimmy was always brilliant, but when he told me in high school he wanted to be a poet instead of going to Annapolis, it just kind of broke my heart. I had so many plans for him. With my help and his mind, he could have gone right to the top.

NIXON

Well, he didn't go to the top, did he? In fact, he went right to the bottom, the very bottom.

ADMIRAL MORRISON

(breaks down crying)

I know, Mr. President, and I'm so sorry.

NIXON

In fact, he's become a leader in the hippie drug counterculture, advocating that teens leave home, live on the streets and do drugs all day. He's hurt a lot of people, Admiral, and now he has to pay for it.

ADMIRAL MORRISON

(trying to recover)

I saw him just a few days ago, Mr. President, and he's really sorry. And he's really scared, too. He wanted me to apologize to you, personally.

NIXON

(surprised)

Really? So he doesn't hate me?

ADMIRAL MORRISON

Not at all.

(MORE)

ADMIRAL MORRISON (CONT'D)

He told me to tell you that he wants to make amends for what he's done and that he wants a second chance. He said he's willing to make things right, if that's even possible.

NIXON

(becoming emotional,
hit hard by what
Morrison said)

Interesting. I wasn't expecting this.

(pause)

Tell Jimmy that I want to meet with him next week. Maybe we can sort this out.

ADMIRAL MORRISON

Thank you, Mr. President.

NIXON

(thinking, emotional)

I'm not promising anything, but maybe if we can get Jimmy straightened out, we can get the rest of these young people who hate their parents, and who hate this country, straightened out and get them back on track.

ADMIRAL MORRISON

(wiping his eyes)

That sounds like a very sound approach, sir.

Nixon gets up from his chair, goes over to Admiral Morrison and places his hand on Morrison's shoulder.

NIXON

(emotional)

There may be hope for these lost young people yet.

INT. WHITE HOUSE OVAL OFFICE - FOUR DAYS LATER - MORNING

President Nixon is sitting at his desk. Jim walks in as the door closes behind him. Nixon glares at him.

NIXON

Have a seat.

Jim timidly, nervously sits down.

NIXON (CONT'D)

You stupid son-of-a-bitch! Do you realize what you've done to this country?! I should take you out and have you shot right now!

JIM

(pause, shaken)

I know I've done some bad things, Mr. President, but I'm willing to make amends.

NIXON

Fuck amends! The damage is already done! Your dirty poetry and songs, your outright sponsorship of drugs, encouraging kids to take LSD, marijuana, heroin and all other kinds of dangerous narcotics. You deserve to die just like your two friends!

JIM

(crying)

I don't want to die! Please, I don't want to die!

NIXON

I've got a firing squad waiting outside for you! All I have to do is give the word!

JIM

(crying, desperate,
pleading)

Please, Mr. President! Please spare me! I'll do anything! I'll become a new person - I promise!

NIXON

(stands up and moves
to the side of his
desk)

Crawl to me, Jimmy! Crawl to me for your life!

Jim crawls to Nixon as he is bawling.

NIXON (CONT'D)

Now take my hand, Jimmy and ask for my forgiveness.

JIM

Please forgive me! I didn't mean to do this to you! I didn't mean to do this to my Dad!

Nixon removes his hand from Jim's hand and then gently places his hand on Jim's head, like the Pope.

NIXON

(softening)

I know you didn't, Jimmy. I think in a different life you would have gone to Annapolis the way your father wanted you to, the way you wanted to, but your love of dark poetry and dark philosophy took you down the wrong path and you weren't strong enough to turn back around. And then you started taking drugs and the rest is history. Your record company made a lot of money off you. They found a voice for a generation of young people torn apart by drugs, just like you are. And behind all of this is a communist conspiracy, a communist conspiracy that you were too blind to see.

JIM

(looking up at Nixon)

I believe you! I believe you! I want to change!

NIXON

Go have a seat.

Jim gets up and sits down.

NIXON (CONT'D)

It's going to be o.k.

JIM

(somewhat recovering,
but still bewildered)

How?

NIXON

You're going to die but you're not going to die.

JIM

(completely bewildered)

I don't understand.

Nixon gets up and goes to his bar and pours Jim and himself a scotch.

NIXON

I still need you to die in about six months. There are still a lot of kids out there that think that taking drugs is their key to enlightenment or some kind of bullshit. Your death, especially after the death of your two friends, should get the last of the holdout hippies, the ones that aren't too far gone to be saved, turned around and cleaned up so that they can become upstanding adults, the good American citizens that they were meant to be.

JIM

(not understanding)

Please, Mr. President, I don't want to die!

NIXON

Take it easy, Jimmy, you're not going to die. Here, drink your scotch.

Nixon hands Jim his drink. Jim gulps down his drink and wipes the tears from his eyes.

NIXON

Lay low for a little while and then in about six months I want you to go to Paris. Rent an apartment. Be seen in public occasionally. When we give you the word, you need to act really sick that day, and I need you to really sell it. Late that night, you'll take a pill that we'll provide you with. We give it to our top spies on secret missions. It will make it seem like you're dead for about six hours. When your wife can't wake you up in the morning, she'll think you're dead and so will the paramedics when they show up. At the hospital, we'll pull a switch and substitute a dead guy that looks just like you. We'll put heat on the French government to make sure that there's no autopsy and then you'll be quickly buried, or I should say your unnamed double will be quickly buried, in a prestigious Paris cemetery where many famous French poets, painters and philosophers are buried. How does that sound?

JIM

(transformed, overjoyed)
That sounds fantastic! And what
about me?!

NIXON

Meanwhile, we'll fly you out of the
country where you can begin living
your new life.

JIM

I can fake my own death, just like
the great French poet Rimbaud!

NIXON

Exactly. We'll set you up somewhere
in Central America where no one will
ever find you. We'll buy you a place
and set you up with your own fishing
boat.

JIM

My own boat - perfect!

NIXON

And your dad will be waiting for
you.

JIM

I can't wait - can we do it now?!

NIXON

Soon Jimmy. We need to wait about
six months. Until then, go about
your business the way you normally
would.

JIM

That will be a breeze, Mr. President.
I can do that. I hate this life of
mine, I really do. I guess I really
liked the fame, the celebrity in the
beginning, but it got old really
fast. And I don't want to do drugs
anymore or drink, I really don't.
But my fans expect it. My record
company expects it, or album sales
might go down and merchandise sales
will go down and then we can't book
concerts in the big venues. I want
out of all of that. I want to become
a new person, a good person.

NIXON

And we're going to make that happen for you, Jimmy. But there is a catch.

JIM

What's that.

NIXON

You're the only one that can know about this. As far as everyone will be concerned, you will be dead.

JIM

Except my Dad, right?

NIXON

Right. That means your record company, your band mates, all of your friends and all of your fans will all have to think your dead - forever.

JIM

That sounds like heaven!

NIXON

(pause)

Jim, that also means your wife, Pam. She needs to find your body so that everyone really believes you're dead.

JIM

Mr. President, that's no problem at all. Pam really isn't my wife, we've just lived together off and on for a few years and she likes to tell everyone she's my wife. Truth be told, we've been growing apart for some time. I know everyone thinks that I'm a big time drug addict, but I mostly just drink. Pam's the big drug addict and she's been that way for a long time. Everyone says that she's been a really bad influence on me.

NIXON

She's bound to be traumatized when she finds you dead.

JIM

You don't have to worry about Pam. She'll always land on her feet.

(MORE)

JIM (CONT'D)

Oh sure, she'll mourn over me for at least a week or two, but then she'll shack up with a some guy who's a male model or an actor who can score a lot of drugs for her. That's really all she cares about - drugs.

NIXON

Your mother, sister and brother will all think you're dead.

JIM

(excited)

Then it will be just me and my dad again, which is all I ever really wanted.

NIXON

(becoming emotional)

I know, Jimmy.

JIM

Thank you, Mr. President! Thank you for this second chance - I won't let you down!

NIXON

(emotional)

I know you won't, son.

INT. PARIS APARTMENT - SIX MONTHS LATER - DAY

Jim and Pam are having an argument.

JIM

So if you don't like Paris, then go home to LA!

PAM

This place sucks! I don't know how you can fucking stand it here!

JIM

It's the land of poetry, Pam.

PAM

It's the land with people that haven't changed in eight hundred years! I fucking hate the French - they're even worse than Italians! They think they invented culture and they hate all Americans!

JIM

They may hate you, Pam, but they don't hate me.

PAM

Fuck you, Jim!

JIM

They love me because I'm a poet and they hate you because you're just another pretender.

PAM

Yeahhh!

Pam lunges at Jim grabbing him with both hands around his throat. Jim laughs, overpowers her and slaps her very hard with Pam falling to the ground.

PAM (CONT'D)

You fucking asshole! I can't believe I ever fell in love with you!

JIM

I can. You just wanted to catch a rising star, so you did.

PAM

(getting up)

You're the one that stole me away from someone.

JIM

Like that was hard! I didn't even have to ask you - you bailed on that guy in about fifteen seconds. I think he's probably still wondering what happened to you.

Pam gets drugs out of her purse and puts two separate small piles of powder on the table. She starts to chop up both piles with a playing card.

PAM

So now I suppose you're done with me.

JIM

Pam, I was done with you in '68. I just can't seem to find a way to get you to leave.

PAM

(smiling maliciously
as she cuts the powder)
Yet I'm the one you always come back
to when you want to cry in somebody's
arms.

JIM

(very affected by
what Pam said)
Fuck off!

PAM

Do you know how tired I get of you
running to me every time something
bad happens to you or any time you
get a skinned knee?

JIM

Don't say something you may regret
later!

PAM

Oh, I regret everything with you,
Jim. Absolutely everything. Do you
think my time with you has been
paradise? More like four years in
Dante's hell. That's what life is
like with you.

JIM

You've always gotten more out of our
relationship than I have!

PAM

Oh really? You should keep telling
yourself that. You might actually
believe it some day. And what
relationship are we talking about?
The fucking that we barely do anymore?
Seeing some French model that you
got high on speed and booze and then
watching her vomit all over the floor
after you just fucked her in the
ass?

Jim is enraged and goes to hit Pam again.

PAM (CONT'D)

That's right. Go ahead and hit me
again, Jim. It won't be the first
time and it certainly won't be the
last time, you fucking creep.

Jim calms down.

JIM

All right, Pam. You win this round.
I'm going to go into the bedroom and
write some poetry while you snort
your heroin and your speed. I assume
that's what you have.

PAM

What else would it be?

JIM

Heroin on the left and speed on the
right with a wine chaser like always.

PAM

Maybe one day you'll wake up and you
won't be an asshole anymore, although
I doubt it.

JIM

What can one expect from a high class
country girl from Weed, California?

PAM

Try to write some poetry that doesn't
suck!

JIM

Cunt!

Jim exits into the bedroom and closes the door.

INT. SAME APARTMENT - THREE HOURS LATER

Pam is passed out on the couch, with the two slightly smaller
piles still on the table. Jim enters from the bedroom.

JIM

Pam my love, are you asleep?

No response from Pam.

JIM (CONT'D)

(louder)

Pam!

No response from Pam.

JIM (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Well, it looks like my little plan
is working to a tee.

(MORE)

JIM (CONT'D)

For once, I actually wasn't mad at you at all, baby, but you bought my acting job hook, line and sinker. Actually, the whole world has been buying my acting for about four years now. But tonight will be John Barrymore's last great performance before his friends send his corpse off on a fiery boat, which is only proper for a Viking funeral. You know, Pam, I wasn't kidding when I said I wanted things to be over with us back in '68, I just didn't know how to get rid of you. "Oh, Jim and Pam, you're such a great couple!" That shit makes me sick. Well, as of tonight, I am declaring us officially divorced, although I do need you to do one more thing for me, sweetheart. When you find me dead tomorrow morning, make sure you scream hysterically as only you can because you'll know the money train is finally no mas!

(looking at the two piles)

You and your drugs.

(like a high school principal)

I really think you have a drug problem, young lady. It really seems to have taken over your life.

(reaches for a straw on the table)

Don't mind if I do.

(snorts some of the speed)

Well, Pam, I guess this is goodbye. It's been real and its been good, but it ain't been real good!

(begins to exit to the other room)

And the last thing I have to say to you is...

(farts and then laughs)

And now for the final curtain!

(exits to the other room as he closes the door)

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jim goes to the desk and opens a small box containing one pill. He places the pill on the desk.

He then walks over to the bathtub and begins to run a bath.
He then goes back and grabs the pill.

JIM

So this is the little pill that is going to give me a new life? You know, I would pay about ten million bucks for you, my little friend.

(thinking)

Of course, what happens if the President was lying and this is actually cyanide or something that will make it look like I overdosed on drugs?

(chuckling)

Well, either way, my troubles are over. Nah, the President wouldn't double cross me like that. My Dad would go crazy and they'd have to take him out, too. Besides, I'd have to come back and haunt the commander-in-chief, just like one of Shakespeare's wonderfully persistent yet annoying ghosts. Only one way to find out - down the hatch!

(swallows the pill)

I wonder how long it will take before it starts to work? Thirty minutes tops I would think. Might as well have some fun while I'm waiting.

Jim disrobes and goes over to the desk. He gets a joint and lights it and grabs a bottle of wine that is half full. He then gets in the tub.

JIM (CONT'D)

(inhales the joint)

You know, either way it works for me - dead or alive. But fuck the rock star bullshit.

(exhales)

That was all a really big mistake.

(inhales)

Well it's all over now, and I get the last laugh. Fuck you world, because you didn't get me!

(exhales)

(inhales)

And now, ladies and germs, I intend to make like a sheep and get the flock out of here!

(exhales, laughs,
guzzles the wine)

INT. SAME APARTMENT - THREE HOURS LATER

Pam wakes up on the couch. She rubs her eyes as she enters the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Pam walks in. Jim is in the bathtub with his back facing Pam and his head slumped over.

PAM

Baby, I'm sorry about last night. I got really fucked up and I guess I'm really missing home or something. I'll get used to living here if that's what you want.

(glancing over at him)

Since when do you fall asleep taking a bath? I haven't seen you do that in a while, although I have found you passed out in the shower with the water running on more than a few occasions.

(chuckling)

I always loved the look on your face when I would wake you up. You always looked like you had no idea where you were but were enjoying yourself anyway.

(yawns)

Can we go get some breakfast? I'm really hungry. Hey, sleepy head, did you hear me? When did you finally go to sleep last night? I guess you must have stayed up pretty late writing poetry. Jim, wake up, you Irish dickhead! I want some French toast - the really good kind the French make!

Pam approaches Jim and shakes his shoulders. Jim doesn't move.

PAM (CONT'D)

Jesus, what did you take last night - downers? I didn't know you had any.

Pam kneels down and holds Jim's chin, shaking it.

PAM (CONT'D)

Oh, fuck, Jim you're cold!

(realizing)

Oh, Shit! No! Jim, no!

Pam runs out of the room and then the apartment.

PAM (CONT'D)
 (crying, hysterical)
 Help me, someone! Something's wrong
 with my husband! Please call an
 ambulance! Please get a doctor!
 Help!

INT. EDDIE'S KITCHEN - 1990 - MORNING

Eddie, 40's, is now a big movie star. He is looking through his mail as his personal assistant, TAD, comes into the kitchen.

TAD
 I thought you might want to see this.

EDDIE
 What is it?

Tad hands Eddie a magazine with a feature article on Janis Joplin.

TAD
 It's this great article about Janis Joplin. Didn't you say you knew her?

EDDIE
 I met her once at a party.

TAD
 What was she like?

EDDIE
 Like any other smacked-out junkie. Pretty forgettable, really. Can you go upstairs and get that script for me?

TAD
 Sure.

EDDIE
 Thanks buddy.

Tad exits. Eddie looks at the magazine, tears out a full page photo of Janis and throws the rest of the magazine in the trash.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
 (to himself)
 Poor Janis. Got caught in the wrong place at the wrong time. They build you up and then they tear you down.
 (MORE)

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Isn't that what our profession is all about? I really did like you a lot, Janis, and I'll never forget that month that we spent together in rehab.

(pause, reflecting)

Christ, nobody could sing a song the way you could and I mean nobody. Poor Janis. You just weren't a survivor.

Eddie crumples up the picture and throws it in the trash. He exits the kitchen.

INT. CONDO - PRESENT DAY

The WRITER is talking on the phone to his agent.

WRITER

I can't believe it either, Angie! This is fantastic news! I thought the meeting with the execs at Warners went o.k., but I didn't think they'd green light this thing. Man, if they're really serious about making *Jimi, Janis and Jim Must Die* into a movie they'd better lawyer up big time. Why? Because the estates of Hendrix, Joplin and Morrison are going to be furious. Why wouldn't they be? Rather than presenting the same old stupid narrative that all the brainwashed 60's hippies want us to believe, that these were three very helpless, naive artists that were just too sensitive to live, I show what they were really like. That's right - extremely selfish rock stars who were ruthlessly ambitious, with a massive addiction to fame that was even greater than their addiction to drugs and unhappiness. I don't give a shit who gets pissed off. That's the whole point, to make people think. Christ, someone has to do it. So what do you think the purchase price will be? No way! Plus, I get two percent of the budget and two percent of the gross profits?! That is out of sight, Angie! You're the best agent there is and you made this happen. I love you, sweetheart!

(MORE)

WRITER (CONT'D)

O.K., call me when you hear anything
new. Bye.

EXT. CONDO - MOMENTS LATER

Writer, carrying his script, closes the door to his condo and walks to his car. As he goes to open his car door, HITMAN steps forward and shoots Writer with a hand gun with a silencer three times.

HITMAN

The friends of President Richard
Milhous Nixon send their regards.

Hitman walks away as Writer dies. Blood begins to pool on to the screenplay. We see the screenplay title before it disappears in the blood.

EXT. FISHING BOAT ON THE OCEAN - PRESENT DAY - DAY

Jim, now a very old man, is steering his small fishing boat. Jim looks like Neptune, tan, heavy, with long silver hair and a silver beard. He is wearing shorts, barefoot, and is not wearing a shirt. On board are ADMIRAL SMITH, GENERAL STONE and AGENT MARTIN. All have had several cocktails but hold it well.

ADMIRAL SMITH

Jim, I don't know how to thank you.
I never thought I would have such a
great time in Belize. Not too many
Americans come here for a vacation,
since Costa Rica is only a stone's
throw away, but you've really made
it special.

JIM

It's my pleasure, Tom. I love being
out on my boat and catching fish. I
also love the company.
(looks in his fish
ice box)
Bill, this is a big halibut you
caught.

AGENT MARTIN

Clearly you've got the magic spot
with the right bait, Jim, because I
usually don't catch anything other
than a buzz from the cocktails!

All chuckle.

GENERAL STONE

Jim, did you get to see your dad much before he passed away?

JIM

Oh, sure. He came down here every year for a couple of weeks and it was just me and him fishing, just like we did when I was a kid. It was always a real thrill for both of us and I looked forward to it every year.

GENERAL STONE

I bet. I loved spending time with my dad when he got older.

JIM

Tom, did you go to the brothel last night like I recommended? Did you tell Maria that I said for her to take care of you?

ADMIRAL SMITH

I did and she did!

All laugh.

JIM

(smiling)

That's good. A vacation should be a real vacation. Some of the admirals, generals, FBI and CIA folks that come down here really don't know how to have fun, because they're workaholic types. But that's o.k., I know how to encourage them little by little until before you know it, they're having one hell of a time. That's why they're here - to have a good time and relax. My Dad always used to tell me about the pressures of being an admiral in the Navy.

ADMIRAL SMITH

Especially during the Cold War. It was a different kind of pressure then.

AGENT MARTIN

Even more stressful than it is now.

ADMIRAL SMITH

Jim, last night at the brothel I made sure I used your alias - Roger Table.

AGENT MARTIN

I was just curious, who came up with that ridiculous name, Jim?

JIM

(chuckling)

Someone in Washington, I suppose. I really like it. It's so bad, no one would ever think it's made up.

GENERAL STONE

Jim, are all of your charters high ranking folks in the armed forces, CIA and FBI?

JIM

Almost exclusively, Larry. All the top brass want to meet me and it's been that way ever since I got here in '71. Only in about the last ten years, if things get really slow, I'll take a few tourists out fishing now and again, but I need to make sure that nobody recognizes me, even though it's highly unlikely that anybody would after fifty years.

AGENT MARTIN

You've built a nice life for yourself down here, Jim. And all the admirals, generals, senior agents and other high level government folks that have come down here over the years really appreciate your hospitality. Everybody always says what a wonderful time they have hanging out with you. And you always make sure that everyone catches at least one fish!

JIM

Thanks Bill. You know, I'm not real proud of what I did in the 60's. I said a lot of bad things about the people in the armed forces that were fighting over in Vietnam and I feel really badly about that now. I know how hurtful that must have been to so many good people who were just doing their duty, serving their

(MORE)

JIM (CONT'D)

country. So, in some small way, I've spent the last fifty years trying to give back to the military. The military I was born in, the military that created me, the military that should have been my life.

GENERAL STONE

If you had to do it all over again, which would you have done - the Doors or gone to Annapolis and served in the Navy?

JIM

That's easy - Annapolis and a career in the Navy, so that I could have been just like my Dad. So that he would have been proud of me.

ADMIRAL SMITH

He was proud of you, Jim. The way you turned your life around, I'm sure he was very proud of you, and President Nixon, too.

JIM

(smiling)

One time President Nixon came down with my Dad.

GENERAL STONE

Really?! President Nixon?!

JIM

(smiling, remembering fondly)

Oh yeah. It was in '87. He was really funny. He kept telling jokes about Democrats - you know how many Democrats does it take to change a light bulb - jokes like that. And he brought two Secret Service agents with him. Good guys - their names were Adam and Jerry. President Nixon wore a blue fishing hat the whole time and nobody recognized him. He was a good fisherman too, he really knew what he was doing and caught a fish every time we went out. Now that was quite a charter!

AGENT MARTIN

I bet!

ADMIRAL SMITH

It's funny how things turn out.
Sometimes we just don't know what
the future holds for us.

JIM

I'll say. I really thought I had
the world in the palm of my hand
back in '67. The whole world loved
me, or so I believed, and I was
famous. But fame has a dark side
and it doesn't buy you happiness.
In fact, the only thing it's
guaranteed to buy you is unhappiness
and in a lot of cases a short, tragic
life. I took the deal that President
Nixon offered me, and I'm sure glad
I did, because he gave me a new life.
I stopped doing drugs for good in
'71 when I came here and the only
drinking I do is a few drinks now
and again out on my boat with my
friends like the three of you. I've
lived a good life in Belize. A real
life.

GENERAL STONE

You're a lucky man, Jim.

JIM

Well, you know what they say, Larry -
it's the luck of the Irish. And now
for a brand new limerick that I am
writing in my head as we speak!

AGENT MARTIN

Author, author!

JIM

"There once was a poet named Jim,
who thought he lived life on a whim.
You could tell he was jelly, by the
folds of his belly and his farting
of old Irish hymns!"

All laugh.

ADMIRAL SMITH

I don't know whether to be impressed
or grossed out by that limerick!

AGENT MARTIN

Both!

GENERAL STONE
A toast to the Irish!

All raise their cups.

JIM
To the Irish!

All drink.

JIM (CONT'D)
And to all the young Irish fools,
the way I was. It's hard to be old
and wise if you weren't young and
naive in your youth. Here's to second
chances and the greatest country in
the world - the United States of
America!

AGENT MARTIN
Here, here!

All drink, laugh.

GENERAL STONE
Jim, you're the only one that didn't
catch a fish today.

JIM
Oh, that's o.k., tomorrow's another
day and there's lots of fish in the
ocean. Plenty of fish in good
conditions for an able body fishermen
and tomorrow we'll have a good tide
and fair weather. It's like my Dad
always used to say, always be thankful
for the fish you didn't catch, because
you might catch that same fish
tomorrow when you're really hungry.
Growing up in the Depression, I think
that really meant something to him.
I miss my Dad because he was my
compass, but I still feel like he's
looking down on me from Heaven,
smiling, always guiding me in the
right direction.

ADMIRAL SMITH
I'm sure he is, Jim.

JIM
Hey, how about a song that we can
all sing together?

GENERAL STONE
Light My Fire?

JIM
I've got a better one. "Where oh,
where, are you tonight?
(all three join in)
Why did you leave me here all alone?
I searched the world over and thought
I found true love - you met another
and pffft you were gone!"

All laugh.

AGENT MARTIN
What was that other Hee Haw song?

GENERAL STONE
"Gloom, despair, and agony on me!
(all join in)
Deep, dark depression, excessive
misery! If it weren't for bad luck,
I'd have no luck at all! Gloom,
despair and agony on me!"

All laugh.

As they all sing another refrain of "Where oh Where are You
Tonight" and "Gloom, Despair and Agony on Me", the camera
pans out behind them while showing the name of the boat,
which is "USS Lazy Bones - Roger Table, Captain".

FADE OUT