

Hendrix

by Olaf Blunk

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FADE IN:

Music 01: "The Grand Viziers Garden Party [Part Two, Entertainment]" - taken from Pink Floyd: "Ummagumma" (1969)  
0:00:00 - 0:00:17

Film production company logos.

End of music.

Music 02: "1983...(A Merman I Should Turn to Be)" - taken from Jimi Hendrix: "Electric Ladyland" (1968) 0:00:00 - 0:01:51

Main credits sequence:

EXT. UNDERWATER CITY - DAY

Slow zoom towards a city underwater, the vision is liquid and in motion with a utopian feel.

A well-dressed family gets out of a floating cab on a boulevard. The father pays the cab driver.

Jimi Hendrix and a female friend, dressed as merman and mermaid, swim towards a dark inner courtyard, surrounded by huge buildings.

Close-ups of neon signs and ads, a plastic duck hits the sandy ground.

SUPER: Hendrix

A huge drop of water alters the view of the city, which suddenly disappears.

Hendrix and the woman are absorbed by a swirling underwater tide and taken to the shining surface.

Hendrix, dressed normally now, lies on the beach, relaxed with closed eyes as waves shake his body.

The vision fades.

End of music.

EXT. FORT CAMPBELL, KENTUCKY, SURROUNDINGS (1961) - NIGHT

JIMI Hendrix awakes on a military compound. The 19-year-old Jimi has short hair, a soft face and looks a bit disorientated.

Jimi, sitting on the ground, leaning against some sandbags, comes to his senses and feigns having been awake the whole time, looking around to see if anyone noticed he nodded off on watch.

INT. FORT CAMPBELL, KENTUCKY, AIRCRAFT HANGAR - DAY

Jimi stands in the second of three rows of recruits and rookies listening to SERGEANT KILKENNY, 50 years old, short white hair, uniform decorated with medals.

The major slowly walks past the soldiers, eying them up and down, enjoying himself as the silence becomes uncomfortable for the recruits.

SERGEANT KILKENNY

Yeah, yeah, I know. For the majority of you I'm just an angry man with a neat hat and glorious muscles.

The drill instructor keeps moving slowly past the soldiers' rows.

SERGEANT KILKENNY (CONT'D)

I'm the one you'll remember when you spill your guts on the battlefield.

(MORE)

SERGEANT KILKENNY (CONT'D)

No, I didn't say left, I said right.  
And so forth...

Jimi clears his throat.

SERGEANT KILKENNY (CONT'D)

Private, anything you want to  
contribute to this topic?

Surprised, Jimi looks behind him before realizing Kilkenny  
is addressing him.

JIMI (stuttering)

No, sir. Please be my guest.

EXT. FORT CAMPBELL, KENTUCKY, TOILETS - DAY

Close-up of a big bucket of shit being pulled out from  
under a stationery toilet.

Jimi, bathed in sweat, carries the bucket to a row of other  
full buckets. Kilkenny sits on an elevated platform looking  
down on Jimi, a swagger stick resting across his lap.

SERGEANT KILKENNY

Now that we're in such great company,  
do you really still think we're all  
the same?

Hendrix wipes some sweat from his forehead, turns his head  
from the buckets of shit to take a deep breath and  
suspiciously eyes the instructor.

JIMI

I don't know, I mean do you want my  
real opinion or just the usual 'Yes,  
sir'-thing?

The instructor is about to flip.

SERGEANT KILKENNY

Private Hendrix, please walk up to me.

Hendrix hesitates, then walks up to the instructor, doing his best not to appear frightened.

SERGEANT KILKENNY (CONT'D)

What do you think? Why is it  
somebody calls someone sir?

JIMI

Because it's an eighteenth century  
thing or so?

The drill instructor scornfully looks around.

SERGEANT KILKENNY

Because it's... Let me put it this  
way: what's a son without a father?

JIMI (offended)

You don't know my father, man...

SERGEANT KILKENNY (shaking head)

You ghetto kids ever attend school? Am  
I talking to myself?!

The drill instructor pathetically walks around Hendrix,  
while the sun sets in the background.

SERGEANT KILKENNY (CONT'D)

What are children without a god? What  
are sheep without a shepherd? What's a  
student without a teacher?

JIMI (shrugging)

A free man?

Music 03: "Auld Lang Syne" - taken from Jimi Hendrix:  
"Hendrix - Live At The Fillmore East" (1999) 1:30 - 1:53

Start of a musical sequence:

EXT. FORT CAMPBELL, KENTUCKY, AIRCRAFT HANGARS - NIGHT

Soldiers celebrate New Year's Eve between aircraft hangars,  
sitting on wooden boxes, drinking and joking around.

EXT. FORT CAMPBELL, KENTUCKY, FOREST - NIGHT

Jimi leans against a tree in a forest, improvises some  
tunes on a guitar. Mysterious Native Americans from past  
centuries walk past him, silhouetted against the moonlit  
jungle.

End of musical sequence.

End of music.

SUPER: Half a year later

EXT. STREETS OF SEATTLE (1962) - NIGHT

Jimi takes in the racket of downtown Seattle traffic that  
surrounds him with a lively commotion that leaves him  
stunned and ready to grab hold of his post-military  
freedom.

Music 04: "Simple Twist Of Fate" - taken from Bob Dylan:  
"Blood On The Tracks" (1975) 0:00:00 - 0:00:18

The tune quietly sets in as Jimi enters the neighborhood  
where his family lives.

End of music.

INT. APARTMENT OF JIMI'S FAMILY - NIGHT

Jimi enters his family's apartment, surprised nobody is home. He sits down at the kitchen table, folds his hands and slightly sighs.

Jimi's brother LEON storms in and they embrace. Both are deeply moved.

LEON

Fuckin shit, man. Good you're back in one piece. Mr. 101st Airborne...

Frustrated, Jimi goes through the nearly empty fridge.

JIMI

Broke my fucking ankle jumping out of a plane. Fuck, I can't believe that this piece of shit is still empty!

LEON

Come on, buster. Let's hit the road!

INT. ENTERTAINER'S FREAK OUT CLUB - NIGHT

Jimi and Leon walk past a dancing crowd towards a bar, while a band is playing some blues.

They sit down, Jimi pulls out a crumpled-up ball of bills, Leon waves off the gesture.

LEON

Relax, man. This one's on the house.

Jimi is stressed and uncomfortable. He doesn't like the music or the vibe in the club.

Drinks are being served, while Jimi shyly observes a group of laughing teenage girls near the dance floor.

Leon raises his drink to Jimi, both touch glasses then drink. Leon looks around, while Jimi lights a cigarette.

Suddenly CURTIS, a young African-American man wearing a blazer and a leather coat, taps on Jimi's shoulder.

CURTIS

Fuckin' unbelievable! Jimi, you're back!

Jimi smiles, pleased by the welcome change.

JIMI

Yeah, I'm fucking back. So what.

Curtis waves at his friends who are about to leave.

JIMI (CONT'D)

Boring music, ambitious people.  
Downtown hasn't changed a bit.

CURTIS

Why don't you come on over to Hanson's place? Got a really nice thing going on...

Jimi questioningly looks to Leon who stares elsewhere.

INT. HANSON'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jimi leans with arms crossed against the side of the fridge.



He watches some guys playing cards at the kitchen table.  
Funky jazz plays on the radio.

WARREN, an African-American guy with a mustache, wearing a green corduroy vest, suddenly becomes aware of Jimi's presence. He lays down his cards, stands up and gives Jimi a high five.

WARREN (smiling)

Fucking good to have you back. So,  
what's the story, buster?

JIMI

Ain't got no story, man. I'm just  
pissed off because my guitar is  
broken. Everything's all fucked up...

WARREN (smiling)

Need money? There's a new bank, corner  
13th and Madison Street...

JIMI

Carried a fuckin' gun in my hand for  
over a year now. I'm retiring.

WARREN (turning around)

If it's only your winky that needs to  
be polished. Just head over there.

Jimi leaves the kitchen, feeling uncomfortable.

INT. HANSON'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Some African-American men and women are playing a drinking  
game, soulful blues is playing loudly from the turntable.

Jimi sits down, lights a cigarette.

CHESTER

How about Strip'n Pray? May I  
introduce this game to the ladies...

The ladies giggle, one shyly shakes her head.

KENNY

Booyah! Chester's fat wobbling all over  
the place. Last thing that I need...

Kenny gets up, pulls on his leather jacket. Jimi looks at  
him with surprise.

JIMI

Hey, Kenny! Where you heading?

KENNY

Rebecca's place. Want to come along?

Jimi quickly stands up and follows Kenny out.

EXT. STREETS OF SEATTLE - NIGHT

Jimi and Kenny walk down a litter-strewn road.

JIMI

What the hell happened when I was  
away?

KENNY (swinging his hips)

Fussing and fighting, drinking and  
riding.

Jimi sighs, looks elsewhere.

KENNY (CONT'D)

The usual nonsense, what'd you expect?

JIMI

What did I expect? I don't know, man.  
Something's gotta change...

KENNY

White men stop treating black people  
like utter trash, that'd really be the  
first thing. Ah, there it is!

INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jimi and Kenny sit down on couches in a dimly lit, smoke-filled living room, a lonesome folk song plays on a turntable.

Kenny is staring at a group of white people talking to his African-American girlfriend REBECCA. He greets her with a reserved nod when she looks over. Jimi, on the other hand, appears delighted by the change in venue.

Mitchell ANDERSON, a white guy, wearing horn-rimmed glasses, a white turtleneck and blue jeans, takes a look at Jimi, then continues speaking.

ANDERSON

And that's what I tell you guys the  
whole time. These Texas guys that piss  
you off, they are, in fact, frightened  
of you. They're frightened of  
everything they can't understand...

JIMI

Is it cause they can't see us in the  
dark?

Laughter sets in.

ANDERSON

You got a point there. All I'm saying is a car works, a shotgun works, you could also sum it up with 'broad daylight,' like our friend here.

REBECCA

Come on, black and white, stars and stripes. Fucking politics, is there no end to it?

CAROL, an attractive white girl wearing luxurious clothes, catches Jimi's attention as she rolls some grass into a joint.

KENNY

Hey, babe. This man got a serious point there. Nobody understands anyone.

Carol licks the papers on the joint, lights it, takes a puff, then passes it to Rebecca who leans back, crosses her legs, then smokes. She hands it on to Kenny, who takes a deep breath before raising it to his lips and taking what he sees as a few obligatory puffs.

Taking another breath to clear his head, he hands the joint to Jimi, who shakes his head.

JIMI

Tried this stuff in the army. Just makes you tired and dizzy.

Carol laughs out loud.

CAROL

So what's so bad about feeling dizzy?

## JIMI

I don't know... It's just...

Kenny coughs repeatedly, Rebecca slaps him on the back. Anderson gets up and switches records.

Jimi accepts the joint just for kicks and takes a deep puff. Carol giggles while Rebecca pours water into a glass and hands it to Kenny.

Music 05: "Baby, Let Me Follow You Down" - taken from: Bob Dylan: "Bob Dylan" (1962) 0:00:22 - 0:00:56

Start of a musical sequence:

The camera pans down in the stairway of a building.

Jimi tunes his guitar on the lit stage of a jazz club and nods at a musician who addresses him.

Close-up of a burning joint in an ashtray then of thick smoke passing stage lights mounted on the ceiling.

Cross-fade to a large red sun shining on a lawn, with Jimi leaning back against a tree with a guitar in his hands.

Jimi is surrounded by friends sitting around a fire. He looks up to a smiling white lady, wearing Native American clothes.

Jimi and the woman, both naked, roll together on an endless snow-white bed, covered by a white blanket.

Jimi falls backwards through clouds, cross-fade to the camera that pans again through the stairway of the building, then suddenly halts.

End of dream sequence.

End of music.

Close-up of Jimi's face with a burnt-up joint in the corner of his mouth. The needle of the turntable crackles silently. Kenny is sleeping on the opposite couch, the rest of the group has left.

Close-up of a dreamy Jimi who pulls up the needle of the turntable.

INT. APARTMENT OF JIMI'S FAMILY, JIMI'S ROOM - DAY

Music 06: "Baby, Let Me Follow You Down" - taken from: Bob Dylan: "Bob Dylan" (1962) 0:00:56 - 00:01:24

Thick smoke fills the brightly lit room, sunshine pours in through the roll-up shade on the window.

Jimi, who is wide awake, plays a ukulele, accompanying the song. Close up of a spinning record with the 1962 'Bob Dylan'-LP sleeve lying next to it.

End of music.

A loud knocking at the door distracts Jimi. He quickly turns off the record and Jimi's father, AL, an African-American with short hair and a mustache, enters the room. Though pleased to see Jimi again, he keeps his distance.

AL

Good to have you back, son.

Jimi nods and smiles but doesn't find any appropriate words of response. Al pulls a letter out of an envelope.

AL (CONT'D)

So, what do I have to read here?

Al puts on some metal rims.

AL (CONT'D)

...it is my opinion that Private Hendrix will never meet the standards required of a U.S. Army soldier. I feel that the military will benefit if he is discharged as soon as possible...

Jimi's mood suddenly turns.

JIMI

Come on, dad. Throw away that piece of trash! I'm back. I'm in one piece like Leon said. That's all that matters.

Al distractedly looks away.

AL (mumbling)

Yeah, you can hear that through the whole apartment.

Jimi angrily puts on a jacket, grabs his ukulele, walks past his father and leaves his room.

EXT. BLACK & TAN CLUB, FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Close-up of a poster for Bobby Taylor & The Vancouvers playing live tonight. Muffled music is heard through the closed door.

INT. BLACK & TAN CLUB, MAIN AREA - NIGHT

The band plays 'Reach Out I'll Be There', accompanied by a well-dressed Jimi Hendrix. The fancy stage is surrounded by lots of dining tables full of elegantly dressed people.

Al pokes a burned out Leon in the ribs as his head is about to tilt down. A smiling Jimi holds a guitar in his hand and joins Warren and some other friends at a table as the band continues to play. 'All Strung Out' plays.

An African-American girl whispers something in Jimi's ear, he nods seriously, then she makes a gesture in a direction that she can't really understand him because of the loud music.

Jimi takes the girl by the arm and accompanies her outside the club.

INT. TACO TIME FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jimi and Leon sit at a table full of food and drinks.

LEON (tired)

So, this is what you always dreamt of,  
right?

Jimi halfheartedly puts some guacamole into a taco.

JIMI

Far from it, man! I've got a hundred  
tunes in my head, all waiting to be  
played!

LEON (with a full mouth)

So, what about the girl? You prefer  
your brother over your first groupie?



Jimi angrily stands up and hastily throws some bills on the table.

JIMI

What about the girl? It's always the same question! What about the music?!

Leon shrugs his shoulders, while Jimi quickly leaves.

EXT. STREETS OF SEATTLE, ALLEYWAY - DAY

Jimi and an African-American guy, wearing a beret, a brown leather vest and grey plaid pants cautiously look around.

Jimi smells the huge pack of grass wrapped in aluminum foil while the guy counts the dollar bills.

Music 07: "Star Spangled Banner" - taken from Jimi Hendrix: "Live At Woodstock" (1999) 0:00:00 - 0:00:24

Start of a musical sequence:

An American flag waves in the wind.

Soldiers at a graveyard during a funeral raise their rifles then fire in the air.

Close-up of a smoking rifle ejecting a cartridge case.

Cross-fade from the metal of the gun to machines at a factory manufacturing a car chassis.

Close-up of a wheel mounted on a car by a factory worker, cross-fade to a spinning wheel of a finished car on the road.

Fast-motion shot of cars moving on streets at night. The view switches to real time as the camera quickly pans up a skyscraper.

Jimi sits on the roof of a skyscraper, a bold unlit neon hotel sign behind him. He plays an electric guitar connected to an amplifier.

A coffin-maker measures a dead man, wearing a suit, who is already lying in a coffin.

Close-up of a gold watch on the dead body.

Cross-fade to a big train station clock, zoom out to an arriving train.

Cross-fade of guitar strings being played to moving gears of a train.

A tramp in a tunnel crawls under a cardboard box. Close up of water draining off next to the box.

End of musical sequence.

End of music.

INT. UPSIDE DOWN JAZZ BAR - DAY

Jimi sits inside a nearly empty jazz bar, playing around with some pages of lyrics at a table. It's pouring rain outside.

Jimi sips at the straw of his Coke, slurps at it loudly, while the waitress behind the bar smiles at him.

A black cat rubs its fur at her legs, the waitress kneels and pours some milk into a small bowl.

Jimi turns back to his papers and tries to concentrate on the notes again but is interrupted by the doorbell.

BILLY Cox, a chunky African-American man wearing a brown leather jacket and brown corduroy pants, enters the bar.

Jimi can't believe his eyes. He immediately gets up and walks over to Billy, who is getting out of his soaking wet jacket.

JIMI

Billy? What the hell are you doing here?

Billy raises his eyebrows in disbelief, then hugs Jimi with a toothy grin. Both men sit down. Jimi can't stop smiling.

BILLY

Motherf... army. I was just released a month ago.

Billy turns around to the waitress.

BILLY (CONT'D)

May I have a club soda, please?

The waitress nods then pulls a bottle of club soda out of a fridge.

JIMI

Tell me I'm dreaming. You live around here?

BILLY

No, No. Just visiting some old friends.

The waitress puts down a glass of water on the table, Billy thankfully nods.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Writing something, huh? Let me see it...

Jimi hastily grabs the notes and makes them disappear in his jacket pocket.

JIMI

Fuck no, man! That's private.

BILLY

As private as your gigs in Fort Campbell? Come on, man!

A short and uncomfortable silence grows between them, only interrupted by the wind hammering raindrops against the window.

BILLY (CONT'D)

So how about jamming together again?

JIMI

Man, I thought you'd never ask. Like I said before, anytime, anywhere...

Billy takes a sip of the club soda.

BILLY

Then move over to Tennessee, man. We've got everything down there. Blues as far as your eyes can see. Girls, and even more girls. Yeah, I know, I sound like a broken record...

JIMI (shrugs his shoulders)

So, where can I stay?

Billy gives Jimi a slap on the shoulder.

BILLY (smiling)

That's my man!

Music 08: "Scarlet Town" - taken from Bob Dylan: "Tempest"  
(2012) 0:04:15 - 0:04:37

Start of a musical sequence:

A pickup truck drives down a highway at sundown, Jimi's baggage is secured in the back with a tarpaulin.

A tired Billy is driving while Jimi sleeps.

Flashback to the apartment of Jimi's family, where he carefully examines records before putting them into a cardboard box.

A slightly smiling Jimi wearing sunglasses drives along a dusty road in the morning.

The pickup parks in front of a highway restaurant at noon with rugged clouds in the background.

Close-up of road markings speeding past.

Jimi looks around as they pass a sign for Clarksville, Tennessee. Reflections of the city in the windshield evoke deep feelings in him.

The pickup is seen from behind as it enters a driveway next to a house with a lawn. The vehicle parks in front of a garage. Jimi smokes a cigarette at a bridge at night, stares at the dark waters under him.

End of musical sequence.

End of music.

EXT. APOLLO THEATER, NEW YORK - NIGHT

A large group of people stands outside in front of the Apollo Theater's entrance, where a music gig is about to start.

Jimi steps outside, it's freezing. He lights a cigarette, looks around. FAYE, an African-American, attractive, self-confident woman recognizes Jimi.

FAYE

Jimi!

Faye's voice hits Jimi out of nowhere. He greets her with a smile then steps towards her.

JIMI

Hey! What are you doing here?

Faye runs her fingers through her hair, feeling flattered, smiles.

JIMI (CONT'D)

It's Faye, right?

FAYE

Boy! You look thin! What happened to all your muscles?

JIMI

Well, I guess, I smoked them all up in a pipe...

Both laugh.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK - NIGHT

Jimi and Faye relax on a wooden bench in front of a little lake.

FAYE

Come on, sweetie. Just say something, anything...

JIMI

I don't know... I'm not sure whether I can trust my memories. I'm not sure if you're up for this...

FAYE

Anything...

Jimi lights a cigarette, looks elsewhere.

JIMI

You know, a year ago, I just bumped into you. I was drunk, you were there, and that was about it.

Jimi sighs then looks her squarely in the eyes.

JIMI (CONT'D)

But were you really that breathtaking?

Relieved, Faye giggles then smiles.

JIMI (CONT'D)

Someone is gonna pick me up tomorrow, and bring me back to Clarksville. But tonight could be ours. What do you think?

Faye alluringly nods.

EXT. UNFINISHED BUILDING, CLARKSVILLE - DAY

Jimi tries out some riffs on his electric guitar. They echo around the walls of a large, unfinished building without a roof. Billy comes along with a bass, sits down on two suitcases stacked on top of each other. Jimi stops playing, grabs his Coke from the ground and drinks, while Billy smiles.

BILLY

So you finally got yourself one. Tell me something about her...

Jimi wipes away some sweat from his forehead, and, annoyed, looks elsewhere.

JIMI

I don't know what you're up to man. It just clicked, and that's it. The rest is private.

Billy shrugs his shoulders, stands up and uncovers his bass.

BILLY

It's to be kept secret under any circumstance, is that what you're telling me? You're not for real.

JIMI

Well, I hope so. So, let's fucking jam before my mood changes. Let's just pretend that we have something like a goal, that we're aiming to achieve something.

Jimi and Billy start to jam. But it's not long until they stop.



JIMI (CONT'D)

Can't fucking concentrate. Fucking heat is driving me insane. Hey, how about some icecream?

EXT. LAKE WASHINGTON, BOARDWALK - DAY

Jimi and Billy lean on a railing with ice cream cones in their hands.

JIMI (CONT'D)

You know, don't get me wrong. I'm really glad that you took me with you...

BILLY

But?

JIMI

But it still ain't what I'm looking for. Play by the numbers is for losers, like Cliff Richard for example...

BILLY

Man, skip this anti-mainstream attitude of yours and get real.

JIMI

Real? Boy, I don't know where to start...

A boy on a scooter nearly crashes into them.

JIMI (CONT'D)

The only thing that's real for me right now is Faye.

BILLY

So you're planning to move on.

JIMI

Exactly. You know I had big plans when we travelled down here. But it's just chaos. Maybe in the next life...

BILLY

...I won't be there.

Both laugh.

EXT. STREETS OF NEW YORK - DAY

High-angle shot of New York's skyscrapers on a sunny day with white clouds.

INT. HOTEL THERESA, ROOM - DAY

Jimi improvises on his guitar, somebody knocks on the door. Jimi opens the door, Faye greets him with a big hug.

Faye combs her hair, lays down her shopping bag.

FAYE

You finally made it, baby. Can't believe you're here.

JIMI

I know it's a lousy room, but it got four walls and a bed, and that's all I need at the moment.

FAYE

Don't worry about that. You'll find something right.

JIMI

So, what's it you have in your bag?  
Donuts?

FAYE

Don't you want some Faye first?

Jimi pushes her aside, kneels down at the bag, scrabbles inside it.

JIMI

I'm desperately sorry, baby, but I'm  
going straight for the jackpot...

Faye amusedly nudges him.

INT. APOLLO THEATER, NEW YORK - NIGHT

Hendrix plays the last chords of one of his own songs at an amateur contest. At first, the crowd is too stunned to react then breaks into loud applause.

Jimi joins Faye and two of her friends, LAYLA, a tough African-American girl, and SYDNEY, an attractive, white blonde. He sits down at their table.

FAYE

You have my vote, baby. That's for  
sure!

JIMI (smiling)

Appreciate it. You don't want to  
introduce me to you your friends?

FAYE

Of course. That's Layla. She's that  
Harlem type of girl, you surely don't  
want to mess around with...

Layla raucously laughs.

FAYE (CONT'D)

...and this one here is Sydney,  
part-time model, part-time maneater.

SYDNEY

Great performance! Is that why  
everybody calls you 'buster'?

Jimi sips on glass of Coke then leans back.

JIMI

No, no. It's because of that TV  
series, called 'Flash Gordon'. Man,  
that brings back memories. You know  
'Flash Gordon'?

SYDNEY

Not really, no.

After the applause for the last participant, all four  
eagerly wait for the announcement of tonight's winner.

The HOST of the contest enters the stage. A drumroll  
starts.

HOST

The Apollo theater is proud to  
announce the winner of tonight's  
amateur contest...

The host opens up an envelope, withdraws a paper.

HOST (CONT'D)

... and the winner is ... Jimi  
Hendrix!

Jimi gets up, climbs back onto the stage and shakes hands with the host, smiling. He grabs the mic.

JIMI

You ain't seen nothing yet!

INT. FAYE'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jimi lies barefoot on Faye's bed, leans back against the bed frame. Faye rolls a joint.

JIMI

That's all we are, smoking, drinking  
and fucking...

FAYE

You forgot sucking...

JIMI

How could I forget? Really appreciate  
it though, by the way...

Faye playfully drums with her hand on Jimi's chest.

FAYE

You lousy bastard!

Some time has passed, the dimly lit room is filled with smoke.

FAYE (CONT'D)

I think buster has nothing to do with  
Flash Gordon. It's just the way you  
step into someone's life.

Jimi sighs and thinks for a moment.

JIMI

You know, I used to wear a cape when I was a kid after I saw the show. Then I said: 'I'm buster!'...

FAYE (tired)

Really?

JIMI

Yeah, and that's about it. Either I'm here with my cape or I ain't. There's no in between.

FAYE

So, what is this Flash Gordon all about?

JIMI

Flying saucers and other stuff you wouldn't understand.

FAYE

Capes and saucers, huh? It's a miracle you find that thing between your legs.

JIMI

Give me more of this dope, and I won't be able to promise anything.

Both laugh, then romantically embrace and kiss each other.

Music 09: "Words (Between the Lines of Age)" - taken from Neil Young: "Harvest" (1972) 0:00:03 - 0:00:39

Start of a musical sequence:

A small bag of marijuana is tossed next to some pills and a whiskey bottle on a bed.

Compilation of Jimi playing with various bands on different stages, always wearing a fine outfit.

Close-up of used condoms, a bra and pants on a hotel room carpet. A half-naked blonde woman is putting on makeup while Jimi sleeps on his stomach.

A worn-out Jimi is counting bills in a supermarket, achingly grabbing between his legs.

Jimi wishfully stares at some guitars in a shop window and gets distracted by some playing kids behind him.

Jimi looks at a bathroom mirror, his reflection looks like a skull.

End of musical sequence.

End of music.

INT. SYDNEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jimi, wearing a vintage army jacket, stands up from Sydney and her friends sitting around a large living room table.

He gets a record out of his backpack and replaces Gene Vincent's 'Be-Bob-A-Lula' with Bob Dylan's 'Pretty Peggy-O'.

Most people feel irritated by the change of music, while Jimi provocatively smiles. As Jimi passes by the table, most of the conversation has died.

Jimi stops at some stairs, where two guys, ALEXANDER and RAY, are sitting with a large glass bong. Alexander wears a Rastafarian jacket, a green shirt and holey jeans, while Ray wears thin, metal-rimmed glasses, a cardigan and blue-white striped pajamas.

JIMI

Hey kids! That stuff ain't doing you  
no good.

RAY

Says who? A clown that broke out of a  
circus?

Jimi stops kidding around, gets thoughtful.

JIMI

Yeah, maybe you're right, I'm a sad,  
lonely clown.

Ray has to laugh.

RAY

So, what. Ever been to the dark side  
of the moon?

Jimi sits down next to them, nervously fiddles around with  
some buttons on his jacket, sighs.

JIMI

Fill me in.

ALEXANDER

Joints are for losers who think dope  
is all about hanging around. This is  
the real thing, understood? Straight  
to the moon, no way back.

JIMI

I don't know, man. I'd like to believe  
you, but my stomach is telling me a  
different story.



RAY

Don't worry about your belly. One puff  
and all the pain is gone.

Jimi evaluates the pros and cons of getting involved. Short close-up of a hole in the ceiling.

Jimi grabs the water pipe and the lighter but is unsure how to handle it.

Off screen: Someone removes Bob Dylan's record and replaces it with Aretha Franklin's 'The Shoop Shoop Song'.

Alexander shows Jimi how to put a thumb on the hole in the pipe, Jimi nods.

Close-up of grass being heated up inside a bowl, then of smoke making its way into the water and through the glass tube to Jimi's mouth.

High-angle shot of the three sitting on the stairs while the air is full of smoke.

Close-up of Jimi's surprised face. He has to cough badly. Alexander tries to slap him on the back, but Jimi puts him off.

JIMI (still coughing)

Far out, man. I'm not a sad clown  
anymore.

Ray laughs.

RAY

So what are you then?

Jimi gets up, has to grab the railing to keep from falling over.

JIMI

Something like a tightrope walker...

Jimi gets himself into an upright position, puts his hands on his hips, then smiles at them.

JIMI (CONT'D)

... still the same circus though, I believe.

Ray and Alexander giggle, while Jimi, disoriented, looks around.

JIMI (CONT'D)

Thanks, gentlemen, but I was only passing through.

EXT. STREETS OF NEW YORK - NIGHT

Jimi who has a backpack with an acoustic guitar peeping out stops in front of a bus station. He reads the sign, then quietly curses.

Close-up of a wooden bench in a park opposite the bus station.

Music 10: "God save the Queen" - taken from Jimi Hendrix: "Sotheby Plus Masters Vol.2" (2001) 0:03:26 - 0:03:44

Slow zoom toward Jimi's head lying on his empty backpack. His eyes are closed, his facial expression is deeply relaxed.

SUPER: 1965

End of music.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK, LAWN - DAY

Jimi and Layla are sitting together with a bunch of hippies in front of a fire. A kid loses grip on some colorful balloons that whirl up through the air.

JIMI

Don't get me wrong. But love, peace and happiness. All I see is chaos and destruction.

1ST HIPPIE

You have to alter the state you're in. How about just giving some love to the next stranger you meet?

JIMI

Man, I'm giving love and giving and giving it, but it's only returned in the rarest of cases.

2ND HIPPIE

Just smoke that stuff, it'll get you elsewhere.

Jimi smiles, says nothing.

Fast motion of clouds passing by, the sun is drifting down.

EXT. TRAIN STATION, BUS AREA - DAY

Layla, who is carrying a backpack, and Jimi arrive at a bus stop, Jimi sits down on a stone wall.

LAYLA

So, what was this fuss all about? I was getting a headache just listening.

JIMI

About being cool, I guess.

LAYLA

So, smoke dope, wear funny clothes and that's it?

JIMI

I guess ... I think it's the right way to go. Way better than wearing a suit and saying nothing.

Layla sits down next to him, puts the backpack down.

LAYLA (sighing)

And having as little brains as possible and forgetting the things you were with.

JIMI

Let's have a look at it, shall we? Some finder's reward in advance would be real nice.

A bus stops by, people get out and in. The bus drives off.

Jimi digs inside the backpack and is surprised to pull out a little clear bag full of mushrooms.

JIMI (CONT'D)

Can't be.

LAYLA

What's that?

JIMI

You eat them and turn into a wild animal. Well, sort of.

LAYLA

You're kidding.

JIMI

Wait, Let me demonstrate for you.

Jimi takes some mushrooms, sticks them into his mouth and starts chewing.

JIMI (CONT'D) (grinning)

You gotta chew 'em till they're mashed up, then swallow.

Layla is laughing out loud.

LAYLA

What happens then?

Jimi swallows the mushrooms.

JIMI

I don't know. That stuff has never had an effect on me. Or maybe it's because I'm not wild enough.

A flower salesman passes by, but Jimi refuses to buy any.

LAYLA

Pass them over to me, weirdo!

Layla puts some of the mushrooms into her mouth and starts to chew.

LAYLA (CONT'D) (disturbed, with a full mouth)

They taste like cardboard.

JIMI

Cardboard, hmmm, maybe...

Layla is tripping bad.

LAYLA

What did you say...? Was that you?

JIMI (copying her)

What did you say? What did you say?

Jimi laughs out loud while standing next to Layla. He has to lean against the bus stop sign because he's laughing so hard.

Layla gets up but is out of balance.

JIMI (CONT'D)

Hey, where are you going?

LAYLA

Gotta take a shower. See ya.

Jimi comes running, uneasily grabs her arm.

JIMI

You ain't going nowhere. Wait, I'll call you a cab.

Jimi watches as Layla sits inside a cab while staring at the ceiling. The cab drives off.

Close-up of the big train station clock. Close-up of a sweat-bathed Jimi staring at it being unable to understand the logic of the numbers and sweeping hands.

Jimi counts his last bills while looking at the bus station on the opposite side of the road. He spontaneously decides to buy a bottle of beer at a kiosk in front of him.

Close-up of a beer bottle being emptied.

Music 11: "Bold As Love" - taken from Jimi Hendrix: "Axis: Bold As Love" (1967) 0:02:55 - 0:03:25

Start of a musical sequence:

Jimi is walking home. The alcohol has triggered the psychedelic effect of the mushrooms.

The world before his eyes becomes fluid with no sharp outlines. Everything is moving strangely as if inside an aquarium.

Close up of Jimi's smiling face, his eyes resemble those of a wondering young child.

The colors of traffic signals flash out, while 30 feet high trucks pass by them.

First-person shots of cartoonish, disturbed adult faces looking at the camera.

Jimi bumps into a car on the street, unbelievably stares at the woman behind the windshield who provocatively squeezes the nipples of her naked breasts.

Close-up of loads of hash and pot and smoking utensils being thrown on a bed.

Close-up of smoke circulating in a bong. Jimi meditates after exhaling, contemplating whether the smoke had an effect on him. His dark pupils fatefully glance at the thick black curtains that keep out the bright light of the day.

End of musical sequence.

End of music.

INT. HOTEL THERESA, ROOM - NIGHT

There is a knocking at the door.

Jimi, lying on the carpet, opens his eyes and tries to figure out where he is.

FAYE (V.O.)

Hey, it's me! Let me in!

Jimi opens the door, innocently stares at Faye, who enters the room and is about to flip out.

FAYE (CONT'D)

What the hell did you feed that poor girl? You must be out of your mind!

JIMI (surprised)

Girl? You mean like a little girl?

FAYE

Come on! You know exactly who I'm talking about.

JIMI

You mean Layla?

FAYE

No, I mean Santa Claus! Of course, I mean Layla!

JIMI

Well, we took some shrooms, that's all. Just calm down, would you?

FAYE

Shrooms? Show me that stuff!



Jimi hands her the clear bag containing the remains of the mushrooms. Faye grabs it, unbelievably stares at it.

JIMI

She's all right, isn't she? I mean she hasn't hurt herself?

FAYE

She phoned me and told me her fridge was alive and was trying to eat her. I had to sit next to her for hours.

JIMI

Well, too bad we split. I had a totally different experience. Wait I'll call Carlos, he's an expert with this stuff.

Jimi grabs the hotel phone.

JIMI (CONT'D)

Yeah, could you put me through to Carlos Lopez? Ok.

Faye sits down on the bed, weeping.

JIMI (CONT'D)

Carlos? Yeah, I honestly don't know how late it is. Listen, me and a girl took some shrooms, and well the girl nearly got eaten up by her fridge...

Jimi softly strokes Faye's shoulder. Exhausted, she stares into nothingness.

JIMI (CONT'D)

No, I was sitting on top of the world,  
like always. Listen, is there anything  
that I can do for her?

Jimi leans against the wall, while he lights up a  
cigarette.

JIMI (CONT'D)

Yeah, ok, sounds reasonable. Listen,  
pal, you never told me that booze  
triggers that stuff! You told me about  
thirty times? Ok. No, no, barely alive  
like always. Yeah, drive by whenever  
you feel like it. Ok, see you.

Jimi hangs up, sits down next to Faye, gives her a hug. He  
uses his cigarette to light up another one, gives it to  
her.

FAYE

What did he say?

JIMI

He said it's the same as grass, but  
ten times as strong. So, all she has  
to do is get her stuff going again.  
Little by little, I suppose.

FAYE

That's all?

Jimi shrugs his shoulders.

JIMI

Avoid booze, smoking is better.

FAYE

Did he say that?

JIMI

No, that's my personal advice.

FAYE

Ok, I'll tell her.

Faye hastily gets up and leaves the room.

JIMI

Hey, didn't we want to eat something together?

Faye slams the door.

JIMI (CONT'D)

What the hell. Nevermind...

Music 12: "Cirrus Minor" - taken from Pink Floyd: "More"  
(1969) 0:02:35 - 0:03:05

Start of a musical sequence:

High-angle shot of Jimi swimming in a green lake, switching from doing the breaststroke to freestyle.

Close-up of him, doing the backstroke, while enjoying the sun and wind on his face.

Jimi and a group of hippies splash water at each other at a waterside, while laughing and joking around. Alexander is near Jimi, in the group of friends and girls.

Close-up of birds excitedly jumping on a tree branch.

Jimi sits with his back against a tree at sundown, thoughtfully arranging some tunes on his guitar.

A dog sadly stares at him, his ears hanging down.

End of musical sequence.

End of music.

EXT. ICE CREAM PARLOR - DAY

Jimi sits with Ray outside at an ice cream parlor on a square. A parade is going past, and masked children dance to music played by an orchestra.

Jimi, wearing sunglasses, puts his fingers in his ears because it's too loud.

JIMI

What did you say?

RAY

I asked: why don't you hang around more often with your musicians?

JIMI

That's just business, you know. I know the rhythms and beats by heart, don't even have to rehearse with them. Just keep the vibes running.

Ray curses over some melted icecream on his fingers, cleans his hand with a napkin.

RAY

Little Richard, man. I would do anything to be on stage with him.

Jimi spontaneously imitates working the slide of a trombone, then abruptly stops. The orchestra leaves the plaza.

JIMI

That's Little Richard. I gave him to you. But you're as smart as before.

Ray absently stirs up his chocolate shake.

RAY

Didn't you say you like all kinds of music?

JIMI

Do you like any kind of movie? No, I don't suppose so. But when you flip through old TV shows it's all the same. That's what I said.

Jimi suddenly turns around because a poodle is angrily barking at him. A woman quickly apologizes for her animal.

JIMI (CONT'D)

Listen, not one intelligent question today. Do you really think sex, drugs and rock'n'roll is all there is to it?

Ray embarrassedly looks elsewhere.

RAY

Man, I don't know if it's tomorrow or the end of time...

Jimi grabs a napkin, writes with a pencil on it.

JIMI

Tomorrow or the end of time. I dig that...

A rain shower suddenly sets in. Jimi and Ray seek refuge in the roofed area of the ice cream shop.

A silence sets in as they inadvertently sit in front of two very attractive, elegantly dressed white women.

JIMI (CONT'D)

That's what I call a hot, cold summer.

Jimi smiles at the ladies who are about to leave. One of them turns around and smiles back with sunglasses on. Ray disinterestedly lights up a cigarette.

JIMI (CONT'D)

Wow, that was intense. Did you see that? Hey, why don't you get yourself a decent woman? A babelicious babe with big boobs, you know?

RAY

I don't know, man. When it's up to booze, I just freak out, bump into somebody, and it's all a big headache afterwards. When I'm smoked up, it's better, but it's as if the ladies are exposed in a shop window or something. Totally unattainable...

JIMI

You think too much, man. Look I'm not the type of grinning wiseass, telling you about how the last babe I was with smelled.

Jimi gets up and puts his vintage army jacket on.

JIMI (CONT'D)

Hey, you know what? Why don't we meet before the money from the gigs is gone? I could show you around the red-light district.

Caught off guard, Ray embarrassedly shrugs his shoulders.

JIMI (CONT'D)

I'll show you out of style you'll  
never forget. Mark my words.

FAYE'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Faye and her MOTHER are gathered around a little black-and-white TV. Faye is excited while her mother gets off her oven mitts and cuts a pizza on the oven sheet on the table.

FAYE

Look, look! That's him!

Jimi is on the screen, playing as a backup musician for Little Richard on the 'Night Train' show in Seattle.

Faye's mother adjusts her thick glasses while screwing up her eyes.

MOTHER

Yeah, I see. Boy, is he well-dressed.

Close-up of Jimi's pixelated appearance: he plays the guitar while performing the same dance steps as the rest of the group.

Faye excitedly squeals while holding her hands in front of her face.

FAYE

My baby is on TV! I can't believe it!

Jimi's appearance is over, Faye walks up to the TV and turns down the volume.

MOTHER

What does he do with all the money?

FAYE

He just gives it away. Money means nothing to him.

MOTHER

So, he's a hippie then?

FAYE (sighing)

No. He's just like, I don't know. You know, all the kids playing with Matchbox cars? He's the one staring silently at the kids making 'Wrooom'-sounds. Then when they're long gone, he walks up to the cars and furiously smashes them with his feet. That's Jimi.

EXT. GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL, TRACKS - DAY

Faye is staring at an arriving train, then tries to pick out Jimi in the passing masses. Jimi gets off the train in his usual dress with a guitar case in one hand, a can of Coke in the other.

Jimi and Faye embrace then walk on.

EXT. GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL, ENTRANCE - DAY

Jimi and Faye sit down at the stairs of the entrance, Faye hands a cigarette to Jimi.

FAYE

I saw you on TV, my mom, too.



Jimi disinterestedly looks elsewhere, while taking a deep puff.

JIMI

Really?

FAYE

You visited your family?

JIMI

Sorry to say that I did. In and out of foster homes and stuff like that. I don't know, really glad to be back...

Jimi stands up, grabs his guitar case.

JIMI (CONT'D)

Let's get going. We've used up all the good vibes here.

EXT. FAYE'S MOTHER'S HOUSE, BALCONY - DAY

Faye's mother and Jimi stand on a huge balcony, leaning on the railing, staring at the sunset.

MOTHER

So, how is it being on TV?

JIMI

I don't know. When I'm on stage, I'm someone else. I perform. Doesn't matter if the camera is on or off.

Faye's mother points at some cookies in a bowl on the balcony table.

MOTHER

Knock yourself out.

Jimi puts his fist on his chin, imitating a boxing punch.

JIMI

Uuurgh!

Faye's mother is first too stunned to react then hysterically laughs.

MOTHER

You're as nuts as Faye's other boyfriends.

JIMI

Tell me about me them.

Faye's mother looks elsewhere.

MOTHER

Faye doesn't want me to.

JIMI

She thinks I'm a control freak, doesn't she?

Jimi leans on the railing again and sighs.

JIMI (CONT'D)

I'm really trying to give her more space. But then again, I feel like I'm betraying myself. I want her desperately. I need her. Why should I lie?

Jimi lights a cigarette, carefully listening.

MOTHER

You know, Faye's first boyfriend was the one who gave her the creeps, and  
(MORE)

MOTHER (CONT'D)

she's been on the run ever since.  
'You just can't squeeze somebody till  
you become the least interesting thing  
on the planet.' That's what she said  
about him.

JIMI

God! I thought she meant me.

MOTHER

No, you're a musician, maybe something  
like a star. He was just a car  
mechanic...

JIMI

I'm no star. I'm put on some fine  
clothes, do my little dancesteps,  
exactly as I'm told to. But I'm a  
ticking time bomb. There are wild  
horses inside me trying to break free,  
whenever they can.

MOTHER (shaking)

It's getting cold. Let's go inside.

INT. FAYE'S MOTHER'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jimi, Faye and her mother are in huge leather armchairs as  
a fire burns in the fireplace.

MOTHER

So, what's so wrong about wearing a  
suit?

JIMI

I...

FAYE

Jimi thinks they all look like penguins. All the same. No individuality.

JIMI

Let me ask you something, back when you were young, did you do your little dancesteps like you were told, or did you just dance around the way you wanted to?

MOTHER

Well, first they taught us how to dance. But then I developed my own style.

Faye amusedly sips on her cup of tea.

JIMI

Exactly! That's the phase I'm going through at the moment.

Faye's mother stares at Jimi with a strange gloomy smile.

MOTHER

Don't forget: these tiny little steps might save your life on another occasion.

JIMI

You mean that's all there is to the circus?

Jimi is churned up, torn between leaving or staying.

MOTHER

That's the free dancer talking.

Jimi leans back into the chair, stares at the ground and loudly sighs.

JIMI

Who knows?

INT. THERESA HOTEL, ROOM - NIGHT

Jimi and Faye lay half-naked on the hotel bed. Faye covers her breasts with her hand while smoking. Jimi stares at the wall.

FAYE

You like talking to my mom, huh?

JIMI

I'll never get that old, that's for sure.

FAYE

Do you think I'm like her?

Jimi hugs the insecure Faye.

JIMI

Nobody is like any other person. You know, even the Smurfs have Papa Smurf and Smurfette...

Both laugh.

JIMI (CONT'D)

...even Gargamel!

Jimi imitates Gargamel, portraying him as a greedy, sinister character reaching out his claws for something.

Music 13: "Ships Passing Through The Night" - taken from  
Jimi Hendrix: "Valleys Of Neptune" (2010) 0:05:33 - 0:05:46

B/W Freeze frame of Jimi's claw gesture looking surprised  
behind him, as if someone has unintentionally caught him  
doing something he shouldn't be doing.

SUPER: 1966

End of music.

INT. JIMI'S APARTMENT ABOVE CAFE WHA? - DAY

Jimi sits in an armchair with a guitar in his new home in  
an apartment above the Cafe Wha?. Sunshine knocks on the  
floating white curtains as he plays some repeating chords  
of 'Red House'.

Jimi quickly writes something down then leans at the wall  
and stares outside the window.

INT. CAFE WHA?, BAR AREA - DAY

Jimi walks down the stairs to the empty bar area, leans on  
the counter. DEVON, a tall, robust cook tiredly looks up  
while cleaning.

JIMI

Hey, Devon. Got something I can chew  
on?

Devon signals Jimi with a movement of his shoulder that he  
is free to enter the kitchen.

Jimi returns with a plate full of sandwiches, a Coke and a  
smile on his face. He sits down again.

DEVON

You still owe me five bucks.

JIMI (with a full mouth)

You get it as soon as I play this weekend. Promised.

Jimi looks around in the empty bar area with its black walls full of posters.

JIMI (CONT'D)

Still a new to this part of town.  
What spots are hot?

Devon puts down his towel, scratches his head.

DEVON

Is it ladies or eating?

JIMI

Both. Simultaneously.

Both laugh.

JIMI (CONT'D)

What do you think about these freaks last night giving away LSD for free?

DEVON

I don't know, man. It's chemistry.  
It's not from a tree or plant or nothing...

JIMI

Yeah, but it's free. A friend told me that it contains the same stuff that's in shrooms.

Devon operates the tap, then holds the cool glass of beer to his sweating forehead.

DEVON

What do you want me to tell you?  
You'll try it anyway.

JIMI (with a diabolical grin)

Why would I?

DEVON

Cause there ain't never been no  
trouble you didn't like.

Both laugh.

JIMI

Maybe.

Jimi cheerfully drums his fingers on the counter.

JIMI (CONT'D)

What do you think of the band I put  
together?

Devon stares at Jimi with his arms crossed.

DEVON

You mean 'The Blue Flames'?

Jimi nods.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Solid. But your solos are better.

JIMI

Solid? That's all? Come on!



DEVON

Can't tell you things that aren't there. Learn how to sing, and you won't need them anymore.

JIMI

Man, I want to. But it sounds like waking up my girlfriend from her sleep. It's like hearing me, but it's not me.

DEVON

When was the last time you screamed something out loud?

JIMI

Don't know. When something heavy fell on my foot, I guess.

DEVON

That was real, wasn't it?

JIMI

Sure as hell it was.

Devon just nods, then enters the kitchen. Jimi, annoyed, shrugs his shoulders then gathers his strength to get up.

EXT. STRAND BOOKSTORE, ENTRANCE - DAY

Shot of the entrance of Strand bookstore on a sunny day.

INT. STRAND BOOKSTORE, 1ST FLOOR - DAY

Jimi examines the books in the music department. He sits down at a table next to some plants, copies some lyrics.

A blonde woman brushes Jimi with her back. Jimi turns while she apologizes.

JIMI

Sydney?! What in Christ's name are you doing in that part of town? Wow, you look thin.

Sydney, surprised, puts her books down on a table, looks down at Jimi with crossed arms.

SYDNEY

Gathering important intel. Top Secret...

Jimi incredulously browses through her books.

JIMI

'Junkie'? 'Fumee d'Opium'? 'Cain's Book'? Are you for real?

SYDNEY (chewing some gum)

Nothing for losers like you.

Jimi laughs out loud, then tries to pull himself back together while cautiously looking around.

JIMI (lowering his voice)

So, are you still modelling?

SYDNEY

No, as a matter of fact, I've become a porn star.

Jimi stares at her with open mouth.

JIMI

You're a what?!

INT. SYDNEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sydney unlocks the door to her roomy, beautifully furnished apartment and lets Jimi in.

Jimi is taken by the colorful, yet still subtle design with elegant white and grey tones.

JIMI

Wow! This is yours?

Jimi looks at a card next to some flowers, still thinking he must be dreaming.

SYDNEY

I fuck for a buck, that's all.

Jimi suddenly coughs then clears his throat.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

Ask me about it. You've been biting your tongue all the time.

JIMI

Babe, I thought I was daydreaming or tripping or something. Then I ask you stuff like this and 'BAM!', a handbag hits my face...

Jimi gets a bottle of water out of his backpack, hastily drinks in order to get rid of his hoarse voice.

JIMI (CONT'D)

So... I mean, are the clips shot on film?

Sydney, bored, looks elsewhere, still chewing on her gum.

SYDNEY

Yes...

JIMI

Don't get me wrong. I've fucked around like there's no tomorrow. But what's it like to get filmed?

Sydney unpacks a plastic bag, unpacks groceries into the fridge in the open kitchen.

SYDNEY

Well, men have to have balls of steel. I mean we have two or three takes to get it right. For me, it's just spread your legs and look ecstatic even if you don't like the guy on top of you.

Jimi follows her into the kitchen, leans against the fridge.

JIMI

So, what about the forbidden stuff?

Sydney eyeballs a jar in her hand then puts it back into a cupboard.

JIMI (CONT'D)

I mean I've seen it all in the train station cinemas and in the magazines they keep under the shop counter. Real dirty stuff.

SYDNEY

Now we're talking.

Sydney leans against the kitchen counter, looks Jimi straight in the eye.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

What do you want me to do?

JIMI (stuttering)

I... can I just do it? I'm not good at talking.

SYDNEY

Sure.

Close up of Jimi whispering something into Sydney's right ear, as she constantly nods.

An exhausted naked Jimi lies on the bed, a pillow between his legs. He looks at Sydney, who is sleeping on her side.

JIMI

Babe, that was the highest wave I've ever caught in my life.

Sydney moans.

JIMI (CONT'D)

I'm feeling guilty as hell now, but then again who knows?

SYDNEY (mumbling)

You've fucked a porn star. Guilty as charged.

Jimi grabs one of her arms, it's full of puncture marks.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

Do you believe in angels?

JIMI

I don't know. If you mean that fancy stuff hanging around the Christmas tree and all that, then it's a definite 'no'...

Sydney sits up straight, faces him. Close up of her cold, blue eyes that look like exploding stars.

SYDNEY

Do you want to see some?

Jimi sits up straight, too. He is shaken by her proposition.

JIMI

I... You mean... It's just that I hate needles. Just the thought of them and I get a shiver down my spine.

SYDNEY (bored)

I guess that's a 'no'?

Jimi is at odds with himself, tucks up his legs while embracing the pillow.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

What do you want me to say? That it doesn't hurt like a doctor tells you? Well, of course it hurts.

JIMI

You first.

Jimi, wearing mint green boxers and a washed out yellow shirt, lies on a carpet with his back to the bed frame. Sydney, who wears a matching set of Hawaiian underwear and bra, lies next to him, a rubber tube around her arm.

SYDNEY

Heat it up.

Jimi nods, lights up some liquid in a spoon with a Zippo.

JIMI

You know, I would do anything to see you in one of those movies. Like camping in a tent in front of a cinema for a week.

SYDNEY

Why don't you just stop by the set?

JIMI

Do I have to star in the movie then?

Sydney nods at the spoon, Jimi passes it over to her.

SYDNEY

No. No black cocks allowed.

Jimi struggles to suppress his laughter, then tensely observes Sydney who carefully fills the needle with the liquid.

JIMI

Why? Because of their intimidating sizes?

Sydney bites on the rubber tube in order to get some tension in her arm.

SYDNEY

No, because you can't see them in the dark. Proceed if you like.

Jimi overly cautious feels her arm while questioningly looking at her.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

Just anywhere - except the punctures.  
Remember: get the most expensive dope  
in town, clean needles from a  
drugstore and take the phone off the  
hook...

JIMI

Why are you telling me all this? Where  
are you going?

Sydney just forcefully nods at her arm, then lays back and  
closes her eyes.

Close-ups of a needle being injected, moving colorful  
liquid inside a syringe and the rubber tube landing on the  
carpet in slow motion.

Jimi, perplexed, lies next to a quiet, absent Sydney, who  
stares with half-closed eyes and open mouth at the ceiling.

JIMI (CONT'D)

Hey, that's unfair. You can't just  
vanish into the dark.

Sydney quietly moans. Jimi gets up and heads to the moonlit  
kitchen, drinks some orange juice, then leans against the  
cupboard while loudly sighing.

JIMI (CONT'D)

Come on, talk to yourself. Just do  
something!

Jimi loosens himself up like a boxer before a fight, then  
breathes loudly.

JIMI (CONT'D)

Is it safe to follow where you've  
gone?



Jimi heads back to Sydney, who gets her head into a position so she can see him.

SYDNEY

Could you squeeze my nipples, please?

JIMI

Of course, I mean... You really want me to...?

Sydney uses the last of her strength to nod.

SYDNEY

I'm late for the show. Just do it, ok?

Close up of a concentrated, overly cautious Jimi with Sydney's face rubbing at his cheek while quietly moaning with pleasure.

JIMI (whispering)

Is it safe to follow? I mean are they hearing us?

SYDNEY

You're not afraid of the dark, are you?

Jimi bites on the rubber tube while Sydney lies on her side asleep.

Close-up of the empty syringe hitting the floor in slow motion. Short close-up of Jimi's face, taken by complete surprise.

Music 14: "Sisyphus - Part One" - taken from Pink Floyd : "Ummagumma" (1969) 0:00:45 - 1:00:07

Start of a musical sequence:

Shots of empty nightclubs, brothels and bars and cafes resembling pharaonic temples mixed with Egyptian hieroglyphs that fly around and towards the viewer.

Zoom into the cryptic signs on a dollar bill, that turn into a colorful statue of the holy virgin Mary in a church.

End of music.

Music 15: "Cymbaline" - taken from Pink Floyd : "Live in Montreux" (1971) 0:06:33 - 0:07:55

Letters fall from the page of a book and fly around Jimi's head, he tries to grab some of them, but they elude his grasp like fish.

Jimi tiredly sits on a throne, wearing a king's clothes in an empty, amber-colored room.

Shot of his back, a metal cup falls out of his hand, spilling wine over the floor.

The throne with his dead body is lifted into moving white clouds.

Jimi's head hits the ground of Sydney's apartment. He desperately tries to crawl forward on his belly, but only manages a short distance.

He is heading towards a light under the door, hearing voices and women's high heels on a floor.

Suddenly he finds himself in a cave with a strange moving underground and a bizarre yellow-purple sky.

Close-up of a kid's hand held up, then to Jimi as a kid protecting himself against the bizarre light.

Jimi amazedly looks at his small hands, then gets distracted by a noise.

His mother flips over his cave, which turns out to be an upside-down chair.

He wonderingly looks up to the sky, that turns out to be a lit, stucco ceiling.

Jimi, an adult again, relaxes on his belly with his chin on his hands in front of the door. He is staring at moving shadows in the light under the door.

End of musical sequence.

End of music.

INT. SYDNEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jimi wakes up on his back on the wooden floor. He groans then feels his pulse.

Someone is knocking on the door. Jimi remains on the ground.

JIMI

Who's there?

SYDNEY (V.O.)

It's me! Open up!

JIMI

Could be anyone. Stay where you are!

SYDNEY (V.O.)

It's Sydney. Come on, I locked myself out!

Sydney hammers on the door. She is close to tears.

JIMI

Could be the pope, special forces or  
Jesus fucking Christ, I won't budge.

Sydney wraps her arms around herself, it's freezing.

SYDNEY (with a teary voice)

You want to squeeze my nipples?

Jimi sits upright.

JIMI

That's something else...

SHERATON-ASTOR HOTEL, LOBBY - DAY

Jimi leans against the check-in counter, then grabs some nuts out of a bowl and chews and swallows them. A female RECEPTIONIST appears, wearing a uniform. She greets him with a smile.

RECEPTIONIST

Welcome, sir! How may I help you?

JIMI (with a full mouth)

Give me something plushy, quiet. Loads  
of equipment need to been taken care  
of...

Jimi is momentarily distracted by mumbling voices behind him.

JIMI (CONT'D)

It always rains in Georgia.

RECEPTIONIST

Sir?

JIMI

Yes, ma'am?

RECEPTIONIST

We're in the Big Apple.

JIMI

Yeah, but it's still raining in Georgia. Listen, do something with your hair. It goes more with the lines of your face when it's open.

The receptionist swallows her anger, looks elsewhere.

RECEPTIONIST

How long do you wish to stay?

Jimi looks around.

Close-up of his self-confident face.

JIMI

Till the storm is over.

INT. CAFE WHA?, BAR AREA - NIGHT

Jimi plays with Randy California, Randy Palmer and Danny Casey in front of a large crowd. They switch from 'The Wind Cries Mary' to 'Hey Joe'.

Tracking shot through the audience, stopping at LINDA, an attractive black-haired model, who looks over her shoulder. She sees CHAS, a chubby-faced, 27-year-old musician, arriving. Chas sits down next to her.

The entire audience, including Linda and Chas, is blown away by the performance, in which we hear Jimi singing for the first time. Rapturous applause shakes the room.

The gig is over, Jimi and Danny sit at the bar, while there are only few audience members left. Devon is washing glasses, Jimi sips on a Coke, Danny smokes a cigarette.

DEVON

Can't believe you're singing. In fact, you're chirping like a bird. How come?

JIMI

I don't know, it just clicked. I always had the wrong idea about it, I guess. It has to be a supporting sound for the guitar, not the other way round. Or something like that...

Linda seats herself next to Jimi, Chas stands next to her.

LINDA

Jimi.

Jimi is thrilled to see Linda and greets her with a kiss on the hand. Linda points at Chas.

LINDA (CONT'D)

May I introduce you to Chas?

Chas goofily salutes.

CHAS (with a British accent)

Hello!

Jimi nods toward the seat to his left. Chas sits down.

LINDA

Chas really loves your music and wants to manage you.

Jimi turns to Chas.

CHAS

Listen pal, that's about the most mind-blowing performance I've seen in years. And I've seen it all, been everywhere...

LINDA

Chas was with The Animals.

Danny stands up, leaves the bar.

CHAS

That's the past, I'm currently managing bands.

Jimi isn't very impressed, but he likes the guy.

CHAS (CONT'D)

Listen, there's not much I can do for you here, but if you move over to Britain, I'll put together a band for you, then we'll record an album.

Jimi looks around with a guilty conscience while Linda smiles.

JIMI

Ummhh. Listen, that really sounds great, if not to say fantastic. But now that I got my first band together. What should I tell them?

CHAS (enthusiastic)  
That you're taking a few days off.  
That you're babe's pregnant, that  
you hurt your hand. Doesn't really  
matter, does it?

Chas puts a business card on the table.

CHAS (CONT'D)  
I've got to a plane to catch. Just  
call me tomorrow. Promise?

JIMI  
I will.

Jimi extends his hand to Chas who shakes it then waves  
goodbye.

LINDA  
Chas is a guy who knows showbiz  
inside out. That's the chance of a  
lifetime. Don't screw it up.

Jimi nods, then fiddles inside his pockets.

JIMI  
I'm out of cigarettes. You have  
any?

Linda gives him a cigarette and holds up a lighter.

JIMI (CONT'D)  
Did you bring him here?

LINDA  
Of course, I did.



JIMI

To be honest, I don't know about this whole thing. How's England? You're always saying the weather is worse but people are way cooler.

LINDA

Don't get me wrong. I love the States. But in Britain everyone has his own head. You'd love it there.

Jimi takes the business card and puts it in his pocket.

A silence sets in.

LINDA (CONT'D)

Where have you been the last couple of weeks?

Close up of Jimi's smiling face.

JIMI

Far away.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Close-up of the fasten seat belt sign that goes out with a ding. Jimi questioningly looks at a GRANDMA sitting next to him, who loosens her seat belt.

GRANDMA

You can take them off. It's safe now.

Jimi loosens his seat belt.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)

First flight?

JIMI

I don't know, can't really remember.

GRANDMA

The lunch on board is impressive.

JIMI

Listen, I know I'm in the wrong section, but do you mind if I have a smoke? Just to calm my nerves.

The grandma disgustedly looks elsewhere.

Music 16: "Fanfare For the Common Man" - taken from Emerson, Lake & Palmer: "Works Vol. 1" (1977) 0:00:00 - 0:00:16

Start of a musical sequence:

Jimi looks out of the plane window, sees the suburbs of London, lots of green lawns.

Cuts of London at night. Bobbies, red double-decker buses, a parade passing by.

Jimi is seen from behind, standing with his guitar case in front of heavy traffic. He looks around like he's lost.

Jimi stands in a telephone booth, it's pouring outside.

End of musical sequence.

End of music.

INT. SCOTCH MUSIC CLUB, LONDON, BAR AREA - NIGHT

Jimi plays a guitar solo from 'Send My Love To Linda'.

Chas walks up to the stage and signals to him that he has to stop. The surprised Jimi descends the stage and joins Chas, RONNIE, a young tough lady, and KATHY, an attractive blonde woman, at a table.

Jimi stares at Kathy, then shyly looks elsewhere. Kathy runs her fingers through her hair, then nervously lights a cigarette.

JIMI

May I have one?

Kathy hands a cigarette to him, Jimi lights it.

KATHY

Sure, here you go.

JIMI

So, what was this all about? Why the fuck can't I play longer?

CHAS

I told you before: you aren't supposed to work. You only got a seven-day visa.

JIMI

Why did you bring me over there in the first place, then? What the hell. Aww, nevermind.

Jimi sips on a glass of Coke, then suddenly Linda, who comes from the restrooms, grabs Ronnie's hair and pulls her away. Jimi, Chas and Kathy are completely taken by surprise.

LINDA

Fucking bitch!

RONNIE

Let go of my hair!

Ronnie grabs a bottle of whiskey, smashes it at the table and holds the broken bottle to Linda's throat.

A shocked Chas grabs Kathy by her sleeve, hands her some bills.

CHAS

Jesus Christ! Get Jimi out of here!  
Take him back to Hyde Park Towers.

Kathy looks at the shocked Jimi, nods at him. Both hastily leave.

EXT. CAB - NIGHT

Kathy is amused by the situation while Jimi is still in shock.

KATHY

What was this all about?

JIMI

I don't have the foggiest idea. Are  
all the clubs in London like that?

KATHY (smiling)

Sometimes.

HYDE PARK TOWERS HOTEL, ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Jimi leans towards the open cab window, while Kathy is still inside the cab.

JIMI

Listen, uhhmm, how about you show me  
places I can go on the map or  
something like that?

Kathy is delighted by the offer, gets out.

HYDE PARK TOWERS HOTEL, ROOM - NIGHT

Jimi and Kathy enter his room. Kathy looks around as Jimi  
sets down his guitar case.

KATHY

So, where's your map?

JIMI

Don't have one.

Kathy laughs out loud.

JIMI (CONT'D)

But the reception has one for sure.  
Wait a sec...

Jimi wants to go, but Kathy stops him.

KATHY

It's ok. Calm down first.

Jimi sits down on the bed next to Kathy, who looks around.

KATHY (CONT'D)

I really love the way you play. It's  
very, I don't know how to explain it:  
original?

JIMI

Pheh. That's about the nicest  
compliment I heard for a long time.  
I'm melting like ice. I'm all yours.

Kathy laughs.

KATHY

Someone like you surely has a girl  
every night...

JIMI

Nope.

KATHY

Come on, you sing about foxy ladies  
but live like a monk?

JIMI

I sing about women because they  
inspire me, give me strength.  
Everything I do has to do with a  
woman, one way or another. Maybe it's  
because my mother died young, I don't  
know.

Kathy immediately falls in love with him.

KATHY

So, where's your luggage?

JIMI

Some blonde, hundred-pound lady  
right in front of me.

KATHY

I certainly am not luggage!

JIMI

Sure, now I'll have to carry you  
around wherever I go.

KATHY

Why is that?

JIMI

You're my lucky charm, everything I  
have.

KATHY

You came to London with just your  
guitar and nothing else?!

JIMI

And the clothes on my back.

Jimi stands up.

JIMI (CONT'D)

Time to get rid of them.

INT. CLUB, BASEMENT - DAY

Jimi sits at a table in front of an empty stage, blows at a  
cup of hot coffee. Chas joins him.

CHAS (grinning)

So, what happened? Kathy didn't come  
back. You got yourself the first taste  
of British ladies, haven't you?

JIMI

No, man, it's fucking deeply serious.  
Can't believe it myself. But she's the  
one, you know...

Both get distracted by NOEL, a thin, curly haired 20-year-old musician wearing metal rims. He stands in front of them with a guitar.

CHAS

Noel, meet Jimi.

Both formally shake hands.

JIMI

Cool hair..., whatever that thing is.

NOEL

Thanks, man.

Chas unbelievably looks at Noel's guitar.

CHAS

Man, I told you to bring a bass.

NOEL

Man, do I look like Croesus?

Chas, irritated, gets up, shakes his head.

CHAS

You guys stay here. I'll be back in a minute.

Jimi looks at Chas leaving, while Noel stares at Jimi's white guitar.

NOEL

Stratocaster, huh? Good for getting rid of dogs.

JIMI

Best guitar I ever played. How long have you been playing bass?



NOEL (shrugs his shoulders)

Two weeks.

Jimi laughs out loud while Noel thinly smiles.

JIMI

Have something to smoke?

NOEL

Sure, but it'll cost you.

JIMI

Come on man, I got three dollars in my pocket.

NOEL

And I got a hole in my shoe.

Both laugh.

Some time has passed. Jimi and Noel improvise on the stage while Chas listens closely.

JIMI

You can't do that, man!

NOEL

And fucking why not?

JIMI

Every time, I do this...

Jimi plays a riff.

JIMI (CONT'D)

...you do that.

Jimi plays another riff that is supposed to be a bass line.

JIMI (CONT'D)

Anyway, we're a band now, so grab some bucks from Chas and get yourself an ice cream. Got a date, sorry, guys.

Jimi gets off stage, walking past a surprised Chas.

Chas stands next to a slightly unsettled Noel.

CHAS

So, what do you think?

NOEL

About what? The ice cream?

INT. CLUB, BASEMENT - NIGHT

Jimi, Noel and Chas play poker.

NOEL

Oh, come on, you're bluffing, man!

JIMI (with a big smile)

And what if not?

Noel angrily throws his cards on the table, stands up.

NOEL

I'm out!

CHAS

Hey, where are you going? That drummer is supposed to be here any minute.

NOEL

You been saying that for hours. Got to get some fresh air.

Chas shrugs his shoulders, then looks at the drums unused in the spotlight on the stage.

CHAS

Really sorry.

JIMI

It's ok, nevermind...

Both turn around as they hear a sound from behind them. MITCH, a short musician with straight blonde hair, walks towards them. He shakes his wet hair.

CHAS

Hey, Mitch! Thought you never come.

MITCH

Fucking traffic! Fucking hitchhiking!  
Fucking weather! Who's that?

Jimi tries to hold in his laughter.

CHAS

That's the guy I told you about.

Mitch shakes Jimi's hand while looking elsewhere. Then he turns towards the drums.

MITCH

Oh, come on! I explicitly asked for  
Ludwig drums. How should I get  
anything out of that crap?

Mitch walks up the stage. Chas makes a gesture, but Jimi ignores him.

Time has passed. Chas examines Jimi and Mitch jamming, then they stop.

Mitch walks off stage, dries his hair with a towel. Chas stands up.

CHAS

So, Mr. Mitchell, can you imagine playing with this fine young man in the near future?

Mitch questioningly turns to Jimi, who embarrassedly looks elsewhere, then shrugs his shoulders.

MITCH

Sure, why not?

Mitch leaves the club, while Chas approaches Jimi.

CHAS

So, you got yourself a band. Congratulations.

Jimi wipes away some sweat from his forehead.

JIMI

What about these fairy tales that managers score dope for the band? Ain't there a grain of truth in every lie?

Camera from behind: Chas puts his arm around Jimi's shoulder while explaining him something, both walk towards the exit.

INT. NIGHT CLUB, BAR AREA - NIGHT

Jimi, Noel and Mitch jam. Mitch stops playing.

MITCH

How the fuck should I catch you, when  
you're always doing something else?

Jimi sits down on the amp and lights a cigarette.

JIMI

Listen, you aren't supposed to catch  
me. Drum whatever you want, just  
improvise.

MITCH

Sure? I'll do it, but I warn you,  
there'll be no stopping...

Mitch turns to Noel.

MITCH (CONT'D)

What do you say metal rims?

NOEL (quietly)

Metal rims don't say a peep.

MITCH

And why is that?

NOEL

Metal rims' on acid.

Mitch laughs out loud. Jimi smiles.

MITCH

Why didn't you tell us that earlier,  
man?

Mitch lays his arm around Noel's shoulder.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Brother, there's more where that came from, right?

Mitch turns to Jimi.

MITCH (CONT'D)

How about stretching our legs a little?

EXT. HYDE PARK, PEDESTRIAN AREA - NIGHT

Jimi, Mitch and Noel sit on a wooden bench, far away from everyone else in the park. Jimi uncomfortably looks around as Mitch lays a strip of LSD under his tongue.

MITCH

Don't worry, everyone will think we're eating sweets.

JIMI

That's not it, man. My stomach is like a rollercoaster. I'm sweating even though I know it's fucking cold. And I haven't touched that shit, yet.

MITCH

That's cool. Listen, if it's not the time then leave it alone, ok?

JIMI

That's the problem. It's exactly the fucking time.

Mitch and Joel laugh, Jimi has to grin.

JIMI

Give some of that fucking stuff to me.

Jimi places a strip of acid under his tongue.

Music 17: "Learning To Fly" - taken from Pink Floyd:  
"Pulse" (1995) 0:02:05 - 0:02:39

Start of a musical sequence:

Jimi, Noel and Mitch stumble through downtown London - everything is colorful, fluid and flashing. A helicopter with masked special forces inside observes the trio. A soldier aims with a spotlight at them.

The pilot touches his finger to his headset then nods, toggles some switches then flies the helicopter away.

Jimi looks up at the helicopter, then follows Mitch and Noel down a flight of stairs to a disco.

End of music.

Music 18: "Run Like Hell" - taken from Pink Floyd: "Pulse"  
(1995) 0:07:02 - 0:07:40

The three take cover inside a flashing disco, where everything explodes and goes up in flames.

Police officers and criminals shoot at each other. People are being shot and flung through the air. Jimi, Noel and Mitch appear to be having the time of their lives.

The three musicians are inside an elevator at a giant hotel full of moving spotlights.

The trio arrives on the hotel's roof, where a crowd watches fireworks.

Close-up shots of exploding fireworks.

Close-up of Noel's glasses reflecting the fireworks.

The lights go out in a London neighborhood, it's suddenly pitch black.

End of musical sequence.

End of music.

INT. OLYMPIC STUDIOS, RECORDING ROOM - NIGHT

Close-up shots of mics and other high-tech equipment create the impression that a gun is aiming at the viewer.

Jimi looks at the tools, then questioningly turns to Noel and Mitch. Noel, wearing sunglasses, intuitively turns away, while Mitch uses a nose spray.

Chas turns up and claps his hands to get everyone's attention.

CHAS

Come on, guys! Every second here costs millions. 'Hey Joe', that's all I'm asking of you.

Jimi puts his arm around Chas and walks away from his friends.

JIMI

Listen, Chas. We might need a couple of takes, before...

Chas stops, walks a step away from Jimi. He raises his index finger.



CHAS

You've got exactly one take! No matter, how awful it sounds. One take! Just to make sure we understand each other. This is it. One take. Got it?

Jimi shrugs his shoulders with a guilty conscience, then insecurely nods.

EXT. EMPTY PLAYGROUND, LONDON - DAY

Jimi and Kathy sit next to each other on swings at a deserted playground. Grey clouds roll by wrecked skyscrapers in the background.

JIMI

We fucked it up. You can't put it any other way.

KATHY

It doesn't sound so bad, from my point of view.

JIMI

Not so bad?! We screwed it up. It needs at least a dozen overdubs. It's a miracle my voice sounds right at all.

KATHY

Why don't you come over here?

Jimi gets off his swing, kneels in front of Kathy, holds her hands, smiles.

JIMI

You're a cute little heartbreaker, you know that?

Kathy gets off the swing and they embrace. The sun peeks out from the clouds. It's a cold autumn afternoon.

JIMI (CONT'D)

I don't know. The single is destined to become a dust catcher. And that's it. Adios, England.

KATHY

Fuck Chas! You've got new friends here. That's all that counts.

JIMI

You're right. It's just... I want to give the audience, something they've never experienced before. But I keep ending up with nothing but chaos.

KATHY (whispers)

Maybe, you want to show me something I've never experienced before.

Color returns to Jimi's face as he looks up, surprised and smiling.

Both are seen from a distance, laughing, joking around, throwing sand at each other.

INT. THE RIALTO CINEMA, CINEMA HALL - NIGHT

Scene from "For A Few Dollars More" (1965): The leader of the gang climbs up a gallery in a church while explaining a bank robbery. He speaks Italian.

Tracking shot of Chas, Linda, Noel, Mitch and Kathy utterly absorbed by the film.

Jimi joins them and sits down between Chas and Linda.

CHAS (whispering)

We did it, man! 'Hey Joe' has made it  
at the Top 10.

Jimi disbelievingly smiles, then leans back, relieved.  
Linda holds a bag of popcorn toward Jimi, who reaches into  
it, then turns to look at the screen.

Close-up of a scene in the film where the leader of the  
gang has strange visions, while the nub of a joint hangs  
from the corner of his mouth. One of the gang members  
removes the joint and covers him with a blanket.

As the group exits the cinema hall, Jimi takes Chas aside.

JIMI

Listen, man. I just want to thank you.  
From the bottom of my heart. But how  
do things look with the visa?

CHAS

What visa?! You're more British than  
my grandma! Forget that odd piece of  
paper!

Jimi laughs then grabs Kathy and lifts her up. They kiss  
and hug.

Music 19: "One Rainy Wish (alternate mix)" - taken from  
Jimi Hendrix: "In The Studio Vol. 10" (2006) 0:00:00 -  
0:00:13

**SUPER: 1967**

End of music.

INT. DE LANE LEA STUDIOS, RECORDING ROOM - DAY

Jimi, Noel and Mitch record 'Purple Haze' while a bunch of groupies listen outside the recording room.

After the recording, Jimi talks to EDDIE, a sound engineer, while Chas claps Noel on the shoulder and tries to calm him down.

EDDIE

I know what you want, but it's impossible.

JIMI

Impossible? Come on, man! I've done this before with a three-dollar stereo!

EXT. RINGO STARR'S HOUSE - DAY

Shot of a big villa with the sun and white clouds in the background.

INT. RINGO STARR'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Jimi slouches in a chair at the kitchen table while Kathy is cooking.

Kathy serves Jimi a big baked potato. He stares at her incredulously then raises his fork and lays it down again.

JIMI

Come on, babe! What's this supposed to be?

KATHY (unbelieving)

Baked potato, what else?

JIMI

Man, where's the meat, the fries and all that? You're not serious, are you?

KATHY

Then cook the food yourself, you egocentric piece of shit!

Jimi stands up as Kathy angrily throws her apron.

JIMI

Sssshhh! Not that loud. It's not our house...

KATHY

I scream when I want, and as loud as I want. You fucking wimp.

Kathy screams just to hear herself.

Chas and a woman come hurrying down the stairs. Jimi curtly turns around, signals them that everything is ok.

Chas shakes his head then puts his arms around his girl, who is wearing a nightshirt. Both return upstairs.

JIMI

Bravo! Why don't just tear the whole building apart?

KATHY

Maybe I will!

Jimi takes the potato and throws it at the ground, then stomps on it.

JIMI

The whole fucking thing because of you! Die, potato, die!

He kicks the flattened potato away, then slams the door on the way out of the house. Kathy leans against the cupboard with tears in her eyes.

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Close-up of a lot of half-eaten plates with steak, fish and chips, sausages, fried eggs and small plates of salad.

A WAITRESS brings over a strawberry milkshake, leaves it at the table.

JIMI

Excuse me, may I have some salt and pepper, please?

The waitress smiles at Jimi, while she takes away two empty plates.

WAITRESS

Of course. May I ask you something?

JIMI

Anything you like.

WAITRESS

What is it like being black?

Jimi stares at her then looks back at his food.

JIMI (with a full mouth)

Better than being as blonde as the hair between your legs.

EXT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT, ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Jimi, who has plates with food in his hands, gets thrown out by the chunky MANAGER.

MANAGER

Go fetch some bananas, you bloody monkey!

The manager spits then goes back inside. Jimi angrily turns around.

JIMI

Next time I'm here I'll buy the whole fucking place!

Music 20: "Childhood's End" - taken from Pink Floyd: "Obscured By Clouds" (1972) 0:00:10 - 0:00:23

Start of a musical sequence:

A tourbus drives on a highway at sunrise.

Jimi, Noel and Mitch get jostled around inside the bus that is full of instruments. All three wear sunglasses.

The bus drives past a yellow town sign with 'München' on it.

Jimi's jaw drops as he looks at a Bavarian market.

Jimi sits inside a bathtub then slides under. He swims towards a concert hall underwater.

End of musical sequence.

End of music.

INT. BIG APPLE CLUB, MUNICH, BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Tracking shot of Jimi who thanks a female assistant for giving him a towel. He dries his wet hair then puts on a t-shirt. The shot continues to Noel, who interestedly tilts his double red-green glasses up as a big-breasted blonde walks by over to Mitch, who nervously knocks his drumsticks against each other.

INT. BIG APPLE CLUB, MUNICH, ON STAGE - NIGHT

Close-up of the drumsticks as Mitch plays the drums during the band's introduction. The German crowd gives Jimi a warm welcome as he walks on stage.

JIMI

Thanks so much, but is that really all you've got? Are you tired Munich? Yeah, must be. This concert is over before it begins. Strange isn't it. Why is that?

Jimi plays a loud guitar riff.

JIMI (CONT'D)

'Cause I don't know if it's tomorrow or the end of time...

Jimi nods at Noel and Mitch then starts playing the opening guitar chords to 'Purple Haze'. The crowd goes wild as the song ends.

JIMI (CONT'D)

Yeah, so many people think the song is about drugs. But the key is 'That woman put a spell on me'. It's always the people who matter, not things. Anyway...



Jimi plays the first chord of 'Izabella'. The last riffs of the concert's closing song 'Voodoo Chile' still echo as Jimi smashes his guitar until it breaks.

JIMI (CONT'D) (out of breath)

Kids don't try this at home... Well, some might complain we're not playing the way we did on the record, but that's because we're not turntables. Then again, who knows? Maybe we were all pre-recorded in time.

Jimi covers the mic with the palm of his hand and turns to Mitch.

JIMI (CONT'D) (whispering)

Does anybody here have any idea what I'm saying?

Mitch cautiously nods while staring at him in surprise.

JIMI (CONT'D)

Thanks, Munich. You were great. God save the Queen!

INT. PLATZL HOTEL, MUNICH, LOBBY - NIGHT

Jimi, Noel and Mitch sit inside the hotel lobby, smoking.

NOEL

Man, you gave me the creeps at the end of the show.

JIMI

Sorry, but I started thinking about that potato, then everything came bubbling up again.

MITCH

Potato? What the fuck are you  
talking...

A bunch of groupies rushes into the lobby, closes in on the  
three, who look around stunned.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Boy, I can't remember such beautiful  
girls in the audience...

Jimi is surrounded by girls who want his autograph, one of  
them turns around for a signature on her nude back.

Noel disappointedly leans back, while Mitch jealously  
watches Jimi.

As the girls leave, Jimi turns serious again.

JIMI

Listen guys, you are the best friends  
I've ever had...

NOEL

Pah! Don't get sentimental, man...

JIMI

Hey, man! I'm not talking bullshit  
here. All I'm saying is we share  
everything, so we also should share  
the girls, too...

MITCH

I'm on your side. I'm on your side...

JIMI

You know how it works: I'm out front  
and that's all most girls bother  
with.

NOEL

What about Kathy? What should I tell her if she asks? I'm a lousy liar, you know.

JIMI

The truth, of course. I told her before, thirty shows in about a month. Hotel, bus, plane, every day the same shit. So, you really need the love and comfort of a woman even if it's only for a night.

NOEL (depressed)

Man, sometimes I think you were born with an invisible sign that says: 'Pussies, this way!'

JIMI

Oh, come on, man! Don't talk like you don't know me. You should know better. That's the booze talking, not you.

Noel grabs another bottle of beer and empties it.

JIMI (CONT'D)

So here's how it'll work. Last night I had five girls in my room and none of you showed up. From now on, I'll hang a 'Do not disturb' sign outside, with an x on it. That'll mean: bust in and get some. Understood?

MITCH

X marks the spot. Fine with me.

NOEL

What if you want all five for  
yourself?

Jimi laughs out loud.

JIMI

Then there'll be no sign and no x.  
Instead the great German cock doctor  
will pay me a visit, 'cause something  
is broken.

All three laugh out loud.

Music 21: "Working For The Law" - taken from Bob Dylan:  
"Pat Garrett And Billy The Kid" (1973) 0:02:13 - 0:02:43

Start of a musical sequence:

Cuts of Jimi and the band playing different towns, stages,  
live concerts. The tour bus is travelling over different  
highways. A plane takes off.

Alone on an empty stage Jimi, deep in concentration, tunes  
the strings of his guitar.

Jimi is seen from above peacefully walking down a street.

Jimi, Noel and Mitch sit together with a bunch of hippies  
round a fire in a forest at night.

A dog stops in front of them, head to the side as if he's  
asking something.

Close-up of guitar strings accompanying Bob Dylan's song.

Overlaying cut to a turning wheel of a recording machine at  
a studio.

End of musical sequence.

End of music.

INT. OLYMPIC STUDIOS, RECORDING ROOM - DAY

Jimi, Noel and Chas listen to the last notes of 'Red House'.

Jimi nods thoughtfully while Noel, exhausted, leans against a mixing station. Chas puts his hands on his hips and loosens up.

Eddie walks by, takes his big earphones from his head and put them around his neck.

EDDIE

I don't know where you got that guy from the government from, but he's as good a sound magician as you are.

JIMI (smiling)

Yeah, it's too bad he'll lose his job if we mentioned him in the credits.

Jimi turns to Chas.

JIMI (CONT'D)

I'm really not sure about that album cover, man. I mean the band looks great and everything, but somehow it looks like a Christmas tree ornament.

CHAS

Are you, nuts? That's the shade of a planet...

Chas' SECRETARY tips him on the shoulder.

SECRETARY

The guys from the States want 'Purple Haze' and 'Hey Joe' on the US version of the album.

Chas walks away with his secretary. Kathy wraps her arms around Jimi's neck and sighs.

KATHY

Hardest working man in the universe,  
hmmm?

JIMI

I know, babe. But I'm really kind in  
the middle of something here...

Time has passed. Jimi is alone in the studio with a mixing assistant, holding a headphone to one ear.

Music 22: "A Dream Within A Dream" - taken from: The Alan Parsons Project: "Tales Of Mystery And Imagination" (1976)  
0:02:17 - 0:02:44

Start of a musical sequence:

Close-up of a burning candle.

Jimi is alone in the dark studio, he rests his chin on his folded hands in deep contemplation. The moon shines through a window.

The 'Are You Experienced?' LP is being manufactured at a record factory.

A record store clerk sorts the records into the shelves.

Zoom out of the giant record shelves full of records.

'Are You Experienced?' LP release announcements and advertisements on advertising pillars and posters.

Money is being printed at a federal printing office.

Overlaying cuts of photos of Hendrix in newspapers and magazines.

End of musical sequence.

End of music.

Music 23: "Hey Joe" - taken from Jimi Hendrix: "3 Nights At Winterland 1st Show" (2006) 0:00:09 - 0:00:20

**SUPER: 1968**

End of music.

INT. BAR ITALIA, BAR AREA - DAY

Jimi, wearing sunglasses, enters the cafe, Noel and Mitch sit in armchairs. Noel reads a newspaper while Mitch sips on a coffee then screws up his face.

Jimi nervously looks around then seats himself next to them.

JIMI

They're everywhere, man! They want to absorb our energy and give it to aliens, that's for sure.

Mitch laughs, while Jimi looks at him deadly serious.

MITCH

Why would they want to do that?

JIMI

Cause they have become aliens  
themselves. What else?

NOEL

Talk more of this rubbish and soon  
we'll need an interpreter just so we  
can understand each other.

JIMI

We already need one.

Jimi turns to the waitress that has come to the table.

JIMI (CONT'D)

Give me something cold with plenty of  
cream in it.

The waitress insecurely nods, then walks away.

JIMI (CONT'D)

Hey, is anybody listening?!

Jimi ironically smiles, giggles.

JIMI (CONT'D)

It's an invasion! We have to stop  
them!

MITCH

You said THEY think the smartest  
animals on the earth are chickens...

JIMI (nodding)

Right.



MITCH (CONT'D)

You said THEY don't really see much worth taking. So THEY blow everything up in the end.

JIMI

I'll be long gone by the time that happens.

MITCH

Where are you going, then?

JIMI

Venus? Who knows?

NOEL

You're on Venus already. With that big boob detector of yours between your legs.

JIMI

Come on, man. That's unfair! Anyway, any news?

MITCH

The Axis LP is still selling like hot cakes. Rolling Stone got your burning guitar photo colorized. Half of Texas will be settling on the moon soon.

JIMI

Why is that?

MITCH

Cause cows give more milk there. How should I know?

Jimi laughs out loud, takes off his sunglasses and leans back into the armchair.

The waitress returns with an iced coffee, puts it on the table.

JIMI

I don't know, guys. Something's gotta change.

MITCH (imitating)

Something's gotta change! Something's gotta change!

Jimi sips at the iced coffee, grimaces.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Saying something like that, you aren't any better than the hippies out there.

JIMI

I don't mean politically. Ah, nevermind.

Noel looks up behind his newspapers.

NOEL

You're taking way too much, man. You know why food has an expiration date on it?

JIMI

Why?

NOEL

Cause you got to keep some things at a distance. It's the same as with everything else.

JIMI

You've got a point there...

INT. RINGO STARR'S VILLA, BEDROOM - DAY

Kathy sits on Jimi's lap, blows some smoke out of a joint into his mouth. The phone rings and she gets up.

JIMI

Ah, come on!

Kathy returns, questioningly leans against the door frame.

KATHY

Some reporter. He wants to interview you.

JIMI

You decide. You know I never can say no to that stuff.

Kathy disappears, then jumps on the bed when she comes back.

KATHY

Tuesday morning. Eleven o' clock. Regency Cafe.

JIMI

Just remind me on Monday, ok?

KATHY

I will. Have you been to the doctor?

JIMI

Yes.

KATHY

And?

Jimi shrugs his shoulders.

JIMI

He asked me if I smoke.

Both laugh out loud.

JIMI (CONT'D)

A psychiatrist would have been more help. Feel like going up the walls sometimes. I really need some time off.

Kathy sits down on Jimi's lap again.

KATHY

I don't understand you. The last time you said you need a holiday, you were on tour for three months.

JIMI

You don't know the music biz. If you're not instantly there, playing at the concert, then nobody buys the records and they forget about you, just like that. There's no second chances.

KATHY

There's always a second chance. You just don't know it. What good is fame if you're dead tomorrow?

JIMI

You don't get it. I'm dead tomorrow anyway.

Kathy relights the joint, inhales.

KATHY

Why is that?

JIMI

I'm not talking bullshit or something. I've seen my death, and it'll be silent and peaceful.

Jimi lights a cigarette while Kathy climbs from Jimi's lap and leans against the bed frame.

KATHY

On one of your trips?

JIMI

Exactly. But I don't want to talk about it. It awakes evil spirits.

KATHY

You're doing drugs too much. It fucks with your brains.

JIMI

You got it all mixed up. It's everyday life that fucks with your brains. Drugs restructure order so it'll go back to working properly.

KATHY

You're insane. Maybe that's why I love you so much.

Kathy hugs Jimi and kisses him on the cheek.

JIMI

Yeah. I just wish I could love myself as much as you do.

EXT. REGENCY CAFE, ENTRANCE - DAY

Shot of the entrance of the Regency Cafe in broad daylight. The name of the cafe can be read.

INT. REGENCY CAFE, BAR AREA - DAY

BRIAN LEVINSON, a reporter with blonde hair, horn-rimmed glasses and a white raincoat, sits opposite Jimi, who wears Native American clothes. Brian switches on a tape recorder then leans back.

BRIAN

Tell me, Jimi. What is it like being black in the music biz? Do you have to deal with prejudices?

JIMI

Listen, man, when I was young I went to one of these bathrooms, where there were two sinks, one had a sign 'white', one had 'colored' on it. As I came out of it I asked my mum why it did say colored. The basin was as white as the other one.

BRIAN

Do you see yourself as a hippie?

JIMI

I don't know, man. The things are getting too radical right now. Peace, love and understanding through superior firepower. How is that supposed to work? Fucking politics. The dog chases its own tail. That's all that happens.

Brian flips through the pages of a notebook to look something up while Jimi leans back and puts his feet on the table.

BRIAN

Your singles and albums top the charts, most of your concerts are sold out. After that burning guitar thing nearly everyone knows the name Jimi Hendrix. How is it in the spotlight?

Jimi blows on a hot cup of coffee, cautiously sips on it.

JIMI

Not what I imagined. Strange people call your name on the street. Nosy reporters stick a mic in front of your face. I sometimes catch myself wondering if it's still me. I'm thinking of changing my name. Paul Poodle or something like that.

Both laugh.

BRIAN

You'll be on tour in the United States most of the year. What do you think it will be like, returning to the USA?

JIMI (smiling)

Burgers and fries. Stars and stripes. Babelicious babes. Can't wait to get there.

EXT. RENTON BUS STOP, USA - DAY

A street sweeper removes garbage from the road. Jimi sits alone on a bus stop bench. He uncomfortably looks at his watch.

Jimi stands up as the bus arrives. Al, Jimi's father, gets off. From a distance: they embrace each other.

EXT. GREENWOOD MEMORIAL PARK - DAY

Jimi, carrying a bunch of his flowers, walks next to Al.

JIMI

I remember when mom died. You gave us whiskey instead of letting us go to the funeral. Now you've got a guilty conscience?

AL

Not at all. Look, son, if you love your mother, it doesn't matter if you're inside a disco, at McDonald's or standing in a rainy field.

Al clears his throat, while they arrive at the gravestone bearing Jimi's mother's name.

AL (CONT'D)

She's with you everywhere you go, one way or another.

Jimi absently nods, then kneels down at the gravestone and lays down the flowers. A tear is running down his cheek.

JIMI

I'll be with you soon.



Jimi stands up, determinedly faces his father.

JIMI (CONT'D)

No matter what, I want to be buried  
next to her.

AL (surprised)

Why are you telling me this? I'm next.

Close-up of Jimi's face.

JIMI

No, you aren't.

EXT. SPOKANE ARENA, SEALED AREA - NIGHT

Jimi, wears Hawaiian clothes and a lei around his neck.  
Fans cheer and grab at Jimi, Noel and Mitch as the trio  
fight their way toward their tour bus. Security guards do  
their best to keep a path to the bus door clear.

The three hastily enter the tour bus, the door is banged  
shut by the guards.

NOEL (out of breath)

Fucking madness! They'll tear us to  
shreds next time.

MITCH (laughing)

A piece of Jimi. Five dollars...

Jimi grabs his hair.

JIMI

As a matter of fact, someone ripped  
out some of my hair. Ouch!

The bus gets moving, but it's stop-and-go because of the fans. A fan jumps on the roof and dances. The three inside look up surprised by the banging on the roof.

JIMI

Jesus! I wish I had a machine gun.

MITCH

Let your bullets fly like rain, huh?

The bus drives around a curve, the dancer on the roof falls down.

JIMI (upset)

That's not fucking that. This is fucking this! We got to get these dudes off our fucking bus.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The bus reaches a highway.

NOEL

Well, I still prefer insanity to horrible sanity.

JIMI

Fuck Edgar Allan Poe! Fuck this whole fame bullshit!

NOEL

Says the man who had cast his penis in plaster.

JIMI

You did it, too.

NOEL

Yeah, but I didn't have problems  
getting the stuff off afterwards.

Both laugh.

JIMI

Hey, Mitch. Why didn't you get  
yourself immortalized?

All three get shaken by a sharp curve.

MITCH

Cause plaster doesn't get me hard.  
What do you care?

JIMI

Plaster isn't supposed to get you  
hard. You're supposed to get hard for  
the plaster.

MITCH

Yeah, and that's exactly where I'm  
getting off.

JIMI

Hey, how about me doing the plaster  
thing for you?

All three laugh.

Music 24: "Roll On John" - taken from Bob Dylan: "Tempest"  
(2012) 0:06:50 - 0:07:05

Start of a musical sequence:

Jimi and Noel sit at a table full of empty beer bottles and  
full ashtrays in a hotel lobby.

Jimi, unable to move, stares into nothingness while Noel sleeps with his head back.

Someone taps Noel on the shoulder, he wakes up and walks away.

Close-up of Jimi's face.

Jimi is seen from behind falling from his chair.

End of musical sequence.

End of music.

INT. DAVENPORT HOTEL, FLOOR - DAY

Noel impatiently walks up to Jimi's hotel room with a sports bag round his shoulder.

He loudly knocks on the door to Jimi's room. Two disturbed, half-naked girls covering their breasts with shirts and towels bust through the door, running past the surprised Noel.

Jimi shows up in the door frame, looking exhausted. He looks at the girls.

JIMI

Who are these girls? I swear I've never seen them before.

Noel irritably looks at his watch.

NOEL

Doesn't matter. You've got to get your stuff together. Fast!

INT. HUBER'S CAFE, PORTLAND - DAY

Jimi, Noel and Mitch sit round a table inside a cafe. Jimi exhaustedly leans back, while Noel halfheartedly stirs up his soup. Mitch returns from the bathroom, zips up his trousers in front of them, then sits down at the table.

MITCH

So, how about tonight at Veteran's Memorial? They really aren't paying us for that one?

JIMI

For what? Blasting up their hearing aids?

All three laugh, Noel has to cough heavily.

JIMI (CONT'D)

You're alright, Noel?

Jimi slaps on Noel's back.

NOEL

Yeah. How about a girl going around with a hat?

They all laugh again.

LEMMIE, one of the band's roadies with a big mustache and a pirate hat shows up. He uncomfortably shifts from one leg to the other.

JIMI

What's up, Lemmy? Want some soup?

LEMMY

Your father called. Your brother got busted. It's bad.

Jimi's smile on his face vanishes. He gets up quickly.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH, PORTLAND - DAY

Jimi worriedly looks around while pressing the telephone receiver hard against his ear.

JIMI

Man, I told you to stay away from the pills. You want me to come around? Sure?

Jimi sighs, his eyes fixed on his own feet.

JIMI (CONT'D)

Listen, get the most expensive lawyer in town, no matter it costs... You already did? Ok.

A truck drives past the phonebooth.

JIMI (CONT'D)

So there's really nothing I can do to help? Ok, bye.

Jimi gets out of the phone booth and, disorientated, looks at the dust blowing past on the sunlit street.

Music 25: "Denny Boy Traditional" - taken from Jimi Hendrix: "Cherokee Mist" (1991) 0:02:36 - 0:02:49

SUPER: 1969

End of music.

EXT. JIMI'S BROOK STREET APARTMENT, LONDON - NIGHT

Jimi, who has got a duffle bag over his shoulder with a guitar peeping out, amazedly looks at the millions of flowers in front of the entrance.

He rings the doorbell then insecurely looks up. Kathy looks out of the window, then vanishes. Quick steps are heard then Kathy swings the entrance door open and both intensely embrace.

INT. JIMI'S BROOK STREET APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kathy holds a cup of tea, sitting in a chair across from Jimi, and looks him up and down. Exhausted, he leans back in a big leather armchair. Jimi looks around at the paintings and wall decorations, then absently lights a cigarette.

KATHY

You look thin.

JIMI

I feel thin, too.

Kathy wipes away a tear of happiness.

KATHY

Six fucking months! Swear to me you won't do anything like that again.

JIMI

I swear to Jesus fucking Christ, in Lord's name I won't do anything like that again.

Jimi gets up, walks behind Kathy, massages her shoulders, smiles.

JIMI (CONT'D)

You're the sweetest fox on the whole  
fucking planet. And you know it.  
That's what makes you so sexy.

KATHY (giggling)

You're talking rubbish. And you know  
it.

JIMI

Hey, how about some baked potatoes?

Both laugh. Jimi kneels in front of her.

JIMI (CONT'D)

I met a black guy who calls white guys  
potatoes. So, you're a potato, too.

Kathy playfully drums on Jimi's shoulders.

KATHY

You're an aubergine then.

Both laugh. Jimi stands, grabs Kathy's hands and pulls her  
up.

JIMI

Let's make a tasty meal then, shall  
we?

INT. OLYMPIC STUDIOS, RECORDING ROOM - NIGHT

Jimi, Noel and Mitch record 'Angel'. Jimi signals to stop.  
Noel angrily stares at him.

NOEL

What the fuck? That take was perfect.



JIMI

Nah. Where were you when I played this?

Jimi plays a riff.

NOEL

Where was I? Right next to you. Where else?

JIMI

Over the hills and far away. That's where you were, and you know it.

MITCH

Guys, guys...

NOEL

You know what? Fuck you big boss! I'm fucking out!

Noel furiously grabs his jacket and storms out. Mitch worriedly takes up position next to Jimi, while watching the door slam behind Noel.

JIMI

Yeah! That's what friends are for!

MITCH

Man, that's the second time this week. This isn't for real, is it?

JIMI

Let's keep going. I can play the bass myself in a second take.

Zoom to MICHAEL JEFFERY, the band's new manager, wearing horn-rimmed glasses and a suit. He stands behind a glass wall, thoughtfully resting his chin on his hand.

Several groupies smoke, laugh and have a good time. Kathy rushes past them with shopping bags in her hands. She passes past the red recording light above her, enters the studio where Jimi and Mitch are jamming.

Surprised, Jimi looks up and stops playing. Eddie angrily takes off his earphones and covers his face with his hands in desperation. Michael turns up behind Kathy, who appears embarrassed.

MICHAEL JEFFERY

Young lady, do you know how much all this equipment here costs per minute?

KATHY

I'm truly, deeply sorry. I didn't notice the red light.

MICHAEL JEFFERY

Look, we're really having a hard time here recording.

Michael points to the door.

MICHAEL JEFFERY (CONT'D)

Would you be so kind?

Jimi puts away his guitar, grabs Kathy by the arm and casts a poisonous look at Michael.

JIMI

We were about to leave anyway.

Mitch shrugs his shoulders then angrily throws his drumsticks at the wall as Jimi and Kathy leave.

INT. THE RIALTO CINEMA, CINEMA HALL - NIGHT

Scene from "2001 - A Space Odyssey": A bunch of apes excitedly jumps around as a black monolith appears. Jimi bows to Kathy, who looks shocked, whispers in her ear. The cinema hall is empty apart from the two.

JIMI

I don't know what this movie is about,  
but that's all we are.

The famous scene with the light tunnel and the freeze frames of the stunned astronaut plays. Close-up of Jimi's paralyzed face. Kathy sleeps with her head back, snoring.

INT. THE RIALTO CINEMA, LOBBY - NIGHT

Jimi happily bites into a cookie, while Kathy tiredly looks around.

JIMI

You missed the best part.

Kathy rubs her eyes and takes in the scene.

KATHY

Which one out of the ten hours?

A YOUNG GUY in rocker clothes unbelievably stops in front of Jimi.

YOUNG GUY

Hey, isn't that...?

The young guy waves at his friends.

YOUNG GUY (CONT'D)

Hey, over here! It's Jimi Hendrix!

EXT. STREETS OF LONDON - NIGHT

Jimi and Kathy flee across the street away from the group of rambunctious youngsters.

JIMI

I really don't know what this movie was about, but I'm not afraid to go anymore.

Kathy stabs Jimi in the hips.

KATHY

You're frightening me with all this spooks talk!

Jimi waves down a cab.

KATHY (CONT'D)

Why don't you paint death wish on your face?!

JIMI

Maybe I just will!

Jimi holds the taxi door open for Kathy to get in then bangs it shut behind her and walks away. Kathy unbelievably raises her arms, while the cab driver turns around to look at her.

Jimi indecisively walks through the streets. He stops in front of a porn cinema.

JIMI (CONT'D) (mumbling)

Sydney, where are you now?

A guy bumps into him, excuses himself.

JIMI (CONT'D)

Ray?!

Jimi and Ray embrace each other.

JIMI (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you doing here?

RAY (laughing)

I wanted to ask you the same thing.

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jimi and Ray sit at a table that's full of fast food remnants. Jimi stares at the windows, it's raining cats and dogs outside.

RAY

So, Mr. pop star, ain't got anything to say?

JIMI

I'm not a pop star, I'm a porn star. I prostitute myself and everybody I know. For people I've never met.

RAY

Maybe you're right. You always were too open. And you could never say no.

Jimi unenthusiastically grabs a bag of fries, eats some, then chokes on them and has a coughing fit. Ray wants to get up in order to slap Jimi's back, but Jimi puts him off.

JIMI

Fucking fish and chips! Day in and out the same muck!

RAY

Why don't you eat in a fine restaurant? You should be able to afford it.

JIMI

White table clothes, screeching porcelain, slimy waiters? You must be out of your mind!

RAY

You got a point there.

Ray uncomfortably leans back, crosses his arms.

RAY (CONT'D)

Listen, I've read you were touring up and down in the States. Why haven't you stopped by?

Jimi goofily pokes at a fish filet with his fork, then eats it with his bare hands.

JIMI (with a full mouth)

You don't know how it is, man. You really don't know...

RAY

Listen, what is it I can do for you?

JIMI

Do you have amphetamines? The coke isn't working.

RAY

No, I'm sorry. I really don't understand you. You always wanted people to share your art with you. Now

(MORE)

RAY (CONT'D)

you're world's highest-paid rock star,  
but you still behave like a rundown  
tramp.

Jimi spits out a chunk of the fish filet, squeezes some  
lemon juice on it and puts it back in his mouth.

RAY (CONT'D)

Uuurrrgh!

JIMI

To you I'm a tramp. To my girlfriend  
I'm a stranger. To anyone else, I'm  
someone to look up to. Everybody only  
sees what they want to see. Nobody  
loves anybody.

Jimi empties a bottle of Coke then burps.

RAY (shrugs his shoulders)

I love burgers and fries, football,  
babes... and my mom.

JIMI (upset)

Appreciate it.

Jimi insecurely looks away then back at Ray.

JIMI (CONT'D)

Look man, I'm really sorry. You just  
caught me in the wrong mood...

RAY

No, that's how I remember you. When we  
were walking here I was worried you  
would kind of look down at me from  
your throne. But you haven't changed a  
bit.

Jimi leans back, burps again, holds his hand before his mouth.

JIMI

I'm sorry. I just saw a movie about apes. Realized that I'm one myself.

Ray stands up, puts on his jacket.

JIMI (CONT'D)

Hey, where are you going?

RAY

My girlfriend is waiting for me at the hotel. Looking forward to talking to someone who can also listen.

Ray puts his hand on Jimi's shoulder.

RAY (CONT'D)

Nevermind.

Jimi lifts up his arms in disbelief as Ray leaves the restaurant.

A WAITER stops in front of Jimi's table.

JIMI

What now? You going to throw me out?

The waiter shyly holds a paper and a pen in front of Jimi.

WAITER

May I have an autograph?



EXT. WOODSTOCK, FESTIVAL SITE - DAY

Jimi arrives with Billy and another band member of the newly founded 'Gypsy Sun And Rainbows' inside a tour bus at the Woodstock festival site.

Jimi jumps out of the bus, his feet hit the mud. He looks up over his shoulder at stormy clouds. Billy gets out behind him, is shivering.

BILLY

It's motherfucking cold, man!

Jimi thoughtfully nods, then stares at the giant crowd, while the rest of the band gets off.

JIMI

Fucking mescaline ain't working.

Billy lays his hand on Jimi's shoulder.

BILLY

I know your grandma was Cherokee.  
But you shouldn't imagine you're one  
yourself.

JERRY, a young drum player, moves up next to them, jumping up and down, breathing like a boxer.

JERRY

Where are they? Bring 'em on!

Jimi and Billy have to laugh.

JIMI

Come on, let's head back to the hotel.

EXT. THE VILLAGE HOTEL, ENTRANCE - DAY

The bus with Jimi, Billy and Jerry inside arrives, while it's raining and storming. The band hurries to get inside.

INT. THE VILLAGE HOTEL, FLOOR - DAY

Jimi and Jerry walk down a hotel hallway, then open the door to a huge suite, where the rest of the band is listening to 'Paint It, Black' by The Rolling Stones while wearing sunglasses.

INT. THE VILLAGE HOTEL, SUITE - DAY

Jimi shakes his head in disbelief, quickly goes through the records, chooses Bob Dylan's 'Blonde On Blonde'. He puts the record on the turntable, 'Rainy Day Women #12 & 35' plays. Some band members get upset and stand up, others smile like Jimi.

JIMI

Come on, guys! Paint it blue! Drugs  
are on the house!

Time has passed, some band members chill out silently in armchairs. Billy lights up a bong, inhales then has to cough.

Jimi laughs while 'Set The Controls For The Heart Of the Sun' by Pink Floyd plays.

JIMI (CONT'D)

Don't get so greedy. Pass it over  
to me, would you?

Billy hands the bong to Jimi, who empties the bowl, looks through it, then cleans it. Jerry seats himself next to Jimi.

JERRY

I don't know, man. Tell me something.

Jimi mixes grass, hash and tobacco inside a wooden bowl.

JIMI

You're worried about the gig?

Jerry wipes his nose with his arm.

JERRY

Kind of, yeah.

JIMI

First of all, a big crowd is nothing to be worried about. It's anonymous. No one hurts anyone.

Jerry nervously nods. Jimi lights up the bong, inhales like there's no tomorrow.

JIMI (CONT'D)

Fuck, what were we talking about?

JERRY

About anonymity.

JIMI

Yeah, right. When do you think, we should play? Saturday or Sunday?

JERRY

I don't know...

Mitch bursts into the room, loaded. Jimi contentedly looks at him.

JIMI

Mitch! Great you made it!

MITCH

Yeah, right! What do we need an army of guitarists and drummers for?! Can you tell me that?

JIMI

Hey, man. Chill out! It's the Gypsy Sun And Rainbows. That's Jerry.

Surprised, Jerry looks at Mitch. He wants to shake hands, but Mitch ignores him and grabs Jimi's bong instead and sits down.

MITCH

I don't care. Could be the fourth stone of the sun. I met a guy with a scarf outside who thinks he's Superman.

Jerry indecisively stands in front of the records, coughs. Mitch lights up the bong, angrily inhales the smoke.

JIMI

That's Larry. He's cool.

MITCH

Don't tell me he's in our band.

Jimi leans back, lights up a cigarette.

JIMI

As a matter of fact, he is.

Jerry chooses the record 'Feliciano!' by Jose Feliciano, puts on the turntable. 'Light My Fire' plays.

MITCH

Bass?

JIMI

No, we got Billy for that. Larry's on the rhythm guitar.

MITCH

Billy is here? Thank God.

Jimi pulls out a coin, flips it between his fingers.

JIMI

So, what do you think? Heads or tails?  
Saturday or Sunday?

Mitch exhaustedly leans back, stares into nothingness.

MITCH

Definitely Sunday.

EXT. WOODSTOCK, FESTIVAL SITE - DAY

Jimi and Mitch stand behind the giant Woodstock crowd. The sun is shining, a mild wind is blowing. Jerry is sitting on the dusty street in the background, drumming with his hands on his knees, staring down.

JIMI

Yeah, definitely Sunday.

INT. THE VILLAGE HOTEL, BAR - NIGHT

Jimi and Mitch lean against the bar counter, looking worn out.

MITCH

What do you think of Noel's new band Fat Mattress?

JIMI

I think it's a thin pillow.

Mitch laughs.

MITCH

Kathy says hello, by the way. She's worried about you.

JIMI

Me, too.

MITCH

Why is that?

JIMI

Cause I won't survive the next decade.

MITCH

That's what I've always hated about you. You're too soft.

Billy bursts in.

BILLY

Hey guys. The festival guy wants to know if we could play Monday morning.

Jimi and Mitch laugh out loud.

MITCH

Saturday, Sunday. Sunday, Saturday.  
Now it's Monday.

JIMI

That's fine with me. It's closing time  
anyway.

Billy nods then trots off.

JIMI (CONT'D)

Hey, why did you choose the past  
tense?

MITCH

What do you mean?

JIMI

You said: 'hated' not hate.

Close-up of Mitch's face.

MITCH

Cause there's no one there now. I'm  
talking to a dead man.

INT. THE VILLAGE HOTEL, BATHROOM - DAY

Close-up of Jimi's face in the mirror, it resembles a  
skull. Jimi takes a step back in the light, quickly moves  
his necklace with a blue medallion. He checks his hair,  
breathes deeply.

EXT. WOODSTOCK, BACKSTAGE - DAY

Jimi arrives with his band backstage, while Sha Na Na plays  
'Silhouettes' in front of a thinned-out crowd.

JIMI

Yeah, right.

Jimi turns to the band.

JIMI (CONT'D)

Listen up, guys. I know, you're nervous and all, but just stay cool, ok? This festival is about freedom, so we're free to play as bad as we want. I'm bagging most of the cash anyway.

Larry giggles while Mitch looks deadly serious.

MITCH

Hey, I didn't fly thousands of miles for a crap show.

Mitch stands next to Jimi.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Hey, guys. It takes the same energy to play bad as to play good, ok? I know, you're a bunch of bad motherfuckers, especially Mr. Green Hornet here, but bad ain't cool, ok? What do you say, Billy?

Billy is on a trip, looks through Mitch.

BILLY

What did you say?

Jimi claps on Billy's shoulder, startling him. All the others laugh.

BILLY (CONT'D)

What did he say?



EXT. WOODSTOCK, ON STAGE - DAY

Jimi plays 'Voodoo Chile (Slight Return)', the passage where he mentions the band member's names.

Cut to the passage, where 'Woodstock Improvisation' turns to 'Villanova Junction', which is played full length, while faces of the crowd are shown the way characters in a movie are introduced - every face tells a story.

At the end of the song, the audience is initially too stunned to react, then claps enthusiastically.

EXT. WOODSTOCK, BACKSTAGE - DAY

Jimi walks down some stairs backstage. There are some clouds in the sky. First-person view of Jimi collapsing, the camera roughly hits the ground.

INT. HOSPITAL, ROOM - NIGHT

Jimi wakes up in a little moonlit room inside a hospital, wearing a gown. He removes his arm from the drip, walks to the window, then he leans his arms on the window frame, rests his chin on it and wonderingly looks out.

SUPER: The Last Days

Music 26: "Red Sky At Night" - taken from David Gilmour:  
"On An Island" (2006) 0:00:05 - 0:00:33

Start of a musical sequence:

Jimi walks with his hand in his jacket pockets under a bridge at night at Chelsea Harbor. The moonlit river gives away a feeling of desolation and loneliness.

Jimi sits alone in the box of an opera, thoughtfully looking down with his chin resting on his folded hands.

Close-up of a king and two knights fighting inside a puppet show at a flea market. Jimi looks at them with wide, childish eyes. He sits Indian style, licks an ice cream, winces when a scoop of the ice cream falls to the ground.

Jimi is seen inside a crystal ball on the table, sleeping naked on his belly in a bed. A woman's hand is held at a candle next to the crystal ball, the flame is blown out.

End of musical sequence.

End of music.

INT. MONIKA'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tracking shot of paintings with Jimi Hendrix on them to a turntable with a spinning record. The last minutes of Pink Floyd's 'A Saucerful Of Secrets' play. MONIKA, an attractive blonde German woman, sips a glass of red wine.

Jimi enters the living room, that is full of lit candles. He has wet hair and a towel wrapped around his waist, he seems unsure what to do next. Monika nods at him, taps on the couch. Jimi sits down next to her.

MONIKA

Why haven't I portrayed you nude yet?  
You look gorgeous!

Jimi gives her a kiss on the cheek.

JIMI

Thanks, Darling.

Jimi turns around.

JIMI (CONT'D)

Why this church music? Are we getting married?

Monika gets up, switches records. 'Today' by Jefferson Airplane plays.

JIMI (CONT'D)

Much better.

Monika sits down again, fills a glass with red wine. She hands it to Jimi, who takes a sip.

MONIKA

What do you think of the 'Cry Of Love' tour? Was it what you expected?

JIMI

I don't know. I saw angels on the last show in Fehmarn. It was surreal.

MONIKA (disbelieving)

Like angels from heaven?

JIMI

No, no. I played 'Hey Baby' and then there were lights at the stage. Not flashing, just soft and gentle, like the shadows of men. It was like everything was wind except them.

MONIKA

I know what you mean...

JIMI

No, you don't. Let me finish this. They were like...

The telephone rings, Monika gets up.

MONIKA

Dannemann? Yeah, one moment.

Monika puts her hand at the telephone receiver.

MONIKA (CONT'D)

It's your lawyer.

Jimi stands and takes the receiver.

JIMI

Yes? Mmmhh, ok. No. Listen, I also chose you because you're the most expensive guy in town. Jeffery was or still is with MI6. The least I expect is some counter secret service. Find out everything you can. Yeah, right. Bye.

MONIKA

What the hell were you talking about?

JIMI

My manager. He was stationed in Egypt as a professional soldier, speaks Russian fluently. Anyway, what were we talking about?

MONIKA

About you giving me a massage.

Monika pulls off her black nightdress and sits half-naked in front of Jimi.

JIMI (smiling)

Babe, you're killing me.

INT. MONIKA'S APARTMENT, SLEEPING ROOM - NIGHT

Jimi and Monika lie half-naked on the bed. Jimi pulls a pack of cigarettes from the night table, finds out it's empty. He shows it to Monika, who jumps up, puts on a shirt and a leather jacket.

JIMI

You're sure about this?

MONIKA

A kiosk is right around the corner.  
It's no bother.

Jimi seats himself on the corner of the bed and insecurely looks around. Strange echoing voices come out of the adjoining bathroom.

Jimi is seen from behind walking into some strange bright light emerging out from the bathroom.

INT. MONIKA'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - NIGHT

As he reaches the bathroom, the light goes out with a bang. It's suddenly pitch dark. A light flickers on over the mirror above the sink.

Close-up of a bottle of sleeping pills on the lit mirror tray. Jimi looks around as if somebody is there, then at the tablets again.

JIMI

Is that what you're telling me?

The light goes out again.

Silent strobe cuts of Jimi swallowing a bunch of the pills, drinking water.

As the light goes up again, Jimi stands fully clothed next to his naked body on the bathroom floor. First, he's too stunned to react, then desperately kicks the body.

JIMI (CONT'D)

Hey, wake up you stupid little fool!

A strange soft female VOICE comes out of the mirror.

VOICE

Still a little fighter, aren't you?

Jimi walks to the mirror, but there is no reflection.

JIMI

I can't see myself.

Lucille, Jimi's mother, appears, then turns into Faye then into Kathy.

VOICE

What do you want me to look like?

JIMI

Ah, I get it... Monika was too good to be true.

The room abruptly turns upside down. Jimi lies on the ceiling looking down on his dead body on the floor. Two paramedics check it out. Monika is crying. The scene fades.

Jimi is flowing into something like a soft breeze, surrounded by all sorts of sweet voices. The ceiling turns into moving white clouds. Jimi is enchanted. He looks a last time down at the empty bathroom.

Close-up of Jimi's enchanted face looking directly into the camera.

## JIMI (CONT'D)

If I don't meet you no more in this  
world, then I'll meet you in the next  
one. And don't be late.

Main credits.

Music 27: "House Of The Rising Sun" - taken from Jimi  
Hendrix: "In The Beginning" (1973) 0:00:00 - 0:01:10

Rolling credits.

Music 28: "Sunshine Of Your Love" - taken from Jimi  
Hendrix: "Albert Hall Experience" (2004) 0:00:00 - 0:01:07

Music 29: "Getting My Heart Back Together (Soundcheck  
Recording)" - taken from Jimi Hendrix: "The Last  
Experience" (2006) 0:00:00 - 0:00:23

Music 30: "Pali Gap" - taken from Jimi Hendrix: "Rainbow  
Bridge" (1971) 0:02:21 - 0:03:21

Music 31: "Send My Love To Linda, Live And Let Live" -  
taken from Jimi Hendrix: "In The Studio Vol. 10" (2007)  
0:03:04 - 0:03:37

Music 32: "Hey Joe (Soundcheck Recording)" - taken from  
Jimi Hendrix: "The Last Experience" (2006) 0:02:58 -  
0:04:17

FADE OUT.