

A COMPLETE UNKNOWN

Screenplay by James Mangold and Jay Cocks

1 We hear a tinny wire recording of YOUNG WOODY GUTHRIE, his voice sharp and true : 1

..I've sung this song and I'll sing it again. Of the people I've met and the places I've been..

Some of the troubles that bothered my mind and a lotta good people I've left behind, singing..

So long, it's been good to know ya. So long, it's been good to --

The sound of traffic and news radio hits us as we--

CUT TO:

2 **INT. STATION WAGON -- WET DAY -- WINTER 1961** 2

Through the rear window, marshlands of Secaucus. Overpasses and steel rails converge and swirl.

Knees against the glass, A SLIGHT YOUNG MAN (19), stares at the world, his back wedged on a guitar case, among luggage. This is BOB. He holds --

A SMALL NOTEBOOK filled with scrawlings. "Song for Woody" it says on top of one page.

Up front, A BUZZCUT MAN, 50, drives. Beside him, HIS WIFE, a large woman, 50's, hair net, holds a map. Through the windshield, the Empire State Building pokes over the Lincoln Tunnel entrance up ahead.

CUT TO:

3 **EXT. 10TH AVENUE -- WET DAY -- MOMENTS LATER** 3

The station wagon pulls away, leaving Bob standing at the tunnel exit with his bag and guitar case.

Bob looks at his surroundings; Hell's Kitchen, harsh and gray, taller buildings looming uptown, the spire of the Empire State towering over it all.

On the corner A COP AND A PUERTO RICAN DRIVER argue beside a double parked truck.

Bob turns up his collar and looks at a clipping from his notebook. He considers things and then heads southbound.

CUT TO:

4

INT. FEDERAL COURTROOM -- SOUTHERN DISTRICT -- WET DAY

4

Everyone rises to attention before A FEDERAL JUDGE WITH A SINATRA TOUPÉE AND EYE PATCH. Among the crowd, beatniks, hippies, academics and reporters.

At the Defendant's table, PETE SEEGER, 41, beside a legal team. Harvard educated, Pete is a folk missionary a storyteller and a star. Behind him, Pete's wife, TOSHI, 40.

JUDGE

Mr. Seeger. Do you have anything to say before I pronounce your sentence?

PETE

Your honor, I've never said or done anything subversive of my country. And that's not why I'm here. I'm here because some Congressmen don't like some people I sang for.

JUDGE

Communist people.

PETE

I've sung for every type of person, your honor. In churches, unions, saloons and street corners. I've sung for the richest richers, oldest oldsters and the youngest youngsters. I've sung for anyone; black, brown, yellow, white, blue and red.

The gallery cheers. The Judge's face sours.

PETE (CONT'D)

My friend Woody Guthrie, your honor, he's been on my mind. He's not well. Woody likes to say a good song can only do good. So, might I sing a good song for you? One he wrote?

JUDGE

No, you may not, Mr. Seeger.

Pete reaches for his Vega long neck and the gallery reacts. The one-eyed Judge bangs his gavel.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

I said NO!

PETE

You sure? It's free.

The gallery cheers! More gavel banging.

JUDGE

Quiet! This is a courtroom, not a damned hootenanny!

(then)

Mr. Seeger. A jury has found you guilty of Contempt of Congress. You refused to answer questions--

PETE

I refused to name names, sir.

JUDGE

Refused to answer questions under Federal subpoena.

PETE

If I can't sing, perhaps, your honor, I could tell you a wonderful parable--

JUDGE

(bangs gavel)

Enough! Mr. Seeger, you are sentenced to one year of confinement at a Federal Penitentiary.

The gallery gasps. Pete looks to Toshi as Pete's lawyer leans over, whispers.

LAWYER

You're not going to jail, Pete. We're posting bail. And Captain Hook left a trail wide open for appeal.

PETE

Don't make fun of his eye, Frank.

The Judge bangs his gavel again as we--

CUT TO:

5

EXT. BLEEKER AND MACDOUGAL -- SAME WET AFTERNOON

5

Carrying his guitar, Bob steps over a tattered man on the sidewalk, then sidesteps a gaggle of bohemes laughing. Music rises as he rounds the corner to MacDougal Street.

A circus-like atmosphere. The sidewalks buzz with folk fans, students, beatniks, bikers, academics; prepsters and shaggy Ginsburg-types. An Indian man on a blanket plays tambourine..

Banners hang from storefronts, coffee shops and clubs with names like "Cafe Wa?", "The Gaslight", "Kettle of Fish" "Cafe Reggio", folk music leaking out the establishments.

Bob checks his wallet. Three dollars.

CUT TO:

6 **EXT. 110 MACDOUGAL STREET -- SAME** 6

On a storefront window, hand painted words --

"BOOKS on FOLK-LORE, FOLK DANCE, FOLK MUSIC!

WE SEE -- BOB in reflection staring at books on the history of Folk, Blues, Celtic music, crafts and dance. Records by Leadbelly, Elizabeth Cotton, Woody Guthrie, Irish Balladeers, Robeson and Pete Seeger are displayed. Photos of these artists adorn walls beside folk instruments.

Bob glances at the sign above his head -- "FOLK-LORE CENTER". Bob tries the door but it's locked. A sign says --

AT COURTHOUSE. BE THERE OR BE ! - IZZ.

CUT TO:

7 **INT. THE KETTLE OF FISH BAR -- SAME** 7

The place is empty except for A TABLE OF MUSICIANS holding court. The bartender approaches Bob, who stands at the bar, taking a fistful pretzels from a bowl.

BOB

Some water, please.

The bartender grimaces and gives him water. A bearded musician (DAVE VAN RONK, 25) arrives at the bar to settle up as Bob holds out a scrap of paper to the bartender.

BOB (CONT'D)

..Uh. You know where this is?
Greystone. It's a hospital. Woody
Guthrie's in this place. Is it uptown?

The bartender looks to Van Ronk who peers at Bob's scrap.

DAVE VAN RONK

That's a mental hospital, pal. In
Morris Plains.

(off Bob's blank look)
Woody's across the river, in New
Jersey.

BOB

I just came from New Jersey.

BARTENDER

So go back.

CUT TO:

8 **EXT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE -- LATE WET AFTERNOON**

8

People hold umbrellas over Pete Seeger as he stands on the courthouse steps, his Vega banjo around his neck, surrounded by fans, press and his legal team. A small contingent of Birchers protest on the corner.

Pete speaks into a mic, strumming his Vega now.

PETE

I offered to sing this for the Judge today. He didn't want to hear it.

(boos)

But I'm gonna sing it for you.

(cheers)

Maybe you can sing too.

(sings)

*As I went walking that ribbon of highway,
I saw above me the endless skyway. I saw
below me the golden valley. This land was
made for you and me.*

The crowd cheers. Seeger leans in.

PETE SINGS

*I roamed and rambled and followed my
footsteps. To the sparkling sands of her
diamond deserts. And all around me a
voice was sounding. This land was made
for you and me.*

The crowd joins Pete for the chorus. Even the Birchers get quiet. The sound of all these voices together is moving.

PETE SINGS W/ CROWD

*This land is your land. This land is my
land. From California to the New York--*

CUT TO:

9 **EXT. GREYSTONE HOSPITAL -- NEW JERSEY -- WET NIGHT**

9

A gothic institution. Smoke churns from a boiler stack. A cab driver pulls to a stop and jerks the meter. Bob gets out and shows his wallet to the driver. Two ones..

DRIVER

Shit. I knew it.

The driver snatches the bills and speeds off.
A distant banjo as we--

CUT TO:

10A INT. HALLWAY -- GREYSTONE HOSPITAL -- SAME

10A

Bob gets to the top of the stairs and finds himself looking down a long hall, light coming from a room at the end of the corridor.

PETE SINGS

*..A thousand friends waiting to kiss
my sweet bride.*

Bob approaches the lit room. He arrives at the door through which he sees --

A MOTIONLESS MAN in a bed is connected to a ventilator.

On the other side of the room -- PETE SEEGER, in the same clothes from the courthouse, sits playing banjo (softly) and singing (likewise) for another sickly man in a bed.

This man is WOODY GUTHRIE (52, looks worse). Not the vibrant troubadour we saw in archival footage. Gaunt and weak, Woody listens attentively as Pete sings.

AN OLD GIBSON IS PROPPED beside the bed. "This Machine Kills Fascists" it says above the sound hole.

PETE SINGS (CONT'D)

*I was so anxious I rushed her outside.
I told her.. So long, it's been good
to know ya.*

Bob glances at his own reflection in a glass door.

CUT TO:

10 INT. WOODY'S ROOM -- GREYSTONE HOSPITAL -- CONTINUOUS

10

CLOSE ON -- PETE, singing, tired, but he loves this man as one loves their father. Woody's eyes smile, alive.

PETE SINGS

*--So long, it's been good to know ya..
I've got to be driftin' along.*

Pete strums a final chord. A quiet moment between them.

PETE

*'Wish you were at the court today,
Wood. Weather turned. But our friends
showed up, made themselves heard.*

Woody's eyes flick to the doorway behind Pete.

Pete turns to see -- Bob, standing there.

PETE (CONT'D)

..Hello.

Bob steps into the room.

BOB

Excuse me, Mr. Guthrie.

PETE

No one calls him Mr. Guthrie 'cept
the government.

BOB

I'm not the government.

PETE

Then take a seat.

Pete occupies the room's only chair. He pats the foot of the
bed. Bob obeys and sits at Woody's feet.

PETE (CONT'D)

I'm Pete, by the way.

BOB

Yes sir, no question about it.

PETE

How about you?

BOB

I'm Bobby.

PETE

Something go after that?

Like it's the first time he said it.

BOB

..Dylan.

Woody grunts and points at the guitar case in Bob's hands.

PETE

Woody wants to know more about that,
Bobby Dylan.

BOB

I sing and I play. Write some.
Couple of friends of mine, Paul and
Jon, out in Minneapolis..

PETE

Minnesota boy.

BOB

They had a few of Woody's records.
Folkways Records. Yours, Leadbelly. I
listened to 'em and well, they struck
me to the ground.

(to Pete)

I liked yours too, Pete--

PETE

That's fine.

BOB

Then, Paul, my friend, he heard you
was in the hospital, so I hitched
myself here.

PETE

Why is that?

BOB

..I wanted to meet him.

(smiles)

Maybe catch a spark.

Bob feels Woody's hand nudging, holding a small card. Bob
takes it. Written on one side is Woody's name.

PETE

We had 'em made for visitors, but
it's mostly family who comes.

Bob flips the card. The back reads -- "I AIN'T DEAD YET."

BOB

That's for damn sure.

Woody makes a small sound. His eyes move to Bob's guitar.

PETE

He wants to hear something.

Bob hesitates.

PETE (CONT'D)

You shy?

BOB

Not usually.

Bob unpacks his guitar, checks the tuning. He pulls out his
notebook, thumbing for lyrics.

BOB (CONT'D)

There's one.. I wrote for him.
 (to Woody)
 For you.

PETE

I'll bet you know it.

Bob pockets the notebook and plays an intro. He has their attention already. He's good. Then he starts to sing :

BOB SINGS

*I'm out here a thousand miles from my
 home. Walkin' a road other men have
 gone down. I'm seein' your world of
 people and things. Your paupers and
 peasants and princes and kings.*

As Bob continues, Pete is impressed with his intensity, his lyrics. He looks to Woody, who blinks, thinking the same.

BOB SINGS (CONT'D)

*Hey hey, Woody Guthrie, I wrote you a
 song. 'Bout a funny ol' world that's a-
 comin' along. Seems sick and it's
 hungry, tired and it's torn. Looks
 like it's dyin' and hardly been born.*

Woody's face muscles manage.. no mistaking it.. a smile.

BOB SINGS (CONT'D)

*Here's to Cisco, Sonny and Leadbelly
 too. To all the good people that
 traveled with you. Here's to the hearts
 and hands of the men. That come with
 the dust ..and are gone with the wind.*

CUT TO:

11

INT. / EXT. PETE SEEGER'S STATION WAGON -- SAME WET NIGHT

11

Driving slow through the night, Pete and Bob are quiet. Pete sips coffee from a thermos, offers Bob a sip. Bob waves him off, then realizes he's sitting on a legal file.

PETE

..Just throw them in back.
 I had a court date today.

BOB

Speeding ticket?

PETE

Sort of.

Bob snaps on the radio. WE HEAR snatches of news (special Forces sent to South Vietnam), commercials, pop, jazz..

BOB

..You mind?

Pete shakes his head. Bob finds "Slippin' and Slidin'" by Little Richard and settles back. Off Pete's look.

BOB (CONT'D)

Little Richard. That's the flip side on "Long Tall Sally."

PETE

You like rock and roll?

BOB

I like everything except maybe Patti Page and that doggie in the window. Or Vaughn Monroe. I don't like him. But then Monroe did "Ghost Riders in the Sky" and I like that. I like Johnny Cash. 'Ever hear him? But if you're talking about rock and roll, you have to be talking about Buddy Holly.

PETE

That so?

BOB

Saw him once. With his band. Not long before he died. I watched his hands and his face, the way he tapped his foot, his glasses, the way he held his guitar. He looked me in the eye.

Pete takes this in.

PETE

And you consider yourself a folk musician now?

BOB

I'm not sure what "Folk" is, Pete. Like, is that with a capital F?

PETE

Well, if you like Woody's music. That's Folk Music. With a capital F.

BOB

Woody's seen a thing or two. Puts it down clear. Not fancy. I like that. Y'gotta like that. Wakes you up.

PETE

Some people like being asleep. Folk music tells stories about real people, working people, all over the world. Their struggles, heartbreaks. It isn't dressed up, sugared-up and packaged-up like Rice Krispies.

BOB

No snap crackle or pop.

PETE

A good song doesn't need frills to do the job-- drums, electrified guitars.

BOB

Sometimes they sound good..

PETE

Well they make an empty song sound full, that's for sure.

CUT TO:

12

INT. / EXT. WASHINGTON HEIGHTS -- SAME

12

Pete's station wagon pulls to the curb. The city to one side and the outline of the George Washington Bridge on the other. Bob starts to climb out, his feet landing in slush.

PETE

Where you staying, Bobby?

BOB

..downtown.

PETE

My wife and I got a place up river.

BOB

I don't want to be any trouble.

PETE

Is anyone expecting you downtown?

BOB

Well, friends. ..of friends.

CUT TO:

13

EXT. SEEGER CABIN -- HUDSON VALLEY -- SAME WET NIGHT

13

Pete pulls into the driveway of a log cabin home. As Bob and he climb out, the door opens to reveal TOSHI.

PETE

Tosh. This is Bobby. He came to see Woody and didn't have a place to stay.

TOSHI

Hello, Bobby.

Bob nods a cheeful hello, marveling at the house.

BOB

This looks like the picture on the maple syrup bottle.

PETE

Well, we make syrup from the maples over there.

(as they head inside)

We built this place. Stick by stick. Added plumbing a few years ago.

14

INT. PETE SEEGER'S HOUSE -- SAME NIGHT

14

Bob stands as Pete brings Bob a glass of water and Toshi carries bedding to a couch as -- Bob sips the water and sees a little girl (TINYA, 5) watching him from her loft. In another bedroom is MIKA, 8), also watching. In another small room, DANNY, (12) eyes Bob as he passes.

PETE

Bedtime, Danny. Everyone to bed.

Pete gestures to the couch by a window.

PETE (CONT'D)

You gonna be good here, Bobby?

BOB

A-okay.

Bob nods and flops on the sofa, taking in artifacts of folk history all around him. He reaches for a cigarette.

TOSHI

Can you go out if you smoke?

BOB

Yes ma'am.

Toshi moves off, making sure the children are in bed.

PETE

See you in the morning, Bobby.

CUT TO:

15 **INT. SEEGER HOUSE -- PETE & TOSHI'S BEDROOM -- LATER**

15

Toshi, sits in bed, watching --

Bob, out the window, shuffling on the plank porch, smoking.
Toshi turns to Pete as he sits on the bed.

PETE

I had to see Woody, Tosh. He was
worried. I wanted to share the good
news.

TOSHI

A year in prison is not good news.

PETE

Frank says it's going away. You heard
him.

TOSHI

So now you want to go on tour.

Pete smiles.

PETE

Well, we can tell Town Hall we can do
the show they were pitching next
month.

Toshi takes this in, looks out to Bob on the porch as he
crosses, re-entering the house. A clatter as Bob knocks
something.

PETE (CONT'D)

He'll go to sleep soon. He's a little
excited. He met his hero tonight.

(then)

Not me. Woody.

(then -- opt.)

The boy played a hell of a song..

CUT TO:

16 **INT. SEEGER HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- MORNING**

16

Through windows, morning light over the Hudson River.
Bob sits, plucking guitar chords, jotting in his book.

In the kitchen, Toshi cooks and Pete's children, in pajamas,
eat breakfast and watch the rumpled stranger :

BOB SINGS

*..If you're travelin' in the north
country fair. Where the winds hit
heavy on the borderline.*

BOB SINGS (CONT'D)

*Remember me to one who lives there.
She once was a true love of mine..*

Emerging from the bathroom, Pete crosses to the kitchen.

BOB SINGS (CONTINUING) (CONT'D)

*If you go when the snowflakes storm.
When the rivers freeze and summer ends.*

Bob meets eyes with Pete who looks to Toshi.

BOB SINGS (CONT'D)

*Please see if she's wearing a coat so
warm. To keep her from the howlin' winds.
(stops, looks up at them)
All I got. So far.*

Tinya Seeger, (5), fills the silence.

TINYA

Good start.

CUT TO:

17

INT. TOWN HALL CONCERT HALL -- A MONTH LATER

17

BOB stands in the wings of the big stage, watching as --

PETE SEEGER stands in the spotlight, alone plucking his banjo, preaching to a packed house of upscale patrons :

PETE

We got some good basses here tonight,
so.. here's a song I've sung many
times before. But it needs low
voices.. and it don't matter if
they're male or female!

(laughter from crowd)

Low voices, this is what you sing; *HEY-
UP-OHH--A-WIM-O-WEH, A WIM-O-WEH.*

(crowd joins in)

Again! Imagine you're in Africa!

(he sings with them,
making them stronger)

HEY-UP-OH--A-WIM-O-WEH, A WIM-O-WEH...

Bob looks out into the crowd, sees the smiles, young and old, the pure joy of sing-a-long. TOSHI stands in an aisle, taking photos of her husband and the happy faces --

PETE (CONT'D)

*..And anyone who can't get that low,
we'll make you sopranos!*

(Pete sings higher)

A-wimoweh-a-wimoweh..

The ladies and children in the crowd sing with Pete now.

PETE (CONT'D)

And now add back the low parts!

NOW, EVERYONE SINGS TWO PART HARMONY. It sounds glorious.

PETE IN THE SPOTLIGHT, the happiest we ever see him. He breaks into falsetto, yodeling. His eyes flick to Bob as the lights go black. THE CROWD ROARS.

PETE APPEARS BACKSTAGE, BESIDE BOB, wiping sweat, quaffing water and passing his banjo to a stagehand. He looks at Bob.

PETE (CONT'D)

Gotta get you out there..

Pete grabs a guitar from a stagehand and heads back out.

CHEERS!

CUT TO:

18 **EXT. MERCER STREET -- EARLY EVENING**

18

Trees are budding as a 22 YEAR OLD WOMAN with long black hair rounds a corner, hauling a guitar. She passes a crowd of folkies and hipsters waiting for "GERDES FOLK CITY" to open.

FOLKIE FANS

Joan! JOAN!!

-- but they're too late -- THE DOORS CLOSE revealing a sign:
TONIGHT! FROM WEST COAST! JOAN BAEZ! OPEN MIC AT 10!

CUT TO:

19 **INT. THE GERDES FOLK CITY -- DRESSING ROOM -- SAME**

19

JOAN enters her small dressing room to find -- ALBERT GROSSMAN, a mop-haired talent manager sitting in the corner. He reads from a newspaper :

ALBERT

"Baez sends one scurrying to the thesaurus for superlatives. A beautiful recording for people who hate folk and those that love it."

The door opens to reveal TITO, stage manager. We see the packed club behind him.

TITO

Five minutes, Joan.

ALBERT
 Tito, I'm reading!
 (waves the paper)
 That's the New York Times, Joanie.
 Bob Shelton is a fan.

Joan allows a smile.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
That's what I want to see!
 (points toward stage)
 Not what they should see, but what
 your manager should see!

JOAN
 You're not my manager. And that review
 is two weeks old.

Tito crosses to grab the trash bin.

ALBERT GROSSMAN
 Shelton's back tonight. At the bar
 with John Hammond. John Hammond,
 Joanie.. Columbia Records.

JOAN
 I don't need a label. Or a manager.

ALBERT GROSSMAN
 Columbia is not a label. It's Mount
 Rushmore; Tony Bennett, Doris Day,
 Johnny Mathis, Miles Davis. They got
 everyone.. Except a folk singer.

JOAN
 Albert, can you leave please?

Albert sighs and gathers his things to exit with Tito.

ALBERT
 Other girls strum, Tito, they smile.
 Joanie looks at her shoes. Acts
 depressed. Makes men crazy.

CUT TO:

JOAN SINGS
*If I had listened to what my mother
 said I'd have been at home today.
 But I was young and foolish, oh God
 Let a rambler lead me astray..*

Under a harsh spot, JOAN BAEZ sings from a stool. Her soprano is lovely, but there's also a cut of pain in it.

IN THE BACK OF THE PACKED CLUB, ALBERT works to get closer to JOHN HAMMOND as he chats with a coterie of industry types.

JOAN SINGS (CONT'D)

*Go tell my baby sister "Don't do what
I have done." But shun that house in
New Orleans they call the Rising Sun.*

Between stanzas, Joan's eyes flick to --

THE AUDIENCE -- Among them, Albert, Hammond. Shelton from the Times, making notes. Then her eyes find PETE SEEGER. Pete beams. He stands beside BOB, disheveled, in a newsboy cap.

Bob stares at Joan. She holds his look a moment, then turns from the mic and lets her unamplified voice loose.

JOAN SINGS ACAPELLA

*I'm going back to New Orleans. My race
is almost run. I'm going back to spend
my life beneath that Rising Sun..*

Lights duck. The crowd applauds enthusiastically. Joan stands, gathering her gear.

GERDES MC

Joan Baez, ladies and gentlemen!

Joan makes a beeline to her dressing room, passing Pete who grabs a hold of her.

PETE

Just great, Joan. So moving.

JOAN

Thanks, Pete.

PETE

This is my friend, Bobby.

Bob offers his hand. She shakes it.

BOB

Real nice work.

JOAN

Thanks.

Joan moves off as --

GERDES MC

And now, a special guest is going to introduce open mic tonight..

PETE

But I'm not passing the basket!

The audience laughs. Everyone recognizes his voice.

GERDES MC

A voice we already know. And love!
Mr. Pete Seeger!

Pete ambles onstage to great applause, whistles.

PETE

Thanks, folks. A few months ago, Woody and me, we met a young man. He kind of dropped in on us. And he sang for us.

Paying his tab, John Hammond turns from his entourage.

PETE (CONT'D)

And that moment, Woody and I felt like there might be a new road. We wanted to share that feeling. He's been playing a bit around town but I thought it was time he take the stage at Folk City. Say hello to my friend, Bobby Dylan.

To polite applause, Bob shuffles up to the stage.

BOB

Thanks, Pete. 'Lot to live up to.
(tuning his guitar)
'Hope this goes better than it did in East Orange, New Jersey.

Sparse chuckles for the scrawny young man in the spotlight. Bob hardly looks from his guitar, speaks quickly, edgy.

BOB (CONT'D)

Not long ago I played this coffee house in East Orange, New Jersey.
-- You don't know about this, Pete.

Pete watches, smiling, but unsure where his friend is going.

BOB (CONT'D)

It was a chess-playing coffee house in East Orange, New Jersey. Chess boards everywhere. Everybody sipping tea and playing chess.

BOB (CONT'D)

I try to do a quiet song and in the middle I hear stuff like "Good move!" or "Check mate!"

Laughter from the crowd. As Joan gathers her things, she looks at Bob on stage through her cracked dressing room door.

BOB (CONT'D)

Anyways. After two days, I quit and asked for my pay. And the manager, he looks at me and says, "We don't pay in money here in East Orange" He says "We pay here in chess men".

More laughter.

BOB (CONT'D)

And I say, "Okay, gimme my chess men then." And he reaches under the bar and pulls out a King and Queen. So, I take my King and my Queen down the street to a bar. And I go to the bartender and I says "Gimme a pint." And the bartender gives me a pint and asks me to pay. So I give him my King and my Queen. And I'll be damned, he takes them, reaches under the bar and brings out ..a Pawn, two Bishops and a Rook *for change*.

Uproarious laughter. Pleased, Bob sets his harp rack round his neck. He starts plucking a plaintive intro. He sees --

Joan crossing to leave. She pauses before the exit, getting praise, meeting eyes with Bob..

BOB (CONT'D)

How 'bout that Joan Baez? I gotta say, folks, she's pretty good.

(strong applause)

She's pretty, that's for sure, and sings pretty. Maybe too pretty.

Joan reacts without moving. Bob turns to the audience.

BOB (CONT'D)

Anyways. Here's something I wrote. Hope you think it's good. It's gotta be good for somebody.

Bob's intensity holds everyone now. And then..

BOB SINGS

*I was young when I left home.
And I've been rambling round.
And I never wrote a letter to my home.
To my home, Lord, to my home.
I never wrote a letter to my home.*

CLOSE ON -- SHELTON, SEEGER, JOAN, ALBERT, everyone watching.

BOB SINGS (CONT'D)

*It was just the other day. I was
bringing home my pay. When I met an
old friend I used to know. He said,
your mother's dead and gone. Every
sisters all gone wrong. And your daddy
needs you home right away. I have a
shirt on my back. Not a penny on my
name. Oh, I can't go home this way.
This way, Lord, Lord, Lord. And I
can't go home this way..*

You could hear a pin drop and suddenly we hear a wicked
harp solo and --

WE CUT TO:

21 **EXT. WEST VILLAGE PARK -- DAY**

21

Bob sits on a bench with a partner (MARK). They play their
guitars on the perimeter of Washington Square, a hat for
donations. Passing Beatniks, professors and women, tweedy and
boheme watch Bob making car sounds and sing as they pass..

BOB SINGS

*Take me riding in a car, car. Take you
riding in a car, car. Take you for a
ride or take you for a ride. Oh, going
for a ride in a car!*

A lady with a grinning boy puts a dollar in Bob's hat. It
sits with another dollar plus pocket change. Bob scoops up
the cash and ditches Mark, runs toward a cab.

CUT TO:

22 **EXT. COLUMBIA RECORDS -- MIDTOWN -- DAY**

22

Bob steps out of his taxi carrying his axe in front of the
COLUMBIA RECORDS BUILDING. Al Grossman comes for him, freaked
out, arms flailing, revealing a pistol under his sport coat.

ALBERT GROSSMAN

What does two o'clock mean to you,
Bobby? Cause I can tell you what it
means to John Hammond. It means two
fucking o'clock. And right now, it's
fucking five minutes past three!

BOB
Are you packing heat, Albert? That
looks like a snubnose.

CUT TO:

23 **INT. COLUMBIA RECORDS BUILDING -- ELEVATOR -- SAME**

23

Albert and Bob ride an elevator with an attendant. Albert
reads a clipping from The NY Times in a hushed voice.

ALBERT GROSSMAN
..a cross between a choir boy and a
beatnik, Mr. Dylan has a cherubic look
and a mop of tousled hair--

BOB
Stop it.

ALBERT GROSSMAN
-- tousled hair he covers with a Huck
Finn cap. His clothes need tailoring--

BOB
Stop.

ALBERT GROSSMAN
--but when he works his guitar there
is no doubt he is bursting at the
seams with talent.

Bob grabs the clipping. Reads it.

ALBERT GROSSMAN (CONT'D)
A rave from the Times. Our floor.

Albert drags Bob out as he folds the clipping.

CUT TO:

24 **INT. RECORDING STUDIO -- DAY**

24

IN THE CONTROL ROOM, AN ENGINEER checks a reel to reel as it
spins then crosses past John Hammond and Albert Grossman back
to the board, meters bouncing. He watches with skepticism as,
through the glass, BOB lays a take of "Fixin to Die".

BOB SINGS
*Feelin' funny in my mind Lord, I
believe I'm fixin' to die. Well I
don't mind dyin' but I hate to leave
my children cryin'..*

HAMMOND
Can you start again, Bob? You keep
turning from the mic.

BACK IN THE CONTROL ROOM, Albert crosses to Hammond, who stands beside an ART DIRECTOR. They examine proofs of an album cover; a photo of Bob embracing the neck of his Gibson.

As Bob starts playing again --

ALBERT
(whispers to Hammond)
He's got originals too. Good ones.

HAMMOND
Traditional repertoire for now,
Albert. We're putting a young face on
it. I signed LaFarge for originals.
(to a designer re: cover)
Is this the best one?

CUT TO:

25

INT. RIVERSIDE CHURCH -- SAME

25

CLOSE ON -- BOB, at a mic, blowing on a harp. He stands under a church banner which declares Saturday Blues Jam!

BOB SINGS
*Well, if I had to do it all over again
Babe, I'd do it all over you. And if I
had to wait for ten thousand years
Babe, I'd even do that too.*

TWO BLUESMEN (SONNY TERRY & BROWNIE MCGHEE) wait to go on. The opening act is BOB, playing feverishly :

BOB SINGS (CONT'D)
*Well, a dog's got his bone in the
alley. A cat, she's got nine lives.
A millionaire's got a million dollars
King Saud's got four hundred wives..*

Bob's eyes catch -- A MAN IN HEADPHONES, 40's, who operates a Nagra near the altar assisted by A YOUNG WOMAN (GENA).

BOB SINGS (CONT'D)
*Everybody's got somethin' that they're
lookin' forward to. I'm lookin'
forward to when I can do it all again.
And babe, I'll do it all over you.*

Eager applause as Bob steps off the stage and SONNY TERRY and BROWNIE MCGHEE, take the mic.

BROWNIE MCGHEE
Ladies and Gentlemen, Bobby Dylan!
That boy plays some harp!

Bob tips his hat to the bluesmen and walks toward the pews. He passes A PRETTY GIRL WITH TEASED HAIR (SYLVIE, 19). Bob throws himself into a pew behind her, takes out a bible and starts pretending to read it. Sylvie turns around..

SYLVIE
How old are you?

BOB
Twenty.

SYLVIE
You wrote those songs?

BOB
The last two.

SYLVIE
You're good.

BOB
You mean for my age?

Someone shushes them.

BOB (CONT'D)
Thanks. Thank you.

Sylvie turns back to the stage as--

BROWNIE MCGHEE SINGS
*You don't know where you're goin'. But
you do know where you been! Walk on,
walk on, walk on, I walk on.*

Bob leans forward and whispers to Sylvie.

BOB
What's that guy doing?

He points to the MAN ON THE NAGRA.

SYLVIE
That's Alan Lomax. That's what he
does. He runs the Archive of American
Folk. They record Folk Music.

BOB
How do you know so much?

SYLVIE
My sister works for him.

Sonny and Brownie groove as Bob holds out a crumpled bag.

BOB
Want some peanuts?

She takes one.

BOB (CONT'D)
'used to live on these things when
I worked at a carnival.

SYLVIE
You worked at the carnival?

CUT TO:

26 **EXT. RIVERSIDE CHURCH -- SAME**

26

Sylvie and Bob walk from the church, Bob toting his guitar.

BOB
..They had strong men, fire eaters,
siamese twins. All that stuff. One
lady, her skin was burnt off and she
looked like a grown up wrinkly baby.
People would pay money to see her in a
crib with a rattle.

CUT TO:

27 **SYLVIE AND BOB WALK DOWN THE STREET -- SAME**

27

BOB
The whole thing made me think about
people on stage. About how everyone
who gets on a stage, everyone who's
gonna hold your attention, they have
to kinda be a freak.

SYLVIE
Not everyone.

BOB
Anyone who's good.

SYLVIE
Are you a freak?

BOB
I hope so.

SYLVIE
Frank Sinatra's not a freak.

BOB
That voice ain't human.

Sylvie takes this in.

SYLVIE

--she runs away, becomes beautiful,
falls in love, returns home, destroys
her Mom and adopts the child of a man
she can never have.

BOB

She didn't *find herself*, like her
"self" was a missing shoe. She just
made herself into something different.

SYLVIE

Something better.

BOB

Different.

SYLVIE

Okay.

BOB

What she wanted to be.

Sylvie thinks about this.

SYLVIE

What do you want to be?

BOB

A musician. Who eats.

SYLVIE

Well, I'd bet on you. I like your
songs.

BOB

(shrugs)

My record comes out in a couple weeks.

SYLVIE

Are some of the songs you played today
on your record?

BOB

Nah. It's mostly standards.
Traditional stuff.

(off her look)

Folk songs are supposed to stand the
test of time. Like Shakespeare. They
say no one wants to hear what some kid
wrote last month.

SYLVIE

Who's they?

BOB

Record company. Manager.

SYLVIE

I'm sorry but "Where Have All The
Flowers Gone" is not Shakespeare.

Bob smiles. The check arrives. Bob looks at his empty wallet
but Sylvie slaps down cash hands it to the waiter.

SYLVIE (CONT'D)

I mean there was a time when the old
songs were new, right?

(grabs her jacket)

Someone, at some point, had to give
the songs a chance. I mean, there's a
Civil War going on right now. Biggest
military build-up in the history,
bombs hanging over us. It's not all
about the dust bowl or Johnny
Appleseed anymore.

CUT TO:

30

EXT. BOB AND SYLVIE WALK THROUGH THE VILLAGE -- NIGHT

30

Sylvie and Bob pass Jazz clubs and Folk clubs. Glorious music
bleeding onto the street, combining with street sounds.

SYLVIE

Monday to Thursday I'm at school. Then
I volunteer at CORE Fridays and
Saturdays. I take a painting class
Sunday mornings in Queens.

BOB

What's CORE?

SYLVIE

Congress of Racial Equality.
They organize the freedom rides.

BOB

They bus people down south to
challenge segregation laws.

SYLVIE

Right. This is me.

Sylvie has stopped at a subway entrance. Bob turns to her.
She looks beautiful in the mercury light as her eyes meet
his. She pulls out a magazine from her bag ("The Partisan
Review") and hands it to him.

SYLVIE (CONT'D)

Dwight MacDonald wrote a wonderful piece in here. I think you'll like him. He's contrarian, like you.

BOB

I'll take a look.

(then)

What you doing tomorrow?

Sylvie rocks on her back foot.

SYLVIE

I told you my schedule.

BOB

Painting in Queens.

Sylvie clicks a pen and writes a number on Bob's hand.

SYLVIE

I'm at my mom's in the afternoon.
Call me there.

And with that, she kisses him and starts down the steps.

CUT TO:

31 **INT. WEST VILLAGE RECORD SHOP -- NEW DAY**

31

The store plays THE BALLAD OF IRA HAYES by Peter LaFarge as BOB ambles in, perusing the record bins.

In the "FOLK" Section, Bob sees his own face staring back at him from the "D" bin. Lots of copies. ..Not selling...

SOMEONE GRABS JOAN BAEZ'S RECORD FROM THE NEXT BIN. Her bin is now empty except for a card that says -- REORDER.

CUT TO:

32 **INT. WEST VILLAGE BAR -- SAME**

32

A BLACK AND WHITE TV AT THE BAR PLAYS -- A NEWS REPORT :
A KKK attack on a Freedom Riders bus.. Images of the burning shell of a bus, young black people crying. Racists chanting.

Bob smokes, sips coffee, deep in thought. He asks a waitress for her pen and starts scribbling on a napkin. We see as he writes words on the napkin.

BLOWIN IN WIND.. And over this we hear --

BOB SINGS (O.S.)
*..Yes and how many times must a man
 look up Before he can see the sky?*

AS WE CUT TO:

33 INT. GREYSTONE HOSPITAL -- WOODY'S ROOM -- DAY

33

At Woody's bedside, Bob plays.

BOB SINGS
*..And how many ears must one man have
 Before he can hear people cry?*

CLOSE ON -- WOODY. Riveted. Eyes bright. Smoking a cigarette.

BOB SINGS (CONT'D)
*Yes, and how many deaths will it take
 'til he knows..*

ORDERLY (O.S.)
 That's enough now.

A LARGE ORDERLY stands at the door. Bob stops playing. Woody growls out an angry protest.

ORDERLY (CONT'D)
 Mr. Guthrie needs quiet now.

BOB
 Let me finish the song, man.

ORDERLY
 There's another gentleman in this room
 -- and he's trying to rest.

BOB
 He's been resting six months.

The orderly takes Woody's cigarette. Woody erupts again.

ORDERLY
 I am trying to look out for your
 health, Mr. Guthrie.

BOB
 The last guy let us sing.

ORDERLY
 Do I look like the last guy?

PETE SEEGER stands in the door, a paper tucked under his arm.

PETE
 Hello George.

ORDERLY

Mr. Guthrie is here for treatment, Mr. Seeger. He has a serious disease! And he is sharing his room with a guest.

BOB

A guest in a coma.

PETE

Bob.

ORDERLY

(exits)

This is a hospital not a night club.

PETE

George. Reasonable people can work things out.

Pete turns toward Bob and Woody. Woody starts laughing and Bob and Pete can't help but smile.

CUT TO:

34

EXT. BOB AND SYLVIE AT A CIVIL RIGHTS RALLY -- DAY

34

AN OLDER SPEAKER ON A PLATFORM rallies a large crowd.

SPEAKER

There's more segregation in America now than ever before. And we black people continue to hope that an appeal to our nation's conscience be enough. We say, please, let us help you see, let us stimulate your conscience. Let us help you to see the wrongs you have committed. Once you see them, you will surely change. But there has been no change. The atrocities glare the nation in the face and there is no awakening. Perhaps because there is no conscience. Perhaps racists have no conscience. Why in the world does our government only target prejudice and disenfranchisement overseas? When will American outrage be brought to bear upon the sins within our borders, the sins within our borders?!

As the crowd cheers, Bob looks at Sylvie who is riveted to the stage. They hold hands. They are a couple now.

CUT TO:

JOHNNY CASH

*It's the Tennessee Three now, Jimmy.
'With me nine years. Ever since I got
into this racket.. I mean business.*

Bob chuckles. Sylvie looks at her watch and snaps off the television. Bob turns to the window. Sylvie grabs her passport from the mess of Bob's scrawlings scattered everywhere. She pulls a slip of paper, reads it.

SYLVIE

Please remember garbage on Tuesdays.
Except if Monday's a holiday, which it
will be next week.

BOB

Got it.

SYLVIE

I have to go.

BOB

Right.

SYLVIE

It's only twelve weeks. I have to do
this, Bob. It's a school trip.

BOB

You said all that.

Sylvie looks at Bob.

SYLVIE

I think about how much I'm gonna miss
you. Then I realize I don't know you.

Bob sighs. Fixes a look at her.

SYLVIE (CONT'D)

..There's a face on your driver's
license. He's different. Has a
different name. When I get back, I'd
like to get to know *that* guy.

BOB

Don't do this.

Bob lunges off the bed, taking his coffee cup to the sink.

SYLVIE

You wrote a five minute song about
some girl in Minneapolis.

SYLVIE (CONT'D)

Who was that? What happened? You tell me you dropped out of college but I --

BOB

I didn't "drop out" of college.

SYLVIE

You came here a year and a half ago with nothing but a guitar. You never talk about your family, your past, besides the "carnival".

BOB

People make up their past. Remember what they want, forget the rest.

SYLVIE

I've told you everything-- my folks, my sister, the street I grew up on.

BOB

I never asked about any of it! You think that stuff defines you?

SYLVIE

What I come from, what I want and what I don't, what I reject. Yes!

BOB

Good thing you're going to Rome.

SYLVIE

And then what? I come back and live with a mysterious minstrel?

BOB

Mysterious minstrels sell records. Maybe don't come back at all.

A toot. Out the window, a cab. Sylvie grabs her bags and drags them to the door. Bob suddenly softens, crosses.

BOB (CONT'D)

Sylvie..

SYLVIE

Stop hiding. We both know you can't wait to have this place to yourself.

BOB

Part of me. Not all of me.

(off her look)

You want me to make sense a hundred percent of the time?

SYLVIE

There's a lot I want. And you do too.
You're ambitious, Bob. And I think
that scares you.

Sylvie looks at the slip of paper in her hand.

SYLVIE (CONT'D)

*The line has been drawn. The curse has
been cast. The slow ones now will later be
fast. As the present now will later be--*

He snatches it. She drags her bags into the hall and away.

SYLVIE (CONT'D)

Your record was all other people's
music. Sing more of yours.

She closes the door. Off Bob, we hear *radio news about
escalating tensions between the USSR and USA over Cuba.*

AND WE CUT TO:

40

EXT. A SMALL SOUTHERN CHURCH -- DAY

40

Pete's car pulls up to a dilapidated small church. We hear
the chant of protestors as Pete, Alan Lomax, and A FREEDOM
SINGERS ORGANIZER (CORDELL) emerge.

Two Georgia State Police cars and several officers who have
formed a perimeter around the church.

Beyond the cops, a crowd of whites : men, women and children,
stand at a barricade, holding placards : CLOSE MIXED
SCHOOLS!! WHITE MAKES RIGHT!

AN OLD BLACK PASTOR and an older lady wait to receive Pete,
Alan, and Cordell on a rear porch. We hear singing inside..

CORDELL

Pastor, this is Pete Seeger.

PASTOR

Very glad to meet you! Welcome to
Georgia!

PETE

I as well, sir. And this is my old
friend Alan Lomax. We've known each
other since 1938! Worked in the
Library of Congress together.

PASTOR

Welcome Alan!

CUT TO:

41 **INT. ALBANY, GEORGIA -- SMALL SOUTHERN CHURCH -- DAY**

41

GIRL & CONGREGATION
*We been 'buked! And we been scorned!
 Tryin' to make this journey all alone!*

The Pastor leads Pete, Alan, and Cordell into the church. A screen door is coming off its hinges.

PASTOR
 This was our first church. We built a bigger one close to town but somebody burnt it down last month.

A TEENAGE GIRL LEADS A SPIRITUAL and the congregation responds with powerful callbacks.

GIRL & CONGREGATION
You may talk 'bout me, sure as you please. Your talk will never drive me down to my knees!

CLOSE ON -- PETE. The passionate harmonies move him. He feels wowed and a bit dwarfed by these folks.

Alan Lomax looks at bullet holes in a window, the rabid white protestors on the other side.

PASTOR
 Alan. I'd appreciate it if you stayed clear of that window.

42 **MOMENTS LATER -- THE PASTOR SPEAKS FROM THE ALTAR.**

CUT TO:

42

PASTOR
 --Mr. Pete Seeger has traveled many miles to join us in our struggle. He's playing Carnegie Hall next month, but this week, he's blessing our little old church.

The congregation applauds politely, looking Pete over.

PETE
 Thank you, Pastor. I sure do appreciate those beautiful harmonies you sang. They humble me. I feel like I'm bringing coal to Newcastle.

Seeger starts to play beneath his patten.

PETE (CONT'D)

I like to think I'm not just a musician but a historian, a musical *archeologist*. A song may seem a toothless defense against a man with a shotgun but I'd say history disagrees.

PARISHIONER

(to the Pastor)

Why we listening to white music?

PASTOR

His heart's in the right place.

PETE

(starts to sing)

If I had a hammer, I'd hammer in the morning. I'd hammer in the evening all over this land.

The congregation seems ambivalent but Pete perseveres. Playing with conviction.

PETE (CONT'D)

I'd hammer out danger. I'd hammer out warning. I'd hammer out love between my brothers and my sisters. All over this land.

The Pastor starts to clap with the song. The congregation joins in, hesitant at first. Pete looks at Alan, then to --

THE PIANO PLAYER, who rolls in. Soon, as Pete reaches the next chorus, the whole of the church is singing with him.

CUT TO:

43

INT. VILLAGE COFFEE HOUSE -- DAY

43

JOAN nurses a coffee opposite A REPORTER in a sport-coat. He scribbles notes as she speaks, carefully :

JOAN

..I write, too. "Banks of the Ohio" is.. Anyway, I just think there's something rewarding about singing old songs, keeping them alive.

REPORTER

Repackaging them for a new generation?

JOAN

I didn't say that.

Joan looks to HER MANAGER, AN OLDER GENTLEMEN, who sits at the counter, watching the interview. TWO PASSING YOUNG WOMEN, smartly dressed, hair teased, stop by the table.

YOUNG WOMAN

Sorry to interrupt, Joan. But we just wanted to tell you we love your music!

JOAN

Oh. Thank you!

REPORTER

Do you think part of your success is that you're putting a pretty face on folk?

JOAN

No.

REPORTER

..Many people in the folk movement here in the village seem to share--

JOAN

I live on the west coast.

REPORTER

Regardless, some people think you share a fairly simplistic point of view, politically, that is.

JOAN

That it's wrong to oppress blacks? That women should be free. That war has become a business?

(stands)

Excuse me a moment, Gary.

As she crosses to the restroom, she pauses by HER MANAGER.

JOAN (CONT'D)

..What the fuck.

CUT TO:

44

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT -- SAME

44

Bob sits on the bed, smoking, guitar in his hand. He has been feverishly writing but now as the fog lifts, he notices President Kennedy on the television, giving an address.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY ON TV

--All ships bound for Cuba will, if found to contain cargoes of offensive weapons, be turned back.

Bob crosses and turns the volume up. He notices out the window, all the neighbors are listening to Kennedy as well.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY ON TV (CONT'D)
*--any missile launched from Cuba will
 be seen as an attack on the United
 States. One requiring a full response.*

CUT TO:

45 **EXT. SEEGER HOUSE -- NIGHT -- SAME**

45

As Pete and Toshi unload the car, A BABYSITTER rushes out of the house and climbs into her VW.

TOSHI
 Tammy..

The babysitter drives off and Toshi looks to Pete then heads inside and we hear one of the kids telling her "Mom, there's a war starting." ..Toshi reappears in the front door.

TOSHI (CONT'D)
 Pete. Come inside.

CUT TO:

46A **INT. SEEGER HOUSE -- NIGHT**

46A

Pete sits in the living room with Toshi and the kids watching the television. Toshi takes Pete's hand.

NEWS ANCHOR
 The White House has made it clear to
 the Kremlin that time is running out.
 They want an answer.

PETE
 Kennedy is gonna get us all killed.

CUT TO:

46 **INT. CHELSEA HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT**

46

Joan sits in the corner of her hotel room. The news about the nuclear stand-off plays in bg. She holds a phone in her hand that just rings.

CRONKITE ON TV
*Suddenly, it is very important to have
 adequate supplies in every home.*

She hangs up and stares at -- AN OIL PAINTING OF HERSELF on the cover of A TIME MAGAZINE lying on the floor. She throws the magazine across the room.

CUT TO:

47 **INT./EXT. DINER -- NIGHT**

47

Bob steps from the desolate street into a near empty diner. At the counter, THE COOK AND A FEW CUSTOMERS are glued to the television watching Cronkite on the TV.

A waitress comes out a basement door with a 'Fallout shelter' sign above it.

 WAITRESS

 It's a shelter, Lenny! It's packed with canned corn down there.

 COOK

 We won't starve.

 CRONKITE ON TV

Anti-aircraft missiles are on five minute alert. All U.S. air defense is currently airborne.

 BOB

 Hey. Can I get a cup of coffee?

 COOK

 Get it yourself.

Bob reacts. Steps behind the counter, pours himself a cup. He watches the tv and takes a pencil, scrawling on a placemat.

CUT TO:

48 **EXT. VILLAGE STREET -- NIGHT -- SAME**

48

JOAN drags her bag down the eerie empty streets, trying to find a cab. She passes a family running with their bags to a car. A man shouts into a payphone.

 MAN

 ..Susan! I'm trying to get out of here! Stay calm.

 (to family at car)

 Hey, hey, where you headed?

 Can I get a lift?

The family pulls away. Joan walks on.. finds herself standing on MACDOUGAL STREET. Dead quiet. Then she hears a *familiar amplified voice*.

CUT TO:

49 **INT. THE GASLIGHT -- NIGHT -- SAME**

49

Joan steps into the club with her bag, coming upon --

BOB, in a spotlight, playing. The place is packed with ashen people who had nowhere else to go. All are rapt as Bob plays and sings lyrics from the scrawled-over diner placemat.

BOB SINGS

..Like Judas of old, you lie and deceive. A world war can be won, you want me to believe. But I see through your eyes And I see through your brain Like I see through the water that runs down my drain. You fasten all triggers for the others to fire. Then you sit back and watch. When the death count gets higher. You might say I'm young. You might say unlearned. But there's one thing I know though I'm younger than you. Even Jesus would never forgive what you do. Let me ask you one question. Is your money that good? Will it buy you forgive-ness? Do you think that it could? I think you will find. When your death takes its toll. All the money you made will never buy back your soul. ..And I hope that you die. And your death will come soon. I'll follow your casket. By the pale afternoon. And I'll watch while you're lowered. Down to your death-bed. And I'll stand over your grave. 'Till I'm sure that you're dead.

He stops. Stunned silence. Then, applause. Bob stands. Folds the placemat and puts it with his guitar in the case.

BOB

Thanks. Find someone to love.

As he moves to the door, Bob passes Joan and stops. Looks at her. Tears fill her eyes. Bob takes her hand and pulls her toward the door, then turns --

-- and KISSES HER. Hard.

CUT TO:

50

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT -- DAWN

50

Joan and Bob wake amid a tangle of sheets. Meet eyes. Joan sits up and looks out the window.

The street is alive with pedestrians. Garbage trucks. The Indian man on the corner squats on his blanket banging his tambourine. The world still spinning.

Joan crosses and turns on the TV.

NEWSCASTER ON TV

And so it seems, the world no longer sits on the brink of destruction.

Bob opens his eyes and adjusts to the news.

NEWSCASTER ON TV (CONT'D)

The missiles have been dismantled and Soviet ships are carrying them out of Cuban waters.

Bob snaps off the TV. He drains a glass of water.

BOB

Well, that's that.

He grabs a guitar, starts noodling with it. After a moment :

JOAN

Who taught you to play?

BOB

No one, really.

(still plucking)

'picked up a few licks at the carnival.

JOAN

..at the carnival.

BOB

There was singin' cowboys who'd pass through sometimes. Teach me things. They'd join up when the show was in Kansas or the Dakotas. Taught me boogie-woogie-ish type stuff.

JOAN

You were in a carnival.

No response. Continues plucking.

JOAN (CONT'D)

You are so completely full of shit.

Bob smiles. Joan stands, looks about, perusing clippings taped on the walls; stories about the war, the space race, racial violence..

JOAN (CONT'D)

..I took lessons when I was a kid. You know. Normal lessons at the music shop. On the corner.

Joan's eyes land upon a school notebook on a bedside table, open to a page filled with Bob's lyrics.

JOAN (CONT'D)

I write too. But I'm not sure there's a way to learn that.

BOB

Too hard.

JOAN

Excuse me.

BOB

You try too hard. To write.

JOAN

..Really.

BOB

If you're askin'.

JOAN

I wasn't.

BOB

Sunsets and seagulls. Your songs are like an oil painting at the dentist's office.

JOAN

You're kind of an asshole, Bob.

BOB

I guess.

Joan blinks. Crosses to the kitchen. Tosses him the notebook.

JOAN

Play the thing on the first page.
I need some coffee.

Joan scours the kitchen for parts to the french press. As she does, Bob's guitar coalesces into a groove. She looks up as --

BOB SINGS

*How many roads must a man walk down
Before you call him a man? And how
many seas must a white dove sail
before she sleeps in the sand? Yes and
how many times must the cannon balls
fly before they're forever banned? The
answer, my friend, is blowin' in the
wind.*

Water on the boil, Joan watches him, drying her hands.

BOB SINGS (CONT'D)

*Yes, and how many years can a mountain
exist before it's washed to the sea?*

Joan sits beside him.

BOB SINGS (CONT'D)

*How many years can some people exist
before they're allowed to be free?*

Joan picks up his notebook and joins in.

JOAN AND BOB SING

*Yes, and how many times can a man turn
his head, and pretend that he just
doesn't see? The answer, my friend, is
blowin' in the wind. The answer is
blowin' in the wind.*

They sound great. Equals in power. Something which neither is accustomed. The rusty knife of Bob's voice blunts the beauty of Joan's. They dive into the next stanza :

JOAN AND BOB SING (CONT'D)

*How many times must a man look up,
before he can see the sky? And how
many ears must one man have before he
can hear people cry? And how many
deaths will it take till he knows that
too many people have died? The answer
my friend is blowin' in the wind.*

There is silence when they finish. They take in each other.

JOAN

So this is.. what?

BOB

..Don't know.

She looks him in the eye. No one is brave today... The moment passes. She closes his notebook.

JOAN

Have you recorded that?

BOB

Not yet.

Joan moves to the kitchen, pours coffee.

JOAN

..You should let me try it.

CUT TO:

51 **EXT. SEEGER CABIN -- MORNING**

51

THROUGH THE WINDOW we see Toshi making breakfast for the children. The sound of cartoons AS WE PAN TO FIND --

Pete Seeger on an Adirondack chair with his Vega and a mug. He looks toward the river as the sun clears Dunderberg Mountain. He plucks and sings quietly.

PETE SINGS

*..Little boxes on the hillside.
Little boxes made of ticky tacky.
Little boxes on the hillside, little
boxes all the same. There's a pink one
and a green one and a blue one..*

CUT TO:

52 **INT/EXT. BOB'S APARTMENT / HALLWAY -- DAY**

52

With the vacuum running, BOB LEANS OUT THE WINDOW.

Past the fire escape, we see SYLVIE AT THE CURB three stories below, dragging bags out of a taxi.

BOB

Shit.

Bob shuts off the appliance, winds the cord and desperately straightens the bed finding a hair clip as THE PHONE RINGS.

BOB (CONT'D)

(answers phone)

Albert, I can't talk now, man. What.
Later, man. Yes, I'll be there!

He slams the phone down and rushes into the hall with a bouquet catching --

BOB (CONT'D)

Sylvie!

As she emerges from the stairs, they embrace.

SYLVIE

..You okay?

He smiles and grabs her bags and follows her in the door.

Inside, Sylvie drops her bags and looks around, noticing the french press in the drying rack.

SYLVIE (CONT'D)

Did you teach yourself to make coffee?

BOB

I -- Yeah.

Sylvie runs up and kisses him.

SYLVIE

Good for you.

A playful guitar rises and we --

CUT TO:

53

INT. COLUMBIA RECORDS STUDIO "A" -- DAY

53

Bob sits in the studio playing and singing as a new black Engineer (TOM WILSON) and Albert Grossman look on.

BOB SINGS

*It ain't no use to sit and wonder why,
babe. If you don't know by now. And it
ain't no use to sit and wonder why,
babe, it'll never do some how.*

TOM WILSON

Who wrote this?

ALBERT GROSSMAN

He did.

Music continues as we --

CUT TO:

54

EXT. JONES & 4TH STREET -- SNOW -- DAY

54

Bob and Sylvie play in the snow, laughing, as a photographer snaps them with a Hasselblad. Bob is freezing and Sylvie tries to get him to wear a sweater.

BOB SINGS

*When the rooster crows at the break of
dawn, look out your window and I'll be
gone. You're the reason I'm traveling
on. Don't think twice, it's all right.*

The music transitions into --

CUT TO:

55

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO CONCERT -- NIGHT

55

Now we see Joan singing the song at an outdoor concert.

JOAN SINGS

*Ain't no use in turnin' on your light,
babe. The light I never knowed. And it
ain't no use in turning on your light,
babe. I'm on the dark side of the road.*

CAMERA FINDS -- A CREW to the side of the stage, recording Joan. Her singing fades as we --

CUT TO:

56

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT -- DAY

56

ALBERT SUPERVISES A PHOTO CREW as they set up lights around Bob's writing desk. Albert points to the notes on Bob's typewriter. The photographer starts shooting them.

BOB (O.S.)

Hey. Albert! Get them away from there!

ALBERT GROSSMAN

Pal! No! I told you you can't shoot his desk!

An assistant looks for an electrical socket as SYLVIE moves past him, heading to the bedroom with a mug--

SYLVIE

You can plug that in here.

The assistant follows her into the room dragging a cord. There we find --

BOB, on the bed, struggling to tie a bow around A PORTABLE TURNTABLE. A suitcase, half packed, behind him.

BOB

Don't bring them in here, Sylvie.

SYLVIE

I didn't 'bring them', Bob. You did. They're here for you.

Bob mutters something. Sylvie looks at the turntable.

SYLVIE (CONT'D)

That for Woody?

BOB

..I'm dropping it off on the way to the airport.

SYLVIE

(kneels, re: ribbon)
Put your finger there.

Bob obliges and Sylvie neatly ties the ribbon as -- Joan's live cover of "Don't Think Twice" comes on the radio.

SYLVIE (CONT'D)

Is that Joan?

BOB

Yeah.

SYLVIE

So she's covering your song.

BOB

Yeah.

SYLVIE

Before your version comes out.

BOB

Albert thinks it helps.

SYLVIE

Helps her. Helps him sign her.

BOB

She's famous, Sylvie. She was on the cover of Time Magazine.

Sylvie looks at Bob.

BOB (CONT'D)

They recorded her live. She didn't know stations were gonna play it.

SYLVIE

Of course not.

Bob snaps off the radio and turns, closing up his suitcase.

SYLVIE (CONT'D)

So, you've talked about this with her? You gave her the song?

Sylvie holds her look at Bob.

SYLVIE (CONT'D)

Are you gonna see her in California?

ALBERT GROSSMAN (O.S.)

We're ready in here, Bobby!

BOB
I don't want to see anyone. I just want some fucking air. I'm choking to death.

Tears fill Sylvie's eyes.

SYLVIE
You didn't learn to make coffee.

CUT TO:

57 **EXT. HIGHWAY 1 -- NORTHERN CALIFORNIA**

57

Riding up the coast highway, past rocks and ocean... Bob pulls onto a side road lined with eucalyptus. Stops at --

A SINGLE STORY HOUSE with a terra cotta roof. A Jaguar XKE sits in the drive. As Bob dismounts, he checks the address.

JOAN
Hey there.

Joan stands at the door. She smiles as Bob approaches.

CUT TO:

58 **INT. JOAN'S HOUSE -- CARMEL HIGHLANDS, CALIFORNIA**

58

Joan emerges from the kitchen with a steaming mug as Bob roams the plank floor, looking around the house. The living room is all light, art and windows. An advance of Bob's new record spins quietly on her console.

BOB
This is a great place.

JOAN
Let me show you the rest.

Joan leads Bob deeper into the house. Bob checks out an old Martin on the couch, picks it up and picks at the strings as he follows her. The E-string rattles.

BOB
This what you're using these days?
..It's got some buzz.

JOAN
Not when I play it.

Joan approaches, puts out her hand, muting the strings. They are close to each other. The bedroom through the next door.

JOAN (CONT'D)
The new record is beautiful.

CUT TO:

59 **EXT. MONTEREY FESTIVAL -- DAY**

59

Rolling acres of oaks, twisting cypress and A THOUSAND YOUNG PEOPLE IN THE GRASS, drinking, laughing, smoking. A stage built on risers. In the wings, Joan and Bob mingle among other musicians, friends, and festival staff.

FESTIVAL HOST

Next up, the songwriter who wrote Peter Paul and Mary's "Blowing In The Wind" and you've heard the one he wrote for Joanie, "Don't think Twice"!

Joan winces at Bob, who snorts as he straps on his Gibson and steps onstage to a rather lukewarm reception.

Bob launches into "Talkin' John Birch Paranoid Blues".

BOB SINGS

Well, I was feeling sad and feeling' blue. Didn't know what in the world I was gonna do. Them Communists was coming around.

Joan crosses backstage, looking out as --

The Monterey audience, unfamiliar with Bob's style, responds with disinterest, talking over him. Some walk away. Snicker.

OTHER MUSICIAN

'like he's got a clothespin on his nose.

CUT TO:

60 **EXT. ONSTAGE AT MONTEREY -- MOMENTS LATER**

60

As Bob struggles to finish against the tepid response of the crowd, there is a sudden SURGE OF APPLAUSE. Bob realizes JOAN HAS COME ON STAGE BEHIND HIM, WITH HER MARTIN.

BOB

(off mic)

..not sure they're feelin' me.

JOAN

Play the new song I like.

BOB

(looks at her guitar)

You know it?

JOAN
I'll find my way.

Bob begins strumming the opening chords of "Girl From the North Country"-- and Joan leans into Bob's mic.

JOAN (CONT'D)
Hello folks!

The crowd cheers "Joan!" in response.

JOAN (CONT'D)
Hey. I think this man has something to say. 'You wanna hear where things are going, open your damned ears.

They get very quiet. Bob snorts. Proceeds to play the intro and then --

BOB SINGS
*If you're travelin' to the north
country fair. Where the winds hit
heavy on the borderline. Remember me
to one who lives there. She once was a
true love of mine.*

Joan joins in with sweet harmony and the crowd is rapt.

BOB AND JOAN SING
*..If you go when the snowflakes storm.
When the rivers freeze and summer
ends. Please see if she's wearing a
coat so warm. To keep her from the
howlin' winds.*

Joan leans in, sharing the mic, their faces close. Joan and Bob meet eyes. The crowd roars as we :

CUT TO:

61

EXT. EL PASO -- CLUB PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

61

A SKINNY DRUNK MAN WEARING BLACK, 34, emerges from A BAR WITH A CROWD OF MUSICIANS. They stumble toward a waiting convoy of Cadillacs, but the man in black breaks away, hearing --

BOB SINGING ON RADIO
*..Like Judas of old. You lie and
deceive. A world war can be won. You
want me to believe..*

A SEASONED BARMAID, smokes and flirts with A GUY IN A COWBOY HAT leaning on the open door of an EL CAMINO -- the radio inside is the source of Bob's music.

The skinny man approaches them and proceeds to climb right in their El Camino, listening. He turns it up.

BARMAID

Excuse me!

Some of the man's entourage yell and run to retrieve him.

SKINNY MAN'S FRIENDS

Hey! J-R!

BOB SINGS ON RADIO

But I see through your eyes. And I see through your brain. Like I see through the water that runs down your drain.

GUY IN COWBOY HAT

Is that Johnny Cash?

CUT TO:

62

INT. LOBBY -- CBS / COLUMBIA RECORDS -- DAY

62

Bob approaches the reception desk, shades on. He sees a large framed poster on the wall -- the artwork for "Freewheelin' Bob Dylan" -- Sylvie and Bob playing in the snow.

BOB

Uh, Mr. Hammond said you had something to pick up. My name is--

RECEPTIONIST

(smiles)

I know who you are. One moment.

She returns with A LARGE MAIL SACK. Bob is stunned.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

They set these aside for you.

And she hands him TWO SINGLE ENVELOPES.

CUT TO:

63

EXT. 52ND STREET / CBS RECORDS -- DAY

63

Bob walks with the sack on his back, cracking open the two letters. One, from CBS, contains a check for ten thousand dollars. Bob smiles at this, folds the check and pockets it. Then he looks at the other envelope. It has a postmark from Las Vegas, and a scrawled return address reading :

JOHNNY CASH. Singer. Slinger. Ringer. Mingler. Tingler. Hider. Wild Horse Rider.

CUT TO:

64 **EXT. PARK -- DAY**

64

As children play, Bob sits on a bench, carefully opening and reading the letter. We hear Cash's hard-gravel baritone.

JOHNNY CASH V.O.

*Dear Bob. I won't grope for the words
to tell you how great your writing is.
I'll just say your "Freewheelin'"
album is my most prized possession.
Thank you. ..Johnny Cash.*

Bob takes a breath and blinks. The sound of traffic, children, sirens and subways returns.. And then we hear --

BOB SINGS (O.S.)

*I met a man who was wounded in love.
I met another man...*

AS WE CUT TO:

65 **INT. NEW YORK CITY -- TOWN HALL THEATER -- NIGHT**

65

Bob's first major solo concert. He stands alone in the spot. The audience has changed. Not folk fans. They are Bob fans.

BOB SINGS

*-- who was wounded with hatred. And
it's a hard. It's a hard, it's a hard,
it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.*

66 **NOW AT : THE VILLAGE RECORD SHOP -- DAY**

66

CLOSE ON -- BOB'S RECORD: "A FREEWHEELIN' BOB DYLAN". Fans buy up copies as the clerk un-crates a new box.

BOB SINGS (O.S.)

*Oh, what'll you do now, my blue-eyed
son? Oh, what'll you do now, my
darling young one?*

REVEAL -- BOB in shades, incognito, watching. He holds a folded paper in his hand. Tosses it in a garbage basket.

HEADLINE : "A NEW VOICE IN FOLK -- WOVES TOWN HALL"

Suddenly A BUNCH OF YOUNG WOMEN RECOGNIZE HIM AND SCREAM. As they converge around him, Bob dives into a taxi.

67 **AND NOW AT: CARNEGIE HALL. NIGHT.**

67

BOB SINGS

*..Where the people are many and their
hands are all empty. Where pellets of
poison are flooding their waters.*

The grand palace of music. Packed. Blue-bloods in evening gowns mix with folkies in denim and starry eyed teens. Rapt.

BOB SINGS (CONT'D)

*Where a home in the valley meets the
damp dirty prison. Where the
executioner's face is always well-
hidden. Where hunger is ugly, where
souls are forgotten..*

CLOSE ON -- PETE. He wears his banjo and stands in the wings beside Grossman, watching Bob under the lights. Pete is deeply moved by his protege.

Grossman turns, emotional, embracing Pete, whispering --

ALBERT GROSSMAN

It's happening, Pete. You did it.
This was your dream. Folk Music
reaching everyone.

BOB SINGS

*..and it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a
hard, it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.*

A huge ovation. Bob stands there, taking in the intense adoration. From the crowd. From Pete and Albert, misty-eyed in the wings. He is not sure what to do with it. How to process it.

CUT TO:

68

INT. GREYSTONE HOSPITAL -- WOODY'S ROOM -- NIGHT

68

PETE SEEGER sits at Woody's bedside. WOODY watches shadows from a security light shining through trees out the window.

Pete notices -- BOB'S GIFT, THE PORTABLE RECORD PLAYER, bow still around it, on nearby a table.

PETE

Fancy! A "Newcomb". Never heard of
that make before.

Pete looks at the "Freewheelin'" album cover leaning on the turntable. Bob and Sylvie on the cover. Pete smiles.

PETE (CONT'D)

"Little Boxes" got itself on the
charts. Number seventy.

WOODY

(grunts approvingly)

PETE

That's a first for me, solo-wise. Had a few hits with The Weavers. But they don't tumble out of me like for some.

Pete notices Woody's hand has touched his.

PETE (CONT'D)

Got me thinking about doing a tour after Newport. A world tour. Africa. Australia. India. Visit Toshi's family in Japan. Take the kids. Would that be okay? Can you hold on, take your medicines and get some rest while I'm out spreading the word?

Woody tightens his hand around Pete's. He nods.

PETE (CONT'D)

(smiles, tenderly)

People are appreciating our songs, Wood. We're getting somewhere. Bobby's a big part of that.

Woody tips his head again.

PETE (CONT'D)

..Harold was talking to a guy at NJU.. About starting up a weekly television show after I get back.

Woody reaches out to the bedside table and grabs -- AN OLD BRASS HARMONICA.

PETE (CONT'D)

You want to play it?

Woody shakes his head.

PETE (CONT'D)

Oh. Right. I gotta get the reed fixed.

Frustrated, Woody struggles to shape a word. Pete leans in.

WOODY

F-f-f-r ..B-b-b-b..

Pete takes this in. Pockets the harp.

PETE

Okay. I'll make sure he gets it.

CUT TO:

69 **CLOSE ON -- A BLACK AND WHITE TV**

69

NETWORK NEWS RECAPS THE MARCH ON WASHINGTON. The Lincoln Memorial behind, the Washington Monument above, a crowd of a quarter million watches as Ossie Davis introduces musicians. Clips of Peter, Paul & Mary, Mahalia Jackson and --

BOB SINGING ON TV

*But now we got weapons of chemical
dust. If fire them, we're forced to
Then fire, them we must.*

WE HEAR DRINKS CLINKING AND PEOPLE EXCLAIMING AS WE PULL BACK from a hotel television. Legs of party-goers cross in foreground as WE PAN, following ALAN LOMAX.

WE ARE IN A DC HOTEL SUITE -- LATE DAY

A post-march celebration. Managers, Officials, Mahalia, Peter, Paul & Mary and Joan Baez react to the television as Lomax excitedly announces--

ALAN LOMAX

That was Bobby D at the top of the
fucking news!

BOB SINGS ON TV

*One push of the button and a shot the
world wide. And you never ask
questions. When God's on your side.*

The camera continues panning, revealing-- AN ADJOINING ROOM where we find -- BOB (same outfit as the march), sitting on a bed, brooding, smoking, listening to the revelers next door. He starts gathering his bags. We hear MLK's voice in bg.

JOAN

You played at the top of the news.

BOB

That's why we came? To be celebrities?

JOAN

We came to reach people.

CUT TO:

70 **EXT. DC HOTEL -- LATE DAY**

70

As Bob emerges from the hotel, SCREAMS. YOUNG PEOPLE DESCEND ON HIM, girls grab at him, kiss him. Bob fights his way to A WAITING CAR and struggles to pull the door.

BOB

Back off, lady!

GIRL
I love you, Bob!

BOB
(slams door, to driver)
Go, go! Just go!

CUT TO:

71 **INT. EASTERN AIRLINES SHUTTLE -- NIGHT**

71

CLOSE ON -- Bob, as he writes on some hotel stationary on a food tray. He looks up feeling watched and sees --

Nearly everyone in the plane cabin is looking at him, stealing glances, commenting, watching.

Bob slumps in his seat and continues to write his letter. We see and hear the words :

BOB (V.O.)
Dear Johnny. Thanks for that letter. Let me start by not beginning. Let me start not by startin. By continuing. This whole thing has gotten hard. I am now famous. Like you. Famous by the rules of public famiousity. It snuck up on me. And pulverized me. It is hard for me to walk down the streets I did before, cause now I don't know who is watching. Who is waiting. Wanting. I don't mind giving an autograph, but my mind tells me it is not honest.. I am fulfilling a myth. A lie. Who would actually treasure my hanwriting more than his own? People say I am contrary. But I am living a contradiction. To quote Mr. Froyd, I get quite paranoid.

CUT TO:

72 **INT. NORTH CENTRAL JETLINER -- NIGHT**

72

Bob's DC letter sits on an airplane tray beside a jangling Bourbon. Amid turbulence, JOHNNY CASH smiles darkly at Bob's letter and feverishly writes a reply on an air sickness bag.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
Bob. Got your letter. Tonight I sit in the wake of one more hard rain. Tomorrow, I play Duluth, Minnesota and I will say hello for you to the one who is there.

CUT TO:

73 **EXT. CAFE -- MACDOUGAL STREET -- WINTER -- DAY**

73

Bob sits a corner table, collar up, hat on. He reads Johnny's air sickness bag letter, rapt, grinning.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)

I was in New York last week and I stopped by the Gaslight. Saw a bunch of "Folk Singers" that wouldn't make a chigger on your ass.

Bob barks a laugh. People in the cafe look up at him. SUDDENLY, RAPID TAPS ON THE GLASS FROM OUTSIDE.

YOUNG PEOPLE

Oh my God! It's him! Bobby!!

One of the fans, a young woman, kisses the window, leaving lipstick. Bob evacuates moving toward the exit.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)

I'll see you in Newport come Spring. Till then, track mud on somebody's carpet.

CUT TO:

74 **INT. BOB'S APARTMENT -- DAY**

74

The trees out the apartment window are now brown and barren. Sylvie sits on the bed with Bob, both ashen and riveted as they watch their small television.

ON TV -- A CBS SPECIAL REPORT -- WALTER CRONKITE sits at a newsroom desk. Shaken as he is passed a slip of paper.

CRONKITE ON TV

..From Dallas, Texas, apparently official now, President John F. Kennedy died at 1p Central Standard Time. Two o'clock East Standard, some 38 minutes ago.

Cronkite takes his glasses off, overcome with emotion.

CRONKITE ON TV (CONT'D)

Vice President Johnson has left the hospital in Dallas. Presumably he will be taking the oath of office and become the 36th President of the United States--

Sylvie clings to Bob, crying. Bob just stares at the TV. We hear Joan Baez's voice rise as we --

CUT TO:

75

EXT. NEWPORT FOLK FESTIVAL -- 1964 -- DAY

75

SIGNS PROCLAIM "1964 NEWPORT FOLK". It is springtime. Young people pack a great meadow, a glistening blue bay on the horizon, dotted with skiffs. On the stage --

JOAN SINGS

*Show me the country where the bombs
had to fall. Show me the ruins of the
buildings once so tall. And I'll show
you a young land with so many reasons
why. There but for fortune go you and
I.. You and I*

As Joan strums the last chord, the crowd cheers and then starts chanting "Bob, Bob, Bob, Bob!"

BOB WATCHES FROM BACKSTAGE as in the crowd he sees --

SYLVIE carrying two beers and sitting with her sister on a blanket. Her eyes meet Bob.

IN THE WINGS -- An unsteady JOHNNY CASH clatters up backstage steps with his band. Pete converges on them, Johnny muttering about "damned airports". He looks haggard, wired.

ONSTAGE-- Joan thanks the crowd, bids farewell. She glances toward Bob as she exits but Bob feels Sylvie watching him. Joan moves on, wounded.

Nearby, Lomax, Grossman and a short man in denim, HAROLD LEVENTHAL pat each other on the back.

HAROLD LEVENTHAL

We're back in business, boys.

Pete Seeger approaches Bob.

PETE

Bobby, you mind if I let Johnny Cash go on before you? He was supposed to be here yesterday, but..

BOB

Sure, Pete. No sweat.

Pete rushes back out to the mic at center stage. "Bob, Bob, Bob, Bob, Bob!" chants the crowd.

PETE

..Yes, yes, Bobby will be out! But our next performer, well, if you check your programs, he was supposed to be here last night.

Backstage, Bob looks back at Johnny Cash tuning his Gibson..

PETE (CONT'D)

He was on the West Coast yesterday and found out the hard way, you can't get from Las Vegas to Newport, Rhode Island, in one day.

Bob bashfully plants himself in front of Johnny Cash.

BOB

Hey, Johnny. Hey, man. I'm--

JOHNNY CASH

Bobby Dylan! Hoo Hooo! Come here, you!
(pulls him in a bear hug)
I read that last letter six times!
That thing was economy sized!
(to his bandmates)
Marshall, Luther, this is Bobby Dylan!

Greetings are exchanged as meanwhile, ONSTAGE :

PETE

--But the good news is Johnny's here..
So, without further pontification --

JOHNNY CASH

Maybe we get us a drink tonight --
(swings his guitar round)
-- after the show?

BOB

Alright. I think I'm up after you.

But Johnny's already left for the stage.

PETE

-- let me introduce, Johnny Cash and the Tennessee Three!

The crowd roars... and Bob watches as the Tennessee Three plug in and start up with a rhythm. Then Cash steps up to the mic and lets loose with a growl.

JOHNNY CASH SINGS

Well, I taught that weeping willow how to cry, cry, cry. I taught the clouds how to cover up a clear blue sky. The tears I cried for that woman are gonna flood you, big river. And I'm a gonna sit right here until I die.

CUT TO:

76

EXT. NEWPORT FOLK FESTIVAL -- 1964 -- LATER

76

WE FOLLOW JOAN BAEZ in the wings as she crosses to see JOHNNY CASH finishing his set with FOLSOM PRISON BLUES.

JOHNNY CASH

Thank you, Newport! Well, the next fella up is my pen pal. And sometimes, when I read his letters, I think I see his brain. And when I do, I think his world is just a blank piece of paper with a few marks on it.

CLOSE ON -- BOB, grinning, listening in the wings.

JOHNNY CASH (CONT'D)

'Don't know about you but I think they're some of the best marks ever made. The kind that *never* fade.
..Anyways. All I know is he better sing 'bout that rooster crowing till the break of dawn cause I wanna learn those damned words!

(a cheer rises)

..Ladies and gents, Mr. Bob Dylan!

Bob strides to the stage with his Nick Lucas, nodding to Johnny, who waves and exits. The crowd roars.

BOB

Hey, there. Hello, Newport.
(looks to the wings)
Thanks, Johnny. We'll get to the rooster a little later. Here's a new one. Hope you think it's good. It's gotta be good for somebody.

Bob strums the pulsing intro of a new anthem and--

BOB SINGS

Come gather 'round people wherever you roam. And admit that the waters around you have grown.

Bob's eyes find Sylvie in the crowd. Her sister and girlfriends smile and cheer but Sylvie seems ambivalent.

BOB SINGS (CONT'D)

And accept it that soon you'll be drenched to the bone.. if your time to you is worth savin'.

Bob's eyes travel to others in the crowd, strangers who look at him in rapture. Then to Pete, backstage.

BOB SINGS (CONT'D)

*You better start swimmin' Or you'll
sink like a stone For the times they
are a-changin'.*

Beside Pete, Lomax, Grossman and Leventhal listen, glowing in wonder, as does Johnny Cash, with reverence.

BOB SINGS (CONT'D)

*Come senators, congressmen, please
heed the call. Don't stand in the
doorway, don't block up the hall.*

Now, Bob's eyes land on Joan in the opposite wings. Tears in her eyes. Filled with admiration and can't hide it.

BOB SINGS (CONT'D)

*For he that gets hurt will be he who
has stalled. The battle outside ragin'
will soon shake your windows and
rattle your walls..*

CLOSER ON -- PETE. Mary Travers and Peter Yarrow join Lomax and Leventhal around him, staring to the stage as --

BOB SINGS (CONT'D)

*Come mothers and fathers throughout
the land. And don't criticize what you
can't understand. Your sons and your
daughters are beyond your command.*

The crowd roars.

PETER YARROW

He's taking it all. ..he's swinging
for the fences..

HAROLD LEVENTHAL

He's our Elvis.

ALAN LOMAX

Elvis without the bullshit.

If there was a moment in folk history when the kingdom appeared united and ascendant, this is it. Bob on the throne.

BOB SINGS

*The line it is drawn, the curse it is
cast. The slow one now will later be
fast..*

Sylvie's eyes meet Bob's on stage.

BOB SINGS (CONT'D)

*As the present now will later be past.
The order is rapidly fadin'. And the
first one now will later be last..
For the times they are a-changin'!*

..A HUGE CHEER. Pete's eyes find Toshi backstage and he smiles. Joan slides away as the cheers fade and we--

FADE TO BLACK.

77

INT. THE KETTLE OF FISH -- SIX MONTHS LATER -- NIGHT

77

The cafe on MacDougal Bob long ago visited searching for Woody. At the big table, a gathering of poets, hipsters, musicians, among them and older bearded DAVE VAN RONK. A waiter keeps the discussion fueled with beer and shots but--

Everyone is conscious of A FRIZZY-HAIRED MAN IN DARK GLASSES sitting in the shadows at the end of the table--

IT IS BOB. Different. Smoking a Kool, in Ray Bans, half-turned under a teased crop of hair, holding a notepad. He's scribbling, ignoring the conversation which, judging from the eyes on him, exists mainly to get his attention.

FOLK MUSICIAN #1

I read Seeger was in Ghana. No doubt giving his usual sermons to tribesmen.
(chuckles)
I'm sure he dusted off "Hammer" again.

A collective groan.

MARIA MULDAUR

Pete went to Africa with his family to sing for human rights. And I'm sorry, but there's no dust on "Hammer". That tune is forever.

(off their reaction)

He just had a hit with "Little Boxes."

DAVE VAN RONK

Number 70 is not a hit.

MARIA MULDAUR

You want him to compete with the fucking Beatles?

DAVE VAN RONK

Sam has a point, Maria, that's all.

Peter, Paul and Mary sings "Puff the Magic Dragon" on a passing radio; a chestnut vendor sings with Caruso.

BOB arrives at a TRIUMPH T100 at the curb. He's about to kickstart it when he spots something on a pushcart.

BOB
Hey. Can I see that?

The Vendor, suspicious, hands him A TOY POLICE SIREN. Bob gives it a spin. Grins at the wailing sound.

VENDOR
You got kids?

BOB
Thousands of 'em.

CUT TO:

79 **EXT. BOB CRUISES ON THE TRIUMPH -- NIGHT -- SAME**

79

He weaves through the traffic, no helmet. Stops for a light on Sixth. Passengers in a car do a double take.

PASSENGER
Hey. Are you..?

BOB
Yes.

Bob guns the engine and jumps the light.

CUT TO:

80 **MOVED TO A89**

80

81 **MOVED TO C89**

81

82 **INT. HAROLD LEVENTHAL'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT**

82

A large well appointed apartment, crowded with guests gathered to raise money for SNCC (a prominent Civil Rights Organization). Posters for the cause hang everywhere.

BOB AND A NEW GIRLFRIEND (BECKA) are greeted by HAROLD LEVENTHAL. Becka is urbane and poised. Harold ushers them through the party, a cross-section of uptown, downtown, affluent and academic. Bob sees --

ALBERT GROSSMAN. He's staked out a corner spot where he can take in everything. He nods to Bob. Bob keeps moving.

PARTY GUEST 1
Read Herbert Marcuse. No song can change the world. It's too fucked up.

PARTY GUEST 2
(looks at Bob)
That'd be news to him.

Harold keeps his arm around Bob. "This way, this way." A current follows them. Bob trades a look with Becka.

PARTY GUEST 3
There's a lot of people working for
change. He's not the only one.

PARTY GUEST 4 (TILDA)
Hey Bob.. Bob! I love tambourine man!

BOB
(still moving)
Hey, Tilda. Thanks.

TILDA
When's the new album out?

BOB
Soon.

PARTY GUEST 3
Hey! Bob, can songs really change
things?!

BOB
They change keys.

PARTY GUEST 5
He doesn't look like much. Where does
it all come from?

Across the room, Bob sees --

Toshi and Pete (guitar on his back) entertaining a circle of admirers. We catch a snippet as Pete and Bob trade glances--

PETE
..we're making real progress, Betty.
Folk is reaching the four corners of--

Suddenly, Alan Lomax, holding a drink, wraps Bob in a clutch.

ALAN LOMAX
Bobby! We miss you at the Archive!
Word on the street is you're making a
lotta noise in studio A these days.

BOB
Hey there, Alan.
(turns)
..This is Becka.

BECKA
Nice to meet you, Alan.

ALAN LOMAX
You don't have to compete with the
Beatles, Bobby. You're better than
that shit.

Harold Leventhal peeks around Bob's shoulder.

HAROLD LEVENTHAL
You didn't bring your guitar, Bobby.
'Saving yourself for your little tour
with Joanie?

Becka reacts with a look to Bob. Albert Grossman arrives.

ALBERT
Not little, Harold. Sold out.

HAROLD LEVENTHAL
Well, the last thing I want to do is
put pressure on you, but the dirty
secret is that most everybody here is
here because they were hoping you'd
play something.

BOB
Where'd they get that idea, Harold?
(to Albert)
Is this a fucking gig?

ALBERT
It's anything you want it to be.

PETE
Hey there, Bobby!

Pete and Toshi land in front of Bob. They embrace Bob. Becka
stands there, smiling. Bob is glad to see them.

BOB
Hey! Pete! Toshi! Welcome back! Heard
you went round the world in 80 days!

PETE
We had a beautiful trip.

BOB
This is Becka.

PETE
It's very nice to meet you, Becka.
This is Toshi, my wife.

BECKA
I love your music!

PETE
Thank you!
(off Leventhal's look)
So, Bob, is Harold trying to get you
to sing something?
(off Bob's pinched face)
It's all for a good cause, Bobby. You
can use my guitar if you need one.

Bob notices Becka has slipped away.

BOB
You always keep it handy, huh Pete?
Like a gunfighter with a sixgun.

Everyone laughs.

CUT TO:

83

INT. LEVENTHAL APARTMENT -- MINUTES LATER

83

Becka watches from a distance as -- Bob sits, tuning PETE'S guitar. He looks up to see STARING FACES around him, watching like he was blowing glass in Venice.

Pete steps up, clears his throat, glances at Toshi.

PETE
Bobby's songs are about what we hope
for. They renew us. That's a lot to
say for someone who hasn't been around
so long. But sometimes it seems to me
like Bobby's been around forever.

Bob stares at the floor, listening respectfully.

PETE (CONT'D)
Bobby.. for Harold, the organization,
for all of us.. for everyone in folk
music.. thank you.

BOB
Well, thank you, reverend.

A laugh, and the room goes silent. Bob takes a beat.. then starts playing the intro for "When the Ship Comes In" :

Harold gestures to Tilda, pointing to a banjo on the wall. She takes it down and the crowd passes it forward.

BOB SINGS

*Oh the time will come. When the winds
will stop. And the breeze will cease
to be breathin'. Like the stillness in
the wind 'Fore the hurricane begins..*

The banjo is passed to Harold, who hands it to Pete. Bob sees, smiles. Pete sits down beside Bob and joins him playing. And soon, Pete joins in singing :

BOB AND PETE SING

*Oh the seas will split. And the ship
will hit. And the sands on the
shoreline will be shaking.*

For a moment the tension around Bob has evaporated. They are a happy pair, like father and son.

BOB AND PETE SING (CONT'D)

*Oh, the fishes will laugh as they swim
out of the path. And the seagulls
they'll be a-smiling. And the rocks on
the sand. Will proudly stand, the hour
that the ship comes in!*

CUT TO:

84

INT. LEVENTHAL APARTMENT -- LATER

84

Albert escorts Bob and Becka through a gauntlet positioned along the route to the door. Harold swoops in.

HAROLD LEVENTHAL

Thanks, Bobby. And please don't forget the Sing Out benefit next month.

ALBERT

Talk to me about that, Harold.

BOB

And you got that TV thing, right, Pete? When's that?

PETE

Next Thursday. Albert's got all the particulars..

Bob gets swamped by others glad-handing as he exits.

CUT TO:

85 **INT. ELEVATOR -- SAME**

85

Sudden quiet. Standing beside Becka, Bob rests his head against the elevator wall, eyes shut.

BOB

Two hundred people in that room and each one wants me to be somebody else. They should all fuck off, let me be.

DISHEVELED GUY (O.S.)

Be what.

THERE'S ANOTHER GUY IN THE ELEVATOR, handsome, disheveled, and a bit drunk. Bob looks at Becka.

BOB

Excuse me?

DISHEVELED GUY (O.S.)

..fuck off and let you be *what*?

BOB

I don't know. But they sure do.

Becka stares at the drunk man. He smiles. This is BOBBY NEUWIRTH, painter, musician and general cool cat.

NEUWIRTH

Since I'm not a horse I refuse to carry other people's weight.

BOB

Yeah. Well. I got a hundred pounds on me that don't show on the scale.

NEUWIRTH

Then how do you sing?

BOB

(fixes on him)

I put myself in another place. But I'm a stranger there.

CUT TO:

86 **EXT. WALKING ON THE STREET -- MOMENTS LATER**

86

Bob, Becka and Neuwirth emerge from the building. Neuwirth starts to head off with his guitar.

BOB

Hey. What's your name, man?

NEUWIRTH

Bobby. Like you. Bobby Neuwirth.

BOB

(smiles)

'Where you going now?

Becka makes a face, as in 'what the fuck do you care?'

NEUWIRTH

'I got a gig with some mates at
McAnn's, East village.

Bob nods.. watches Neuwirth walk off. Then he starts the
opposite way, oblivious to Becka who struggles to keep up.

BECKA

..Hey! ..Hey.

Bob keeps walking.

BECKA (CONT'D)

You have a tour with Joan Baez. Were
you gonna tell me about that?

Bob keeps walking.

BECKA (CONT'D)

..Am I just more weight?

Bob stops, turns. Points at Leventhal's building.

BOB

They want to own me, Becka.
Is that what you want?

BECKA

I love you.

Bob starts walking again. Becka follows him.

BECKA (CONT'D)

Is that scary to you?

BOB

Well. I just met you. So. Yes.

Becka stops walking. Bob keeps walking.

CUT TO:

SYLVIE (CONT'D)
 (crossing to the sink)
 Oh, Bob..

Sylvie hands him a wet cloth. He takes it and looks off.

BOB
 ..Everyone asks where the songs come from, Sylvie. But if you watch their faces, they're not asking where the songs come from. They're asking why the songs didn't come to *them*..

GUY IN BEDROOM
 Who is it, Sylvie?

Emotion rises in Bob's eyes. He smiles sadly at Sylvie, gets up with the cloth and walks out.

CUT TO:

A89

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

A89

"Maggies' farm." "pray." "rain." "what a drag it is to see you.." "get dressed, get blessed. be a success."

WE PAN ACROSS PAPERS AND NOTEBOOKS, phrases and fragments scribbled everywhere to find --

BOB, smokes, his guitar beside him in the bed he shared with Sylvie. Her paintings gone. All signs of her gone.

Then, Bob hears something. He sits up. A *distant electric guitar arpeggio, snare and organ and a wailing voice*.

Bob crosses to the window, throws it open to hear the faint music coming from a radio on the street.

He crosses to his own radio, snaps it on and swings the tuning dial till he find the same groove.

It is The Animals doing a brooding rock and roll rendition of "House of the Rising Sun"

THE ANIMALS SING
Mothers, tell your children not to do what I have done. Spend your lives in sin and misery. In the House of the Rising Sun..

Bob cracks the radio louder, listening to the band play on. The music becomes score and takes us through a --

B89 **MONTAGE -- INT. BOB'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT**

B89

-- Bob sits at his desk, punching keys on his Underwood.

-- Bob scribbles while in a bathtub, smoking.

-- Bob on the phone.

BOB

That Chicago guy, Bloomfield.

ALBERT GROSSMAN (ON PHONE)

It's short notice, Bob.

BOB

Just find some session players,
Albert. Bass, guitar, organ and drums.

CUT TO:

C89 **INT. COLUMBIA STUDIO A -- DAY**

C89

CLOSE ON -- BOB, at a mic, sings "Subterranean Homesick Blues" as WE PULL BACK to reveal he's grooving with A FULL BAND OF SESSION PLAYERS.

BOB SINGS

*..get born, keep warm, short pants,
romance, learn to dance, get dressed,
get blessed, try to be a suc-cess,
please her, please him..*

Tom Wilson, Albert Grossman and Hammond in the control room, watching, mouths open. Wilson looks at Hammond who looks at Albert. An assistant crosses past and seems startled.

JOHN HAMMOND

This is gonna piss some people off.
He's a solo act, not a band.

ALBERT GROSSMAN

It's an experiment. We can put it out
as single when we go to London.

BOB SINGS

*..jump down a manhole, light yourself
a candle. Don't wear sandals, try to
avoid the scandals. Don't wanna be a
bum, you better chew gum, pump don't
work 'cause vandals took the handles.*

The band comes to a crashing stop, Bob and the band laughing at themselves. Bob seems elated, even giddy.

BOB

Gotta figure out the end. Maybe Tom
can do one of them fades like the
Temptations..

CUT TO:

90

THE SCREEN IS FILLED WITH B&W VIDEO

90

A TV TITLE SEQUENCE -- Pete Seeger plays a banjo and sings
"Oh had I a golden thread..." as titles "Rainbow Quest" and
"with Pete Seeger" appear over a shaky dolly-in to the host.

PETE

Evening folks. Thanks for dropping by.

WIDER ON -- NEW JERSEY STUDIO -- NIGHT

Pete's easy-going manner is right at home on LIVE TV.

PETE

If you tuned in tonight to see our
friend Bob Dylan, you're gonna have to
wait, cause we just got word he's been
delayed, stuck at a session. But you
won't be disappointed, I promise.

He ambles to the other side of the set.

PETE (CONT'D)

A friend from the deep Delta, Jesse
Moffette, is in town this week
headlining at Folk City, and he jumped
a cab to join us live here at NJU.
Jesse, good to see ya.

Pete sits down next to A TOWERING BLUESMAN in tie and
jacket, holding a guitar. There's a harmonica rack around his
neck. High conk and wraparound shades. Jesse pulls out a
bottle of peppermint schnapps, and interrupts a healthy swig.

JESSE MOFFETTE

Not headlining. I open, then this
white boy with a sketchy beard comes
on after me and it's like he's reading
the paper. He just sings the damned
headlines..

Jesse holds the bottle out to Pete.

PETE

Not while I'm working, thanks.

Jesse squints at the small audience sitting on rows of
bleachers just off-camera.

JESSE MOFFETTE

..No other way. Gotta have my peppy.
What station we on anyway?

He clears his throat, spitting into a handkerchief.

PETE

Educational.. Public access.

JESSE MOFFETTE

Shit.. I do educational. Offer blues
lessons in the privacy of your own
home.

(right in the lens)

You want to learn the blues? Call me
at Rhinelander four eight six oh two.

PETE

Jesse, I think it would be good to--

JESSE MOFFETTE

(still in the lens)

Come and see me and bring a bottle of
anything that ain't pasteurized.

Then he bears down on the guitar, playing a dark and
astonishing blues. Pete looks on, compelled.

ACROSS THE STUDIO -- The studio audience and crew react as
Bob arrives and stands off camera beside NEUWIRTH. Bob straps
on his Gibson. He seems a bit buzzed.

NEUWIRTH

You hear what that cat is playing?
That shit is real.

A FLOOR DIRECTOR intervenes as Bob moves toward the stage.

DIRECTOR

We had to start without you, Mr Dylan.
I'm so sorry. We're live now and I
can't just let you walk out there.

BOB

(eyes his name tag)

Well, I'm not looking to break
anything up, Jonah.

As Jesse finishes a soulful tune, Pete glances up, sees Bob.

PETE

Oh. Bob! Come on out. Glad you could
make it. Jesse, say hello to Bobby.

JESSE MOFFETTE
What's the name again?

BOB
Bobby. Bob Dylan.

The small studio audience applauds.

JESSE MOFFETTE
What kind of music you play?

PETE
Bobby plays a few kinds. Pretty well.

JESSE MOFFETTE
So you're grabbing my spotlight?

BOB
No, no. Just here to listen, Jesse.
Trying to work out your tuning. Never
heard it, can't make it out.

JESSE MOFFETTE
No one can but me.

Jesse hands Bob the bottle of peppy. Bob takes a swig.

JESSE MOFFETTE (CONT'D)
How careful were you watchin', Bobby?

BOB
Close enough.

Jesse passes his Silvertone over Pete to Bob.

JESSE MOFFETTE
Let's see about that.

Bob takes the Silvertone, works it a bit, then suddenly plays
his own version of Jesse's lick, finding a groove with it.

Jesse loves it and grabs a second guitar, picking the blues
over his rhythm. Pete smiles and grabs his banjo and joins..

They all jam joyfully as we --

CUT TO:

91

EXT. CHELSEA HOTEL -- NIGHT

91

Neuwirth pulls up to the curb, gives a look to Bob who gets
out and walks into the hotel.

CUT TO:

92 **INT. HALLWAY -- CHELSEA HOTEL -- NIGHT**

92

Bob shuffles out of the elevator and glances down the hall.
He looks at the room numbers.

BOB

..Shit.

Bob knocks on one door, then another. He knocks at yet
another door, hoping something will happen.

Then a door behind Bob opens, REVEALING JOAN, looking
beautiful, holding a joint.

JOAN

I saw Pete's show.

BOB

Me too.

She laughs. He shuffles toward her. She eyes him as he gets
close, then steps aside, letting him in.

JOAN

I think I need to catch up with you.
You bring Jesse's peppy?

He cackles and the door closes.

CUT TO:

93 **INT. CHELSEA HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT**

93

ANGLE ON BOB in the smokey room -- scratching feverishly on a
pad by the window holding Joan's guitar, mumbling to himself.

BOB

*A fool's gold mouthpiece
..a hollow horn..*

Joan watches him from her pillow on the bed.

JOAN

Hey.

BOB

*..plays wasted words, proves to warn.
That he not busy being..*

JOAN

Bob.

BOB

He not busy being born.. is..

JOAN

Bob!

Bob's pencil freezes. Spell broken. He sighs, struggling to remember the lyric. It's gone. Bob looks at her.

BOB

What.

JOAN

Nevermind.

BOB

Never-mind?

Joan sits up.

JOAN

Why did you come here, Bob?

BOB

What?

JOAN

Why did you come here?

BOB

What are you doing?

JOAN

Why did you come here?

BOB

Uh. To see you.

JOAN

You're acting like a jerk.

BOB

Cause I got out of your bed?

JOAN

Get out.

BOB

What?

JOAN

Get out.

BOB

Whoa! I came here to be with you,
Joan.

JOAN
But then you got an idea.

BOB
(grins)
I was inspired.

JOAN
Get out.

BOB
You kidding me?

JOAN
No, Bob.

Bob sighs. Stands. Still holding her guitar.

BOB
(Mutters)
You used to have some spirit, Joan.

Moves to exit.

BOB (CONT'D)
Albert booked us on a concert tour. On
tours people generally sing songs, you
know. Commonly. Someone writes them.
Sometimes they rhyme. Not always.

JOAN
That's my fucking guitar!

Bob drops it on a chair as he shuts the door behind them.

BOB
See you on tour!

CUT TO:

94

INT. COLUMBIA STUDIO A -- DAY

94

In the booth, TOM WILSON with Engineer (ROY HALEE) AND BOBBY NEUWIRTH. ALBERT hovers in the door, keeping watch.

BOB and A FULL SESSION BAND are ready to roll.

TOM WILSON
Ready to roll on seven. Get that easy
going riff goin'.

BOB
Hold on, hold on, Tom. I want to try
it with this at the top instead of the
guitar.

Bob holds up THE TOY SIREN he brought on the street. The band grins and Bob spins the crank. It wails and everyone laughs.

BOB (CONT'D)

Don't start laughing in the take, man.
Cause I gotta look at your face.

Everyone pulls it together and Bob nods to the drummer to count them in. Bob winds the siren and the band takes off underneath. Checking lyrics from his pad --

BOB SINGS

*God said to Abraham, 'Kill me a son'.
Abe says, 'Man, you must be puttin' me
on. God says, 'No.' Abe says, 'What?'
God says, 'You can do what you want
Abe, but the next time you see me
comin', you better run.*

In the booth. Tom Wilson and Albert swap a look of wonder.

CUT TO:

95

JOAN AND BOB ON STAGE -- PITTSBURGH, PA -- NIGHT

95

A big venue, packed with young fans. Albert Grossman comes up a corridor that leads to the large arena as --

BOB AND JOAN SING

*I don't want to meet your kin, make
you spin or do you in. Or select you
or dissect you or inspect you or
reject you. All I really want to do
Is, baby, be friends with you.*

They applaud as Bob and Joan finish. As Joan thanks the crowd, Bob starts to pad about, restless, his mind on something he left in the studio. He works the fingering for something that has nothing to do with the current set.

Joan just looks at him, uncomfortable.

JOAN

(covers mic)
Um. Bob. Where the fuck are you?

BOB

(crosses to the mic)
I'm right here, Joan.
(covers the mic)
..I think this place is too big. Like
a morgue. Like Monterey. Maybe we need
a band. ..Maybe it's not big enough.

Joan looks at Bob, bewildered. She looks at the set list taped to the monitor and starts to play the intro to "Blowin' in the Wind". Eager applause.

BOB (CONT'D)

No, no, no. Don't do that. They all have that on records at home.

JOAN

(to crowd)

You want to hear "Blowin' in the Wind", right?

(they cheer)

That's why they came here, Bob.

BOB

(to the crowd)

Is that why you came here?

(cheers again)

'Cause no set list was advertised. Did someone make a promise I was gonna sing that song?

At the back, Albert sags, sweats with tension. People shout "Just play it!" "We wanna hear it!".

ALBERT GROSSMAN

What in fuck.

BOB

Joan, I can't be responsible for people's irrational delusional expectations.

The audience gets quiet. Uncomfortable. Joan glares at him.

BOB (CONT'D)

Sing what you want.

Joan starts Blowin in the Wind ..and Bob walks off stage.

CUT TO:

96

INT. LOMAX OFFICE -- WEST 46TH -- DAY

96

A funky hive of activity. Walls lined with 1/4" tapes, mixing equipment and the omnipresent sound of roots music.

WE FIND -- ALAN LOMAX as he's tapped by an assistant. He removes headphones, crosses to --

A FREIGHT ELEVATOR. There, arriving, are : Pete Seeger, Harold Leventhal, George Wein, Peter Yarrow (of Peter, Paul and Mary), Theodore Bikel and Oscar Brand; the great worthies of the Newport Folk Foundation.

CUT TO:

97

INT. LOMAX OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

97

A GATHERING OF MEN eat danish around a table. They make lists. Work continues by staff in bg. We note Sylvie's sister, Gena, finishing setting the nosh.

HAROLD LEVENTHAL

Give me Saturday night again.

THEODORE BIKEL

Ian and Sylvia, Odetta, Donovan, Johnny Cash and Kweskin..

ALAN LOMAX

And Theodore Bikel.

THEODORE BIKEL

I was just getting to me.

PETER YARROW

There's a proposal on the table for the Butterfield Blues Band.

PETE

Remind me who they are.

PETER YARROW

Chicago blues band.

HAROLD LEVENTHAL

Electric blues band.

ALAN LOMAX

A white electric blues band.

PETER YARROW

They're hot, Alan. The guitarist, Mike Bloomfield, is incredible.

ALAN LOMAX

Of course he is. Part of the Albert Grossman stable. Like you, Peter.

PETER YARROW

Knock it off.

HAROLD LEVENTHAL

I hear Bob's playing electric now.

ALAN LOMAX

Not on our stage.

PETER YARROW

So, what's the verdict on The Butterfields?

ALAN LOMAX

We already have bluesmen, real ones.

PETE

Bob wasn't playing electric in London.

THEODORE BIKEL

His last album had a full band.

PETE

On a few songs.

Pete gets a look of rebuke from Lomax.

PETER YARROW

We should just ask Albert what Bob's planning.

Leventhal holds up an issue of NME featuring PHOTOS OF BOB WITH THE BEATLES. Wild-eyed, partying at the Marquee Club in London. In one shot, JOAN BAEZ, partying among them.

HAROLD LEVENTHAL

Albert's had his hands full. Bob brought Joan to London--

Gena turns from her desk, listening.

HAROLD LEVENTHAL (CONT'D)

--but he wouldn't let her play with him. Or visa versa. Apparently, she got pissed and split for Paris.

Peter Yarrow waves the Butterfield Blues folder.

PETER YARROW

Can we finish talking about the Butterfields?

ALAN LOMAX

I thought we did, Peter.

PETER YARROW

You never heard them, Alan.

ALAN LOMAX

The Newport Folk Festival was created to fight a rip tide of inauthentic shit. The record companies package and push white bands over everything else.

PETER YARROW

I understand but--

ALAN LOMAX

You *can't* understand the problem, Peter, you are the problem! "Peter, Paul and Mary" are a confection. Paul's name used to be Noel! Albert changed it cause it sounded better. 'Like fucking Ritz crackers.

Yarrow grabs his things and storms to the door.

THEODORE BIKEL

Okay.. o-kay..

ALAN LOMAX

We're here to celebrate music from the people. For the people. The sound of a guitar and a man's voice.

HAROLD LEVENTHAL

Or a woman's..

Suddenly, Pete pounds the table. Everyone turns.

PETE

Stop! Let's not be dogmatic and insulting, Alan. We can find a way to agree.

ALAN LOMAX

No, Pete. We can't. Fuck the Butterfingers. And fuck Dylan if he thinks he's gonna play electric on our stage. And don't bring up ticket sales, Harold. I don't give a shit. Rock and roll is a cash powered alien invasion crushing all authentic human possibility.

CUT TO:

A TAXI PULLS UP to the curb of Columbia Studios and out stumbles BOB NEUWIRTH, a butt on his lip, looking haggard. He pays the driver, change falling, toting a large acoustic case. As the cab pulls away, he bangs on the trunk.

BOB NEUWIRTH

Whoa whoa!

THE TRUNK POPS TO REVEAL -- A STRATOCASTER CASE (an electric guitar) with a British Airways sticker on it.

CUT TO:

99

INT. COLUMBIA STUDIO A -- MOMENTS LATER

99

An empty studio, Tom Wilson sips coffee in the booth.

TOM WILSON

(over the PA)

Welcome back, Neuwirth!

Neuwirth waves the wave of a man who doesn't want to talk about it. He goes about his business setting things up. He lays down A STRATOCASTER CASE and cracks it open, revealing --

A GLEAMING RED FENDER ELECTRIC. He plugs it into an amp.

TOM WILSON (CONT'D)

(over the PA)

That yours?

NEUWIRTH

Bob's. He bought it in London.

Wilson blinks, reacting to the idea of Dylan buying an electric guitar as --

Neuwirth warms it up, playing an old tune.

NEUWIRTH SINGS

*Railroad Bill, Railroad Bill.
He never worked and he never will*

Suddenly, a harmonica comes in behind him. Neuwirth looks over his shoulder to find --

Bob, who has been sleeping on a couch behind the baffles. He too looks baked and he nods at Neuwirth to keep going.

NEUWIRTH SINGS (CONT'D)

*And it's ride, ride, ride... Railroad
Bill, he was a mighty mean man...*

Bob sits up, joins him.

BOB AND NEUWIRTH SING

*He shot the midnight lantern out of
the brakeman's hand. And it's ride,
ride, ride.*

BOB

Pick it up a little.

Neuwirth pours on more hot sauce as another musician enters.

A rollicking ham-fisted piano joins in. The player (AL KOOPER) is a young guy with Mod clothes, a mop of dark hair and shades. He grins at Bob. The tune is rocking now.

BOB AND NEUWIRTH SING

*Railroad Bill, y'know he took a wife.
Said if I didn't like it he'd take my
life. And it's ride, ride, ride..*

They suddenly stop as the door open.

MORE SESSION MEN file in, among them -- Keyboardist PAUL GRIFFIN and guitarist MIKE BLOOMFIELD carrying his axe. Kooper yields the piano to Griffin.

BOB

(to Kooper)

Hey, man. You in this session?

AL KOOPER

(shrugs, bashful)

Tom said to fall by. I'm Al Kooper.

NEUWIRTH

(to Bob)

Guitar player.

BOB

We got Bloomfield.

Bloomfield unleashes a mighty blues lick.

CUT TO:

100

INT. COLUMBIA STUDIO A -- CONTROL BOOTH -- LATER

100

Al Kooper sits on the couch with his guitar, looking sullen as Tom adjusts the board, working with engineer, ROY HALEE.

AL KOOPER

They called me in, I brought my axe.

Tom raises the level on Bloomfield's electrifying licks..

TOM WILSON

You wanna to go up against that, Al?

ROY

No one's on organ.

AL KOOPER

I can do organ.

TOM WILSON

You don't play keyboards, Al.

Al makes a face and slides into the studio as Neuwirth pokes in his head, signaling Tom that Bob's ready.

CUT TO:

101

INT. STUDIO A -- JUST AS TAPE'S ABOUT TO ROLL

101

Al Kooper sits down in front of the Hammond organ looking like its the first time he's touched one. His hands fumble on the keys. No sound. Tom Wilson steps up, flicks the ON switch. Gives Al a look.

Across the studio, Bob is listening to Bloomfield jam.

TOM

(on control room speaker)

"Like a Rolling Stone," Take 8.

Bob has a note for Bloomfield.

BOB

Hey. Mike. Play like you're in your room alone. Play for yourself.

Bloomfield nods.

BOB (CONT'D)

(to the others)

No more waltz time on this one. Ascending scale, 'La Bamba' changes for the chorus. Come in on the downbeat of four. Just jump on it.

Bob nods to the drummer BOBBY GREGG... who counts off...

BOBBY GREGG

One, two. One, two, three..

..and they're off. Neuwirth glances at Kooper, who's waiting to make sure of the chord, staying an eighth note behind. Bob starts singing. A seismic sound:

BOB SINGS

Once upon a time you dressed so fine.. Threw the bums a dime in your prime, didn't you?

CUT TO:

102 **INT. COLUMBIA STUDIO A -- CONTROL BOOTH -- LATER**

102

Playback of the track. Bob listens intently, critically. Albert behind him, sensing something major in the air, and Neuwirth is wedged against the back wall.

BOB

Let me hear more of that organ.

TOM WILSON

The cat's not an organ player.

BOB

Sounds like one to me. Lift it, Roy.

Roy Halee brings the level up on the organ. The drums and the kick come up with it.

TOM

It's tied to the drums.

BOB

Keep it there.

CUT TO:

103 **INT. PAUL SARGENT CLOTHING STORE -- DAY**

103

A clerk is wrapping up a package for Bob: several identical spectacular shirts with polka dots the size of puddles.

AL KOOPER

(re: the polka dot shirt)

Newport never seen duds like these.

Neuwirth and Al Kooper arrive at the counter next to Bob, who puts down cash, noticing --

PETE SEEGER out on 4th street. He stares at their motorcycles at the curb, recognizing them. Turns and peers in the window.

CUT TO:

104 **EXT. PAUL SARGENT STORE -- 4TH STREET -- DAY**

104

Bob emerges from the store to find Pete. Something awkward between them as they regard each other, shaking hands.

BOB

Hey, Pete.

PETE

(re: motorcycle)

I had a feeling this was yours.

PASSING GIRL
OM MY GOD! I LOVE YOU, BOB!!

A PASSING GIRL clutches Bob, kisses him.

PETE
I tried calling but..

BOB
Yeah. Sorry I haven't --
(unwinding the girl)
Babe, I'm talking to my friend here.
(back to Pete)
I've been in the studio every day
since I got back.

PETE
New songs?

BOB
A few. 'But this album's more
complicated. ..More elements.

PETE
Going electric on this one?

BOB
(smiles)
Newport starts day after tomorrow,
Pete. What are you doing downtown?

PETE
I had a last meeting with Harold.
..heading north tonight.
(beat)
Do you got a moment to grab a cup?

More passers-by greet Bob. He shakes their hands.

PETE (CONT'D)
I've been trying to talk to Albert
about your set, but it might be good
to cut out the middle man.

BOB
We're closing the show, right?

PETE
Yes.. but..

AL KOOPER and NEUWIRTH emerge from the store, laughing,
carrying large boxes. Off the awkward greetings--

BOB

Let's talk up in Newport, Pete. I
haven't made any plans for the show.
Kinda living day to day these days.

CUT TO:

105 **INT. SYLVIE'S APARTMENT -- MORNING** 105

Sylvie hears the sound of Bob's Triumph in the street.

BOB

Sylvie! ..Sylvie!!

Sylvie throws open the window.

Below, Bob smokes a cigarette.

BOB (CONT'D)

I'm headed up to Newport. Wanna come?

Sylvie SLAMS the window shut.

106 **EXT. SYLVIE'S APARTMENT -- MOMENTS LATER** 106

Still waiting, Bob flicks his butt. Then the front door of
the apartment opens. A backpack appears on the stoop followed
by Sylvie. She crosses to Bob and climbs on the bike knowing
full well this is stupid.

BOB

Hold on.

She puts her arms around him and they blast off.

CUT TO:

107 **EXT. ON THE ROAD TO NEWPORT -- MORNING** 107

Bob and Sylvie on the Triumph, en route to New England,
Manhattan behind them. Sun low, rising on a summer day.

We hear "Mr. Tambourine Man" on The radio sung by Bob, but
also sung by fans in other cars listening.

FAN VOICES SING

*Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song
for me. I'm not sleepy and there is no
place I'm going to.*

CUT TO:

108 **EXT. THE STREETS OF NEWPORT -- DAY** 108

Riding down the main street of town. Bob is recognized. Some
people point, others nod, a few call his name.

He grins but keeps driving. Sylvie's hair flows behind her.
Aerodynamics.

*In the jingle jangle morning I'll come
following you...*

CUT TO:

109 **EXT. VIKING MOTEL -- NEWPORT -- DAY**

109

Bob and Sylvie pull up on the Triumph. Sylvie takes in the menagerie of musicians waiting outside the motel office to register. A mix of sounds comes from rooms and the lot :

...South African kwela on the penny-whistle.. Appalachian fiddle... a North Carolina ballad singer rehearsing.. someone from the Hebrides singing in Gaelic..

SYLVIE

Wow.

Jesse Moffette sits, drinking peppy, working a blues riff.

JESSE MOFFETTE

Bobby D. You're lookin' unlike
yourself. Who you runnin' with?

BOB

Runnin' wild, Jesse.

JESSE MOFFETTE

(re: Sylvie)
She wild too?

SYLVIE

Only when the moon's full.

Jesse guffaws as AN ORGANIZER hands Bob credentials.

CUT TO:

110 **INT. BOB'S ROOM, THE VIKING MOTEL -- DAY**

110

Sylvie lies on the bed as Bob lights two cigarettes in his mouth and hands her one, like Paul Henreid in "Now, Voyager". He lies beside her as she takes a drag.

SYLVIE

Does this make me Bette Davis?
..She ended up alone in that movie.

BOB

Nah. They got together. When they were
older, they got together.

Neuwirth bursts through the door with TWO GUITAR CASES. He pays no attention to Bob and Sylvie as he snaps the cases open on the couch. One is BOB'S ACOUSTIC GIBSON NICK LUCAS. The other is THE RED STRATOCASTER FROM LONDON.

NEUWIRTH

Choose your weapon, general.
You got the guest thing with Joan.

BOB

Oh, yeah.
(to Sylvie)
I can meet you later, if you want.

SYLVIE

Why? I'd like to catch that.

CUT TO:

111 **EXT. NEWPORT FOLK FESTIVAL -- DAY**

111

JOAN on the stage, singing to a huge crowd on the lawn. Newport Bay sparkles on the horizon.

JOAN SINGS

Everything's still the same. Just a table standing empty by the edge of the sea. Farewell Angelina.. The sky is trembling.. And I must leave.

112 **BACKSTAGE -- SAME**

112

Bob, Sylvie and Neuwirth arrive. The first person they see is Pete, who greets them. Sylvie tries to pretend she is fine with Joan singing fifteen feet away. Bob straps on his Gibson, exchanging a glance with Neuwirth.

Singing, Joan glances offstage, sees Bob and his guitar. She flips him the bird, discreetly. Bob looks to Sylvie.

SYLVIE

I haven't seen you in a while, Pete.
How's it going?

PETE

Better than ever, Sylvie. It's jubilation through and through.

Pete moves on about his business, managing things, and Neuwirth notices Sylvie, left alone, turns, watching Joan singing as Bob steps to the edge of the stage.

BOB AND JOAN SING (CONT'D)
*..Someone to open each and every
 door. But it ain't me, babe. No, no,
 no, it ain't me, babe. It ain't me
 you're lookin' for, babe.*

Joan glances offstage while singing, locks eyes with Sylvie.

BOB AND JOAN SING (CONT'D)
*..I'm not the one you want, babe. I'll
 only let you down.*

Sylvie's eyes fill with tears. She's not built for this game.
 She turns to leave, bumping into Pete.

BOB AND JOAN SING (CONT'D)
*It ain't me, babe. No, no, no, it
 ain't me, babe!*

She hurries past him, turning her face away.

PETE
 (to Neuwirth)
 What's that about?

Bob notices Sylvie has left and looks to Neuwirth--

NEUWIRTH
 ..Fuck.

He follows after her, down the steps.

CUT TO:

116

ANGLE ON -- SYLVIE, PUSHING THROUGH THE CROWD -- SAME

116

*We still hear Bob and Joan from the stage as -- Sylvie moves
 through the mob, heading for the gates. Neuwirth catches up
 with her just as she makes it to where LOCAL CABS STAND BY.*

NEUWIRTH
 Sylvie. He's gonna ask where you are.

SYLVIE
 Tell him I went home.

NEUWIRTH
 Come on, Sylvie..

SYLVIE
 I can't do it. I thought I could but--

NEUWIRTH
 Just stay and talk to him.

She opens the door of a cab.

SYLVIE

He's got a lot of people to talk to.
Like a hundred thousand.

CAB DRIVER

'You getting in, Miss?

NEUWIRTH

You can't take a taxi all the way to
the Village, Sylvie. There's a ferry
to Providence that leaves every other
hour. You can catch a train from
there.

She looks to the next people in line.

SYLVIE

(to next passenger)
Go ahead. Take it.

They do and the cab drives off. Another pulls up.

NEUWIRTH

Just talk to him.

SYLVIE

Nothing to talk about. He has to keep
feeding it. He can't stop.

NEUWIRTH

That's not true.

SYLVIE

He has to cut the cords. To keep the
songs coming. To feed it. Maybe you're
next. Sacrifices have to be made.

NEUWIRTH

I'm fine with him.

SYLVIE

Why? 'Cause you think he's Elvis or
Shakespeare or Albert Einstein?

NEUWIRTH

What he's making is gonna live
forever.

PETE

What he's always done. What he wants.
What do you care?

Alan processes this. He inclines his head in the direction of the radio, now playing The McCoys' "Hang On, Sloopy."

ALAN LOMAX

Top Forty's a shitstorm, Pete. We have to stand against it. And if that means pissing Bob off, so be it.

PETE

There's over seventy thousand people here, Alan. And Bob's the reason. They're all getting a taste of our music. Our way. We could look at this as a gift. I think Bob feels like--

ALAN LOMAX

He's just chasing the Beatles.

PETE

I don't think he's chasing anyone.

ALAN LOMAX

Newport's ours, not his. One week, ten acres of sacred music.

PETE

You know what, Alan? I can't do this.

Pete heads for the door. Lomax sighs, putting down cash.

ALAN LOMAX

You built it too, Pete. You gonna watch him tear it down?

CUT TO:

119

INT. / EXT. VIKING HOTEL -- BOB'S SUITE -- LATE AFTERNOON

119

THE KINKS plays on the turntable. The motel is filled with smoke and lots of people, in the suite, on the balcony.. all kinds.

Bob enters, from his bedroom, freshly showered and sees --

Al Kooper crossing, finishing putting on one of the polka dot shirts. He sits beside A SPACEY GIRL who chortles.

SPACEY GIRL

You could play basketball with those polky dots.

ON THE BALCONY, JOAN crosses past with a guy, ghosting Bob.

BOB
Take that shirt off, Al. You look like
a clown, man.

Bob crosses to NEUWIRTH, who smokes by a window.

BOB (CONT'D)
..Where's Sylvie?

NEUWIRTH
..She split. While you were playing
with Joan.

LOMAX, LEVENTHAL and BIKEL knock enter the suite. Albert
crosses, hiding a joint as he intercepts.

ALBERT
Gentlemen. You missed the poker game.

THEODORE BIKEL
But not the reefer.

Neuwirth checks his watch, looks at Bob.

NEUWIRTH
I didn't want to sink you, Bob. She's
probably still at the ferry if you
want to--

Bob grabs his jacket, crossing, digging for keys. Finds
himself facing Lomax and Leventhal.

ALAN LOMAX
Can we have a word, Bobby?

HAROLD LEVENTHAL
(re: the stereo)
Can someone turn that down?

BOB
Where's Pete? He's not in on this?

ALAN LOMAX
'In on' what exactly?

BOB
The posse of purity.

THEODORE BIKEL
We're on our own.

BOB

Sorry, guys. I gotta go.

Bob moves to the door but Leventhal puts a hand on him.

HAROLD LEVENTHAL

We just want to know what you plan on doing tomorrow, Bobby. If you're gonna play your new songs.

BOB

Cause you want me playing old ones.

ALAN LOMAX

Cut the crap, Bobby.
(points at turntable)
Are you playing noise like this?

BOB

This is The Kinks, Alan.

ALAN LOMAX

'Cause I'm supposed to introduce you, and if you are, maybe you should ask Dick Clark instead.

ALBERT

If you haven't noticed, Alan.. There's a lot of people here in Newport. Ten times what you had a few years ago.

ALAN LOMAX

Rather have fifty faithful than fifty thousand groupies.

Bob moves off and away, down the steps to the street. Lomax crosses to the balcony, yelling after him.

ALAN LOMAX (CONT'D)

It was the Newport Folk Festival then, and it still is! Not the teen dream, Brill Building, Top Forty British Invasion Festival. A Folk festival. Remember Folk, Bob?

BOB

(walking off)

No, what's that, Alan? Maybe you can sing me something.

CUT TO:

Bob rocks on his heels. Doesn't know what to say. Someone screams. Passengers recognize him, not hard with the polka dot shirt. They converge. And, as they close in, Bob looks at Sylvie till the fans fill the space between them.

PETE (O.S.)
Let's welcome the Texas Prison
Worksong Group!

CUT TO:

122 **EXT. NEWPORT FOLK FESTIVAL -- STAGE -- NIGHT**

122

Pete Seeger, center stage... Behind him, SIX MEN IN PRISON GARB carrying axes, under the watch of AN ARMED GUARD.

PETE
Six men serving life and the guard is
not a prop! Neither's the tree trunk!

THE MEN circle the tree, axes in hand, and start their singing and chopping. Offstage: Alan Lomax approaches Pete.

ALAN LOMAX
We saw Bob. Came away with a handful
of air. It's gotta be you, Pete.

CUT TO:

123 **EXT. NEWPORT -- VIKING PARKING LOT -- MORNING**

123

Pete, in his pickup, parked across the street. Not happy with himself. Eye on the motel, watching as--

..Bloomfield and Al Kooper stumble out of Bob's suite. Bob appears a moment, shirtless, before the door closes.

CUT TO:

124 **INT. BOB'S SUITE. VIKING MOTEL -- MORNING**

124

Pete enters cautiously with a coffee tray. The suite is trashed. Food, bottles, guitars, ashtrays and bodies. One bed with an entangled couple on it.

Pete steps over another person in a sleeping bag and sets a cup in front of Neuwirth sleeping on a couch. Then, he turns to Bob.

Bob is on the bed watching Pete, a sleeping body beside him.

PETE
'Thought you could use a cup of
hot black this morning.

Bob takes the coffee as Pete notices the red Stratocaster against the wall, beside the Nick Lucas.

PETE (CONT'D)
(re: the last coffee)
This one's for Sylvie.

Bob pulls the sheets to reveal Albert Grossman beside him.

ALBERT
Hey. What. What the fuck?

Bob stands, takes the last coffee and hands it to Albert.

BOB
We already got a visit from your posse. They kept asking the same question.

PETE
Maybe they didn't like the answer.

Bob crosses to the toilet. Neuwirth wakes. Grabs his coffee.

NEUWIRTH
Hey. ..Thanks, Pete.

ALBERT GROSSMAN
(fumbling for a butt)
It's seven in the morning. Whatever this is, Pete, can't it wait a few more God damned hours?

Pete moves some bottles off a chair and sits, sipping his own coffee.. as Bob re-enters.

PETE
Bobby. Did I ever tell you the parable of the teaspoon brigade?

ALBERT GROSSMAN
The parable of the what? Pete. It's the fucking crack of dawn here!

PETE
It's a good story.

ALBERT GROSSMAN
Bob needs rest. We all do.

BOB
Let him tell his story, Al.

Bob sits down opposite Pete.

PETE

Imagine a seesaw. A great big seesaw. One end is stuck to the ground because it has a basket full of rocks on it. And the other end is high in the air. There's a basket on that end too, but its only half full - of sand - and the sand is leaking. Now, some of us, we have teaspoons - and one teaspoon at a time, we're putting sand into that basket. It's leaking out as we put it in - and people are laughing at us - but every few days a new person shows up with a teaspoon, pitching in. We all keep going, Bobby. You know why?

BOB

Why.

PETE

Because one of these days, or years, or decades, who knows, enough people are gonna be using their little teaspoons all at once. And on that day, that basket of sand is gonna get so full that the whole damned thing goes "Zoop!" and level things out.

ALBERT GROSSMAN

Right. We get the story, Pete.

PETE

I'm not sure you do, Albert. Newport was purpose built to share traditional music, homespun music, people's music, with other people, out in the air, in nature. And since we started, six years ago, more and more people have grabbed teaspoons. Spoons for peace. Spoons for justice. Spoons for love.

(to Bob)

Then you came along, Bobby.. and you brought a shovel. We just had teaspoons. But you brought a shovel. And now, thanks to you, we're almost there. You're the closing act, Bobby, and if you could just use that shovel the right way--

BOB

(staring at floor)

The right way.

PETE

You could level things.

Bob looks at Pete.

BOB

I sent you an advance of my record.

PETE

You did.

BOB

Well, did you ever listen to the music you're telling me not to play?

PETE

I could already see where you were going on the last record.

Bob sits there, wounded. Then stands.

PETE (CONT'D)

You wrote great songs, Bobby. Songs that started to change things.

NEUWIRTH

Nothing's changed, Pete. At all. They killed Kennedy. They shot Malcolm X.

ALBERT GROSSMAN

There's more in this world to sing about than justice, Pete. And there's more than one way to play a song.

Bob paces the room, looking for cigarettes. None to be found.

BOB

They just want me singing the same songs, Albert. For the rest of my fucking life.

NEUWIRTH

Did you ever stop and think, Pete, that maybe Bobby just wanted some friends up on stage with him?

ALBERT

They're scared of your music, Bobby.

PETE

No one's scared of anyone's music.

ALBERT

Yes you are. You're scared the kids
out on that lawn might like it.

PETE

Why would that scare me, Albert?

ALBERT

Because you're pushing candles and
he's selling light bulbs.

Bob finds his keys.

BOB

(heads for the door)
I need cigarettes.

PETE

Bobby.

Bob stops in the doorway.

BOB

The only reason I have a shovel, Pete,
is because I picked it up. ..It was
just lying there and I picked it up.

Bob exits.

CUT TO:

125

EXT. VIKING MOTEL -- MORNING

125

Bob moves toward his Triumph. He finds a big rental Cadillac
blocking his bike, engine idling, door open.

BOB

Shit.

Bob hears a cough and turns to see -- JOHNNY CASH buying a
soda from the motel vending machine.

BOB (CONT'D)

Hey, J-R.

Cash sips his soda and approaches. Doesn't seem to recognize
Bob. Something wrong with him... Exhausted? High? Both?

JOHNNY CASH

(raspy)
Am I blocking you in, pal?

BOB

Johnny. It's me.. Bobby.

Cash squints and sees Bob for the first time.

JOHNNY CASH
..Shit. Hey, there, Bobby.

BOB
I thought you left already.

JOHNNY CASH
We loaded out last night. June left for New York .. But Pete asked me to stay for the finale. Today, you know.

BOB
I do.

JOHNNY CASH
I just went for a.. I couldn't sleep..took a drive. Saw the ocean.
(notices the Triumph)
This yours?

BOB
Yeah.

JOHNNY CASH
Hold this. Let me get out of your way.

Bob holds John's soda as Cash climbs into the Caddy, throws it in reverse, a bit too hard, dinging a Chevy behind him. Then he turns it off, leaving it there. Comes out carrying A BAG OF "BUGLES".

JOHNNY CASH (CONT'D)
Want some Bugles?

BOB
No thanks.
(jingles his keys)
Need cigarettes.

Bob smiles, wistful as he crosses to his bike.

JOHNNY CASH
You play tonight, right?

BOB
'What the program says. But they don't want to hear what I want to play.

JOHN
Who's they?

Bob looks to Pete walking back to his truck.

BOB

The men who decide what folk music is.

JOHNNY CASH

Well. *Fuck them.*

Johnny starts off toward his room.

JOHNNY CASH (CONT'D)

Make some noise, B-D. Track some mud
on the carpet.

CUT TO:

126

INT. VIKING HOTEL, NEWPORT -- BOB'S SUITE -- LATE DAY

126

The black & white TV flickers, sound low.

In the bathroom, door open, Bob finishes washing his face and pulls on his shirt. He lingers on his own face in the mirror.

For a flash, Bob sees himself in reflection outside of Guthrie's hospital room four years ago. Then it's gone and he sees Neuwirth enter in the mirror.

NEUWIRTH

Getting nuts out there.

Bob walks out without answering.

CUT TO:

127

EXT. THE VIKING MOTEL -- NIGHT

127

Bob, Neuwirth, Albert and Kooper hustle down motel stairs.

BOB

We do a few tunes and get out, thank
you and goodnight.

NEUWIRTH

Electric or acoustic?

Bob doesn't reply, moving to a waiting car and a small crowd.

KID IN CROWD

How crazy is it gonna be tonight, Bob?

BOB

Nothing crazy. Check it out.

GIRL IN CROWD

It's sold out, we can't hear it.

BOB
I'll sing louder.

CUT TO:

128 **THE NEWPORT FOLK FESTIVAL -- SUNDAY NIGHT CONCERT**

128

Roadies, on stage, positioning mikes in front of speakers..
..and down in the audience, at the sound board, Boyd the
sound man makes final tweaks.

Harold Leventhal approaches Pete.

HAROLD
How are we?

PETE
I think he understands.

Leventhal sighs in relief and nods to --

Alan Lomax, who in turn, crosses to the mic. A cheer rises.

129 **BACKSTAGE :**

129

Bob watches, over his Wayfarers. Neuwirth and Albert hang
close watching. But he feels more eyes than those.

SEEGER, TOSHI, BIKEL, YARROW, GEORGE WEIN and HAROLD
LEVENTHAL are all backstage engaged in conversations but
their minds are entirely on Bob.

Joan watches too. Even Jesse Moffette is watching. All eyes
are upon him. The clapping and stomping becomes muffled and
fuses with Bob's own heartbeat. All eyes upon him.

ALBERT
You good?

Bob comes out of the trance. Neuwirth holds his Gibson
acoustic and his Strat. Bob takes the Stratocaster.

THE APPLAUSE AND STOMPING, KEEPS BUILDING. Pete Seeger
watches as --

BOB STRAPS ON THE STRAT. Harold looks to Pete, panicked.

130 **ONSTAGE :**

130

ALAN LOMAX
(over huge crowd noise)
Okay. Do I have to say his name? You
know who's coming. Take him, you know
him, he's yours.

Neuwirth, Joan and Peter Yarrow desperately try to pry them apart while Johnny Cash stares in wonder.

137 **ONSTAGE :**

137

"Maggie's Farm" roars to an end. Bloomfield steps close to Bob, nodding toward -- the melee backstage.

MIKE BLOOMFIELD

What the hell's going on?

Bob cues a new tune: "It Takes a Lot To Laugh, It Takes a Train To Cry" and leans into the mic, singing with intensity.

BOB SINGS

*Well, I've been up all night, baby.
Leanin' on the windowsill. Well, if I
die on top of the hill. And if I don't
make it. You know my baby will.*

Al Kooper steals a look backstage and sees the end of the scuffle. The sight is not reassuring. Nor are the angry sounds screams from the audience. Some of the irate folkies are throwing things, other starting to fight with fans who like the music.

CUT TO:

138 **AT THE SOUNDBOARD :**

138

Boyd looks up from his controls, sees Neuwirth beside him.

BOYD

Neuwirth, this is craz-y.

NEUWIRTH

Just keep everything like we set it this afternoon. Don't change nothing for nobody.

CUT TO:

139 **BACKSTAGE :**

139

Neuwirth returns from the soundboard just as Grossman and Lomax are pushed to neutral corners.

PETE

(to Neuwirth)

Why can't you turn it down?

Neuwirth mimes his hands being tied.

ALAN LOMAX

Tell them it's an order from the Festival board.

ALBERT

Fuck the board!

ALAN LOMAX

You're on the board you fucking idiot!

Toshi watches as -- Pete stands there, the music pounding. He seems to pop a gasket. He looks to Toshi, emotional, and heads to the soundboard himself.

Johnny Cash ignores it all, listening intently as--

140

ONSTAGE :

140

BOB SINGS, consumed by the song.

BOB SINGS

*I wanna be your lover, baby. I don't
wanna be your boss. Don't say I never
warned you. When your train gets lost.*

Audience reaction has split, loudly: hollering and raucous approval. And a decided undertow of booing.

As Bob approaches the end of the song, a fretful Al Kooper looks to Bob, the cat-calls getting louder.

VOICE FROM AUDIENCE

Go back to Ed Sullivan!

WOMAN CLOSE TO STAGE

Judas!

A step too far, even for Bob.

BOB

Come on man.

MIKE BLOOMFIELD

What should we do?

BOB

Don't stop.

And then Bob launches them into "Like a Rolling Stone". Bob leans close to the mike, daring the audience.

BOB SINGS

*Once upon a time you dressed so fine.
Threw the bums a dime in your prime,
didn't you? People'd call say, 'Beware
doll, you're bound to fall. You
thought they were all kiddin' you.*

141 **AT THE SOUNDBOARD :** 141

Boyd looks up, astonished to see Pete Seeger upon him.

PETE
Let me at that board, son.

BOYD
I can't do that, Mr. Seeger.

142 **ONSTAGE :** 142

Bob won't let up. Hits the chorus. Loud. In the audience, cheering, hollering, booing, cursing. Loud.

BOB SINGS
*How does it feel! How does it feel!
To be without a home. Like a complete
unknown. Like a rolling stone!*

143 **AT THE SOUNDBOARD :** 143

PETE
You have to turn it down! You are on
our stage at our festival!

BOYD
With all due respect, Mr. Seeger,
open your fucking ears.

Boyd turns his back on Pete who looks to --

THE AXE from the Prison Worksong Group, leaning on a wall.

PETE CHARGES FOR THE AXE BUT --

TOSHI PUTS HERSELF IN FRONT OF IT.

144 **ONSTAGE : BOB TEARS INTO THE SONG.** 144

BOB SINGS
*You said you'd never compromise. With
the mystery tramp, but you realize.
He's not selling any alibis. As you
stare into the vacuum of his eyes, and
ask him, do you want to make a deal?*

CLOSE ON -- BOB, singing the chorus with venom.

IN THE CROWD : Things turn more physical. Dancing. Screaming.
Cheering. Arguing. Shoving. Shoving back. Throwing things.

BOB SINGS (CONT'D)
*How does it feel? To be on your own.
 No direction home. Like a complete
 unknown. Like a rolling stone.*

The band holds tight behind him as..

BOB SINGS (CONT'D)
*..Ain't it hard when you discover
 that, he really wasn't where it's at.
 After he took from you everything he
 could steal.*

Punches are thrown. A picnic cooler goes flying.

BOB SINGS (CONT'D)
*How does it feel! To be on your own
 With no direction home. Like a
 complete unknown. Like a rolling--*

145 **BACKSTAGE : CLOSE ON -- JOHNNY CASH** 145

Enjoying the melee. The noise. He smiles wide as--

146 **ONSTAGE :** 146

BOB PRESSES INTO THE LAST VERSE.

CALLS FROM CROWD
*"Traitor!" "Sellout!" "Scumbag!"
 "Fake!" Phony!" "We love you, Bob!"*

..A lawn chair clatters against the front of the stage.

BOB SINGS
*Go to him now, he calls you, you can't
 refuse. When you got nothing... ..you
 got nothing to lose.*

Audience pandemonium continues as Bob takes the last chorus like a racer on a hairpin turn.

BOB SINGS (CONT'D)
*How does it feel? To be on your own.
 With no direction home. A complete
 unknown. Like a rolling stone.*

The song ends and A RIPTIDE OF APPROVAL AND CONTEMPT RISES as the musicians look to Bob: do we go on?

BOB
That tears it.

The band hurriedly unplugs and follows him off the stage..

147

BACKSTAGE :

CUT TO:

147

Joan nods to Bob. Lomax is seething, Albert gloating. Jesse Moffette grins at Bob. Johnny Cash wraps his arm around Bob's neck and speaks in his ear.

JOHNNY CASH
You just broke it down, Bobby. Broke
it down and blew my mind.

BOB
Thanks, J-R.

Bob stumbles onward and finds himself facing -- Pete Seeger.

PETE
What was that?

BOB
..You were right here, Pete. You
couldn't hear it?

Out onstage, Peter Yarrow tries to talk frenzied crowd down. He can hardly be heard above the ROAR.

PETER YARROW
..Hey, everybody.. you want more?
Bobby was only scheduled for three..

ALBERT
(puts a hand on Bob)
Wanna go back out? Let some steam out?

BOB
Why would I want to do that, Albert?

NEUWIRTH
To end the show.

BOB
We just did.

HAROLD LEVENTHAL
Bob, the crowd's not gonna let up! We
need a finale. Bob. ..Please.

Bob listens to the roar, takes in the panicked faces.

BOB

Fuck it. Where's the Gibson?

Neuwirth runs to fetch Bob's Nick Lucas Special.
But Johnny Cash steps forward, holding out his own Gibson.

JOHNNY CASH

Use this one, killer.

CUT TO:

148 **ONSTAGE :**

148

Bob ambles onstage with Johnny Cash's guitar. He adjusts the mic and his harmonica rack.

BOB

Anybody got a harp?! A harmonica in the key of E. Anyone?

A shower of harps rains on him. He picks one up and grins.

BOB (CONT'D)

Thanks.

He attaches it to his rack.. and then tears loose with an unforgiving version of "It's All Over Now, Baby Blue."

BOB SINGS

*You must leave now, take what you
need, you think will last. But
whatever you wish to keep, you better
grab it fast.*

This is goodbye, to everything and maybe everyone.

BOB SINGS (CONT'D)

*Look out the saints are comin through.
And it's all over now, Baby Blue.*

CUT TO:

149 **BACKSTAGE :**

149

Pete and other members of the Festival board are huddled.

PETE

We need to get everyone out there.
Everyone together.

ALAN LOMAX

Together's done. Your boy just tore it
all down.

BOB

The gig's over, Toshi.

PETE

Let him be. It's finished.

Bob walks off, approaching Johnny Cash. Hands him his guitar.

BOB

Thanks.

Johnny Cash watches as -- Bob moves toward Neuwirth behind the wheel of an idling car in the loading area.

CUT TO:

154

ONSTAGE :

154

Pete takes center stage strums and leans in to the mic.

PETE

Everybody, join us in fellowship and
farewell.

Pete sings "We Shall Overcome" and Joan joins him singing, then Peter Yarrow and Toshi and all the other festival artists assemble onstage, joining in. Pete puts an arm around Toshi, the other around Joan as they belt it out and smile, ..but there is a pallor.

CUT TO:

155

INT/EXT. CAR IN LOADING AREA -- SAME

155

Bob gets in beside Neuwirth and they pull out as the finale plays in the bg on the stage.

CUT TO:

156

INT/EXT. CAR -- OVER BOB AND NEUWIRTH -- SAME

156

Over Bob and Neuwirth as they pull into the lot of the Viking. A party is spilling out on the balcony.

CUT TO:

157

INT. CROWDED ROOM AT THE VIKING -- LATER THAT NIGHT

157

The Temptations play as players we've seen throughout the festival, young and old, party. Celebrating.. something.

Bob watches the celebration from an overstuffed chair. Albert sits across from him with a piece of paper. Neuwirth nearby.

ALBERT GROSSMAN

This is Kretchmer's lede for The
Village Voice.

ALBERT GROSSMAN (CONT'D)

"The irony of the folklorist and parochial anger at Dylan's rock and roll transgressions is that he is not Woody Guthrie or the Shangri-las but this generations' most awesome talent.

BOBBY NEUWIRTH

That's good, cause this cat from the Broadside just told me Dylan just cast "a black shadow on all tradition."

BOB

Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men.. the shadow knows..

Neuwirth hands Bob a Kool as Maria Muldaur boogies her way past them with two drinks.

MARIA MULDAUR

Hey, Bob. Wanna dance?

BOB

I can't, Maria. My hands are on fire.

MARIA MULDAUR

How about a you, Bobby?

Neuwirth grins -- and dances away with Maria.

MARIA MULDAUR (CONT'D)

(to Bob)

Where's Joan?

CUT TO:

158

EXT. THE VIKING MOTEL -- NIGHT

158

Post show traffic clogs the streets. PETE AND TOSHI climb out of their wagon. They cross toward their room but Pete pauses, looking back toward --

THE THUMPING PARTY across the parking lot.

PETE

(unlocks room for Toshi)

I need a minute. Won't be long.

Toshi looks pained as Pete crosses toward the noise.

Pete arrives at the party. He is about to go inside when he nearly gets run over by loud folks stumbling out. He sees --

Bob, across the room, alone.

Pete turns and walks away.

CUT TO:

159 **INT. PARTY ROOM AT THE VIKING -- DAWN**

159

Stragglers dance slow, others make out, or crash. Bob still sits in his chair as dawn light breaks in the window behind him. Across the room, Albert keeps a eye on him.

BOB

*He shot the midnight lantern out of
the brakeman's hand.. And it's ride,
ride, ride..*

Bob gets up, heads straight for the door.

CUT TO:

160 **EXT. THE VIKING HOTEL PARKING LOT -- DAWN**

160

Bob shuffles to his Triumph.

JOAN (O.S.)

Let go of it, Bobby. You won.

Bob hops on his bike, turns, and looks at her standing there.

BOB

What did I win, Joan?

JOAN

Freedom. From all of us and our shit.

BOB

(looks off)

They didn't call you Judas.

JOAN

Maybe it was what you had to do. But
you're not the only one who got hurt.

Bob looks at Joan. Sees emotion in her eyes. Holds her gaze.

BOB

(smiles)

See you soon, Nightingale.

Bob jumps on the starter and drives off, raising a hand above his head. Joan raises hers.

CUT TO:

161 **EXT. NEWPORT FESTIVAL GROUNDS -- DAWN**

161

Bob rides along the edge of the festival grounds. Volunteers work with ground crew, stacking chairs, picking up trash. ONE VOLUNTEER works close to the stage.

Bob slows, takes off his shades for a better look. It's PETE. Bob snakes his bike through fallen chairs. Pete glances up.

 BOB
 Picking up the pieces?

Pete thinks a moment, then answers in song.

 PETE SINGS
 *..The only sound that's left. After
 the ambulances go. Is Cinderella
 sweeping up. On Desolation Row.*

Bob cocks his head.

 PETE
 Side two, last cut.

 BOB
 You said you didn't listen to it.

 PETE
 I played it. Twice. Not sure I got it
 all but I could hear it. It's a rocket
 into deep space.

 BOB
 What's wrong with that?

 PETE
 People look small from space.

 BOB
 People are small, Pete.

Bob digs in his pocket for a Kool.

 PETE
 Have this instead.

Pete tosses Bob THE OLD HARP Woody gave him. Bob catches it.

 PETE (CONT'D)
 It was Woody's. 'Been holding it for a
 while now. He blew it out a long time
 ago. Needs a new reed.

Bob looks at the harp.

PETE (CONT'D)

Get it fixed. It might even stand up to an amp. Woody thought it'd be useful to you.

BOB

After he hears the new album, he might have something to say about that.

PETE

Something. But he squares up with things. Quicker than most.

Bob pockets the harp. Kickstarts the bike.

BOB

See you sometime, Pete.

PETE

More than likely.

The strum of a guitar on a wire recording rises..

Bob rides away. Pete watches for a moment, his face a tangle of emotions, then, turns back to his work.

CUT TO:

162

INT. GREYSTONE HOSPITAL -- DAWN

162

A Folkways album sleeve parked against the spinning record player. Woody Guthrie's "Talkin' Dustbowl" plays :

I've sung this song, but I'll sing it again. Of the people I've met, and places I've been.

The music continues and THE CAMERA MOVES ACROSS WOODY'S BED, empty now, sheets tussled, an IV disconnected...

A harmonica plays with the record as CAMERA LANDS UPON -- A WHEELCHAIR, facing the windows, blinds open, light rising.

WOODY GUTHRIE sits slumped in the chair. Beside him, BOB is perched on the radiator. Bob plays the harmonica.

Some of the troubles that bothered my mind, and a lotta good people that I've left behind, singing...

Bob takes the harp from his mouth as the sun breaks through trees outside. He looks to Woody, who listens to the record.

So long, it's been good to know ya. So long, it's been good to know ya...

CLOSE ON -- WOODY. Ravaged by disease, light in his eyes.

CLOSE ON -- BOB. He holds Woody's gaze, then stands. He offers the harp to Woody.

Woody shakes his head. Bob smiles, pockets it. He reaches down and touches Woody's shaking hand with his own.

*I walked down the street to the
grocery store. It was crowded with
people both the rich and both poor...*

For a moment, the two hands are still in the morning light.

ORDERLY (O.S.)

Mr. Guthrie is not allowed out of bed.
He hurt himself last month.

THE LARGE ORDERLY stands in the doorway.

BOB

That happens sometimes.

Bob puts his hand on Woody's head. Woody takes Bob's hand and mumbles, pointing to his side table.

ORDERLY

Put him back. Now.

Bob nods, understanding. He picks up one of Woody's business cards and hands it to the Orderly. The orderly looks at it.

I AIN'T DEAD YET.

Bob cues the record again, picks up his bag and Gibson and walks off down the hall, the same way he arrived.

CLOSE ON -- WOODY, whooping in approval as the orderly crosses, grabbing his chair and wheeling him back to bed. As he transfers Woody to his bed, Woody watches as --

OUT THE WINDOW -- BOB mounts his Triumph and RIDES OFF.

*So long, it's been good to know ya.
This dusty old dust is a-gettin my home.
And I've got to be driftin' along.*

FADE OUT.