



KEITH MOON WAS HERE

by TOD DAVIES & ALEX COX

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BLACK SCREEN

The opening bars of "BARBARA ANN," as played by THE BEACH BOYS, are heard.

FADE IN --

EXT DREAM CALIFORNIA DAY

A FANTASY VERSION of MALIBU BEACH in the EARLY SIXTIES. SURFERS, bikini-clad SURFER BABES, VOLLEYBALL, WOODIES, a SKINNY BESPECTACLED FELLOW getting SAND kicked in his face.

A GANG OF SPECTACULAR FOXY BIKINI CHICKS is gathered in front of an improvised stage -- on which a band is playing an impromptu surfer music gig.

The band is THE BEACH BOYS.

The SONG is "BARBARA ANN."

CAMERA PANS across our BEACH BOYS LOOKALIKES -- all is as it should be -- till we reach the DRUMMER. The YOUNG KEITH MOON.

MOON does not thrash his kit, but plays an easygoing beat.

For he is, in his fantasy, a BEACH BOY. And his drum kit is ELEVATED, at the FRONT and CENTRE of the stage.

KEITH

I should have been a BEACH BOY.
No question. I loved that music above
all others. That, and the California
LIFESTYLE. Sun. Sand. Surf. And
SENSUALITY. What more could a fifteen
year old lad from Wembley want?
But 'oo did I end up with?

CUT TO --

INT SAN FRANCISCO CIVIC AUDITORIUM NIGHT

REAR VIEW of a DRUMMER hammering the BIGGEST DRUM KIT anyone has ever seen, on a riser on stage.

This is KEITH, at 25. It's 1971. The BAND, as KEITH's drums proudly state, is THE WHO.

The scene plays without dialogue. We'll hear the dialogue later.

KEITH, obviously out of it, alternately PLAYS LIKE A MANIAC, and SLOWS TO A CRAWL. The GUITARIST of THE WHO -- PETE TOWNSHEND -- screams something at him. The BASS PLAYER -- JOHN ENTWISTLE -- shakes his head, stoically plays on. The SINGER -- ROGER DALTRY - - concentrates on tossing his MICROPHONE over the audience and reeling it back in, with panache.

KEITH glares resentfully at the back of DALTRY'S HEAD.

KEITH V/O

Instead, I had this other bloke
forever stood in front of me. Nothing
personal -- but I hated staring at
every one of his golden curls. I should
have been in front of HIM. I hated
being behind ANYONE. Hated it, hated
it, DID NOT LIKE IT AT ALL.

Flailing, KEITH PASSES OUT ON THE DRUMS. TWO MEN rush him from either side and JAB HYPODERMIC NEEDLES INTO HIS ANKLES. Cortisone shots. KEITH JERKS BACK TO LIFE, and carries on.

KEITH

I ask you -- WHO WAS THE STAR?

The TITLE appears, spewing FIREWORKS and DRUM KITS from its lettering:

KEITH MOON WAS HERE!

CREDIT SEQUENCE

CUT TO --

EXT STREETS OF WEMBLEY, NORTH LONDON - 1961 DAY

A grim PARADE of shops selling grey items. WOMEN with pinched faces, wearing plastic macs, push PRAMS.

In the foreground A BUNCH OF WEMBLEY LADS WHALE INTO EACH OTHER IN A MASSIVE BRAWL.

KEITH V/O

I was just your average English lad.



KEITH, 15, in the middle of it, covered in MUD and BLOOD --
CUT TO --

INT KEITH'S SECONDARY SCHOOL, WEMBLEY DAY

KEITH V/O

Mine was an uneventful childhood --

KEITH, clad in the cap, tie, and short pants of his uniform,
BLOWS UP A MASSIVE FUSE BOX, plunging his SCHOOL into DARKNESS.

KEITH V/O

I yearned for greatness.

INT KEITH'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM DAY

Beneath a poster of "THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN," KEITH puts a BBC
SOUND EFFECTS RECORD on his gramophone turntable. He carries the
TURNTABLE to the window, and points the SPEAKER at the PAVEMENT
below, where an unsuspecting OLD LADY hobbles.

KEITH lowers the needle. The sound of an approaching EXPRESS
TRAIN is heard. KEITH TURNS THE VOLUME UP FULL BLAST.

The OLD LADY hits the pavement, looking frantically around for the
TRAIN.

KEITH V/O

I never doubted I would be successful.

EXT KEITH'S SCHOOL DAY

KEITH leaves the building, EXPELLED.

The HEADMASTER stands in the doorway, pointing the way. KEITH'S
WORRIED PARENTS wait for him beyond the IRON GATES, which CLANG
SHUT BEHIND HIM.

KEITH V/O

I threw myself into the BUGLE --

EXT WEMBLEY PARADE NIGHT

CHRISTMAS. A CAROLING GROUP OF SEA CADETS, in uniform, go from DOOR to DOOR. KEITH plays the BUGLE -- horribly.

At every door, they're PAID TO GO AWAY.

KEITH

When I played, people gave us money to go away. That's when I first took an interest in the financial side of music.

CUT TO --

INT KEITH'S PARENTS' PARLOUR DAY

Outside, it RAINS. KEITH, disconsolately, blows a soundless BUGLE. An enormous OLD RADIO blares out "The Goon Show" -- the immortal comic antics of PETER SELLERS, SPIKE MILLIGAN, HARRY SEACOMBE, and MICHAEL BENTINE.

Through a WALL HATCH to the KITCHEN, we see KEITH'S MUM preparing TRIFLE, by mixing tinned fruit cocktail and tinned custard.

KEITH watches this, even more depressed.

The sound of PETER SELLERS' VOICE, in the character of HERCULES GRITPIPE-THYNNE, can be heard.

In the background, we hear a SONG not yet composed --

BORIS THE SPIDER.

KEITH'S MUM goes out of frame. And a CARTOON SPIDER -- big, black, hairy, mean, with the FACE of PETER SELLERS -- descends on a sticky string to KEITH's eye level.

SPIDER

(voice of GRITPIPE-THYNNE)

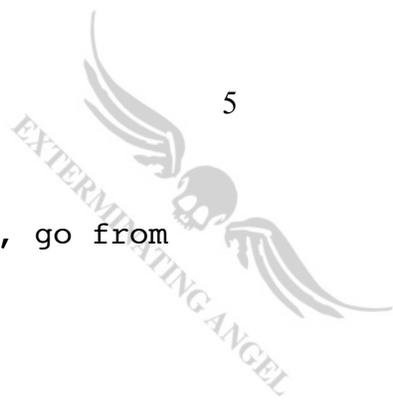
Pssst. Lad! Boy! Attention!

KEITH stares at the SPIDER, dropping the bugle.

SPIDER

Like it here, do you?

KEITH wordlessly shakes his head.





SPIDER

Fancy a chance to get out of
Wembley -- never to return?

KEITH wordlessly assents.

SPIDER

I'll bet you'd do anything to
get out, wouldn't you?

KEITH NODS more vigorously.

SPIDER

Anything at all... In return for...
Fame? Fortune? Young ladies?
THE LOVE OF THE MASSES?

KEITH JUMPS TO HIS FEET IN INCREDIBLE EXCITEMENT.

A PARCHMENT PAPER and QUILL PEN descend from the ceiling by
another STICKY THREAD.

SPIDER

Sign here.

KEITH grabs the PARCHMENT eagerly, and starts to read --

SPIDER

Don't read it, lad. Just sign.

KEITH nods feverishly, signing the PAPER, which is WHIPPED from
his hands and DISAPPEARS the same way it came.

SPIDER

Be seeing you. Need anything else
for now?

KEITH looks at him, then dares to WHISPER --

KEITH

Scare me mum.

The SPIDER nods, scuttles through the HATCH.
A WOMAN'S PIERCING SCREAM is heard.

KEITH, in his excitement, DRUMS HIS HANDS ON THE TABLE --

CUT TO --

INT PARAMOUNT MUSIC SHOP - 1961 DAY

The fashionable music store in Soho.
A genteel SALESMAN demonstrates a DRUM KIT to a MOTHER and SON.
He keeps quiet time.

KEITH V/O

And then I found my TRUE VOCATION --

The YOUNG KEITH enters, passes out of frame.

The SOUND of MANIACALLY CRASHING DRUMS. The SALESMAN and CUSTOMERS stare offscreen in shock.

PAN OVER --

-- to KEITH FLAILING WILDLY at a DRUMKIT, hitting EVERYTHING IN SIGHT. He SMILES BEATIFICALLY.

KEITH V/O

Drums were to be my life!

KEITH obviously has never been so happy in his LIFE.

KEITH V/O

'Course, a lad has to have a diversion
or two now and then --

EXT WARDOUR ST, SOHO, LONDON DAY

A PANTOMIME HORSE capers down the street, past BEATLES posters.

Two MODS, dressed in the latest MOD FASHION, stop the horse,
offer it a FISTFUL OF PILLS.

KEITH MOON's face pops out from a HATCH in the horse's neck,
and, to the MODS' horror, SWALLOWS THEM ALL AT ONCE.

THE PANTOMIME HORSE GALLOPS DOWN WARDOUR STREET, DOUBLETIME.

It passes CECIL GEE'S, the famous MUSICIAN'S CLOTHING STORE.
The HORSE screeches to a halt. Backs up. Gazes in the window.
At a glorious GOLD LAME SUIT.

The HORSE gallops inside.

CUT TO --

INT OLDFIELD HOTEL, GREENFORD - 1964 NIGHT

THE DETOURS -- soon to be THE WHO -- play their regular gig in the hotel bar.

A crowd of MODS and young LONDONERS dance and do their best to look cool.

The drummer, DOUG SANDOM, glares resentfully at the young PETE, who screams angry directions at him. The young ROGER sings and tentatively tosses his mike. The young JOHN stoically plays on.

After a brief moment, SANDOM has all he can take of PETE's abuse. Not for the first time, he QUILTS. Throws his drumsticks down and stalks off stage. The song FALTERS, and stops, as the other THREE stare after him.

KEITH'S VOICE

I can play better than your drummer!

PETE

'Oo said that?

The THREE do a DOUBLETAKE as the CROWD PARTS to reveal --

-- KEITH MOON IN HIS GOLD LAME SUIT. HIS HAIR IS ALSO GOLD.

He steps INTO THE SPOTLIGHT. Hands his jacket to a stunned BYSTANDER, sits on the drum stool, spins around, picks up SANDOM'S STICKS.

ROGER

(makes a decision)

All right, then. "Road Runner."

KEITH nods tersely.

PETE

One, two, three, four...

The BAND launches into the BO DIDDLEY classic.

KEITH plays like a madman. The rest of the GROUP is wary, but impressed.

KEITH smiles again, a youthful CHERUB.

KEITH V/O
Of course, I knocked 'em out.

CUT TO --

-- THE DRUM KIT AFTER THE SET IS OVER

SANDOM'S DRUMS are completely WRECKED. All the skins are torn, and the foot pedal is broken. JOHN studies the remains.

AT THE BAR

PETE and ROGER, shaken, down TWO GLASSES OF WINE.
KEITH approaches, tears off his sweat-drenched t-shirt, and WRINGS IT OUT INTO THE GLASSES. HIS SWEAT FILLS BOTH OF THEM.

PETE & ROGER
(in unison)
What are you doing Saturday?

KEITH grins, self-satisfied.

KEITH V/O
I'd taken my first step toward my dream
-- Drummer for THE BEACH BOYS!

The SOUND OF "YOUNG MAN BLUES" COMES UP

INT RAILWAY HOTEL, HARROW NIGHT

THE WHO play on a STAGE OF BEER CRATES. Still haphazardly dressed, still playing covers, its energy is impressive: PETE yells at the band, ROGER snarls back, KEITH beams.

TWO MEN watch from the dark sidelines. KIT LAMBERT -- a dapper, cultivated, Oxonian drunk -- and his partner, CHRIS STAMP -- mega-Cockney.

CHRIS
A fuckin' goldmine's what we're lookin' at, Kit.

KIT
Yes, Chris. Indeed. But as I understand



it, they already HAVE a manager.

CHRIS

Aw, well, fuck it, jus, jus whack im
inna 'ead, 'it 'im in 'is balls an' all...

They study THE WHO as a FIGHT breaks out between band members,
who SNARL and PLAY at the same time.

KIT

(reflectively)

Well, I don't agree, Chris. This whole
thing must be thought out in demmed fine
detail.

CHRIS grunts. On stage, ROGER throws a punch at PETE, who ducks.
THE WHO PLAY ON.

"YOUNG MAN BLUES" FADES OUT AND IS REPLACED BY THE SOUND OF
SCREAMING GIRLS...

INT TELEVISION STUDIO DAY

The "SHINDIG" show. Gigantic heavyweight VIDEO CAMERAS surround
an empty stage. The lacquered host, JIMMY O'NEILL, appears,
racing down the stairs.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE

And now, here's your Shindig host,
JIMMY O'NEILL!!!

MORE SCREAMS. JIMMY O'NEILL smiles ingratiatingly, and speaks
to camera with a FAKE AMERICAN ACCENT.

JIMMY O'NEILL

Thank you very much, and how y'are,
Shindiggers? Well, tonight is our very
last SHINDIG, and we're goin' out with
a bang. And boy, we gotta bang-up gas
for you --

ANGLE ON THE WHO

Clad in stylish new post-Mod clothes, they stare in horror
at JIMMY O'NEILL's grisly warm-up, waiting to perform.

JIMMY O'NEILL
-- starring Billy J. Kramer and the Dakotas,
The Who, Sandy Shaw, The Kinks --

A FEMALE STAGEHAND passes among THE WHO. PETE grimaces, pulls a price tag off his jacket, passes it to her. ROGER pushes his hair into a BEATLES BOB, as the STAGEHAND applies another coat of DIPPETY-DO. JOHN stands tensely, waiting.

Only KEITH seems unconcerned, emanating self-confidence.

JIMMY O'NEILL
-- the Barron Knights, Twinkle, and, of
course, our own Blossoms and Wellington.
What say we get ready to live it up?

KEITH casually ducks out of sight of the rest of the BAND, behind his drums --

JIMMY O'NEILL
Because here we go! With our kick-off
tune tonight, "I CAN'T EXPLAIN."

BEHIND THE DRUM KIT

KEITH VOMITS out of sheer nervousness. Wiping his mouth, he throws back another HANDFUL OF PILLS, and reappears above his tomtoms, beaming again.

JIMMY O'NEILL
And here to sing it -- THE WHO!

The FANS SCREAM LOUDER. The STAGEHAND scurries off.

AND THEY'RE ON! LIVE ON NATIONAL TELEVISION! ROGER singing PETE's song, in their new fashionable POP ART DUDS.

KEITH, wearing a TARGET SWEATSHIRT, plays his heart out

IN THE AUDIENCE - a GIRL FAN points to KEITH.

GIRL FAN
He's so GEAR! I LOVE his SHIRT!

The GIRL next to her enthusiastically agrees. They SCREAM LOUDER.

CUT TO --

INT VAN NIGHT

THE WHO's travelling dressing-room and office. The SCREAMS of the FANS can be heard outside.

The VAN DOOR slides open and THE WHO pile aboard, forcing back their DOZENS OF ADMIRERS.

JOHN

(shuts the VAN DOOR)

Did you see that? We was just chased by about thirty girls!

PETE

(morosely)

That's nothing. You seen the crowds The Beatles get? THOUSANDS.

ROGER sits in the driver's seat, adjusts the rearview mirror, wipes the DIPPETY-DO from his hair.

ROGER

Herman's Hermits.

KEITH

Hundreds.

JOHN

Thirty's still not bad.

PETE

What do you know? You're a bass player. I play the guitar, AND I wrote the song we just played, and you know how many times they showed ME on the screen tonight? Fucking ONCE!

ROGER

That conk of yours, I'm surprised they showed you at all.

PETE

Fuck off!!

ROGER

You fuck off.



JOHN
You both fuck off, you fucking cunts!

KEITH
I had a very good time.

ALL TURN MENACINGLY TO KEITH. A MELEE ENSUES.

EXT CAR PARK NIGHT

The VAN is parked behind the TV studio. The GIRLS have disappeared. KIT and CHRIS emerge from their FORD ZEPHYR.

The VAN rocks violently with the FIGHT inside. Shouting is heard.

CHRIS rubs his hands in anticipation.

KIT
Creative tension. Excellent!

He KNOCKS on the VAN DOOR, and without waiting for an answer, opens it.

ROGER and PETE fall out, fighting.

ROGER
Take that back about my hair!

KIT
(genially)
Smashing show, lads. Absolutely tip-top. And good news! Chris and I are now your managers. It's official.

JOHN
I thought we 'ad a manager.

CHRIS distributes TWENTY POUND NOTES.

KIT
Clothing allowance. Keep up the good work. And from now on, you're all on SALARY.

CHRIS distributes CONTRACTS and PENS.



PETE
What does this say?

KIT
Don't read 'em, chaps! Just sign 'em!

ANGLE ON KEITH

-- mimicking KIT's upper class accent --

KEITH
"Don't read 'em, chaps! Just sign 'em!"

He SIGNS ENTHUSIASTICALLY.

KIT
This calls for a celebration!
Courvoisier all round.

CHIS pulls out a BOTTLE of the FRENCH COGNAC, rarely consumed in Wembley, from the boot of his car. He offers it to ROGER.

ROGER
No thanks. Got to guard me voice.

KEITH, PETE and JOHN, however, embrace the BOTTLE.

ROGER
(embarrassed; to KIT)
Thanks for the new clothes, Mr Lambert.
Oh, and... sorry about the fighting.
Just larkin' about. Won't 'appen again.

KIT
On the contrary, dear boy. I find it most piquant. And integral to the success of your act...

BEHIND THEM -- KEITH, PETE and JOHN begin FIGHTING over the BOTTLE OF COGNAC. KIT watches this indulgently.

KIT
Youthful anger. Very saleable.
Keep it up!

The BOTTLE smashes. CHRIS produces another one.

ANGLE ON THE CAR BOOT -- filled with BOTTLES OF COURVOISIER.

KEITH'S EYES GLEAM. He POUNCES on a BOTTLE, and, like the APE in "2001," STARTS TO THROW IT --

CUT TO --

INT ONSTAGE NIGHT

-- PETE TOWNSHEND, swinging his GUITAR through the air and SMASHING IT.

KEITH V/O

Pete was the first one to smash his instrument on purpose --

FROM THE DRUMKIT -- KEITH watches PETE smash his GUITAR. He sees the AUDIENCE'S ATTENTION shift from ROGER to PETE.

And, enthusiastically, he begins to SMASH HIS OWN GEAR.

KEITH

-- but I was always a great joiner-inner.

MELEE ON STAGE

ANGLE ON JOHN -- stoically playing on.

ANGLE ON KIT & CHRIS -- at the bar, delighted.

KIT pulls out a HANDFUL of COLOURFUL PILLS and takes a couple. CHRIS looks a question.

KIT

Keith gave them to me. Generous to a fault.

CHRIS grunts.

CUT TO --

INT AFTER HOURS CLUB NIGHT

THE WHO huddle with CHRIS and KIT, and VARIOUS BLONDE GIRLS, in a DARK CORNER of the fashionable club.

IN THE CENTRE OF THE ROOM -- relaxing on leather banquettes,

in a haze of tobacco and cannabis smoke, attended by exotic HOURIS, are -- THE BEATLES!

The name of the most exciting band in Britain is whispered in every corner of the room - including The Who's.

KEITH

Let's go and talk to them!

ROGER and PETE hide their faces behind their arms.

PETE

Ssshhh! They'll hear you!

ROGER

I don't want to meet 'em. I've heard they're wankers.

KEITH

Kit! You must know 'em! You're suave! Introduce us!

KIT

No, no, no. Not really in the same league, dear boy. Not yet.

CHRIS pours another round of COURVOISIER. The BLONDE GIRL next to KEITH sighs. She is particularly gorgeous. We will see her again.

BLONDE GIRL

I LOVE The Beatles.

KEITH looks from the GIRL to a poster of STEVE McQUEEN in "BULLITT" on the wall behind their booth.

He rises, downs his drink, and WALKS TOWARDS THE BEATLES LIKE A GUNFIGHTER.

ROGER

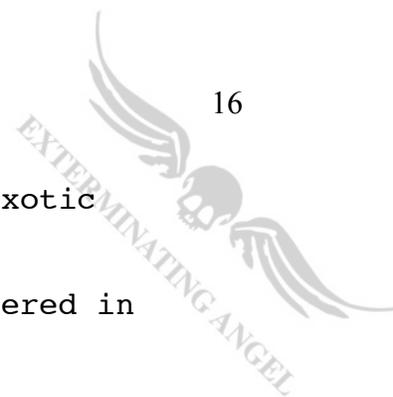
I can't believe he's doing it.

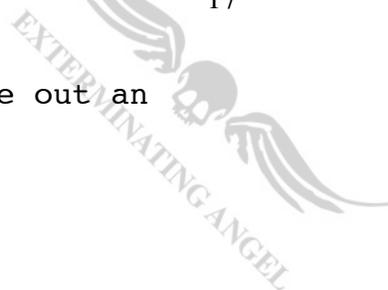
PETE

Oh, fuck...

AT THE BEATLES' TABLE

JOHN, PAUL, GEORGE and RINGO all watch KEITH approach.





He stands on the edge of their circle, trying to figure out an approach. He decides to IMITATE KIT.

KEITH
(KIT's accent)
Evening, chaps. Moon's the name.
Keith Moon. Mind if I join you?

GEORGE
Pull up a chair.

ANGLE ON THE WHO'S BOOTH

All WATCH, astonished. KEITH does not sit down.

AT THE BEATLES' TABLE

KEITH shakes his head suavely.

KEITH
No.
(points to RINGO)
Do you mind if I JOIN you.

A tense moment as THE BEATLES realise they're being asked to replace RINGO with KEITH.

RINGO
We've already got a drummer, thanks.

KEITH'S SMILE breaks the tension. All is now LAUGHTER and BONHOMIE. KEITH sits down at the TABLE.
PAUL pours him a drink.

ANGLE ON THE WHO

Watching, aghast, jealous and expectant.

JOHN
They don't look like wankers, Roger.

AT THE BEATLES' TABLE

PAUL
(to KEITH)
You know, I think you guys are the most exciting thing around...



KEITH
(expansively)
Oh, you're too kind, old bean...

PAUL
And I'd really like to meet your singer.
Roger, isn't it?

KEITH
Oh, Rog's great, isn't he?
Shame he's not here tonight.

PAUL pours him another drink. They TOAST.

CUT TO --

INT DANISH NIGHTCLUB - 1965 NIGHT

THE WHO'S FIRST EUROPEAN TOUR...

The LADS are tense, all speeding on pills, except for ROGER.
But ROGER is speeding on his own.

ON STAGE --

They perform a snarling version of "MY GENERATION."
PETE attacks the speaker cabinets with his guitar.
ROGER scrapes his MICROPHONE over KEITH'S CYMBALS.

KEITH, enraged, yells at ROGER to stop.

ROGER whirls his microphone over his head and CRASHES IT DOWN
ON THE CYMBALS.

KEITH leaps over his drums, and ATTACKS ROGER.

A MOB engulfs the stage.

JOHN plays stoically on.

INT DRESSING ROOM - LATER NIGHT

SHOUTING is heard --

THE WHO catapult into the room, in the middle of a FURIOUS
ARGUMENT.



KEITH
Get that cunt off me!

ROGER
This is our first European tour!
Four gigs in two days! This requires
INCREDIBLE STAMINA and DISCIPLINE!

JOHN
Or, incredible amounts of speed.

ROGER
NO! Those drugs are fucking you up
and making you play badly...

PETE
I'M the leader of this group, and I say --

ROGER
Fuck you!

PETE
No, FUCK YOU!

JOHN
Fuck you both, you fucking cunts...

KEITH opens a box of MULTI-COLOURED PILLS, begins tossing them in the air and catching them in his mouth, while NAMING the drugs.

KEITH
Metamphetamines! PURPLE HEARTS!
Black Bombers! FRENCH BLUES!!!
DEXIES!!! LIBRIUM!!!
(to JOHN)
What's this one called?

JOHN looks and shrugs.

JOHN
Don't know.

KEITH shrugs, swallows it anyway.
This ENRAGES ROGER, who rushes KEITH, and grabs the BOX.
He runs to the TOILET and FLUSHES THE LOT DOWN

KEITH gives a strangled cry of AGONY.

KEITH

You fucker, I'LL KILL YOU --

He rushes ROGER in a speed frenzy, arms windmilling.
ROGER fells him.

KEITH, still howling from the loss of his drugs, grabs ROGER's
legs and bites his CALF.

ROGER kicks him off, starts PUNCHING. JOHN and PETE rush to pull
him off, but not before KEITH is rendered UNCONSCIOUS.

KEITH

(as he blacks out)

You rotten swine...

He PASSES OUT. The THREE look at him.

ROGER

That's the end of it. There'll be
no more drug-taking in the 'Oo.
It's OVER.

JOHN

(consulting watch)

Don't we have another show in
twenty minutes?

They stare at the UNCONSCIOUS KEITH. CUT TO --

EXT FERRY BOAT MORNING

ROGER stands, contemplatively observing the HORIZON from the PROW
OF THE BOAT. The SEA AIR has returned the natural curl to his
hair.

He takes a RAW CARROT from his pocket, and begins to eat it.

ANGLE ON --

THE OTHER THREE BAND MEMBERS. Trashed, hungover, they approach
him guiltily. KEITH has a bandage on his head.

ROGER watches compassionately.

ROGER

Thought it over, lads?



JOHN
(stroking his chin)
Well, yes, Roger, we have.

KEITH
Yeah, we really thought about it.
What drugs are doing to our act, and all.
How you said we had to give 'em up.

ROGER
(nods understandingly)
And?

Pause.

PETE
You're fired.

CUT TO --

EXT SOHO DAY

A young JIMI HENDRIX walks down Wardour Street, wearing a BRIGHT GOLD SUIT, carrying his guitar.

The GORGEOUS BLONDE, last seen beside KEITH at the NIGHTCLUB emerges, heavily pregnant, from a doorway.

Over the doorway, a sign: "TRACK RECORDS & MANAGEMENT CO., KIT LAMBERT & CHRISTOPHER STAMP, Props."

INT TRACK RECORDS DAY

JIMI HENDRIX climbs the stairs, past framed covers of THE WHO's hit singles. We and he hear KEITH's voice, with his POSH FAKE KIT ACCENT, as KEITH gives an interview upstairs.

KEITH'S VOICE
Of course, I was educated at Harrow.
Well... in Harrow, anyway. My birthplace
is Wembley. My parents' names are
'Mum' and 'Dad.'

INT TRACK RECORDS OFFICE DAY

KEITH gives interview to FAWNING JOURNALIST.
JIMI appears at top of stairs, met by KIT LAMBERT holding a
CONTRACT and PEN.

KEITH
My professional ambition is to
SMASH A HUNDRED DRUM KITS!

The JOURNO scribbles furiously. KEITH watches as a HUGE HAIRY
BLACK SPIDER scuttles across the wall behind him.

KEITH
(nervously)
And my personal ambition is to
STAY YOUNG FOREVER.

HENDRIX
(in background; points to CONTRACT)
Hey, man, it says here...

KIT
Don't read it, dear boy. Just sign.

ANGLE ON JIMI'S SIGNATURE.

JOURNALIST
What about these rumours we're hearing
about The Who sacking band leader
Roger Daltrey?

KIT
(hurriedly)
Rubbish, rubbish, rubbish. The lads
have had their differences, but that's
all in the past...

KEITH, a gleam in his eye, picks up a HUGE AXE from beneath his
chair.

KEITH
You seen Roger, then, Kit? I've been
LOOKING FOR HIM...

CUT TO --

INT EMPIRE POOL, WEMBLEY - 1 MAY 1966 NIGHT

Right before a GIANT GIG.

The AUDITORIUM is TOTALLY DESERTED.

Except for the FOUR MEMBERS of THE WHO, seated around KEITH MOON's brand-new, enormous, BRIGHT RED PREMIER DRUM KIT.

PETE

All right. It's agreed. NO MORE LEADERS in The Who. I say it's a DEMOCRACY! Agreed?

PETE, JOHN and KEITH look at ROGER. Who, mouth shut, nods.

PETE

And furthermore -- no more preaching about OTHER PEOPLE'S PERSONAL HABITS.

KEITH

Or flushing their drugs down the bog!

PETE

Shut up, Keith, I'm talking.

KEITH

You shut up!

JOHN

Why don't you both shut up?

They all look, from force of habit, at ROGER. He keeps grimly silent, and folds his arms.

PETE

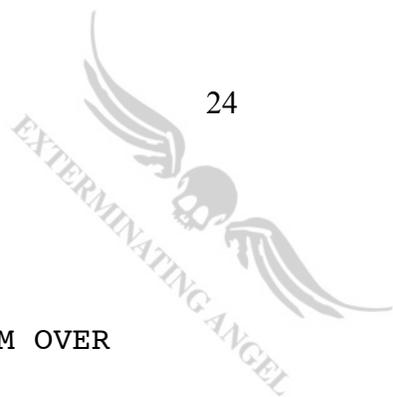
All right, then. It's agreed. We're a group again. FOR NOW.

KEITH

AGREED! AGREED!

To celebrate, he SWALLOWS A MULTI-COLOURED STREAM OF PILLS.

CUT TO --



ONSTAGE -- LATER

THE WHO perform "SUBSTITUTE."

KEITH goes crazy on the RED DRUMS. BEGINS KICKING THEM OVER AND TEARING THEM APART.

PETE joins in the DESTRUCTION OF EQUIPMENT. JOHN plays stoically, taking time off for a quick snort of Courvoisier.

ROGER sings on, trying to ignore the MAYHEM around him.

CUT TO --

INT LIMOUSINE NIGHT

THE WHO ride in the back, all drinking and drugging except for ROGER. "SUBSTITUTE" continues on the car radio.

KEITH

(drunken and mean)

You shoulda let me play on this track,
you bastards! Picking another drummer!
You bunch of shits!

JOHN

(same)

You did play on it, you twat.
That's you drumming.

KEITH, surprised, swallows a couple more pills.
PETE laughs. ROGER says nothing.

KEITH

I loved being a star. Of course,
there was the occasional occupational
hazard. Blackouts --

CUT TO --

EXT MAY BALL, OXFORD NIGHT

In a big tent, KEITH gets furious at the lacklustre response of the aristocratic, tuxedoed CROWD.

KEITH V/O

Rages.

He throws his entire DRUM KIT into the audience.
The rest of THE WHO continue playing "HAPPY JACK."

CUT TO --

EXT RONNIE SCOTT'S, SOHO NIGHT

"HAPPY JACK" continues on the soundtrack.

KEITH emerges, completely drunk and stoned, from the famous jazz club. He gets into the car -- an enormous, brand-new BENTLEY, which Track Records have bought him and JOHN -- and starts it up.

KEITH V/O

And, last but by no means least,
inadvertant property damage.

KEITH screeches across the street, instantly DEMOLISHING A PORSCHE, A JAGUAR, AN ASTON MARTIN, and ANOTHER BENTLEY.

ANGLE ON RONNIE SCOTT'S DOORWAY

as JOHN, PETE and ROGER emerge.

JOHN

Perhaps we shouldn't let him drive.

PETE

I agree. Rog?

ROGER says nothing.

ANGLE ON KEITH

Being dragged out of the burning wreckage, laughing maniacally, as FLASHBULBS pop.

KEITH V/O

And the best thing of all was:
all this excess was good for business!
Ah... those were HAPPY DAYS! And
then, every lad's dream: AMERICA!

CUT TO --

EXT NEW YORK SKYLINE DAY

The CHRYSLER BUILDING

PULL BACK THROUGH THE WINDOW OF --

INT DRAKE HOTEL SUITE DAY

-- where KEITH and JOHN are enthusiastically consuming all manner of goods and services. It is like a mediaeval pageant: WAITERS wheel in trolley loads of stuffed duck, lobsters, turkeys, oysters, racks of lamb. JOHN grades them as they come in. KEITH is on the phone for more.

KEITH

(posh accent)

Yes, please, this is Mr. Moon, in suite 666, please send up another trolley of caviar, and a clutch of young ladies. Thank you so much.

He leaps and HANGS FROM THE CHANDELIER.

PULL BACK FURTHER TO REVEAL

PETE, in a JACKET COVERED WITH FLASHING LIGHTBULBS, giving an interview.

PETE

We didn't come to America because it's every lad's DREAM! We came here for one reason only -- TO MAKE MONEY!

PAN TO -- KIT LAMBERT opening the DOOR to a LIVERIED BUTLER, who holds out a SILVER TRAY.

BUTLER

Your bill for the last forty-eight hours, sir.

KIT reads the bill and blanches.

INT TAXICAB DAY

KIT and THE WHO squeeze into the cab with LUGGAGE everywhere, and a TAXI behind filled with CHRIS and more LUGGAGE.

KIT
(to DRIVER)
A cheaper hotel, driver -- and step
on it!

BEHIND THEM --

the MANAGER of the DRAKE runs after them, waving the BILL.

KIT
(nervously)
Everything's going exactly according
to plan. The smashing, the destruction
aspect is a particularly important
element to attract publicity to your
performance.

KEITH jumps up and down with glee.

PETE
Absolutely, Kit! We will NOT let our
music interfere with our VISUAL ACT!

KIT
Quite so. However, in the coming week,
you must do twenty-two shows. We're
already in something of a financial
hole, and really can't afford to smash
our instruments at every one of them.

ROGER
Are you saying they shouldn't smash
their instruments, Kit?

KIT
NO, NO. Just... just use discretion.
That's it. DISCRETION!

CUT TO --

MONTAGE OF DESTRUCTION

ON THE MURRAY THE K SHOW

PETE destroys TWENTY GUITARS. KEITH kicks over TWENTY DRUMKITS.
And even ROGER SMASHES HIS MICROPHONE REPEATEDLY ON STAGE.



JOHN plays stoically on.

PAN OFFSTAGE to a lone crew member - BOBBY PRIDDEN
Who methodically glues PETE'S GUITARS back together.

INT AEROPLANE - FIRST CLASS SECTION DAY

PETE, JOHN, KEITH, and ROGER relax in ENORMOUS LEATHER SEATS.

KEITH
Ahhh! That was great!

Even ROGER agrees!

BEHIND THEM can be seen -- through the curtain, in ECONOMY CLASS -
- KIT and CHRIS, rowing over a PILE OF BILLS.

KEITH V/O
The only disaster of the tour
happened in the Deep South -- I was
innocently walking along a road --

CUT TO --

EXT STREET, ATLANTA DAY

KEITH walks down the street, dressed in a WOMAN'S CORSET AND
SKIRT, an SS OFFICER'S CAP on his head, and a SWASTIKA ARMBAND.
He carries a BOTTLE OF COURVOISIER.

KEITH V/O
-- when some fellers came up, and
took an instant dislike to me!

TWO LOCALS approach, one white, one black, APPALLED.

They pick KEITH up and THROW HIM THROUGH A PLATE GLASS WINDOW.

KEITH V/O
They shoved me though a plate glass
window! By the time I clambered out,
they'd disappeared.

KEITH clambers out. The LOCALS are still there, ready to fight.
KEITH runs away.



KEITH V/O

I'm still wondering what it was all about! I wasn't hurt - well, just a few scratches. But it could have proved very nasty!

The LOCALS shake their heads.

CUT TO --

EXT ASBURY PARK, NEW JERSEY NIGHT

KEITH being chased by MOBSTERS, whom he's obviously annoyed. He gets to the end of the PIER. There is NO ESCAPE. So he JUMPS off the end of the pier.

The MOBSTERS shake their heads.

KEITH V/O

The rest of the tour went pretty smoothly by comparison.

INT HOLIDAY INN, MICHIGAN NIGHT

A HUGE CROWD sings "HAPPY BIRTHDAY," and KEITH is presented with a 21st BIRTHDAY CAKE in the shape of DRUMS.

KEITH V/O

On my twenty-first birthday, we had a RAVING PARTY! There were so many guests, including DEEJAYS! Not to mention DIGNITARIES from TAMLA MOTOWN!

MELEE ensues, involving FIRE EXTINGUISHERS, CAKE THROWING, POLICE RAIDING WITH GUNS DRAWN, CAR IN SWIMMING POOL. KEITH runs, skids on BIRTHDAY CAKE, disappears from frame, reappears with ONE TOOTH MISSING.

He goes on partying.

KEITH V/O

It was on that tour, that two of the most important events of my life occurred.

INT HOLIDAY INN HOTEL ROOM NIGHT

KEITH and a member of HERMAN'S HERMITS stare intently at a TOILET.

KEITH V/O
I discovered CHERRY BOMBS!

They turn and RUN. And the TOILET EXPLODES into a million porcelain shards.

MONTAGE OF CHERRY BOMB DESTRUCTION to the tune of "I GET AROUND."
Mail boxes. Guitar cases. BRIEFCASES. BOTTLES OF COURVOISIER.

KEITH V/O
And I finally WENT SURFING!

EXT HAWAII BEACH DAY

A blissful KEITH sits on a SURF BOARD in the ocean. The water is completely calm.

A MONSTER WAVE approaches. KEITH, who's never been on a board before, watches as the other SURFERS paddle and SHOUT at him to do the same.

KEITH starts to paddle -- then the WAVE catches him and picks him up -- he's hanging onto both sides of the board --

SURFERS
Stand up, man! Stand up!

KEITH stands up.

And for a TRANSCENDENT MOMENT, HE IS SURFING.
Standing atop his board in a great funnel of water.

Then he sees the CORAL REEF approaching -- bales out --

For a second KEITH is submerged, then he surfaces, rests happily on the sunlit water.

He opens his eyes and SEES HIS SURF BOARD HURLING OUT OF THE SKY TOWARDS HIS HEAD --

He dives again --

The BOARD whacks him underneath the water...



KEITH V/O
HAWAII. There's one place that
really IS fantastic. I'd have
stayed a few more days, but we
had to fly back to Los Angeles
for the Smothers Brothers Show...

CUT TO --

INT SMOTHERS BROTHERS SET DAY

TOMMY SMOTHERS patronizes PETE and ROGER before air time.

TOMMY SMOTHERS
I really dig you guys and your music.

ROGER
Which of our songs is your favourite?

TOMMY looks at him blankly. Turns and walks away.

ANGLE ON KEITH

Standing by drumkit with STAGEHAND.

He hands the MAN a WAD OF DOLLARS and CHERRY BOMBS.

CUT TO --

THE END OF THEIR SET

PETE smashes his guitar listlessly against a speaker.

PETE
(mutters)
Finish this one up, and we can go 'ome.

CUT TO FLOOR MANAGER giving directions through headset.

FLOOR MANAGER
(bored)
Cue pyrotechnics.

A SMALL BANG on DRUM KIT. Pause.

-- followed by an ENORMOUS CHAIN OF DEAFENING EXPLOSIONS, which knock all their equipment over, DEAFEN PETE and set his hair on fire. A CYMBAL FRAGMENT lands in KEITH's leg.

And Guest Star BETTE DAVIES faints into Guest Star MICKEY ROONEY's arms.

FLOOR MANAGER
JESUS CHRIST!

JOHN
KEITH! YOU ARSEHOLE!

KEITH MIMES DEAFNESS, GRINS, completely happy with himself.

The WHOLE STAGE disappears in a CLOUD OF SMOKE.

A SPIDER scurries out from the SMOKE, UP THE WALL, and AWAY --

EXT SOHO DAY

The same streets that KEITH, as the PANTOMIME HORSE, was once seen galloping along.

But now KEITH rides in a CHAUFFEURED CONVERTIBLE, partying with two mates -- DOUGAL BUTLER and NEIL BOLAND.

And a CLUTCH OF GIGGLING PULCHRITUDINOUS BABES. The BABES kiss KEITH'S EARS. One of the BABES disappears from sight BETWEEN KEITH'S LEGS.

NEIL shouts into a microphone -- broadcast via LOUDSPEAKERS --

NEIL
MAKE WAY! MAKE WAY! KEITH
MOON COMETH!

PASSERSBY REACT.

KEITH V/O
Oh, by the way, did I mention Kim?

The WAILING of a BABY fills the air --

CUT TO --

INT KEITH & KIM'S FLAT, HIGHGATE DAY

SOUND OF THE BABY WAILING CONTINUES. Coming from the BABY in a harassed KIM's arms.

KIM is the same BLONDE BEAUTY who sat beside KEITH in THE BEATLES SCENE, and the same PREGNANT BLONDE who passed HENDRIX on the street.

She juggles the BABY on her hip, and tests the warmth of the BABY FORMULA on her wrist.

KEITH'S VOICE

Hi, honey! I'm home!

The DOOR opens, and KEITH, in WHITE ROCK STAR GEAR, bounds in, blowing KISSES at the CONVERTIBLE as it drives away.

KEITH V/O

My beautiful wife Kim. And, of course, my baby... er... daughter. I was so proud of both of them.

EXT OUTSIDE KEITH'S FLAT, HIGHGATE DAY

A bored-looking KEITH walks arm in arm with a happy KIM, pushing a PRAM.

A GAGGLE OF GIRL FANS waits up ahead, all wearing TARGET SHIRTS like KEITH's.

FAN #1

(squealing)

There he is! It's KEEF MOON!

KEITH brightens, hurries forward to SIGN AUTOGRAPHS. FAN #2 points at KIM.

FAN #2

'Oo's that SLAG wot's stealing our Keef?

FAN #3

Get 'er, girls!

The FANS scream, pick up ROCKS and THROW THEM at a fast retreating KIM and MANDY.



KEITH remonstrates with them genially.

KEITH
Girls, girls -- no fighting!
There's enough for everyone!

MELEE ensues.

KEITH V/O
Our life together was one long honeymoon.

INT HIGHGATE FLAT NIGHT

KIM and KEITH argue furiously. EMPTY BOTTLES OF CHAMPAGNE litter the scene. The SOUND OF MANDY WAILING goes unheard by her parents.

KEITH V/O
The finest champagne...

KEITH picks up a FULL BOTTLE and hurls it at KIM, who DUCKS. The BOTTLE embeds itself in the WALL.

KEITH V/O
Objets d'art...

SAME LATER

KEITH proudly shows off to JOURNALISTS and PHOTOGRAPHERS the BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE, still stuck in the wall.

He has SURROUNDED IT WITH A PICTURE FRAME.

KEITH V/O
Music and song!

SAME LATER

KEITH is down on his hands and knees, dangling a PIECE OF SAUSAGE under the sofa.

KIM enters, her NOSE bandaged, and her EYE blacked.



KEITH

What's the use of having a pet fox if it never comes out to play?

(to FOX)

Here foxie woxie. Here foxie woxie...

KIM

Keith...

KEITH

Yes, love of my life, what is it?

KIM

Keith, can we have a little talk?

KEITH immediately sits beside her on the SOFA, takes her hand in one of his, and eats the SAUSAGE with the other hand.

KEITH

What is it?

KIM

Keith, I know you're under a lot of pressure, what with the stardom, the touring, the recording sessions, and all those parties the record company forces you to go to for your work...

KEITH, fidgety, turns the TV on.

ON TV -- Christopher Lee in a scene from the Hammer horror film THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN. KEITH eats his sausage, engrossed.

KEITH

Don't forget my acting debut, that's coming up as well!

KIM

Yes, of course!

KIM turns the TV off.

KIM

But Keith... I need you to promise me something. Promise it to me and Mandy.



KEITH

Mandy?

KIM

Our daughter.

KEITH

Oh, yeah! Of course! I promise!

He bounds up, happy to have that over with. But KIM grabs his wrist and yanks him back down.

KIM

Keith...

KEITH

Yes, Kim.

KIM

Promise never to be unfaithful.
To us. Me and Mandy. Your family.

KEITH

Hmmm. What exactly do you mean
by "unfaithful?"

KIM

You know what I mean. Promise.

A LONG PAUSE. Then KEITH, having finished the SAUSAGE, wipes his hands on the SOFA, takes KIM'S HANDS. And, looking soulfully into her eyes, begins to SING.

KEITH

(singing)

"Well, it's been building up inside
of me for I don't know how long.
I don't know why but I keep thinking
Something's bound to go wrong.
But she looks in my eyes
And makes me realise
When she says:"

And KIM joins in, just as soulfully.

KIM & KEITH

"Don't worry baby
Everything will turn out alright..."

SWELLING OF BAND MUSIC BEHIND THE SONG "DON'T WORRY BABY."

CUT TO --

INT CONCERT STAGE - 1968 NIGHT

THE WHO perform. KEITH has put on weight. ROGER's hair is now long and curly.

ROGER -- providing back-up vocals as KEITH continues his solo version of "Don't Worry Baby" -- exchanges a grimace with BOBBY PRIDDEN, in the sound booth ofstage.

KEITH sings awfully, with great passion.

HIS POV --

HYSTERICAL GROUPIES look at him adoringly and swoon at the foot of the stage...

The song continues, over the --

KEITH GROUPIE MONTAGE

-- KEITH makes a LORDLY CHOICE of GROUPIES backstage, and leaves with the lucky PAIR.

-- as JOHN snores on the floor, the detritus of a blowout party scattered about, KEITH has sex under a blanket with THREE GIRLS.

-- in an INDIAN RESTAURANT, as NEIL, DOUGAL and the PROPRIETOR look on, KEITH goes down on FOUR WOMEN sitting in a row on the tables.

-- in a HOTEL ROOM, KEITH has a PILLOW FIGHT with SIX NAKED HOOKERS. FEATHERS EVERYWHERE...

CUT TO --

SNOW FALLING

EXT CENTRAL PARK DAY

KEITH draws, in the snow, a HUGE HEART, in which is written:



"KIM 4 EVER."

PULL BACK TO REVEAL --

The SIX HOOKERS watching.

HOOKER #1

Oooh, Keith -- that's so romantic.

As he PAYS the HOOKERS, he wipes a tear from his eye.

KEITH

I really love her.

HOOKER #2

She's a lucky gal, Keith.

HOOKER #3

Well, it's been fun.

HOOKER #4

Call us next time you're in town...

They all say good-bye, and KEITH goes back to GAZING at the heart in the snow.

"Don't Worry Baby" fades into "Magic Bus."

CUT TO --

EXT TOUR BUS DAY

TOUR BUS racing through WINTER LANDSCAPE.

KEITH V/O

Kim was right. The pressures of
the road were overwhelming.
Boredom was the worst.

INT HOLIDAY INN ROOM DAY

KEITH sits in his room, watching telly, nervously drumming on his thighs.

He looks at the clock. Jittery, gets up, goes to minibar.

IT'S EMPTY. PULL BACK to reveal all the EMPTIES that he has already finished.

He sits back down, still drumming, now bobbing up and down in his chair. Picks up the CLOCK again and looks at it.

Gets up. Sits down. Gets up again. Sits down again.

Lies back on the bed as if forcing himself to go to sleep.

Then, can't stand it any more -- JUMPS OUT OF BED AND STARTS SMASHING EVERYTHING IN SIGHT.

CUT TO --

EXT HOLIDAY INN DAY

The MANAGER stands POINTING, like KEITH's OLD HEADMASTER, as THE WHO march past with their luggage to the BUS.

KIT LAMBERT follows, paying off EVERYONE IN SIGHT.

CUT TO --

INT HILTON HOTEL ROOM DAY

KEITH sits in a much bigger, nicer room, watching a BIGGER TELLY. He's even more hyped-up than before.

He tries to keep quiet, still drumming on his knees. Once again -- THE MINIBAR IS EMPTY.

He sighs, gets up, and, taking an AXE from one of his suitcases, TRASHES THE ROOM.

CUT TO --

EXT HILTON HOTEL DAY

The HILTON HOTEL MANAGER points as THE WHO, thrown out again, march, this time in more surly style, to the BUS.

CUT TO --

WALDORF ASTORIA HOTEL ROOM INT DAY

Empty room. Much nicer, grander than the rooms that have gone before. Chandeliers, antiques, mirrors.

The door opens. KEITH stands in the doorway, flanked by DOUGAL and NEIL, carrying his luggage.

Immediately, EVERYTHING IN THE ROOM EXPLODES. The MIRRORS break, the FURNITURE spontaneously combusts, BLACK SMOKE pours from the bathroom, the CHANDELIERS crash to the floor.

DOUGAL and NEIL applaud ecstatically. KEITH, who hasn't moved, takes a bow.

CUT TO --

INT WALDORF ASTORIA HOTEL CORRIDOR NIGHT

NEIL gets out of the LIFT, holding CARTONS OF CHINESE TAKEAWAY. He passes a CONCIERGE STATION, where all of that floor's EMPLOYEES stare at a SMALL TELEVISION SET.

TV ANNOUNCER VOICE

Again, that's confirmed, Dr. Martin Luther King was shot and killed today in Memphis, Tennessee. Police believe one man, described as a "loner," was responsible...

This means nothing to NEIL, who carries on, lets himself into --

INT THE WHO'S SUITE NIGHT

NEIL enters. A TV is on, muted sound, with the SAME NEWS endlessly displayed.

KIT, PETE and JOHN are having a meeting in the SUITE'S LIVING ROOM.

KIT

The first year we toured the States, we ended up £6,000 in the hole. The last tour, we owed £25,000. THIS TIME, I estimate we're already in debt to the tune of SIXTY GRAND.



ROGER
Keith! What's wrong?

KEITH SOBS.

KEITH
Fucking everything.

EXT WALDORF ASTORIA NIGHT

The same scene as at the other hotels. The WALDORF'S MANAGER is GRANDER. And KIT not only pays off the HOTEL STAFF, but the EMERGENCY SERVICES OF NEW YORK, as well. He has to borrow money from DOUGAL to pay the AMBULANCE DRIVER.

THE WHO wearily get back on their BUS.

EXT TOUR BUS NIGHT

It drives towards WASHINGTON D.C. and DAWN --

EXT GRANT'S TOMB DAWN

A HORDE of PHOTOGRAPHERS, MAKEUP ARTISTS, RECORD EXECUTIVES, STYLISTS and early-rising HANGERS-ON waits for THE WHO.

EXT TOUR BUS DAWN

An EXHAUSTED WHO and CREW stagger off the bus.

PETE
We can't do this, Kit.
Three hotels in one day --
Nobody's slept.

KIT
(also exhausted)
Big photo shoot. Lots of ENERGY!
(yawns)
Keep it up, people! Big CAREER moment...

He slumps against the side of the bus, and falls asleep, still standing.

THE WHO stagger toward the WAITING FASHION CROWD, but in their exhaustion, they veer as one to the STEPS OF GRANT'S TOMB...

Where all FOUR collapse, dead asleep...

PAUSE while the PHOTOGRAPHERS take this in. Attempts are made to wake THE WHO. To no avail. There is a hurried conference.

The STYLISTS cover them with a PROP UNION JACK.
The PHOTO SHOOT continues.

FREEZE ON THE SLEEPING WHO --

KEITH V/O

We'd get tired, sure... but, our
energy high, we soon REBOUNDED!

The PICTURE turns into the famous TWO-PAGE SPREAD in LIFE
MAGAZINE.

INT TOUR BUS DAY

KIT LAMBERT looks at this PHOTO SPREAD with satisfaction.

Behind him, ROGER drinks a cup of tea; PETE meditates in front of
an impromptu MEHER BABA ALTAR; JOHN writes a letter...

And KEITH, to the delight of NEIL and DOUGAL, demonstrates a NEW
GAG.

KEITH

(in background)

I take this can of chicken soup, see?

(sips some; talks with mouth full)

Then I pretend to vomit in the barf bag...

(does so)

Then, while everyone's watching.

He DRINKS the contents of the bag and gives a contented BELCH.
DOUGAL and NEIL applaud.

KEITH V/O

These and other legendary high jinks
soon earned me my nickname --
MOON THE LOON --

EXT TOUR BUS DAY

It WHOOSHES by a SIGN: WOODSTOCK.

KEITH V/O

-- as we headed to take our place in
one of the most important moments
in ROCK & ROLL HISTORY -- WOODSTOCK!

INT BACKSTAGE AT WOODSTOCK NIGHT

THE WHO huddle, waiting to go on. Much DRINK lies about.

PETE stands looking out at the ENORMOUS AUDIENCE.
From backstage, you can hear the AUDIENCE ROAR.

KEITH BEAMS ON THEM ALL, the only one HAPPY.

ROGER sits morosely, sipping his tea. Finally, disgusted, he
shoves it aside, and grabs a BOTTLE of OLD GRANDAD.

ROGER

I 'ate this place. Ten hours
waiting. It kills it for you.

He slugs back the drink recklessly.

ANNOUNCER OFF SCREEN

And now -- JIMI HENDRIX!

The ROAR of the CROWD.

PETE

(from doorway, reporting)
That bastard HENDRIX! He stole our
act. The cunt doesn't just destroy
his equipment, he SETS FIRE TO HIS
FUCKING GUITAR!

JOHN cradles a BOTTLE OF OLD GRANDAD lovingly.
He lectures NEIL and DOUGAL.

JOHN

Now, one of the first rules of
ROCK & ROLL is this: never, ever,
ever leave your glass lying around.

Somebody's going to put something in it. If you ever have to put your glass down, leave it. Get a fresh one. Bring your own booze and keep an eye on it. That way you're not going on any UNPLANNED ACID TRIPS --

DOUGAL and NEIL nod gravely. JOHN pours out the bourbon all round, in glasses that NEIL fills with ICE.

ALL DRINK.

KEITH

Mmm-mm, good.

Suddenly something occurs to JOHN.

JOHN

Neil -- where did you get this ice?

NEIL

(innocently)

Some hippie backstage.

Pause while the penny drops.

ANGLE ON THE ICE IN ROGER'S GLASS

ZOOMING IN, we see that it is in fact a SPECTACULAR ICE KINGDOM OF TRANSLUCENT CITIES AND FROZEN PLAINS CRISS-CROSSED BY HIGH-SPEED SILVER MONORAILS BENEATH A BOREALIC SKY. ON THE BALCONY OF EVERY ICE CASTLE STANDS A DISNEYESQUE SNOW QUEEN, CACKLING DIABOLICALLY.

ROGER

Oh, fuck. The acid was in the ice.

KEITH

Hah-hah, HAH-HAH!

Only KEITH is perfectly delighted with the entire situation. He is absolutely enjoying, loving every minute.

KEITH throws his arms around the shoulders of his fellow BAND MEMBERS, hugging them, grinning like a maniac.

KEITH V/O

I loved touring. It was my life.
I loved knowing the four of us --

SAME -- LATER

ALL are now TRIPPING. The STAGEHANDS come back to call them, shake their heads at the BAND'S STATE.

KEITH
(to CAMERA)
-- can go onstage --

THE WHO troop out...

EXT ONSTAGE AT WOODSTOCK BEFORE DAWN

... and face an AWE-INSPIRING AUDIENCE.

KEITH V/O
-- and get hundreds of thousands
of people on their FUCKING FEET!

KEITH looks out over the audience. He is mesmerised, entranced. This is one of the HIGH MOMENTS OF HIS LIFE.

He gets up behind his drums, and taps at the side, screaming hoarsely --

KEITH
You all shut up! This is a fucking
OPERA --

THE AUDIENCE ROARS.

AND AS THE DAWN COMES UP --

THE WHO PLAY "SEE ME, FEEL ME, TOUCH ME."

They play with a perfection even they hardly ever reach. The AUDIENCE is dumbstruck, with them every second.

KEITH deliberately avoids excess, keeping perfect time, performing exquisitely.

THE SUN APPEARS, ILLUMINATING THE STAGE IN A GOLDEN LIGHT.

IT IS A MAGICAL MOMENT.

THE WHO have upstaged JIMI HENDRIX - without smashing their instruments.

KEITH V/O

All I ever wanted was to be the drummer for The Beach Boys. But until then -- being drummer for The Who wasn't a bad second best.

CLOSE UP ON KEITH'S FACE - expressing a bliss we will never see on it again.

CUT TO --

NEWS FOOTAGE FROM VIET NAM

A MAN in civilian clothes is shot in the head. A BUDDHIST MONK sets himself on fire. A NAPALMED LITTLE GIRL, ablaze.

PULL BACK FROM THE TV TO REVEAL --

INT RECORDING STUDIO, LOS ANGELES DAY

KEITH enters, clad in newly-purchased HIPPIE GEAR.

KEITH

Hello there, chaps! Pip pip!
Mind if I use the telephone?
Just a LOCAL CALL!

The ENGINEERS at the console nod. KEITH picks up the phone.

Through the window of the booth, we see PETE, ready to record.

PETE'S VOICE

Hi! This is PETE TOWNSHEND of THE WHO! I just want to say that the UNITED STATES AIR FORCE is a GREAT PLACE TO BE!

KEITH

(into phone)
Kim! LOVE! It's ME! What time is it there? Really? He did?
(excitedly, to ENGINEERS)
JOHN LENNON called ME!

(CONT.)



KEITH (CONT.)
(to phone)
Wow!

ENGINEER
That was okay, Pete. Again, please.

PETE repeats.

KEITH
(to phone)
Call him back RIGHT NOW and tell him
I accept! Well, so what if it's
three a.m.? He'll be awake! Call him!

INT KEITH & KIM'S HOUSE NIGHT

KIM, bleary-eyed, tries to comfort a SCREAMING MANDY, awakened
by her FATHER's phone call.

KIM
(to phone)
Okay, Keith. I will. Love you, too.
Er, Keith -- I don't like to pressure
you, you know. But when are you
coming home?

INT RECORDING STUDIO DAY

KEITH
(to phone)
Did I tell you about this BRILLIANT
IDEA I had, Kim? It's gonna make
it up to you, baby, for all the
trials and tribulations of being
married to a ROCK & ROLL LEGEND!

PETE finishes up his recording. The ENGINEERS confer.

KEITH
(to phone)
I'm going to buy you a TITLE.
(pause)
You know. A TITLE. KIM MOON,
VICOMTESSE DE NOTTING HILL!
Or GRAND DUCHESS OF WEMBLEY!
What do you think?
(listens irritably)
Can't you stop that kid howling?



ENGINEER

We're ready for you, Keith.

KEITH

With you in half a mo, darling.

(to phone)

Got to go. Cheerio. Don't forget
to call John right away!

Hangs up phone. PETE emerges, wearing a BADGE with MEHER BABA's
likeness on it.

KEITH

Guess what, mate! Fantastic news!
John Lennon wants me for his PEACE
CONCERT!

PETE

FAR OUT, man.

They exchange PEACE SIGNS. KEITH goes into the booth.

ON KEITH --

KEITH

(with BRIO)

Hi! I'm KEITH MOON of THE WHO!
I just want to say, the U.S. NAVY
is a GREAT PLACE TO BE, TOO!

ENGINEER'S VOICE

Great, that's just great. Again.

The first few menacing bars of THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN'S "SOMETHING
IN THE AIR" are heard.

CUT TO --

INT KEITH'S BENTLEY NIGHT

NEIL, in chauffeur's cap, drives. KEITH sits beside him.
They SHARE A HOOKAH, giggling.

KEITH V/O

The record company decided that a
celebrity of my stature needed a
CHAUFFEUR/BODYGUARD! I hired my
old friend, NEIL BOLAND.

NEIL and KEITH look at each other, and SNICKER.

THROUGH THE CAR WINDSCREEN -- we see the APPROACHING LYCEUM THEATRE, LONDON.

A SIGN: V.I.P. PARKING.

NEIL points. KEITH, still cackling, climbs over the seat to take his position as the CELEBRITY BEING DRIVEN BY AN UNDERLING TO THE GIG.

NEIL pulls smoothly upn beside a BEEFY SECURITY GUARD, rolls down the window.

NEIL
(superbly)
Mr. Keith Moon, for the War Is Over
concert, my good man.

They're WAVED THROUGH, and EXPLODE WITH LAUGHTER.

INT LYCEUM - BACKSTAGE NIGHT

KEITH is in his full glory. He wears a PINK SEQUINDED JUMPSUIT and ORANGE SNEAKERS. He enthusiastically returns obsequious AIR KISSES being offered him left and right.

FROM ONSTAGE comes the SOUND of YOKO ONO doing her forty-minute rendition of "DON'T WORRY, KYOKO."

NEIL
(whispers excitedly to KEITH)
I can't believe I'm here! Look --
George Harrison! Eric Clapton!

A STAGEHAND hands KEITH a "WAR IS OVER" placard. KEITH hands it to NEIL.

KEITH
Hold this.

NEIL
(saluting proudly)
Javohl, mein leider!
(gasps)
Oh my God! John Lennon!
And he's COMING THIS WAY!

KEITH settles himself into the urbane and unimpressed mode of one celestial body passing another in the firmament.

JOHN LENNON, bearded and dressed all in white, pauses before them.

JOHN

Yerright, lars?

(to KEITH)

Glad you could join us. Like Yoko's song, then?

KEITH

Sheer genius, John.

(pause)

How long does it go on for?

JOHN

Oh... thirty, forty minutes. An hour. Depends on how the mood takes her.

KEITH

Isn't that always the way.

As JOHN loses himself in ecstatic contemplation of his CONSORT, KEITH nudges him.

KEITH

So... you and the Beatles getting back together?

JOHN

Oh, no, no. That Paul is all about money, lar. I'm more into the PEACE trip now, and Yoko.

KEITH

This peace stuff. Reckon it'll catch on?

JOHN

Yoko says so.

KEITH

Oh, that's all right, then.

CUT TO --

INT TRAMP NIGHTCLUB NIGHT

Pullulating with CELEBRITIES. An overstimulated KEITH MOON downs Courvoisier, hops from table to table.

He is now DRESSED ENTIRELY IN WHITE, an ENORMOUS PEACE SYMBOL hanging from a CHAIN AROUND HIS NECK.

NEIL BOLAND follows him, but cannot repress a series of YAWNS. Clearly, being KEITH'S BODYGUARD is beginning to take its toll.

KEITH

(airily blows a kiss)

Bianca! SMASHING to see you, dear!
Where's MICK? Tragic about that
young lad at Altamont... trust Mick
hasn't taken it to heart! Give him
my love...

He TRIPS over someone's feet, and does a TRIPLE SOMERSAULT, landing on a LEATHER BANQUETTE beside a quiet, dark-suited, sunglasses-wearing MAN.

KEITH's glass has not spilled a drop.

KEITH

WHOO! What larks, eh?

The MAN turns and looks at him coldly.

MAN

(vaguely foreign accent)

Soo. Vot does a man do vor a little
VUN around here?

KEITH

What? Fuck off!

The MAN looks at KEITH intently, and takes off his SUNGLASSES. He resembles the SPIDER of KEITH'S LONG-AGO FANTASY.

KEITH

You look... familiar...

A DRUNK at the NEXT TABLE leans over, laughing.



DRUNK
(sarcastically)
Of course he looks familiar, you git.
He's PETER SELLERS.

KEITH stares at SELLERS in awestruck wonderment.
SELLERS gets up, and goes out. KEITH'S EYES follow him.

KEITH
WAIT! Come BACK! I'm KEITH
MOON! I WANT TO BE FRIENDS!

AT THE EXIT --

SELLERS puts on his SUNGLASSES, turns and gives KEITH a small,
ironic salute.

He exits to reveal --

NEIL BOLAND, sound asleep, slumped against the wall, still holding
his "WAR IS OVER" placard.

The menacing, opening bars of "SOMETHING IN THE AIR" are heard
again...

CUT TO --

EXT OLD PARK RIDINGS MORNING

The drive of the MOCK TUDOR HOUSE where KIM and KEITH now live.

NEIL, obviously wrecked by heavy partying, goes about his early
morning duties.

He stocks the REAR SEAT OF THE BENTLEY with a selection of
CHAMPAGNE, WINE, LAGER, and SCRUMPY.

The FRONT DOOR opens behind him, and KEITH appears in a silk
dressing gown and foulard tie.

KEITH
Ahhh! Another GLORIOUS DAY!

NEIL
Morning, Keith.



KEITH

No, no, no, Neil. How many times must I tell you? Cider on the RIGHT. Champagne on the LEFT.

NEIL

Sorry, Keith. I'm a bit under the weather this morning.

KEITH

Wasn't it a STELLAR EVENING! And just think, we became friends with PETER SELLERS! You have to track him down for me, Neil. Invite him over for some scrumpy!

NEIL

Keith...

KEITH

And I played with JOHN LENNON!
And I airkissed BIANCA JAGGER!
That must have been as BIG A THRILL for YOU, Neil, as it was for me!
Bigger!

NEIL

Well, of course it was, Keith, but...

KEITH

(arm round NEIL's shoulders)
Pour us a little of that champagne, why don't you, dear boy? This life... it's like a dream come true! Like gods, that's what we are, Neil --
GODS.

NEIL opens a bottle, pours out TWO GLASSES, hands one to KEITH --

NEIL

I quit.

Pause. KEITH holds his glass out for a TOAST. They CHINK glasses.

NEIL

I've got a wife. And a new baby.
I can't live like this.



KEITH

You know, I think SELLERS must live in the WEST END. I want you to drive around there this afternoon, looking for him. Ask them at TRAMP, too. They may know his address. If you find him, bring him back here. I'm opening a disco tonight, in Hatfield. You'll drive us, of course. Cheerie-bye!

KEITH DISAPPEARS INTO THE HOUSE.

NEIL

I'm not kidding, Keith. Three weeks' notice.

Depressed, NEIL goes back to STOCKING THE CAR WITH LIQUOR.

"SOMETHING IN THE AIR" is heard again. This time, it STAYS.

INT BENTLEY NIGHT

NEIL, still exhausted, drives.

In the back are a riotous KEITH, a subdued KIM, and various GUESTS.

KEITH mans the LOUDSPEAKER MICROPHONE, broadcasting to the empty streets.

KEITH

(into MIKE)

Attention! Attention! This is the Hatfield Police Department...

His GUESTS fall about in merriment.
KIM touches NEIL's shoulder, concerned.

KIM

You all right, Neil?

NEIL

I'm okay.

EXT HIGH STREET, HATFIELD NIGHT

Oppressive and deserted. Hatfield makes Wembley look picturesque.
The BENTLEY drives, the LOUDSPEAKER blaring.

KEITH'S VOICE

(on PA)

... THERE IS A LARGE, HIGHLY DANGEROUS
LOAD OF SNAKES OVERTURNED IN BRIDGE
STREET. PLEASE EVACUATE IMMEDIATELY!!!

A LONE DOOR opens. A SKINHEAD in slippers and t-shirt steps out,
watching the BENTLEY pass by. The SKINHEAD spits.

INT CRANBOURNE ROOMS, HATFIELD NIGHT

KEITH and his PARTY enter a crowded club. The sound of DESMOND
DEKKER drowns out "Something In The Air." The club is full of
SKINHEADS -- dressed in straight jeans, Ben Sherman shirts, and
bovver boots, they are the natural descendants of the MODS --

-- but with a more aggressive, nationalistic, pissed-off air.

One thing SKINHEADS hate is HIPPIES. And KEITH and COMPANY are
completely hippied-out -- especially KEITH with his white velvet
flares, flourescent flounced shirt, peace symbol, and INCIPIENT
BEARD.

KIM grabs KEITH's arm -- whispers to him --

KIM

Keith, this place has a nasty vibe.
Let's leave.

KEITH

Double Courvoisiers all round!

KEITH pushes through the throng of SKINHEADS to the bar.

NEIL attempts to reassure KIM.

NEIL

They're just young lads, Kim. Don't
worry. Five years ago we looked like
this lot.

ANGLE ON SOME PARTICULARLY MEAN-LOOKING, broken-toothed, tatoood SKINS. KIM doesn't think they did.

CUT TO --

INT CRANBOURNE ROOMS LATER THAT NIGHT

KEITH is on stage, performing the official Opening of the Disco Ceremony. KIM and her friends are huddled at a table near the exit. NEIL is at the bar, trying to lighten the atmosphere by talking to the only SKINHEAD with a MOUSTACHE.

KEITH
(very drunk)
And in closing, I'd like to say I
really dig you guys and your music!
GOODNIGHT ATLANTA!

Boos and catcalls.

There is no V.I.P. AREA, no SECURITY. KEITH is jostled as he walks back to the bar.

KEITH
Bleedin' pansies! Keep your hands
off the merchandise!

KIM leaps up.

KIM
Let's leave now!

KEITH
No, one more drink! C'mon, it's
nearly closing time...

AT THE BAR --

KEITH orders another round.

KEITH
Treble Courvoisiers, all round!
Got any dosh, Neil?

NEIL hands him some money.



NEIL

Kim and the others have gone out to wait in the car. Why don't we go too, Keith? Go and get pissed on our own turf?

KEITH

You go ahead, Neil. I'll follow you. Be out in just a minute...

He signals to the BARMAID for more drinks --

CUT TO --

EXT CRANBOURNE ROOMS NIGHT

Adjacent to a dismal pub beside the Great North Road.

KIM and the OTHERS wait tensely in the BENTLEY.

NEIL emerges from the DISCO, gets in the driver's seat.

INT BENTLEY NIGHT

Pause. They all wait. Then --

From the BENTLEY'S POV we see the DISCO DOORS fly open and KEITH come racing towards the car -- pursued by a CROWD of ANGRY SKINHEADS.

KEITH DIVES INTO THE CAR.

KEITH

Drive, drive, DRIVE!!!!

NEIL starts the BENTLEY quick as he can, and puts it into DRIVE. But TOO LATE. The MOB -- growing larger by the moment, fuelled by anger and KEITH'S liberally-distributed Courvoisiers -- has SURROUNDED THE CAR.

KEITH

RUN THE BASTARDS OVER!

NEIL

I can't do that, Keith! They've got families, and...

KEITH
JUST DO IT!

HE SCRAMBLES INTO THE FRONT SEAT AND TRIES TO TAKE CONTROL OF THE CAR FROM NEIL.

NEIL, struggling, spots, through the windscreen, the SKINHEAD WITH MOUSTACHE he spoke to at the bar.

NEIL
No, look, I'll go out and reason
with 'em...

KIM
NEIL! DON'T LEAVE THE CAR!

NEIL
Ah, Kim, I know that geezer.
It'll be okay...

And before anyone can stop him, he STEPS FROM THE CAR.

THE MOB ENGULFS HIM, BEATING HIM ABOUT THE HEAD.

EXT BENTLEY NIGHT

NEIL, unable to protect himself, CRAWLS UNDER THE CAR.

INT BENTLEY NIGHT

KEITH panics as the MOB PEERS IN THE WINDOWS, SHOUTING.

KEITH
Why do they hate me?
They want to KILL ME!

The CAR starts to rock.

KEITH
WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE!

He jumps into the driver's seat and FLOORS THE ACCELERATOR.

KIM
(SCREAMS)
KEITH!!!!!!!!!!

EXT CRANBOURNE ROOMS NIGHT

The BENTLEY LEAPS FORWARD, taking off into the NIGHT, the MOB HOWLING, CHASING AFTER IT DOWN THE ROAD.

Left behind, alone, under a street light, is the BODY OF NEIL BOLAND, crushed by the BENTLEY.

The sound of "SOMETHING IN THE AIR" fades away, replaced by the sound of the WIND, HOWLING...

CUT TO --

EXT A DARK, WINDY PLAIN GLOOMY TWILIGHT

KEITH sits, huddled, alone, the WIND whipping at him. He shivers, his teeth chattering.

KEITH
I'm a murderous fuck.

The WIND HOWLS. KEITH, terrified, clutches himself with his arms.

KEITH
I'll always have his death on my
conscience. Always. Now everyone
has what they want -- KEITH MOON
DOWN. Really down.
(pause)
Well, they're welcome to him.

The SKY darkens. A GENTLE, FEMALE VOICE is heard. KIM.

KIM'S VOICE
Keith! Keith! Where are you?

KEITH looks up, half-hopeful, half-despairing. OUT OF THE MIST -- KIM, wrapped in a VELVET CAPE, wearing a MILKMAID'S CAP, like the heroine of a Hammer Horror Film, appears. She carries MANDY, who in turn carries a STUFFED PET FOX.

KIM goes to KEITH and WRAPS HIM IN HER ARMS.

KIM

(sings)

"Don't worry, baby. Everything
is going to work out fine. Don't
worry, baby..."

She PULLS him up from his seat on a dead tree stump.
AS MUSIC SWELLS, KEITH takes KIM in his arms -- almost crushing
MANDY.

MANDY

YOW!

The MIST parts. The SCENE is FLOODED WITH THE BRILLIANT LIGHT of
a TECHNICOLOR DAWN -- not unlike that surrounding SCARLET O'HARA
in the famous pre-Intermission scene in "GONE WITH THE WIND."

KEITH leads KIM and MANDY up a GLOWING HILL. At the TOP, arm
around KIM's shoulders, KEITH POINTS GRANDLY down below into the
MIST --

KEITH

Kim! As God is my witness!
We will never be LONELY again!

THE MIST BELOW PARTS REVEALING --

TARA!!!!

Not Margaret Mitchell's Tara, but a STRANGE WHITE BUNGALOW in the
ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE, comprised of FOUR INTERCONNECTED PYRAMIDS,
beside an ARTIFICIAL LAKE.

A new ROLLS ROYCE SILVER CLOUD Mk III, painted LILAC, is parked
outside the house. DOUGAL, in CHAUFFEUR'S LIVERY, washes it.

CAMERA DESCENDS FROM THE CLOUDS TO THIS IDYLLIC SCENE OF ROCK &
ROLL STAR SPLENDOR.

EXT TARA - 1971 MORNING

KEITH, in a GRANDER DRESSING GOWN than before, bounds from the
DOOR of one of the PYRAMIDS. MUSIC blares out from inside.



KEITH carries a LARGE BLOODY MARY.

KEITH
Ahhh! Another glorious day!

He gives the DRINK to DOUGAL, then pulls a GIN & TONIC from the pocket of his dressing gown. They TOAST.

KEITH V/O
Some may question my actions at this time: opening discos off the Great North Road, visiting orphanages, attending the Crippled Children's Triathlon. But this was just as much a part of my job as being TOTALLY FUCKED UP, GIVING IT TO LOADS OF BINTS, and SMASHING UP ME DRUMS.

HUGE CATERING TRUCKS start to arrive.

A MARQUEE BILLOWS UP BEHIND TARA.

A HELICOPTER flies past, filled with PAPARAZZI.

KEITH waves at it genially.

KEITH V/O
I was inventing the rock & roll lifestyle. This was a VERY EXPENSIVE occupation.

CUT TO --

FROM THE AIR -- ROLLERS, BENTLEYS, JAGS, LIMOS, CADILLACS converge from all roads on an ENORMOUS BLOWOUT PARTY for the "WHO'S NEXT" album, on the grounds of TARA.

CUT TO --

EXT TARA DAY

The PARTY is in full swing. LOUD SELECTIONS from "Who's Next." CELEBRITIES. BABES. A GROANING BUFFET. LIVERIED BUTLERS offering drinks from trays. HANGERS-ON. GROUPIES. And ghastliest of all, DRUNKEN JOURNALISTS, baying to be entertained.

A sober KIM shares a table with another BLONDE BEAUTY holding a BABY.

KIM

Neil's death hit him really hard.
He's given up driving. We've bought
a little pub down the road, and he
doesn't even drive THERE. He either
walks, or Dougal drives him, or I do --

The BLONDE nods sympathetically. A LOUD ROARING NOISE makes them both look up.

SCREAMS. PEOPLE LAUGH AND SCATTER AS --

KEITH, dressed as LONG JOHN SILVER, complete with STUFFED PARROT on his shoulder, -- totally drunk -- tears through the crowd atop his brand new "AIR CYCLE" HOVERCRAFT.

KEITH

(in LONG JOHN's voice)
Avast, me hearties! Welcome to
Treasure Island!

KIM is aghast. The JOURNALISTS are thrilled.

CUT TO --

SAME LATER

KEITH races through the party at the wheel of a convertible ASTON MARTIN, dressed as MARIE ANTOINETTE, throwing PILLS at the JURNOS.

KEITH

(shouting through LOUDSPEAKER)
Let them eat COKE!
Let them snort CAKE!
HAH HAH HAH HAH!!!

CUT TO --

SAME LATER

KEITH, dressed in a VICAR'S OUTFIT, careens through the party driving a MILK FLOAT, pursued by the delirious JURNOS. He blesses the PARTYGOERS.

ANGLE ON KIM

still transfixed with HORROR. MANDY clutches her skirts, hiding her head.

ROGER approaches, accompanied by a brisk, efficient-looking MAN with a crewcut.

ROGER

Kim, have you got a sec? I'd like to introduce you to Bill Curbishley. The 'Oo's new manager.

KIM

I thought KIT was your manager.

ALL look to the BAR, where a completely falling-down-drunk KIT snorts coke and holds court with a trio of beautiful YOUNG LADS.

KEITH approaches in the MILK FLOAT. KIT toasts him.

KIT

Dear boy!

KEITH

(same voice)
Dear boy!

KEITH CRASHES THE MILK FLOAT INTO THE BAR.

The JOURNALISTS all laugh heartily at this HUMOROUS JAPE.

CUT TO --

INT THE PUB DOWN THE ROAD DAY

A particularly typical English Country Pub. Horse brasses on the walls, artificial bits of Tudor, TWO ANCIENT LOCALS sitting drinking halves of mild.

In the nook beside the roaring fire sit KIM and her FRIEND.

The sound of "THE RIDE OF THE VALKYRIES" is heard outside. It grows louder and louder, as if ENORMOUS SPEAKERS were fast approaching.

There is a SQUEAL OF BRAKES. The music cuts off --

KEITH enters the pub, goose-stepping, dressed as ADOLF HITLER.

He is followed by DOUGAL and TWO MORE VERY DRUNK JOURNALISTS.

KEITH
Schnell! Schnell! Der englander
ist coming! Achtung! Schweinhundt!
(switches to KIT's voice)
Any of you chaps care to join me
in a SHARPENER?

KIM squeezes into her corner, hoping KEITH won't notice her.

One of the JOURNOS sits down next to the TWO OLD LOCALS.

JOURNO
(pulling out NOTEBOOK)
So! What's it like to be one of the
regulars in a pub owned by KEITH MOON?

One LOCAL shrugs. The OTHER ponders. Finally --

LOCAL
He's all right. Just a young man
with his head blown.

KEITH drops his pants and jumps up on the bar --

KEITH
Cheers, mein herren --

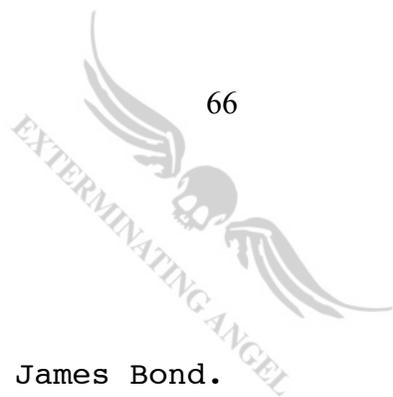
He drinks. Just the tiniest drop. Swills it around in his mouth.
And spits it out. He eyes the BARMAN suspiciously.

KEITH
I ordered a Courvoisier and ginger.

BARMAN
That's what I give you.

KEITH
I think not.

KEITH and the BARMAN eye each other.



BARMAN

That's Courvoisier. Not that you can tell once you've mixed it with that rubbish.

A CHALLENGE! KEITH, dressed like Hitler, speaks like James Bond.

KEITH

How many makes of brandy do you have behind the bar?

BARMAN

Four.

KEITH

Pour out four doubles. One of each. Mix every one of them with the most obnoxious sugared beverage to hand.

The BARMAN, bemused, does so.

KEITH

If I can correctly identify each of these cognacs, you will pay for them. And be sacked. Agreed?

CUT TO KIM AND FRIEND --

KIM is hiding her face.

FRIEND

What are you doing?

KIM

He gets so NASTY when he's drunk.

CUT BACK TO THE BAR --

KEITH samples each SUGARED BRANDY DRINK in turn.

KEITH

Remy Martin. Courvoisier.
Henessey --

The BARMAN looks aghast. KEITH has been right each time. KEITH samples the last one. Winks.



KEITH

The fourth I'm not quite certain...
Could it be "Soberano?"

BARMAN

No! No! It's Martell!

KEITH

(winks again)
You can keep your job then.
Doubles all round?

In the ensuing commotion, KIM tries to slip out the door.

A SHOT reverberates through the pub.

KIM turns --

ANGLE ON KEITH

Holstering his Luger, to uproarious applause.

KEITH

Kimmy! Come over here and meet my
NEW MATES! We're going to party all
night up at the house! What's for
dinner? EVERYONE'S INVITED!

KEITH throws his arms round EVERYONE. KIM smiles wanly.

CUT TO --

EXT TARA DAY

KIM smiles enthusiastically, beneath an umbrella in the pouring rain. She and MANDY watch as DOUGAL loads the last of KEITH's TOUR LUGGAGE into the Roller.

KIM

Wave to Daddy. Daddy's going on tour.

She and MANDY wave excitedly at the tinted windows of the Rolls. Their expressions both reveal extreme RELIEF.

MANDY

Bye bye Daddy!

KIM
Bye, Keith! Love you!

INT ROLLS ROYCE DAY

Rain courses down the windows as DOUGAL drives the Rolls away from TARA. In the back seat, KEITH pours himself a shot of brandy, does a wake-up line.

KEITH
They hate it when I leave, Dougal.
It's heartbreaking for 'em. And
for me, too.

He SNIFFS.

"LONG LIVE ROCK" plays as --

INT CONCERT FOR BANGLADESH NIGHT

KEITH plays ferociously, using a CRICKET BAT instead of sticks.

CUT TO --

INT SHA NA NA CONCERT NIGHT

A sweating KEITH COMPERES the concert in FULL DRAG.

CUT TO --

EXT SEATTLE AUDITORIUM STAGE DOOR NIGHT

SCREAMING FANS swarm a happy KEITH, as he emerges, sweaty and high, from the gig.

KEITH
Party back at the hotel!
EVERYONE'S INVITED! Especially
you young ladies!

SHRIEKS OF EXCITEMENT. KEITH is borne off on his FANS'
SHOULDERS.

EXT HOTEL ROOM, SEATTLE NIGHT

THROUGH THE WINDOW can be seen a RIOTOUS PARTY. Half-clad NYMPHETS. JOHN, DOUGAL, PETE and KEITH compete to see who can wreak the most destruction. KEITH WINS. The WINDOW SMASHES, as KEITH begins HEAVING FURNITURE OUT INTO THE NIGHT...

SAME DAWN

THROUGH THE WINDOW - the detritus of the party. Half a dozen entwined bodies, PASSED OUT.

THROUGH THE NEXT WINDOW - we see ROGER in his own room, making himself a cup of tea.

He comes out onto the BALCONY.

FROM THE BALCONY

ROGER watches as the HOTEL FURNITURE bobs up and down in the misty water of PUGET SOUND. He turns and sees KEITH'S BROKEN WINDOW.

ROGER

I'm getting too old for this...

KEITH stumbles onto the BALCONY, takes a slug from his bottle of Courvoisier, surveys the FLOATING FURNITURE with satisfaction.

KEITH

Morning, Rog.

ROGER

Morning, Keith.

KEITH

One of me best, don't you think?

(sighs happily)

Fancy some breakfast?

CUT TO --

INT HOTEL BREAKFAST ROOM MORNING

ROGER sits with a small helping of GRANOLA and a CARROT JUICE.

KEITH plows into a STEAK, BISCUITS & GRAVY, EGGS, a POT of COFFEE, and a DOUBLE COURVOISIER. He is dressed as a GIANT BUMBLE BEE.

ROGER and all the HOTEL STAFF watch, impressed, as KEITH consumes all the food, plus all the attendant BREAD, BUTTER, KETCHUP and JAM.

KEITH gets up, belches.

Heads for the lobby, pausing to sign an autograph for a CRIPPLED CHILD.

INT HOTEL LOBBY MORNING

PETE and BILL CURBISHLEY are at the front desk. BILL is trying to persuade the MANAGER to let them all check out late.

BILL

I know there's been a few incidental damages. Not a problem. I'll take care of it. What I'd like in return is for you to let my party check out a little later than is customary...

BILL has almost won his argument when KEITH MOON approaches in his BUMBLE BEE OUTFIT.

BILL

(sighing, giving up)
... from this fine establishment...

KEITH

Buzz Buzz. Buzz Buzz?
(shouting)
BUZZ BUZZ BUZZ BUZZ BUZZ!!!

ANGLE ON THE HOTEL MANAGER

Pointing inexorably to the front door.

PETE

I'm getting too old for this...

ANNOUNCER V/O

And now, San Francisco, please
welcome -- THE WHO!

CUT TO --

EXT SAN FRANCISCO CIVIC AUDITORIUM NIGHT

The SOUND OF AMPLIFIED GUITAR AND BASS - and HIGHLY-ERRATIC DRUMS.

DOUGAL waits anxiously outside the building.

A FAN approaches him.

FAN

Hey, man. Got any tickets?

DOUGAL shakes his head. A HIPPIE BUS pulls up, with two wheels on the curb. A handmade sign in the window reads, "FREE DOCTOR."

ANGLE ON THE FREE DOCTOR

Emerging from the bus. He looks like Freewheelin' Franklin. Afghan coat, flares, Grateful Dead t-shirt, little black bag.

DOUGAL

You the doctor?

FREE DOCTOR

Yeah, man. Where's the patient?

INT BACKSTAGE NIGHT

DOUGAL and the FREE DOCTOR race up the stairs towards the stage. The sound of BOOING and repetitive GUITAR CHORDS can be heard. The drums going too fast, then falling SILENT --

FREE DOCTOR

Has he been mixing it?

DOUGAL

Oh, Doctor, he's a fuckin' BLENDER!

ON STAGE

We see THE WHO. There is much tension, but this is not their finest musical hour. PETE yells at KEITH --

PETE

Play faster, you cunt!

-- but KEITH plays slower and slower, then cannot play at all.



He lies passed-out across his tom-toms.

The FREE DOCTOR examines him.

DOUGAL waits on tenterhooks for the DOC's verdict.

FREE DOCTOR

There's only one way this dude is
going to finish the gig.

DOUGAL

What's that, Doc?

FREE DOCTOR

You and I have to hit him up with
two simultaneous shots of CORTISONE
in both his ankles!

DOUGAL

In both his ankles?

FREE DOCTOR

That's right!
(he produces TWO ENORMOUS SYRINGES)
Are you ready?
(DOUGAL nods)
We have to inject both ankles at
exactly the same time! Otherwise
his shit will be all fucked up!

DOUGAL

Gotcha!

ANGLE ON THE TWO SYRINGES --

-- simultaneously jammed into KEITH's ankles.

KEITH immediately revives, starts DRUMMING FURIOUSLY.

PETE

Play slower, you cunt!

EXT STAGE DOOR NIGHT

Thirty minutes later.

PARAMEDICS rush KEITH out of the building on a GURNEY.



The FREE DOCTOR, DOUGAL, and BILL CURBISHLEY follow.

FREE DOCTOR
We got him through the gig okay,
but now his heart's stopped.
Right now he's clinically dead.

ANGLE ON KEITH

Being loaded into an AMBULANCE.

KEITH
Fuck off! I heard that!

The ambulance doors slam --

CUT TO --

EXT TARA DAY

-- the rear door of the Roller is opened by DOUGAL.

KEITH emerges, fatter, slower, more bloated and more bearded than we've seen him before. Empty bottles and a bra fall out after him.

ANGLE ON KIM AND MANDY

Standing outside, to welcome him.

KIM
Say hi to Daddy.

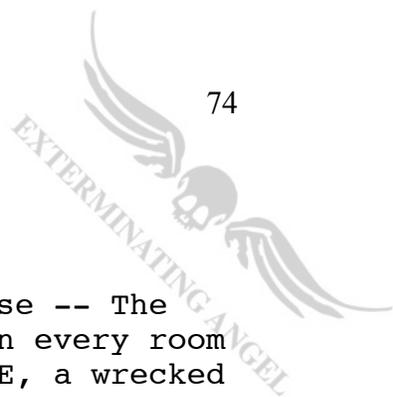
MANDY bursts into tears and buries her face in KIM's legs.

KEITH
Aha! It's great to be HOME!

CUT TO --

INT TARA XMAS DAY

KEITH wanders from room to room, looking for KIM.



KEITH

Kim! Fancy a drink, love?

Different music plays loudly in each corner of the house -- The Who, Rolling Stones, Beach Boys. There are loud TVs in every room as well. In the last room, a smashed-up CHRISTMAS TREE, a wrecked TOY DRUM KIT, and loud Christmas Music.

KEITH

Kim! I'm sorry about the...

ANGLE ON KEITH

He chokes on the word "tree." From his POINT OF VIEW we see:

KIM and MANDY leaving him. Walking down the road away from TARA, each carrying her suitcase. SNOW falling all around.

KEITH races to the French Window, wrestles it open --

KEITH

Kim! You cunt! Don't leave me!

(KIM does not look back)

If you do, I'll kill myself!

KIM and MANDY hear this, start running away.

KEITH

Right then!

He looks around for something to kill himself with.

Nothing is immediately to hand. He takes a swig of Cognac, downs a handful of pills, marches outside --

EXT TARA XMAS DAY

KEITH heads for the lilac Rolls Royce.

KEITH

Fine! That's it! FINITO!

He jumps in, turns the motor over, jams the Rolls in gear.

Unfortunately it is reverse gear. The Rolls hurtles backwards, through the SNOWFALL, into the Ornamental Lake. The back wheels sink, spinning, into the mud.

KEITH struggles to get out.

EXT END OF THE DRIVE / OUTSIDE KEITH'S PUB DAY

KIM and MANDY climb aboard the Country Bus.

It vanishes into the SNOW STORM.

KEITH V/O

(KIT LAMBERT voice again)

It may seem as if all my loved ones
had left me. Kim, Mandy, Neil, followed
by the news of my father's demise.
But what did I care?

INT TRACK RECORDS DAY

The OFFICE STAFF are all new. There is no one here KEITH knows.
BILL CURBISHLEY is on the telephone.

A picture of JIMI HENDRIX in a black frame on the wall behind him.
Under, it says, "JIMI 1942 - 1970"

BILL

(into phone)

I don't care if none of the other
bands are getting paid till after.
You want the 'Oo to play the Isle
of Wight, you pay up front!

(hangs up phone)

All right, Keith? Sorry your last
cheque was for £45. Unbelievable,
the expenses we've inherited...

KEITH

(in the KIT LAMBERT voice which he
will use constantly hereafter)

That's all right, Bill, dear boy.
Give me two thousand pounds.

BILL

All right. But it will have to be
against future earnings.

He opens a drawer, starts counting out MONEY --

KEITH V/O
So what if my old MANAGERS were gone
as well? I still had friends --
CELEBRITY FRIENDS --

CUT TO --

INT "TOMMY" SET DAY

KEITH, in his "UNCLE ERNIE" costume, with OLIVER REED.
They are both falling-down drunk.

KEITH V/O
Oliver Reed!

CUT TO --

INT "THAT'LL BE THE DAY" SET DAY

KEITH, in his "J.D. CLOVER" costume, with RINGO STARR.
RINGO is noticeably older and his hair is streaked with white.
They are both falling-down drunk.

KEITH V/O
Ringo Starr!

CUT TO --

INT DAN TANA'S, LOS ANGELES DAY

The bearded KEITH, falling-down drunk with JOHN LENNON, clean-shaven again, and wearing a KOTEX on his head; HARRY NILSSON, blonde beard, straw-coloured hair concealing his face; and a CROWD of HANGERS-ON.

KEITH V/O
John Lennon! And Harry Nilsson!

ANGLE ON COCKTAIL WAITRESS APPROACHING

No-nonsense, unimpressed, the bounds of her patience exceeded.

WAITRESS
Which of you is Harry Nilsson?



NILSSON
(laughing, drunk)
I am.

WAITRESS
Your card's been declined.

She hands HARRY NILSSON back his credit card. NILSSON seems to merge into the middle distance. He looks, and acts, like one of PETER SELLERS' shiftier characters.

LENNON
I'll give you me personal cheque.

WAITRESS
We don't take checks.

LENNON
(drunk, offended)
Don't you know who I am?

WAITRESS
You're an asshole with a kotex on your head. Which of you's gonna pay for these drinks?

KEITH
I shall! And bring us another round!

KEITH tosses money on the table. The CELEBRITY MOOCHERS slap him on the back.

KEITH
Don't mention it, dear boys -- there's plenty more where that came from! I've just heard some excellent news! That silver mine I told you about -- the one I own in Ecuador -- there's been a BONANZA!

INT LIMOUSINE NIGHT

KEITH rides somewhere else, with DOUGAL driving. Now he is depressed.

KEITH
Why did I do that?

DOUGAL

What?

KEITH

Tell them I own a SILVER MINE.
Buy all their drinks, and food.
And give them money for taxis.
When I, Dougal, do not have a SOU!

DOUGAL

Stop doing it, then. You don't need
to impress anyone. You're KEITH MOON.

KEITH

That's right. Keith Moon. Yes.
That's a demmed fine observation,
Dougal. KEITH MOON. I'm --

INT ON THE ROX NIGHT

KEITH stands on the BAR of the V.I.P. club above the ROXY.
He wears the top half of an English Gentleman's Riding Outfit,
sans jodphurs. He holds a bottle of CHAMPAGNE, and MAKES AN
ANNOUNCEMENT.

KEITH

-- KEITH MOON, and I'M BUYING YOUR
DRINKS THIS EVENING! Let the
champagne flow like WATER!

CHEERS from the SAME CROWD KEITH treated at DAN TANA'S.

KEITH jumps off the bar, next to an indulgent BOUNCER, EARL.

KEITH

(hands him a \$100 bill)
Here, Earl. For your trouble.

EARL

Hasn't been any trouble, Mr. Moon.

KEITH

No, but the night is young.
See that shifty-looking young man
over there?

ANGLE ON A VERY CLEAN-CUT YOUTH

Chatting to a beautiful BRUNETTE.

EARL

The one next to the very beautiful
young girl, Mr. Moon?

KEITH

That's the one. That young man, Earl,
raped and murdered a young girl just
like that one, on the edge of town.

EARL

No WAY!

KEITH

(giving him another \$100)
Yes, Earl. Is that the kind of customer
you want in this fine establishment?

EARL

No, it is NOT, Mr. MOON! THANKS
for the information.

EARL beckons to TWO OTHER HUGE BOUNCERS. They TACKLE the hapless
YOUTH, and THROW him down the STAIRS and out the DOOR.

KEITH immediately sits down next to the STUNNED BRUNETTE.
He snaps his fingers. A GYPSY VIOLINIST begins to serenade them.
A CIGARETTE GIRL drops TWO DOZEN RED ROSES on the table.

KEITH

You didn't like that geezer anyway,
did you? I'm Keith Moon.
(lights her cigarette)
Have you ever thought about DYEING
YOUR HAIR BLONDE?

CUT TO --

INT WALDORF HOTEL ROOM, NEW YORK DAY

The BRUNETTE is now a DAZZLING BLONDE. Her name is ANNETTE.
As a BLONDE, she looks astonishingly like KIM.

ANNETTE, obviously distraught, talks on a phone. The ROOM is
completely destroyed.



We can hear KEITH singing.

KEITH O/S

(singing)

"Start spreading the news..."

ANNETTE

(into phone, SWEDISH accent)

Pete! You must come at ONCE!

Something is wrong with KEITH!

He is in GREAT DANGER --

KEITH V/O

Once again, I was on top of the world.

ANNETTE

(hangs up, picks up phone again)

The room of John Entwistle, please.

E - N - T - W... uh...

The DOOR bursts open. PETE appears.

PETE

What? What is it? Where is he?

ANNETTE points.

ANNETTE

(to phone)

No, I don't know how to spell it.

PETE hurries to the WINDOW.

PETE'S POV --

ON THE AIRCONDITIONING UNIT

THIRTY FLOORS ABOVE THE NEW YORK STREETS, stands KEITH, in his silk dressing gown, holding a Bloody Mary.

He toasts PETE and continues the song.

KEITH

(sings)

"AND HERE'S TO YOU, NEW YORK...

NEEEEEWWWWW YORK!!"

He sways deliriously.

ANGLE ON POLICE CARS AND FIRE ENGINES pulling up below.
PETE shakes his head, and walks back to ANNETTE.

PETE

He's ALWAYS like this.

He LEAVES, shutting the door behind him.

KEITH O/S

Annette! Pour us another Bloody
Mary, darling!

ANNETTE continues to freak out.

KEITH V/O

Some people have to learn how to have
fun. To others, it comes NATURALLY.

CUT TO --

INT WALDORF HOTEL BAR NIGHT

The faces of the drunken KEITH, RINGO and NILSSON fill the frame.
Their beards rest on the bar. They're on alcohol, speed, and
'ludes. Their eyes are bloodshot, their jowls puffy.

NILSSON

(mournfully)

Mama Cass. What a fucking tragedy.

RINGO

Yeah, man. She was great. Loved
her music.

KEITH

(sings mournfully, off key)

"All the leaves are brown...
all the leaves are brown...
and the sky is grey..."

NILSSON

To just die like that. And in MY
apartment. Do you realise what a
HASSLE that was for me? Having to
arrange to get her BODY out of there?
The neighbors!

RINGO

What a bummer, man.

NILSSON

Yeah. A real fucked-up scene.

(pause; brightens)

Hey, you dudes are welcome to use my apartment any time you want. In London. It's a real cool place.

KEITH

(tearfully)

Thanks awfully old chap. You're a true friend...

CUT TO --

WALDORF HOTEL SUITE INT NIGHT

JOHN ENTWISTLE and his wife ALISON enjoy a candlelit dinner *a deux*.

They eat perfectly-done FILLET OF SOLE, and drink an expensive bottle of *POUILLY FUISS*.

ALISON

Well, this is very nice, I must say.

JOHN

Excellent fish. Dear, was it?

ALISON

Not really. Not compared to England. You know how often I complain about the price of fish!

JOHN

Quite right, too.

The DOOR bursts open. An INCREDIBLY FUCKED-UP KEITH enters, throws himself at JOHN, arms around his neck, KISSING HIS FACE.

KEITH

John! My dearest, oldest, bestest FRIEND.

Before JOHN or ALISON can do anything, KEITH runs around the table, grabs their WINE, pours it out over their dinners.

He then tries to RUN UP THE WALL to the ceiling, falls back with a THUD.

So, he unzips his pants and PISSES against the wall. And passes out on the floor.

JOHN watches this through narrowed eyes. Deliberately, he gets up, goes through the connecting door to the MATCHING SUITE.

As ALISON watches, JOHN METHODICALLY WRECKS THE ROOM. He returns, slings KEITH over his shoulder, carries him into the wrecked suite and DUMPS HIM.

ALISON, meanwhile, is on the phone to ROOM SERVICE.

ALISON

Hello, room service? Mrs. Entwistle here. The same again, please.

WRECKED SUITE INT NIGHT

KEITH lies amid the wreckage.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

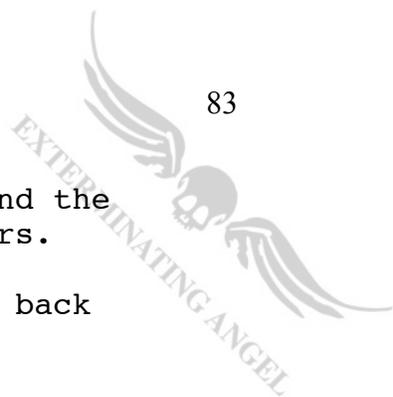
SAME DAY

KEITH shakes himself groggily awake. BILL CURBLISHLEY is paying off an agitated HOTEL MANAGER.

KEITH looks around at the room, proud of his unremembered handiwork.

KEITH V/O

They could say what they liked about my drumming having deteriorated
But my room-destroying skills were at their PEAK.



INT COW PALACE NIGHT

ON STAGE, PETE keeps screaming at KEITH, who, obviously having taken some STRONG STUFF, keeps NODDING OUT over his drums.

When KEITH does not revive, the show grinds to a halt.

This time there is no FREE DOCTOR. TWO STAGEHANDS carry KEITH offstage. PETE, ROGER and JOHN confer hurriedly.

PETE

We'd like to invite a volunteer to
step up here for the last few songs.
Somebody good!

SCOTT HALPIN

Me! Me! Over here! Me!

ANGLE ON SCOTT HALPIN

A beach-boy Li'l Abner with bulging muscles and blond hair, clambering up on stage. ROGER pats him on the back.

ROGER

(whispers)
We'll do "Bellboy."

SCOTT approaches the DRUMS --

ANGLE ON KEITH MOON'S KIT

-- looming like an ALIEN ENCOUNTER. It is the biggest drum kit SCOTT - or anyone - has ever seen. The tom-toms are as big as bass drums. All the cymbals overlap. In every direction there is something LOUD and RESONANT. All lashed together to a STEEL FRAME so that it will not fly apart.

SCOTT gingerly takes KEITH's seat.

PETE

One - two - three - four -

THE WHO begin "BELLBOY" from "QUADROPHENIA."

SCOTT HALPIN whoops like a rodeo rider. ROGER winces.

SCOTT, over the moon, plays more than competently.

But something is missing. SCOTT is just not a KEITH MOON-TYPE DRUMMER. Who could be?

CUT TO --

INT HOSPITAL ROOM NIGHT

ROGER sits beside KEITH's hospital bed. A NURSE is with him.

NURSE

We're not sure, yet, but we think it's a combination of Mandrax, Librium, Cocaine, Alcohol, and Monkey Tranquilizer.

ROGER

Monkey Tranquilizer? That's a new one.

NURSE

It's fairly common -- but never in such a HIGH DOSE.

The NURSE leaves. ROGER stares at the prostrate KEITH.

ROGER

Keith? Can you hear me?

(no answer)

Keith, you've really got to get some help. I mean, you are NOT having fun, mate. You've fucked up your relationship. You never see your kid. And now you're fucking up the only thing which IS important to you -- playing the drums. Keith. Can you hear me?

KEITH does not reply. ROGER gets up and leaves.

ANGLE ON KEITH

A TEAR runs from his tightly-shut EYE.

CUT TO --

INT CENTURY CITY OFFICE BUILDING LOBBY DAY

A relatively soberly-dressed, nervous KEITH stands in the middle of an eddying crowd, staring at a metal plate that says:
THE PATTERSON GROUP. PSYCHOANALYSIS. 13th FLOOR.

KEITH breaks into a sweat, then joins the CROWD streaming into an ELEVATOR.

INT PATTERSON OFFICE DAY

KEITH sits anxiously on a stool in the middle of darkened room. To the side, in the shadows, holding notebooks and pens, are the husband and wife team of MEG and GEORGE PATTERSON.

KEITH

(laughs with attempted lightness)
I'm not here for myself, of course.
Good gracious, no. I'm here to ask
your advice for a FRIEND.

Pause.

GEORGE

Go on.

Pause. KEITH pulls at his collar, smiles wanly.

KEITH

Um. Well. I'm afraid he's gotten
a trifle out of control. For example.
He talks in a bloody affected upper
class accent that's not even his.
Can't stop the bally thing.
Wretched luck, really.

MEG'S VOICE

Does your... friend's... problem
involve alcohol and drug abuse?

KEITH

(enthusiastically)
You've hit the nail bang on the head!
It's a bloody marvel, the larks he
can get up to, and still stay standing.



GEORGE

Does he like the idea of being a...
marvel... like you say?

KEITH

(uneasily)

Um. Er. Ye-es. I would say so.

MEG

So much so that, for example, he will
do anything to remain one?

KEITH

EXACTLY!

(excited)

That's him! To a "t"!

GEORGE

And... HAS he done ANYTHING in order
to become this marvel?

KEITH

What do you mean?

MEG

Traded everything. In order to be
important. The centre of attention.

GEORGE

(clinically detached)

Happy personal relationships.
Physical health. Natural joy.

KEITH

Yes, yes, YES! That's ME!

THAT'S ME!

(pause)

I mean, that's my friend.

(pause)

Is there any hope? For my friend,
I mean.

MEG and GEORGE lean out of the shadows and exchange a LOOK.
GEORGE takes off his glasses and rubs his eyes.

GEORGE

Mr. Moon, let's cut the crap here,
shall we?



MEG

There is no "friend," Keith.
We know all about you. We did
our research the moment you called
and made this appointment.

GEORGE

Mr. Moon, this may come as a shock
to you, but in our professional
opinion --

MEG

-- and we have much experience in
this field --

GEORGE

-- you are possessed by demons.

Silence.

MEG

You have all the classic symptoms of
one who has sold his soul for FAME.

GEORGE

Believe me, Mr. Moon, here in Los
Angeles we see it all the time.

Pause. KEITH heaves a SIGH OF RELIEF.

KEITH

Oh, thank God. I just thought I was
going CRAZY.

GEORGE

That's the next step. That or suicide.

KEIHT

Well, then, that's all right.
(produces his own NOTEBOOK)
What do I have to do to get better?

INT LIMOUSINE DAY

DOUGAL drives KEITH along WILSHIRE BOULEVARD.



KEITH

(babbling excitedly)

No, it's great, Dougal. They say cases like mine are VERY COMMON and that all I've got to do is...

(reads from NOTEBOOK)

... give up drinking. Give up drugs. Give up celebrity parties. Play the drums straight. Stop bonking every girl in sight. Stop trashing hotel rooms. Stop --

DOUGAL

(humourously)

Stop being Keith Moon?

Pause. KEITH'S FACE FALLS as he realises DOUGAL is exactly right.

AMBULANCE SIRENS.

EXT LOS ANGELES STREETS NIGHT

An AMBULANCE races from the BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL.

INT HOSPITAL LOBBY NIGHT

HUBBUB of PARAMEDICS, SECURITY GUARDS, JOURNALISTS, BILL CURBISHLEY paying for KEITH's admittance with a WAD of CASH.

BILL

(agitated)

He was just the same as normal. Partying up a storm. He called me and said he'd cut himself. Well, I just thought that was Keith being Keith. Thank God I went up there. He was so fucking out of it, he'd have bled to death.

KEITH, covered in BLOOD, is rushed away on yet another GURNEY. He BABBLES to himself.

KEITH

(delirious)

Keith Moon. I'm Keith Moon.
The DRUMMER! I'm Keith Moon...



NURSE #1
I guess he's Keith Moon.

NURSE #2
I guess so.

INT RECORDING STUDIO, SOHO DAY

PETE sits drinking from a half-finished bottle of vodka.
He talks with a FRIEND, who holds an ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS book.

PETE
Anyway, I want you to do an intervention
on Keith. Get him into AA before it's
too late. He's seriously out of
control.

In the background, the ENGINEERS play "ANARCHY IN THE U.K." by the
SEX PISTOLS. They clearly think this is the new, happening thing.

FRIEND
I don't know, Pete. From what you
tell me about Keith, he's not your
classic alcoholic.

PETE
Of course he is! How else do you
explain him?

FRIEND
(shrugs)
I don't know. Could be demonic
possession, for all I know. But you,
on the other hand. YOU are an
alcoholic.

PETE
Fuck off. I only drink half a
bottle of vodka a day, and THAT's
after work!

The phone rings. An ENGINEER answers.

ENGINEER
Pete. Phone.



PETE
(takes phone)
Thanks, mate.

Behind him, the ENGINEERS replay the PISTOLS' TUNE.

COMING FROM THE PHONE -- THE EAGLES' "HOTEL CALIFORNIA."

PETE
Keith? Is that you, mate?

CUT TO A CLOSE-UP OF KEITH

He looks dazed, blissful, his hair cut short, his beard trimmed.
"HOTEL CALIFORNIA" plays over the sound system.

KEITH
So, Pete. How's the solo project going? And Roger's? And how about John's? I take it The Who aren't going to be touring for a while?

PETE'S VOICE
(from phone)
It depends, man. We're worried if we stop touring, the shape you're in, you'll go to pieces...

KEITH
(laughs tinklingly)
Dear boy! One is not a child! One can take care of oneself! Besides, old chap -- I'm giving myself a jolly old treat! Yes, that's right. Promise me you won't be too terribly jealous? I'm moving to MALIBU, dear boy! MALIBU!

PULL BACK TO REVEAL --

INT MENTAL WARD DAY

KEITH is in a hospital gown, on the phone, in the RECREATION ROOM.

OTHER PATIENTS sit around him, nodding apathetically, taking their meds, doing art therapy etc. The WARDERS move warily around.



KEITH hangs up, gives a satisfied sigh.

KEITH V/O

That's right. You heard correctly.
I, KEITH MOON, drummer for THE WHO,
was building a PALATIAL MANSION on
the shores of MALIBU!

THE OPENING BARS OF "BARBARA ANN" ARE HEARD --

CUT TO --

EXT DREAM CALIFORNIA DAY

The same FANTASY VERSION of MALIBU BEACH -- SURFERS, SURFER BABES,
VOLLEYBALL, bespectacled FELLOW getting SAND kicked in his face...

The GANG OF SPECTACULAR FOXY BIKINI CHICKS is gathered in front
of an improvised stage --

-- on which the early-sixties BEACH BOYS play impromptu surfer
music.

CAMERA PANS across the BEACH BOYS -- till we reach the DRUMMER.

The DRUMMER is KEITH MOON.

But this is MOON in his late twenties -- fat, bleary-eyed, and
dissipated -- huffing and puffing -- unable to keep time --

HIS POV --

-- as "BARBARA ANN" degenerates due to his bad drumming.

The BIKINI CHICKS, disgusted, KICK SAND IN KEITH'S FACE.

CUT TO --

INT KEITH'S MALIBU HOUSE DAY

KEITH wakes up with a shout.

He's on a double mattress on the floor of his newly-built Malibu
residence. As yet he has no other furniture.



KEITH V/O

You may ask: how did I, Keith Moon, recently divorced, and, after my brief, unfortunate stay in a mental hospital, harrassed by creditors on all sides, manage to come up with the dosh for a palatial MALIBU pied- α -terre?

FLASH BACK --

INT LEGAL OFFICE, CENTURY CITY DAY

KEITH, dressed in his aristocratic riding outfit, sits at a large oak desk, flanked by his ACCOUNTANT and his ENTERTAINMENT LAWYER. The latter two do all the talking. KEITH just smiles.

ACCOUNTANT

Mr. Moon is a member of one of the preeminent large-stadium touring rock acts. Their most recent American tour grossed in excess of \$20 million. Mr. Moon receives a substantial share of net profits --

LAWYER

-- plus 100% royalties on every piece of music he composes for the group.

KEITH nods, tapping his riding crop against his palm.

ACCOUNTANT

Given these circumstances --

LAWYER

-- we feel sure you'll wish to grant Mr. Moon this modest INITIAL LOAN of \$350,000 --

ACCOUNTANT

-- against a line of credit to be set up, based on the Moon name or brand.

CUT TO THE REVERSE --

FOUR JAPANESE BANKERS, conferring, before an oak-panelled wall. They nod, and produce CONTRACTS.



BANKER #1
Sign here, please.

KEITH, without reading it, signs with a flourish.

BANKER #2
And here, please --

An AUTOGRAPH BOOK.

BANKER #2
For my daughter. A BIG FAN!

ANGLE ON THE BEAMING KEITH, SIGNING.

KEITH V/O
I loved America...

INT MALIBU HOUSE DAY

KEITH bustles about the house, changing clothes from the piles on the floor, checking a BASKET OF GOODIES and ARMLOAD OF FLOWERS, as if he is getting ready to go out on a BIG DATE...

KEITH V/O
One of the wonderful things about living in the Los Angeles movie colony is that, inevitably, one ends up with a MEGA-CELEBRITY living right next door!

He straightens the TIE on his JESTER'S OUTFIT, picks up the BASKET and FLOWERS, says a brief prayer skyward, and goes out.

EXT MALIBU HOUSE DAY

KEITH, whistling, heads for the HOUSE NEXT DOOR. Very like his -- an ANONYMOUS BOX facing the sea. Forbidding, with blacked-out windows.

KEITH V/O
Imagine my surprise when I discovered that my next door neighbour was none other than FELLOW STAR, STEVE McQUEEN. Star of "THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN" and "BULLITT"! AND his WIFE: ALI McGRAW!

Almost palpitating with excitement, slicking down his hair with some spit on his palm, KEITH rings the DOOR BELL.

It BOOMS in the distance, as in some vampire's castle.

A VIDEO CAMERA watches him, tracking his movements.

NO ONE ANSWERS.

CUT TO --

SAME LATER

KEITH, in a NAZI UNIFORM, holding a BIGGER BASKET and HUGER MASS OF FLOWERS, rings the bell again.

No answer. He furrows his brow, turns away, clearly determined, this time, to MAKE HIS MARK.

CUT TO --

SAME LATER

KEITH, clad as a ROMAN CENTURION, places a small, gift-wrapped BOX on the doorstep. He rings the doorbell, retires to a safe distance.

The BOX of CHERRY BOMBS explodes, blackening the McQUEENS' doorstep. No reply. He goes away, crushed.

KEITH V/O

We celebrities always look out for each other's privacy. It was an unspoken bond between me and the McQUEENS that we would remain FIRM FRIENDS but RESPECT EACH OTHER'S PERSONAL SPACE. I know I appreciated it!

CUT TO --

INT MALIBU HOUSE NIGHT

KEITH is peering intently into his TELESCOPE, the only other article of furniture. Set in the wall above him is a stained glass window depicting LEO, KEITH's astrological sign.

DOUGAL enters, rummaging through the pockets of dirty clothes on the floor.

DOUGAL

Got to find five bucks for gas...
Keith, what are you doing?

KEITH

Trying to see ALI McGRAW naked.
I know you're in there...

He fiddles with a CONSOLE OF SWITCHES. A SPOTLIGHT in the alley outside illuminates the McQUEEN HOUSEHOLD.

INT McQUEEN HOUSE - UPSTAIRS WINDOW NIGHT

The WINDOW raises silently. Across the alley, KEITH can be seen, cackling, aiming his telescope at the McQUEEN RESIDENCE, under the SPOTLIGHT.

A RIFLE BARREL enters frame. It steadies, aims --

INT KEITH'S HOUSE NIGHT

ANNETTE enters.

ANNETTE

Keith, there's nothing to eat in
the kitchen, and I need five dollars
for --

A SHOT RINGS OUT. THE SPOTLIGHT IN THE ALLEY SHATTERS.

KEITH shrieks and JUMPS into ANNETTE's arms.

KEITH V/O

God, how I loved that man.
And I know, deep down, he returned
my sentiments a hundred fold.

EXT PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY PERFECT DAY

A beautiful, balmy, California afternoon. DOUGAL drives a brand new EXCALIBUR SS into frame. KEITH sits, bearded and bloated, beside him.



"DEAD MAN'S CURVE" plays on the eight-track.

Suddenly something catches KEITH's eye beside the road --

KEITH
(pointing excitedly)
DOUGAL! STOP!

INT CAR SHOWROOM, MALIBU DAY

ANOTHER EXCALIBUR SS, identical in every way to the one DOUGAL was driving, has PRIDE OF PLACE on the sales floor.

KEITH, mesmerised, circles the car. DOUGAL protests.

DOUGAL
Keith, we've already got one JUST
LIKE IT. An exact, authentic replica
of the car HIMMLER used to drive!

But it's no use. KEITH is fixated on the PLACARD which proclaims:
"THIS CAR PRE-OWNED BY LIBERACE."

CUT TO --

EXT PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY DAY

Driving in the opposite direction, DOUGAL and KEITH, now in
LIBERACE'S CAR.

KEITH V/O
Of course, one of the problems with
living in Los Angeles is how EXPENSIVE
everything can be!

EXT WILMINGTON, CA DAY

Oil derricks. Chop shops selling stolen car parts.

A huge yellow pile of sulphur.

A JUNKYARD DOG barks ferociously as CAMERA nears his YARD --

EXT CHOP SHOP DAY

The DOG foams at the mouth, snarls, as CAMERA tracks past to BEHIND A SHED --

-- where KEITH, DOUGAL and the CHOP SHOP OWNER pass around a pipe loaded with CRACK COCAINE. The EXCALIBUR sits parked beside them.

KEITH

Honestly, I can't remember ever paying this much for drugs.

CHOP SHOP OWNER

I got my overhead, don't I? Besides, you're a celebrity. You can afford it.

CUT TO --

INT MALIBU HOUSE NIGHT

A DIM LIGHT shines on the "LEO" stained glass window.

The UNMISTAKEABLE SOUNDS OF FUCKING fill the air.

WOMAN'S VOICE

(squealing)

I've ALWAYS wanted to be fucked by a celebrity!

PULL BACK TO REVEAL --

KEITH, wearing a STAN LAUREL MASK enthusiastically fucking a HOOKER. He switches to a BORIS KARLOFF MASK as ANNETTE enters, and shrieks.

ANNETTE

KEITH! How could you! On our own MATTRESS! On our own FLOOR!

She runs out.

KEITH

(calls after)

Sorry, love. With you in half a mo...

INT KITCHEN NIGHT

ANNETTE sags against the open refrigerator door, sobbing.
There is nothing in the refrigerator.

THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR behind her, we can see KEITH paying off the
HOOKER. It is clear he's come up a bit short.

KEITH

(enters)

Hello, love. You all right?

Got any extra cash handy?

Still sobbing, ANNETTE holds out a \$20 BILL. KEITH takes it out
to the HOOKER.

KEITH

Everything is SO EXPENSIVE in L.A...

INT BEDROOM NIGHT

ANNETTE sleeps, tearstained, on the MATTRESS. PULL BACK to
reveal KEITH, manic, bottles and pills scattered around him, on
the phone.

KEITH V/O

Of course it wasn't all sunshine and
beer and skittles. There was the
occasional bout of homesickness.
One couldn't help but miss one's mates.

KEITH

(to phone)

Pete? That you? What time is it
there? Listen, man, I just wanted
to tell you that I love you, man.
I really love you... I really...

(pause)

Hello? Pete?

(pause; dials again)

John! Mate! Not sleeping, are you?
No, listen, I've gotta tell you --
I love...

Winces, holds the PHONE away from his ear. Doggedly dials again.



KEITH

(to phone)

Hello, is that the Daltrey residence?
Oh, hi, Heather! How you doing?
Could you get Roger for us, love?
Just wanted to tell him how very
much I l... Hello? Hello?

He slowly hangs up the phone.

Goes to the TELESCOPE, but finds he's too depressed even for that.

Wanders around the room, aimlessly popping pills.

KEITH V/O

Sometimes the nights seemed very long.

EXT PARADISE COVE DAY

DOUGAL drives KEITH - who wears a YACHTSMAN'S CAP and ASCOT -
through the gates of the PARADISE COVE TRAILER PARK.

KEITH V/O

But if there were disappointments,
there were challenges, too.

DOUGAL yawns - the same way we saw NEIL BOLAND yawning earlier -
yanks himself awake as they drive through the PARK.

KEITH V/O

My thespian career was going great
guns. And today I had an interview
with that greatest of directors and
HOLLYWOOD ICONS... SAM PECKINPAH.

A CHICKEN SQUAWKS as DOUGAL pulls into the small chainlink-fence-
ringed TRAILER where PECKINPAH resides.

KEITH gets out, looks dubiously at the OLD MOTORCYCLES and WASHING
MACHINE in the front yard.

As DOUGAL passes out in the front seat of the EXCALIBUR, KEITH
pushes through the CURTAIN OF BEER CAN RING-PULLS, and enters
the trailer.

INT PECKINPAH'S TRAILER DAY

PECKINPAH, now in his sixties, so out of it that he can't even speak, sits with an eager KEITH, passing the CRACK COCAINE PIPE back and forth, on his mattress on the trailer floor.

KEITH V/O

The audition seemed to me to go extremely well. Surprisingly, I heard no more about the project, despite having made myself completely available.

CUT TO --

INT MALIBU HOUSE NIGHT

KEITH sits folornly beside the TELEPHONE in the dark. He gets up and leaves the frame.

We hear the SOUND of the EXCALIBUR start up outside.

DOUGAL appears, groggy.

DOUGAL

Keith?

He peers through the stained glass window -- sees KEITH screech out of the driveway.

DOUGAL

Shit.

CUT TO --

EXT SUNSET STRIP NIGHT

In a side street, KEITH trades his ROLEX for a bag of DRUGS.

INT ON THE ROX NIGHT

KEITH, in slow motion, parties with HARRY NILSSON.

NILSSON

Listen, man, I'm serious. Next time you're in London, England, you have to stay at my PAD! (CONT.)



NILSSON (CONT.)

Don't listen to those guys who
say it's a DEATH HOUSE just
because Mama Cass croaked there...

KEITH

Harry, I would be honoured...

INT EXCALIBUR NIGHT

KEITH drives, eyes blurred and barely focussed on the road,
sweating and twitching...

INT KING'S HEAD PUB, SANTA MONICA NIGHT

KEITH surrounded by a THRONG of sweaty, loud, ENGLISH EXPATS.
He throws darts at a dart board. All his DARTS miss.
To the sound of JEERS, he stumbles out.

EXT PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY NIGHT

Empty. Deserted. The only light comes from a LONELY GAS STATION.

The GAS STATION ATTENDANT, dozing against a pump, wakes with a
start.

Sees -- THE EXCALIBUR, motor running, SITTING in the middle of
PCH, through a LIGHT CHANGE.

INT EXCALIBUR NIGHT

KEITH is passed out in the driver's seat. The ATTENDANT comes
up to the window.

ATTENDANT

Mister! You all right? You've
been here through three green lights.

As the ATTENDANT watches, KEITH'S BODY begins to be WRACKED BY
CONVULSIONS.

CUT TO --

INT MALIBU HOUSE DAWN

KEITH lies on the mattress on the floor. His EPILEPTIC FIT continues.

A DOCTOR examines him, as ANNETTE watches, horrified.

DOUGAL presses \$5 on the protesting GAS STATION ATTENDANT.

ATTENDANT

No, really, no money. I couldn't just leave him there...

ANNETTE

Doctor! What's wrong with him?

DOCTOR

The worst case of alcohol poisoning I have ever seen. When it gets this bad, taking the patient OFF alcohol is almost as dangerous as leaving him on it. He'll have to be hospitalised.

SOUND OF AMBULANCE SIRENS.

CUT TO --

INT THESPIAN WARD, CEDARS SINAI DAY

KEITH, sick almost literally to death, wakes up in the strange room.

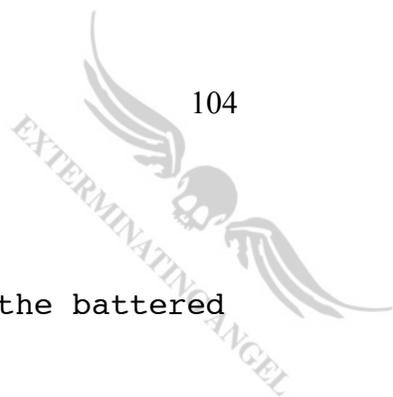
He automatically looks for something to drink. There is nothing. He drags himself from the bed, starts tearing the room apart, searching for a bottle.

INT BATHROOM DAY

KEITH rummages in a TOILETRIES BAG. Finds a bottle of Pierre Cardin AFTER SHAVE.

He opens it, and CHUGS IT DOWN. As he lowers the bottle, belching, he sees -- in the bathroom mirror -- a horrified DOUGAL.

KEITH smiles wanly.



EXT MALIBU HOUSE DAY

BRILLIANT SUNLIGHT. ANNETTE carries TWO SUITCASES to the battered EXCALIBUR, and disappears into the house for more.

DOUGAL emerges with two more suitcases.

KEITH follows him out, in silk dressing gown and slippers. As DOUGAL loads the car, KEITH produces TWO BLOODY MARYS from his pockets. He hands one to DOUGAL, with a conspiratorial wink.

KEITH
Bottoms up, dear boy.

DOUGAL
Bottoms up, Keith.
(drinks)
I quit.

KEITH
You... what?

DOUGAL
I quit. I can't live like this.

KEITH grows suddenly cold and furious. He yells at DOUGAL a variety of imprecations to the effect that DOUGAL owes him bigtime and is not going anywhere --

INT McQUEEN HOUSE DAY

POV -- A HAND pulls back the BLINDS to watch as DOUGAL turns his back on the screeching KEITH and walks away --

EXT MALIBU BEACH DAY

DOUGAL sits on the sand staring at the Ocean.

The SOUND of KEITH RAGING fades into the background.

A shadow falls across DOUGAL.

He looks up, and sees STEVE McQUEEN -- bearded, but unmistakably the GREAT MOVIE STAR -- blue-eyed, rugged, ineffably cool.



DOUGAL
Steve McQueen!

McQUEEN looks back at KEITH'S HOUSE. Nods.

McQUEEN
It's the best day's work you ever did,
man. Don't get me wrong. I love Keith.
We're cut from the same cloth. I just
like to have my space.

McQUEEN turns and strides back towards his HOUSE.

CUT TO --

INT SHEPPERTON STUDIOS DAY

KEITH MOON, naked except for a leather jockstrap and a leather mask, is tied to a torture implement.

A scantily-clad DOMINATRIX whips him.

KEITH
(to CAMERA)
For my public image, of course, I'm
very reliant on my management and
my public relations people.
(to DOMINATRIX)
Could you get on with it?

The DOMINATRIX laughs and whips him more vigorously.

KEITH V/O
In America I was just an Englishman
abroad. I missed my mates, my mum,
and all the lovely ordinary things
that make Britain great --

PULL OUT TO REVEAL --

A FILM SET. KEITH is shooting additional material for
THE WHO's documentary "The Kids Are Alright."

DIRECTOR
Cut!

The CREW creases up, in stitches, at KEITH's wacky antics.



KEITH V/O

Back in England I felt more excited
and enthusiastic about life and work
than I had done in years --

ANGLE ON PETE, ROGER AND JOHN

Staring at KEITH in evident alarm.

CUT TO --

INT GYMNASIUM DAY

KEITH is trying to work out, lifting weights with JOHN and
a COACH.

KEITH V/O

In preparation for my appearance in
The Who's new documentary, I had
given up drinking and begun a
RIGOROUS WORKOUT ROUTINE --

KEITH collapses beneath his weights.

He has ANOTHER EPILEPTIC SEIZURE.

CUT TO --

INT RAMPORT RECORDING STUDIO NIGHT

KEITH stares at his drums. He looks at his sticks.
He doesn't know what to do with them.

KEITH

(desperate)
BRANDY!

CUT TO --

INT HARRY NILSSON'S FLAT, LONDON NIGHT

The apartment is quite fashionable and well situated.
The furniture is old fashioned - as if HARRY had bought the place
complete with fixtures & fittings, and not changed anything.

The place has a distinctly creepy atmosphere, with no clear evidence why.

KEITH V/O

Annette and I had borrowed the pad
of my old pal, Harry Nilsson --

ANGLE ON KEITH

Sitting on the floor beside the sofa, shaking, drinking from a
brandy bottle, talking on the phone.

KEITH

(to phone)

Annette? Are you still there?
I'm sorry I kicked you out, love.
You have to come back. No, it's
serious... The SAS. The SAS -
that's the elite British military
forces - they've sent these people
to get me. And, Annette -- they're
not REAL PEOPLE. They're... I
think they're from OUTER SPACE...
Annette?

CUT TO --

INT SHEPPERTON STUDIOS DAY

The BAND poses for the cover of "WHO ARE YOU." Photographer TERRY
O'NEILL prowls around the BAND MEMBERS, who wait, angry and
silent, in front of a huge barrage of amplifiers and speakers.

PETE

What are we doing? Is this the
best we can do for an album cover?
Standing in front of the speakers!
Who came up with the concept for
this shit?

ROGER & JOHN

(in unison)

It's Keith's turn.

ANGLE ON KEITH

In his Aristocratic Riding Outfit, which is now way too tight --

Nervously, he GRINDS UP A GRAM OF COCAINE, and in full view of BAND MEMBERS and CREW, snorts the entire contents of the GRINDER.

He sits down on a chair.

O'NEILL pauses, then diplomatically decides to ignore this. Besides, something else is worrying the ACE LENS MAN --

ANGLE ON KEITH'S BELLY

Straining enormously against his embroidered shirt and jodphurs. KEITH burps and a button flies off.

TERRY

Keith.

KEITH

Dear boy.

TERRY

I like a more macho pose from you. Just... turn the chair around, and sit with your legs on either side of the back of it.

KEITH

Smashing.

He does as TERRY asks, as the other BAND MEMBERS exchange tense looks.

TERRY

Perfect.

ALL POSE for the cover. The BACK of KEITH'S CHAIR, now turned towards camera to conceal his gut, says: "NOT TO BE REMOVED."

INT PROJECTION ROOM, SHEPPERTON DAY

THE WHO watch a rough cut of "THE KIDS ARE ALRIGHT."

KEITH sits by himself in the front row. The OTHERS are grim silhouettes behind him.

ON THE SCREEN

KEITH metamorphoses from a BRILLIANT YOUTH, blessed with effortless energy and talent, to a straining, huffing, puffy, MIDDLE-AGED MAN who can barely keep up with the band.

AS KEITH watches, TEARS STREAM UNCHECKED DOWN HIS FACE.

JOHN and ROGER, unable to stand any more, silently leave.

PETE comes up, puts his hand on KEITH's shoulder.

KEITH, ashamed of his tears, does not turn around.

PETE

(quietly)

Get your shit together, Keith.

Or you're out of the band.

He follows the others out. KEITH sits, unable to stop his sobs.

INT ASPREY'S JEWELLERS DAY

One of London's finest establishments, by appointment to HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

KEITH MOON, in a bowler hat, purple jacket, flared white trousers, and matching white spats, selects various items of JEWELRY from the cabinet.

KEITH

I'll have one of those, one of those,
one of those, and two of those.

SALESMAN

Right away, Mr. Moon. Will it be
cheque, or cash?

KEITH

On my account, as usual!

ANGLE ON A SHADOWY STRANGER

Sidling up to KEITH. KEITH has seen him before, but does not recognise him. The STRANGER speaks with an obscure, Eastern European accent --



STRANGER

Keith Moon.

KEITH turns and looks at him.

KEITH

Yes...

The STRANGER's accent switches, becomes nerdy, American-academe.

STRANGER

Well, Mr. Moon, I dunno what to say.
This is such an invigorating moment
for me. I've admired all your books.
For me and my students, you're just
THE foremost author of literary
fiction of your generation!

KEITH is unusually intimidated. For once, he doesn't know what to say.

A SECOND SALESMAN hands the STRANGER back his SPECTACLES.

SALESMAN # 2

There you are, Mr Sellers.
Right as rain!

PETER SELLERS

(for it is he, imitating MOON)
Thanks awfully, dear boy! Toodle-pip!

SELLERS exits briskly.

CUT TO --

EXT BOND ST DAY

KEITH MOON chases PETER SELLERS down the street.

KEITH

Stop! Sellers! Peter Sellers! STOP!

ANGLE ON PASSING PUNKS

Astonished at the strange, bearded HIPPIE pursuing the BLAND MAN in a suit, embracing him, falling to his knees --

CUT TO --

INT PAWN SHOP DAY

SELLERS watches as KEITH pawns the JEWELRY ITEMS he purchased at ASPREY'S. He makes no comment. KEITH leads him out of the Pawn Shop and into the --

INT PUB DAY

KEITH parks TWO LARGE BRANDIES before himself and SELLERS. They drink them down. KEITH immediately orders two more.

KEITH

I can't believe it! I've been a fan of you and your comic creations since I was ten! Or less! Eccles! Min Crum! Bluebottle! Hercules Gritpipe-Thynne! The Goons -- an island of sanity in an insane world! Here's to 'em!

SELLERS

Cheers.

KEITH

We met once, actually, you and I. A few years back. You probably wouldn't remember.

SELLERS

No, I don't.

KEITH

Well, anyway. This is a very special occasion. Normally I wouldn't be drinking like this. I've given up, for all intents and purposes.

SELLERS

Want another one?

KEITH

You having one? Okay --

(SELLERS orders more drinks)

God, we should have known each other (CONT.)



KEITH (CONT.)

in the OLD DAYS, before I went on
the wagon. Had to do it, though.
Rock & Roll - I mean literary fiction -
is a young man's game! Cheers!

SELLERS

You live around here?

KEITH

Yes, I do, actually, on Curzon Place.
I'm staying at the flat of a good
friend, Harry Nilsson.

SELLERS

Harry Nilsson is a washed-up, fat,
drug-addicted drunk. He's burned
himself out. His career is finished.
Fancy another drink?

KEITH

If you've got time --

CUT TO --

INT HARRY NILSSON'S FLAT DAY

KEITH proudly serves PETER SELLERS two enormous lines.

SELLERS does them, follows this by breaking an AMYL NITRATE AMPULE
under his nose. He offers a POPPER to KEITH.

KEITH

I've only ever done these for sex...
(he sniffs)

SELLERS

Have you ever snorted AMYL with a VIRGIN?
That's the BEST OF ALL. Every man's
dream, I'm sure, is still finding a
VIRGIN. The original idea of that GIRL
who has never been with anybody else...
To be in love with that GIRL is the
ultimate happiness... I want to DISCOVER
the ideal woman, and UNDRRESS her,
REVEAL her, in this fantasy of mine...



KEITH

I'm marrying my bint. Haven't told her yet.

The sound of a key in the lock. ANNETTE's voice --

ANNETTE O/S

Keith? I'm home --

SELELRS pulls up his coat collar, mysteriously.

SELLERS

No one must know that I was here...

KEITH jumps up, red-faced with aml energy. He runs to get ANNETTE --

KEITH

Annette! Come and meet Peter Sellers!

ANNETTE

Who is Peter Sellers?

ANGLE ON FLUTTERING CURTAINS

Of an open window in the empty room.

PETER SELLERS is gone.

ANNETTE SCREAMS

PULL BACK TO REVEAL --

KEITH lying on the floor, in full-scale ALCOHOLIC EPILEPTIC CONVULSIONS.

ONCE AGAIN -- THE SOUND OF AMBULANCES FILLS THE AIR.

And the VOICE of PETE TOWNSHEND, giving a radio interview.

PETE'S VOICE

Of course, KEITH MOON has come back to live in Britain, and for The Who, that's a tremendously positive input of energy --

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE

Isn't he in hospital?



PETE'S VOICE

Yes. I mean, he's been in hospital
most of the time he's been back in
England --

INT DOCTOR'S CONSULTING ROOM DAY

The RADIO plays the interview.

PETE'S VOICE

(on radio)
-- but at least he's back here, in
an English hospital...

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE

That was Pete Townsend of THE --

The DOCTOR switches the radio off.

KEITH, the SICKEST we have ever seen him, sits, apathetic,
sweating, and slumped.

ANNETTE fusses worriedly.

DOCTOR

Frankly, Mr. Moon, it's a clear
choice. Give up alcohol and drugs,
or die. I don't know when I've
seen a clearer.

ANNETTE

He was delirious, Doctor!
Seeing SPIDERS!

ANGLE ON KEITH

Staring out of the window.

KEITH V/O

Clearly they had confused my test
results with someone else's.
What fools --

ANGLE ON PILLS

In the DOCTOR's hand.



DOCTOR

This is HEMINEVRIN. For use in the treatment of insomnia, psychosis, alcohol withdrawal symptoms, and STATUS EPILEPTICUS...

KEITH stares at the PILLS. And the dark cloud that covered his face is lifted.

KEITH V/O

Here, at last, was something I could relate to. DRUGS. And legal, prescribed by a doctor. Guaranteed to totally abate my craving for alcohol, and to MAKE ME WELL...

ANGLE ON THE DOCTOR

Outlining to ANNETTE the various possible SIDE EFFECTS of the drug HEMINEVRIN, and the extreme dangers of an OVERDOSE --

INT HARRY NILSSON'S FLAT - KITCHEN NIGHT

KEITH and ANNETTE enjoy a freshly-cooked plate of Pasta. She has a glass of white wine. KEITH has a can of GINGER ALE.

ANNETTE takes a sip of wine.

KEITH picks up a HEMINEVRIN pill, and swallows it. Washes it down with Ginger Ale.

KEITH

Cheers!

ANNETTE

Don't take too many of those pills, Keith. Remember what the Doctor said --

KEITH winks, caresses ANNETTE's arm. HER SOUND FADES OUT.

KEITH V/O

And the best thing about this HEMINEVRIN PILL was, if one took, say, five or six of them, they made one feel like one was PISSED! (CONT.)

KEITH V/O (CONT.)
But without the dangerous side
effects.

INT PEPPERMINT CLUB NIGHT

A BIG PARTY thrown by PAUL McCARTNEY, in honour of the film
"The Buddy Holly Story." PAUL, in tuxedo, addresses the select
company of ROCKERS and MEDIA.

PAUL
We're here tonight to honour a dead
great artist --
(laughter)
-- and I don't just say that because
I own his publishing -- BUDDY HOLLY!

ANGLE ON KEITH

Sweating up a storm, in a booth with KIM.
He pops another PILL.

PAUL
Why was BUDDY HOLLY's life so great?
Because it was so short? Because
it was - along with RICHIE VALENS'
and the BIG BOPPER's - so tragically
snuffed out at such an early age?
What is our fascination with these
great artists - JANIS, JIMI, JIM -
who passed away so young, in the
prime of their musical greatness?
Never giving us - their fans - a
chance to LOSE OUR FAITH IN THEM...

KEITH, unusually quiet and uncomfortable, pops another PILL.

ANGLE ON RINGO

Drunk, parking himself between KEITH and ANNETTE.

RINGO
Hey, Keith. Tell us about how you
joined the 'Oo!

KEITH
Well, actually, Ringo, old bean -- (CONT.)



KEITH (CONT.)
one never did join. One's just
been sitting in for the last fifteen
years. They never told me I was
part of the group.

GREAT LAUGHTER ALL AROUND at this joke. Only KEITH is dead
serious.

KEITH
In fact, what I really wanted was
to be the drummer for THE BEACH BOYS...

MORE LAUGHTER. KEITH smiles thinly, pops another HEMINEVRIN.

INT HARRY NILSSON'S FLAT NIGHT

The FRONT DOOR opens, and KEITH, in a rotten temper, enters,
followed by ANNETTE. They have obviously been quarrelling.

KEITH
(turns on her and SHOUTS)
Just... leave me alone. Make me
some food and LEAVE ME ALONE!

He storms away. ANNETTE, near tears, calls forlornly after him.

ANNETTE
You are just as mean on those pills
as you are when you drink!

The BEDROOM DOOR slams. Sniffling, she goes to the kitchen.

INT KITCHEN NIGHT

ANNETTE fries up some LAMB CUTLETS. Puts them on a plate.

INT FLAT NIGHT

She knocks on the BEDROOM DOOR. The DOOR opens. KEITH'S ARM
reaches out, takes the plate. It disappears behind the door.
We hear the lock click shut.

ANNETTE
Keith...

KEITH'S VOICE
I DON'T WANT TO SEE ANYONE.

ANNETTE is about to retort, then gives up, goes to the COUCH in the LIVING ROOM, and beds down there.

SAME LATER

ANNETTE snores gently on the couch.

INT BEDROOM NIGHT

Congealed fat is all that's left of the cutlets.

KEITH sits in bed, bloated and grey, watching "THE ABOMINABLE DR. PHIBES," starring VINCENT PRICE, on TV.

He reaches for his PILLS. Then stops himself.

KEITH
(sings forlornly to himself)
Bar-bar-bar... Bar-bra Ann...
Bar-bar-bar... Bar-bar-bra Ann...

A SPIDER runs across the TELEVISION SCREEN.

KEITH leaps out of bed, flailing madly at it with a rolled-up magazine.

A KNOCK AT THE WINDOW.

KEITH turns, snarling. But sees the face, pressed to the window, of PETER SELLERS, in a long, blond, hippie wig, waving a BOTTLE.

KEITH
(eyes fill with hope)
PETER SELLERS!

He runs and THROWS THE WINDOW OPEN.

PETER SELLERS climbs into the room, limping as if he were the BRITISH AIR FORCE OFFICER from DR. STRANGELOVE. This convulses KEITH.

SELLERS

Thanks awfully, Keith, old chap.
String's gone in my gammy leg,
again...

KEITH falls back on the bed, watching SELLERS, rapt.
Maybe now everything's going to be all right.

SELLERS

(accent of L.A. BEACH BUM)
Party, party, Moonie. Get us a couple
of glasses, wouldja?

KEITH happily fetches two glasses, then remembers he's not
drinking. He laughs at himself, sits on the floor beside SELLERS,
hands him one glass, clutches his pills.

SELLERS pours himself a drink and toasts KEITH.

SELLERS

Cheers.

KEITH

(takes a pill)
Cheers.

KEITH'S FACE CONVULSES WITH LAUGHTER --

CUT TO --

SAME LATER

TEARS OF HILARITY roll down KEITH's face as PETER SELLERS
entertains him with nonstop patter and brilliant character
changes.

ANGLE ON SELLERS --

CAREENING ROUND THE ROOM on a chair, mimicking STRANGELOVE --

Bumping into HARRY NILSSON's surviving vases and knick-nacks,
à la INSPECTOR CLOUSEAU --

Holding out his glass for KEITH to fill --

KEITH, rapt, pops yet another HEMINEVRIN PILL.



SELLERS

I'm a controversial figure. My friends either dislike me or hate me. I can be difficult, impossible, loathsome... but at my best UNAPPROACHABLY GREAT. Sure you don't want a drink?

KEITH is completely out of it on the PILLS.

KEITH

No... no... fine. Cheers!
(he pops another one)

SELLERS

Why am I great? I often ask myself that question... And wait! What is this?

ANGLE ON AN OLD, ROLLED-UP PARCHMENT CONTRACT --

-- which SELLERS pulls from his Hippie Purse.

SELLERS

Why! It's the CONTRACT which I signed all those years ago, selling MY SOUL in return for IMMORTAL FAME!

SELLERS dangles it in front of KEITH.

When KEITH reaches for it, SELLERS snatches it back, opens it and reads.

SELLERS

But just a minute... This isn't MY contract. This is YOURS, Keith. Signed, Wembley, 1961.

(shivers)

I would have done anything to get out of Wembley, too! Did your mother have one of those HATCHES?

(KEITH nods)

Let's check out the small print here... Hmm... didn't do as well as me on that clause. Don't like the look of that. Still, you got what you wanted, didn't you?

KEITH beams expansively.



KEITH
Yeah... the LOVE of EVERYONE.

SELLERS
Well, their attention, anyway.

They both dissolve into giggles.

KEITH, yawning, crawls into bed, begins to fall asleep.

KEITH
Can't... quite... stay awake.
Come back... tomorrow night. All right?

SELLERS
Oh, I'll be seeing you.

HOLD ON KEITH'S MOONLIKE FACE.

Totally blissed out.

KEITH V/O
I finally had everything.
I'd got out of Wembley.
Peter Sellers was my friend.

IN HIS SLEEP

KEITH reaches for the HEMINEVRIN BOTTLE and pops two more pills.

He snores noisily.

SAME MORNING

ANNETTE enters warily, carrying a T-BONE STEAK on a tray.
The BEDROOM WINDOW is open. There is no other indication PETER
SELLERS was ever there.

ANNETTE
Keith. Breakfast.

KEITH wakes, groggy from the PILLS.

KEITH
Great. Thanks, love.

He tucks into the MEAT, still half asleep.

KEITH
Fancy a Chinese later?

ANNETTE
Sure, Keith. Chinese would be great.

Having devoured the MEAT, KEITH pops another HEMINEVRIN, washes it down with orange juice. ANNETTE heads for the door.

KEITH
Annette.

ANNETTE
Yes, Keith?

KEITH
Would you say that I was still
the best Keith Moon-style drummer
in the world?

ANNETTE
Yes, Keith, of course!

KEITH smiles, settles back on his pillow.

CUT TO --

SAME LATE AFTERNOON

ANNETTE enters again. She picks up KEITH's breakfast tray, carries it out. Returns with the CHINESE TAKEAWAY MENU.

ANNETTE
(sits on the bed and reads)
How about Kung pao beef? You like
that. Mongolian lamb. Mmm. An
order... no, two orders... of
sweet and sour pork.

She doesn't notice -- though we do -- that KEITH is staring sightlessly at the ceiling. His breathing has stopped.

HE IS DEAD.



ANNETTE

Now, do we want the chicken fried rice, or the shrimp? No, you're right. The DELUXE. You like the DELUXE, don't you, Keith. You always like the..

ANNETTE falters. She looks at KEITH. Pause. She puts out a tentative hand to touch him. TEARS start up in her eyes. But she goes on reading.

ANNETTE

(brightly)
Fried shrimp! Extra sauce!
LEMON CHICKEN!

Finally, she BURSTS INTO TEARS.

CUT TO --

EXT CURZON PLACE DAY

The whole square is visible. An AMUBLANCE arrives. The AMBULANCEMEN get out. There is no hurry this time.

CUT TO --

EXT TRACK RECORDS OFFICES DAY

A GROUP OF PUNKS walks past. One of them wears KEITH'S GOLDEN SUIT.

CUT TO --

INT MALIBU BEACH PAD DAY

Empty. Nothing remains. The waves break on the shore.

CUT TO --

EXT PARADE, WEMBLEY DAY

SIGNS advertise the forthcoming CLASH/DAMNED/BANSHEES SHOW.

GRAFITTI proclaims the virtues of a score of bands.

An INVISIBLE HAND writes suddenly, and, having writ, moves on --

"KEITH MOON WAS HERE."