ROCK OF AGES

by

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based on the Broadway production "Rock of Ages"
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FADE IN:

EXT. FARMLAND - TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A deserted stretch of ROAD, lit by a low-hanging MOON. Nothing but farmland on either side. We hear the first bars of a PIANO INTRO to --

“SISTER CHRISTIAN” by NIGHT RANGER.

Now BUS LIGHTS approach from a distance, eventually BLINDING us, as the bus WHIPS THROUGH FRAME.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS ACTION

We MOVE UP the bus’ aisle, taking in the PASSENGERS. It’s late. Everyone’s curled up, sleeping. Everyone except --

SHERRIE CHRISTIAN.

A beautiful girl of 19, full of life, full of soul. But, right now, all she is, is sad. She stares out her window into the blackness outside, then sighs.

Now she notices her own REFLECTION in the glass, LOOKING BACK AT HER. But after a moment she starts to sing --

SHERRIE
SISTER CHRISTIAN. OH, THE TIME HAS COME... AND YOU KNOW THAT YOU’RE THE ONLY ONE... TO SAY... OKAY...

Now Sherrie notices all the PASSENGERS are staring at her, through gentle eyes, singing softly --

PASSENGERS ON BUS
MOTORIN’... WHAT’S YOUR PRICE FOR FLIGHT? FOR FINDING MR. RIGHT?

Sherrie locks eyes with one LITTLE GIRL. (She should look like Sherrie would’ve at her age.)

LITTLE GIRL ON BUS
YOU’LL BE ALL RIGHT TONIGHT.

The little girl smiles sweetly. Sherrie meets her stare, sighs, then returns to looking at the dark landscape passing outside, we --

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACKS - EXT. SMALL TOWN - CHURCH - DAY

CAMERA DRIFTS DOWN FROM a BLUE SKY, dotted with clouds, TO TAKE IN a CHURCH STEEPLE.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

A CHOIR sings for the CONGREGATION. A PASTOR looks on, smiling pleasantly. We MOVE ACROSS the faces of the SINGERS: Some old. Some young.

Finally, SETTLING ON Sherrie, tucked among the others in the center of the last rafter, singing her heart out. She clearly LOVES to sing.

CONGREGATION
SISTER CHRISTIAN, OH THE TIME HAS COME... AND YOU KNOW THAT YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE... SO SAY... OKAY...

Sherrie exchanges a smile with a cute local boy in the choir.

CONGREGATION
WHERE'RE YOU GOING? WHAT YOU LOOKING FOR? YOU KNOW THOSE BOYS DON'T WANT TO PLAY NO MORE.

SHERRIE
IT'S TRUE...

CONGREGATION
YOU'RE MOTORING... WHAT'S YOUR PRICE FOR FLIGHT? IN FINDING MR. RIGHT?

As the PASTOR steps forward toward Sherrie with...

A SWEET LITTLE GIRL
YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT TONIGHT...

INT. SHERRIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

-- BURSTS into her room to find a nightmare: Her Father has ripped all of her ROCK POSTERS off the wall. They lay torn and crumpled on the floor.

SHERRIE
What are you doing? Daddy! That's my *life*. My music... is my *life*!

CONTINUED:

Ignoring her, Sherrie's FATHER now throws her ARSENAL CONCERT T-SHIRT INTO A TRASH BAG.

FATHER
It's the music. That sinful trash you listen to. And I will not have it in my house anymore!

She just stands there, powerless, livid, as her Father destroys her world.

INT. BUS - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Sherrie looks out the window as the bus passes a "WELCOME TO ARIZONA" SIGN... her mind a million miles away.

FLASHBACKS - INT. SHERRIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sherrie, eyes red from crying all day, lies in bed, staring at her bare walls.

She makes a decision, reaches under the bed, pulls out an old coffee can and removes a bunch of bills... her life's savings.

After a moment her door opens. Her MOTHER comes and sits next to her, stroking her face, gently.

MOTHER
BABE, YOU KNOW YOU'RE GROWING UP SO FAST. AND MAMA'S WORRYING THAT YOU WON'T LAST TO SAY... LET'S PLAY.
(wipes Sherrie's tears)
SISTER CHRISTIAN, THERE'S SO MUCH IN LIFE. DON'T YOU GIVE IT UP BEFORE YOUR TIME IS DUE. IT'S TRUE.

She kisses her daughter's forehead and lets herself out. Then, as the music BUILDS, Sherrie makes a decision. She gets out of bed and grabs a suitcase --

SHERRIE
MOTORING. WHAT'S YOUR PRICE FOR FLIGHT? YOU'VE GOT IT IN YOUR SIGHT...

Now she sees her YOUNGER BROTHER AND SISTER, looking at her, sadly in the doorway. She goes and kisses them, gently --

CONTINUED:

SHERRIE
I'LL BE ALL RIGHT TONIGHT.

Sherrie returns to packing, reaching under her mattress for her prized possessions: Her RECORD ALBUMS. Many are by a band called ARSENAL.

SHERRIE
SISTER CHRISTIAN. OH THE TIME HAS COME. AND YOU KNOW THAT YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE TO SAY...

But there are other bands too: Guns n' Roses. Journey. Poison, etc. She puts them in the suitcase.

EXT. SMALL TOWN - DINER - DAY

Carrying her suitcase, she crosses a street towards a BUS DEPOT. Her eyes go to the bus' DESTINATION placard: "LOS ANGELES."

And the DRIVER OPENS THE DOOR with...

BUS DRIVER
MOTORING! WHAT'S YOUR PRICE FOR FLIGHT?

The other passengers, waiting to board, turn to her --

PASSENGER (O.S.)
FOR FINDING MR. RIGHT?

Then the LITTLE GIRL we met earlier -- who looks like a young Sherrie -- just walks up and takes Sherrie's hand.

GIRL ON BUS
(gently)
YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT TONIGHT.

And the Little Girl leads Sherrie onto that bus.

As all the passengers turn to her and sing...

PASSENGERS
SISTER CHRISTIAN. OH THE TIME HAS COME. AND YOU KNOW THAT YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE TO SAY...

Sherrie takes her seat and the bus PULLS AWAY.

SHERRIE
OKAY.

And she looks out the back window...

CONTINUED:

PASSENGERS
MOTORING! WHAT'S YOUR PRICE FOR FLIGHT? FOR FINDING MR. RIGHT?

... as her small town recedes in the distance.

INT. BUS - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Sherrie looks out the window as a "WELCOME TO CALIFORNIA" passes by outside. Once again, Sherrie is the only one awake on the bus. But this time it's Sherrie who sings to her reflection.

SHERRIE
I'LL BE ALL RIGHT TONIGHT.

Her reflection smiles as --

-- the last word of the song is DROWNED OUT BY THE INSANELY VIOLENT SHRIEK OF AN ELECTRIC GUITAR as --

EXT. SUNSET STRIP - MIDNIGHT

We FIND ourselves smack-dab in the middle of "The Jungle."

SUPERIMPOSE: LOS ANGELES... CALIFORNIA... SOMETIME BETWEEN CARTER AND CLINTON...

Tower Records... Spago... a vibrant slash of neon... large billboards featuring Angelyne and promoting *Rambo: First Blood Part II*... a perpetual traffic jam of cruisers...

As the thumping intro awakens our beloved Sunset Strip and the CHARACTERS that inhabit it, we hear a FAR-OFF....

VOICE (O.S.)
YOOOOOOAAAAAAAAWWWWWWWW!!!!!

"WELCOME TO THE JUNGLE" BY GUNS N' ROSES

That distant ROCK HOWL leads us to... mullet-adorned rocker named LONNY BARNETT. He's walking the strip, handing out flyers promoting The Bourbon Room and wearing a "Where's The Beef?" T-shirt.

LONNY
WELCOME TO THE JUNGLE!
WE GOT FUN AND GAMES.
WE GOT EVERYTHING YOU WANT.
HONEY, WE KNOW THE NAMES!

CONTINUED:

Lonny notices a TOURIST with his nose buried in a star map...

LONNY
WE ARE THE PEOPLE THAT CAN FIND...

Lonny whips the Tourist's head to the street below to find...

LONNY
WHATEVER YOU MAY NEED.

Like three hot WOMEN, all in cut-off shorts, roller-skating...

LONNY
IF YOU GOT THE MONEY, HONEY...
WE GOT YOUR DISEASE!!
IN THE JUNGLE!!...

Lonny stops walking and rocks out like Axel toward the traffic on Sunset Blvd. --

LONNY
WELCOME TO THE JUNGLE!

-- then falls to his knees and bows to the venerable establishment on the corner, a rock club called "THE BOURBON ROOM."

LONNY
WATCH IT BRING YOU TO YOUR SHA
NAH,N,N,N,N,N,N,N, KNEES, KNEES!
(threatening the traffic)
I'M GONNA WATCH YOU BLEED.

Lonny hands out the last flyer and enters the club through the back door, just as --

DREW BOLEY, 20's...

-- comes out carrying a mop and a bucket of dirty water. Good-looking, full of energy, and a genuinely nice guy, despite the tough-guy duds, he trades nods with Lonny, then dumps the bucket of water out into the alley as --

DREW
WELCOME TO THE JUNGLE. WE TAKE IT DAY BY DAY. IF YOU WANT IT YOU'RE GONNA BLEED... BUT IT'S A PRICE YOU HAVE TO PAY...

EXT. FURTHER UP THE STRIP - SAME TIME

The BUS turns onto Sunset Blvd. A seedier part of town.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Sherrie gawks out the window, taking in the way all the WOMEN are dressed: Leather. Knee-high BOOTS. And lots and lots of BIG HAIR. Sherrie looks down at her own outfit (probably put together through magazines) self-consciously, then back out the window --

EXT. THE VENUS CLUB - NIGHT

-- as the bus passes a nightclub. JUSTICE CHARLIER, the club's sassy proprietor, steps out to grab some air.

JUSTICE CHARLIER
AND YOU'RE A VERY SEXY GIRL,
WHO'S VERY HARD TO PLEASE.

She meets Sherrie's gaze as the bus passes by.

JUSTICE CHARLIER
YOU CAN TASTE THE BRIGHT LIGHTS.
BUT YOU CAN'T GET THERE FOR FREE.
IN THE JUNGLE... WELCOME TO THE
JUNGLE...

CUT TO:

EXT. BUS STATION - NIGHT

The bus pulls into the station.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Sherrie looks out the window at the world outside, as a CREEPY GUY, seated across the aisle, grabs her hand.

DIRTY OLD MAN ON THE BUS
FEEL MY, MY, MY, SERPENTINE.

SHERRIE
AHHHHHH!

DIRTY OLD MAN ON THE BUS
I WANNA HEAR YOU SCREAM!

Sherrie grabs her suitcase and hurries off the bus --

EXT. SUNSET BLVD. - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

-- coming out of the bus terminal onto Sunset Blvd. She stands there, looking around in awe --

SHERRIE
WELCOME TO THE JUNGLE.

HARD ROCK BAND (V.O.)
IT GETS WORSE HERE EVERY DAY.

INT. BOURBON ROOM - NIGHT

We are CLOSE ON a HARD ROCK BAND playing the stage of the Bourbon Room in front of 500 screaming FANS.

HARD ROCK BAND
YOU LEARN TO LIVE LIKE AN ANIMAL...

FANS
(en masse)
IN THE JUNGLE WHERE WE PLAY.

(NOTE: About the club -- Balconies on both sides of the stage, a huge bar in the back. It's a huge venue that holds about five hundred. Guitars, gold records and classic black and white photos of rockers line the walls. There are also DOZENS OF BRAS AND PANTIES tacked up, near a sign that reads: DENNIS' TROPHY WALL.)

Now we FIND one ROCKER chatting up a SEXY GIRL. She smiles, but a moment later the girl's BOYFRIEND SHOWS UP and starts shoving the first guy --

ROCKER WITH GIRLFRIEND
IF YOU HUNGER FOR WHAT YOU SEE.

ROCKER WITHOUT GIRLFRIEND
I'LL TAKE IT EVENTUALLY...

ROCKER WITH GIRLFRIEND
BUT YOU BETTER NOT TAKE IT FROM ME.

They're about to trade punches, when Lonny grabs both of them and leads them to the door --

LONNY
WELCOME TO THE JUNGLE! WATCH IT BRING YOU TO YOUR KNEES!

EXT. BOURBON ROOM - NIGHT

-- He tosses both guys outside onto the sidewalk...

... as CAMERA PANS OVER TO a clean-cut guy, who's watched all this from the driver's seat of his idling PORSCHE 928.

RODNEY
I'M GONNA WATCH YOU BLEED!

We'll meet him as RODNEY STUMP. He wears a Hugo Boss suit over a pastel T-shirt a la Sonny Crockett. He regards the club with obvious contempt, as PATTY, 20s, a PRETTY GIRL, sits next to him.

INT. BOURBON ROOM - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

A long-haired MAN stands at the door. Meet DENNIS DUPREE, 40s with a sweet moustache. Frequently stoned, the mellow old rocker is the owner of the Bourbon Club. He smiles as he lets one hot rocker girl in for free after another while collecting money from only the guys. An unattractive, heavy-set rocker girl approaches and Dennis hesitates, then in a "What the hell" gesture, lets her in.

DENNIS
(almost spoken, to himself)
YOU KNOW WHERE YOU ARE? YOU'RE IN THE JUNGLE, BABY. YOU'RE GONNA DIEEEEEE!

INT. BOURBON ROOM - BAR - NIGHT

Dennis comes down the stairs from his office into the club: The band rocks. The fans rock. The joint is jumping.

LONNY/DENNIS/BAND ON STAGE
IN THE JUNGLE. WELCOME TO THE JUNGLE! WATCH IT BRING ME TO MY SHA NAH, N,N,N,N,N,N,N,N,N,N, KNEES, KNEES!

Drew comes behind the bar with the mop and Lonny immediately indicates an OVERFLOWING GARBAGE BIN.

DREW
Yo, Lonny... Dennis hired us at the same time -- how come you never take out the trash?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LONNY
You're a sensitive musician. It's important for you to suffer. Me? I have no discernible talent whatsoever, so suffering would be wasted on me.

As Drew laments, the MUSIC SHIFTS BACK to the "Welcome To The Jungle" breakdown BRIDGE. Drew stares at a GUITAR MOUNTED ON THE WALL. Below it is engraved: "PLAYED HERE BY JIMI HENDRIX" engraved under it. Drew touches its strings, in a reverie...

DREW
AND WHEN YOU'RE HIGH YOU NEVER EVER WANNA COME DOWN... SO DOWN... SO DOWN... SO DOOOOOWWNNNN!! YEEAAAHHH!!!

Drew picks up the garbage can and heads back outside --

EXT. BOURBON ROOM - SUNSET STRIP - NIGHT

-- as the STRIP explodes into a DANCE NUMBER.

DREW
YOU KNOW WHERE YOU ARE?!

The real SLASH suddenly appears -- bathed in light -- atop the roof of TOWER RECORDS across the street, ripping into the song's GUITAR SOLO.

SLASH
YOU'RE IN THE JUNGLE, BABY!!

Drew watches the solo for a few moments --

DREW
IN THE JUNGLE... WELCOME TO THE JUNGLE...

He steps aside with the garbage can, as a car passes, SPLASHING A PUDDLE of water onto Drew, who sighs.

DREW
IT'S GONNA BRING YOU TO YOUR KNEES.

-- THE SONG ENDS and The Bourbon Room's NEON SIGN EXPLODES, SENDING SPARKS FLYING, a few of which FLOAT DOWN from the sky and bring us to --

SHERRIE CHRISTIAN

Standing there, suitcase in hand, checking it all out. She beams, thrilled. She's here. On The Sunset Strip. The place of her dreams. She looks out at the sparkling lights of LA, then up at the HOLLYWOOD SIGN in the distance. It's beyond fantastic. But her reverie is broken, as --

MAN (O.S.)
New in town?

She turns to see a TOTALLY HOT ROCKER DUDE, eye shadow, etc... He smiles at her.

ROCKER DUDE
Where you from?

SHERRIE
Kansas, actually.

ROCKER DUDE
Cool. Welcome.

Then a moment later he GRABS HER SUITCASE and tears ass, running off with it.

SHERRIE
HEY! HEY!

ACROSS THE STREET - SAME TIME

Emptying another garbage bin, Drew hears her. He looks over and sees the guy running off with the suitcase, then drops the can and runs across the street, dodging TRAFFIC to get to Sherrie, who's running after the guy, but TRIPS ON HER HIGH HEELS and falls. Drew gets up to her, breathless from running, he offers his hand.

DREW
You okay?

SHERRIE
(disoriented)
I... Did I just get mugged?

DREW
I'm afraid so. Did he get your purse?

SHERRIE
What? Oh. No. I don't keep a purse. I put my money in my underp--

CONTINUED:

She looks at him, embarrassed. He's a tad embarrassed too. Then he reaches down to help her up. Once she's on her feet, he holds onto her hand, a second too long -- clearly a bit smitten by her -- before realizing, and letting go.

SHERRIE
Wow. That guy didn't look anything like criminals back home.

DREW
What did he look like?

SHERRIE
Long hair, thin, black concert-T and tight black jeans with black leather boots. Totally my --

She realizes she just described Drew...

SHERRIE
-- type.

An awkward pause.

DREW
I'm Drew.

SHERRIE
Oh. Sherrie.

Sherrie sees Drew's BOURBON ROOM jacket.

SHERRIE
Oh my gosh. Is that from the *real* Bourbon Room? Do you play there?

DREW
(laughs, self-effacing)
Not yet. But I do clean the toilets.
(off her look)
I *work* there.

SHERRIE
Really?

DREW
Don't tell my parents.

SHERRIE
Why? It's nothing to be ashamed of. I'd clean toilets there.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

SHERRIE (CONT'D)
The Bourbon Room is the most incredible place on earth. I have, like, ten live albums recorded there. They're my favorite --
(remembering)
Ohmigod... My records! They were in the suitcase.

She looks up the alley, totally bummed. A beat.

DREW
You have a place to stay?

She looks at him, suddenly apprehensive, which he reads...

DREW
Oh, no, I'm just... I just wanna make sure you're --

SHERRIE
-- The Sunset Arms hotel.

DREW
Place is kind of sketchy.

SHERRIE
Yeah, the Ritz was booked.

He sheepishly nods... now getting she's close to broke.

SHERRIE
Thanks. Thanks again.

She starts off. We can tell that both want to keep talking. But Drew's too shy to ask. Finally, he calls to her:

DREW
Hey, you're not looking for a job are you?
(as she turns around)
I could talk to my boss. Dennis is pretty --

SHERRIE
-- Dennis Dupree?

DREW
You know who Dennis is?

SHERRIE
Totally. He discovered every band I love.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

SHERRIE (CONT'D)
There's a whole chapter on him in my Rock Gods book. He's a visionary.

DREW
Yeah... That's what they say.
(then)
Do you have any experience?

SHERRIE
As a waitress? I worked at Tilly's for five years. She said I was the best waitress in all of Kansas.

DREW
(flirty)
I'll be the judge of that.

INT. BOURBON ROOM - NIGHT

Sherrie and Drew walk in. She gawks, wide-eyed, as Drew calls to a waitress.

DREW
Where's Dennis?

Lonny points to the back. Drew leads Sherrie that way.

INT. BOURBON ROOM - OFFICE - NIGHT

Dennis and Lonny are inside, watching Pretty In Pink on the BAR TV. Both are visibly CHOKED UP.

DENNIS
She made her own clothes because they had no money...

LONNY
Like you.

DENNIS
I don't make our own clothing, Lonny.

LONNY
Yes, but you have very little money.

Dennis just glares at Lonny, until...

CONTINUED:

DREW
Dennis... This is Sherrie. She's a waitress. The best in Kansas.

Dennis looks her over.

DENNIS
Bullshit. She's a singer.

As he stands and they walk into the...

KITCHEN

Where COOKS scurry about...

DENNIS
Sorry. But I don't hire singers -- they get too friendly with the talent.

SHERRIE
That's fine. Because I'm not a singer.

DENNIS
I almost believe you.

Sherrie walks over to the dishwasher and, in seconds, stacks 6 plates and five cups on her arm. Dennis, Drew -- and Lonny, who's just entered -- all stare, dumb-struck.

DENNIS
Wow -- you got the job.

SHERRIE
Oh my god! Thank you!

DENNIS
I'm going to need some extra bodies next Friday for Arsenal's last show anyway.

SHERRIE
<u>I love Arsenal</u>!!!

DENNIS
Well, they're breaking up. Stacee Jaxx wants to go solo.

SHERRIE
I heard. It's tragic.

CONTINUED:

And suddenly, the plates topple... and end up CRASHING ONTO THE FLOOR. A beat.

SHERRIE
Yeah, that's coming out of my first paycheck.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

An award ceremony is taking place. The MAYOR stands at a podium under a banner that reads "Pacific Properties Los Angeles Real Estate Developer of the Year!"

MAYOR
This year's Developer Of The Year has beautified our city with his patented corner-mall design that gives our city that comfortable feeling of uniform familiarity.
(beat)
It's not just Yoshinoya and 7-Eleven... it's home.

Applause...

MAYOR
He has grown with Los Angeles... buying the historic old stagecoach museum... which is now The Pasadena Shopping Center. He's become somewhat of a civic angel... saving the Hearst Grand Newspaper building downtown by turning it into the Ninth Street Grand Parking Garage.

More applause...

MAYOR
May I introduce, Los Angeles' Developer of the Year -- for the fourth year in the row -- Rodney Stump!

The place erupts in applause as Rodney runs up on the stage and accepts the award from the Mayor.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - LATER

The Mayor kisses his LOVELY WIFE then breaks away from her to join Rodney at the bar.

CONTINUED:

RODNEY
Mayor... thank you so much for everything. I'm so honored to have been chosen for this award.

MAYOR
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
(beat)
Next year you have to choose someone else, this is getting embarrassing.

Rodney hands the Mayor an envelope...

RODNEY
Campaign check.

The Mayor shoves the envelope into his jacket pocket, smiles to a GUEST and turns back to Rodney.

MAYOR
Okay, it's nine-fifteen. I'm out of here.

RODNEY
One thing. You know I've been trying to purchase 8903 Sunset Blvd. for some time now but the tenant won't sell.

MAYOR
Bourbon Room.

RODNEY
I need you to rezone the property so they lose their liquor license.

The Mayor thinks about it.

MAYOR
I don't know. The Bourbon Room is an institution... it anchors the strip with a flavorful history filled with artistic dreams and unforgettable experiences.

RODNEY
That's exciting and nostalgic but see, I want to make it a strip mall, so...

This doesn't sit well with the Mayor...

CONTINUED:

MAYOR
I saw my first live concert there.
(fondly remembering)
Black Sabbath. I got so high my buddies found me out back afterwards having sex with a Chrysler Le Baron.

RODNEY
Oh, well I didn't know you saw Black Sabbath there... forget I said anything.

The Mayor just looks at him.

RODNEY
Yeah, that wasn't a campaign check I just gave you. It's some pictures from Don Johnson's birthday party you didn't know were being taken.
(beat)
Copies, of course.

MAYOR
Who took them?

RODNEY
Don't worry about that.

Smiling to wife across the way...

MAYOR
Okay, look, Rodney. I can't just rezone and take away liquor licenses... this isn't New Orleans. I need you get me something.

RODNEY
What?

MAYOR
Something I can use. Proof the Bourbon is violating fire codes or hiring illegals or hiding income... <u>anything</u>.

And as Rodney considers that, PATTY joins his side.

RODNEY
We have some work to do.

CONTINUED:

PATTY
What did he think of my photographic skills?

RODNEY
He didn't look at the pictures.

PATTY
Hmm... I'd love to know what he thought of them.
(beat)
I added some black and whites in there. I was doing kind of a 'Herb Ritts' thing and I was curious what he thought.

Rodney just looks at her...

RODNEY
We're trying to blackmail the man.

PATTY
So? Guys being blackmailed can't appreciate art?

He gives her a look bordering on contempt.

INT. BOURBON ROOM - OFFICE

Dennis goes through a stack of bills, while Lonny plays an intense game of Donkey Kong in the b.g. Dennis lets out an audible sigh.

LONNY
What's wrong now?

DENNIS
Another bill for those overdue tax payments. Taxes are so unrock and roll.

LONNY
This is exactly why I said we should bring back 'Nude Jello Wrestling' Friday! But this time... check it, we let women enter!

Dennis just gives him a look.

DENNIS
The Arsenal show will at least make a dent in it. Hand me the phone.

INT. ARSENAL'S TOUR BUS - DAY

-- we MOVE UP the aisle of the bus: In each seat is a scantily-clad woman, making out with a MEMBER OF THE BAND, or the CREW. But when we get to the back of the bus, there are no seats: ONLY A GIANT WATER BED. And laying across the center of it is STACEE JAXX (30's, 40's...? Who knows.) His golden mane of hair is draped behind him, his eyes are covered with CUCUMBER SLICES as TWO GROUPIES LICK HIS NIPPLES.

STACEE JAXX
(stoned)
Mmmmm. Nice. Now bite.

The girls obey. He cringes from the pain, slaps their heads.

STACEE JAXX
Ow... Not so hard!
(then, smiling)
That's better.

We hear a PHONE RING and Stacee, never removing his cucumber slices, feels for his HUGE '80S-STYLE MOBILE PHONE and puts it to his ear.

INTERCUT:

INT. BOURBON ROOM - OFFICE - DAY

Dennis is at the desk. Lonny hovers.

DENNIS
Stacee... Dennis Dupree.

STACEE JAXX
Dennis... What's up, brother man?

DENNIS
Just wanted to check in, make sure you're feeling good about the show Friday night and...

STACEE JAXX
Yeah, did Paul call you about the temperature?

DENNIS
He did. You like the room exactly 68 degrees when you take the stage. Not a problem. Anything else?

CONTINUED:

STACEE JAXX
Please, you know me, easy peasy. But now that you mention it, I'm going to need the whole area clear of people with gold fillings in their teeth... it freaks me out.

DENNIS
Got it.

STACEE JAXX
And make sure you get the pyrotechnic guy with three fingers... he's the best.

DENNIS
Consider it done.

Now we see the girls who have never stopped licking Stacee's nipples heads disappear south OUT OF FRAME.

STACEE JAXX
Back to our roots. Love it. Just make sure there is a lot of press there. Let's melt some faces.

Stacee hangs up. Dennis turns to Lonny.

DENNIS
What a putz.

EXT. SUNSET BLVD. - LATER THAT NIGHT

Drew walks Sherrie up the street, passing shops.

SHERRIE
Geez. Stores are open this late?

DREW
(laughs)
Did you say, Geez?

SHERRIE
Yes. As a matter of fact, I did.

DREW
So, you're the real deal, huh?

SHERRIE
What does that mean?

DREW
You just... *came* here? For no reason.

CONTINUED:

SHERRIE
I love music.

DREW
Wow.

SHERRIE
What's wrong?

DREW
Nothing. I just... never met --

SHERRIE
-- A waitress?

DREW
No. Someone who didn't come here to 'be someone,' to get something.

SHERRIE
I don't know. I mean I love to sing. I sing in the choir at church back home. But I'm not any good. 'That's why they put you in the back' my Father says.
(laughs)
But, for me, it's enough just to *be* here, to be around all this. I mean, look at this. Look where we are! It's amazing.

Drew looks around, then looks back at her. If you had to pick the moment he fell in love... This would be a safe bet. She looks into shop windows as --

"DON'T STOP BELIEVING" (By Journey).

DREW
'JUST A SMALL TOWN GIRL... LIVIN' IN A LONELY WORLD...'

We realize by her failure to notice, that she can't "hear" this song. It's in Drew's head.

DREW
'SHE TOOK THE MIDNIGHT PLANE GOIN' ANYWHERE...'

She finally looks back at him.

SHERRIE
(off his look)
What?

CONTINUED:

DREW
Nothing. I just... I had an idea for a song.

SHERRIE
You write songs? Get out! I've never met anyone who wrote songs before. That's so cool.

As they walk some more...

SHERRIE
I can't believe Arsenal is playing their last show at The Bourbon and I'm going to be there.

Drew nods.

SHERRIE
They're the only reason I made it through high school. Their music saved my life. And Stacee Jaxx... I had the most gigantic crush on him. I used to want to have his child.
(off Drew's look)
Oh. Not now. When I was a kid.

They walk in silence a moment. Both a tad uneasy now.

SHERRIE
So... All those panties and bras on the wall... Are they all from women Dennis slept with?

DREW
I guess so.

SHERRIE
Yikes.
(then)
And, is it true, he can just sense when a band is about to break?

DREW
That's what they say. But... Lonny says he might've lost the sense. He hasn't 'discovered' any new bands in a long time.

SHERRIE
Ohmigod... I wondered where this was.

CONTINUED:

She is staring slack-jawed at TOWER RECORDS. Drew smiles and leads her inside.

INT. TOWER RECORDS - NIGHT

Sherrie is blown away, beaming as she walks up and down the aisles. Drew watches her, smiling. In the b.g., we hear “WE BUILT THIS CITY” (by Jefferson Starship).

SHERRIE
Wow. I’ve died and gone to heaven.

DREW
You mean they don’t have record stores this big in Kansas?

SHERRIE
They don’t have anything this big in Kansas.

She continues to browse, pulling out a QUEEN record.

SHERRIE
They were so great.

DREW
Exactly. *Were*.

SHERRIE
The first three records. Then they ended up...
(going to another bin)
... sounding like them.

DREW
Totally!
(pointing to a new bin)
And these guys, they’re completely --

SHERRIE
Overrated. Except for --

They both grab the same record.

DREW
This album.

SHERRIE
This album.

They share a smile, both a tad self-conscious about the way they’re clicking. Then --

CONTINUED:

SHERRIE
So, Drew... what do you do when you're not working at The Bourbon?

DREW
Um... you know. Nightclub openings, movie star parties, big orgies in Malibu.

She playfully smiles...

SHERRIE
Your girlfriend must not be happy about that?

DREW
She doesn't mind.

Off Sherrie's look...

DREW
Because I actually don't go to any orgies... and I don't actually have a girlfriend. Not anymore.

SHERRIE
Oh. Sorry.

DREW
Yeah. She was a singer. But... turned out, she was just using me to get to Dennis. But, on the way to Dennis, she found someone better.

He holds up a MEATLOAF album.

SHERRIE
Ewwww. You're kidding. She thought *that* was better? She's nuts.

Drew looks at her. Smiles. Their connection strong now.

DREW
Well, more *famous* anyway.
(then)
Anyway, now I mostly hang out in my apartment, write songs and make drawings of the mansion I'm gonna build someday in the hills.
(as she smiles)
I even picked the spot. All I need is a permit to build and...
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

DREW (CONT'D)
A manager. A record contract. And a few hit records.

SHERRIE
Details.

He smiles. Another easy silence.

SHERRIE
Well... I'd love to see it some time.
(off his look)
Where you're planning to build your mansion.

A beat. Drew musters up the courage.

DREW
How 'bout Monday night?

SHERRIE
I'd like that.

DREW
Great. I'll pick you up at -- Oh, crap. Our break was only supposed to be ten minutes!

He grabs her hand and pulls her out of the store, as we start to hear the INTRO TO --

"WAITING FOR A GIRL LIKE YOU" BY FOREIGNER.

INT. DREW'S APARTMENT - DAY

A shitty dive. Drew gets dressed for his date.

DREW
SO LONG... I'VE BEEN LOOKING TOO HARD, I'VE BEEN WAITING TOO LONG.

He changes shirts. Over. And over. And over.

DREW
SOMETIMES I DON'T KNOW WHAT I WILL FIND...

... then finds the perfect T-shirt.

DREW
I ONLY KNOW IT'S A MATTER OF TIME. WHEN YOU LOVE SOMEONE!

INT. SHERRIE'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

A shitty hotel room. Sherrie is indecisive about her wardrobe too.

SHERRIE
IT FEELS SO RIGHT. SO WARM AND TRUE. I NEED TO KNOW IF YOU FEEL IT TOO.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Drew comes upon a STREET VENDOR with a card table loaded with colognes and perfumes for sale.

DREW
MAYBE I'M WRONG...

The vendor sprays a sample on Drew.

DREW
WON'T YOU TELL ME IF I'M COMING ON TOO STRONG.

INT. SHERRIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sherrie is TEASING her enormous BANGS. Hot.

SHERRIE
THIS HEART OF MINE HAS BEEN HURT BEFORE. THIS TIME I WANNA BE SURE!

A final dose of Aquanet.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Drew DRIVES his crappy Datsun through Hollywood.

DREW
I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR A GIRL LIKE YOU. TO COME INTO MY LIFE --
(laying on his horn)
Turn signal, moron!!
(then singing sweetly)
I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR A GIRL LIKE YOU... WITH A LOVE THAT WILL SURVIVE.

EXT. SHERRIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sherrie waits to be picked up.

SHERRIE
I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR SOMEONE
NEW... TO MAKE ME FEEL ALIVE.

Just then, Drew PULLS UP in his CRAPPY DATSUN and Sherrie RUNS to the car.

DREW
I'VE BEEN WAITING... WAITING FOR
YOU, OOH, I'VE BEEN WAITING.
WAITING FOR A GIRL LIKE YOU... TO
COME INTO MY LIFE.

And she gets in and they look at each other and...

SHERRIE/DREW
WON'T YOU COME INTO MY LIFE?

EXT. AREA BEHIND THE HOLLYWOOD SIGN - NIGHT

... as we find Sherrie and Drew behind the graffitied back of the "D," sipping WINE COOLERS. They're silent a moment.

SHERRIE
I've never been in a mansion. But
I guess this is probably the view
you'd want.

They're silent again. Both into each other. Both nervous.

SHERRIE
Listen, thank you so much for
helping me with the job and all.
I guess my parents were wrong.
They said there weren't nice
people in Hollywood.

DREW
They didn't approve of you coming
out here?

SHERRIE
I didn't really ask. I kind of
ran away.

DREW
Have you called them? Told them
you're okay.

CONTINUED:

She looks at him a moment, touched.

SHERRIE
You really are a nice guy, aren't you?
(then, answering)
I've talked to my mom. But my dad still won't get on the phone.

DREW
Why?

SHERRIE
He just... never approved of the whole 'music' thing.
(then, hard to admit)
Don't laugh. But I've dreamed of being a singer my whole life.

DREW
I knew it.

SHERRIE
That doesn't mean I ***am*** one. It's just a dream... Which my father steps on every chance he can.

DREW
Yeah. Mine isn't too thrilled about my being here either.

SHERRIE
Did you get the whole... 'Los Angeles is the rectum on the serpent of damnation and all who tread those streets of sin are damned to an eternity of torture and hellfire' speech?

He stares at her, taken aback.

DREW
Not really. I just got: You're gonna end up on the assembly line anyway, why not start now?

She nods, totally understanding. They share a look. Drew almost, not-quite leans in to kiss her... but doesn't. Sherrie gets up and walks over to the ledge, staring out at the lights below, then --

The song takes a slightly RAUNCHY TURN, as Sherrie whips around and looks at him, seductively, advancing on him...

CONTINUED:

SHERRIE
YOU'RE SO GOOD. WHEN WE MAKE LOVE, IT'S UNDERSTOOD. IT'S MORE THAN A TOUCH... OR A WORD WE SAY. ONLY IN DREAMS COULD IT BE THAT WAY. WHEN YOU LOVE SOMEONE... YEAH, REALLY LOVE SOMEONE... (AAAH-AAAH).
(climbing on top of him)
FEELS SO RIGHT. I NEED TO KNOW YOU FEEL IT TOO.

Drew sings, eyes closed --

DREW
NOW I KNOW IT'S RIGHT. FROM THE MOMENT I WAKE UP TILL DEEP IN THE NIGHT.

Now Drew opens his eyes... But she isn't writhing atop him at all. In fact, she's still staring out at the lights below, her back to him: It was all a fantasy. Sherrie smiles at him.

SHERRIE
THERE'S NOWHERE ON EARTH I'D RATHER BE. THAN HOLDING YOU, TENDERLY.

He walks up, standing alongside her, looking out at the lights. Again she's waiting for him to kiss her. And waiting... But he's nervous.

DREW/SHERRIE
I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR A GIRL (BOY) LIKE YOU TO COME INTO MY LIFE. I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR A GIRL (BOY) LIKE YOU, YOUR LOVING WILL SURVIVE. I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR SOMEONE NEW TO MAKE ME FEEL ALIVE.

Their faces start inching closer together.

DREW/SHERRIE
YEAH WAITING FOR A GIRL (BOY) LIKE YOU TO COME INTO MY LIFE.

They finally kiss. It is soft and tender.

SHERRIE
I'd love to hear one of your songs.

CONTINUED:

DREW
I have a guitar in the car. But I'm sure you wouldn't want --

SHERRIE
-- Yes. I would. I really would.

Drew runs back to his car to grab the guitar, then comes back, sitting across from her.

DREW
I haven't finished it yet.

"DON'T STOP BELIEVING" (by Journey).

DREW
JUST A SMALL TOWN GIRL...
LIVING IN A LONELY WORLD.
TOOK THE MIDNIGHT PLANE GOING ANYWHERE.

SHERRIE
Keep going.

DREW
JUST A CITY BOY... BORN AND RAISED IN SOUTH DETROIT. TOOK THE MIDNIGHT PLANE GOING ANYWHERE.
(then)
A SINGER IN A SMOKY ROOM, THE SMELL OF WINE AND CHEAP PERFUME.
FOR A SMILE, THEY CAN SHARE THE NIGHT...

And he stops singing and puts down the guitar.

DREW
(self-effacing)
It goes on and on and on...

SHERRIE
Drew: I love it.

DREW
That's okay. You don't have to --

SHERRIE
-- No. I do.

And she sings a bit of it back to him...

SHERRIE
JUST A SMALL TOWN GIRL...
LIVING IN A LONELY WORLD.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

SHERRIE (CONT'D)
TOOK THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN GOING ANYWHERE.
(then)
Oh. I kind of changed it to train. Sounds better.

Drew nods in agreement. It does sound better.

SHERRIE
JUST A CITY BOY... BORN AND RAISED IN SOUTH DETROIT. TOOK THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN GOING ANYWHERE.
(off his look)
What?

DREW
Sherrie: You are an amazing singer.

SHERRIE
Oh, stop it.

DREW
You are! You have an incredible voice.

SHERRIE
(touched)
Thank you. That's sweet.
(then)
What's the song called?

DREW
I don't know yet.

SHERRIE
Well, it's beautiful.

DREW
So are you.

They look at each other... and kiss again more passionately. And off of that kiss, we hear the INTRO to...

"NOTHING BUT A GOOD TIME" by POISON.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

... as Drew and Sherrie, on another date, listen to a Rossington Collins-type BAND ON STAGE playing the song.

Drew and Sherrie both nod their heads to the tune as --

CONTINUED:

THE SONG CONTINUES, powering us through a --

MONTAGE

-- Holding hands, Drew walks Sherrie down the VENICE BOARDWALK. They stop at the BASKETBALL COURTS and watch the game.

-- Drew and Sherrie are roller-skating down the strand, as ELECTRIC MAN (HARRY PERRY) roller-skates by and stops playing his electric guitar in order to slap Drew five.

-- Running into the ocean's waves, the breeze blowing their hair back.

-- Sherrie shampooing Drew's hair in his kitchen sink, then, later, admiring the hair trim she's given him.

-- Walking down the Hollywood Blvd. WALK OF FAME, pointing out the names on the sidewalk.

-- Standing in line at PINKS HOT DOGS.

-- Crammed inside an old photo booth. The flashbulb pops FOUR TIMES, FREEZE-FRAMING them each time: 1) Smiling at the lens; 2) Making goofy faces; 3) Looking longingly at one another; and 4) Kissing passionately as they fall OUT OF FRAME.

-- Ripping each other's clothes off in Drew's apartment. They attack each other, passionately. The SONG ENDS as we --

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BOURBON ROOM - NIGHT

A HUGE LINE snakes around Sunset Blvd. On the Bourbon Club's MARQUEE: "TONIGHT ONLY -- ARSENAL!!!"

INT. THE BOURBON ROOM - SAME TIME

There's a buzz in the air. Everybody's getting ready for the big show tonight. Dennis slams down the phone.

DENNIS
Shit! Our opener dropped out!

LONNY
Concrete Ballz?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DENNIS
They just checked into rehab.

LONNY
All of ‘em?

DENNIS
Betty Ford’s running a buy-two-get-one-free.

Rubbing his forehead in frustration...

DENNIS
We need to find someone to open up. We got, like, two hours!

Lonny massages Dennis’ shoulders...

LONNY
Don’t let the stress get to you, man...

DENNIS
I know... know...

Overhearing, Sherrie whispers to Drew...

SHERRIE
What about you?

DREW
What about me?

SHERRIE
You should open for Arsenal.

DREW
(laughs)
Dennis’ll never let me play. I’m just the toilet-swisher guy.

Lonny pulls out a Rolodex.

LONNY
We could always go with Anal Epiphany...

DENNIS
I don’t like religious rock.

Stepping forward...

SHERRIE
What about Drew?

CONTINUED:

LONNY
Drool's in town? I love Drool.

SHERRIE
Not Drool. Drew.

She points to him.

DENNIS
Our Drew?

Dennis and Lonny laugh.

SHERRIE
He's ten times better than Concrete Ballz. And he has a band. They've cut a demo. And he'll do it for free.

DENNIS
I don't know...

SHERRIE
Come on. Nobody cares about the opening act anyway.
(to Drew)
No offense.

DREW
None taken.

SHERRIE
What do you say, Dennis?

Dennis hesitates, then --

DENNIS
(to Drew)
Nothing personal... I just don't 'feel' it, man.

DREW
That's okay. I'll play anyway.

Dennis regards him, admiring the balls. A small laugh, then --

DENNIS
Fine. Call your band.

DREW
Really? You're saying 'yes'?!?

CONTINUED:

DENNIS
Three songs. And, if the first one sucks, you won't finish that. So, if I were you, I'd rehearse.

DREW
(screaming to everyone in the room)
I'M PLAYING THE BOURBON!

Sherrie throws her arms around Dennis, hugging him as Lonny jumps up on the stage and preps the microphone --

LONNY
(into the mic)
Testing, testing. One, two, three. I have a very large penis.
(then, to Drew)
All yours.

Drew comes on the stage, amazed to be up there. He looks out at Sherrie, beaming with pride. He mouths the words: "Thank you." She smiles and nods as --

WAITRESS #2
Well, you can kiss *him* goodbye.

SHERRIE
What do you mean?

WAITRESS #2
The spotlight doesn't just light them up. It makes us disappear, baby.

As Sherrie considers this...

DENNIS
(shouting)
Hey, Sherrie... You got a phone call.

SHERRIE
(surprised)
Me?

DENNIS
There's a phone in the kitchen.

INT. THE BOURBON ROOM - KITCHEN

Sherrie walks in and picks up the phone.

CONTINUED:

SHERRIE
Hello. Mom?

INTERCUT:

INT. KANSAS HOME - DAY

Sherrie's Mom is on the phone.

MOTHER
Sherrie, are you alright? Who was that who answered the phone?

SHERRIE
I don't have a phone yet, so I left the number where I work.

MOTHER
They said it was a bar.

SHERRIE
No, it's not *really* a bar. It's more like... a music place, but the people who work here are so --

MOTHER
Where are you sleeping?

SHERRIE
In a hotel and it's very safe. I... I met this really nice guy, who writes the most beautiful songs. He loves my voice. He wants me to sing with him when he makes a record --

FATHER
-- A boy. Big surprise.

SHERRIE
Dad? You're on too? Hi. It's good to hear your --

Click.

SHERRIE
Daddy? Mom?

Her father has clearly hung up on her. Crestfallen, Sherrie hangs up the phone.

"MORE THAN WORDS" by Extreme.

CONTINUED:

SHERRIE
SAYING I LOVE YOU, IS NOT THE WORDS I WANT TO HEAR FROM YOU. IT'S NOT THAT I WANT YOU NOT TO SAY, BUT IF YOU ONLY KNEW HOW EASY IT WOULD BE TO SHOW ME HOW YOU FEEL.

INT. BOURBON ROOM - BALCONY - NIGHT

Sherrie walks out into the bar, singing to herself while Drew and his band are setting up on stage.

SHERRIE
MORE THAN WORDS IS ALL YOU HAVE TO DO TO MAKE IT REAL. THEN YOU WOULDN'T HAVE TO SAY THAT YOU LOVE ME. 'CAUSE I'D ALREADY KNOW.

She is approached by another WAITRESS as she does side work.

WAITRESS #1
You alright?

SHERRIE
I’m fine.

INT. BOURBON ROOM - ON STAGE - SAME TIME

Dennis is now coaching Drew at the stage.

DENNIS
Drew, you gotta make it intimate, you gotta pretend that there aren’t all these people watching you.
(beat)
Now clear your mind of the fact that you’re on stage... just focus on something that moves you and try again.

DREW
Okay.

As Drew watches Sherrie. She’s oblivious.

DREW
HOW I LOVE THE WAY YOU MOVE. AND THE SPARKLE IN YOUR EYES. THERE’S A COLOR DEEP INSIDE THEM. LIKE A BLUE SUBURBAN SKY.

CONTINUED:

Dennis leans forward... this is what he’s talking about.

“HEAVEN” by Poison.

DREW
I DON'T NEED TO BE THE KING OF THE WORLD. AS LONG AS I'M THE HERO OF THIS LITTLE GIRL.
(then)
HEAVEN ISN'T TOO FAR AWAY
CLOSER TO IT EVERY DAY.
NO MATTER WHAT YOUR FRIENDS SAY,
I KNOW WE'RE GONNA FIND A WAY.

THE TWO SONGS OVERLAP, BUILDING TO THEIR CLIMAX --

SHERRIE
IS ALL YOU HAVE TO DO TO MAKE IT REAL THEN YOU WOULDN'T HAVE TO SAY.

DREW
HEAVEN. OH OH OOO OH OH OH
OH OH YEAH. HEAVEN.

SHERRIE
OH OH OOO OH OH OH...

DREW
HEAVEN ISN'T TOO FAR AWAY. 'CAUSE I'D ALREADY KNOW. HEAVEN ISN'T TOO FAR AWAY.

Sherrie walks back into the kitchen with tears in her eyes.

DREW
(finishing her line...)
SAYING I LOVE YOU.

AND DREW

As he stops playing and brings down his guitar... then opens his eyes to see Dennis.

DENNIS
(choked up)
Knock ‘em dead, brother.

INT. BOURBON ROOM - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Drew heads in looking for Sherrie. And he can see her silhouette in, of all places...

THE FREEZER

Sherrie sits on some boxes underneath some frozen dead chickens. Her head's in her hands. Drew enters.

DREW
What are you doing in here?

She looks up with her mascara running down her face...

SHERRIE
I just needed a minute.

He sits down next to her.

DREW
What's up?

SHERRIE
I don't want to stand in your way.

DREW
What're you talking about?

SHERRIE
You're gonna do amazing things. You shouldn't feel like --

DREW
-- Whoa. Whoa. What happened?

SHERRIE
Nothing.
(then)
I talked to my dad.
(then)
It's like clockwork: Every time I start to feel good... To believe in myself... There he is... to make me feel like trash one more time.

DREW
(wiping her tears)
Hey... Don't stop believing. Because I'm not the only one who's gonna be doing amazing things. Sherrie, you're an incredible person and an incredible singer.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

DREW (CONT'D)
(beat)
But most important... I love you.

Words to her ears. They kiss. And as they do, we start to hear the seductive THUMP of a very different kind of energy: Hot. Raw. Sexual...

EXT. BOURBON ROOM - NIGHT

... As a WHITE LIMO snakes into the alley through the SCREAMING CROWD who is held back by several large SECURITY GUARDS and barricades, stopping at the club's back door. The limo's back door opens and a RHINESTONE STUDDED BOOT hits the concrete --

-- as STACEE JAXX emerges.

Stacee's flanked by TWO HOT GROUPIES and his manager, PAUL GILL, 30s and slick. Stacee shakes out his long golden mane and adjusts his "manhood" (not easy in his tight leather pants). He smiles at the crowd and throws up his hands in two devil horns. The fans go nuts with cheers and flashbulbs as he makes his way into the club with his band trailing behind.

INT. BOURBON ROOM - AT FRONT DOOR - SAME TIME

Meanwhile, Dennis spies Rodney being ushered in. He walks over to him.

DENNIS
What're you doing in here?

RODNEY
(all innocent)
Just a Friend Of The Bourbon, here to hear some music.

He smiles and walks away but Dennis doesn't like it.

LONNY
(whispered, to Dennis)
Dude: Why does he wanna buy the place so bad?

DENNIS
Probably to burn it down. He hates me. Rodney was in a band. They used to play here. But I told him I didn't think they'd make it... I just didn't get that 'sense' about them...
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

DENNIS (CONT'D)
I was tryin' to help the guy. Spare him some misery. It was fifteen years ago. He's never forgiven me.

There's much commotion from the back of the club as Stacee and his entourage enter. A hysterical WAITRESS runs over to Dennis.

WAITRESS
(stuttering, through tears)
Sta, Sta, Sta...

DENNIS
I guess Stacee's here.

CUT TO:

INT. BOURBON ROOM - BACKSTAGE

Dennis walks backstage to find a flurry of activity surrounding Stacee.

DENNIS
Stacee!

STACEE JAXX
Dennis, Dennis... Buddy.

Dennis hugs him, laying it on a little thick. It's clear he's not as nuts about Stacee as he's letting on.

STACEE JAXX
I'm not as old as you, am I?

Dennis is too smart to answer.

STACEE JAXX
The Bourbon. Wow. Lotta memories, man? Good to be back.

PAUL GILL
Let's get you ready for the show.

He leads Stacee to the dressing room --

-- just as Drew and Sherrie are walking by. Sherrie comes FACE-TO-FACE with Stacee...

... and promptly PASSES OUT, hitting the floor. Drew bends down to her as Stacee admires Sherrie, then pokes Paul --

CONTINUED:

STACEE JAXX
(whispered)
What did the lawyer tell me? Am I, or am I *not* allowed to make love to fans when they're unconscious?

Paul gives the guy a look and drags him into the dressing room.

SAME SCENE - MOMENTS LATER

Sherrie wakes up to find Drew sitting next to her.

SHERRIE
What happened?

DREW
Um... You passed out.

SHERRIE
... I did?
(then, remembering)
I saw Stacee Jaxx.
(as Drew nods, sheepishly)
How embarrassing.

DREW
It's okay. Girls faint around him all the time.

SHERRIE
(sensing his hurt pride)
Well, they're going to faint around you too. In no time.

DREW
You're the only one I want fainting over me.

SHERRIE
The perfect response.

She kisses him.

INT. BOURBON ROOM - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

Stacee sits in front of a GIGANTIC MIRROR putting on EYE SHADOW, while his BAND huddles around a small VANITY MIRROR, pressing together to share it. A SOPHISTICATED WOMAN named CONSTANCE is led in, holding a tape recorder.

CONTINUED:

CONSTANCE
Stacee?

Without looking, Stacee pulls out a headshot and signs it.

STACEE JAXX
Our sex changed my life. Stay sweet.

PAUL GILL
Um. Stacee... This is Constance Sack. Rolling Stone Magazine. She's doing a story about you going solo.

CONSTANCE
We spoke on the phone.

STACEE JAXX
Oh, yeah... Sorry.

CONSTANCE
Okay, so this will be an insert piece for the magazine.

Suddenly, a FEMALE FAN bursts through the doors...

FEMALE FAN
I love you, Stacee...

The fan rips open her shirt, EXPOSES HER BREASTS and Stacee signs them without ever breaking conversation.

STACEE JAXX
Great. Cover story. Love it.

Stacee barely notices as security drags the hysterical fan out.

CONSTANCE
Okay. Um... So I'll just dive in.
(turns on her recorder)
Stacee Jaxx. Here we are at 'The Bourbon,' the club where you and Arsenal got your start. Want to tell our readers why you've come back?

STACEE JAXX
Well, Connie, Arsenal is a living thing. It breathes, it creates, it changes.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

STACEE JAXX (CONT'D)
We're like an octopus: Five legs all feeding the same mouth.

GUITARIST
(contemptuously)
Yeah. *Yours*.

STACEE JAXX
(sincere)
Thanks, man.

GUITARIST
I wasn't complimenting you, asshole.

BASS PLAYER
And an octopus has eight legs.

STACEE JAXX
(again, oblivious)
See that? We look out for each other. I love you guys.

Behind his back THEY ALL FLIP HIM OFF.

CONSTANCE
So, are you and the band here to give something back to the fans who launched you?

STACEE JAXX
(leaning in, whispering)
Can I speak frankly?

CONSTANCE
Yes. Please. Please do.

Stacee takes a long (meaningless) meaningful pause.

STACEE JAXX
It's... hard... to be me.

CONSTANCE
(moved)
Why, Stacee? Why is it hard to be you? Tell me.

He sits back down and stares at his own REFLECTION in the mirror. His eyes start to well up, filling with tears.

STACEE JAXX
Have you ever tasted the sushi they give you in the Midwest?
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

STACEE JAXX (CONT'D)
There's no ocean there. Did you know that?

CONSTANCE
Um. Yes, I --

STACEE JAXX
-- I didn't either.
(then)
Look, I think I'm too upset to continue right now.

CONSTANCE
Oh. Well, we can do this after the show if --

But, meanwhile, he's COUNTING DOWN with his fingers -- Four, Three, Two, One --

"WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE" BY BON JOVI.

STACEE JAXX
IT'S ALL THE SAME... ONLY THE NAMES HAVE CHANGED! EVERYDAY... IT SEEMS WE'RE WASTIN' AWAY!

Stacee's band FLIPS HIM OFF. Stacee is oblivious.

STACEE JAXX
Walk with me.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Stacee moves through the kitchen as Constance follows.

STACEE JAXX
ANOTHER PLACE... WHERE THE FACES ARE SO COLD.

Stacee gently touches the face of a confused MEXICAN DISHWASHER.

STACEE JAXX
I DRIVE ALL NIGHT... JUST TO GET BACK HOME!

As the Beer Delivery Guy wheels a keg past, Stacee hops on and RIDES through the kitchen DOORS...

STACEE JAXX
I'M A COWBOY... ON A STEEL HORSE I RIDE! I'M WANTED: DEAD OR ALIVE!

CONTINUED:

Stacee glides through the BAR -- where CREW and STAFF are getting ready for the show through an ‘80s video style choreographed dance.

STACEE JAXX
AND I’M WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE!

Stacee hops off and takes a seat at the bar.

STACEE JAXX
WANTED!!! DEAD OR ALIVE.

Stacee begins to weep. Constance rolls her eyes. Stacee LEAPS onto the BAR to sell VERSE TWO.

STACEE JAXX
SOMETIMES I SLEEP! SOMETIMES IT’S NOT FOR DAYS! THE PEOPLE I MEET...

Stacee WALKS ABOVE the excited STAFF and his posse of GROUPIES.

STACEE JAXX
... ALWAYS GO THEIR SEPARATE WAYS. SOMETIMES YOU TELL THE DAY. BY THE BOTTLE THAT YOU DRINK.

A barback hands him a bottle of Jack Daniels. Stacee looks at it...

STACEE JAXX
Must be Thursday.

He takes a hit off it, then simply drops it, letting it crash to the floor.

STACEE JAXX
SOMETIMES WHEN YOU’RE ALONE...

Stacee gets down from the BAR next to a CREW GUY doing a CROSSWORD PUZZLE.

STACEE JAXX
ALL YOU DO IS THINK.
(helping him)
Chrysanthemum.

Stacee continues on through the bar --

STACEE JAXX
I'M A COWBOY!! ON A STEEL HORSE I RIDE. I'M WANTED. WANTED. DEAD OR ALIVE. WANTED. WANTED. DEAD OR ALIVE.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

STACEE JAXX (CONT'D)
(then)
I'M A COWBOY! ON A STEEL HORSE I RIDE! AND I'M WANTED!

BAND
(flatly; they could give a shit)
... WANTED...

Stacee gets up and runs into the corridor outside --

STACEE JAXX
DEAD OR --

He stops mid-song, mid-word, as he lays eyes on --

-- Sherrie, who stares back at him, slack-jawed. Stacee walks up to her. She giggles like a school girl. Stacee now moves his face inches away from hers. He smiles, then holds his dramatic pause a moment longer before --

STACEE JAXX
(SCREAMING)
WANTED!

Sherrie has no idea what to do or say: She's frozen in awe.

SHERRIE
(timid)
WANTED...

STACEE JAXX
DEAD OR ALIIIIIVE!!

Stacee moves to the window and opens the curtains to reveal all the FANS waiting outside in line to get in.

STACEE JAXX
AND I WALK THOSE STREETS!
A LOADED SIX-STRING ON MY BACK.
I PLAY FOR KEEPS!

FANS OUTSIDE
(shouting up at him)
CUZ HE MIGHT NOT MAKE IT BACK!

And Stacee throws his arms open wide and looks to the sky... as we do a 360 ABOVE him...

STACEE JAXX
I BEEN EVERYWHERE! AND I'M STANDING TALL!

CONTINUED:

The walls fall away to reveal a CROWD at his feet... as suddenly... in a moment of fantasy... STACEE'S on a stage in an arena... the lake of fans screaming below.

STACEE JAXX
I'VE SEEN A MILLION FACES! AND I ROCKED THEM ALL!!

... and we continue to CIRCLE him until the walls come right back up and we're back to where we started.

STACEE JAXX
CUZ I'M A COWBOY. I GOT THE NIGHT ON MY SIDE. AND I'M WANTED...

COMPANY
WANTED!

STACEE JAXX
DEAD OR ALIVE! AND I RIDE!

SHERRIE
(being seduced)
AND I RIDE!!

STACEE JAXX/COMPANY
DEAD OR ALIVE!

Stacee slithers his way toward Sherrie, sucking her in.

STACEE JAXX/SHERRIE
DEAD OR ALIVE! DEAD OR ALIVE!
DEAD OR ALIIIIIVE!!

When the song ends, Stacee and Sherrie are standing face-to-face. Stacee reaches over and slowly LIFTS an EYELASH from Sherrie's cheek.

STACEE JAXX
Make a wish.

SHERRIE
I...

STACEE JAXX
Cat got your tongue?
(as Sherrie nods)
Lucky cat.

He flicks his tongue in and out. Gross.

STACEE JAXX
What's your name?

CONTINUED:

SHERRIE
Sh-sh-sherrie. I'm... I'm a big fan of yours.

STACEE JAXX
-- Are you? Well, any fan of mine is a fan of mine.

SHERRIE
When my grandma died, your music was the only thing that kept me going, but I really have to get back to --

STACEE JAXX
(looking right at her tits)
I'm so glad I could give you some joy. In your time of sorrow.

He puts his hand RIGHT ON HER CHEST.

STACEE JAXX
You have a big heart.

Sherrie giggling, takes his hand away. Paul and Constance have now made their way over.

SHERRIE
I wish Becky Henderson could see me now. When I was sixteen, I got kicked out of school for a week, when a teacher heard me telling her I wanted to have your baby.

STACEE JAXX
Sorry I didn't know you. I would've loved the chance to make that happen. To *try* anyway.

PAUL GILL
Whoa, whoa...
(to Constance)
He didn't mean that. What he meant to say was... 'That's very sweet, but sixteen is too young for such things; come and see me in two years.'
(pulling Stacee away)
Let's go get ready, Stace...

Now Lonny comes bursting in.

CONTINUED:

LONNY
Okay... Doors are open. The place is packed to the rafters.
(to Sherrie)
There you are! Ketchup. I told you ten minutes ago.

SHERRIE
Oh. Right. Sorry.

Stacee never takes his eyes off Sherrie, but SNAPS HIS FINGERS AND POINTS AT LONNY --

STACEE JAXX
You... With the bad hair... Never speak to her like that.

SHERRIE
Oh. That's okay. Lonny is --

STACEE JAXX
-- Shhh. You're safe now, baby. Stacee's here.

SHERRIE
Um. Well, thank you... But I really better get the ketchup. It's kind of my job.

Stacee closes his eyes. Gets a funny smile on his face.

STACEE JAXX
(to Sherrie)
Do you feel that? The universe wants us to get out of here. Together. Without our clothes.

Sherrie's finally starting to get a little freaked out.

SHERRIE
Um. Well, I... I have to go to the storeroom... To get ketchup. So... Have a great show.

She gently extracts herself. Stacee "winks," knowingly.

STACEE JAXX
Storage room. Right. I get it.

SHERRIE
Well... Nice to meet you.

She walks off. He watches her go, a sly smile on his lips.

INT. BOURBON - BAR

Rodney sits at a cramped table in the crowded club.

WAITRESS
One Seagrams Wildberry Wine Cooler...

RODNEY
Thank you.

Real friendly...

RODNEY
I hear an accent. Where are you from?

WAITRESS
Canada.

With a big smile.

RODNEY
That’s beautiful country up there... God’s country they call it.

She smiles back. Then...

RODNEY
Mind if I see your immigration papers?

WAITRESS
(incredulous)
What? No!
(beat)
This isn’t a fascist state.

As she storms off...

WAITRESS
You can’t just make someone show you their papers!

RODNEY
(hopeful)
One day...

At the table next to Rodney sits Patty... she’s disguised as a rocker chick... with fake tattoos and everything.

PATTY
(under her breath)
You’re an idiot.

CONTINUED:

RODNEY
(under his breath)
Just be ready.

BACK IN THE REHEARSAL ROOM

Sherrie hurries in and sees Drew, who smiles -- relieved -- the second he sees her.

DREW
Where were you?

SHERRIE
I just met Stacee...

She heads downstairs.

DREW
Where're you going? I'm going on.

SHERRIE
I'll be there. I just have to grab something in the storeroom.

DREW
Well, hurry back. I want you to be there when I --

But she heads down the stairs. A moment later he realizes Stacee is behind him, staring after Sherrie.

STACEE JAXX
Dude, lock me in there with her and don't let us out until you can smell it's over.

DREW
Excuse me?

But before Stacee can answer, Lonny pokes his head in...

LONNY
Come on, come on... Let's go.

DREW
Wait. I wanna wait for (Sherrie) --

But Lonny's already pulling him towards the stage.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Sherrie heads in and grabs some napkins. From behind her appears...

STACEE JAXX
Hey, this isn't the men's room.

She quickly turns.

SHERRIE
No, the men's room is --

And he grabs her and brings her in for a kiss...

STACEE JAXX
Shhh...

But she immediately fights him off.

SHERRIE
What are you doing?

Completely confused...

STACEE JAXX
It's okay, I'm Stacee Jaxx.

SHERRIE
But I have a boyfriend.

Still really confused...

STACEE JAXX
But I'm Stacee Jaxx.

SHERRIE
That doesn't mean you can just kiss anybody you want.

Taking a moment to digest that...

STACEE JAXX
You're right. I'm sorry.

And they stand there for a moment, looking at each other, until... he grabs her again and brings her in for a kiss.

SHERRIE
No!

As she pushes him off her again...

INT. BOURBON ROOM - STAGE - IN THE WINGS - MOMENTS LATER

Drew looks out into the crowd for Sherrie. Lonny hands him his guitar...

LONNY
Showtime, baby. Head in the game.

Drew nods. Lonny goes out and grabs the microphone, but Drew keeps looking around for Sherrie.

LONNY
(into the microphone)
Ladies and Creeps... It is my pleasure to introduce tonight, making his debut on the Bourbon Room stage... Drew Boley!

A smattering of applause. Holding his guitar, Drew steps forward but he doesn't start playing yet.

He's looking for Sherrie, while in the...

STORAGE ROOM

Sherrie starts for the door but Stacee cuts her off... shaking his head... utterly dumbfounded by this rejection...

"I WANT TO KNOW WHAT LOVE IS" BY FOREIGNER.

STACEE JAXX
I GOTTA TAKE A LITTLE TIME. A LITTLE TIME TO THINK THINGS OVER. I BETTER READ BETWEEN THE LINES. IN CASE I NEED IT WHEN I'M OLDER.

SHERRIE
I'd say so.

STACEE JAXX
OOOOHHHHHHHH, IN MY LIFE! THERE'S BEEN HEARTACHE AND PAIN! I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN FACE IT AGAIN. CAN'T STOP NOW I TRAVELED SO FAR. TO CHANGE THIS LONELY LIFE!

As he spins her into his hold...

STACEE JAXX
I WANNA KNOW WHAT LOVE IS!

As she breaks away and heads for the door...

CONTINUED:

SHERRIE
I'm a fan... but not that kind of fan.

As he dances around her and blocks her path...

STACEE JAXX
I WANT YOU TO SHOW ME!

As he unzips his pants...

STACEE JAXX
I WANNA FEEL WHAT LOVE IS.

SHERRIE
See, I think you get this sense of sexual entitlement from the fact that you're a rock god, but it's not real... it's not love.
(beat)
It's sex and it's other people's projections and it's empty and it's sad and it's actually the one thing ironically keeping you from discovering what real love actually is all about.

STACEE JAXX
I KNOW YOU CAN SHOW ME!

SHERRIE
Okay, I don't think you're hearing a word I'm saying...

And we MOVE THROUGH the storage room and into...

BOURBON

Where Drew still stands on the stage, scanning the crowd for Sherrie...

WAYNE
Anytime, Drew...

He finally sees Sherrie... leaving the same storage room Stacee Jaxx just left. Her hair is disheveled and Stacee's zipping up his pants.

And Drew, a head full of steam, a heart full of heartbreak, grabs the microphone and screams!

DREW
I WANNA ROCK!!

CONTINUED:

“I WANNA ROCK” BY TWISTED SISTER.

His band mates trade looks, as Drew, looking fiercer, and wilder and HOTTER than we’ve ever seen him, shoots daggers at them...

DREW
I said...
(shooting daggers at the band)
I WANNA ROCK!

Now his band finally “catches up,” launching into the song!

BAND
ROCK!!

DREW
I WANNA ROCK!

BAND
ROCK!

The crowd begins to gravitate toward the stage and dance...

DREW
I WANT TO ROCK!

CROWD/BAND
ROCK!

Lonny jumps on a large speaker and starts to rock out.

DREW
I WANNA ROCK!

CROWD/BAND
ROCK!

DREW
TURN IT DOWN YOU SAY. WELL ALL I GOT TO SAY TO YOU, IS TIME AND TIME AGAIN, I SAY ‘NO!’

Drew is on fire: Fierce and wild and fucking hot. And every girl in this place has their eyes on him --

There’s one other set of eyes too: Paul Gill, Stacee’s manager, watches Drew with keen interest.

CROWD/BAND
NO!

CONTINUED:

DREW
NO, NO, NO, NO, NOOOO! TELL ME NOT TO PLAY. WELL, ALL I GOT TO SAY TO YOU, WHEN YOU TELL ME NOT TO PLAY, I SAY, 'NO!'

CROWD/BAND
NO!!

Rodney and Patty standing on the sidelines, scanning the crowd, looking annoyed by their enthusiasm. But then... Patty's foot BEGINS TO TAP to the beat...

... But one SHARP LOOK from Rodney nips that in the bud.

As for Dennis, you could knock him over with a feather --

DENNIS
That's Drew?

But Lonny is playing a mean AIR GUITAR, HEAD BOPPIN'...

LONNY
Maybe you're losing your sense, old man. This kid rocks.

DREW
NO, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO, NOOOO!! WOOW! SO IF YOU ASK ME WHY. I LIKE THE WAY I PLAY IT, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING I CAN SAY TO YOU: I WANNA ROCK!

CROWD/BAND
ROCK!

Drew YANKS OPEN HIS SHIRT, sending BUTTONS FLYING, sending GIRLS into a frenzy...

DREW
I WANNA ROCK!

CROWD/BAND
ROCK!

DREW
I WANT TO ROCK!

CROWD/BAND
ROCK!

DREW
I WANNA ROCK!

CONTINUED:

The CROWD breaks into huge APPLAUSE. They dug it. Big Time.

DREW
GRRRRWOOOOOOOOOOOOOWWWW!

The crowd goes nuts...

DREW
THERE'S A FEELING THAT I GET, AND THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' AND THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' IN THE WORLD THAT MAKES ME GO!

CROWD
GO, GO, GO, GO, GO, GO...

DREW
TURN THE POWER UP! I'VE WAITED FOR SO LONG SO I COULD HEAR MY FAVORITE SONG, SO LET'S GO!

LONNY AND DENNIS
GO, GO, GO, GO, GO, GO....

Stacee watches Drew on stage, clearly not digging his success, his face twisted in a jealous scowl.

DREW
WHEN IT'S LIKE THIS I FEEL THE MUSIC SHOOTIN' THROUGH ME, THERE'S NOTHIN' ELSE THAT I WOULD RATHER DO! I WANNA ROCK!

Now the crowd REALLY GOES APESHIT. Stacee watches them cheering a moment longer, then walks off, furious.

INT. BOURBON ROOM - DRESSING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

O.S., we can HEAR Drew and the band doing their second song, as Stacee paces, visibly upset. After a moment Paul enters with Dennis and Lonny in tow.

DENNIS
You wanted to see me?

STACEE JAXX
Sorry. I can't go on.

LONNY
Why?

STACEE JAXX
That chick, man. What's with her?

CONTINUED:

DENNIS
What chick?

STACEE JAXX
The waitress! The waitress! She screwed up my shit, man. My shit is ***very*** fragile. My shit is like glass. And that waitress broke it. She just, like, ground it up in her teeth, dude.

DENNIS
Stacee: What the hell are you talking about?

STACEE JAXX
I like chicks. I think that's obvious. That's why I wear chicks' panties. But I... am a ***feeling*** dude, dude. I need some tenderness, some affection, a kind word... But that girl... She just tore my clothes off. No kiss. No hug. She made me feel dirty. Icky.
(then)
I mean, we *did* it. What am I, a Saint? She's standing there, naked, begging me... There are limits to my self-control.
(then)
But look at my hand. I can't even ***see*** my aura. Can you see my aura? Look, maybe if you fire her... Maybe it would, ya know, bring in some 'balance.'

DENNIS
Stacee... Sherrie's a good kid. I can't just throw her on the street.

STACEE JAXX
Did I say that? I don't treat people that way.
(then, suddenly FURIOUS)
WHY AM I THE ONLY ONE COMING UP WITH SOLUTIONS HERE?!? If you don't like mine, fine! Go out and tell those folks we're cancelling.

Dennis hates his fucking guts right now. He trades a look with Paul. Paul just shrugs.

CONTINUED:

STACEE JAXX
I'm waiting for your answer.

A beat.

DENNIS
(pissed)
Fine. I'll fire her.

Stacee claps a disgusted Dennis on the back.

STACEE JAXX
Great talk, man. Now I gotta go spend a little time with my buddy Jack Daniels before I go on. You're the best.

Stacee turns and walks out.

INT. BOURBON ROOM - NIGHT

Drew and the band are ROCKING AWAY on another number --

-- as Sherrie, still a bit frayed from the antics in the storage room, watches from the bar with pride. The song ends. The CROWD cheers. Sherrie beams, waiting for Drew to meet her eye. But Drew never looks at her.

DREW
(into the mic)
Hey, everyone... Thanks for letting us play. Arsenal will be right out.

Drew leaves the stage --

-- as Dennis walks up to Sherrie.

SHERRIE
See? What did I tell you? They're fantastic. The crowd --

DENNIS
-- Sherrie... I gotta talk to you.

She looks at him, curious. He leans in and whispers in her ear. She pulls away --

SHERRIE
... *What?*

CONTINUED:

DENNIS
Look, I'm not mad. It happens. But he says you upset him, and he won't go on if you're here.

SHERRIE
... I *upset* him?

DENNIS
It's not a big deal. But I need you to go home. Just for tonight. Come back tomorrow. We'll forget all about it.

A beat. She stares at him.

SHERRIE
Fine. I'll go home. But I won't be back tomorrow. Because I quit.

Disgusted, she throws down her apron. He sighs: *Shit.*

EXT. BOURBON ROOM - THE ALLEY - NIGHT

Drew kicks open the back door and comes out, hitting off a bottle of Jack Daniels, looking understandably miserable. After a moment Sherrie comes out and sees him.

SHERRIE
There you are!

Drew won't look at her.

SHERRIE
I just quit.
(as Drew still won't look)
Did you hear me?

DREW
I heard you.

SHERRIE
What's wrong?

Drew starts to head back inside.

DREW
See you around.

SHERRIE
Why're you mad at me?

CONTINUED:

DREW
Why?
(then)
I saw you with him, Sherrie.

SHERRIE
With who?

DREW
With Stacee. Downstairs. I saw you.

SHERRIE
Nothing happened.

Drew scoffs and heads inside. She stops him.

SHERRIE
Drew -- Nothing. Happened.

DREW
Wow. You really should be an actress. You're good.

They hold their looks, each madder than the other now.

SHERRIE
Screw you.

DREW
No, thanks. And who knows? With any luck, maybe you *will* have his child.

She SLAPS HIM ACROSS THE FACE, then turns to walk away. Drew just stands there a moment, then starts after her.

PAUL GILL (O.S.)
Ah, ah, ah...

Drew turns to see Paul Gill.

PAUL GILL
Wouldn't do that if I were you.
(as Drew stares)
Don't tell me you believe her?

DREW
(recognizing him)
You're Stacee's manager.

PAUL GILL
Paul Gill. I saw your set tonight.

CONTINUED:

DREW
(walking away)
Oh yeah...

PAUL GILL
You were fantastic. In fact, you just scared the shit out of Stacee Jaxx.

This stops Drew for a moment. He turns and studies Paul.

DREW
I appreciate it, man, but I gotta --

PAUL GILL
-- Let her go.
(as Drew stares)
A) She did have sex with him. Because they all do. And B) Even if she didn't, which she did, you're going to have more women than days of your life.

DREW
Why're you saying this shit to me?

PAUL GILL
I like your sound.

Drew looks towards Sherrie again.

PAUL GILL
Let me ask you something: What do Muddy Waters, Jerry Lee Lewis, and Mick Jagger have in common?
(as Drew is listening)
Broken hearts. And long careers.
(moving closer)
You want Love? Go after her. Who knows? You might even get it. But I can give you something much rarer and much more fun.

DREW
Dude, thanks. But I don't do that with dudes.

PAUL GILL
More than that, even.
(smiles)
Adoration.

He hands Drew his card, as we hear the first CHORDS of Arsenal O.S., followed by the CHEERING CROWD inside...

CONTINUED:

PAUL GILL
Think about it. And *that* can be yours...

Drew follows Paul's eyes back into the club...

... as Stacee Jaxx takes the small stage and counts out --

STACEE JAXX
One, two, three, four...

INT. BOURBON ROOM - STAGE - CONTINUOUS ACTION

-- "CUM ON FEEL THE NOIZE" BY QUIET RIOT.

STACEE JAXX
CUM ON FEEL THE NOIZE.
GIRLS ROCK YOUR BOYS.
WE'LL GET WILD, WILD, WILD!!
(beat)
EVERYBODY!!!

CROWD
WILD, WILD, WILD!!!

Paul goes inside. Drew just stands at the back door, watching Stacee on stage...

STACEE JAXX
SO YOU THINK I GOT AN EVIL MIND
I TELL YOU, HONEY! I DON'T KNOW
WHY! I DON'T KNOW WHY!

Now we see Paul Gill watching from the back.

STACEE JAXX
SO YOU THINK MY SINGING'S OUT OF
TIME -- IT MAKES ME MONEY... I
DON'T KNOW WHY, I DON'T KNOW WHY.
ANYMORE... Oh, NO...

PAUL GILL
(looking right at Drew)
YOU SAY I GOT A DIRTY MIND, I'M A
MEAN GO-GETTER!

STACEE JAXX
CUM ON FEEL THE NOIZE.
GIRLS ROCK YOUR BOYS.
WE'LL GET WILD, WILD, WILD!!

Drew -- still watching -- swigs off his Jack Daniels.

CONTINUED:

DREW
(singing to himself)
OH, I GOTTA SING WITH SOME DISGRACE. I'M IN NO HURRY. AND I DON'T KNOW WHY. I DON'T KNOW WHY, ANYMORE.

As he smashes the bottle against the wall...

DREW
NO, NO, NO!

... as Stacee has the crowd in a frenzy. We see he can't help stepping in front of his GUITARIST to steal his thunder.

STACEE JAXX
SO CUM ON FEEL THE NOIZE!
GIRLS ROCK YOUR BOYS.

AND MOVE INTO:

INT. BOURBON ROOM - DENNIS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS ACTION

To find Patty...

PATTY
WE'LL GET WILD, WILD, WILD!

... taking all of Dennis' accounting books and throwing them into a briefcase.

Suddenly, the door opens and Lonny heads in holding a bunch of receipts.

Patty immediately flops into Dennis' chair and pretends to be passed out.

CROWD (O.S.)
WILD, WILD WILD!

Lonnie sees her and shrugs... this is a common occurrence at the Bourbon.

As Lonny throws the receipts on the desk and heads back out to enjoy the show...

CUT TO:

BACK DOWNSTAIRS - ON DREW

Still in the doorway, but he's done watching. He walks forward and gets to Paul, looking him right in the eyes, and shaking his hand.

DREW
COME ON, FEEL THE NOISE.

PAUL GILL
That's what I'm talking about.

DREW
GIRLS ROCK YOUR BOYS.

PAUL GILL
WE'LL GET WILD, WILD, WILD!

Drew turns and walks away from his new manager...

... as Stacee powers home the big ending...

STACEE JAXX
ROCK IT TONIGHT.

CROWD
GIRLS ROCK YOUR BOYS.

STACEE JAXX
WE'LL GET WILD, WILD, WILD.
AH, AH, AH.

CROWD
WOOOOO.

STACEE JAXX
COME ON, FEEL THE NOISE. GIRLS ROCK YOUR BOYS. WE'LL GET WILD, WILD, WILD!!!

As the song ENDS, we find Drew right in Dennis' face:

DREW
I quit.

He turns and walks away as Dennis looks to Lonny.

DENNIS
What the hell was that? Why is everyone quitting tonight?

AND ON THE STAGE

As Stacee walks across the stage... finding an exact mark...

STACEE JAXX
Thank you, Bourbon Room!
(and then)
If I could just say a few words... this is completely unplanned and from the heart.

His Arsenal BANDMATES share an annoyed look.

STACEE JAXX
As you know, I'm going solo. I love Arsenal and they love me.

As his BASSIST flips him the finger behind his back...

STACEE JAXX
Like with any good marriage... a break-up is inevitable.

And he opens his arms wide just as a pyrotechnic display explodes behind him... spelling out the name "The Stacee Jaxx Experience" in fire.

STACEE JAXX
The name of my new creative journey... won't you all take it with me!

The crowd cheers...

STACEE JAXX
Thank you, thank you...

As another explosion of pyrotechnics explode behind Stacee to calm into a portrait of him framed by fire...

STACEE JAXX
I'm getting so emotional. I swear, I didn't plan on any of this.

And through the crowd's cheers, we actually hear a SAXOPHONE wailing...

EXT. SUNSET STRIP - NIGHT

-- as the SKY SUDDENLY explodes with lightning and thunder...

CONTINUED:

“HARDEN MY HEART” BY QUARTERFLASH.

Further up the strip, walking in the rain, getting pelted by it, we FIND Sherrie, very upset.

SHERRIE
CRYIN’ ON THE CORNER. WAITING IN THE RAIN... I SWEAR I’LL NEVER, EVER WAIT AGAIN! YOU GAVE ME YOUR WORD. BUT WORDS FOR YOU ARE LIES!

Throwing her waitress apron in a dumpster...

SHERRIE
DARLIN’, IN MY WILDEST DREAMS. I NEVER THOUGHT I’D GO BUT IT’S TIME TO LET YOU KNOW.

She turns and looks back up the street where she can see the Sunset Strip lights in the distance.

SHERRIE
I’M GONNA HARDEN MY HEART... I’M GONNA SWALLOW MY TEARS... I’M GONNA TURN AND LEAVE YOU HERE!

She turns and heads up an alley...

SHERRIE
ALL MY LIFE. I’VE BEEN WAITIN’ IN THE RAIN.

The rain is soaking her to the bone.

SHERRIE
I’VE BEEN WAITING FOR A FEELING. THAT NEVER, EVER CAME.

Creatures of the street move to the pulse of the song all around her. Sherrie runs across the street to get away.

SHERRIE
IT FEELS SO CLOSE. BUT ALWAYS DISAPPEARS. DARLIN’, IN YOUR WILDEST DREAMS... YOU NEVER HAD A CLUE. BUT IT’S TIME YOU GOT THE NEWS.

Suddenly, Sherrie’s heel gets caught in a crack in the sidewalk and she trips, falling to the ground, spilling the contents of her purse out before her. She stares at the 4-part photo booth picture of her and Drew as RAIN-DROPS start to soak it. She cries a moment, staring at the photo --

EXT. “THE VENUS” GENTLEMEN’S CLUB - BACK DOOR - NIGHT

... as Justice Charlier, the club’s proprietress, whom we met at the opening, stands in the club’s rear exit, half-lit, smoking a cigarette and watching Sherrie, a pained look on her face, as if connecting with the girl somehow.

SHERRIE
I’M GONNA HARDEN MY HEART... I’M GONNA SWALLOW MY TEARS... I’M GONNA TURN AND LEAVE YOU HERE!

Sherrie picks up the photo and tears it to bits --

-- as Justice puts out her smoke and saunters over to the crying girl. She touches Sherrie’s chin, raising her head to look at her.

JUSTICE CHARLIER
Whaddaya say we get you dried off?

Justice helps Sherrie to her feet.

JUSTICE CHARLIER
Come in, come in.

INT. VENUS CLUB - NIGHT

They make their way into the shadowy world of the strip club. It’s dark, giving Sherrie fleeting glimpses of the seedy activities within.

Justice leads Sherrie to the bar, calling to the bartender.

JUSTICE CHARLIER
A warm cognac.

The bartender pours it. Justice hands it to Sherrie, whose eyes are locked on the VENUS CLUB DANCERS, entertaining up on the stage. Sherrie watches a MALE CUSTOMER stuffing BILLS into the bra of a DANCER (we’ll meet her later as DESTINY).

This isn’t a topless joint. It’s a Gentleman’s Club -- the women wear sexy lingerie. On stage anyway. The private rooms upstairs are a different matter.

SHERRIE
I lost my job. I don’t know how I’m going to pay my rent. Do they make good money here?

CONTINUED:

JUSTICE CHARLIER
(a world-weary smile)
Have your drink, dry yourself off, and move along, child. This is just a rest stop.

Sherrie looks around...

SHERRIE
I need a job.

JUSTICE CHARLIER
Look, the money's good and it's just dancing down here. You're just a shoulder for lonely men to cry on. Now upstairs? For a little extra money they can cry anywhere they want.

SHERRIE
I'll take the job, but I'll be staying on the first floor.

With a smile...

JUSTICE CHARLIER
You're really sure about this?

Sherrie nods her head, resigned.

And it's settled, Sherrie's got the job... on her terms.

JUSTICE CHARLIER
Okay. I suppose you can start tomorrow.

"SHADOWS OF THE NIGHT" BY PAT BENETAR.

JUSTICE CHARLIER
YOU SAY, OH GIRL, IT'S A COLD WORLD WHEN YOU KEEP IT ALL TO YOURSELF.

Sherrie nods, then gets up and walks out as Justice watches her go, the slightest look of regret in her eyes.

JUSTICE CHARLIER
I SAID YOU CAN'T HIDE ON THE INSIDE ALL THE PAIN YOU'VE EVER FELT RANSOM YOUR HEART. BUT, BABY, DON'T LOOK BACK, 'CAUSE WE GOT NOBODY ELSE...

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME SCENE - THE NEXT NIGHT

Now we see a GROUP OF MEN, drunk, laughing, watching the DANCERS writhing on the poles.

JUSTICE CHARLIER
WE'RE RUNNIN' WITH THE SHADOWS OF THE NIGHT.

Now one of those dancers leaves the stage and we FOLLOW her THROUGH the club --

JUSTICE CHARLIER
SO, BABY, TAKE MY HAND IT'LL BE ALRIGHT. SURRENDER ALL YOUR DREAMS TO ME TONIGHT. THEY'LL COME TRUE IN THE END.

INT. VENUS CLUB - DRESSING ROOMS - NIGHT

-- as she ends up in the dressing room, where we now find Sherrie, looking in the mirror, applying her makeup.

SHERRIE/STRIPPERS
I'M GONNA HARDEN MY HEART
I'M GONNA SWALLOW MY TEARS
I'M GONNA TURN AND LEAVE YOU HERE!

Sherrie stands up and models her outfit for Justice, who admires it.

SHERRIE
NEVER IN MY WILDEST DREAMS
I NEVER THOUGHT I'D GO
BUT IT'S TIME TO LET YOU KNOW...

SHERRIE/STRIPPERS
I'M GONNA HARDEN MY HEART.

She walks out of the dressing room and now we FOLLOW her THROUGH the club, the cold eyes of the other dancers following her.

STRIPPERS
WE'RE RUNNIN' WITH THE SHADOWS OF THE NIGHT!

SHERRIE/STRIPPERS
I'M GONNA SWALLOW MY TEARS.

Sherrie, as if letting out a caged animal, hits the stage and dances with ferocious abandon: She's awesome.

CONTINUED:

JUSTICE CHARLIER
SO, BABY, TAKE MY HAND IT'LL BE ALRIGHT!

SHERRIE/STRIPPERS
I'M GONNA TURN AND LEAVE YOU HERE!

JUSTICE CHARLIER
SURRENDER ALL YOUR DREAMS TO ME TONIGHT. THEY'LL COME TRUE IN THE END.

Breathless and sweating, Sherrie stands before Justice and the other dancers, having more than earned their respect.

JUSTICE CHARLIER
Welcome, baby. Welcome home.

INT. DREW'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Drew sits next to his guitar, pen in his hand to paper. But he's blocked.

"HERE I GO AGAIN" BY WHITESNAKE.

DREW
I DON'T KNOW WHERE I'M GOIN'. BUT I SURE KNOW WHERE I'VE BEEN. HANGING ON THE PROMISES. AND THE SONGS OF YESTERDAY...

INT. PAUL GILL'S OFFICE - DAY

A giant office with barely any furniture but an incredible view of the hills. Gold records line the walls.

Unsure, Drew heads in the door and sings...

DREW
AND I'VE MADE UP MY MIND.

Paul looks up from some paperwork with a smile...

DREW
I AIN'T WAISTIN' NO MORE TIME.
(beat)
AND HERE I GO AGAIN. HERE I GO AGAIN.

AND SHERRIE

stares into a mirror putting on lingerie.

SHERRIE
THOUGH I KEEP SEARCHIN' FOR AN ANSWER
I NEVER SEEM TO FIND WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR...

We PULL BACK to see she's in...

THE VENUS GENTLEMAN'S CLUB

SHERRIE
OH LORD I PRAY YOU GIVE ME STRENGTH TO CARRY ON!!

Just then, Justice appears behind Sherrie and hands her a wad of bills... her portion of the night's tips.

SHERRIE
CUZ I KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO WALK ALONG THIS LONELY STREET OF DREAMS!

INT. REHEARSAL STUDIO - NIGHT

Time has passed, Drew is laying down a demo for Paul as Paul gives him a "thumbs-up" from the sound booth.

DREW
AND HERE I GO AGAIN ON MY OWN!
GOIN' DOWN THE ONLY ROAD I'VE EVER KNOWN!

INT. AUDITION - DAY

Sherrie dances in a giant CATTLE CALL for a POISON music video among a sea of other pretty girls.

We see --

QUICK CUTS

of the DANCE culminating with Sherrie getting cut along with many other girls by the choreographer.

Sherrie, dejected, picks up her purse and exits.

CONTINUED:

SHERRIE
LIKE A DRIFTER I WAS BORN TO WALK ALONE.

INT. RODNEY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Looking over Dennis' accounting ledgers... Patty standing over his shoulder... they're both victorious and elated.

RODNEY
BUT I'VE MADE UP MY MIND.
I AIN'T WAISTIN' NO MORE TIME.

INT. THE VENUS GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - NIGHT

Sherrie is ON STAGE, dancing for a sea of MEN as they eagerly stuff dollar bills into her costume.

SHERRIE
I'M JUST A HEART IN NEED OF RESCUE. WAITIN' ON LOVE'S SWEET CHARITY.

INT. PAUL GILL'S OFFICE - DAY

Gold records wallpaper the wall. Drew walks in and shakes an excited Paul Gill's hand...

PAUL GILL
AND I'M GONNA HOLD ON. FOR THE REST OF MY DAYS.

As Paul leads Drew inside and offers him a seat...

DREW
CUZ I KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO WALK.
ALONG THE LONELY STREET OF DREAMS!!

EXT. MELROSE - DAY

Sherrie walks up to a news stand and begins combing through newspapers such as <u>BACKSTAGE</u>, circling notices for open casting calls with a pen...

SHERRIE
AND HERE I GO AGAIN ON MY OWN!

INT. THE BOURBON ROOM - NIGHT

Dennis and Lonny are playing a game of quarters and laughing, splashing a stack of unopened overdue notices splayed on Dennis' desk.

DENNIS/LONNY
GOIN' DOWN THE ONLY ROAD WE'VE EVER KNOWN!

EXT. ARENA - NIGHT

With Stacee... as he leaves the arena and gets on the tour bus... completely alone... not even with a groupie...

STACEE JAXX
LIKE A DRIFTER I WAS BORN TO WALK ALONE!

INT. PAUL GILL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

As Drew signs the management contract laid out before him...

DREW
AND I'VE MADE UP MY MIND. I AIN'T WAISTIN' NO MORE TIME!!

AND WE --

SPLIT THE SCREEN FOUR WAYS

To be with Sherrie, Dennis and Stacee...

DREW/SHERRIE/STACEE JAXX/DENNIS
AND HERE I GO AGAIN! HERE I GO AGAIN! HERE I GO AGAIN!!

INT. BOURBON ROOM - DAY

Rodney walks in and drops a letter onto the bar. It is STAMPED WITH THE SEAL OF LOS ANGELES.

DENNIS
What is that?

RODNEY
A letter, signed by the Mayor himself.

CONTINUED:

DENNIS
What's it say, Lonny?

LONNY
It says we owe forty-three thousand dollars in back taxes.

RODNEY
And according to the city of Los Angeles, you have one week to pay up or you'll be required to sell to any prospective buyer. As in me.

DENNIS
How do they know that?

LONNY
(realizing)
The missing books. Why, you --

He reaches for Rodney, but Patty PUNCHES LONNY IN THE NOSE.

LONNY
(to Patty)
Ow. Dude: That hurt.

Rodney and Patty turn and walk out, leaving Lonny and Dennis.

LONNY
(worried)
We can't raise the money that fast!

And as that hangs...

INT. VENUS CLUB - NIGHT

As Sherrie cocktails, Justice joining her side...

JUSTICE CHARLIER
How you liking it here, baby?

SHERRIE
It's fine... for now.

Looking around the Venus... shaking her head...

JUSTICE CHARLIER
I've been doing this a long time and let me tell you something, these men...
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

JUSTICE CHARLIER (CONT'D)
they don't judge you here... they love you. And they pay you. And you're the one in control.

As that registers to Sherrie.

JUSTICE CHARLIER
And the dancers here go home at night knowing they provided a real service.

As they pass DESTINY giving a DUDE a lap dance.

JUSTICE CHARLIER
Like Destiny over there...

"ANYWAY YOU WANT IT" BY JOURNEY

JUSTICE CHARLIER
(re: one dancer)
SHE LOVES TO LAUGH. SHE LOVES TO SING. SHE DOES *EVERYTHING*!
(beat)
Don't ask. But there's also Sapphire --

We FIND SAPPHIRE PRACTICING dancing on the stage...

JUSTICE CHARLIER
SHE LOVES TO MOVE. SHE LOVES TO GROOVE. SHE LOVES THE LOVIN' THING!

STRIPPERS
OHHH, ALL NIGHT! ALL NIGHT! OH, EVERY NIGHT!

JUSTICE CHARLIER
Only one motto here, baby!

STRIPPERS
SO HOLD TIGHT! HOLD TIGHT!

CUSTOMER GETTING A LAP DANCE
(to his buddy)
OOO BABY, HOLD TIGHT!

With Sherrie and Justice...

JUSTICE CHARLIER
When it comes to the customer?

CONTINUED:

JUSTICE CHARLIER/STRIPPERS
SHE SAID... ANYWAY YOU WANT IT
THAT'S THE WAY YOU NEED IT.
ANYWAY YOU WANT IT!

As Justice turns to Sherrie...

JUSTICE CHARLIER/STRIPPERS
ANYWAY YOU WANT IT. THAT'S THE
WAY YOU NEED IT. ANYWAY YOU WANT
IT!

Now we see Justice, sitting at the bar with a HANDSOME MAN. He gives her a jewelry box. She opens it: Inside are a pair of DIAMOND EARRINGS. She stares at them, surprised, and deeply touched.

JUSTICE CHARLIER
I WAS ALONE. I NEVER KNEW WHAT
GOOD LOVE COULD DO... OHHH. THEN
WE TOUCHED... THEN WE SANG ABOUT
THE LOVING THINGS...

Meanwhile, the MUSIC SHIFTS when we WHIP TO...

EXT. CAPITOL RECORDS BUILDING - DAY

As the sun GLISTENS off the impressive structure...

PAUL GILL (V.O.)
Ladies and gentlemen, I'm bringing
you your next star!

INT. CAPITOL RECORDS CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Paul stands before a group of RECORD EXECUTIVES.

PAUL GILL
Here he is!

With that, Drew heads in the room.

HEAD UNIVERSAL EXECUTIVE
I'm sorry... it's a pass.

PAUL GILL
He has talent.

HEAD UNIVERSAL EXECUTIVE
Talent?

PAUL GILL
Yes.

CONTINUED:

HEAD UNIVERSAL EXECUTIVE
We don't need talent. We need what's next. Dude, rock n' roll is dead... or at least it's dying.

Drew bites his tongue and exits.

INT. WARNER BROTHERS RECORDS CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Drew now stands in front of these WARNER EXECUTIVES.

And the HEAD WARNER EXECUTIVE looks over to Drew and comes up with an idea...

HEAD WARNER EXECUTIVE
HOLD ON, HOLD ON, HOLD ON, HOLD ON, HOLD ON, HOLD ON, HOLD ON, BABY...

And he turns to Paul...

HEAD WARNER EXECUTIVE
Does he rap?

Confirming...

PAUL GILL
ANYWAY YOU WANT IT. THAT'S THE WAY YOU NEED IT.

INT. THE BOURBON ROOM - DENNIS' OFFICE - NIGHT

And Dennis... standing at the wall looking over pictures of the Bourbon throughout the years... pictures of DENNIS' FATHER standing with The Crystals and Dion and The Four Seasons.

And then Dennis sadly moves to that picture of Mick Jagger playing on the Bourbon stage and sings...

DENNIS
ANYWAY YOU WANT IT...
THAT'S THE WAY YOU NEED IT.

INT. THE VENUS GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - NIGHT

As dancers DANCE for men with wads of cash.

SHERRIE/JUSTICE CHARLIER/STRIPPERS
ANYWAY YOU WANT IT...

CONTINUED:

STRIPPERS and CUSTOMERS break into a killer dance break.

SHERRIE/JUSTICE
CHARLIER/STRIPPERS
... THAT'S THE WAY YOU NEED IT.

INT. MELROSE BOUTIQUE - NIGHT

As Drew -- his hair now cut -- stands in front of a mirror, getting fitted into a cheesy MC HAMMER-style parachute pants outfit by a STYLIST who turns to Drew with...

STYLIST
ANYWAY YOU WANT IT...

And Drew walks into the next room which happens to be...

PAUL GILL'S OFFICE

Where Paul looks up from his desk as Drew steps in and sings...

DREW
... THAT'S THE WAY YOU NEED IT!

And Paul Gill smiles with a nod then gets up and walks into the next room which happens to be...

THE RECORD LABEL BOARDROOM

where the RECORD EXECUTIVES all sit at a big conference table. They stop their meeting as Paul steps in with...

PAUL GILL
ANYWAY YOU WANT IT...

One of the executives gets up from the table and walks into the next room which happens to be...

INT. TEST MARKET SURVEY ROOM

Where a group of RANDOM TEENS sit at a U-shaped table explaining what they like for $20.

And they all look up as the EXECUTIVE steps in and sings...

RECORD EXECUTIVE
... THAT'S THE WAY YOU NEED IT!

INT. VENUS CLUB - NIGHT

As the strippers all dance around Sherrie and Justice... in a grand finale...

STRIPPERS
ANY WAY YOU WANT IT!

INT. PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - TIGER BEAT PHOTO SHOOT - DAY

Drew stands in front of a really cheesy and fake graffitied wall. Paul joins his side...

PAUL GILL
I told the label you're sixteen so remember that if anyone asks.

DREW
I don't think anyone will believe that I'm sixteen.

PAUL GILL
Sure they will. Just act a little shorter.

Suddenly, three BOYS -- all 14 years old and dressed exactly like Drew -- join them.

DREW
Who are you?

ONE OF THE BOYZ
Your bandmates, yo.

Paul heads over with a PHOTOGRAPHER.

PAUL GILL
Okay, okay, you guys get to know each other? Good. Let's look sexy, let's look stylish, let's look dangerous... but still white.

The Boyz start posing as the photographer starts taking shots as Drew just stands there.

PAUL GILL
Yo... Joshy J!

Drew doesn't turn... not used to his new name.

PAUL GILL
Joshy J!
(then)
Drew!

CONTINUED:

Now Drew turns...

PAUL GILL
Can you get your head in the game?

Checking his watch...

PAUL GILL
Child-labor laws say we've only got an hour to do this.

INT. THE BOURBON ROOM - OFFICE - DAY

The club is shutting down. The WALLS HAVE BEEN STRIPPED of photos, etc.

Dennis finishes packing up a box of things and walks out, carrying them down the stairs, where he finds Lonny, sitting at the bar, drying his tears. In front of Lonny is a FOG MACHINE.

DENNIS
What do you got there?

LONNY
(dries his eyes)
Nothing. Just... The Fogmaster 5000.

Dennis sits next to him. Smiles. Touches the fog machine.

DENNIS
Good times, huh?

Lonny smiles and nods. But pretty soon he's crying again.

LONNY
I'm sorry...

DENNIS
Nah. Don't be. I'm sad too. I hate leaving all this behind.

LONNY
(sniff-sniff)
It's not that. It's not the... the...
(looks right at Dennis)
The *things*. It's... It's...

CONTINUED:

DENNIS
(confused)
What?

Lonny takes a moment, building his courage, then --

“CAN’T FIGHT THIS FEELING” BY REO SPEEDWAGON.

LONNY
(softly at first)
I CAN’T FIGHT THIS FEELING ANY LONGER.

Dennis stares, confused.

LONNY
AND YET I’M STILL AFRAID TO LET IT FLOW. WHAT STARTED OUT AS FRIENDSHIP. HAS GROWN STRONGER. I ONLY WISH I HAD THE STRENGTH TO. LET IT SHOW.

Dennis finally understands. A beat, then --

DENNIS
I TELL MYSELF THAT I CAN’T HOLD OUT FOREVER.

LONNY
You too? Yes! YES! Fuckin’ A, bro’.

DENNIS
I SAY THERE IS NO REASON FOR MY FEAR.

LONNY
You too?

A SERIES OF FLASHBACKS

The day Lonny applied for a job. He comes in, wearing a T-shirt that says “Just Say Ho!” under a picture of Nancy Reagan and asks for an application at The Bourbon bar.

LONNY
CUZ I FEEL SO SECURE WHEN WE’RE TOGETHER. YOU GIVE MY LIFE DIRECTION...

As Dennis hands Lonny an application --

DENNIS
YOU MAKE EVERYTHING SO CLEAR!

CONTINUED:

... HE CHECKS OUT LONNY'S ASS.

AND WE FLASH INTO --

INT. DUKES RESTAURANT (MALIBU)

Dennis and Lonny share a table with their two LOVELY DATES.

LONNY
AND EVEN AS I WONDER...

DENNIS
I'M KEEPING YOU IN SIGHT!

But Dennis and Lonny are talking (singing) to each other more than the girls... who are bored.

LONNY
YOU'RE A CANDLE IN THE WINDOW.

DENNIS
ON A COLD DARK WINTER'S NIGHT

Finally their two dates just get up and leave as --

DENNIS/LONNY (O.S.)
AND I'M GETTING CLOSER THAN I EVER THOUGHT I MIGHT!!

INT. BOURBON ROOM - NIGHT

SLOW MOTION. Mayhem. It's the night of the Arsenal show. Two burly guys are getting in a fight in the mosh pit next to where Lonny is rocking out. Sensing the danger, we see -- in SLOW MOTION -- Dennis turn and grab Lonny's hand and stealthily leading him out of the fray --

DENNIS/LONNY
AND I CAN'T FIGHT THIS FEELING ANYMORE!

CUT TO:

EXT. DISNEYLAND - TEA CUP RIDE - DAY

Wearing MICKEY EARS, Lonny is laughing and having the time of his life as Dennis spins them around. As they "High-Five"...

CONTINUED:

DENNIS
I'VE FORGOTTEN WHAT I STARTED FIGHTING FOR!

EXT. VENICE BEACH - DAY

Where the two ride a bicycle-for-two down the BOARDWALK...

LONNY
IT'S TIME TO BRING THIS SHIP INTO THE SHORE.

And get a CARICATURE done of themselves that is so ridiculous-looking, it causes them to fall into hysterics.

SAME SCENE (PRESENT)

Now. They are inching themselves closer together...

DENNIS
AND THROW AWAY THE OARS FOREVER!

Dennis holds out his hand to Lonny. Lonny shyly takes it and Dennis leads him out onto the club's dance floor. And they do a SLOW-VERSION of ROCK DANCING (say, The Twist) never taking their eyes off each other...

DENNIS
CUZ I CAN'T FIGHT THIS FEELING ANYMORE!

LONNY
I'VE FORGOTTEN WHAT I STARTED FIGHTING FOR!

DENNIS
AND IF I HAVE TO CRAWL ACROSS THE FLOOR!

LONNY
COME CRASHING THROUGH YOUR DOOR!

They're now motionless, standing very very close, face to face...

DENNIS/LONNY
I CAN'T FIGHT THIS FEELING ANYMORE!

Their LIPS are just about to kiss when --

CONTINUED:

RODNEY (O.S.)
Well, well, well...

They turn to see Rodney and Patty standing there.

PATTY
(to no one in particular)
I was with a woman once.

RODNEY
Will you shut up?

DENNIS
What are you doing here, Rodney?

RODNEY
Just checking to see when you'll be out.

PATTY
(still into her lesbian memory)
She had huge breasts and liked Nixon. What was her name?

Now all three men look at her like she's nuts.

LONNY
We have until the first, so get lost. And take Morticia with you.

DENNIS
(to Rodney)
Hey... Look what I found.

He walks over to Rodney, hands him an OLD POSTER.

DENNIS
Your band's first gig here.

Rodney examines it, his guard up.

DENNIS
Look, man. Maybe I was wrong about you. Sometimes I'm wrong.

LONNY
No, you're not.

Dennis shoots him a look.

CONTINUED:

LONNY
(back-pedaling, to Rodney)
Oh. But maybe he was wrong about *you*.

RODNEY
Spare me. You've got three days until the first. Enjoy them.

And out he goes, dragging Patty, still tripping down memory lane.

PATTY
Maybe I should give women another shot? It's much less messy.

RODNEY
WILL YOU SHUT UP?

After they're gone, Dennis and Lonny look at the bare walls. The records are gone. The guitars and PANTIES too.

DENNIS
I knew the day would come when I would lose my hair... I figured one day I'd be older than the President of the United States... Shit, I even made peace with the fact that at some point my dick might stop working.

Lonny joins his side... wiping a tear from his eye...

DENNIS
But I just assumed The Bourbon Room would be with me till the end.

PAUL GILL (O.S.)
Maybe it could be.

They turn to see Paul, standing behind them.

DENNIS
What do you want?

LONNY
Yeah. What do you want?

PAUL GILL
Well... The truth is I feel a real emotional connection to this place.

CONTINUED:

DENNIS
I doubt that.

LONNY
Yeah. We doubt that.

DENNIS
Will you stop repeating what I say?

LONNY
Why? You're saying good shit, dude.

PAUL GILL
I want to help you keep the doors open.

DENNIS
How?

LONNY
H--

Lonny is about to repeat him. Dennis stares.

LONNY
Tell us more.

PAUL GILL
How about a benefit. 'Save the Bourbon Room.' Ten bands. One night. One stage. You can have the bands for free. You can even televise it.

Dennis and Lonny exchange a look.

PAUL GILL
It's the least I can do.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

Drew and his bandmates are sitting in the studio, listening to a playback of a PATHETIC LOVE SONG. Drew is dying. Suddenly Paul Gill comes in, beaming.

PAUL GILL
Great news. We got our first gig. And it's a killer, boys.

DREW
Where?

CONTINUED:

PAUL GILL
The Bourbon Room.

DREW
(stunned)
Dennis is letting us play at The Bourbon Room? Bullshit.

STREET BOY #1
Isn't that the place where Ozzy Osbourne ate a rat?

Drew looks at the kid with contempt.

DREW
It was a bat, idiot and The Bourbon is where every great rock band dreams of getting discovered.

PAUL GILL
He's lucky I'm *letting you* play there. I'm going to make sure that every record label in the city will be there. And hear *you*. And by midnight, I will be engaged in a sizable bidding war for you boys.

DREW
You're kidding.
(Paul's not)
Paul: We suck!

STREET BOY #2
(raises his hand, to Paul)
Joshy J is being mean.

Drew holds up a fist, threatening to punch the kid, who runs away, whimpering.

PAUL GILL
(matter-of-fact)
You don't get it, do you? It doesn't matter if you suck. You're already a success.
(off Drew's look)
Your first single's sold one hundred, twenty-seven thousand copies in Thailand, South Korea and Outer Mongolia, on the basis of your lunch boxes alone.

DREW
... Our *lunch boxes?*

CONTINUED:

PAUL GILL
Do you know how much it costs to make a 'Joshy J' lunch box? Nothing. Literally, nothing. With the tax incentive deals coming from the Uzbekistan Tinware unions, we actually get paid nine cents for every lunch box produced and exported.

Drew, his head spinning, sighs.

DREW
This is bullshit...

"I WANNA ROCK" (Reprise).

DREW
I WANNA ROCK!

He waits for the others, someone, to sing the next part, then sings it himself.

DREW
ROCK.
(then)
I WANT TO ROCK!

Waits again... Finally, the sheer deadness of this room and the geek-vibe of the musicians and record ENGINEERS that inhabit it suck the song and life right out of Drew. He wilts before our eyes.

PAUL GILL
Go. Get some fresh air. But be at the Bourbon Room tonight at 8 o'clock sharp. You're about to be born again.

DREW
(re: his band)
They don't even know the songs yet.

PAUL GILL
Don't you worry about that: I've got it handled.

Drew just turns and walks away, disgusted.

EXT. AREA BEHIND THE HOLLYWOOD SIGN - NIGHT

Drew, still dressed in his boy-band drag, sits in his spot, perched up above the twinkling lights of LA.

CONTINUED:

SHERRIE (O.S.)
Drew?

He turns to see Sherrie, standing behind him. He stands.

DREW
Sherrie...?

DREW
What are you doing--

SHERRIE
What are you doing---

They both stop. A beat.

DREW
What're you doing here?

SHERRIE
(misunderstanding, pissed)
Sorry. I didn't realize you already owned the --

DREW
-- No. I didn't mean that.
(as she stops)
I just meant... I'm surprised.

A beat. Neither knows what to say.

SHERRIE
I'm gonna go.

DREW
Wait. How are you?

SHERRIE
(postured)
I'm great. Life is great. Leaving the Bourbon Room was the best thing that could've happened to me.

DREW
(postured right back)
Yeah. Me too.

SHERRIE
You left the Bourbon?!?

More silence. Both still uncomfortable.

SHERRIE
(re: his clothes)
What are you wearing?

CONTINUED:

DREW
I'm in a new band.

SHERRIE
What kind of band?

DREW
Um. Rock...ish. 'Street Boyz' But with a 'Z'! We're really big in Peru.

SHERRIE
Are you doing your songs?

DREW
Um. Not yet. We're still experimenting with our sound. And our... look.

He takes off the silly hat and changes the subject.

DREW
How 'bout you? You singing?

SHERRIE
No. I'm... I'm dancing now.
(then, covering)
Aerobics. I teach aerobics.

DREW
Oh. Sweet. Good exercise.

More silence.

SHERRIE
-- Drew, how could you just stand there that night and let me get fired...

SHERRIE
-- without saying a word to Dennis. What *happened* to you that night?
(walks off, pissed)
Jesus. Never mind. Have a great life. Good luck in Peru!

DREW
--I '*let you'* get fired? Sherrie, you *got* fired. I told you Dennis didn't like us hanging out with the bands. And having sex with them definitely counts as--

SHERRIE
-- You still think I had sex with --

DREW
-- You're still saying you *didn't*?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERRIE
NO, DREW! I didn't. Which I told you that night!
(then, softer)
Why didn't you believe me?

A beat.

DREW
Stacee told Dennis... He told everyone you threw yourself at him, begged...

SHERRIE
(realizing)
That's why I got fired? I thought I got fired for ***not*** sleeping with him! They fired me because they thought I ***did***?

Drew nods. A beat. Sherrie is crushed, mortified. Drew finally believes her. She turns to go one last time, this time he stops her.

DREW
Wait. Sherrie, please... I'm sorry. I was obviously wrong. But I've been dying...
(she looks at him)
-- not knowing where you were, what happened to you.

She looks at him, surprised. A beat.

DREW
Can we just forget everything and... start over. I'm doing this show at The Bourbon tonight.

SHERRIE
I'm thinking of going home... L.A. isn't really working out for me.

And that hits Drew hard but he collects himself and...

DREW
Here.

He reaches into his backpack and takes out a cassette tape.

SHERRIE
Your new band?

CONTINUED:

DREW
No. Something Wayne, Ziff and I recorded last week.
(off her look)
I finished that song I was writing.

As he looks her head-on...

DREW
Turns out, it was about you.

She takes it. Not sure what to say. She turns away --

DREW
Sherrie ---
(she turns to him)
Don't stop singing. Don't ever, ever... ever stop singing. And if you --

SHERRIE
(suddenly, impulsively)
I'm a stripper. I work at the Venus Club.

Drew smiles. No judgement. Now he comes clean too --

DREW
I'm in a boy band and my manager picked out my underwear.

She smiles.

DREW
I guess our dreams didn't turn out quite like we planned.

They hold their look, both sad, as --

"EVERY ROSE HAS ITS THORN" BY POISON.

SHERRIE
WE BOTH LIE SILENT AND STILL, IN THE DEAD OF THE NIGHT. ALTHOUGH WE BOTH LIE CLOSE TOGETHER, WE'RE MILES APART INSIDE.

DREW
WAS IT SOMETHING I SAID OR SOMETHING I DID? DID MY WORDS NOT COME OUT RIGHT? THOUGH I TRIED NOT TO HURT YOU, THOUGH I TRIED...

CONTINUED:

DREW/SHERRIE
I GUESS THAT'S WHY THEY SAY:
EVERY ROSE HAS ITS THORN.

SHERRIE
JUST LIKE EVERY NIGHT HAS ITS DAWN. JUST LIKE EVERY COWBOY SINGS A SAD, SAD SONG.

DREW
EVERY ROSE HAS ITS THORN.

SHERRIE
It's too late. I don't even know what it was we had. But I know it's gone.
(then)
I'm sorry. We lost it.

With one last look, Sherrie turns and walks away from him, back to her waiting TAXI...

INT. TAXI - DRIVING - NIGHT

Sitting in the back now, Sherrie listens on her WALKMAN to Drew's song. (We don't hear it, but the TEARS ARE FLOWING down her cheeks.) Finally she pulls her headphones off...

SHERRIE
I'LL LISTEN TO HIS FAVORITE SONG.
PLAYIN' ON THE RADIO. AND HEAR
THE DJ SAY: LOVE'S A GAME OF EASY
COME AND EASY GO...

She looks up at the HOLLYWOOD SIGN, receding in the distance.

EXT. SUNSET BLVD. - NIGHT

Drew, looking sad and lost, wanders the strip...

DREW
BUT I WONDER DOES SHE (HE) KNOW.
HAS SHE EVER FELT LIKE THIS?

He realizes he's standing in front of TOWER RECORDS.

DREW
AND I KNOW IF YOU'D BE HERE RIGHT NOW, I COULD HAVE LET YOU KNOW SOMEHOW.

CONTINUED:

Now ALL THE SINGLE PEOPLE on the street join him --

SINGLE PEOPLE AT TOWER RECORDS
EVERY ROSE HAS ITS THORN. JUST
LIKE EVERY NIGHT HAS ITS DAWN.

INT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - NIGHT

Rodney, anticipating his successful take-over of the club, admires an ARCHITECTURAL MODEL of the new SUNSET STRIP, complete with a giant strip mall as --

-- Patty, staring longingly, clearly in love with him, sings --

PATTY
JUST LIKE EVERY COWBOY SINGS A
SAD, SAD SONG.

Rodney stares at his “new vision” for Sunset Strip, a slight sorrow in his eyes --

RODNEY
EVERY ROSE HAS ITS THORN.

EXT. VENUS CLUB - NIGHT

Sherrie gets out of the taxi and --

INT. VENUS CLUB - CONTINUOUS ACTION

-- enters the club to find Justice, tears in her eyes, on the phone. After a moment she hangs up, then pulls off the earrings we saw her boyfriend give her and tosses them onto the bar. She meets Sherrie’s eyes, two women, two broken hearts --

JUSTICE CHARLIER
THOUGH ITS BEEN A WHILE NOW.
I CAN STILL FEEL SO MUCH PAIN.
LIKE A KNIFE THAT CUTS YOU, THE
WOUND HEALS. BUT THE SCAR, THAT
SCAR REMAINS.

Sherrie takes Justice’s hand, but each are singing to themselves, and to their men...

JUSTICE/SHERRIE
I KNOW I COULD HAVE SAVED OUR LOVE
THAT NIGHT. IF I’D KNOWN WHAT TO
SAY. INSTEAD OF MAKING LOVE. WE
BOTH MADE OUR SEPARATE WAYS.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

JUSTICE/SHERRIE (CONT'D)
AND NOW I HEAR YOU FOUND SOMEBODY NEW. AND THAT I NEVER MEANT THAT MUCH TO YOU.

INT. TOWER RECORDS - NIGHT

Drew listlessly flips through the USED ALBUM BINS, then stops cold: In front of him in the bins, are Sherrie's STOLEN RECORDS, the one the mugger took from her the day she arrived. Drew stares at her NAME written in PINK INK on the back of each record, adorned by little flowers.

DREW
TO HEAR THAT TEARS ME UP INSIDE. AND TO SEE YOU, CUTS ME LIKE A KNIFE! I GUESS EVERY ROSE HAS ITS THORN. JUST LIKE EVERY NIGHT HAS ITS DAWN.

INT. VENUS CLUB - BACK STAGE - NIGHT

Sherrie is about to go on, finishing her makeup...

SHERRIE
JUST LIKE EVERY COWBOY... SINGS A SAD, SAD SONG. EVERY ROSE... HAS ITS THORN.

As the song ends, she stares at her reflection in the mirror, at what she's become.

DESTINY
(entering)
Ready? You're up?

Sherrie gets up and heads for the stage, then stops when she sees --

STACEE JAXX --

completely wasted, a bottle of JACK DANIELS in each hand, stumble into the club. He looks up at a beautiful AMAZONIAN STRIPPER.

STACEE JAXX
Hey there, my sexy little Pop-Tart! How much two hundred bucks get me?

CONTINUED:

AMAZONIAN STRIPPER
(with a deep man's voice)
Two hundred bucks basically gets you four dances and a full release.

STACEE JAXX
Whoa! Papa doesn't do the Tranny thing... anymore.

AMAZONIAN STRIPPER
Talk to me after your seventh beer.

Now a couple more strippers make a beeline for Stacee, but --

SHERRIE
I got this one.

-- Sherrie pushes in front of the other strippers. She takes a hat from one of them, pulling it down, hiding her face. She touches Stacee's cheek.

SHERRIE
Hey, baby... How 'bout a lap dance for free... upstairs?

Stacee looks Sherrie up and down... not recognizing her.

STACEE JAXX
Hmmmmmm. Have we met, child?

SHERRIE
(seductively)
Let me dance for you... I think you'll remember?

INT. THE UPSTAIRS CHAMPAGNE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sherrie throws Stacee onto a chair.

SHERRIE
Sit down and shut up!

"ROCK YOU LIKE A HURRICANE" BY SCORPIONS.

Sherrie throws Stacee into a chair and starts to dance for him... but not lap dance style. No, classic rock video moves with the interesting twist being she beats the shit out of him.

CONTINUED:

SHERRIE
THE BITCH IS HUNGRY. SHE NEEDS TO TELL.

A kick to the head...

SHERRIE
SO GIVE HER INCHES. AND FEED HER WELL.

Stacee recoils in pain...

SHERRIE
MORE DAYS TO COME. NEW PLACES TO GO.

As Stacee tries get up and leave...

STACEE JAXX
I GOT TO LEAVE. IT'S TIME FOR A SHOW.

But she shoves him back into the chair then delivers many rapid-fire kicks to his mid-section.

SHERRIE
HERE I AM, ROCK YOU LIKE A HURRICANE! HERE I AM, ROCK YOU LIKE A HURRICANE.

Once again, Stacee tries to get up...

STACEE JAXX
THE NIGHT IS CALLING. I HAVE TO GO.

Once again, Sherrie throws him back into the seat with such force that his blond wig flies off revealing a severely balding head.

SHERRIE
THE WOLF IS HUNGRY. HE RUNS THE SHOW -- and by wolf, I mean me -- HE'S LICKING HIS LIPS.

Sherrie sits on Stacee's lap, teasing him and then gives him a perfect elbow slam to the face...

SHERRIE
HE'S READY TO WIN. ON THE HUNT TONIGHT. FOR LOVE AT FIRST STING.

She dances around his chair, taunting him, licking his ear and then slapping his face.

CONTINUED:

SHERRIE
HERE I AM, ROCKED YOU LIKE A HURRICANE!

STACEE JAXX
(in pain)
HERE I AM, ROCKED LIKE A HURRICANE!

AND SHERRIE --

getting in one last kick to chest... sending Stacee and the chair crashing backwards to the floor...

SHERRIE
HERE I AM, ROCKED YOU LIKE A HURRICANE!

On the floor...

STACEE JAXX
HERE I AM, ROCKED LIKE A HURRICANE!

And Sherrie walks off... tears in her eyes... she's had enough...

SHERRIE
HERE I AM!

INT. VENUS GENTLEMEN'S CLUB - DRESSING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sherrie, still crying, tries to put on new makeup as Justice enters.

SHERRIE
Sorry. I'll pay for any damages.

JUSTICE CHARLIER
You kiddin'? The man had it comin'.
(then)
How'd it feel?

A beat. Sherrie shrugs.

SHERRIE
I wanted it to feel better.

JUSTICE CHARLIER
Yep. That's what I figured: The burden of a good heart.

CONTINUED:

Sherrie looks at her, not fully understanding.

SHERRIE
I'm almost ready. Tell Destiny I'll be out in a --

JUSTICE CHARLIER
-- That's okay. You're not going on.
(Sherrie stares)
You're going home.

SHERRIE
I said I was sorry. I'll pay for --

JUSTICE CHARLIER
-- No. *Home.*

Justice hands her something: It's a train ticket. Sherrie looks up at her.

JUSTICE CHARLIER
I've been watching you. Close. And know what I see? A girl that ain't been ruined by this town yet. But she will be. Trust me. Someone like you... You can't make it here without love. And love is the rarest thing there is on this Strip.
(Sherrie's listening)
It's not fame or fortune everyone's chasin' here. No. It's love. But they're fools, chasin' in vain, cuz Love left this place a long, long time ago.
(touching Sherrie's hair)
So, go home. Go someplace you still have a chance of findin' it. The train leaves at midnight.

Sherrie, very moved, hugs her. As Destiny heads over.

DESTINY
Sherrie: Someone dropped this off for you.

She hands Sherrie a package. Attached to it is a NOTE: "Sometimes things that are lost..."

She opens the package and finds her stolen ROCK ALBUMS. And a second note attached to them: "... Can be found again. Drew."

CONTINUED:

As she stares at the note and records, very moved.

INT. THE BOURBON ROOM - NIGHT

The place is PACKED. And Paul was right: It's not just ROCKERS, there are RECORD EXECS galore.

BACKSTAGE

Paul is giving Drew and the other Street Boyz a pep talk.

PAUL GILL
Just remember the moves. Remember the attitude --
(does a 'sultry boy face')
-- you'll be fine. You're ready.

Drew enters through the back door.

PAUL GILL
Nice of you to show.

STREET BOY #1
(to Paul)
But I don't understand why we can't really sing.

PAUL GILL
Trust me. It's better this way. Less chance to screw up.

DREW
What're you talking about? What do you mean, we're not singing?

STREET BOY #2
It's cool. Paul took the rehearsal tapes and set it up so all we have to do is mouth the words.

DREW
We're lip-synching?

PAUL GILL
Relax. It's fine. It's done all the time. Pretty soon everyone will do it. For a good reason: No surprises.

DREW
Does Dennis know?

CONTINUED:

PAUL GILL
Don't you worry about Dennis. I'm saving his ass tonight. That's all he needs to know. Now, go get ready.

INT. BOURBON ROOM - ON STAGE - NIGHT

Lonny stands at the microphone, looking out at the CROWD.

LONNY
And now, to join a long list of great bands that have popped their live cherry on this very stage... Twisted Sister, Loverboy, Foreigner, Gun and Roses. And, yes, Stacee Jaxx and Arsenal too. Ladies and gentleman of The Bourbon Room... please welcome...
(inside of a cringe)
The Street Boyz!

PAUL GILL
(whispering)
Tell 'em it's with a 'Z'!

But Lonny just flips Paul off. After a smattering of applause, the crowd looks to the stage with interest. Paul nods to his SOUND GUY. Suddenly we hear the loud SCRATCH of a record and a DRUM BEAT kicks in.

GIRL IN THE CROWD
Where's the band...?

Now the Street Boyz explode out onto the stage... they jump around to an ORIGINAL SONG, very cheesy, similar to O-Town's "We Fit Together."

The crowd moves along with the beat but mostly, they're trading confused looks, as --

STREET BOY #1
SO MAY I INTRODUCE TO YOU.

DREW
THE BOYZ YOU'VE KNOWN FOR ALL THESE DAYZ.

STREET BOYZ
THE STREET BOYZ!!!

The spot hits each boy as they vogue, introducing themselves.

CONTINUED:

STREET BOY #1
RICKY RICK!!!

STREET BOY #2
DIAMOND D. ARCHIBALD!

Drew sucks it in and jumps into the center of the stage to find the spotlight and...

DREW
JOSHY J!

The crowd is mostly stunned. Some are offended. But all of them are asking: "What The Fuck Is This?"

As for Dennis, he's totally disgusted.

DENNIS
I think I just threw up.

Lonny looks to the floor but there's no vomit.

DENNIS
Figuratively, Lonny.
(then)
Wait a minute... is that Drew?

ON THE STAGE

Drew continues his "moves," giving it his best shot... But then, all at once, he stops. He stands, motionless, staring at --

SHERRIE

Breathless, standing just inside the kitchen door (she's clearly come in from the back).

They hold this look while The Street Boyz continue their wretched song. Finally, Drew looks back at his band, shakes his head --

DREW
This isn't me.

He jumps off the stage, milling through the crowd towards Sherrie, as Paul watches, livid.

PAUL GILL
What the hell is he doing?

CONTINUED:

Ricky and Diamond look to Drew: It's his lyric. But Drew doesn't sing it. He just keeps heading for Sherrie...

... BUT HIS LYRIC COMES OVER THE SOUND SYSTEM.

GUY IN THE CROWD
Wait. His lips weren't moving.

And as Drew negotiates his way through the crowd to Sherrie, and his voice plays on the PA -- more and more of the crowd figure out what's going on.

CROWD
(AD LIB)
FAKE! CHEAT! BOOO. They're f-ing lip-synching.

Now both Ricky and Diamond fall out of synch so that they're completely befuddled while the track keeps playing. The boys try to run off but Paul Gill is literally blocking them, pushing them back out there --

-- as Drew arrives at Sherrie...

DREW
Sherrie...

SHERRIE
Thanks for my records.

DREW
You're welcome.

SHERRIE
I'm sorry I said those --

DREW
I'm really sorry I didn't --

They both stop. Smile.

DREW
I should've believed you. I was a dope to not trust --

She kisses him. Then --

DREW
Yeah. That's kinda what I *meant* to say too.

She smiles.

SHERRIE
Your new band kind of sucks.

CONTINUED:

DREW
Good. Cuz now they're my *old* band.

She yanks the lame jacket and hat off of him, so he's only wearing his jeans and a wife-beater again.

SHERRIE
That's more like it.

Now he kisses her, passionately, as --

CROWD
(AD LIB)
CHEAT! FAKE!

Dennis rushes over and grabs Drew.

DENNIS
(panicked)
Drew, we need to do something. If we have to give them all refunds... the Bourbon's done.

Before Drew can react, he's turned around by...

PAUL GILL
Look at what you did! You ruined everything!

DREW
I didn't ruin anything, Paul. I took a stand.

PAUL GILL
For what?

DREW
Myself... rock-n-roll...

Paul laughs...

PAUL GILL
Rock? Rock is over, pal. It's called evolution... you need to accept that. Nobody will remember any of these songs in the next century much less the next five years.
(beat)
Rock is dead.

DREW
No... rock will never die!

CONTINUED:

Suddenly, we hear...

VOICE FROM THE STAGE (O.S.)
A one, a two... a one, two, three...

And the first chords of a familiar song ring out... Drew turns to see... on the stage...

WAYNE AND ZIFF

Rock out... with a new singer...

SHERRIE

And she stands at the mic...

“DON’T STOP BELIEVIN’” BY JOURNEY.

SHERRIE
JUST A SMALL TOWN GIRL,
LIVIN’ IN A LONELY WORLD.
SHE TOOK THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN
GOIN’ ANYWHERE.

The crowd begins to calm down... as Drew jumps on the stage and joins her.

DREW
JUST A CITY BOY! BORN AND RAISED
IN SOUTH DETROIT. HE TOOK THE
MIDNIGHT TRAIN. GOING ANYWHERE.

SHERRIE
STRANGERS WAITING! UP AND DOWN
THE BOULEVARD!

As the crowd directs their attention toward the stage... losing interest in getting refunds.

DREW
SHADOWS SEARCHIN’ IN THE NIGHT!!

And Dennis smiles over to Lonny...

DENNIS
I’m getting a good feeling about these two.

SHERRIE
STREETLIGHTS! PEOPLE! LIVIN’
JUST TO FIND EMOTION!!

CONTINUED:

And Drew smiles... he's never heard his lyrics sung by such a beautiful voice before.

And Rodney, furious... knows it's over.

SHERRIE/DENNIS/LONNY/ARSENAL
HIDIN' SOMEWHERE IN THE NIGHT!!

Lonny jumps on the bar.

LONNY
WORKIN' HARD TO GET MY FILL!!
EVERYBODY WANTS A THRILL!

DENNIS
PAYING ANYTHING TO ROLL THE DICE
JUST ONE MORE TIME!

And Dennis and Lonny share a look... the crowd's back into it... they're going to get to keep the money... the benefit worked... The Bourbon has been saved!

DENNIS AND LONNY
SOME WILL WIN...

In Rodney's face...

DENNIS AND LONNY
SOME WILL LOSE!

CUT TO:

INT. AMBULANCE

As Stacee Jaxx is being wheeled in a gurney into the back of an ambulance.

STACEE JAXX
SOME WERE BORN TO SING THE BLUES!

CUT BACK TO:

INT. BOURBON ROOM

And on the stage...

SHERRIE
OH THE MOVIE NEVER ENDS!!

DREW
IT GOES ON AND ON AND ON AND ON!!!

And everybody sings.

CONTINUED:

DREW/SHERRIE/LONNY/DENNIS/RODNEY/
ARSENAL
STRANGERS WAITING... UP AND DOWN
THE BOULEVARD. SHADOWS SEARCHIN'
IN THE NIGHT! STREETLIGHTS...

Dancing, Patty starts rocking out on air-guitar as Rodney shoots her a dirty look.

PATTY
PEOPLE... LIVIN' JUST TO FIND
EMOTION! HIDIN' SOMEWHERE IN THE
NIGHT!!!

And on stage... Drew takes Sherrie's hand who takes Dennis' hand who takes Lonny's hand and they spill out onto...

SUNSET STRIP

All of them... including the band, who bring their instruments with them. And over the guitar solo, the Strip explodes in a final dance break...

THE WHOLE STRIP
DON'T STOP BELIEVIN' HOLD ON TO
THAT FEELIN'! STREETLIGHTS,
PEOPLE... WHOA-OH-OH!!

Lonny jumps into Dennis' arms bride-style and he twirls him around.

DENNIS/LONNY
DON'T STOP BELIEVIN' HOLD ON TO
THAT FEELIN'! STREETLIGHTS,
PEOPLE... WHOA-OH-OH!!

Drew and Sherrie stand on the roof of Tower Records and lead the rest of the Strip in song.

DREW/SHERRIE
DON'T STOP BELIEVIN' HOLD ON TO
THAT FEELIN'! STREETLIGHTS,
PEOPLE... WHOA-OH-OH!!

As the people of the Strip party on...

THE WHOLE STRIP
DON'T STOP BELIEVIN' HOLD ON TO
THAT FEELIN'!

... we RISE ABOVE Los Angeles... and finally...

CONTINUED:

THE WHOLE STRIP
STREETLIGHTS, PEOPLE...
WHOA-OH-OH!!

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

THE END