

OVER BLACK, WE HEAR:

COW BELL, immediately followed by a dirty kick drum.

SINGER (O.S.)
Yeeeeow-*right!*

As the beat builds we OPEN ON:

Two taught, leathered up asses in spray on jeans, walking on tempo down the SUNSET STRIP. As we swing around and widen out we see they are a guy and a girl. Metal Heads with kinked up hair and more makeup than Tammy Faye.

The first dirty guitar licks of what we now recognize as DEF LEPPARDS, ROCK OF AGES kick in.

One of the kids carries a stack of flyers. The other a staple gun. They stop at a phone pole, look around, and then quickly staple up a show flyer that reads:

NEW LINE PICTURES presents

As soon the flyer is up, a cop car screeches into frame, red and blue lights flashing. As the kids start getting the business from the cops, we pick up a motorcycle cruising past. Airbrushed on it's tank is the words:

A FILM BY ADAM SHANKMAN

We follow the motorcycle into a 76 gas station where a hot, video style rock chick is pumping gas into a cherry red 86 Corvette. The readout on the pump says:

ANOTHER CREDIT

The camera now picks up two red slurpee cups (also with credits on them) framed by an enormous pair of tits. They belong to a second hot girl exiting the Quik-e-Mart. She joins her friend in the Corvette. They peel out and off.

CUT TO:

A Rocker getting his shoulder tattooed. As blood and ink gets wiped away we see that it's a grim reaper, with another film credit underneath it.

As the song builds in intensity we do quick pops all over the Strip as it wakes-up for another all night party.

A neon sign buzzes to life, it's another credit for the film. In fact, every piece of signage, advertising, flyer and marquis we see is a part of our OPENING CREDIT SEQUENCE. As we roll through credits we establish our world...

The Venus Strip Club, Dukes Coffee Shop, The Bourbon Room, and of course, the infamous Sunset Strip itself.

At last, as we pull off the Marquis of THE BOURBON ROOM and see a worker hanging the last letter on our TITLE CARD:

"ROCK OF AGES"

As the song finishes and the camera cranes back, the marquis suddenly explodes. Following the sparks we tilt heavenward as they slowly dissolve into... STARS.

EXT. A LONELY STRETCH OF HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A crescent moon hangs peacefully in the starry night sky, high above an Oklahoma corn field.

The stillness is broken by A GREYHOUND BUS that rumbles through the frame on a straight black ribbon of asphalt. It's destination... LOS ANGELES.

As the bus lumbers past the camera we hear the first tinny bars of source music. A PIANO INTRO to -- "SISTER CHRISTIAN" by NIGHT RANGER.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS ACTION

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

SHERRIE CHRISTIAN. A beautiful girl of 22, full of life, full of soul. She listens to a battered old walkman as she stares out her window into the blackness outside. After a moment the source music gets fuller and she starts to sing --

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

She looks at an UNUSED CONCERT TICKET in her hand.

ECU -- The ticket reads "ARSENAL - LIVE! OKLAHOMA MEMORIAL STADIUM"

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

FLASHBACKS - INT. SHERRIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sherrie smiles at the same ticket. ARSENAL posters plaster her bedroom walls. She glances out her window -- a ROCKER BOY exits a cherry red Camaro and approaches the house. She checks her rock-girl outfit in the mirror one last time.

INT. SHERRIE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sherrie bounds down the stairs, stops abruptly. Her PARENTS are in the front foyer, staring disapprovingly at her clothes and big hair, blocking her from departing.

Sherrie's FATHER approaches her, upset.

FATHER
WHERE'RE YOU GOING? WHAT YOU
LOOKING FOR?

Sherrie tries to push past her Dad, but her FATHER grabs her arm, preventing her from leaving. Through the screen door, she sees the Camaro drive off. Sherrie is heartbroken. Her Father climbs the stairs -- angry determination in his eyes. Furious, Sherrie screams after him. Sherrie's mother approaches and tries to calm her.

MOTHER
YOU KNOW THOSE BOYS DON'T WANT TO
PLAY NO MORE WITH YOU, IT'S TRUE.

Sherrie hears destruction upstairs, breaks away from her mother and rushes up to her room.

INT. SHERRIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

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

SHERRIE
What are you doing? Daddy NO!!!

MOTHER
Tom stop! Please!

Sherrie's FATHER tears a poster with an ARSENAL logo on it off the wall, and shoves it in Sherrie's face.

FATHER
This is the devil's music!

MOTHER
Tom, it's harmless!

FATHER
No it's not! And I won't have it in
my house!

Tom shreds another poster. As he does Sherrie tries to stop him. Tearing yet another poster off the wall, her father rears back his hand and inadvertently clips Sherrie's jaw, sending her crashing into her dresser.

They lock eyes. Both of them stunned by the inadvertent act of violence but after a beat her father resumes destroying what's left of her already too small world.

INT. BUS - NIGHT (PRESENT)

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

The other PASSENGERS are all in their own private world -- each of them running away or toward something.

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

Sherrie sees a LITTLE GIRL watching her with big eyes -- the Girl looks just like Sherrie at a younger age.

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

FLASHBACKS - INT. SHERRIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sherrie, eyes red from crying, lies in bed, staring at her bare walls. Her MOTHER sits next to her, gently stroking her hair.

MOTHER
BABE, YOU KNOW YOU'RE GROWING UP SO
FAST.

She kisses her daughter's forehead and lets herself out.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
AND MAMA'S WORRYING THAT YOU WON'T
LAST TO SAY, LET'S PLAY.

Alone now, Sherrie reaches under her bed, pulls out her prized possessions: Her RECORD ALBUMS. Guns n' Roses. Journey. Poison... and of course, ARSENAL. Her NAME is written on all of them in PINK MAGIC MARKER. Looking at them, she makes a decision.

INT. SHERRIE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Sherrie comes down the stairs with a small suitcase. Her MOTHER makes lunch in the kitchen. They lock eyes. Through the kitchen window, both women watch as Sherrie's Dad cuts grass on a rider mower out back.

Impulsively, Sherrie's mom reaches under the sink and pulls out an old coffee can and thrusts it into Sherrie's hands. Opening it, Sherrie sees it's stuffed with one dollar bills and loose change.

MOTHER
SISTER CHRISTIAN, THERE'S SO MUCH
IN LIFE. DON'T YOU GIVE IT UP
BEFORE YOUR TIME IS DUE. IT'S TRUE.

MOTHER/SHERRIE
IT'S TRUE...IT'S TRUE, YEAH...

Sherrie hugs her Mom and takes flight. Her Mom, wearing a mask of both joy and sorrow, watches Sherrie as she disappears down the front walk.

INT. BUS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

As she walks down the aisle, all the passengers sing...

PASSENGERS
MOTORING. WHAT'S YOUR PRICE FOR
FLIGHT? GOT HIM IN YOUR SIGHT...

Sherrie takes her seat as the bus PULLS AWAY. Looks out the back window. Her small town recedes in the distance.

INT. BUS - DAWN (PRESENT)

Sherrie leans her head on the window looking at the desolate desert landscape.

SHERRIE
AND DRIVING THROUGH THE NIGHT.
YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT...

She turns to her REFLECTION in the window. It sings.

REFLECTION
...TONIGHT.

She smiles to herself, and closes her eyes to sleep.

MUSIC: "MUST BE JUST LIKE LIVIN' IN PARADISE"

SHOTS -- Bus wheels turning. Ramped shot of the sky as clouds roll through. Rushing pavement. The sun cresting noon and starting to set again. White lines flickering. It's now sunset in the desert as they pass a "WELCOME TO CALIFORNIA" sign..

EXT. FREEWAY - SUNSET.

The bus crests a hill. All of LA is REVEALED below.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Sherrie gazes out the window as brilliantly illuminated billboards and neon signs send a kaleidoscope of colors washing over her face.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - NIGHT.

Sherrie steps out of the bus, looks around, thrilled. Tower Records... Spago... Billboards featuring Angelyne and promoting *Rambo: First Blood Part II*... A perpetual traffic jam of cruisers... We hear a FAR-OFF....

SHERRIE
THIS MUST BE JUST LIKE LIVING IN
PARADISE. (JUST LIKE PARADISE.)

JUMP CUT -- Sherrie pulls her suitcase down the Strip. She stops in front of a poster for STACEE JAXX AND ARSENAL performing live at THE BOURBON ROOM. Excited, she tears it down and starts walking.

SHERRIE (CONT'D)
AND I DON'T WANT TO GO HOME. (I
DON'T WANT TO GO HOME.)

EXT. SUNSET STRIP - DAY

Craning down, the camera settles on the world famous Bourbon Room. A crush of Rockers jostle each other in line, desperate to get inside and have their faces melted by the music.

Off to the side, behind a barricade we see a few sweater and pearl necklaced women holding signs and placards that read "CLEAN UP THE STRIP!" "OUR KIDS ARE TOO IMPORTANT!" "STACEE JAXX IS FILTH!"

The group is called: "Ladies Organization to Stop Evil Rock Singers" (or... "L.O.S.E.R.S")

The camera snakes through the crowd of grungy, glammed up fans as we round the corner to the back alley "Artist's Entrance". Our hero, DREW BOLLEY, busts through the doors of the loading dock hauling garbage to nearby dumpsters. He's a handsome 25 year-old dreamer.

"NOTHING BUT A GOOD TIME" BY POISON.

DREW

NOW LISTEN. NOT A DIME, I CAN'T PAY
MY RENT. I CAN BARELY MAKE IT
THROUGH THE WEEK. SATURDAY NIGHT
I'D LIKE TO MAKE MY GIRL. BUT RIGHT
NOW I CAN'T MAKE ENDS MEET.

The camera follows him as he goes back inside to continue his life as a struggling barback in the midst of the greatest rock scene in the world. Drew reaches into a fridge and hoists a case of beer onto his shoulder. We follow him through the backstage. Roadies and groupies all around him prep for the night ahead.

CLUB WORKERS/ROADIES

I'M ALWAYS WORKIN', SLAVIN,
EVERYDAY. GOTTA GET A BREAK FROM
THE SAME OLD, SAME OLD. I NEED A
CHANCE JUST TO GET AWAY. IF YOU
COULD HEAR ME THINK THIS IS WHAT
I'D SAY.

INT. BOURBON ROOM - SAME

We enter into the main room. A huge venue that can hold five hundred people but usually holds a thousand. Guitars, gold records, photos and hundreds of bras and panties line the walls.

It's the biggest party on earth. A house band has lit the place on fire. Like the tides, a sea of sweaty bodies repeatedly swells and crashes towards the stage. The room is an explosion of energy and lights. Drew fights through the swarm of head-bangers, tweakers, a couple sucking face, and a few people that look like the party might already be over.

Drew steps on something, reaches down and pulls up a rocker with a boot-print on his forehead. The rocker immediately resumes head banging.

CLUB PATRONS

(CHORUS)

DON'T NEED NOTHIN' BUT A GOOD TIME.
HOW CAN I RESIST. AIN'T LOOKIN FOR
NOTHIN' BUT A GOOD TIME. AND IT
DON'T GET BETTER THAN THIS.

Drew passes a soundmixing/light board in the back of the room. Looking up he sees Lonny, (Think Nikki Sixx circa 1985). He wears a tool-belt and fingerless work gloves.

DREW

Yo, Lonny... How come you never
take out the trash?

LONNY

I leave that to you. You're a
musician so it's important you
suffer. I'm talentless, so
suffering's wasted on me.

DREW

When was the last time you
suffered?

LONNY

6 o'clock this evening when I had
to wake up for work!

(Then Singing)

SAY I SPEND MY MONEY ON WOMEN AND
WINE. BUT I COULDN'T TELL YOU WHERE
I SPENT LAST NIGHT.

Lonny stops a waitress carrying a bottle of Jack and a few shot glasses. Ignoring the shots, he grabs the bottle and swigs.

LONNY (CONT'D)

I'M REALLY SORRY ABOUT THE SHAPE
I'M IN. I JUST LIKE MY FUN EVERY
NOW AND THEN.

In one graceful move, Lonny leaps onto a stripper pole and shimmies up it towards a busted spotlight.

LONNY (CONT'D)

I'M ALWAYS WORKIN' SLAVIN' EVERY
DAY. GOTTA GET A BREAK FROM THE
SAME OLD, SAME OLD.

He gives the light a small punch, and it comes on. Blasting a mirrored disco ball, which now illuminates the room. He hops down.

LONNY (CONT'D)
I NEED A CHANCE JUST TO GET AWAY.
IF YOU COULD HEAR ME THINK THIS IS
WHAT I'D SAY.

CLUB PATRONS
(CHORUS)
DON'T NEED NOTHIN' BUT A GOOD TIME
HOW CAN I RESIST. AIN'T LOOKIN' FOR
NOTHIN' BUT A GOOD TIME
AND IT DON'T GET BETTER THAN THIS!

The camera whip pans to reveal DENNIS, the clubs owner. The godfather of the Sunset Strip. A living legend. He stands high up ON TOP of the MAIN BAR holding a cane in one hand, a tumbler of whiskey in the other.

DENNIS
YOU SEE I RAISE A TOAST TO ALL OF
US. WHO ARE BREAKIN' OUR BACKS
EVERY DAY. IF WANTIN' THE GOOD LIFE
IS SUCH A CRIME. LORD, THEN PUT ME
AWAY. HERE'S TO YA!!!!

Dennis empties, then flings the empty glass against the far wall, then leaps into the mosh pit, crowd surfing above them.

SHERRIE... OUTSIDE.

EXT. VENUS CLUB - SAME.

Sherrie stops at a group of people who are gathered around a street performer playing... AIR GUITAR!

STONED GUY
Dude! You Shred!

DANCE BREAK TO SOLO:

PEOPLE OF STRIP
(CHORUS)
DON'T NEED NOTHIN', BUT A GOOD
TIME. HOW CAN I RESIST?!

JUSTICE CHARLIER, the Venus' stilletteoed proprietor, steps out to grab a smoke. Hot scantily clad strippers dance lasciviously in the club's windows. The neon above them loudly proclaims "LIVE NUDE GIRLS!"

Justice and Sherrie lock eyes. Suddenly, a drunk sailor tries to grab Sherrie's ass, but Justice grabs him by the lapels, singing directly into his face.

SAILOR
AIN'T LOOKIN' FOR NOTHIN', BUT A
GOOD TIME!

JUSTICE CHARLIER
WELL IT DON'T GET BETTER THAN THIS!

With that she tosses him into her club. Terrified, Sherrie beats a hasty retreat.

JUSTICE CHARLIER (CONT'D)
DON'T NEED NOTHIN', BUT A GOOD TIME
HOW CAN I RESIST. AIN'T LOOKIN' FOR
NOTHIN' BUT A GOOD TIME...

(INSERT GUITAR RIFF HERE)

EXT. BOURBON - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

The front doors of the club bust open and Drew and a few of his fellow bar backs fling a dirty rocker guy onto the sidewalk.

The guy rolls over and looks up to see... SHERRIE. Suitcase in hand, now in front of the Bourbon.

ROCKER GUY
...AND IT DON'T GET BETTER THAN
THIS!

The rocker guy gets to his feet, and tries to be charming.

ROCKER GUY (CONT'D)
New in town?

Sherrie says nothing.

ROCKER DUDE
Where you from?

SHERRIE
Oklahoma.

WASTED DUDE
Well, welcome to Hollywood.

He GRABS HER SUITCASE and tears ass, running off with it.

SHERRIE

HEY! HEY! Wait! Stop! Help!
Help me! Someone! Stop him!!!

Drew hears her and comes back outside. He looks over and sees the guy running off with the suitcase. He runs across the street, dodging TRAFFIC to get to Sherrie, who's running after the guy.

She TRIPS ON HER HIGH HEELS and falls. Drew gets up to her, breathless from running, he offers his hand.

DREW

You okay?

SHERRIE

I... Did I just get mugged?

DREW

Looks that way. He get your purse?

SHERRIE

What? No. I don't have a purse. I keep my money in my can.

DREW

That must get uncomfortable.

From her jacket, she produces her Moms coffee can. Laughing, he helps her to her feet. Once up, he holds her hand a second too long, smitten. She's flustered, embarrassed -- still processing what happened.

SHERRIE

Oh my God! I got mugged on my first day! I can't believe it!

DREW

He take anything valuable?

SHERRIE

No, just clothes and... YES! Crap!
(remembering)
My records! Oh, no, no, no, no!!!
My records!!!

She paces, looks up the alley, totally bummed.

DREW

It's really your first day?

SHERRIE

Yeah, I literally just fell off the
turnip truck like an hour ago.
Total hick move, right?

DREW

You have a place to stay?

She looks at him, suddenly apprehensive...

DREW (CONT'D)

I just... wanna make sure you're --

SHERRIE

I'm staying at the Sunset Arms.

She proudly produces a crumpled up flyer advertising cheap
rooms.

SHERRIE (CONT'D)

It's great, you can literally rent
it by the *hour* if you want to!
Isn't that cool?! So when I'm not
there I don't have to pay for--

DREW

You might want to think that one
through. Those motels aren't really
places people go to sleep.

Sherrie thinks a beat. Then the penny drops. Oh god.

SHERRIE

Am I the biggest idiot you've ever
met? I swear I can read without
moving my lips.

DREW

Don't feel bad, When I stayed there
it took me two weeks to realize the
rubber sheets weren't for bed
wetters.

They both share a laugh. He extends his hand.

DREW (CONT'D)

Drew.

SHERRIE

Sherrie. Thank you for being...
Nice.

Sherrie notices Drew's BOURBON ROOM denim vest.

SHERRIE (CONT'D)
...Oh my God. The Bourbon Room?
You work there?!

DREW
I'm a barback. Someday I'm gonna
play there, though.

SHERRIE
...You're in a band?

DREW
(smiles)
Yeah. That's the dream, anyway.

SHERRIE
Wow. I have like ten albums that
were recorded there.

DREW
Had.

SHERRIE
Past tense. Yup.

She smiles. He's taken by her. And she by him.

SHERRIE (CONT'D)
Well, thank you. Thanks again.

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

DREW
Hey, you don't need a job, do you?
(as she turns around)
I could talk to Dennis, my boss.

She stops dead in her tracks. Turns on her heel.

SHERRIE
-- You don't mean Dennis Dupree?

DREW
You know who Dennis is?

SHERRIE
He discovered every band I've ever
loved. He's half the reason I
started singing. He's a total
visionary.

DREW

That's what he keeps telling me.
You got any bar experience?

SHERRIE

I waited tables for five years at
Tilly's Diner. Tilly said I was the
best waitress in Oklahoma.

He smiles, leads her off -- teasing.

DREW

As long as you can serve more booze
than you spill, you'll be fine. And
whatever you do, don't tell him you
sing.

INT. BOURBON ROOM - NIGHT

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

DREW

Trish... Where's Dennis?

The Waitress points to the back. Drew leads Sherrie.

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 my clothes, Lonny.

LONNY

No. You just have no money and *look*
like you make your clothes.

DENNIS

(re: Lonny's jeans)
At least I can put my pants on
without lube.

LONNY

And therein lies what separates us.
Tomato-tomah-to.

Drew enters, Sherrie following.

DREW

Dennis, I want you to meet Sherrie.
The best waitress in Oklahoma. She
needs a job.

Standing, Dennis sizes her up. Then gently grabs her by the
chin, inspecting her like a prize winning horse. Then...

DENNIS

She's a singer. Not interested.

DREW

No she's not, she just--

DENNIS

Bullshit. She practically has mic
burns on her lips.

He stares her dead in her eye.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Let me know where I'm off. You sang
choir every Sunday at your church.
Lutheran. Senior year you got the
third lead in some crappy high
school musical and some idiot,
probably your boozey aunt Betty,
told you you had 'real talent'.
Stupidly, you believed her and
decided to ditch town and take a
shot at fame and fortune here in
Hollywood.

SHERRIE

I-- urr...

DENNIS

...And your father hates rock and
roll.

(beat)

Did I miss anything?

After a beat.

SHERRIE

It was my boozey aunt Doris.

DENNIS

(To Drew)

What did I tell you. Singer.

(then to Sherrie)

Not interested, sweetheart.

He turns back to Drew and Lonny.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Okay! You guys got work to do!

Drew and Lonny scurry off. Dennis gets back to business, walking to the...

KITCHEN

Sherrie follows. COOKS scurry about...

SHERRIE

Please Mr. Dupree, I'm a very dedicated worker.

DENNIS

Chico...! Did that beer come in?
La cerveza, Donde esta?!

COOK (O.S.)

Not yet, Jefe! They said you haven't paid them in three weeks!

Dennis rolls his eyes: more problems. Turns to Sherrie.

DENNIS

Look, I'm sure you're a nice person, but I don't hire singers --

SHERRIE

Why not?

DENNIS

Because as soon as I train them to wait tables, they leave me high and dry for the first record exec with a tape deck and a Mr. Microphone.

SHERRIE

Fine. I'm not a singer. I quit.

DENNIS

I *almost* believe you.

He taps her nose on "almost". Sherrie walks to a counter and, in seconds, stacks 6 plates and five cups on her arm as Drew re-enters. Dennis is dumb-struck. He shrugs.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
You're hired.

SHERRIE
Omigod! Thank you! Thank you!!!

DENNIS
For what? I probably just ruined your life. Come in tomorrow at six. And I need paying customers for the Arsenal show next week.

SHERRIE
I love Arsenal!!!

DENNIS
Well, lucky you: they're breaking up. Stacee Jaxx is going solo.

Suddenly, the plates CRASH ON THE FLOOR. Beat.

SHERRIE
What!?

DENNIS
Actually, technically his band is going solo. They're fed up with his bullshit. I could care less as long as he isn't a no-show next week.
(re: the plates)
...See you tomorrow. And come in early. You have some plates you need to work off.

Dennis exits. Sherrie looks at Drew, smiles.

PRE-LAP:

CHANTING: "WHIT-MAN! WHIT-MAN! WHIT-MAN!"

INT. HOTEL SUITE - LATE AT NIGHT

Elsewhere, a different kind of party is taking place in a hotel room that doubles as Campaign Headquarters for MIKE WHITMAN, A handsome man who is the newly appointed MAYOR. MIKE stands proudly among his supporters while a few feet away a fat businessman (DOUG FLINTLOCK) speaks from a podium to some news cameras.

FLINTLOCK

A year ago, when people asked me who I was going to throw my support behind, I knew there was only one man on the ticket who could keep his promises and restore this city to his original glory. And tonight, we can finally call him Mayor! Ladies and gentlemen! MAYOR Mike Whitman!

The supporters go crazy. Mayor Whitman waves with a toothy grin. As Flintlock surrenders the podium he meets Whitman halfway, embracing him. Flintlock's leans into his ear, his face darkening.

FLINTLOCK (CONT'D)

(whispering)

The city belongs to us now. Starting tomorrow, we get down to business. You owe me.

Whitman nods and smiles, unlocks himself from Flintlocks grip and takes the podium. The crowd settles.

WHITMAN

Just a moment ago, Doug Flintlock here leaned into my ear and said something shocking. I want to tell you what he just said.

Flintlock goes white. You could hear a pin drop.

WHITMAN (CONT'D)

He said: "Mike. I got kids. Teenagers. And these days I'm scared for them. So lets clean this city up. For them. The kids."

A few 'awws' emanate from the crowd. Relieved, Flintlock smiles.

WHITMAN (CONT'D)

And I have teenagers too. Great ones... Brent and Dent. Get over here kids!

Two HUGELY awkward teenagers (15 and 18) dressed in matching seasonal sweaters join him at the podium. Judging by their clothes, they will die virgins.

WHITMAN (CONT'D)

And I'm NOT scared for these guys. Why?

(MORE)

WHITMAN (CONT'D)

Because in my house I have a secret weapon. One of the best wives a guy could ask for. My wife. My rock. Patty Whitman! Patty come on up here!

If Anita Bryant fucked Sarah Palin and had a kid, when it grew up it would look just like PATTY WHITMAN. Faux modest, Patty comes to the podium. She jostles her husband away from the mic. It's clear who wears the pants-suit around here.

PATTY

Today, the city of Los Angeles is getting a two-fer. Not only the best mayor the city has ever had, but also ME. A mother. And I hope to be able to be this good a mother to ALL the children and teenagers of this city.

PRE LAP:

VOICE (O.S.)

Booooo!!! You are AWFUL!!! BOOOO!

INT. BOURBON ROOM OFFICE - NIGHT

Lonny and Dennis are watching the mayor on TV.

PATTY (ON THE TV)

And tomorrow as part of my "Clean up the Strip" campaign, we start making this city safe again for our young people!

A beer bottle hits the TV, smashing on the screen.

LONNY

Safe? What does that even mean?! If teenagers start having to wear helmets to go outside, I'm going back to England! This is not the city I came to have hedonistic, consequence-less sex in.

DENNIS

Back in the day, the new Mayor used to be one of my best customers.

LONNY

Now look at him. Two pan-headed kids and a wife that looks like one of Tipper Gore's dumps.

DENNIS

What happens to people?!

LONNY

They get old and bitter and run for Mayor, or they continue to run a club, live the rock and roll dream... and get old and bitter that way.

Dennis glares at Lonny. Then gets reflective.

DENNIS

You laugh, but right now those people are sitting somewhere plotting how they're going to bulldoze the Bourbon and turn it into a strip mall.

LONNY

You're being paranoid.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - LATER

The crowd has now left. The Mayor, Patty, and Flintlock stand talking with a few aids, plotting the next move.

FLINTLOCK

I want to bulldoze the Bourbon and turn it into a strip mall. Then, I want the entire sunset strip.

MAYOR

Of course! It's the best piece of LA real estate.

FLINTLOCK

So what's the plan?

MAYOR

Well, Patty here is really raising awareness with her protests.

PATTY

Every night we have anywhere between 15 to 20 mothers protesting the clubs.

FLINTLOCK

Which ones?

PATTY

The head of the snake. The Bourbon.
If we can cut the head off, the
whole strip will die.

MAYOR

It's high time.

FLINTLOCK

Have you heard the bands that play
there? Revolting.

PATTY

That's exactly what my organization
is all about. Making parents aware
of what their kids are listening
to. It's filth.

MAYOR

Patty here has even been speaking
to the zoning department.

PATTY

We're reviewing all their paperwork
for violations. And if we find so
much as one hair on a cocktail
olive, we're going to shut them
down.

FLINTLOCK

Great.

INT. BOURBON ROOM - OFFICE - NIGHT

Dennis goes through a stack of bills, while Lonny plays
Donkey Kong in the b.g. We hear the sound of Mario's death.
Lonny gets furious.

LONNY

Why do I even try! That princess is
not even my type! And where IS this
mysterious DONKEY Mister "KONG"...
IF that even is your real name.

Dennis lets out an audible sigh.

LONNY (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

DENNIS

Taxes. So un rock 'n roll.

LONNY

Cheer up. The mothers are out front again, so we must be doing something right.

DENNIS

Everything except making money. We're screwed.

LONNY

How so?

Dennis levels a gaze at Lonny.

DENNIS

Basically, money pays for 'things'. Without money, other 'things' like our club, disappear.

LONNY

How much do we need?

DENNIS

15 thousand dollars. Or we lose the club.

(beat)

Ugh. Our whole goddamn existence is riding on Stacee Jaxx.

LONNY

Ooh! That sounds like a good plan! As backup though, maybe we should try lottery tickets. Or a blood pact with Satan. Or rubbing random lamps in the hopes of freeing a genie. Because those things actually might *happen*.

DENNIS

You're not helping.

LONNY

This is the guy who was supposed to play half time at the super bowl and instead decided it was a better time to get his stomach pumped!

DENNIS

Please stop.

LONNY

America was *literally* made to watch the grass grow for a half hour!

DENNIS
Hand me the phone.

Lonny does.

LONNY
Oooh! A telethon. Even better.

DENNIS
Shut it. I'm calling his manager.

INT. BACKSTAGE HALLWAY AT A HUGE ROCK VENUE - NIGHT

MADNESS. Paul bursts in through the backstage doors of a huge arena stadium. A crush of fans is held back from entering as Paul starts marching through the maze of hallways.

In the distance, we can hear fans inside the arena chanting "STACEE, STACEE, STACEE!". A Stage Manager with a headset and clipboard sidles up to Paul as they walk at a quick pace.

PAUL GILL
Where's Stacee.

STAGE MANAGER
Dressing room. He won't go on.

PAUL GILL
What!? Why?!

STAGE MANAGER
All he said was "Time was invented by worms to make sure the apples arrive on time."

PAUL GILL
When was that?

STAGE MANAGER
Two hours ago. If he doesn't get on the police want to shut us down.

PAUL GILL
And are they going to pay the hospital bill when fifty thousand kids start ripping each others arms off?

We hear a phone ring. Paul reaches into his briefcase and answers an ENORMOUS brick of a cell phone.

PAUL
Speak.

Intercut between Dennis and Paul:

DENNIS

Paul, it's Dennis Dupree.

PAUL

Dennis! What's up brother man?!

DENNIS

Just wanted to check in, make sure we're still good for Friday.

PAUL

Of course we are! Arsenal's last show! We're kicking off Stacee's solo press tour there! Rolling Stone just confirmed! Kay?

Suddenly, a Band Member comes storming down the hallway, guitar in hand. Pissed. Paul cups the phone.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Woah-woah-woah! Where you going?

GUITARIST

I can't do it anymore. He's lost it.

PAUL

Wait, what!?

GUITARIST

I went to his dressing room and he told me I couldn't come in unless I "turned the radio" off.

PAUL

Yeah?

GUITARIST

The radio in his HEAD, Paul! I'm out!

He storms off.

DENNIS

So how's Stacee doing?

PAUL

He's great! Never been better! Listen, I gotta dash, see you Friday!

Paul hangs up as he arrives at a door marked STACEE JAXX. He takes a deep breath, smooths his hair and enters.

INT. STACEE JAXX DRESSING ROOM - SAME

Inside, its like another planet. A huge one. The whole room is painted white. In the room is: an Indian medicine man performing an ancient ritual beside a campfire. A TRULY huge mound of green MM's on the floor, a Llama, a chef that makes nothing but shrimp, and one of the tallest four-poster beds you've ever seen, dripping with silky gauze. Soothing, monotonal new-age flute music plays. An Albino Boa Constrictor slithers past Paul.

On the bed several sexy 'nurses' in white latex surround a form that lies under a satin sheet. MEET STACEE JAXX...

Or part of him. All we can see is a heavily tattooed arm dangling off the side of the bed. The silver ringed hand at the end of it grips a whisky bottle.

Nervous, Paul carefully steps deeper into the room.

STACEE (O.S.)

Stop.

Paul Freezes.

STACEE (CONT'D)

Mom?

PAUL

No.. It's Paul. Your mom is dead.

STACEE

Oh. Yeah. Hey Paul.

Stacee sits up, revealing him for the first time. He's either been sleeping or taking horse tranquilizers... or both.

STACEE (CONT'D)

You never told me you had a twin?

PAUL

I don't.

Stacee covers one eye.

STACEE

He just left. Listen, I need you to get something for me. I need a fifteen year old--

PAUL
Stacee, there's laws in this world-

STACEE
--bottle of scotch. Single barrel.
I can't go on without it.

PAUL
Done.

Paul snaps his fingers at one of the nurses who dashes off.

PAUL (CONT'D)
You need to go on stage Stacee.

STACEE
Seconds away. Let me just freshen
up.

He stands and walks towards a hot tub in the corner of the room.

PAUL
Great. I'll tell the house--

Then, clothes on, Stacee slides into the tub headfirst. After a beat he bobs to the surface.

STACEE
(vacant)
Water is basically just boiled ice.
But 'they' don't want you to know
that. But we're onto them, aren't
we Paul.

On Paul. Screwed.

PAUL
Shit.

EXT. BUS STOP - LATE AFTERNOON

Sherrie stares into space as she waits for a bus. Someone on a small PUCH moped pulls up.

VOICE (O.S.)
Taking the bus? Are you serious?
You're better off crawling to work.

Sherrie looks up and sees DREW.

SHERRIE

Hey! I think you're right. I've been here for a half hour!

DREW

No one takes the bus in LA. Hop on.

Sherrie gets up.

SHERRIE

My knight in shining--

DREW

Aluminum. And it's only 50 cc's so if we hit a hill you have to help me push.

Sherrie laughs and jumps on.

DREW (CONT'D)

I'm getting my Harley right after I figure out how to get a record contract, a mansion, and a manager.

SHERRIE

That's it? Dream big!

DREW

Right now my biggest dream is being able to do my laundry.

He whacks the throttle and the engine screams. In pain.

EXT. MOPED - MOMENTS LATER

Rolling along, Sherrie hugs drew tight as they drive.

DREW

So you just *came* here? No reason?

SHERRIE

I had a reason -- I love music.

DREW

Woah. I... never met --

SHERRIE

-- A waitress?

DREW

No. Someone who didn't come here to 'be someone'...

SHERRIE

That's plan B. Plan A right now is more basic. 'Eat food' and 'find shelter.'

Drew laughs.

SHERRIE (CONT'D)

And technically I already 'am someone' thank-you-very-much. So are you.

It was a sweet thing to say. If you had to pick the moment he fell in love with her, that was probably it.

DREW

Thanks.

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

DREW (CONT'D)

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

WE SEE she can't "hear" this song. It's in Drew's head.

DREW (CONT'D)

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

SHERRIE

(off his look)

What?

DREW

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

SHERRIE

You write songs?

DREW

Yup.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - MINUTES LATER.

Now they're pushing the moped up a slight incline. Cars whizz dangerously by them.

DREW

The hard part is singing them. I get stage fright. I'm trying to conquer it though.

SHERRIE
You need to breathe.

DREW
I think I got that part down.

SHERRIE
No! I'm serious!

DREW
Me too! Whenever I don't breathe, I
literally feel like I'm going to
die. I think I'm like, *addicted* to
oxygen.

Laughing, she hits him playfully.

SHERRIE
BEFORE you perform, silly. SLOW
breathing. It's good for your
nerves! They say breath is the
master of the brain...

DREW
Okay. Deal. Next time I sing
somewhere, I'll try it.

Drew turns to see Sherrie has stopped pushing. She's staring
at TOWER RECORDS.

DREW (CONT'D)
Everything okay?

SHERRIE
Yeah. Just trying to figure out how
much money I spent ordering records
from there.

Drew checks his watch.

DREW
We got some time before work...
Wanna stop in?

Smiling, Sherrie nods.

INT. MAYORS OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Patty, like a newly crowned princess, bosses around movers as
they arrange furniture. They are placing a huge desk down.

PATTY
Right... there.

They drop it. She sits behind it. Her husband enters.

MAYOR
My desk! I love it!

PATTY
Yours is over there.

She points to a much smaller desk near a radiator.

MAYOR
Oh. I was thinking--

Patty interrupts, going a million miles an hour.

PATTY
Mike, don't do this. Today's a really big day for me. I've just been made first lady to the city of Los Angeles. Kay?

MAYOR
I know honey, but I was just made Mayor--

PATTY
I can't believe you would throw that in my face! I get it. You're *amazing*. I'll never be good enough. But I'm going to try. For you. Don't you see? I'm doing this for YOU!

MAYOR
I know honey... thank... you--

A secretary enters.

SECRETARY
Patty, the women's collective is here. Shall I show them in?

PATTY
(to Mike)
Okay, shoo-shoo. I have a meeting.

MAYOR
What meeting?

PATTY
What meeting?!?! Are you serious? Stacey Jaxx is performing tomorrow night and I have an entire protest to organize!

(MORE)

PATTY (CONT'D)

Mitch Miley, head anchor at K-CAL NINE is going to be covering it. ON TELEVISION. Kay? And I don't even have an outfit yet! So that's where I'm at.

MAYOR

But honey, I have to meet with the sanitation department at--

PATTY

I can't believe you would make this about you! Now please! I need the office! And don't look at me like that. GO.

She hands him a fruit basket that says "CONGRATULATIONS" on it, and shoves him out the door. Neutered.

INT. TOWER RECORDS - LATER.

Sherrie is blown away, beaming as she flicks through records.

SHERRIE

Wow. It's vinyl heaven. You think one day CD's will replace records?

DREW

(sarcastic)

Yeah. And one day we'll be able to pull music out of the air for free.

SHERRIE

Man. This place is incredible.

DREW

They don't have record stores this big in Oklahoma?

SHERRIE

Sure they do! It's just the rock section is about this big.

She holds up a stack of about five records.

SHERRIE (CONT'D)

(gesturing)

All this would be the country section.

She continues to browse, pulling out a record.

SHERRIE (CONT'D)
So... What do you do when you're
not working The Bourbon?

DREW
Oh, you know... Nightclubs...
Movie premieres, orgies in Malibu.

SHERRIE
Your girlfriend approve of that?

DREW
I lied. I'm not an orgy kinda guy.
And I don't have a girlfriend.
Anymore.

SHERRIE
Sorry. What was her deal?

DREW
She was an actress. Very ambitious.
Eventually she found someone
better.

He holds up a MEATLOAF album.

SHERRIE
Eww. That was better?

DREW
Did I say better? I meant fatter,
richer and waaaay more famous.

SHERRIE
I'll bet you have a better moped
collection. What do you do for fun?

DREW
Just hang out and write songs
mostly.

SHERRIE
I'd love to hear one some time.

Drew looks at her. Smiles. Their connection growing.

DREW
How 'bout after work?

A beat. Sherrie's heart skips a beat.

SHERRIE
Did he just ask me out on a date?

Beat.

SHERRIE (CONT'D)
Please tell me I didn't just speak
that last thought.

DREW
Yeah... you kind of did.

SHERRIE
(embarrassed, covering)
Crap! Yes- I know! I did. I mean--
I meant to. Buuut, as a question--
like, "Are you asking me out on a
date?"

DREW
Yes.

SHERRIE
Then Yes.

DREW
Yes?

SHERRIE
The yes part is my answer. I would--
like... that. The-- date part.

They hold a look.

SHERRIE (CONT'D)
I usually find that the longer I
hang out after an embarrassing
moment, the worse it gets. Can we
go now?

Drew laughs. She grabs his hand and pulls him off, as we
INTRO TO --

"WAITING FOR A GIRL LIKE YOU" BY FOREIGNER.

INT. BOURBON CLUB BATHROOMS - LATER THAT NIGHT.

The club is now closed. Both Drew and Sherrie get ready for
their date in their respective bathrooms of the club.

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

Drew strikes a pose in the mirror. Kinks his hair up a little
higher. Too high. He then squashes it down.

DREW (CONT'D)
SOMETIMES I DON'T KNOW WHAT I WILL
FIND..

Drew looks down and sees a pair of legs poking out from under the stall. It's Lonny, passed out. Drew drags him out into the hall and leaves him, then continues to get ready.

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

INT. WOMEN'S ROOM - SAME

Sherrie applies makeup from her bag. Then, softening, draws a large heart in lipstick on the mirror.

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

A stall opens. Sherrie jumps. A woman exits. Then a guy. Then another girl. Then a guy. Then a tranny. Sherrie checks the door to make sure she's in the "women's" room.

INT. BOURBON MENS ROOM - SAME

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

Drew smells his pits and almost gags. He grabs some CHAPS cologne off the filthy bathroom attendants counter and sprays his armpits.

INT. WOMEN'S ROOM - SAME

Sherrie is TEASING her BANGS.

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

A final dose of Aquanet and she punches the hand dryer and aims it up at her face, 'setting' her hair.

INT. BOURBON ROOM. BACK ROOM - SAME

Drew grabs his time card. Then see's Sherries next to it, and notices she dots the "i" in her name with a heart.

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

He punches out.

DREW (CONT'D)
I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR A GIRL LIKE
YOU WITH A LOVE THAT WILL SURVIVE.

EXT. BOURBON ROOM - NIGHT

Sherrie waits to be picked up in front of the club. Night crawlers and freaks skulk by.

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

EXT. BOURBON ROOM - BACK ENTRANCE ALLEY

Drew straps his guitar to his moped and starts it.

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

EXT. BOURBON ROOM - NIGHT

Drew pulls up on his PUCH. Sherrie JUMPS ON.

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

EXT. AREA BEHIND THE HOLLYWOOD SIGN - NIGHT

We find Sherrie and Drew behind the graffitied "D" of the HOLLYWOOD sign sipping WINE COOLERS. He's seated, tuning an acoustic guitar while she stands, surveying the view.

SHERRIE

I've never been in a mansion, but
I'm guessing this is the view you'd
want from the bedroom.

She sits down next to him. Drew puts the guitar aside.

SHERRIE (CONT'D)

Thanks for the job. I called my Mom
and told her. She was thrilled.

DREW

And your dad?

SHERRIE

He 'wasn't home'. But I heard the
theme song to the A-Team in the
background.

DREW

(laughing)

What does that mean?

SHERRIE

(deadpans)

Let me put it this way. My Mom is
all about Falcon Crest. And p.s.--
My dad *never* leaves the house.

DREW

I'm sure it's hard for him not to
have you there. Even though he
might not show it.

She looks at him a moment, touched.

SHERRIE

You're a nice guy, aren't you?

DREW

Depends who you ask. Bet your dad
would think I'm a dirt-ball.

Sherrie laughs.

SHERRIE

You're right. He would. Being a
songwriter would be a HUGE strike
against you.

DREW

Mine's not too thrilled about it
either.

(MORE)

DREW (CONT'D)
 His advice before I split was
 'You're gonna end up on the
 assembly line anyway, so why not
 start now?'

SHERRIE
 When did our parents throw in the
 towel on enjoying themselves?
 Having fun? Life?

Sherrie gets up and walks over to the ledge, staring out at the lights below, Drew closes his eyes and smiles, then -- The song takes a slightly RAUNCHY TURN, Drew opens his eyes. As Sherrie whips around and looks at him, seductively, advancing on him in a negligee hit with a wind machine. She's Kelly Lebrock in Weird Science. It's a daydream... At night.

SHERRIE (CONT'D)
 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. REALLY LOVE
 SOMEONE... (AAH-AAAH).
 (climbing atop him)
 FEELS SO RIGHT, SO WARM AND TRUE. 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.

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

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

He walks up, stands beside her, looks out at the lights. Again she's waiting for him to kiss her. And waiting...

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 inch closer together.

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

They finally kiss. It is soft and tender. Suddenly, Sherrie stops.

SHERRIE
Wait!

DREW
What?

SHERRIE
You owe me a song!

DREW
Oh -no-no-no-no... I can't.
Seriously.

Sherrie grabs him by the hand and drags him IN FRONT of the brightly lit "D" of the Hollywood sign. All of Los Angeles twinkles below them. She kisses him again.

SHERRIE
Deals a deal.

DREW
The deal was any song but one of
mine.

She hands him his guitar, then walks to one of the footlights that illuminate the sign and swings it right at him, practically blinding him.

DREW (CONT'D)
Hey!

SHERRIE
Breathe.

Drew Hesitates.

DREW
I...

SHERRIE
All of Hollywood's waiting! There
could be a record exec down there!
Breathe!

Drew locks eyes with her... Her gaze holds him. He's genuinely nervous.

DREW
My mouth is so dry...

SHERRIE
Breathe!

After a moment, the sound drains away and he closes his eyes. He then takes a few deep, long breaths.

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

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

SHERRIE
Keep going...

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

He stops, puts down the guitar, self-effacing.

DREW (CONT'D)
It goes on and on and on...

SHERRIE
Drew! I love it! How'd it feel?!

DREW
The breathing really helps!

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

SHERRIE
JUST A SMALL TOWN GIRL...
LIVING IN A LONELY WORLD.
TOOK THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN GOING
ANYWHERE.
(then)
"Train" sounds better.

DREW
What sounds better is YOU singing
it!

SHERRIE
You like my singing?!

DREW
(sincere)
It's... It's one of the most
beautiful voices I've ever heard.

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

ORIGINAL ROCK SONG HERE TBD.

EXT. OUTDOOR BEACH CLUB. SANTA MONICA - NIGHT

... As Drew and Sherrie, on another date, listen to a Guns & Roses type band ON STAGE playing a Paradise City type song. Drew and Sherrie both nod their heads to the tune as --

THE SONG CONTINUES, powering us through a --

MONTAGE

EXT. VENICE BOARDWALK - DAY

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

EXT. BEACH - DAY

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

INT. DREWS KITCHEN - DAY

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

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD. - DAY

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

-- Standing in line at TAIL O' THE PUP HOT DOGS.

-- Crammed in an photo booth. The flashbulb pops FOUR TIMES, FREEZE-FRAMING them: 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. 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!! Off to the side, THE MOTHERS are out in force. PATTY WHITMAN, in too much makeup and a terrible outfit, gives an interview to Hunky on-the-scene reporter, MITCH MILEY.

PATTY

Mitch, It's time for this to END.
We're calling on ANYONE with
children to join forces with us and
show up here EVERY night until
these places close their doors for
good. Look, Stacey Jaxx can wreck
his own life, but when it comes to
raping our children's brains with
this poison, we have to fight!

Suddenly a Rocker guy jumps in between them.

ROCKER GUY

STACEE JAXX IS GOD!!! SEX DRUGS AND
ROCK AND ROOOAAAALLL-AAAHHHH!!!

MITCH MILEY

And there you have it. Coming to
you live from the Bourbon room,
With Patty Whitman, I'm Mitch
Miley. Back to you Dan.

INT. THE BOURBON ROOM - SAME TIME

There's a buzz in the air. Everybody's getting ready for the big show tonight. Dennis hangs up a pay phone.

DENNIS

Shit! Our opener dropped out!

LONNY

Concrete Ballz?

DENNIS

They checked into rehab.

LONNY
Both of them?

DENNIS
There's six of them.

LONNY
Jesus that band has a lot'a balls!

DENNIS
Betty Ford has a group rate.

LONNY
Do you suppose they'll do
individual therapy or do it in
pairs?

DENNIS
Knock it off!

LONNY
If they got sad would that make
them blue balls?

DENNIS
Stop it! We need someone to open in
like, two hours!

LONNY
Don't be such a sad sack!

Dennis lunges at Lonny ready to kill him.

LONNY (CONT'D)
That was the last one! Don't
stress, man! We can handle this!

DENNIS
I know... I know...

Overhearing, Sherrie whispers to Drew...

SHERRIE
What about you?

DREW
Yeah, right.

SHERRIE
Why not?

DREW
I've asked Dennis a million times.

SHERRIE

So you can't ask again? Come on!

She turns toward Dennis. Lonny pulls out a Rolodex.

LONNY

We could go with Anal Epiphany...

DENNIS

Christian Rock!? No way.

Stepping forward...

SHERRIE

What about Drew?

LONNY

I love Drool!

SHERRIE

Not Drool. Drew.

She points to him. Dennis and Lonny laugh.

DENNIS

Him? That Drew? Our Drew?

SHERRIE

He's better than Concrete Ballz!
They're too...heavy! 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? C'mon!

Dennis hesitates, then shakes his head at Drew...

DENNIS

Nothing personal, man. You just
don't make my dick hard.

DREW
I get it. You're gettin' old.

Dennis laughs, admiring his balls. Finally, he nods.

DENNIS
Fine. Go call your band.

Drew sticks his fingers in his mouth and whistles.

DREW
Guys! Heads up. Dennis wants us to
open for ARSENAL.

From around the room, we see one guy drop his broom. Another
guy take his apron off, and another guy drops a girl he's
making out with on the floor. This was our house band from
"Nothing but a Good Time".

DENNIS
(dumbfounded)
Doesn't anyone *just* want to be in
the bar industry anymore?

DREW
We're going to blow you away.

DENNIS
(serious now)
Three songs. No covers. And I need
you guys to be amazing tonight, so
start drinking NOW.

DREW
WE'RE PLAYING THE BOURBON!

Sherrie throws her arms around Dennis, hugging him as Drew
and the band take the stage, amazed to be up there. He looks
out at Sherrie, beaming. He mouths the words: "Thank you."
She smiles and nods.

WAITRESS #2
Well, kiss *him* goodbye.

SHERRIE
What do you mean?

WAITRESS #2
The spotlight doesn't just light
them up. It makes us disappear.
You'll see.

As Sherrie considers this...

DENNIS
(shouting)
Sherrie... Phone call.

SHERRIE
Me?

DENNIS
Take it in the kitchen.

INT. THE BOURBON ROOM - KITCHEN

Sherrie walks in and picks up the phone.

SHERRIE
Hello?

INTERCUT:

INT. OKLAHOMA HOME - DAY

Sherrie's Mom is on the phone; her Dad watches TV in the background.

MOTHER
Who answered the phone, was that
your roommate??

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

MOTHER
Where are you staying?

SHERRIE'S DAD
Who are you talking to?

Sherrie's Dad brusquely takes the phone away.

SHERRIE
In a hotel. One where you pay by
the night so it's really safe. And
I met this guy... He's a songwriter
and he's so nice. I even think dad
might like him if he got to know
him.

FATHER
-- I won't. Do you understand me?
NEVER.

SHERRIE

Dad?... I...

Click.

SHERRIE (CONT'D)

Daddy? Mom?

Dial tone. Crestfallen, Sherrie hangs up the phone.

"MORE THAN WORDS" by Extreme.

SHERRIE (CONT'D)

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.

SPLIT SCREEN - BOURBON ROOM - BALCONY / OKLAHOMA KITCHEN

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

Sherrie's Dad returns to his TV in the living room. Her Mother gazes at the phone -- worried, wanting to call.

SHERRIE / MOTHER

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 a WAITRESS as she does side work.

WAITRESS #1

You alright?

SHERRIE

I'm fine.

INT. BOURBON ROOM - ON STAGE - SAME TIME

Lonny jumps up on the stage and plugs the microphone in.

LONNY

(into the mic)

Testing, testing. I have a very
large penis. Peeeeniiisssssss.

Drew steps to the mike but Lonny blocks him before he can even touch it.

LONNY (CONT'D)
 Woah woah woah! Are you insane?! I
 haven't even prepped the mic yet.

Lonny quickly ties a long scarf to it, Aerosmith style.

LONNY (CONT'D)
 There. Now it's safe.

Drew grips the microphone, nervous. He opens his mouth to sing, but all that comes out is... a little feedback.

Dennis steps to the footlight and speaks to him.

DENNIS
 Pretend no one's watching. Forget
 you're on stage... Just focus on
 what moves you.

DREW
 Okay.

Drew spots Sherrie talking to the waitress. She's oblivious. Drew takes a few breaths and...

"HEAVEN" by Poison.

DREW (CONT'D)
 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.

Dennis is pleased... this is what he's talking about.

DREW (CONT'D)
 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 MIGHT
 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, cheered up by the waitress, walks back into the kitchen.

DREW (CONT'D)
(finishing her line)
SAYING I LOVE YOU.

Drew stops playing and brings down his guitar... then opens his eyes to see Dennis -- all choked up.

DENNIS
Perfect. Knock 'em dead, brother.

Lonny rushes up to Dennis. We see a strange emotion we've never seen on Lonny's face before. FEAR.

LONNY
Paul just called. He's coming.
He's *actually* coming.

Dennis shouts to everyone in the room.

DENNIS
ALRIGHT PEOPLE! IN ONE HOUR THIS
PLACE IS GOING TO BE SEA OF EAR
SHATTERING NOISE AND VOMIT! MAN
YOUR STATIONS!

We hear a driving rock beat as...

EXT. BOURBON ROOM - NIGHT

...a WHITE LIMO snakes into the alley through the SCREAMING CROWD who is held back by SECURITY GUARDS and barricades, stopping at the club's back door. The limo's back door opens and a RHINESTONE STUDED BOOT hits the concrete -- then, right next to it a ...monkey foot? Yup. Tilt up to reveal STACEE JAXX arriving with his Monkey.

Stacee's flanked by TWO HOT GROUPIES, three HUGE BODY GUARDS and PAUL. Stacee passes his monkey to an assistant, shakes out his long golden mane and adjusts his "manhood". 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

There's commotion in the back of the club. A hysterical WAITRESS runs over to Dennis, her eyes filled with tears.

WAITRESS
Sta, Sta, Sta...

She faints dead away. Dennis looks to Lonny, serious.

DENNIS
He's in the house.

INT. BOURBON ROOM - BACKSTAGE

Dennis walks backstage to greet Stacee.

DENNIS
Stacee! You made it!

Stacee says nothing. Silence.

On Dennis, not sure what to do. After a beat, Stacee walks over to Dennis and puts a hand on his shoulder. Stacee stares deep into his eyes. Then, with searing intensity says...

STACEE
You and me.

DENNIS
(unsure)
Uh huh...

STACEE
We're the sole survivors. We made it out alive. Even the cockroaches got burned by the fallout, but not us.

Awkward beat.

STACEE (CONT'D)
It's great to see your face-bone again. You're my brother.

Stacee grabs Dennis and embraces him. Deeply.

STACEE (CONT'D)
Now let's go burn this place to the ground.

Dennis laughs, relieved.

DENNIS

Ha! Right on! Rock and roll!

Stacee stops. Serious again.

STACEE

No. When I'm done we *literally* need to burn this place down. Otherwise the phoenix gets trapped.

DENNIS

Uh... Right. Mi casa es su casa... por... 'Burning'.

Stacee looks at him, emotionless... then, HE lets out a huge belly laugh, relieving the tension.

STACEE

I'm just kidding man!

DENNIS

(relieved)

I know! Haha... Yeah. We're not *really* going to burn the place down!

STACEE

No! I mean you can't trap a fire phoenix. That would be crazy!

Stacee and his entourage walk away towards his dressing Room. Sherrie rounds a corner and comes FACE-TO-FACE with Stacee... and promptly PASSES OUT hitting the floor. Stacee, used to it, just keeps walking.

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)

God, that's so embarrassing.

DREW

It's okay. I'm sure Girls faint
around him all the time.

SHERRIE

They're gonna faint around you too.
In no time.

DREW

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

She smiles (he said the perfect thing) and kisses him.

INT. BOURBON ROOM - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

It's quiet. Incense burns. The lights are low. Stacee slumps
on a sofa, shades on, cowboy hat pulled over his face, a
bottle of Jack in one hand. In the corner, his monkey plays
with a Rubiks cube.

Paul enters, leading in a woman, CONSTANCE, carrying a tape
recorder. She wears glasses, asymmetrical new wave hairdo and
clothes. She's a bit uptight.

PAUL GILL

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

CONSTANCE

Pleasure to finally meet you.

She offers her hand. He ignores it, gestures for her to sit,
then waves Paul out of the room. Nervous, Paul leaves, as he
does a FEMALE FAN bursts through the doors...

FEMALE FAN

I love you, Stacee...!!!

The fan rips open her shirt EXPOSING HER BREASTS. Without
missing a beat Stacee signs them before his BODYGUARDS enter
and drag the hysterical fan out. Stacee goes to the mini bar,
pours a drink and hands it to Constance.

STACEE

Five minutes. Go.

CONSTANCE

(turns on recorder)

Stacee Jaxx at 'The Bourbon,' Where
it all started fifteen years ago.

(MORE)

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)
Since then, you've created some of
rocks greatest anthems. And now a
solo career. Why?

PAUL
Well, Connie, people change. They
develop new tastes, new interests.

CONSTANCE
But people close to you have said
you've simply become too difficult
to work with. You're erratic.
Reclusive, at times nonsensical--

STACEE
You think I don't know this stuff?

He leans forward and points to his face.

STACEE (CONT'D)
I know me better than anyone.
Because I live in here.
(beat)
Four minutes.

CONSTANCE
Is it possible that you've shut out
or alienated so many people in your
life that you've made it impossible
to work with anyone BUT yourself,
making a solo career your *only*
option?

STACEE
One has to stay true to the muse.

CONSTANCE
And who is your muse?

STACEE
Whoever I love most on any given
day.

CONSTANCE
Would that be yourself?

Stacee doesn't answer. The question hangs in the air.
Constance consults a folder of old press clippings.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)
Born Steven Jackson, in Detroit
Michigan. Raised by a single Mom,
Doris, now deceased.

STACEE

Three minutes.

CONSTANCE

First rock album: 'Bat Outta Hell'.
First concert: Aerosmith. When you
were seventeen you hitchhiked to LA
with your high school sweetheart--

STACEE

(anger rising)

Two minutes.

CONSTANCE

Did I say something wrong?

(beat)

Detroit?

(beat)

Aerosmith?

Constance sits back, goes in for the kill.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

High school sweetheart.

Stacee's face says nothing but his silence says it all.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

Jennifer Lawless. Your first, and
some say ONLY true love. Your first
hit 'Runaway' was written about her--

-

CLICK. Reveal Stacee, who has turned off the recorder.

STACEE

Time. You can go now.

CONSTANCE

That was a quick five minutes. You
left Jennifer high and dry as soon
as you got your first record deal
didn't you--

STACEE

I said TIME.

CONSTANCE

You're not so weird after all. Just
a lonely guy with regrets. I guess
it was inevitable. Your whole life
has been about "going solo".

She's right. They just stare at each other. She stands to go.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)
 Final question. What happens when
 you figure out you can't get rid of
 Stacee Jaxx?

STACEE
 You have no idea what it's like to
 be me.

CONSTANCE
 Then tell me...

Beat. Stacee leans forward, peers over his shades.

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!

He stands, leading her out of the Green Room.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Stacee moves through the kitchen as Constance follows. The
 stone-faced BODYGUARDS shadow Stacee's every move.

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

Stacee touches the face of a confused MEXICAN DISHWASHER.

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

Stacee glides through the BAR -- where CREW and STAFF get
 ready for the show with an 80s-style choreographed dance.

STACEE JAXX (CONT'D)
 AND I'M WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE!

Stacee hops off and takes a seat at the bar.

STACEE JAXX (CONT'D)
WANTED!!! DEAD OR ALIVE.

Stacee shoots a James Dean at Constance. She's quietly thrilled. Stacee LEAPS onto the BAR to sell VERSE TWO.

STACEE JAXX (CONT'D)
SOMETIMES I SLEEP! SOMETIMES IT'S
NOT FOR DAYS! THE PEOPLE I MEET...

Stacee WALKS ABOVE the STAFF and his posse of GROUPIES.

STACEE JAXX (CONT'D)
... 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 (CONT'D)
Thursday.

He takes a hit off it, then drops it, letting it crash.

STACEE JAXX (CONT'D)
SOMETIMES WHEN YOU'RE ALONE...

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

STACEE JAXX (CONT'D)
ALL YOU DO IS THINK.
(helping him)
Dalai Lama.

Stacee continues on through the bar --

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

GROUPIES
... 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, 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 before --

STACEE JAXX (CONT'D)
(SCREAMING)
WANTED!

Sherrie has no idea what to do or say: She's 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 (CONT'D)
AND I WALK THOSE STREETS!
A LOADED SIX-STRING ON MY BACK.
I PLAY FOR KEEPS!

FANS OUTSIDE
CUZ HE MIGHT NOT MAKE IT BACK!

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

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

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, PYRO exploding all around him... Six scantily clad girls writhe at his feet. A lake of fans screaming below.

STACEE JAXX (CONT'D)
I'VE SEEN A MILLION FACES! AND I
ROCKED THEM ALL!! 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!

The camera circles him as we dissolve back into the club, Sherrie is there. Lost in the performance. Unable to control herself, she sings along with him.

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 face-to-face.

STACEE JAXX
I'm Stacee.

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

STACEE JAXX
Any fan of mine is a fan of mine.

SHERRIE
When my grandma died, your music kept me going.

STACEE JAXX
I'm glad I could be a beacon of light in your time of grief.

He puts his hand RIGHT ON HER CHEST.

STACEE JAXX (CONT'D)
You have a big heart.

Sherrie takes his hand away. Paul and Constance have now made their way over. Lonny comes bursting in.

LONNY
Doors are open. Place is packed.
(to Sherrie)
There you are! Cocktail umbrellas!
C'mon! I told ya ten minutes ago.

SHERRIE
Right. Sorry.

Stacee grabs her arm before she leaves.

STACEE
Do me a favor?

SHERRIE
Uh. Sure.

STACEE JAXX
There's a cut-glass bottle of
Scotch in my limo. Bring it to my
dressing room?

SHERRIE
I... Sure. Right away.

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

INT. DREWS DRESSING ROOM - SAME

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 out to the back entrance.

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

SHERRIE
I'll be there. I just have to grab
something for Stacee.

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

SHERRIE
Of course!

She heads out the door before he can finish.

INT. BOURBON ROOM - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

As Stacee re-enters the Green Room, Paul tries to shut the
door on Constance -- cutting her off.

PAUL

Okay! Great interview! Hope you got everything!

Undaunted, she pushes past Paul, confronting Stacee.

CONSTANCE

You're not a cowboy.

Stacee is bemused by her righteous fervor.

STACEE

Why don't you tell me what I am.

He flops onto the sofa, amused.

CONSTANCE

You're a child.

Stacee grins -- he's used to this stuff.

STACEE

I love it when you talk dirty.

CONSTANCE

Maybe you were great once... But whatever made you that way, you've lost.

STACEE

That's right: give it to me rough.

CONSTANCE

...Now you're just another rocker asleep at the wheel.

STACEE

Ohhh... I'm gettin' all excited!

CONSTANCE

And as long as your manager can keep doping you up with girls, booze and million dollar record deals, he can keep you asleep forever and drive you right off a cliff. You used to sing for a reason. What do you sing for now?

He grins at her. She's the first woman in a while who's challenged him -- who hasn't thrown herself at him -- in ages.

PAUL

Okay Lady...

STACEE

Get out.

PAUL

Took the words right out of my
mouth. This interview is OVER--

STACEE

Not her. YOU.

Paul leaves. They're alone. Stacee gets up, circles slowly -- watching her closely. She's scared and turned on, but determined not to waver. Stacee steps to Constance. The sexual energy practically burning her.

CONSTANCE

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.

STACEE

No. It's *not* love.

CONSTANCE

Then what is it?

STACEE

It's sex. And other people's
projections of what they want me to
be. It's empty and it's sad and it
prevents me from going out and
getting back the one thing that
ever meant anything to me.

Constance is shocked (even turned on) by his honesty. Now Stacee's mouth is right next to her head. His words fall hot and moist on her ear. She's totally turned on.

STACEE (CONT'D)

But I can't have that now. Because
up where I live the air is so thin
no one else can breathe it. If you
came to play in *my* life you'd get
the bends and be dead before you
even reached altitude. Because the
very *first* thing that dies way up
here? IS LOVE.

Beat.

STACEE (CONT'D)

Like I said....

He backs away. Points to his face again.

STACEE (CONT'D)
 I know me better than anyone.
 Because I live in here.
 (beat)
 And no one else can.

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

Stacee turns away from her, looks down -- collecting his thoughts.

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.

Stacee jumps onto the couch and howls like a wolf, then leaps in front of Constance, giving her his best Blue Steel.

STACEE
 AAAAAH WOAHH-AH-AAH.

She falls back on a chair, literally knocked over by his intensity. Whatever voodoo he's got has begun to work on her. Unravelling, she stands and walks to a mirror...

CONSTANCE
 IN MY LIFE! THERE'S BEEN HEARTACHE
 AND PAIN! I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN
 FACE IT AGAIN.

She turns slowly and walks to Stacee.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)
 CAN'T STOP NOW I TRAVELED SO FAR.
 TO CHANGE THIS LONELY LIFE.

They circle a coffee table, like animals sizing each other up.

STACEE AND CONSTANCE
 I WANNA KNOW WHAT LOVE IS!
 I WANT YOU TO SHOW ME!
 I WANNA FEEL WHAT LOVE IS.
 I KNOW YOU CAN SHOW ME!

Stacee does a cartwheel over the table and lands on his knees in front of her, pulling her close. He writhes on the ground at her feet. Her whole body shudders.

STACEE JAXX
 I'M GONNA TAKE A LITTLE TIME. A
 LITTLE TIME TO LOOK AROUND ME.
 OOOH, OOH-OOH, OOH-OOH OHH.

More confident now, she grabs him by the collar and drags him up to her. They are face to face with only electricity and his giant belt buckle between them.

CONSTANCE
 I'VE GOT NOWHERE LEFT TO HIDE. IT
 LOOKS LIKE LOVE HAS FINALLY FOUND
 ME.

She pulls out a bobby pin, her hair comes tumbling down, as Stacee pulls two airplane nip bottles of Jack out of his pants and cracks them open.

STACEE
 IN MY LIFE THERE'S BEEN HEARTACHE
 AND PAIN. I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN
 FACE IT AGAIN.

He hands her a tiny bottle, their arms entwine in a toast. Constance downs hers.

STACEE JAXX
 I CAN'T STOP NOW I TRAVELED SO FAR

Stacee shoots his back...

STACEE AND CONSTANCE
 TO CHANGE THIS LONELY LIFE

They smash their bottles against the wall, and its ON. THEY START RIPPING EACH OTHER'S CLOTHES OFF like maniacs during this next section, as he clears the coffee table with his arm with one clean sweep. Her tape recorder smashes to the floor as Stacee hoists her onto the table. She tugs hungrily at his giant belt buckle. They tear at each others clothes, ripping it all (almost) off... Right down to her underwear, and he to his cheetah print briefs, cowboy hat and boots.

STACEE
 I WANNA KNOW WHAT LOVE IS
 STACEE
 I WANT YOU TO SHOW ME
 STACEE
 I WANNA FEEL WHAT LOVE IS
 STACEE
 I KNOW YOU CAN SHOW ME

CONSTANCE
 THE LOVE THAT YOU FEEL INSIDE
 CONSTANCE
 I'M FEELING SO MUCH LOVE
 CONSTANCE
 NO, YOU JUST CANNOT HIDE
 CONSTANCE
 YEAH, WOAH-OH-OOH

CONSTANCE	STACEE
I WANNA KNOW WHAT LOVE IS	LET'S TALK ABOUT LOVE
CONSTANCE	STACEE
I WANT YOU TO SHOW ME	I WANNA FEEL IT TOO
CONSTANCE	STACEE
I WANNA FEEL WHAT LOVE IS	I WANNA FEEL IT TOO
CONSTANCE	STACEE
AND I KNOW, AND I KNOW	I KNOW YOU CAN SHOW ME

INT./EXT. LIMO - NIGHT

Sherrie leans in, grabs the standard cut-glass Scotch bottle from the back of Stacee's limo.

INT. BOURBON ROOM - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Drew, carrying his guitar, is searching for Sherrie.

DREW
Sherrie...?

He comes across Paul, cooling his heels outside the Green Room. A rhythmic THUMPING comes from inside.

DREW (CONT'D)
What's going on in there?

PAUL
What's it sound like?

Lonny enters, sees Drew...

LONNY
Show time, let's go!

Drew hesitates, but Lonny pulls him toward the stage.

INT. BOURBON ROOM - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

Stacee and Constance flop back on the floor together. They are dazed, PANTING. They share a smile. Then...

STACEE
That was the best sex I've had all day.

Realizing her error, she sits up, mortified.

CONSTANCE
This was a mistake.

STACEE
That part could be on the record if
you like.

INT. BOURBON ROOM - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

The Green Room door opens. Constance peers out. Paul is there. He leers.

PAUL
Can't wait to see the article.

Humiliated, she flees -- doing the walk of shame to the back entrance and passing Sherrie, carrying the Scotch bottle, coming the other way. She enters the Green Room.

INT. BOURBON ROOM - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

Sherrie is shocked to find Stacee lying on the floor, sweaty, shirtless, his fly unzipped.

SHERRIE
Ohmygod!

STACEE
Hey.

Shocked, she tries to cover her eyes with both hands, dropping the whiskey bottle. It crashes to the floor.

SHERRIE
I'm so sorry!

She immediately stoops and starts cleaning it up.

STACEE
Don't sweat it.

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

Drew looks out into the crowd for Sherrie. Lonny waves a hand in front of his face...

LONNY
Showtime, baby. Head in the game.

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

LONNY (CONT'D)
 (into the microphone)
 Ladies and Creeps... Making their
 debut on the Bourbon Room stage...
 Please put your claws together
 for...

Lonny covers the mic and leans over to Drew.

LONNY (CONT'D)
 (sotto)
 What's yer name?

DREW
 Wolfgang Von Colt.

Lonny makes a face.

LONNY
 Aaaand, you gonna stick with that?

DREW
 Yeah.

LONNY
 Ladies and gentlemen, the very
 poorly titled, "WOLFGANG VAN COLT!"

DREW
 Von.

Lonnie sighs. Annoyed.

LONNY
 "WOLFGANG VON COLT!"

A smattering of APPLAUSE. Holding his guitar, Drew
 hesitates. Impulsive, he takes a few steps back stage.

DREW
 Sherrie...?

He stops, frozen. He sees Sherrie leaving the Green Room,
 flustered, as STACEE follows, ZIPPING UP HIS PANTS. Drew is
 heartbroken and enraged.

On stage, Lonny is stranded -- waiting for Drew to enter.

LONNY
 Once again -- WOLFGANG VON HOLT!

Drew, a head of steam, heart breaking, turns and storms off --
 passing Paul, *who saw the whole misunderstanding*. Drew storms
 onto the stage. He grabs the mic from Lonny.

DREW
I WANNA ROCK!!

"I WANNA ROCK" BY TWISTED SISTER.

His bandmates trade looks. Drew, looking fiercer, wilder and HOTTER than we've ever seen, shoots daggers at them.

DREW (CONT'D)
I said...
(shooting daggers)
I WANNA ROCK!

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, Stacey's manager, watches Drew with keen interest.

CROWD/BAND
NO!

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!

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

DENNIS
 Holy crap...

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

LONNY
 You're losing your touch, dude.
 The 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!

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

DREW (CONT'D)
 GRRRRWOOOOOOOOOOOOOWWWW!

The crowd goes nuts...

DREW (CONT'D)
 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 -- with Bodyguards, Groupies behind him, and Paul at his side -- watches Drew on stage. In Drew, Stacee sees his younger, more passionate, less-jaded self. Stacee's getting into it.

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.

INT. GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

Stacee enters, slams the door behind him -- MUFFLING out the O.S. CHEERING. For the first time, we see him alone.

He sees the press clippings Constance left on the dressing table. From behind an old newspaper clipping, Stacee discovers an old archival photo of himself at 17, before he made it. In it, he's doing something he hasn't done in a long time. Smiling. Happy.

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 Green Room, watches proudly from the bar. 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... Thanks for letting us play.
Arsenal will be right out.

Drew leaves the stage, walks up toward Sherrie.

SHERRIE
See? What'd I tell you? The crowd
--

But Drew walks right past her, not even looking at her.

EXT. BOURBON ROOM - THE ALLEY - NIGHT

Drew kicks open the back door and comes out, hitting off a bottle of Jack Daniels, looking miserable. After a beat, Sherrie comes out, sees him. He won't look at her.

SHERRIE
What's wrong? Why're you mad at me?

DREW
Why?
(then)
I know what happened.

SHERRIE
With who?

DREW
Stacee. I saw you.

SHERRIE
I brought him a drink--

Drew scoffs and heads inside. She stops him.

SHERRIE (CONT'D)
Drew -- Nothing. Happened.

DREW
Look in my face and say that again.

She steps to him. Serious as a heart attack.

SHERRIE
Nothing. Happened.

DREW

Wow. You're in Hollywood for the wrong reason. You should be an actress.

SHERRIE

Screw you.

She walks away.

DREW

I would say the same, but I don't take sloppy seconds to Stacey Jaxx.

She stops, returns and SLAPS HIM ACROSS THE FACE. They stare at each other.

SHERRIE

I don't need someone who doesn't believe in me. I can get that at home. Tell Dennis I quit.

She pulls off her apron, throws it in his face, turns and walks away. Drew stands there, then starts after her.

PAUL GILL (O.S.)

Ah, ah, ah...

Drew turns to see Paul Gill.

PAUL GILL (CONT'D)

Wouldn't do that if I were you.
(as Drew stares)
You believe her?

DREW

(recognizing him)
You're Stacey's manager.

PAUL GILL

Paul Gill. You were great tonight.

DREW

(walking away)
Thanks, man...

PAUL GILL

In fact, you just scared the shit outta Stacey Jaxx.

DREW

I appreciate it, but --

PAUL GILL

-- Let her go.

(as Drew stops)

A) She did have sex with him. 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

Let me ask you something: What do Muddy Waters, Mick Jagger and Stacee Jaxx all have in common?

(Drew is listening)

Broken hearts and long careers.

(moving closer)

You want Love? Go after her. You might even get it. But I can give you something rarer and a lot more fun.

He's got Drew's attention.

PAUL GILL (CONT'D)

Fame.

He hands Drew his card, as we hear the first CHORDS of

-- "POUR SOME SUGAR ON ME" BY DEF LEOPARD followed by the CHEERING CROWD inside...

INT. BOURBON ROOM STAGE -- SAME

Lonny is at the mic, whipping the CROWD to a frenzy.

LONNY

Labias and Genitals! I give you!
Stacee Jaxx and Arsenal!!!

The CROWD goes BERZERK. DEAFENING CHEERING and APPLAUSE.
Stacee Jaxx takes the small stage and counts out --

STACEE JAXX

One, two, three, four... STEP
INSIDE, WALK THIS WAY
YOU AND ME BABE, HEY HEY!

The camera does a full 360. The club is on fire.

STACEE JAXX (CONT'D)
 LOVE IS LIKE A BOMB, BABY, C'MON
 GET IT ON. LIVIN' LIKE A LOVER WITH
 A RADAR PHONE. LOOKIN' LIKE A
 TRAMP, LIKE A VIDEO VAMP
 DEMOLITION WOMAN, CAN I BE YOUR
 MAN, YOUR MAN!

In unison and out of nowhere, Stripper show girls spin down
 fireman style on poles all around the club.

STACEE JAXX (CONT'D)
 RAZZLE 'N' A DAZZLE 'N' A FLASH
 LITTLE LIGHT, TELEVISION LOVER,
 BABY, GO ALL NIGHT.
 SOMETIME, ANYTIME, SUGAR ME SWEET,
 LITTLE MISS-A-INNOCENT SUGAR ME,
 YEAH! TAKE A BOTTLE, SHAKE IT UP
 BREAK THE BUBBLE, BREAK IT UP.

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

Stacee whips the crowd into a frenzy. He can't help stepping
 in front of his GUITARIST to steal his thunder.

STACEE JAXX (CONT'D)
 POUR SOME SUGAR ON ME, OOH, IN THE
 NAME OF LOVE...POUR SOME SUGAR ON
 ME, C'MON FIRE ME UP!
 POUR YOUR SUGAR ON ME, OH, I CAN'T
 GET ENOUGH I'M HOT, STICKY SWEET
 FROM MY HEAD TO MY FEET YEAH!

BACK DOWNSTAIRS - ON DREW

As he walks to Dennis and Lonny, rocking out to Stacee's
 electric performance. Drew approaches them.

DREW
 Sherrie quit...

He throws his Bourbon Room work apron at Dennis's feet. Then
 pulls his denim vest off the wall and puts it on.

DREW (CONT'D)
 ...And I quit too.

Spinning on his heel, he makes his way to the side of the
 stage where he finds Paul.

PAUL
 You give my offer some thought?

Drew looks at Stacee Jaxx as the song zeroes in on it's explosive finish, then back to Paul. Drew puts out his hand.

DREW
We got a deal.

They shake. BOOM! The song finishes.

STACEE
Goodnight HOLLYWOOD!

Stacee drops the mic, feedback and we... SLAM TO BLACK.

INT. BOURBON ROOM BACK OFFICE - LATER

Lonny, Dennis count out stacks of cash.

DENNIS
Fifteen thousand, two hundred
and... three.

Dennis sits back, relieved.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
Crisis averted! The tax man kept at
bay. Thank you, Stacee Jaxx.

VOICE (O.S.)
And Stacee Jaxx thanks you!

Reveal Paul, who enters with a briefcase and two of Stacee's bodyguards.

PAUL
90 percent of the house. 20 percent
of the bar. 100 percent of the
merch. That brings Stacee's take to
about...

DENNIS
What are you talking about?

PAUL
Hold on... carry the zero, add
three...
(beat)
Fourteen thousand, six hundred and
nine. Tell you what, keep the nine.
I get fussy about singles.

He sets the briefcase down on the table and starts putting the cash into it.

DENNIS

You son of a bitch! This was supposed to be a freebie! We need that money!

PAUL

Stacee Jaxx doesn't take a *dump* for free. This was a HUGE pay cut for him.

DENNIS

You're cutting our throat! The Bourbon will close!

PAUL

Don't be such a pessimist! Stacee just put you guys back on the map!

DENNIS

I put HIM on the map!

PAUL

Nice doing business! Ta!

Paul leaves.

DENNIS

The bourbon's dead.

Silence.

LONNY

Bake sale?

Dennis throws a bottle at Lonny's head. Lonny ducks it and it smashes on the wall. SFX - THUNDER CLAP.

EXT. SUNSET STRIP - NIGHT

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

"HARDEN MY HEART" BY QUARTERFLASH.

Further up the strip, walking in the rain, getting pelted, 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!

Sherrie passes a Denny's.

INT. DENNY'S - NIGHT

Sherrie is now inside, clearly asking the manager about a job. The manager shakes his head. Dejected she leaves.

We dissolve back to Sherrie walking the street of Hollywood.

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

INT. CRAPPY MOTEL - THE NEXT DAY

Sherrie argues with the manager of her motel. She is clearly late on rent. He finally accepts the little cash she has but warns her to pay the rest soon.

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

Sherrie rides the bus...

Now walking down the strip. She sees a help wanted sign in dive bar.

INT. DIVE BAR - SAME

She talks to a sleazy old bar owner who tries to put the moves on her. She slaps his hand away, but he persists. She leaves.

SHERRIE
ALL MY LIFE. I'VE BEEN WAITIN' IN
THE RAIN. I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR A
FEELING. THAT NEVER, EVER CAME.

Night falls. Sherrie is now back on the strip. Creatures of the street move to the pulse of the song all around her. Sherrie runs across the street to get away.

SHERRIE (CONT'D)
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 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

... Justice Charlier, the club's proprietress that we met at the opening, stands in the club's rear exit, half-lit, smoking a cigarette and watching Sherrie.

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 --

Justice puts out her smoke and saunters over to the crying girl, touches Sherrie's chin, raising her head.

JUSTICE CHARLIER
Whaddaya say we get you dried off?

Justice helps Sherrie to her feet.

INT. VENUS CLUB - NIGHT

They enter 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 the bartender.

JUSTICE CHARLIER
Cognac.

The bartender pours it. Justice hands it to Sherrie, whose eyes are locked on the VENUS CLUB DANCERS, up on the stage. Sherrie watches a JAPANESE CUSTOMER stuffing BILLS into the bra of a DANCER (we'll meet 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 quit my job. I don't know how
I'm going to pay my rent.

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

Sherrie looks around, hesitates...

SHERRIE
 I need a job.

JUSTICE CHARLIER
 You dance?

SHERRIE
 Of course. But I'm a much better
 singer.

JUSTICE CHARLIER
 I don't need a singer.

SHERRIE
 And a waitress.

JUSTICE CHARLIER
 It's just dancing down here.
 Money's good. All you need to be is
 a shoulder for a lonely man to cry
 on. Upstairs? You gotta let em cry
 anywhere they want, but...

SHERRIE
 I'm not here to be a dancer.
 (beat)
 I can wait tables. I'm good.

With a smile...

JUSTICE CHARLIER
 You sure?

Sherrie nods. And it's settled, Sherrie's got the job.

JUSTICE CHARLIER (CONT'D)
 Okay. Start tomorrow.

"SHADOWS OF THE NIGHT" BY PAT BENETAR.

JUSTICE CHARLIER (CONT'D)
 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 (CONT'D)
 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

We see a group of DRUNK MEN, watching the DANCERS writhing on the poles. SHERRIE, in a skimpy cocktail waitress uniform, serves them drinks. They touch her, ogle her. She swats their hands away, irked.

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

Sherrie leaves the MEN. We FOLLOW her THROUGH the club --

JUSTICE CHARLIER (CONT'D)
 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 - BAR STATION - NIGHT

-- as she brings orders back to the bartender.

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

She glances in a mirror, adjusts her skimpy uniform.

SHERRIE (CONT'D)
 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 onto the floor with her first tray of drinks -- vulnerable and self-conscious. We FOLLOW her THROUGH the club, the cold eyes of the dancers onstage following her.

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

SHERRIE/STRIPPERS
I'M GONNA SWALLOW MY TEARS.

She delivers her drinks to a table of drunken Yuppies in suits and ties. One YUPPIE puts a hand up her dress.

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

Sherrie turns, tosses a drink in his face, singing out:

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

She storms off. The other Yuppies burst out laughing. Sherrie ducks into the bar station, hands trembling, almost in tears. She's never felt violated like that.

RACK FOCUS -- Justice watches Sherrie from across the room, feeling her pain, hoping the best for her.

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

INT. MAYORS OFFICE. - DAY

Patty and a group of mothers have taken over the space. They make signs for the nightly protest. Like a mini-dictator, Patty oversees them.

PATTY
That's it girls, lots of color.
More glitter. Kill em with
kindness.

An aide enters.

AIDE
Is the mayor in?

PATTY
He had to pick up the kids at
school.

AIDE

Well, will you give him this when
he gets back?

He hands Patty a thick envelope.

PATTY

What is it?

AIDE

The financials he asked for on the
Bourbon Room. Apparently, they have
some tax issues. Big ones. If they
can't come up with thirty grand by
the thirtieth they got problems.
Big ones.

INT. MAYORS CAR - MOMENTS LATER

The mayor is on a big cell phone. Brent and Dent are in the
backseat wearing burger king crowns, eating fast food.

We intercut between him and PATTY.

PATTY

That's what I'm telling you, they
haven't paid taxes in months!

MAYOR

Then we got em!

PATTY

Oooh! I'm so excited! I'm going to
call the press. You go get yourself
a new suit.

MAYOR

I love you honey.

PATTY

Uh-huh. Oh! And we need cottage
cheese, can you pick some up on the
way home.

MAYOR

Yes, dear.

She hangs up, and turns to the mothers.

PATTY

Okay ladies. Assemble the troops.
We're going large.

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, sparsely furnished, with 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.

Drew signs a thick contract. Paul looks on, smiling.

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

THE VENUS GENTLEMAN'S CLUB

Sherrie pulls off her waitress uniform, wipes make up off her face. She stares at herself in the mirror, tired.

SHERRIE
THOUGH I KEEP SEARCHIN' FOR AN
ANSWER, I NEVER SEEM TO FIND WHAT
I'M LOOKING FOR... OH LORD I PRAY
YOU GIVE ME STRENGTH TO CARRY ON!!

Justice appears behind Sherrie, hands her a small wad of bills. Her portion of the night's tips.

JUSTICE CHARLIER
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!

EXT. SUNSET STRIP TRAVEL AGENCY - DAY

Sherrie walks down the strip and stops in front of a travel agent.

SHERRIE
LIKE A DRIFTER I WAS BORN TO WALK
ALONE. BUT I'VE MADE UP MY MIND.
I AIN'T WASTIN' NO MORE TIME.

INT. THE VENUS GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - NIGHT

After hours. Bartender sweeping up as Sherrie sits alone, exhausted after a shift.

A gaggle of STRIPPERS walks past -- less tired, better dressed and counting wads of cash. Justice walks by and gives Sherrie a small grip of cash. Sherrie looks at the meager stack of bills.

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 is at a newsstand, combing through BACKSTAGE, 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 play quarters, laughing, splashing a stack of unopened overdue notices on Dennis' desk.

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

EXT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A huge suite, lit only by a blue TV glow. Stacee lies in bed. A GROUPIE is getting dressed. Room service trays abound. Stacee grabs a bottle of Jack, takes a swig.

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

INT. PAUL GILL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Drew, in new clothes, is dressed as Wolfgang Von Holt. Paul un-scrolls a slick poster of him and his band.

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

SPLIT THE SCREEN FOUR WAYS

To be with Sherrie (serving drinks to Yuppies), Dennis (drinking in his office; knocking papers to the floor; and Stacee (in a hotel room, pouring Jack Daniels all over his face, drinking himself into another stupor)...

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

INT. BOURBON ROOM - DAY

TIGHT ON: An official looking letter. From the city of Los Angeles. The bold print across the top, reads: "FINAL NOTICE."

Dennis is at the bar, holding the letter. Lonnie plays darts.

LONNY

What're you so worried about?! We can handle this!

DENNIS

What part of "We're totally screwed" don't you understand?! If we don't pay our taxes on the club by midnight tonight, we CLOSE.

LONNY

What part of "rock and roll will never die" do you not understand! You can't kill Rock and Roll!! It's eternal! Never ending!

DENNIS

Let me rephrase. I can't pay you this week.

Lonny's face drops. Panic.

LONNY

What am I going to eat? All I have is MUSTARD in the fridge!

DENNIS

Now you're getting it.

LONNY

If post-apocalyptic Mel Gibson movies have taught me anything it's that we'll need fuel. Precious fuel to power our flat-black muscle cars as we scavenge the wasteland--

DENNIS

LA will survive, we however won't--

LONNY

I'll have to shave half my head and re-purpose old hockey equipment because the new world will be harsh. We'll need a boomerang, a *chrome* one preferably-

DENNIS
 Will you stop!
 (bows head)
 I feel like I let everyone down.

Beat. Lonny puts his hand on Dennis's.

LONNY
 Not everyone.

Dennis looks over. Lonny gazes meaningfully in his eyes.

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 (CONT'D)
 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!

... HE CHECKS OUT LONNY'S ASS.

INT. DUKES RESTAURANT (MALIBU) - FLASHBACK

Dennis and Lonny share a table with 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. The Arsenal show. Two burly guys get in a fight in the mosh pit where Lonny is rocking out. In SLOW MOTION we SEE 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!

EXT. THEME PARK - ROLLER COASTER - DAY

Wearing MICKEY EARS, Lonny is laughing, having the time of his life as he and Dennis go round and round.

DENNIS
I'VE FORGOTTEN WHAT I STARTED
FIGHTING FOR!

EXT. VENICE BEACH - DAY

They 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, 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. Never taking their eyes off each other...

For the songs climax, a spotlight shoots on, ILLUMINATING THE DISCO BALL. The room is awash in stars.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
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 close, face to face. The lights from the disco ball wash over their faces as they gaze into one another's eyes...

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

Their LIPS are just about to kiss when -- Yup. They do. Nothing messy, just a soft, chaste kiss.

After a beat they part.

JEFE (O.S.)
Uh... Sorry boss.

Reveal JEFE, the cook. He's been watching the whole time.

DENNIS
What is it, Jefe.

JEFE
The Beer guy is here.

INT. VENUS CLUB - NIGHT

As Sherrie cocktails, Justice joining her side...

JUSTICE CHARLIER
How you holdin' up, baby?

SHERRIE
I'd say men are pigs. But that's unfair to pigs.

JUSTICE CHARLIER
Want respect? Be a dancer.

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

JUSTICE CHARLIER (CONT'D)
These men... They won't judge you.
They love you. They pay you.
You're the one in control.

As that registers to Sherrie.

JUSTICE CHARLIER (CONT'D)
You have it any way you want it.

Justice gestures to DESTINY giving a DUDE a lap dance.

JUSTICE CHARLIER (CONT'D)
Like Destiny over there...

"ANYWAY YOU WANT IT" BY JOURNEY

JUSTICE CHARLIER (CONT'D)
...SHE LOVES TO LAUGH. SHE LOVES
TO SING. SHE DOES *EVERYTHING*!
(beat)
Don't ask. There's also Sapphire.

We FIND SAPPHIRE PRACTICING dancing on the stage...

JUSTICE CHARLIER (CONT'D)
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
OOO BABY, HOLD TIGHT!

With Sherrie and Justice...

JUSTICE CHARLIER
When it comes to the customer?

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 (CONT'D)
ANYWAY YOU WANT IT. THAT'S THE WAY
YOU NEED IT. ANYWAY YOU WANT IT!

Justice sits at the bar with a HANDSOME MAN. He gives her a
jewelry box. She opens it: Inside are DIAMOND EARRINGS.
She stares, surprised, and deeply touched.

JUSTICE CHARLIER
I WAS ALONE. I NEVER KNEW WHAT
GOOD LOVE COULD DO... OHhh.
(MORE)

JUSTICE CHARLIER (CONT'D)
 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...

INT. CAPITOL RECORDS CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Paul stands before a group of RECORD EXECUTIVES.

PAUL GILL
 I bring you... Your next star!

With that, Drew heads in the room.

HEAD UNIVERSAL EXECUTIVE
 Sorry... it's a pass.

PAUL GILL
 He's got talent.

HEAD UNIVERSAL EXECUTIVE
 We don't need talent. We need
 what's next. Dude, rock is dead. Or
 it's dying.

Drew bites his tongue and exits.

INT. WARNER BROTHERS RECORDS CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Drew now stands in front of WARNER EXECS. And the HEAD
 WARNER EXECUTIVE looks at Drew, comes up with an idea...

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

And he turns to Paul...

HEAD WARNER EXECUTIVE (CONT'D)
 Does he rap?

Confirming...

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

INT. THE BOURBON ROOM - DENNIS' OFFICE - NIGHT

Dennis stands at the wall looking over pictures of the
 Bourbon: DENNIS standing with The Crystals and Dion; Mick
 Jagger playing on the Bourbon stage...

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 is now
 dressed as one of them, dancing awkwardly, but getting the
 hang of it.

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

STRIPPERS and CUSTOMERS break into a killer dance break.
 Sherrie seems a little lost.

SHERRIE/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 cheesy MC HAMMER-style parachute pants 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...

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

And Paul smiles, then gets up and walks him into...

THE RECORD LABEL BOARDROOM

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

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

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

INT. VENUS CLUB - NIGHT

As the strippers all dance around Sherrie and Justice, Sherrie dances with assuredness now...

STRIPPERS
 ANY WAY YOU WANT IT!

Sherrie stands with all of them -- defiant, ferocious. She's one of them now.

INT. TERRIBLE MUSIC VIDEO SET - DAY

DREW, dressed in a colorful/terrible 'hip-hop' outfit is singing on the set of one of the most terribly conceived music videos ever made (SONG TBD) on a completely in-authentic 'ghetto' street set.

"THE G-BOYEEZ" (Drew's band's new name) is written in flourescent graffiti behind them, along with words like "Fresh! Word-up! Body-Pop! and Dope!". The G-Boyeez backup singers do 'hip-hop' dance moves in the B.G.

As drew sings, a girl walks by. Drew does the 'wave' with his arms and catches her hand. He croons to her, then quite suddenly, Drew stops singing.

He takes his hat off, throws it on the ground and stomps on it.

DREW
 This is THE STUPIDEST THING I'VE
 EVER DONE! I can't do it...

VOICE (O.S.)
 Cut-Cut-Cut!

A douchey French director (Stephano) heads over to Drew.

STEPHANO
(thick accent)
D-Dogg! Vat are you dooeeng!?

DREW
First, If you call me D-dogg again,
I am going to pull your tongue out.
Second, I HAVE NO IDEA what the
hell this song is even about! Why
am I singing to her? Who the hell
is she? Why are they break-dancing
behind me?

STEPHANO
Let me paint zuh pic-churr. You are
in z'ghetto'. Issa very 'bad place'
viss 'pickpockets' ant people who
eat 'drugs'... But ZEN! You see ze
pretty girl! With nice bosom and so
makes you want to sing love things
to her... Okay?! Aaaaaand ACTION!

DREW
NO! Not action! PAUL!?

Paul enters.

PAUL
Y'know what, Stephano, Let's take
five.

Stephano and the crew walk away.

PAUL (CONT'D)
--Look, this is just part of the
biz. I've done this, okay? Arsenal
was a bar band when they met me.
Trust me. You're working with top
talent here!

DREW
(re: Stephano)
That guy!? I don't even know who
that guy is?!

PAUL
Uh, 'scuse me, he's only STEPHANO!

Beat.

DREW
Am I supposed to know who that is?

PAUL
He did all those amazing Nutella spots for Belgium. And he was VERY tough to get!

DREW
My band is called Wolfgang Von Colt, not the frigging "G-Boyz!"

PAUL
You are NOT the G Boyz! You're the G BOY-EEZ. Boy-z with a 'z' was taken.

DREW
Fine! G-boy-EEZ! Wha the hell does the "G" even stand for!

Paul says nothing. Then

DREW (CONT'D)
You don't even KNOW!?!?

PAUL
....Girl-z?

DREW
Girls-Boyz? What!?!?

PAUL
It doesn't matter! Can you just trust me for once!? Look, you can either leave now OR when we get this done, you can go home and cry into your huge bags of money.
(beat)
You're choice.

Pause. Reluctantly Drew goes back to his mark.

DREW
Let's just get this over with.

INT. RECORD LABEL BOARDROOM ROOM - DAY

A champagne cork pops. Paul and all the execs are there. Ecstatic. They just watched the video. Drew sits slumped in a chair. As all the execs congratulate each other, Drew just sits there. Mortified.

INTERCUT:

EXT. PARKING LOT AT CHUCK-CHEESE - DAY

The G-BOYEEZ sit behind a fold out card table next to a completely deserted parking lot. A sign above them reads; "AUTOGRAPH SIGNING! TODAY ONLY! THE G-BOYEEZ!"

G-BOY #2
Is anyone gonna come?!

DREW
No one's coming because we haven't even released a RECORD YET.

PAUL
I'm up to here with your negativity D-dogg.
(to the other kid)
Don't you worry Hi-Top. They'll be here.

DREW
At the very least we need to do a gig before people want our autographs.

PAUL
Is that so?

DREW
Yeah. Or maybe the great Paul Gill couldn't even get us a gig.

PAUL
I could get you a gig in TWO seconds if I wanted to.

DREW
Where? At an ice cream parlor?

PAUL
You want a gig? Watch.

Paul storms away, pulls out his big phone and dials.

INT. BOURBON ROOM - OFFICE

The pay phone rings. Dennis answers.

DENNIS
Bourbon.

PAUL (O.S.)
Dennis, it's Paul. I--

DENNIS

Paul!? You got some nerve calling me-

We intercut between them.

PAUL

I was a douche. I get it. But listen close. I can make it up to you.

Dennis sits back. Wary.

DENNIS

I'm listening.

PAUL

I need the club. Tonight. I'll pack the place. Get the whole town to come out for it.

DENNIS

Who's playing?

PAUL

A new act. I got the same feeling about these guys that I got when I first saw Stacee Jaxx play.

Dennis says nothing. Just mulls it over.

PAUL GILL

Trust me.

Dennis and Lonny exchange a look. They confer, sotto.

DENNIS

Do we trust this asshole?

LONNY

Do we have a choice?

Dennis stares: good point. He SIGHS, turns to the phone.

DENNIS

EVERY cent goes to the House.

PAUL

Every cent.

DENNIS

Deal.

Paul Gill walks back to the boys. beaming.

PAUL GILL

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

DREW

Where?

PAUL GILL

The Bourbon.

DREW

(stunned)

Dennis is letting us play The Bourbon? No way. And I ain't going in there dressed like this.

PAUL GILL

No one gives a shit, Drew. You wanna write songs and be an artist? We're selling sex appeal. If this works, you take a couple years, make a gajillion dollars, and then? Go be an artist afterwards!

Drew, his head spinning, sighs.

DREW

This is bullshit...

"I WANNA ROCK" (Reprise).

DREW (CONT'D)

I WANNA ROCK!

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

DREW (CONT'D)

ROCK.

(then)

I WANT TO ROCK!

Waits again... Finally, the sheer deadness of the parking lot and his bandmates sucks the song and life right out of Drew. He wilts before our eyes. Paul pats him on the back.

PAUL GILL

Be at the Bourbon Room at eight. You're about to be born again.

DREW

(re: his band)

They don't even know the songs!

PAUL GILL
Don't worry: I got it handled.

INT. PAUL GILL'S OFFICES - LOBBY - DAY

Paul marches in. He barks orders to his assistant.

PAUL
Louise, I need to buy the ad space
on every drive time radio station
this afternoon. It should say:
Tonight! Bourbon room! Bon Jovi!
With special guest The G-BOYEEZ!

LOUISE
Bon Jovi is playing!

Paul looks at Louise like she's an idiot.

PAUL
Of course not. They're sick. But WE
won't know that until it's waaay
too late.

Another assistant passes him. She hands him a magazine. He
stops cold.

ASSISTANT #2
Stacee's Rolling Stone cover. Hot
off the presses...

PAUL GILL
How bad is it?

ASSISTANT #2
Bad enough that Stacee Jaxx is
waiting for you in his office.

PAUL GILL
How does he seem?

ASSISTANT #2
Sober.

PAUL GILL
(nervous)
That can't be good.

INT. PAUL GILL'S OFFICE - DAY

TIGHT ON A MAGAZINE COVER. The headline: "ROCKS LONELIEST
COWBOY".

The magazine is held by... STACEE, who sits slumped behind the desk in Paul's chair. Paul enters. Terrified.

PAUL GILL
You probably shouldn't 'a banged her.

STACEE
If I didn't, it would have been worse.

PAUL GILL
We can sue. They never sent an advance for approval. Look -- she came with an agenda. But payback's a bitch--

STACEE
Everything she wrote is true.

Silence.

PAUL GILL
Ignore it. This morning I dotted all the i's on the tour schedule. I rented out the top floor of every five star hotel room from Tokyo to Talahassee. All you need to do is climb onto this rocket and strap yourself in.

Stacee just stares at him.

STACEE
Cancel the tour.

Paul's face drops.

PAUL GILL
But... We can't, Stacee.
Everything's done. The contracts are signed.

Changing the subject, Paul crosses the room.

PAUL GILL (CONT'D)
Hey, let's turn that frown the right-way-round. Whaddya say. I got you something.

He opens a drawer filled with identical liquor bottles, pulls one out, shuts it, returns to Stacee.

PAUL GILL (CONT'D)
To celebrate the tour. You going
solo. One of a kind. Hundred and
fifty years old. Priceless.

He walks back, takes the magazine out of Stacee's hand,
throws it in the trash, and replaces it with the bottle.

PAUL GILL (CONT'D)
All your life you wanted to be
number one. Today you are. Let's
toast.

Beat. Stacee raises the bottle.

PAUL GILL (CONT'D)
Atta' boy.

STACEE
To new beginnings.

PAUL GILL
'New beginnings!'

STACEE
But first. Here's to a brand new
ending.

Paul is confused. Stacee gets up, nose to nose with Paul.

STACEE (CONT'D)
You're fired.

Stacee unscrews the cap and slowly raises the bottle.

PAUL
Please don't dump that on my head.

STACEE
I wouldn't dream of it.

After a beat we hear an odd noise. Paul looks down at his
feet to see it's Stacee... PISSING ON HIS SHOES. When done,
Stacee zips up his fly and takes a sip of the scotch.

STACEE (CONT'D)
Priceless.

Stacee leaves.

INT. MAYORS OFFICE -- NIGHT

It's a bee-hive of activity. Patty and the Mayor are doing a sit down interview with Mitch Miley.

PATTY

It's a happy accident really. But it just goes to show that *sin* doesn't sell anymore. And if Dennis Dupree can't pay by midnight tonight? Well...

MAYOR

(beaming)

Then it looks like Los Angeles gets to reclaim the real estate.

MITCH MILEY

No Bourbon room? That could blow a pretty big hole through the heart of the Sunset Strip.

MAYOR

I'm sure the great developers of this city can come up with some *family friendly* uses for it.

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.

SHERRIE (O.S.)

Drew?

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

DREW

Sherrie? What are you doing here?

SHERRIE

Sorry. I didn't realize you 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

Great. Quitting the Bourbon Room was the best thing that could've happened.

DREW

Yeah. Me too.

SHERRIE

You quit too?!?

DREW

Yeah. I got signed.

More silence. Both still uncomfortable.

SHERRIE

What are you wearing?

DREW

Oh! This is kind of my new look.
For the band I'm in.

SHERRIE

That's great! What kind of band?

DREW

Rock...ish. 'The G-Boyeez.

SHERRIE

I've heard of the G-Boyz.

DREW

No, not them. Boy-eez. E.E.Z. We're different.

SHERRIE

Are you doing your songs?

DREW

Pretty much, just with more...
(pause)
Beat-boxing.

He takes off the silly hat and changes the subject.

DREW (CONT'D)

How 'bout you? You singing?

SHERRIE

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

DREW

(re: her clothes)
Oh. That must be some aerobics
class--

SHERRIE

(catching herself)
Strip-robics. It's kind of like
jazzercise... but for-- Strippers.
Or people who want to... exercise
like them. It's a gimmick. I mean
we even DO IT at a strip club.
The Venus. It's like a THEME strip
club. No one really strips.

More silence. He looks away, can't help asking her...

DREW

Ever see Stacey again...?

SHERRIE

You still think I slept with him?!

DREW

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

SHERRIE

NO, DREW! I didn't!
(then, softer)
Why don't you believe me?

DREW

It just looked like--

SHERRIE

Well your wrong!

He says nothing. All her hurt, fury and sadness well up.

SHERRIE (CONT'D)

I was in love with you, Drew. I
would never have done that! Ever!

And she's crying. She turns away. Drew finally believes
her.

SHERRIE (CONT'D)

I gotta go.

She turns to go, but this time he stops her.

DREW

Wait. Sherrie... I'm sorry. I was wrong. I've been dying...
-- not knowing where you were, what happened to you.

She looks at him, surprised.

DREW (CONT'D)

Can we just... start over.

SHERRIE

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

He's stunned. She smiles, shakes her head, wistful.

SHERRIE (CONT'D)

I dunno what I expected. I guess I thought I 'was someone'...

DREW

You are someone... You told me that.

SHERRIE

No, I'm not. None of us are. We're just... lost... chasing dreams that'll never come true.

(beat)

It's time to go home.

And that hits Drew hard but he collects himself and... He reaches into his backpack, takes out a cassette tape.

DREW

Here. This is something Wayne, Ziff and I recorded last week. That song I was writing...?

As he looks her head-on...

DREW (CONT'D)

...It was about you.

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

"EVERY ROSE HAS ITS THORN" BY POISON.

SHERRIE

WE BOTH LIE SILENT AND STILL, IN THE DEAD OF THE NIGHT.

(MORE)

SHERRIE (CONT'D)
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...

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.

She turns to go.

DREW (CONT'D)
Sherrie ---
(she turns to him)
Don't stop singing. Ever.

She smiles.

SHERRIE
Goodbye, Drew.

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

INT. TAXI - DRIVING - NIGHT

Sitting in the back, Sherrie listens on her WALKMAN to Drew's
song. (We don't hear it, but the TEARS FLOW 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 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 (CONT'D)
AND I KNOW IF YOU'D BE HERE RIGHT
NOW, I COULD HAVE LET YOU KNOW
SOMEHOW.

Now ALL THE SINGLE PEOPLE on the street join him --

SINGLE PEOPLE AT TOWER RECORDS
EVERY ROSE HAS ITS THORN.

EXT. CHATEAU MARMONT BALCONY - NIGHT

Stacee swigs from the bottle Paul gave him. In his other hand he holds the photo of his younger happier self. After a beat, he UNFOLDS THE PICTURE. All this time, there has been someone ELSE in the photo with him. Stacee stares at it, but we can't see who it is.

STACEE
JUST LIKE EVERY NIGHT HAS ITS DAWN.
JUST LIKE EVERY COWBOY SINGS A SAD,
SAD SONG. EVERY ROSE HAS ITS THORN.

Standing, he goes inside.

EXT. CHATEAU MARMONT/SUNSET - NIGHT

Stacee gets on his chopper, kicks starts it and peels out.

EXT. VENUS CLUB - NIGHT

Sherrie gets out of the taxi and --

INT. VENUS CLUB - CONTINUOUS ACTION

-- enters the club to find Justice. Looking at her, She can tell Sherrie's heart has been broken.

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...

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. 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 the bins, are Sherrie's STOLEN RECORDS.

Drew stares at her NAME written in PINK INK on the back of each record, adorned by little flowers. He flips though another, and another. They're all there.

DREW
 TO HEAR THAT TEARS ME UP INSIDE.
 AND TO SEE YOU, CUTS ME LIKE A
 KNIFE! I GUESS EVERY ROSE HAS ITS
 THORN.

INT. SHERRIE'S HOUSE IN OKLAHOMA.

Sherrie's mom looks at her husband, asleep in his lazy-boy. Static on the T.V.

SHERRIE'S MOM
 JUST LIKE EVERY NIGHT HAS ITS DAWN.

EXT. VENUS CLUB - NIGHT

A limo glides up in front of the Venus Club. Stacey climbs out, holding his half-empty bottle. He stumbles -- wasted -- into the Club as his Bodyguards clear a path.

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 enters.

DESTINY
You're up.

Sherrie gets up and heads for the stage, then stops --

STACEE JAXX -- wasted, bottle in his hand, stumbles into the
club. He looks up at a STRIPPER.

STACEE JAXX
I'm looking for Jennifer Lawless...

STRIPPER
No one here by that name. Maybe you
should go home.

Stacee continues into the club. The other strippers have
noticed Stacee. They array themselves in enticing poses.
Stacee walks through the line up, grinning: a kid in a candy
story.

DESTINY
See anything you like?

He stumbles to the end of the room, where Sherrie is holding
back, averting her eyes. He sees her, furrows his brow --
trying to place her. He points a finger in her face.

STACEE
Me and you. Private dance.

INT. THE UPSTAIRS CHAMPAGNE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Stacee flops down in a chair, smiles. In the background:

"ROCK YOU LIKE A HURRICANE" BY SCORPIONS.

Sherrie closes the door, turns to him -- wary, reserved.

STACEE
How much for everything.

SHERRIE
I just dance.

STACEE
Yeah, right!
(beat)
I'll give you a thousand dollars.

She turns to go.

SHERRIE
You want another girl.

STACEE
Two thousand.

She turns back, stares. This was her teenage crush. She once dreamed of having his children. Now, she's sad, confused, enraged. He leans back, shrugs casually.

STACEE (CONT'D)
Come on -- we all have a price.

SHERRIE
Not me. Not for that.

STACEE
Four thousand.
(she says nothing)
FIVE.

SHERRIE
One dance. And all I want is bus
fare out of this town.

STACEE
Eight.

SHERRIE
I'm not what you think I am.

STACEE
Yes you are. You just don't know it
yet.

He pulls out a thick rolls of \$100 bills, waves it at her. She circles him, keeping her distance, defiant.

STACEE (CONT'D)
(slowly)
Ten. Thousand. Dollars.

She's stunned. He leans in, trying to crush her spirit.

STACEE (CONT'D)
Show me how "talented" you are.

Her eyes fill. Her face is a mask of pain and hurt. She turns to the volume control, cranks up the MUSIC. The song's verse begins sotto -- a ticking bomb.

She starts to dance for him. He smiles, leans back. But there's a flicker of regret, disappointment in his eyes.

She takes the bottle from his hand, takes a swig from it. She dances seductively around him. He seems to have won.

STACEE (CONT'D)
THE BITCH IS HUNGRY. SHE NEEDS TO
TELL. SO GIVE HER INCHES. AND
FEED HER WELL.

She watches him as she dances -- predatory, on fire.

SHERRIE
HE'S LICKING HIS LIPS, HE'S READY
TO WIN... SO WHAT IS WRONG WITH
ANOTHER SIN?

As the CHORUS THUNDERS, she begins to strip, removing her outer layer -- tossing them flirtatiously at him.

SHERRIE (CONT'D)
HERE I AM, ROCK YOU LIKE A
HURRICANE!

Stacee gets up and pursues her -- over-eager. She gently shoves him back in his seat, making bedroom eyes at him.

SHERRIE (CONT'D)
HERE I AM, ROCK YOU LIKE A
HURRICANE!

More clothes come off. Another swig from the bottle.

SHERRIE (CONT'D)
HERE I AM, ROCK YOU LIKE A
HURRICANE!

Suddenly, Sherrie turns...

SHERRIE (CONT'D)
HERE I AM, ROCK YOU LIKE A
HURRICANE!

With her heel, she shoves him onto his back. He collapses backwards onto a mountain of pillows.

Sherrie stands over him -- dominant, triumphant.

SHERRIE (CONT'D)
HERE I AM!

But Stacee is passed out cold. She grabs his huge wad of cash, peels a hundred dollar bill off the top, and throws the rest into the air.

SHERRIE (CONT'D)
Thanks for the ticket.

Bills rain down on Stacee.

INT. VENUS CLUB - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Sherrie walks down the Hallway, tears in her eyes. She passes JUSTICE as she goes.

SHERRIE
Clean up on isle five.

Justice grabs her.

JUSTICE CHARLIER
Hey. You okay?

SHERRIE
I'm alright. Just a little...
ruined.
(beat)
I never should have come to LA.

JUSTICE CHARLIER
You ain't ruined, baby. But you
will be. It ain't fame or fortune
everyone's chasin' here. It's love.
And love left this place a long
time ago.
(gently)
You can't make it without love.
That's the rarest thing on this
Strip.

Sherrie, very moved, hugs her. Destiny approaches.

DESTINY
Sherrie: Someone dropped this off
for you.

She hands Sherrie a package. Attached to it is a NOTE:
"Sometimes things that are lost... can be found again. Drew."
She opens the package and finds her stolen ROCK ALBUMS.

SHERRIE
I have to go...

And she's gone.

Curious, Justice walks towards the Champagne room. As she rounds the corner, the camera reveals... STACEE. Justice draws a sharp breath.

INT. THE UPSTAIRS CHAMPAGNE ROOM - SAME

Without waking him, Justice enters and bends down next to him. Then she notices he's clutching the picture. She pulls it out of his hand and unfolds it. Gazing deeply into it.

INSERT: Reveal YOUNG JUSTICE. AKA JENNIFER LAWLESS. Her arm around STACEE. A young couple in love.

STACEE (O.S.)
Jennifer...

Justice doesn't even look at him.

JUSTICE CHARLIER
You look like shit Steven.

STACEE
Yeah. I've been ridden pretty hard over the years.

JUSTICE CHARLIER
That was your choice, not mine.

STACEE
I was a kid.

JUSTICE CHARLIER
You still are.

Long beat. She's right.

STACEE
I've missed you.

Now Justice's face breaks, she's waited a long time to hear that.

STACEE (CONT'D)
It just took me this long to figure it out.

After a long beat.

JUSTICE CHARLIER
I've missed you too.

Stacee sits up and falls into her arms. She holds him tight.
An imperfect pieta. Both of them, happy, and finally whole.

EXT. BOURBON ROOM. NIGHT

IT'S A MADHOUSE. The entire street has been taken over by
ROCKERS, THE MOTHERS and COPS to keep them apart.

MITCH MILEY reports breathlessly directly to camera from
inside the melee.

MITCH MILEY
As you can see Dan, the strip has
become a cultural battleground.
Sources telling me the CITY is
going to make a move to CLOSE the
Bourbon tonight. That's right,
apparently the landmark rock venue
has been UNABLE to pay TAX on the
establishment.

Lonny butts his way to the front of the line and commandeers
the mic.

LONNY
Mitch, Mitch... those reports are
completely scurrilous and untrue.
We will be paying any and all sums
owed to the city by midnight
tonight.

MITCH MILEY
And how do you plan to do so?

Lonnie is on the spot. He gets faux angry at Mitch.

LONNY
Mitch this kind of hijack
journalism is exactly what's wrong
with the media today. And If I
could just add one thing--
(he looks directly into
camera)
If anybody IN or associated with
the band Bon Jovi could please
contact Dennis Dupree or myself at
the bourbon club, it would be
greatly appreciated.

With that, he exits, heading back inside the club.

INT. THE BOURBON ROOM - NIGHT

And Paul was right: The place is PACKED. Hi and Lo, rockers and record execs, street freaks and celebs. It's a zoo.

BACKSTAGE

Paul is giving Drew and the other G-Boyeetz a pep talk.

PAUL GILL
Just remember the moves. Remember
the attitude -- you'll be fine.
You're ready.

Drew enters through the back door.

PAUL GILL (CONT'D)
Nice of you to show.

G-BOY #1
(to Paul)
I don't understand why we can't
sing.

PAUL GILL
It's better this way. Less chance
to screw up.

DREW
What do you mean, we're not
singing?

G-BOY #2
All we have to do is mouth the
words!

DREW
We're lip-synching?

PAUL GILL
Relax. It's done all the time.
Pretty soon, everyone will do it.

DREW
Does Dennis know?

PAUL GILL
Don't worry about Dennis. I'm
saving his ass tonight. Now, go
get ready.

EXT. VENUS CLUB - NIGHT

Stacee and Justice stand next to his bike as they make out on the strip.

JUSTICE CHARLIER
You gonna stick with me this time?

STACEE
I'll never let you go again.

Stacee gets on his bike.

STACEE (CONT'D)
Get on.

JUSTICE CHARLIER
Where we goin'?

STACEE
Homes.

JUSTICE CHARLIER
Homes?

STACEE
I've picked up a couple since I saw you last. You're going to have to pick one.

Justice smiles.

STACEE (CONT'D)
But we gotta make one stop first.

JUSTICE slides in behind him, and with a thunderous kick start, they ROAR OFF down the strip.

INT. BOURBON ROOM - ON STAGE - NIGHT

Lonny stands at the microphone, looking out at the CROWD.

LONNY
And now, to join the long list of bands that have popped their live cherry on this very stage... please welcome...
(a cringe as he looks at a piece of paper)
The Street Boy-eez?

A smattering of applause. 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 G-Boyeez hop out onto the stage... they jump around
to an ORIGINAL SONG, very cheesy, similar to O-Town's "We Fit
Together." The crowd moves with the beat but mostly, they're
trading confused looks, as --

G-BOY #1
SO MAY I INTRODUCE TO YOU.

DREW
THE BOY-EEZ YOU'VE KNOWN FOR ALL
THESE DAY-EEZ.

G-BOY #2
THE G-BOYEEZ!!!

The spot hits each boy as they vogue, introducing themselves.

G-BOY #1
RICKY RICK!!!

HI-TOP
ME! HI-TOP!

Drew sucks it in and jumps into the center of the stage to
find the spotlight and...

DREW
AND D-DOGG!

The crowd is stunned. Some are offended. But all of them
are asking:

FANS
Bring out Bon Jovi!

As for Dennis, he's totally disgusted.

DENNIS
Oh god. I think I just threw up.

Lonny looks to the floor but there's no vomit.

LONNY
Where?

DENNIS
In my pants. With my butt.

Dennis takes off. We pick him up;

BACKSTAGE:

He grabs PAUL.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
What the hell is this?!

PAUL
The G-Boyeez!

DENNIS
Where's Bon Jovi?

PAUL
Sick. Couldn't make it.

DENNIS
WHAT!?!?

ON THE STAGE

Drew continues his "moves," giving it his best. 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 G-Boyeez continue their song. Finally, Drew looks at his band, shakes his head --

DREW
Screw this.

He jumps off the stage and pushes through the crowd towards Sherrie, eyes on fire, as Paul watches, livid.

PAUL GILL
What the hell is he doing?

Ricky and Diamond look to Drew: It's his lyric. But Drew doesn't sing it. He keeps heading for Sherrie...

... BUT HIS LYRIC COMES OVER THE SOUND SYSTEM.

GUY IN THE CROWD
His lips aren't moving.

ANOTHER GUY

Yeah! It's like it's totally un
synced with the music!

Lip Syncing is born.

And as Drew desperately presses his way through the crowd
toward 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 Hi-Top fall out of sync 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 --

Drew arrives at Sherrie... He grabs her and kisses her
passionately, enfolding her in his arms. She kisses him, her
eyes tearing up. Finally, they break. She smiles.

SHERRIE

Thanks for my records.

DREW

Oh, god...! I thought I lost you!

DREW

SHERRIE

I'm so sorry I didn't -- I'm sorry I said those --

They both stop and... Smile.

DREW (CONT'D)

I should've believed you.

She kisses him again, light and sweet. Then, she smiles.

SHERRIE

Your new band sucks.

DREW

I know. They're my old band now.

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! I WANT A REFUND!

EXT. BOURBON ROOM. NIGHT

Patty and the Mayor are now protesting. A near riot is shaping up. Patty now talks to Mitch.

PATTY
Mitch, this ends TONIGHT. It's time to wash this filth off the streets of this city! The people of Los Angeles are not going to take it anymore.

The drunk rocker that interrupted the interview earlier crashes the interview again--

ROCKER GUY
This old chick is crazy! We want to have a good time, but these prudes just want to shut us down! We BUILT this city on Rock and Roll!

WE BUILT THIS CITY / WE'RE NOT GONNA TAKE IT

ROCKER GUY
WE BUILT THIS CITY. WE BUILT THIS CITY ON ROCK AND ROLL. WE BUILT THIS CITY. WE BUILT THIS CITY ON ROCK AND ROLL...

More rockers file in behind him.

ROCKERS
SOMEONE ALWAYS PLAYING CORPORATION GAMES. WHO CARES THEY'RE ALWAYS CHANGING CORPORATION NAMES. WE JUST WANT TO DANCE HERE, SOMEONE STOLE THE STAGE. THEY CALL US IRRESPONSIBLE, WRITE US OFF THE PAGE.

Patty takes Mitch's mic.

PATTY
But we're not gonna take it!

The mothers file in behind her!

PROTESTORS

OH WE'RE NOT GONNA TAKE IT,
 NO, WE AIN'T GONNA TAKE IT!
 OH WE'RE NOT GONNA TAKE IT ANYMORE!

ROCKERS

WHO COUNTS THE MONEY, UNDERNEATH
 THE BAR. WHO RIDES THE WRECKING
 BALL INTO OUR GUITARS.
 DON'T TELL US YOU NEED US, 'CAUSE
 WE'RE THE SHIP OF FOOLS, LOOKING
 FOR AMERICA, CRAWLING THROUGH YOUR
 SCHOOLS.

The Rockers and the Mothers now sing AT each other!

ROCKERS (CONT'D)

WE BUILT THIS CITY.

ROCKERS (CONT'D)

WE BUILT THIS CITY ON ROCK
 AND ROLL!

ROCKERS (CONT'D)

WE BUILT THIS CITY, WE BUILT
 THIS CITY ON ROCK AND ROLL...

ROCKERS (CONT'D)

BUILT THIS CITY, WE BUILT
 THIS CITY ON ROCK AND ROLL.

ROCKERS (CONT'D)

BUILT THIS CITY, WE BUILT
 THIS CITY ON ROCK AND ROLL

ROCKERS (CONT'D)

BUILT THIS CITY, WE BUILT
 THIS CITY ON ROCK AND ROLL!

PROTESTORS

OH, WE'RE NOT GONNA TAKE IT

PROTESTORS

NO, WE AIN'T GONNA TAKE IT

PROTESTORS

OH, WE'RE NOT GONNA TAKE IT
 ANYMORE!

PROTESTORS

(...NOT GONNA TAKE IT)

PROTESTORS

(...NOT GONNA TAKE IT)

PROTESTORS

(...NOT GONNA TAKE IT)

SUDDENLY we hear the roar of a motorcycle. The crowd parts
 like the red sea. AND A BIKE RIDES UP. It's STACEE AND
 JUSTICE!

Patty screams at the top of her lungs, knowing this could
 spell her doom! She's hysterical but she is drowned out by
 the ear-shattering pipes on Stacee's bike.

The crowd goes nuts. He parks and steps to the door of the
 club, WALKING RIGHT BY PATTY. Patty stops him.

PATTY

IT'S THIS MANS FAULT!

With his mirrored sunglasses on, Stacee just looks at her,
 nonplussed. Patty still rages.

STACEE
HE'S THE ONE THAT'S MAKING THE SONS
AND DAUGHTERS OF LOS ANGELES LOSE
THEIR WAY!

After a beat, Stacee WHIPS OFF HIS SUNGLASSES. Patty looks him dead in the eye and... PASSES OUT COLD.

The near rioting crowd quickly engulfs her. As Stacee and Justice make their way into the club.

INT. BOURBON ROOM - SAME

Dennis, panicked, rushes over and grabs Drew.

DENNIS
Drew, man, do something. If we
have to give refunds... the
Bourbon's over.

Before Drew can react, he's turned around by...

PAUL GILL
You little shit! You ruined your
one shot!

DREW
I didn't ruin anything, Paul. I
took a stand.

PAUL GILL
For what?

DREW
(grins)
Rock-n-roll, baby...

PAUL GILL
(laughs)
Rock is over, pal. No one's gonna
remember these songs in five years.
Rock is dead.

DREW
No... rock will never die!

VOICE
AHHHHhhhhhhhhhhh!!!!

Suddenly, a BODY lands in between them. Paul stoops and realizes it's... Hi-top. He's been flung off the stage.

VOICE FROM THE STAGE (O.S.)
A one, a two... one, two, three...

The first chords of a familiar song ring out... Drew turns to see... Wayne and Ziff about to 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!!

Dennis smiles over to Lonny... Then looks back up on stage to see...

DENNIS
Holy shiiiiiii---

BON JOVI! (YES, THE BON JOVI) Singing with STACEE JAXX!!!

JON BON JOVI/STACEE
STREETLIGHTS! PEOPLE! LIVIN' JUST
TO FIND EMOTION!!

THE CLUB IS SAVED! The crowd goes CRAZY!

SHERRIE/DENNIS/LONNY/BON JOVI/STACEE
HIDIN' SOMEWHERE IN THE NIGHT!!

EXT. BOURBON ROOM - NIGHT

Paul Gill exits onto the sidewalk -- a broken man.

INT. BOURBON ROOM - 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... SOME WILL LOSE!

EXT. BOURBON ROOM - NIGHT

Paul walks down the Strip. He looks old, broken, beaten.

PAUL GILL
SOME WERE BORN TO SING THE BLUES!

INT. BOURBON ROOM - ON STAGE

Sherrie and Drew both clutch the same mic.

SHERRIE
OH THE MOVIE NEVER ENDS!!

DREW
IT GOES ON AND ON AND ON AND ON!!!

We push in on DREW AND SHERRIES FACES, then pull back out again revealing we are now...

EXT. DODGER STADIUM! LOS ANGELES - DAY

SHERRIE AND DREW SING TO A OCEAN OF PEOPLE! NOW A LEGITIMATE BAND!

DREW
STRANGERS, WAITING... UP AND DOWN
THE BOULEVARD. SHADOWS SEARCHIN' IN
THE NIGHT! STREETLIGHTS...

SHERRIE
PEOPLE... LIVIN' JUST TO FIND
EMOTION! HIDIN' SOMEWHERE IN THE
NIGHT!!!

The crowd goes crazy...

In the wings we see SHERRIE'S MOM! Dancing to the beat.
After a moment, even SHERRIE'S FATHER COMES OUT, and starts
dancing with her! Sherrie blows them a kiss.

THE WHOLE CROWD
DON'T STOP BELIEVIN' HOLD ON TO
THAT FEELIN'! STREETLIGHTS,
PEOPLE... WHOA-OH-OH!!

In the front row, Lonny and Dennis Rock out!

DENNIS/LONNY
DON'T STOP BELIEVIN' HOLD ON TO
THAT FEELIN'! STREETLIGHTS,
PEOPLE... WHOA-OH-OH!!

DREW/SHERRIE
DON'T STOP BELIEVIN' HOLD ON TO
THAT FEELIN'! STREETLIGHTS,
PEOPLE... WHOA-OH-OH!

THE WHOLE CROWD
DON'T STOP BELIEVIN' HOLD ON TO
THAT FEELIN'!

... we RISE ABOVE Los Angeles... and finally...

THE WHOLE STRIP
STREETLIGHTS, PEOPLE... WHOA-
OH-OH!!

Onto a beautiful, cloudless night sky. We hold a beat then...

SLAM TO BLACK

THE END