

ROCK OF AGES

Written by

Chris D'Arienzo

Based on the Broadway Production "Rock of Ages"
By Chris D'Arienzo

Revisions by

Allan Loeb
Jordan Roberts

With

Current Revisions by

Justin Theroux

New Line Cinema

March 31, 2011

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:

EXT. NIGHT

*

Two taugt, 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. An older, smarmy guy (Don Johnson type) exits his 2 door, convertible Mercedes and gives them a wink. 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 - NIGHT

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 At the blackness outside. She has tears in her eyes and she holds a snow globe with a miniature 'Hollywood scape' inside it. 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...

BUS DRIVER

(INTO MIRROR REFLECTION AT
SHERRIE)

WHERE YOU GOING WHAT YOU LOOKING
FOR?

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

PASSENGER/MOTHER
(TO TEENAGE DAUGHTER)
YOU KNOW THOSE BOYS DONT WANT TO
PLAY NO MORE WITH YOU.

*
*
*
*

FATHER PASSENGER
ITS TRUE.

*
*

The teenage daughter turns away frustrated.

*

SHERRIE opens an old coffee can and counts out a wad of
wrinkled bills. Her puny life savings. Pensive, she stuffs it
back her bag.

*
*
*

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 goes into her small suitcase and flips through her
precious albums. Poison, Bon Jovi, Motley Crue and most
notably... ARSENAL. Her name is drawn on them in pink magic
marker. She kisses the Arsenal record, zips up her bag and
puts it in the storage above. As she sits back down she 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...

*

She smiles to herself, and then tucks in for sleep and the
long drive ahead.

*
*

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 SUNSET STRIP- NIGHT

*

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

EXT. SUNSET STRIP - 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 - NIGHT

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.
(MORE)

DREW (CONT'D)
 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 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.

CUT TO: SHERRIE... OUTSIDE.

*

EXT. VENUS CLUB - NIGHT

*

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 couple drunk preppy dudes try to grab Sherrie's ass, but Justice grabs one by the lapels, singing directly into his face.

*

*

*

PREPPY KID
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 GUY (CONT'D)
Where you from? *

SHERRIE
Oklahoma.

ROCKER GUY
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 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 here! I can't believe it!

DREW

He take anything valuable?

SHERRIE

No, just old clothes.

DREW

That's easy to fix. Hit up 'Class and Trash' on Melrose. They sell great clothes by the garbage bag--

SHERRIE

OH NOOOOO!... CRAP!

DREW

What?!

SHERRIE

(remembering)

My records! Oh, no, no, no, no!!!
My records!!!

She paces, looks up the alley, totally bummed.

DREW

So this is really your first day?

SHERRIE

Yep, 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...

SHERRIE

Of course! I'm not a TOTAL redneck.
I'm staying at the Sunset Arms.

She produces a crumpled up flyer advertising cheap rooms.
Drew's face drops a little.

SHERRIE (CONT'D)

It's great, you can literally rent
it by the *hour* if you want to! 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?

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 - MAIN 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...

INT. BOURBON ROOM- MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Sherrie follows. Employees scurry about...

SHERRIE

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

DENNIS

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

CHICO (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 THE BAR and, in seconds, stacks fifteen empty glasses on to trays on her arm as Drew re-enters. Dennis is dumb-struck. He shrugs.

SHERRIE

(pleading)

Please. I just got mugged, I have no money, and if you say no I'll be washing my underwear in a sink at the Sunset Arms tonight.

Long pause.

DENNIS

Fine. You're hired.

*

SHERRIE

Omigod! Thank you! Thank you!!!

DENNIS

For what? I probably just ruined
your life. Come in tomorrow at
six. I'm going to need extra help
for the Arsenal show next week,
anyway.

*

*

*

SHERRIE

I love Arsenal!!!

DENNIS

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

Suddenly, the glasses 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 glasses)

*

...See you tomorrow. And come in
early. You have some dishes 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 it's 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. You
hear me? Starting tomorrow, we get
down to business. You owe me. Big.

*

*

*

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. For 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 lil'
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. Patricia Whitman! Patricia come on up here!

*

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

*

*

PATRICIA

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

It's Lonny and Dennis. They are watching Patricia on TV.

*

PATRICIA (ON THE TV)

And tomorrow as part of my "Clean up the Strip" initiative, 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.

Patty drones on.

*

LONNY (CONT'D)

That woman looks so familiar. How do I know her?

*

*

*

DENNIS

You've probably *lanced* something
that resembles her on a couple
occasions.

LONNY

She could easily be one of my many
conquests from back in the sixties.

DENNIS

Back in the sixties you would have
been eight years old.

LONNY

Don't rule it out, I was a wild
child.

DENNIS

You don't know her.
(reflecting)
Man, back then Whitman 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

Now you're just being paranoid.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

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

PATRICIA

I think we should bulldoze the Bourbon and turn it into a strip mall.

MAYOR

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

FLINTLOCK

So what's the plan?

MAYOR

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

PATRICIA

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

FLINTLOCK

Which ones?

PATRICIA

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.

PATRICIA

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

MAYOR

Patricia has even been speaking to the zoning department.

PATRICIA

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. Chico enters.

CHICO

Hey Boss, we found some hairs in
the cocktail olives again.

DENNIS

Then rinse em off.

Chico leaves. 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
protesting 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

30 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!
Or 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

Stacee 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.

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

PAUL GILL
What!? Why?!

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

PAUL GILL
When was that?

TOUR 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.

INT. DENNIS OFFICE - SAME

We intercut between Dennis and Paul:

DENNIS
Paul, it's Dennis Dupree.

INT. BACKSTAGE HALLWAY AT A HUGE ROCK VENUE - SAME

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! They want to
interview him there! Kay?

Suddenly, we hear a commotion. Yelling in fact. Then a door
slams. Several Band Members comes storming down the hallway,
instruments in hand. Pissed. Paul cups the phone.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Woah-woah-woah! Where you guys
going? Rikki, what's wrong?

RIKKI/GUITARIST

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

He keeps walking. Paul stops the drummer.

PAUL

Wait, what!? Raven, what happened?

RAVEN

He told me I couldn't come into the
his dressing room unless I 'turned
the radio off'.

PAUL

So!? Just--

RAVEN

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

PAUL

Guys, STAY PUT. I'll handle Stacee.

We hear Dennis still on the phone..."Paul?... Paul...?"

PAUL (CONT'D)

Crap! Sorry!

DENNIS

Is Stacee okay??

*

PAUL

He's great! I'm looking at him
right now! He's waving for me to
say hello! OH! Now he's flipped me
off, same old Stacee! 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: a Native American man
performing an ancient ritual beside a campfire. A TRULY huge
mound of green MM's on the floor, A Sushi chef, and one of
the tallest four-poster beds you've ever seen, dripping with
silky gauze. Soothing, mono-tonal new-age flute music plays.
A monkey (Hey Man) sits in the corner of the room making a
dream catcher. A new agey doctor is leaving with a medicine
bag.

*
*
*
*
*
*

PAUL

What happened?

*
*

NEW AGEY DOCTOR

(hushed tones)

Well, When I first saw him, I was a
little concerned.

*
*
*
*

PAUL

And? I she going to be okay?

*
*

NEW AGEY DOCTOR

He'll be fine. Jupiter is just
crossing Libra right now, so he may
seem off. But I gave him some
tantia root and lotus ashes. As
soon as the moon starts to wax
again, he'll be right as rain.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

The doctor pats Paul on the shoulder and leaves.

*

On the bed several STACEE GROUPIES 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 - SUNSET STRIP- LATE AFTERNOON

*

Sherrie stares into space as she waits for a bus. A HUGE
garbage bag with the words CLASS AND TRASH on the side of it
sits beside her. Someone on a small PUCH moped pulls up.

*

*

*

VOICE (O.S.)

Someone went shopping!

*

Sherrie looks up and sees DREW.

*

SHERRIE

Hey! Yes. That place is amazing!

*

*

She holds up the bag.

*

SHERRIE (CONT'D)

Six bucks!

*

*

DREW

Here's another tip. No one takes
the bus in LA. You're better off
crawling to work. Hop on.

*

*

*

*

Sherrie gets up. Slings the bag over her shoulder.

*

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 afford to do laundry. *

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

EXT. MOPED - MOMENTS LATER - DAY *

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

DREW

I Don't get it. 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. 'Get 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.

SHERRIE
And?

DREW
Well, the hard part is singing them
in public. I'm an 'in the shower'
guy. Soap doesn't judge.

SHERRIE
You need to breathe.

DREW
I think I got that part down.

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

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

PATRICIA *

Right... there.

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

MAYOR

My desk! I love it!

PATRICIA *

N-n-n-no. Yours is over there. *

She points to a much smaller desk near a radiator.

MAYOR

Oh. Well at least I'll be... warm. *
I was thinking maybe I could have *
the big desk-- *

Patricia interrupts, faux exhausted, going a million miles an
hour. *

PATRICIA *

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 of Los Angeles-- *

PATRICIA *

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! And for you to try and turn
that around and use it as a weapon
against me-- *

MAYOR

I know honey...I'm so-- sorry,
thank you--

*

*

A secretary enters.

SECRETARY

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

*

PATRICIA

(squaling)

Oooh! Yes! This is soo exciting!

(to Mike)

Okay, shoo-shoo. I have a meeting.

*

*

*

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

*

*

HARD CUT TO:

*

MOMENTS LATER. MAYORS OFFICE.

*

Tight on a poster. It's Staceee Jaxx in ultra tight clothes.
Pull back to reveal the MOTHERS, all different versions of
Patricia in pearls and pastels, all sitting in a circle
drinking tea. Patricia holds court.

*

*

*

*

PATRICIA

Take a good look ladies. A HARD,
GOOD, LOOOOOONG HARD LOOK. This
man... THIS MAN is responsible for
so much.. FILTH.

*

*

*

*

*

MOM #1

He's Satan!

*

*

PATRICIA

He's like a machine that spews out
three things... SEX, HATEFUL MUSIC,
and...

(unable to think of a
third thing.)

...SEX. And right now as we sit
here, he's spewing it all over our
children.

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

MOM #2

My son bit the head off a bat
because of him!

*

*

*

PATRICIA

(Her ire rising)

Well his filthy little hateful
music sex ride is over. It's going
to stop. And WE'RE going to be the
ones that DO IT!

She steps to the poster and looks Stacee square in the eye.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

WELL YOU'RE A REAL TOUGH COOKIE
WITH THE LONG HISTORY OF BREAKING
LITTLE HEARTS LIKE THE ONE IN ME!
THAT'S OK, LET'S SEE HOW YOU DO IT
PUT UP YOUR DUKES, LETS GET DOWN TO
IT!

Patricia takes a bucket of red paint and a brush and crosses
out Stacee's face. She begins dancing around the room,
getting the mothers all fired up.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

HIT ME WITH YOUR BEST SHOT!
WHY DON'T YOU HIT ME WITH YOUR BEST
SHOT! HIT ME WITH YOUR BEST SHOT!
FIRE AWAY!

MOTHER #1

YOU COME ON WITH A "COME ON", YOU
DON'T FIGHT FAIR!

PATRICIA

BUT THAT'S OK, SEE IF I CARE!

MOTHER #2

KNOCK ME DOWN, IT'S ALL IN VAIN

PATRICIA/MOTHER'S 1 & 2

I'LL GET RIGHT BACK ON MY FEET
AGAIN!

ALL MOMS

HIT ME WITH YOUR BEST SHOT!

Patricia climbs atop the conference table as the mothers
dance around with angry joy.

PATRICIA

WHY DON'T YOU HIT ME WITH YOUR BEST
SHOT!

PATRICIA/MOMS

HIT ME WITH YOUR BEST SHOT!
FIRE AWAY!

PATRICIA
 WELL YOU'RE THE REAL TOUGH COOKIE
 WITH THE LONG HISTORY
 OF BREAKING LITTLE HEARTS, LIKE THE
 ONE IN ME
 BEFORE I PUT ANOTHER NOTCH IN MY
 LIPSTICK CASE
 YOU BETTER MAKE SURE YOU PUT ME IN
 MY PLACE

*
 *
 *
 *
 *
 *
 *
 *

The mothers carry Patricia aloft on their shoulders!

*

PATRICIA/MOMS
 HIT ME WITH YOUR BEST SHOT!
 COME ON, HIT ME WITH YOUR BEST
 SHOT! HIT ME WITH YOUR BEST SHOT!
 FIRE AWAY!

*
 *
 *
 *
 *

INT. TOWER RECORDS - LATER - AFTERNOON.

*

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)
 Uh-huh. 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

Busted. I lied. Okay, I'm not
really 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 say
that last thought out loud.

*
*

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 - NIGHT

*

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 - NIGHT

*

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 - NIGHT

*

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 - NIGHT

*

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 - LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

*

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 pulling up on his PUCH. Sherrie rounds a corner. They see each other and smile. He nods her over, she 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. After a beat he looks up.

*

*

DREW *
Nice, isn't it... *

SHERRIE *
It's gorgeous. *

DREW *
So what did your folks think of the *
big move to LA? *

SHERRIE *
Hm. Tricky question. I kind of *
didn't really tell them. *

DREW *
I see. *
(beat) *
You're aware that's technically *
called 'running away from home'. *

SHERRIE *
No! I mean... technically? Yes. But *
I love my mom to pieces. I called *
her when I got here to tell her I *
was fine. *

DREW *
And your dad? How'd he take it? *

SHERRIE *
You mean the man who burned all my *
Stacee Jaxx posters and held a *
prayer vigil for my soul? That dad? *
Him? Well, he 'wasn't home' when I *
called. *
(beat) *
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 *
not a big BJ Barachus fan. She's *
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

(laughing)

So you've met him!?

*

*

*

DREW

Maybe some day I will! You never know!

*

*

*

Sherrie laughs.

*

SHERRIE

HA! I would DIE! Being a songwriter would be a HUGE strike against you.

*

*

DREW

My dad's not too thrilled about it either. 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!

*

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 Joan *
Jett type band ON STAGE playing a pulsing rock tune. 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 - NIGHT

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

EXT. SUNSET STRIP - DAY

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

-- Standing in line at CARNEY'S.

-- 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.

INT. DREW'S APT. - NIGHT

-- 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. Patricia WHITMAN, in too much makeup and a terrible outfit, gives an interview to Hunky on-the-scene reporter, MITCH MILEY.

MITCH MILEY

Patricia. This is the third night in a row you've been here. Why so passionate.

PATRICIA

Because 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.

(MORE)

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

Look, Stacee Jaxx can wreck his own
life, but when it comes to raping
our children's ears 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-AAHHHH!!!

*

MITCH MILEY

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

*

INT. THE BOURBON ROOM - MAIN ROOM- NIGHT

*

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

*

INT. THE BOURBON ROOM

*

Sherrie walks in and picks up the phone.

SHERRIE
Hello?

*

Sherrie's Mom is on the phone.

*

MOTHER (V.O.)

Who answered the phone, was that
your roommate??

SHERRIE

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

SHERRIES DAD (V.O.)

Who are you talking to?

SHERRIE

Is that dad?

MOTHER (V.O.)

What kind of job?

(concerned)

They don't serve beer do they?

Dennis walks by, shouting something to Chico.

DENNIS

Hey Chico! Six cases of vodka just
landed. I put em near the stripper
cages. And check the condom
machines in the men's room! Last
night we were sold out of Ribbed!

He exits.

SHERRIE

AAAAaaaaa-RESTAURANT! A restaurant
job! Waiting tables. Tips are
great. Mom you'd be so proud of me.
AND I met a guy... He's a
songwriter and he's so nice. I even
think dad might like him if he got
to know him.

FATHER (V.O.)

-- You're dead to me young lady.
You're a disgrace. Do you
understand me?

SHERRIE

Dad?!... Where's mom? I...

Click.

SHERRIE (CONT'D)

Hello?... Dad?

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. 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 - NIGHT

*

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 WARRANT.

*

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 by the waitress, walks back into the room.

*

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 ...much smaller boot? Yup. Tilt up to reveal STACEE JAXX arriving with his Baboon, who is dressed like Moammar Gadhafi, complete with sunglasses.

*
*
*

Stacee is flanked by Five HOT GROUPIES, Two HUGE BODY GUARDS and PAUL. Stacee passes his monkey to an assistant, shakes out his 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 - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

*

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, dead serious.

*

DENNIS

Stacee Jaxx is in the house.

*

INT. BOURBON ROOM - BACKSTAGE

Dennis walks backstage to greet Stacee.

DENNIS
Stacee! You made it!
(noticing the monkey)
And you brought...

*
*

STACEE
Hey Man.

*
*

DENNIS
Yeah, Hey Man!

*
*

STACEE
No *this* is "Hey man".

*
*

The babbon knashes his teeth at Dennis.

*

DENNIS
Oh, hey..... Man.

*
*

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 spirit-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 e su casa... por... 'Burning'.

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

STACEE

(brightening)

It's a joke! I'm just kidding man!

*
*

DENNIS

(relieved)

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

STACEE

(serious)

No! Meaning, you can't trap a fire phoenix.

(laughing)

That would be crazy, right?

*
*
*
*
*

DENNIS

(uncomfortable again)

Right.

*
*
*

STACEE

(dead serious again)

But seriously, we're totally burning this place down.

*
*
*
*

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 the story about you going solo.

*

Stacee has started slowly circling her, like a panther circling a gazelle. Constance is nervous but stays strong.

*

*

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 starts signing her breast. His BODYGUARDS enter and drag the hysterical fan out. Stacee doesn't even notice, continues signing the air, then drops the pen, goes to the mini bar, pours a drink and hands it to Constance.

He looks at his wrist like there's a watch there. There isn't.

STACEE

Okay....

(beat)

Five minutes.... and....

(beat)

Not yet...

(beat)

aaaand...-- Go.

CONSTANCE

(turns on recorder)

Stacee Jaxx back at 'The Bourbon'--

STACEE

No. NOW go.

CONSTANCE

--At the Bourbon. Where it all started fifteen years ago. Your first record 'Stick Meat' gave birth to some of rock's greatest anthems. And now a solo career. Why now?

STACEE

Well, Connie, people change. They develop new tastes, new interests. The current state of the music industry is blah bah blaaahh-- I'm bored.

He looks at his naked wrist again.

STACEE (CONT'D)

Four minutes.

CONSTANCE

People have said you've become too
difficult to work with. You're
erratic. Reclusive. At times even
nonsensical--

*
*

STACEE

Well I ask you. Have these 'people'
even met themselves?

*
*

CONSTANCE

I'm talking about your band.

*
*

He leans forward and points to his face.

STACEE

Let me tell you something. I know
me better than anyone. Because I
live in here.

*

(beat)

Eight minutes.

*

CONSTANCE

You just said four?

*
*

STACEE

Now it's three.

*
*

CONSTANCE

Is it possible that you've shut out
or alienated so many people in your
life that going solo is your *only*
option?

*

STACEE

One has to stay true to the muse.
Hey Man. Scotch me.

*

Hey Man (the Monkey) starts making a drink.

*

CONSTANCE

And who is your muse?

*

Stacee doesn't answer. Hey Man gives him his drink.
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

Dropped out of Woodrow Wilson High
in eleventh grade. Your first
concert was Aerosmith. When you
were seventeen you hitchhiked to LA
with your high school sweetheart--

*
*
*

STACEE

(anger rising)
Two minutes.

CONSTANCE

Did I hit a nerve? Detroit?
Aerosmith?

*

Constance 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)

Jenny Anderson. Your first, and
some say ONLY true love. Your
second record 'Runaway' was written
about her--

*
*

STACEE

That record sold over 100 million
copies.

*
*
*

CONSTANCE

Some would call you a sell out for
that.

*
*
*

STACEE

Oh I sell out alright. Every seat,
in every stadium I ever play.

*
*
*

CONSTANCE

And yet creatively you've never
been able to top it. Why?

*
*
*

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

STACEE

Time. You can go now.

CONSTANCE

You left Jennifer high and dry as
soon as you shot to fame--

*

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 career 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.

She approaches him. For the first time we see a flicker of sexual energy between them.

*

*

CONSTANCE

Well here's your chance... What's it like to be the Stacee Jaxx.

*

*

She hits record on the tape deck. Stacee leans forward, peers over his shades. Takes the mini recorder like it's a microphone.

*

*

*

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. BOURBON ROOM/GREEN ROOM CORRIDOR- 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 BOURBON STAFF MEMBER.

*

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 corridor -- where CREW and STAFF
get ready for the show with an 80s-style choreographed dance. *

INT. BOURBON ROOM - MAIN ROOM- NIGHT *

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

GROUPIES/BODYGUARDS
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.

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 - NIGHT

*

Sherrie hurries in and sees Drew with his band. Drew smiles -- *
relieved -- the second he sees her.

DREW

Where were you?

SHERRIE

I just met Stacee... Again! And I
didn't even faint!

*

*

She heads towards the back entrance.

*

DREW

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

SHERRIE

I'll be right back! I have to grab something for Stacee.

*

DREW

Well, hurry. I want you to be there when I go on!

*

*

*

She rushes back and kisses Drew.

*

SHERRIE

Of course!

She dashes out the door.

*

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

Oh yeah? Why don't you tell me what I am.

*

He flops onto the sofa, amused.

CONSTANCE

You're a man child stuck in a rut.

*

STACEE

Stuck in a rut. 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 still singing
the same songs you wrote fifteen
years ago.

*
*
*

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 your career
right off a cliff.

*

PAUL

Okay Lady...

*
*

CONSTANCE

Your songs used to be about
something. What are they about now?

*
*
*

PAUL

Okay, that's it. I'm going to call
your editor--

*
*
*

STACEE

Get out.

PAUL

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

STACEE

Not her. YOU.

Shocked, Paul leaves.

*

STACEE (CONT'D)

You too, Hey Man.

*
*

Hey Man makes a noise protesting.

*

STACEE (CONT'D)

We'll do the next one together.
Promise.

*
*
*

Reluctantly, Hey Man 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

Off the record?

She nods. He leans into her ear. Whispers...

STACEE (CONT'D)

Sssseexxxx.

His hot breath practically melts her. Blood rushes to her face.

STACEE (CONT'D)

And other people's projections of what they want me to be. What you and all your readers want me to be. Sex. But 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. Love.

Constance is shocked (even turned on) by his honesty. Stacee continues. 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 reaches up and takes her glasses off. They're lips hover near each other... Even STACEE wants to kiss her...

STACEE (CONT'D)

Like I said, I know me better than anyone. Because I live in here.

(beat)

And no one else can.

CONSTANCE

(in a trance)

I can... I can....

Constance leans into his lips with hers, but he turns away melodramatically.

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!
(MORE)

STACEE AND CONSTANCE (CONT'D)
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

CONSTANCE
THE LOVE THAT YOU FEEL INSIDE

STACEE	CONSTANCE
I WANT YOU TO SHOW ME	I'M FEELING SO MUCH LOVE
STACEE	CONSTANCE
I WANNA FEEL WHAT LOVE IS	NO, YOU JUST CANNOT HIDE
STACEE	CONSTANCE
I KNOW YOU CAN SHOW ME	YEAH, WOAH-OH-OOH
CONSTANCE	STACEE
I WANNA KNOW WHAT LOVE IS	LET'S TALK ABOUT LOVE

EXT./INT. LIMO - LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

*

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

INT. BOURBON ROOM - MAINSTAGE - 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
Woah.. You... That...

*

*

CONSTANCE
That what?!

*

*

STACEE
That part can be 'on the record' if
you want.

*

*

*

Realizing her error, she sits up. Mortified she starts getting dressed.

*
*

CONSTANCE
This was a mistake.

STACEE
Wait. Where you going?

*
*

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 band mates 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... That kid makes Brett
Michaels look like Ernest Borgnine!

*
*

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)
GRRRRWOOOOOOOOOOOOWWWW!

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, shuts the door-- 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)
WE ARE WOLFGANG VON COLT! 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 - LOADING DOCK - 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? Because I saw you with him!

*

SHERRIE
With who?

DREW
Stacee. I saw you.

SHERRIE
I brought him his 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 Stacee 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 from my dad. 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 Stacee'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 Stacee 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 in 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 Stacey 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 - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

*

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

LONNY

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

The CROWD goes BERZERK. DEAFENING CHEERING and APPLAUSE.
Stacey 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 OFFICE - NIGHT

*

Lonny, Dennis count out stacks of cash.

DENNIS
Twenty-nine 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)
Eighteen 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 - DAY

*

-- as the SKY explodes with lightning/thunder... And rain...

*

*

"HARDEN MY HEART" BY QUARTERFLASH.

Further up the strip, walking in the rain, getting pelted, we FIND Sherrie, very upset. A few other lost souls brush past her.

*

*

SHERRIE

CRYIN' ON THE CORNER. WAITING IN THE RAIN...

(MORE)

SHERRIE (CONT'D)
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. DUKE'S - DAY

*

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 - NIGHT

*

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!

*

INT. SUNSET STRIP/TOWER RECORDS - DAY

*

Sherrie finishes writing an employment application, hands it to the manager, as she walks away the manager puts it in a bloated file of applications.

*

*

*

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

INT. DIVE BAR - LATE AFTERNOON

*

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. A scary bum tries to paw money off Sherry. She runs across the street to get away. *

SHERRIE (CONT'D)
IT FEELS SO CLOSE. BUT ALWAYS
DISAPPEARS. *

JUSTICE
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 - FRONT 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. AND YOU'RE A
PRETTY GIRL, BUT IN HERE IF YOU
WANT TO MAKE REAL MONEY, YOU SHOULD
Think about dancing. YOU HAVE TO BE
TOUGH THOUGH. YOU DON'T LOOK N'TOUGH
TO ME, SO maybe you don't have what
it takes. It's not right for
everyone. I WILL SAY THIS THOUGH,
IF YOU CAN HOLD ON TO YOUR SOUL,
WELL, the money? And the right
customer? You can clean up.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

SHERRIE

I think I'm a better waitress.

*

JUSTICE CHARLIER

As a waitress all you need to be is
a shoulder for a lonely man to cry
on. But 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:

INT. VENUS CLUB - 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 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

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

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

An aide enters.

AIDE
Is the mayor in?

PATRICIA
He had to pick up the kids at
school.

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

He hands Patricia a thick envelope.

PATRICIA
What is it?

AIDE
The financials he asked for on the
Bourbon Room.

As soon as the Aide leaves Patricia tears into the envelope.
A smile breaks across her face as she reads what's inside.
Excited, she grabs a phone and dials.

MAYOR (V.O.)
Mayor Mike Whit--

PATRICIA
Whitty, its, Patti-Cake. What would
you say if I told you the Bourbon
Room hasn't paid taxes in OVER A
YEAR.

MAYOR (V.O.)
Golly, I'd say that's great.
Because then we'd be able to shut
them down. Okay, I gotta run honey--

PATRICIA

UGH! Not *really* what would you say!
I'm asking you that because It's
TRUE! THEY HAVEN'T!

MAYOR

Really?

PATRICIA

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

MAYOR (V.O.)

I love you honey.

PATRICIA

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

MAYOR (V.O.)

Yes, dear.

She hangs up, and turns to the mothers.

PATRICIA

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

INT. DREW'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Drew sits next to his guitar, putting pen 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.

PAUL
BUT, HERE I GO AGAIN. HERE I GO
AGAIN.

THE VENUS GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - NIGHT

Sherrie pulls off her waitress uniform, wipes make up off her face. She looks over to one of the strippers and sees a customer in a cowboy hat kissing a girl goodbye. Then we see him discreetly hand her a THICK roll of hundreds. The man leaves. The stripper locks eyes with Sherrie, smiles and walks away.

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 - DAY

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 agency, she notices fare specials to locations all over the country, and settles on the one way fare to Tulsa, Oklahoma.

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. SUNSET STRIP - DAY

Sherrie is at a newsstand, combing through BACKSTAGE,
circling notices for open casting calls FOR SINGERS with a
pen...

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

INT. 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 Colt. 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), PAUL (in his
office, on the phone lighting a huge cigar) and Stacee (in a
hotel room) staring at his guitar. Intimidated for the first
time by the sight of it. *

DREW/SHERRIE/STACEE JAXX/PAUL
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?!

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

(panic rising)

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?

INT. BOURBON ROOM OFFICE- DAY

*

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 - NIGHT

*

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 MAIN ROOM - PRESENT - 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 - CAROUSEL - DAY

*

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

*

EXT. THEME PARK/MINIATURE GOLF COURSE - DAY

*

Dennis reaches around Lonny, shows him proper form on handling his golf club. They share a moment.

*

*

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 --

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

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

DENNIS
What is it, Chico.

CHICO
The Beer guy is here.

DENNIS
Well you tell him I'm busy, Chico.
Busy falling in love.

The two dudes mash faces with abandon.

*
*
*
*
*
*

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'd
be so unfair to pigs.

JUSTICE CHARLIER
You want respect? Be a dancer.

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

JUSTICE CHARLIER (CONT'D)
These men... They won't judge you.
That catwalk is a pedestal, and
even though it's just three feet
high it makes you untouchable. Up
there, they love you. And they pay
for it. Waitressing on the floor?
These men think of you as just
that. On the floor. Beneath them.
But not up there.
(beat)
Like they say, 'Once you're on the
pole, 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!

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 CAPITOL EXECUTIVE
Sorry... it's a pass. *

PAUL GILL
He's got talent.

HEAD CAPITOL 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. PAUL GILL'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY

*

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 - DAY

*

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 - DAY

*

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!

INT. VENUS CLUB - NIGHT

*

Suddenly, the music drops out, and all you hear is the crack of the strippers heels pounding out the beat, as Sherrie, at first awkwardly, starts to gyrate and dance for the ogling customers. The strippers whisper hoarsely to the rhythm:

STRIPPERS
ANYWAY YOU WANT IT THAT'S THE WAY
YOU NEED IT, ANYWAY YOU WANT IT
THAT'S THE WAY YOU NEED IT

*

*

*

*

Sherrie grows more confident and begins to own the floor

*

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

*

*

*

The pounding music starts to kick in, as Sherrie gives in and dances with the girls, owning it.

*

*

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

*
 *
 *

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

STRIPPERS (CONT'D)
 ANY WAY YOU WANT IT!

Freeze. Sherrie stands breathless 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)
 Joshy-J! Vat are you dooeeng!?

*

DREW
 First, If you call me Joshy-J
 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.

Annoyed, Stephano and the crew walk away.

*

PAUL (CONT'D)

--Look, this is just part of the biz. I've done this, okay? Arsenal was practically performing in their underwear when they met me. Trust me. You're working with top talent here!

*

*

DREW

(re: Stephano)

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. Boyz with a 'z' was taken.

*

DREW

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

*

Paul says nothing. Then

DREW (CONT'D)

You don't KNOW!?!?

*

PAUL

....Girl-z?

*

DREW

Girls-Boyz? What does that even
mean!?!?

*

*

PAUL

It doesn't matter! Can you just
trust me for once!? Look, you can
either leave now OR we get this
done, and 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

I don't want to do it.

*

PAUL

Y'know, I'm up to here with your
negativity Joshy-J. And Kevi-kev
Donny-D and Eric-E don't seem too
thrilled either.

*

*

*

*

The other G-boyeez chime in with agreement.

*

DREW

Don't you think at the very *least*
we need to do a gig before a video!

*

*

PAUL

Do you want to manage the band? Or
do you want me to?

*

*

*

DREW

Wait a minute... 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? 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
Bon Jovi and a new act. I got the
same feeling about these new guys
that I got when I first saw Stacey
Jaxx play.

*

*

*

DENNIS
Bon Jovi? That's amazing!

*

*

*

LONNY
He's amazing!

DENNIS
(cupping phone)
Relax, Frankie here in Hollywood.

DENNIS (TO PAUL) (CONT'D)
And every cent goes to the House.

PAUL
Every cent.

Dennis cups the phone.

DENNIS
Should we trust him?

LONNY
Do we have a choice?

DENNIS
Okay. 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? Dressed like this? No way.

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

Drew, his head spinning, sighs.

DREW
This is bullshit...
(beat)
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 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)

We 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 advertising 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 you idiot. They're going to be 'sick'. But WE won't know that until it's waaay too late. *

She hands him a magazine. He stops cold. *

LOUISE *

Stacee's Rolling Stone cover. Hot off the presses...

Paul looks at the cover. "Rocks Loneliest Cowboy - Alone with No Range."

PAUL GILL
How bad is it?

LOUISE
Bad enough that Stacee Jaxx is waiting in your office.

PAUL GILL
On the phone?

LOUISE
No.

PAUL
That's impossible. He's never been in my office.

Suddenly, we hear something shatter inside Paul's office.

PAUL GILL
(nervous)
Umigod.

Paul walks to his office door, is about to open it when he hears another crash inside. He takes a breath and enters.

INT. PAUL GILL'S OFFICE - DAY

Inside, Paul sees... HEY MAN. Standing on his desk wearing army fatigues and a beret. He's dressed to fit Stacee's mood.

PAUL
Hey, Hey man. Man.

Paul scans the room and sees... Stacee, lying on Paul's Sofa. Boots up, his cowboy hat pulled low over his face.

STACEE
Hey Man is very angry at with you Paul.

The monkey is now in the corner by a wall full of industry awards. He holds a framed Gold record.

PAUL
Stacee, maybe you can tell Hey Man to put down--

CRASH. The record flies across the room. Paul winces. Stacee hold up a copy of Rolling Stone.

STACEE
You seen this?

PAUL
Look, I'm all over it. I just tore
the editor a new one. You should
have heard me--

CRASH! Hey Man has flung another huge crystal award.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Hey Man!!! Stacee, please! Could
you--

Stacee throws the magazine at Paul.

STACEE
Page 68. Second Paragraph. Read.

PAUL
Oh c'mon, what's the point--

Hey Man throws a telephone, almost taking Paul's head off.

STACEE
DO IT!

PAUL
(reluctantly)
"Stacee Jaxx will tell you he's a
Cowboy but lately he seems more
like a 'boy-cow' who's gotten lost
in the herd." Okay, so you probably
shouldn't a banged her.

STACEE
MORE.

PAUL
"His band hates him, his fans want
more. But the biggest danger is the
man who seems to be calling all the
shots, his manager Paul Gill."
Yaddayaddayadaa... and... Y'know
what? CLASSIC hit piece- This woman
is--

STACEE
KEEP GOING.

CRASH!

PAUL

"Paul Gill, a man so oily, Exxon might want to consider buying stock in him."

(faux enthusiastic)

That could also mean I'm pretty slick?! So its a half full half empty kinda thing. Potaytah-Potatatta, right?

Crash! Another gold record down. Paul keeps reading.

PAUL (CONT'D)

"Even the legendary Bourbon room isn't sacred, this reporter learned Stacee Jaxx and Paul Gill walked away with virtually all of the nights proceeds-- "

STACEE

STOP. That part. Is that true?

Long pause.

PAUL

Its' not-not true? It's just more-more true than I would prefer.

STACEE

What?

PAUL

Sorry, let me be clearer. No bullshit.

(beat)

I wish the true part was falser.

CRASH! Another award. Paul 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 takes the magazine from Stacee, throws it in the trash,
then hands him the bottle. *

PAUL GILL (CONT'D)
So what if some chick journo-nerd
took a few potshots. Today it's
news, tomorrow it's trash. All your
life you wanted to be number one.
And you still 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 -- LATE AFTERNOON OR NIGHT

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

PATRICIA

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....

*

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

DREW
Ever see Stacee 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.

*

AFTER A BEAT.

*

SHERRIE (CONT'D)

I work at the Venus.

*

*

DREW

My Manager made me wear this.

*

*

He takes off his hat and, they try to smile to each other through the pain of what they've become.

*

*

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

DREW (CONT'D)
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 to go. *

DREW (CONT'D) *
Sherrie--- *
(She turns to him) *
Don't stop anything. Ever. *

She smiles. *

SHERRIE *
Goodbye, Drew. *

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

"EVERY ROSE HAS ITS THORN" BY POISON.

Sherrie gets into a cab. *

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

Drew watches her go. *

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 walks to his moped. *

DREW/SHERRIE *
BUT, 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 drives off on his moped.

DREW
EVERY ROSE HAS ITS THORN, YEAH, IT
DOES.

He drives off into the night.

INT. VENUS MAIN ROOM.

JUSTICE
THOUGHT IT'S BEEN A WHILE NOW
I CAN STILL FEEL SO MUCH PAIN
LIKE THE KNIFE THAT CUTS YOU, THE
WOUND HEALS BUT THE SCAR, THAT SCAR
REMAINS.

INT. HOTEL SUITE. CHATEAU MARMONT.

Stacee, takes a guitar solo. Sheet music all around him.

INT. VENUS MAIN ROOM.

JUSTICE/SHERRIE
I KNOW I COULD HAVE SAVED OUR LOVE
THAT NIGHT IF I'D KNOWN WHAT TO SAY
INSTEAD OF MAKIN LOVE WE BOTH
MADE OUR SEPARATE WAYS
BUT NOW, I HEAR YOU'VE FOUND
SOMEBODY NEW AND THAT NEVER MEANT
THAT MUCH TO YOU.

INT. TOWER RECORDS

DREW
TO HEAR THAT TEARS ME UP INSIDE AND
TO SEE YOU CUTS ME LIKE A KNIFE

SHERRIE/DREW/JUSTICE
I GUESS, EVERY ROSE HAS ITS THORN
JUST LIKE EVERY NIGHT HAS IT'S DAWN

SHERRIE
JUST LIKE EVERY COWBOY SINGS HIS
SAD, SAD SONG EVERY ROSE HAS ITS
THORN EVERY ROSE HAS ITS THORN.

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

Unable to write music, Stacee swigs from the bottle Paul gave him. His mind drifts to Constance. (Flashback to her face when they were making love, the headline of the Rolling Stone article) Stacee is tortured. *

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. VENUS CLUB - NIGHT

Sherrie gets out of the taxi and -- *

INT. VENUS CLUB - CONTINUOUS ACTION - NIGHT

*

-- 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.

EXT. SUNSET STRIP. NIGHT

*

A foot kick starts a motorcycle. TIME JUMP.

*

Stacee rides the strip, lost. He swigs from a bottle of Jack.

*

STACEE
JUST LIKE EVERY NIGHT HAS ITS DAWN.

*

EXT. VENUS CLUB - NIGHT

Stacee pulls up. A mess. He stumbles -- wasted -- into the Club. *

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 -- bottle in hand, stumbles into the club. He looks up at a STRIPPER. The other strippers have noticed Stacee. They array themselves in enticing poses. Stacee walks through the line up. *

DESTINY (CONT'D)
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. Despondent. In the background: *

"ROCK YOU LIKE A HURRICANE" BY SCORPIONS.

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

STACEE
How much for you to make all my
pain go away? *

SHERRIE
I just dance. *

STACEE
I'll give you one thousand dollars. *

SHERRIE
You don't want me, you want another girl. *

She turns to go. *

STACEE
Two thousand.

She stops. Turns back. He leans back. *

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.

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

STACEE
(slowly)
Ten. Thousand. Dollars.

She's stunned. Her eyes fill. She's thinking about Drew, but she needs the money. Her face is a mask of pain and hurt. *
Breaking, she walks to the volume control, cranks up the *
MUSIC. The song's verse begins sotto -- a ticking bomb. *

She starts to dance for him. He leans back, relieved. *

SHERRIE
IT'S EARLY MORNING. THE SUN COMES
OUT. LAST NIGHT WAS SHAKING AND
PRETTY LOUD. *
(MORE) *

SHERRIE (CONT'D)
MY CAT IS PURRING AND SCRATCHES MY
SKIN, SO WHAT IS WRONG WITH ANOTHER
SIN.

*
*
*

She takes the bottle from his hand, takes a swig from it. She dances seductively around him.

*

STACEE
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
MORE DAYS TO COME. NEW PLACES TO
GO. I'VE GOT TO LEAVE, IT'S TIME
FOR THE SHOW.

*
*
*

As the CHORUS THUNDERS, she begins to strip, removing her outer layer -- tossing them flirtatiously at him. He stands to assist her. She pushes him seductively back down...is this really happening? She circles him.

*
*
*

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

*
*
*

STACEE
HERE I AM, ROCK ME LIKE A
HURRICANE.

*
*
*

SHERRIE MOVES TO THE POLE.

*

SHERRIE
MY BODY IS BURNING. IT STARTS TO
SHOUT. DESIRE IS COMING. IT BREAKS
OUT LOUD.

*
*
*

More clothes come off. Another swig from the bottle. Stacey stands and moves to her.

*
*

STACEE
LUST IS IN CAGES. TIL STORM BREAKS
LOOSE. JUST HAVE TO MAKE IT. WITH
SOMEONE I CHOOSE.

*
*
*
*
*

Suddenly, Sherrie turns...

SHERRIE/STACEE
THE NIGHT IS CALLING. I HAVE TO GO

*
*

SHERRIE
THE WOLF IS HUNGRY.

They dance together.

SHERRIE/STACEE
HE RUNS TO SHOW.

SHERRIE
HE'S LICKING HIS LIPS. HE'S READY
TO WIN.

SHERRIE/STACEE
ON THE HUNT TONIGHT. FOR LOVE AT
FIRST STING. HERE I AM, ROCK YOU
LIKE A HURRICANE.

STACEE
ARE YOU READY BABY.

THEY'RE SEX SEEMS IMMINENT.

SHERRIE/STACEE
HERE I AM, ROCK YOU LIKE A
HURRICANE.

STACEE
ROCK YOU LIKE A HURRICANE.

SHERRIE/STACEE
HERE I AM, ROCK YOU LIKE A
HURRICANE.

STACEE
C'MON, C'MON, C'MON, C'MON, C'MON.

SHERRIE/STACEE
HERE I AM, ROCK YOU LIKE A
HURRICANE. HERE I AM.

They finish. The room is eerily silent. Both Stacey and
Sherrie stare at one another for a long beat. It's
actually... awkward.

SHERRIE
I...

STACEE
I'm...

BEAT.

SHERRIE
I have to go!

STACEE
I have to go!

They separate, Sherrie grabs her clothes, Stacee grabs his Jacket. *

INT. VENUS CLUB - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER *

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

Reveal Stacee, hearing what Justice said. 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.

INT. VENUS CLUB - PAYPHONE *

Stacee is on the phone. *

STACEE
But I need to speak her! *

VOICE (O.S.)
Well, I need a name of who HER is?! *

STACEE
I only slept together ONCE and you
expect me to know her name! She's
the one who wrote the Stacee Jaxx
article. *

VOICE (O.S.)

Oh. Constance!? She's covering the
Save the Bourbon benefit. Who the
hell is this anyway?....

But Stacey is already gone. The phone's receiver just
dangles.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hello?...

SFX. We hear the roar of his motorcycle.

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-Boyeez 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. BOURBON ROOM - NIGHT

Outside, It's mayhem. Lonny, on a ladder with a megaphone, is
trying in vain to control the crowd.

LONNY

People! People! Per the fire
Marshall, we need to keep the
sidewalk clear!

Our camera swings to see that Patricia and her ladies are
there too, protesting. A near riot is shaping up. Patricia,
on camera, barks her complaints to Mitch Miley.

PATRICIA

As you can see this club is totally
out of control. But Mitch, this
ends tonight.

INT. MAYORS OFFICE. SAME

The Mayor, his kids and several aides watch Patty on TV.

PATRICIA (ON TV)

It's time to wash this filth off
the streets of this city!

The Mayor beams.

MAYOR

You tell em Patty Cakes!

PATRICIA (ON TV)

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 (ON TV)
THIS WEIRD-OLD MOM-CHICK IS CRAZY!

EXT. BOURBON ROOM - SAME

ROCKER GUY
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.

Patricia takes Mitch's mic.

PATRICIA
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 MOTHERS NOW SING AT EACH OTHER!

ON LONNY. HIS FACE DROPS. We do a VERY SPECIAL PUSH IN ON LONNY. He's looking right at Patricia's squealing face.

LONNY
Wait a minute!? I ACTUALLY DO KNOW HER!

Lonny dashes off. We pick him back up...

INT. BOURBON ROOM

As Lonnie sprints to the photo wall and tears a framed archival photo off the wall. He rushes back outside.

EXT. BOURBON ROOM

Lonny bursts through the doors holding the photo above his head, 'Say Anything' style!

LONNY
1977! STACEE JAXX! BACKSTAGE AT THE BOURBON!

MITCH MILEY
Roll on this!

Mitch and his crew rush Lonny. Lonny is now on camera.

LONNY
If I could direct your attention
to the GROUPIE in the BACKGROUND OF
THIS PHOTO! YOU WILL NOTICE THAT IS
IS NONE OTHER than Patricia
WHITMAN! The MAYORS WIFE!

Mitch Miley's camera finds the photo and for the first time we see it. Sure enough, just behind a practically naked Stacee, is PATRICIA! She's wearing a Nazi SS helmet, holds a whip and a bong, and is squealing with delight! And oh yeah, even though a rocker's head is strategically placed in front.. SHE'S TOPLESS!!!

INT. MAYORS OFFICE - SAME

Tight on the TV and the photo. The Mayor is dumbstruck. Brent and Dent are crying.

BRENT
Is that... naked Mommy, Daddy??

DENT

Why is Mommy trying to whip that
really sexy man? And why is my
penis moving?

The Mayor starts to dry heave.

EXT. BOURBON ROOM - SAME

Patricia is hysterical now. Tears and Mascara stream down her
face. She rushes the camera, tries to cover the photo.

PATRICIA

(sputtering)

IT'S NOT TRUE! THIS IS A SET UP! I
WAS YOUNG! IT'S-- IT'S!!!

Stacee Jaxx walks slowly towards Patricia, who is completely
unhinged.

STACEE

Hey Patty. Long time no see.

He looks at her chest. Shrugs.

STACEE (CONT'D)

Tits held up well.

Patty is hypnotized. Her eyes are pinwheels.

PATRICIA

Soooo... Sexxy... Can't...
control...

Patricia KISSES STACEE and then faints dead away. Suddenly,
IT'S PANDEMONIUM.

MITCH MILEY

YOU SAW IT HERE LIVE! THE MAYORS
WIFE APPEARS to be an EX-GROUPIE OF
NONE OTHER THAN STACEE JAXX!!!

Fans rush the doors. EVERYONE SCREAMS AND FIGHTS TO GET INTO
THE CLUB, PATTY IS ENGULFED IN THE CROWD.

INT. BOURBON ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Stacee enters and scans the room... Landing on...CONSTANCE,
standing with her note pad and recorder. She's a FULL ON
ROCKER CHICK NOW. They lock eyes.

Using his whole arm, he points a finger square at her. She points a finger at herself. He nods and starts a slow march towards her, parting the people as he goes.

Halfway to her, a hot fan throws herself onto Stacee, locking lips with him. But Stacee keeps eye contact with Constance. He holds up a finger to Constance as if to say "This will just take a sec". Constance nods eagerly. After a few beats of making out with the fan, he tosses her aside, She melts back into the crowd and Stacee continues his march.

He arrives. STACEE and CONSTANCE are face to face.

CONSTANCE
Sorry about the article--

STACEE
I loved it.

He gently takes her by the back of the neck, almost caressing it.

STACEE (CONT'D)
Open your mouth.

Confused, she opens it.

STACEE (CONT'D)
Wider.

She does. And with that, he sticks out his tongue and lays one of the tongue-iest kisses you've ever seen on her.

SFX: FEEDBACK.

CUT TO: Lonny standing 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 JOSHY-J!

*

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

I'm so sorry I didn't --

SHERRIE

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!

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

AHHHHhhhhhhhhhh!!!

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
STREETLIGHTS! PEOPLE! LIVIN' JUST
TO FIND EMOTION!!

*

*

*

THE CROWD ERUPTS. THE CLUB IS SAVED!

*

SHERRIE/DENNIS/LONNY/BON JOVI/STACEE
HIDIN' SOMEWHERE IN THE NIGHT!!

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.

*

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, we cross dissolve
to...

*

*

STACEE IN FULL ROCK GOD GEAR. HE SHREDS ON HIS GUITAR with
his Arsenal bandmates as we pull back we realize we are no
longer in the Bourbon but IN DODGER STADIUM!

*

*

*

EXT. DODGER STADIUM! LOS ANGELES - DAY

Stacee continues to SHRED, then looks offstage to Constance,
who's there cheering him on. She holds a rocked out baby that
incredibly, also has really long hair just like Stacee.

*

*

*

When the guitar break ends, Stacee screams into the mic.

*

STACEE
Ladies and Gentlemen!!! WOLFGANG
VON COLT!

*

*

*

SHERRIE AND DREW EMERGE, SINGING 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...

*

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