

Rev. 05/20/11 (Green)
Rev. 06/01/11 (Goldenrod)

ROCK OF AGES

by

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based on the Broadway production "Rock of Ages"
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FULL YELLOW

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The supporters go crazy. Mayor Whitman smiles a toothy grin. Flintlock surrenders the podium to him and leans into his ear, his face darkening.

FLINTLOCK

(whispering)

You owe me. You hear me? Big. I want the Sunset Strip. I want those clubs bulldozed and rezoned as strip malls, condos --

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*

WHITMAN

Of course. I'm just not quite sure how to --

*
*
*

FLINTLOCK

File noise complaints, slap them with fines, use that crazy crusading wife of yours. I don't give a shit. Just know that as of right now? I own you.

*
*
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*

Whitman nods and fake smiles, unlocks himself from Flintlock's grip and takes the podium. The crowd settles.

*

WHITMAN

Doug Flintlock here just leaned into my ear and said something shocking to me. And I want to tell you what he just said.

*

Flintlock goes white. You could hear a pin drop.

WHITMAN

He said: 'Mike. I got kids. Teenagers. And these days I'm scared for them. So let's clean this city up. For them. For the kids.'

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

WHITMAN

And I for one am NOT scared for our city's kids. Why? 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! Trishy, 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.

(CONTINUED)

Faux modest, Patricia comes to the podium. She jostles her way past a young female aide (glaring at her) and all but elbows 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 also ME. A mother.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

24

CONTINUED: (3)

24

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

And I hope to be able to be as
good a mother to ALL the children
and teenagers of this city.

PRE-LAP:

LONNY (V.O.)

Boooooo!!! You are AWFUL!!!
BOOOO!

25

INT. BOURBON ROOM OFFICE - NIGHT

25

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

PATRICIA (V.O.)

(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.

Patricia drones on.

PATRICIA (V.O.)

CLEAN UP THE STRIP IS AIMED AT
MOPPING CLEAN THE CESS POOL THAT
OUR BELOVED CITY HAS BEEN MIRED IN
FOR FAR TOO LONG. ROCK AND ROLL
IS A DISEASE, BUT IT IS A DISEASE
WITH A CURE. AND THAT CURE COMES
IN THE FORM OF CONCERNED PARENTS
WHO FEAR FOR OUR CHILDREN'S VERY
SOULS. SOULS THAT HAVE BEEN
DRAGGED INTO THE DEPTHS OF HELL BY
THIS SATANIC MUSIC, AND ITS ARMY
OF DRUG-SWILLING, CARNALLY-
DISGUSTING EAR RAPISTS! IT'S TIME
WE KICK SATAN OFF OUR STREETS AND
KNOCK THE LITTLE SUCKER BACK TO
HIS OLD, OLD NEIGHBORHOOD DOWN
SOUTH, AND GET HIM OUT OF OURS.

(MORE)

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(CONTINUED)

PATRICIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

PARENTS, I CALL ON YOU TO STAND
WITH ME, AND LET'S LEVEL
BEELZEBUB'S PLAYGROUND, AND
RECLAIM OUR STRIP FOR THE GOD-
FEARING CITIZENS OF LOS ANGELES.

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LONNY

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

DENNIS

You've probably popped something
on your ass that resembles her.

LONNY

She could easily be one of my many
sexual conquests from the summer
of fifty-nine.

DENNIS

In fifty-nine, you would have been
five years old.

LONNY

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

(CONTINUED)

DENNIS

You don't know her.

(reflecting)

Man, back then, 'Mayor' Whitman
used to be one of my best
customers.

LONNY

Now look at him. Married to a
woman 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 pours them both a drink.

*

DENNIS

My rock and roll dream pays your
salary. Without it, just think
about how tattoo-less you'd be.

*

*

*

LONNY

And think how many more tattoos I
could have if you paid me well?!
Regardless, long live Rock and
Roll.

*

*

*

*

*

They toast.

DENNIS

To Rock and Roll.

*

They drink.

25A INT. TOWER RECORDS - NIGHT

25A

Sherrie and Drew walk the racks. Sherrie is blown away by the huge selection.

DREW
Tower Records. An L.A.
institution.

He hands her an Arsenal record.

DREW
Here. To start you off.

SHERRIE
Oh, you shouldn't have.

DREW
I didn't. I can't afford it. But
I'll buy it for you if you promise
to pay me back.

SHERRIE
Done. So, what do you do when
you're not working the Bourbon?

DREW
Pretty much just Rock and Roll.

SHERRIE
Rock and Roll... and? What else?

DREW
What else is there?

SHERRIE
Besides Rock? I can think of one
other thing.

DREW
What's that.

SHERRIE
Death. I would HATE to live in a
world without music.

DREW
Me too. When I was a kid, Arsenal
came to play Detroit. The 'Rock-
Off and Die' tour! I saved up for
months to get a ticket. The night
of the show, it was pouring rain
and every kid in town was there...

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*

(CONTINUED)

25A

CONTINUED:

25A

SHERRIE

Man. That must have been wicked!

DREW

Yeah. Must have been. I didn't
go.

(CONTINUED)

25-I

CONTINUED: (2)

25-I

SHERRIE

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

Beat.

SHERRIE

Y'know, I usually find that the
longer I hang out after an
embarrassing moment, the worse it
gets. I'm going to go to my motel
now.

DREW

Try the Sunset Arms. It's a
little safer.

SHERRIE

Thanks. See you tomorrow.

Not sure what to do, they do an awkward half hug almost
kiss thing, then separate.

SHERRIE

Bye...

DREW

Bye.

26

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

26

The crowd has now left. The Mayor, picking at remaining
buffet food. Patricia mixes herself a white wine
spritzer. An AIDE hands Patricia her filofax, starts to
leave.

AIDE

Well, goodnight. See you
tomorrow, Mrs. Whitman.

The far-too-pretty Aide leaves the room. Behind
Patricia's back, she winks at Mayor Whitman and gives the
"call me" signal. He lecherously nods. Patty approaches
him and hands him a drink. The Mayor almost jumps out of
his skin.

*
*
*

PATRICIA

Why so jumpy?!

*

WHITMAN

(covering)

Oh, uhh... Flintlock. He wants
the strip. We have to deliver.

*
*
*
*

PATRICIA

Of course we will, boob-alah!

*
*

(CONTINUED)

WHITMAN

How?

PATRICIA

We go after the head of the snake.
The Bourbon. If we can cut the
head off, the whole strip will
die. The Bourbon could be a
Benetton by the end of the month.

WHITMAN

Oh, honey. I love it when you
take control. It's so hot --

He leans in to kiss her. She recoils.

PATRICIA

Eww, honey, you've just eaten like
a million cheesy-poofs. Your
mouth smells like burning trash.

He slumps into a chair.

PATRICIA

Listen, me and the ladies are
getting all of the church groups
together to make this happen.
We're even speaking to the health
department.

WHITMAN

Right. We should review all their
paperwork for violations.

PATRICIA

Oh, trust me, if we find so much
as one hair on a cocktail olive,
we're going to shut them down.

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

Rinse 'em off.

Chico leaves. We hear the sound of Mario's death. Lonny
gets furious.

(CONTINUED)

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

What's wrong?

DENNIS

Taxes. So un-rock 'n roll.

LONNY

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

DENNIS

Everything except making money.
We're screwed.

(CONTINUED)

MAYOR

I know, honey... I'm so -- sorry --
I don't suppose we could 'break
in' my little desk, with a little
game of strip interrogation?

A SECRETARY enters.

SECRETARY

Patricia, the women's collective
meeting starts in half an hour. I
have the mayor's car coming around
to collect you.

PATRICIA

Oooh! This is soo exciting!
Darling, hold that thought, and
we'll make the two-headed love
monster come alive later at
home... I promise...

MAYOR

Are you taking the car?

PATRICIA

I'm not-NOT taking the car. Now
shoo! Go! I'll see you at home!
Ugh! You're so clingy!

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

HARD CUT TO:

TIGHT ON a large cut-out of Stacey Jaxx. In ultra-tight
clothes. It's one of several. PULL BACK to reveal the
MOTHERS, all different versions of Patricia in pearls and
pastels, all sitting in the pews. Patricia holds court.
IN THE BACK OF THE ROOM, MAYOR WHITMAN STANDS AND LOOKS
ON WITH HIS CHIEF AIDE.

*
*

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...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
 (unable to think of a
 third thing)
 ... SEX. And right now as we sit
 here, he's spewing his sex all
 over our children.

COMMENTING IN A HUSHED WHISPER:

WHITMAN
 SHE'S AN EXTRAORDINARY WOMAN.

AIDE
 A BEACON OF COURAGE...

WHITMAN
 MY MORAL TOUCHSTONE.

AIDE
 SHE'S MY HERO.

WHITMAN
 CAN YOU COME TAKE SOME DICTATION
 IN THE PARISH OFFICE FOR ME, MS.
 HOYT? I NEED SOME ASSISTANCE WITH
 A FEW PRESSING ISSUES...

AIDE
 OF COURSE, SIR. IT WOULD BE MY
 PLEASURE.

WHITMAN
 THE PLEASURE WILL BE ALL MINE.

AIDE
 WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT...

THEY EXIT INTO THE PARISH OFFICE, WE JUMP BACK TO
 PATRICIA'S SUPPORTERS.

MOM #2
 My son bit the head off a bat
 because of STACEE JAXX!

PATRICIA
 (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 Stacey square in the
 eye.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICIA

WELL YOU'RE A REAL TOUGH COOKIE
WITH THE LONG HISTORY OF BREAKING
LITTLE HEARTS LIKE THE ONE IN ME!
THAT'S OKAY, LET'S SEE HOW YOU DO
IT PUT UP YOUR DUKES, LET'S 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 with the cut-out of Stacee, getting the mothers all fired up.

PATRICIA

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

34A INT. PARISH OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS ACTION

34A *

A HAND SWEEPS THE PARISH DESK. IT'S THE MAYOR CLEARING
IT, AS THE AIDE PICKS UP SOME ROSARIES, WHIPS AROUND AND
BINDS HIS WRISTS.

*
*
*

WHITMAN

YOU COME ON WITH A 'COME ON,' YOU
DON'T FIGHT FAIR! THAT'S OKAY,
SEE IF I CARE!

*
*
*
*

34B INT. CHURCH - SAME TIME

34B *

MOTHER #2

KNOCK ME DOWN, IT'S ALL IN VAIN.

PATRICIA/MOTHERS #1, #2

I'LL GET RIGHT BACK ON MY FEET
AGAIN!

ALL MOMS

HIT ME WITH YOUR BEST SHOT!

(CONTINUED)

34B

CONTINUED:

34B

Patricia climbs atop the conference table as the Mothers also dance around the room with Stacey cut-outs.

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

34C INT. PARISH OFFICE - SAME TIME

34C *

THE AIDE THROWS WHITMAN ACROSS THE DESK AS HE SINGS WITH
ANTICIPATORY DELIGHT. SHE PULLS DOWN HIS TROUSERS
REVEALING LEOPARD BIKINI UNDERWEAR.

*
*
*

WHITMAN
HIT ME WITH YOUR BEST SHOT! FIRE
AWAY!

*

34D INT. CHURCH - SAME TIME

34D *

PATRICIA
WELL YOU'RE THE REAL TOUGH COOKIE
WITH THE LONG HISTORY OF BREAKING
LITTLE HEARTS, LIKE THE
ONE IN ME

34E INT. PARISH OFFICE

34E *

THE AIDE RIFLES THROUGH THE DESK DRAWER AND PULLS OUT A
RULER.

*
*

AIDE
BEFORE I PUT ANOTHER NOTCH IN MY
LIPSTICK CASE

*

WHITMAN
YOU BETTER MAKE SURE YOU PUT ME IN
MY PLACE.

*

SHE GIVES HIM A SWIFT SMACK ON THE ASS.

*

34F INT. CHURCH - SAME TIME

34F *

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! HIT ME WITH YOUR BEST SHOT!

*

(CONTINUED)

34F

CONTINUED:

34F

WHITMAN
COME ON, HIT ME WITH YOUR BEST
SHOT!

*
*
*

34G

INT. CHURCH - PARISH OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS ACTION

34G

*

PATRICIA/MOMS/WHITMAN
HIT ME WITH YOUR BEST SHOT! FIRE
AWAY!

*
*
*

SFX: BANG BANG BANG!

REVEAL the SFX is just Drew, punching his time card.
Drew then sees Sherrie's time card next to it, and
notices she dots the "i" in her name with a heart. He
turns and is face to face with... CHICO. Who scares the
shit out of him.

DREW
Jesus!

CHICO
No. Chico. Jesus is my brother.
Dennis told me to tell you to come
in early tomorrow.

DREW
Sure thing, Chico. G'night, man.

CHICO
'Night.

Chico now punches out.

35

OMITTED

35

From around the room, we see one guy drop his broom. Another takes his apron off, another drops a girl he's making out with.

DENNIS

Doesn't anyone *just* want to be in the bar industry anymore?

DREW

We're going to blow you away.

DENNIS

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. Drew looks at Sherrie, mouths the words: "I LOVE YOU." SHERRIE PUTS HER FINGER TO HIS LIPS, AND SAYS:

*
*

SHERRIE

SSSSHHH. GO UP THERE AND KILL IT.

*
*

SHE GIVES HIM A LITTLE KISS.

*

HE HUGS HER AGAIN AND JOINS THE BAND, HIGH-FIVING ALL AROUND.

*
*

WAITRESS #2

Well, kiss *him* goodbye.

SHERRIE

What do you mean?

WAITRESS #2

The spotlight doesn't just light them up. It makes you disappear. You'll see.

"MORE THAN WORDS" by Extreme.

SHERRIE GAZES WITH LOVE AT DREW AS SHE MOVES THROUGH THE CLUB DOING HER OPENING SIDE WORK.

SHERRIE

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

54

CONTINUED: (4)

54

SHERRIE (CONT'D)

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 BLOWS HIM A KISS AND GETS BACK TO WORK.

*

54A

INT. BOURBON ROOM - ON STAGE - SAME TIME

54A

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

LONNY

(into the mic)

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

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

LONNY

Whoa whoa whoa! Are you insane?!
I haven't even prepped the mic
yet.

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

LONNY

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 the stage... Just focus
on what moves you.

DREW

Okay.

Drew spots Sherrie. She's IN HER OWN WORLD HAPPILY
FEELING IN LOVE. Drew, SHARING HER EMOTIONS, takes a few
breaths and...

"HEAVEN" by WARRANT.

DREW

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

(CONTINUED)

54A

CONTINUED:

54A

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

DREW

I DON'T NEED TO BE THE KING OF THE
WORLD. AS LONG AS I'M THE HERO OF
THIS LITTLE GIRL.

54B

EXT. LOADING DOCK - SAME TIME

54B *

INTERCUT BETWEEN SHERRIE DANCING AND SINGING TO HERSELF,
LOVING THIS MOMENT, AND DREW INSIDE, SINGING HIS HEART
OUT.

*
*
*

DREW

(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.

DREW

(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.

55

OMITTED

55

56

INT. BOURBON ROOM - NIGHT

56

Lonny answers a pay phone.

(CONTINUED)

LONNY

Bourbon. What.

His face goes white. He snaps to get Dennis' attention,
cups the phone.

LONNY

It's Paul Gill. He's coming.
He's *actually* coming.

Dennis grabs the phone.

(CONTINUED)

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.

As Sherrie cocktails, she sees Justice, a guy is hitting
on her. Like the pro she is, she calls a few bouncers
over and has the guy escorted out. Sherrie joins her
side...

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*
*

SHERRIE

Everything okay?

*
*

JUSTICE CHARLIER

Oh that? Don't sweat him. That's
just my ex. Donnie.

*
*
*
*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JUSTICE CHARLIER (CONT'D)

Every couple weeks he stumbles in
here looking for a little sugar.
Best thing I ever did was hire
bouncers. Wish I had them at my
apartment too. How you holdin'
up, baby?

*
*
*
*
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*

SHERRIE

I'd say men are pigs, but that'd
be unfair to pigs. No respect.

JUSTICE CHARLIER

I gave up trying to make men
respectable a long time ago.
There's only one place in this
joint you can get respect and it
ain't dropping drinks on tables.
You gotta take that stage over
there.

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*

She gestures to the catwalk.

JUSTICE CHARLIER

These men... They don't judge you.
That catwalk is a pedestal, up
there, they love you and even
though it's just three feet high,
it makes you untouchable.
Waitressing on the floor? Those
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

You have it any way you want it.

Justice gestures to DESTINY giving a DUDE a lap dance.

JUSTICE CHARLIER

Like Destiny over there...

"ANYWAY YOU WANT IT" BY JOURNEY

JUSTICE CHARLIER

... SHE LOVES TO LAUGH. SHE LOVES
TO SING. SHE DOES *EVERYTHING*!

(beat)

Don't ask. There's also Sapphire.

(CONTINUED)

We FIND Sapphire practicing dancing on the stage...

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

(CONTINUED)

118

CONTINUED:

118

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

STRIPPERS

ANY WAY 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

ANY WAY YOU WANT IT!

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

119

INT. TERRIBLE MUSIC VIDEO SET - DAY

119

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 inauthentic "ghetto" street set.

"JOSHY-Z and THE Z-GUY-EEZZ" (Drew's band's new name) is written in fluorescent graffiti behind them, along with words like "Fresh! Word-up! Body-Pop! and Dope!"

*

As Drew sings "UNDERCOVER LOVE," a girl walks by.

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 director (STEPHANO) heads over to Drew.

STEPHANO

Joshy-Z! What do you think you
are doing!?

*

DREW

First, if you call me Joshy-Z again, I am going to pull your tongue out. Second, I HAVE NO IDEA what the hell this song is even about, and why the hell am I dressed like frigging Inspector Gadget!

*

(CONTINUED)

STEPHANO

Let me paint the picture again.
You're a hip-hop spy in the hip-hop ghetto, it's dangerous, with pickpockets and hip-hop people who smoke drugs.

DREW

Can you PLEASE stop saying HIP-HOP!

STEPHANO

But then, you see a girl. She and you need to uncover her mystery. You want to touch her in a very family-friendly and inoffensive way. Okay?! So let's go back to the top.

DREW

NO! Not back to the top! PAUL!?

Paul enters.

PAUL

Y'know what, Stephano, let's take five.

Annoyed, Stephano and the crew walk away.

PAUL

-- Look, this is just part of the biz. I've done this, okay? Trust me. You're working with top talent here!

DREW

I don't even know who that guy is?!

PAUL

Uh, dude, he's STEPHANO!

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

I'm Wolfgang Von Colt, not the frigging 'Joshy-Z and the Z-GUY-EEZZ'!

*

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

You are NOT the Z-GUY-EZZ! You're
the Z-GUY-EEZZ. TWO E'S, TWO Z'S!

*
*

DREW

Fine! And what the hell does the
'Z' even stand for!

*

Paul says nothing. Then --

DREW

You don't KNOW!?!!

PAUL

... ZzzzzZowie?? ZOWIE.

*

DREW

The ZOWIE-GUY-EEZZ?

*

PAUL

It's very street! We did a whole
focus group on it! Numbers don't
lie!

*
*
*
*

DREW

What does ZOWIE even mean!?!?

*
*

PAUL

Nothing!! Look, don't overthink
it! Names ending in Z's are very
popular among 14 to 21-year-olds!

*
*
*
*

DREW

I'm outta here.

*
*

PAUL

STOP! Look, you can either leave
now OR we get this done, you can
go home and cry into your huge
bags of money.

*

(beat)

Your 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-Z. And Kevi-Z,
Donny-Z and Eric-Z don't seem too
thrilled either.

*
*

The other Z-GUY-EEZZ chime in with agreement.

*

(CONTINUED)

DREW

Don't you think at the very *least*
we need to do a gig before a
video! Or maybe the great Paul
Gill couldn't even *get us* a gig.

PAUL

I could get you a gig in TWO
seconds if I wanted to. You want
a gig? Watch.

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

SHERRIE

I'm awesome! 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.

SHERRIE

Congratulations.

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

What kind of band?

DREW

Rock...ish. The Z-GUYZ.

*

SHERRIE

I've heard of the THEM.

*

DREW

No, not them. Z-GUY-EEZZ. DOUBLE
E. DOUBLE Z. DOUBLE E, DOUBLE Z.
DOUBLE THE FLAVA...

*

*

*

SHERRIE

Are you doing your own songs?

DREW

Kinda, just with more...
Beat-boxing.

He takes off the silly hat and changes the subject.

DREW

How 'bout you? You singing?

(CONTINUED)

SHERRIE

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

(CONTINUED)

137B INT. TOWER RECORDS 137B

DREW STARES AT HER ALBUMS AND RUNS HIS HAND ACROSS HER
FADING NAME.

137C INT. VENUS - BACKSTAGE 137C

As the song ends, she stares at her reflection in the
mirror, at what she's become. Destiny enters.

JUSTICE CHARLIER

You're up.

SHERRIE

Not for long.

JUSTICE CHARLIER

What are you talkin' about?

SHERRIE

As soon as I get enough money, I'm
going home. I hate LA. I hate
stripping, and more than anything
I HATE that I fell in love with
that IDIOT! I'm such an IDIOT!

*
*
*

JUSTICE CHARLIER

Are you the idiot, or is he?

*

SHERRIE

Both!

*
*

JUSTICE CHARLIER

Baby, that's what love is. Two
idiots acting like idiots and
doing idiotic things.

*
*
*
*

SHERRIE

I know.

*
*

Sherrie gets up and heads for the stage --

137D INT. VENUS - MAIN ROOM 137D

SHERRIE COMES OUT ON STAGE ONLY TO SEE STACEE JAXX --
bottle in hand, stumble 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

See anything you like?

(CONTINUED)

137D

CONTINUED:

137D

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.

140

CONTINUED:

140

VOICE (V.O.)

Yeah right, joker. Stacee Jaxx is playing the Bourbon tonight. His first solo gig.

STACEE

He is? I am?

VOICE (V.O.)

And Constance is there covering it. Who is this really?

Stacee drops the receiver. It dangles.

VOICE (V.O.)

Hello?...

SFX: We hear the roar of his motorcycle.

141

INT. THE BOURBON ROOM - NIGHT

141

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 THE GUY-EEZZ a pep talk.

*

PAUL

Just remember the moves. Remember the attitude -- and make sure those head mics are turned off. God forbid anyone hears your actual voices.

Drew enters through the back door.

PAUL

Nice of you to show.

KEVI-Z

*

(to Paul)

I don't understand why we can't sing.

PAUL

It's better this way. Less chance to screw up.

DREW

What do you mean, we're not singing?

(CONTINUED)

141

CONTINUED:

141

DONNY-Z

*

All we have to do is mouth the words!

DREW

We're lip-syncing?

PAUL

Relax. It's done all the time. Pretty soon, everyone will do it.

DREW

Does Dennis know?

PAUL

Don't worry about Dennis. I'm saving his ass tonight. Now, go get ready.

142

EXT. BOURBON ROOM - NIGHT

142

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 marshal, 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.

143

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

143

The Mayor and several aides watch Patty on TV. A female aide in a skirt and bra sits on the mayor's lap.

PATRICIA (V.O.)

(on TV)

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

The Mayor beams.

MAYOR

You tell 'em, Patty Cakes!

(CONTINUED)

144

CONTINUED:

144

PROTESTORS (CONT'D)

OH WE'RE NOT GONNA TAKE IT
ANYMORE!

LONNY/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!

144A INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS ACTION

144A *

THE MAYOR BOUNCING THE AIDES ON HIS KNEES. THEY ALL SING
ALONG WITH PATRICIA AND THE PROTESTORS.

*
*

ROCKERS

WE BUILT THIS CITY.

PROTESTORS

OH, WE'RE NOT GONNA TAKE
IT.

ROCKERS

WE BUILT THIS CITY ON ROCK
AND ROLL!

PROTESTORS

NO, WE AIN'T GONNA TAKE IT!

SUDDENLY WE HEAR THE ROAR OF A MOTORCYCLE. IT'S
STACEE!!!

LONNY

(into megaphone)

People, please clear a small
path --

But the crowd is already parting like the Red Sea. A
hush falls over everybody.

LONNY

(to himself)

Oh. See that wasn't so hard was
it?

The stillness is broken by... Patricia. Who rushes to
the fore.

PATRICIA

NO! He can't come in here! Make
him stop! Police!

Stacee starts the slow walk to the club, signing girls'
tits as he goes. Mitch Miley speaks breathlessly into
camera.

(CONTINUED)

144A

CONTINUED:

144A

MITCH MILEY

Stacee JAXX has just arrived for
his first solo show! It seems
history is no doubt about to be
made again at the Bourbon Room
tonight!

152 INT. BOURBON ROOM - STAGE

152

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 Z-GUY-EEZZ?

*

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 Z-GUY-EEZZ hop out onto the stage... lip syncing
to the opening strains of "Undercover Love."

*

DONNY-Z

Yo! What up! I's is DONNY-Z.

*

*

KEVI-Z

And I be Kevi-Z!

*

*

ERIC Z

And I'm fresh! Cuz I go by the
name Eric-Z!

*

*

*

Drew sucks it in and jumps into the center of the stage
to find the spotlight and...

DREW

'Sup, peeps! I'm JOSHY-Z, and I'm
chillin'!

*

THE WHOLE GROUP

AND WE ARE THE Z-GUY-EEZZ!

*

The crowd is stunned. Some are offended. They start to
chant:

FANS

Sta-cee JAXX! Sta-cee JAXX!

As for Dennis, he's totally disgusted.

DENNIS

Oh God. I just threw up.

(CONTINUED)

152

CONTINUED:

152

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 --

152A

INT. BOURBON ROOM - MAIN STAGE - SECONDS LATER

152A

People are still chanting for Stacee. Dennis grabs PAUL.

DENNIS

What the hell is this?!

PAUL

The Z-GUY-EEZZ! Great, right!?

*

DENNIS

Where's Stacee?

SFX: SLAM!!!

A152B

INT. MEN'S ROOM - SAME TIME

A152B

BANG! BOOM! Stacee and Constance slam around the men's room, making out like two scorpions trying to either maim or fuck each other to death. They shatter a mirror, take out a urinal, and then slam into a condom machine. HARD. The machine empties out like a slot machine. A RAINBOW OF CONDOMS POUR ONTO THE FLOOR. They drop OUT of FRAME onto the newly made bed of condoms.

152B

ON THE STAGE

152B

Drew continues his "moves," giving it his best. Then, all at once, he stops. He stands, motionless, staring at --

152C

SHERRIE

152C

Breathless, standing by the bar (she's clearly come in from the back).

They hold his look while the Z-GUY-EEZZ continue their song. Finally, Drew looks at his band, shakes his head --

*

DREW

Screw this.

(CONTINUED)