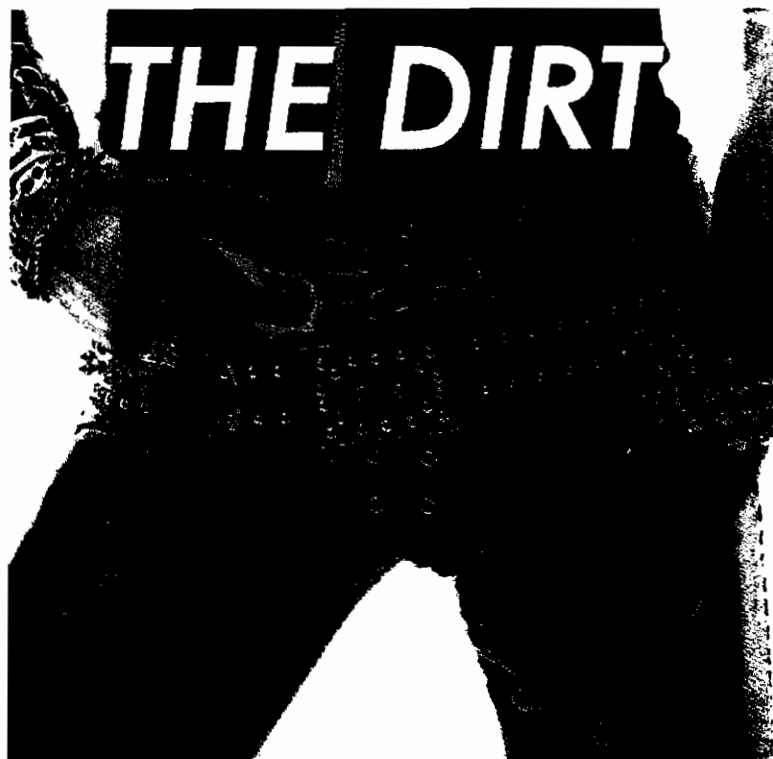




(Confessions of the World's Most Notorious Rock Band)

By
Rich Wilkes

Based on the book by
Tommy Lee, Mick Mars, Vince Neil, Nikki Sixx
with Neil Strauss

12-5-2004

"The story here presented will be told
by more than one pen, as the story of an offense
against the laws is told in court by more than one witness."

- *Wilkie Collins*

"The Woman In White" **1860**

"THE DIRT"

OVER BLACK:

"THIS IS A TRUE FUCKING STORY"

FADE IN:

EXT. THE WHISKY A GO GO - NIGHT

SUPER TITLE: "THE SUNSET STRIP, HOLLYWOOD, 1982"

The marquee says "MOTLEY CRUE - SOLD OUT!". Show's over now, and you see a crowd of GLAM ROCKERS coming out of the club.

Shuttling in fast-forward, you follow them to an apartment just up the hill. It's a dilapidated building, the front door splintered and wedged shut. The crowd is climbing through the front window, so you follow.

INT. THE MOTLEY HOUSE - NIGHT

It's the filthiest living room you've ever seen. Pizza boxes, beer cans, bloody department store mannequins... plus the kind of human refuse that gets flushed off the Sunset Strip when the bars close. A couple in the corner is shooting up.

You see a skinny kid with a shock of black hair kneeling on the stained carpet.

TOMMY LEE

Check this out! You're gonna fucking freak!

TOMMY LEE, 21, pulls the spandex pants off a girl who's moose-like face leads you to believe her name must be BULLWINKLE. The CROWD of degenerates cheers as Tommy goes down on her.

You make your way down the hall. There's NIKKI SIXX, 23, his pointy black hair looking like a poodle exploded on his head. Fans watch as Nikki douses his arm with lighter fluid and WHOOOOSH! He lights his arm on fire.

NIKKI SIXX

Fuck yeah! This is how it was supposed to look!

Nikki pinwheels his arm manically, flames blackening the walls and ceiling. A COCKY PUNKER sneers at him.

COCKY PUNKER

Oooo, you're so scary. I wish I was cool like you. Rock 'n' roll!

Nikki grabs the Cocky Punker and SLAMS his head into the wall.

NIKKI SIXX

You think you're punk? You ain't punk,
motherfucker! You wanna see punk?! Gimme
that hammer!

Someone hands Nikki a hammer. You move past him, heading for the bathroom. There are some very HOT GIRLS waiting to pee. But the door is locked and some DUDE is pounding on it.

SOME DUDE

Kayla! I know you're in there! Kayla!

You float up to the ceiling and drift over the wall (inside which you can see RATS and other VERMIN). Now you can see right down into the bathroom.

There's KAYLA. She's getting hammered from behind by VINCE NEIL, 23, a surfer blonde with his white leather pants at his knees.

On the bathroom counter in front of her is an ALBUM COVER featuring a close-up of a leather clad CROTCH.

KAYLA

(re. the crotch photo)
Is this really you?

VINCE NEIL

What the fuck do you think?

You drift out of the bathroom and hover over the roach infested kitchen. Here you spot MICK MARS, age unknown but older. He's the scariest of the bunch, looking like Cousin It in black leather. Mick is being yelled at by his girlfriend "THE THING". They are both slurring drunk and don't seem to notice as you float into the room.

MICK MARS

I wasn't looking at any girls! I wasn't
looking at anybody!

The Thing PUNCHES Mick in the face. He cowers, expecting more. She turns on her heels and leaves. Mick chases after her, walking comically stooped over like a hunchback.

MICK MARS (cont'd)

Baby, please! What'd I do?

You follow them into the hallway, where Nikki has just finished NAILING the Cocky Punker's earlobe to the door frame. The Punker squeals in pain.

NIKKI SIXX
Now you're punk rock!

Mick hurries past them.

MICK MARS
Babe, c'mon!

The Thing kicks down the front door and leaves. Mick slumps against the wall. Tommy is still kneeling in front of Bullwinkle, the crowd looking on. Nikki comes in to watch, Vince at his side. Bullwinkle writhes, pulling at Tommy's hair. Tommy finally pulls away.

TOMMY LEE
It's showtime! Thar she blows!

Everyone watches as Bullwinkle convulses. We see their shocked reactions as she SHOUTS O.S. Then a jet of clear liquid SQUIRTS across the room.

Tommy lets out a CHEER, the crowd goes nuts. Nikki opens his mouth to catch the jolt of squirting liquid.

Then, inexplicably, everyone FREEZES. The liquid hangs in the air like a slimy St. Louis Arch. Nikki's tongue hangs out like a gargoyles', frozen in mid leer.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.) (cont'd)
Duuude! What's wrong with this picture?
Amateurs. Fucking amateurs, bro! Check
it out...

A CIRCLE is drawn around the couple in the corner.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.) (cont'd)
These are the only two people shootin'
smack!?

More CIRCLES are drawn around females.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.) (cont'd)
None of these chicks even have their
fucking tops off!

Finally, Kayla (the girl from the bathroom) is circled.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.) (cont'd)
And this chick is on her way out after
only being fucked by ONE of us! What can
I say, we were young and we had a lot to
learn...

PHOTO MONTAGE - Close-ups of stiletto heels, fingerless gloves, thigh-high boots, gaudily made-up faces... Who the hell is dressed like that?

TOMMY LEE (V.O.) (cont'd)

There would be plenty of time to set things straight. See, we were about to become one of the biggest, baddest, sleaziest rock 'n roll freak shows on the planet. We were Motley fuckin' Crue!

MUSIC CUE: "WILD SIDE" kicks in and we see MOTLEY CRUE in their full stage regalia for the first time. They are wild, loud, outrageous. They are everything sleazy that you associate with rock 'n' roll. As we roll a hyperactive credit sequence filled with Motley images...

CUT TO:

DOCUMENTARY STYLE INTERVIEW FOOTAGE

Music journalist KURT LODER does an on-camera interview. The footage appears in a box as the credits and montage continue.

KURT LODER

Motley Crue was an over-hyped pop phenomenon that helped usher in one of the most embarrassing chapters in rock history: the era of the hair band. They're sole artistic achievement was to provide bombastic, derivative music for young women to strip to.

Another box opens up. This time it's music journalist CHUCK KLOSTERMAN. He appears on the opposite side of the screen (point / counter-point style).

CHUCK KLOSTERMAN

You can't argue with the artistic and emotional resonance Motley's music has had for their millions and millions of fans. That's the true cathartic soul of rock 'n' roll. It's not what the critics say, it's what the fans feel. Critics kiss Bob Dylan's ass, but to most rock fans he's an incomprehensible folksy mushmouth. So fuck you, Kurt.

Titles, video stills and band photos again fill the screen.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.)

See, man, people either get it or they don't. It's the same with any band.

(MORE)

TOMMY LEE (V.O.) (cont'd)
That's why this isn't a story about our music. This is a story about all the fucked-up rock star shit you really wanna hear about but nobody has had the balls to confess before. This is a story about survival. This is...

SUPER TITLE: "THE DIRT"

VIDEO MONTAGE - We see clips that set the time period: Ron & Nancy, Max Headroom, Donald Trump, yuppies, puffy hair, etc.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.) (cont'd)
We broke out in the 1980's: a decade of greed, excess, self-indulgence, and hypocrisy. It was perfect for us. See, it was a time when rock was still sexy and fun.

Now we see rock icons from the 70's and 80's. Everyone from Robert Plant to Freddie Mercury to Debbie Harry.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.) (cont'd)
Back then people weren't ashamed to be called rock stars. And we became the ultimate bad boys. Our job was to do every sick, perverted thing you wish you coulda done...

We see video clips of each member as he identifies them.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.) (cont'd)
It was me, Tommy Lee, on drums... Mick Mars on guitar... Vince Neil on vocals... and Nikki Sixx on bass. We were a fucking gang, dude. A gang that went on to sell 40 million records worldwide....

The clips come faster and faster. We see the Crue in fast cars, with fast women, on yachts and on stage. With platinum records and booze and thousands of adoring fans...

TOMMY LEE (V.O.) (cont'd)
We were decadent multi-millionaire scumbags and proud of it. But then one day it just ended.

The rapid-fire montage suddenly STOPS on a photo of Nirvana. The picture slowly recedes into the distance, getting smaller and smaller against the black screen.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.) (cont'd)
Our scene, our music, was suddenly over as the dominant pop-cultural phenomenon...

SCREEN GOES BLACK

TOMMY LEE (V.O.) (cont'd)
But that was many years and many, many
beers away.

We cut to instruments set up on a stage. There's guitars, a
mike, drums and a framed photo next to each instrument.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.) (cont'd)
To really tell this story, we have to
start at the beginning. See, the first
thing a band needs to succeed is a coterie
of desperate and ambitious young people
who will die before giving up...

Next to the bass guitar, we see a famous photo of Nikki Sixx
covered in BLOOD.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.) (cont'd)
So in a blatant attempt to court sympathy
before the debauchery and carnage ahead,
we'll kick off with the bro who had the
most fucked-up childhood of us all...

We push in on the photo of Nikki...

SUPER TITLE: "CHAPTER THE FIRST: BORN TOO LOOSE"

EXT. LAKE TAHOE HOUSE - 1964 - DAY

We see a small house in the mountains.

INT. LAKE TAHOE HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

We see FRANK FERANNA JR., 6, brushing his teeth happily. This
is Nikki Sixx as a child.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.)
My name is Frank Feranna Jr. I'm six
years-old.

A big fat NAKED GUY leaps out of the bathtub behind him. This
is VINNIE, his current step-father.

Vinnie PUNCHES little Frank in the head.

VINNIE
Up and down! I told you up and down!

Frank runs crying as his mom DEANA and VINNIE start screaming
at each other.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.)
I'm not even sure who this guy is. Just
another asshole my mother married.

Frank cowers in the kitchen as the battle rages in the
background.

INT. CRAPPY APARTMENT - DAY

Deana is drinking and laughing with a roomful of MUSICIANS.
One of them points out Frank Jr. standing in the hallway in
his jammies.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.)
My dad split when I was two. That just
left dear old mom to love and care for
me...

Deana gets up, as if to comfort Frank Jr., but instead she
closes the hallway door in his face.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

A car stops and Frank gets out. Deana pats him on the head
and drives away with yet another HUSBAND.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.)
Whenever I became too much of a buzz-kill,
she would dump me off with my
grandparents.

Frank's GRANDPARENTS hold his hand as they wave to Deana's
vanishing car.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.) (cont'd)
Sometimes I wouldn't see her for half a
year.

The dust clears and Frank sees some BULLIES across the road,
just waiting to pound him.

INT. FERANNA TOWNHOUSE - SEATTLE - 1973 - DAY

FRANK FERANNA JR., now 14, smashes his bass guitar against his
bedroom wall, smashing holes in the plaster. He continues,
demolishing everything he owns.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.)
I grow up prone to depression and
violence. I'm fourteen when I finally
have my mother arrested.

EXT. FERRANA TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Standing in the front yard, Frank systematically throws a rock through every window in the townhouse.

SUPER TITLE: "SEATTLE - 1973"

Frank runs down the street to a shitty looking house.

INT. SHITTY LOOKING HOUSE - DAY

He enters a stoner flophouse. He gets a STILETTO from one of the STONERS and JABS it into his arm. Everyone looks on, stunned, as the psychotic kid starts laughing at his wound.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

Deana rushes into the emergency room where Frank is being stitched up. The COPS are waiting to talk to her.

Frank smiles as the cops take her into custody.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Deana is being booked. Frank is being briefed by an OFFICER.

OFFICER

So you're sticking to your story? She attacked you with the knife?

FRANK FERANNA JR.

Yup.

OFFICER

Here's how this works, kid. If we lock her up, the State is going to put you in a juvenile home until you're 18. That what you want?

Frank thinks about it.

JUMP TO:

Frank sits next to his mother, who is chained to a railing.

FRANK FERANNA JR.

Alright, here's the deal. I don't wanna see you, don't wanna answer to you no more. Not like you care anyway. So cut me loose or I'm gonna leave you here to rot.

Deana glares at him. Finally...

DEANA

Fine.

Frank nods to the cops.

EXT. SEATTLE STREET - NIGHT

We see Frank smoking pot with a group of HOMELESS KIDS. He's a crusty looking street punk, just like them.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.)

For a while I'm homeless. For me it's a step up.

EXT. MUSIC SHOP - DAY

We see Frank walk into the music store.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.)

No home, no school. You either deal drugs, which I kept getting caught at, or you find another career...

Frank runs out the door with a brand new bass guitar.

The Shop Owner chases Frank down the block.

INT. GARAGE APARTMENT - 1980 - NIGHT

FRANK FERANNA JR., now 22, lives on the bare floor of someone's garage. He plays his bass, striking rocker poses in front of a cracked mirror.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.)

But like Bon Scott said, it's a long way to the top if you wanna rock 'n' roll...

FADE TO:

Frank Jr. drinks by himself, wrapped in a crappy blanket. He's on the phone.

FRANK FERANNA JR.

(into phone)

San Jose? A number for Frank Feranna?

Frank jots down the number and looks at it. He takes a big guzzle from the bottle.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.)

Hollywood, 1980. I've come here to be a star. Instead, I'm drowning.

Finally he picks up the phone and cautiously starts dialing.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.) (cont'd)
So I make the mistake that many unwanted
children make. I go chasing ghosts.

FRANK FERANNA JR.
(into phone)
Is this Frank Feranna?

FRANK FERANNA SR. 9 (O.S.)
(gruff, from phone)
Who's this?

FRANK FERANNA JR.
Hi, Mr. Feranna, I know this is going to
sound kinda strange, but... this is your
son, Frank Junior.
(beat)
Anyway, I know we've never--

FRANK FERANNA SR. (O.S.)
I don't have a son.

FRANK FERRANA JR.
My mother's name is Deana, she told me--

FRANK FERRANA SR. (O.S.)
(beat)
I don't have a son. I don't know who you
are.

FRANK FERANNA JR.
(tears welling)
Go fuck yourself!

FRANK FERANNA SR. (O.S.)
Don't ever call here again--

Frank Jr. throws the phone across the garage.

INT. SUPERIOR COURTHOUSE - LOS ANGELES - 1980 - DAY

Frank walks to the counter. The CLERK looks over his papers.

COUNTY CLERK
(reading)
"Nikki Sixx"?

Frank nods.

COUNTY CLERK (cont'd)
Okay.

The Clerk STAMPS the paper. We see what the form is now: "DECREE CHANGING NAME". Franklin Carlton Feranna has just become NIKKI SIXX.

NIKKI SIXX looks at the paper and smiles, empowered.

FADE TO:

We see the following on a concrete wall in a distraught scrawl:

"Why am I here?", "Why am I unhappy?", "Why would I mistreat my wife?"

We see TATTOOED HANDS writing with a tiny golf pencil: "Why? Why? Why?"

INT. TOMMY'S CELL - 1998 - DAY

We are watching a 35 year-old TOMMY LEE writing on the wall of his tiny jail cell.

SUPER TITLE: "LA COUNTY JAIL - 1998"

A GUARD stops by his cell.

GUARD

Hey Tommy. You wanna go to the roof?

TOMMY LEE

Dude, I would love that.

EXT. LA COUNTY JAIL - ROOFTOP - DAY

The roof is a wide open work-out and sports area. The walls are twelve feet high. The only view is the blue sky overhead.

Tommy is in a small cage, to protect him from the other prisoners.

The sun is setting. He scales up the side of his cage, getting the last rays on his face. The warmth of the sun touches him. He starts to cry.

Then a BASKETBALL BANGS on the cage, knocking him from his perch. A bunch of HUGE GANG-BANGERS surround the cage.

GANG-BANGER ONE

You a fuckin' pussy.

GANG-BANGER TWO

Beatin' up on that "Baywatch" wife of yours, you must be a faggot.

GANG-BANGER ONE

She suck a mean dick. I seen your fucking movie.

GANG-BANGER TWO

Shit, I make you suck my dick like that.

They spit on him and throw things. Tommy keeps his head down and his mouth shut. We close in on his face, at the epicenter of this abuse.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.)

Dude, this sucks. I used to be famous. And it wasn't just for having a huge bone and slipping it into the cracks of some of the most beautiful women on the planet. I used to be a fucking rock star...

EXT. COVINA - DAY

We see an idyllic suburban community in pleasant Covina. This is the opposite of how Nikki Sixx grew up. Here we find the home of TOMMY LEE, 14.

SUPER TITLE: "COVINA, CALIFORNIA. 1976"

TOMMY LEE (V.O.)

I grew up in the suburbs. My home life was totally sweet...

We move into the open garage of the Lee house. Inside, we see YOUNG TOMMY building a soundproof practice room with his FATHER. Dad is a caring, thoughtful father who supports Tommy's drumming ambitions 100%.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.) (cont'd)

My folks were a coupla happy campers. My mom was rad. She'd been Miss Greece.

Tommy's MOTHER comes out and brings them drinks: a beer for dad and an iced tea for Tommy.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.) (cont'd)

Dad proposed to her on the day they met. She couldn't speak a word of English, and he couldn't speak Greek. They got married five days later. To me, that's love...

She kisses Tommy on the cheek and goes back inside. Father gives Tommy a conspiratorial wink and swaps drinks with his son. Tommy grins, chugging the beer.

INT. TOMMY'S PRACTICE ROOM - NIGHT

Tommy, in a marching band uniform, marches in place and pounds his drums.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.)
I've always been motivated by love, and
from an early age I participated in
whatever girls were interested in.

He twirls his sticks, showboating for some geeky NEIGHBORHOOD GIRLS peeking through the door.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARTY - 1978 - NIGHT

A crowded backyard party is in progress. HOT TEEN GIRLS swoon over ROCK CANDY, the band playing a Cheap Trick tune in a corner of the yard. Young Tommy, now 16, watches the girls.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.)
One day I met a guy who made me realize
the deeply symbiotic relationship between
girls and rock bands...

The Girls stare up at Rock Candy's surfer looking lead singer. Dressed all in white, this is 17 year-old VINCE NEIL. He's got charisma, moves, and the girls in the palm of his hand.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.) (cont'd)
His name was Vince. He'd just transferred
to my school and already he owned the
place...

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

We see Vince's naked white ass as he bangs some CHICK on the asphalt between parked cars.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.)
Rumor had it that Vince had fathered a
kid.

We ROCKET IN on Vince's furiously pumping ass and suddenly...

WE'RE INSIDE VINCE NEIL'S TESTICLES

His hyperactive teenaged sperm blast forth in unison, flooding down the pink tunnel of his urethra like a tidal wave.

We follow them as they crash though the girl's cervix and find their way to a waiting EGG.

Sperm and egg meet in a FLASH and the miracle of life takes place. The zygote splits and resplits, growing in hyperspeed until it morphs into a beautiful BABY.

We pull up to the ceiling, revealing Vince standing in a hospital room holding his SON.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.) (cont'd)
He was probably the only kid at my high
school paying child support.

Vince looks up towards the camera, gazing at the heavens.

VINCE NEIL
Why, God? Why?

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARTY - NIGHT

We come back to Tommy at that backyard party. He breaks in on Vince, who's rapping to some CHICKS. Vince has no time for this kid, so he gets rid of him without being too rude.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.)
After that, I said fuck it. I wanted to
be in a rock and roll band! What the
fuck, dude, it beat studying. And the
rewards were far more enticing...

Tommy watches Vince grab a handful of ass.

INT. TOMMY'S VAN - THREE YEARS LATER - NIGHT

Tommy is now a full-on rocker. He's kneeling in front of Bullwinkle in his equipment filled van. It's their FIRST TIME.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.)
Like I said, I've always been a romantic
at heart. So I was always on the lookout
for a girl with something special...

Bullwinkle screams like a madwoman. Tommy looks up, grinning. Then a hot blast of liquid squirts all over his face from O.S.

Tommy is dumbstruck, his face dripping. Then he breaks into a wide smile.

TOMMY LEE (cont'd)
Awesome!

EXT. FANTASY MEADOW - DAY

We're in a scene from a fairy tale. Bullwinkle and Tommy (dressed as a princess and her knight in shining armor) stand hand in hand.

She hands him a HANKY to dry his face. He does so, giggling.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.)
I never do it halfway. If I'm into a chick, I'm WAY into her. That makes everything seem like it's gonna last forever...

They stroll, until Tommy stops. In the distance, he sees a fast approaching storm. A harbinger of darkness to come.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.) (cont'd)
But it never does. There's always a storm cloud lurking, waiting to fuck up everything good and perfect in my life.

INT. THE STARWOOD - 1981 - NIGHT

Tommy is now a cocky, scrawny rocker in spandex and Converse.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.)
My band started playing at clubs like the Starwood. That's where I saw Nikki Sixx play with his band London.

NIKKI SIXX walks by, sees Tommy sitting on the floor, drunk. Tommy looks up, sees Nikki backlit by the stage lights.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.) (cont'd)
Nikki was already a rock God. He was selling out weekends at the Whisky! I never thought he'd have anything to do with a punk-ass kid like me. But his band was falling apart, and by coincidence, so was mine...

IN SLOW MO - Nikki extends his hand. Tommy reaches up from the floor, their fingers almost touching.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.) (cont'd)
And the rest, as they say, is histo...

Hey, guess what? Looks exactly like Michelangelo's Sistine Chapel painting of God reaching down to create Adam. We FREEZE on this tableau...

FADE TO:

EXT. THE OCEAN - DAY

Waves break on a beautiful, sun-kissed beach. Tan, buff people play volleyball and lay out on colorful towels.

MUSIC CUE - Katrina and the Waves, "Walkin' On Sunshine".

BIKER BOOTS crunch the sand. Past the sun worshippers walks a LONGHAIR dressed head to toe in BLACK LEATHER.

This is MICK MARS. He's got a cocktail in his hand.

He walks straight out into the ocean.

SUPER TITLE: "MANHATTAN BEACH - 1984"

Mick stands up to his chest in the surf. He takes a sip of his drink. Behind his sunglasses we can see he has a BLACK EYE. He looks at the frolicking BEACH-GOERS all around him, then up to the sky, where the MOON is palely visible.

MICK MARS (V.O.)

Aliens. Everyone likes to look for
fucking space aliens. WE'RE the aliens.
Just like Australia was England's toilet,
where they sent all their criminals to
rot, it's the same thing with Earth.

A wave knocks the cocktail from Mick's hand.

MICK MARS (V.O.) (cont'd)

We're the insane fucking people from all
the other planets, we're the trash. And
this is where they left us to decompose...

A big wave CRASHES into Mick and he blacks out.

EXT. THE BEACH - HOURS LATER - DAY

Mick is washed up on the sand like a little black whale. His leather is shriveled and crusted with salt. The afternoon sun blazes down, cooking him.

Vince Neil walks up, dressed in jeans and a Hawaiian shirt.

VINCE NEIL

Mick? Hey man, let me bring you inside.

MICK MARS

(mumbling)
...leave me alone...

Vince nods, walks back to his beach house. Mick lays there, motionless. He stares at a CRAB scurrying through his scraggly, sandy hair.

MICK MARS (V.O.) (cont'd)
 My back hurts. I'm old. I'm
 pussywhipped. I'm loud, I'm rude, I'm
 aggressive. I'm a guitar player. That's
 what I am...

INT. NIKKI'S HOUSE - BURBANK - 1981 - DAY

Nikki and Tommy practice in the living room of Nikki's shitbag rental house. They screech through a song we can't identify.

SUPER TITLE: "THE VALLEY - THREE YEARS EARLIER"

Tommy WALLS on his drums, Nikki pounds his bass and jumps around like a man possessed.

We pull wider to reveal a FAT GUITAR PLAYER standing stock still. Finally, Nikki has had enough.

NIKKI SIXX
 (to Fat Guitar Player)
 Hold it! What the fuck, man? Fucking get
 the changes!

FAT GUITAR PLAYER
 Hey, I'm trying, man! You guys are
 jumping around so much you're off tempo.

NIKKI SIXX
 The fuck we are! I wrote the goddam song,
 I should know what the tempo is!

Nikki tosses down his bass and stomps into the next room. The Fat Guitar Player sits down, exasperated.

Then there's a quiet knock at the door. Tommy goes to get it.

Outside is a little troll with black hair down to his ass and duct tape holding together his platform shoes. He carries a battered GUITAR CASE. This, of course, is MICK MARS, looking in much better shape than we just saw him at the beach. We FREEZE on his image.

We see his RECYCLER AD over his picture: "LOUD, RUDE, AND
 AGGRESSIVE GUITARIST AVAILABLE"

MOMENTS LATER:

Mick has his wall of amps set up.

NIKKI SIXX (cont'd)
You think you got it?

MICK MARS
Just fucking play it.

Nikki smiles at Tommy. They're both excited. They start playing "STICK TO YOUR GUNS".

Not only does Mick have it, he beats the shit out of it. And the volume he plays completely drowns out the other guitarist.

As Mick launches into a solo, the Fat Guitar Player stops him.

FAT GUITAR PLAYER
Hold it! I play the solo on this one.

Mick eyes him like a gunslinger. He leans over to Nikki.

MICK MARS
He ain't gonna make it.

NIKKI SIXX
You tell him.

Mick turns to the Fat Player.

MICK MARS
Listen, fatso, there's only one guitar player in my band, and that's me.

FAT GUITAR PLAYER
I was here first! Nikki, tell him!
(Nikki says nothing)
Tommy? Come on, man!

Tommy also says nothing. The Fat Guitar Player's face gets red, and he does the unthinkable: he starts to CRY.

FAT GUITAR PLAYER (cont'd)
Fuck you guys!

He grabs his shit and gets out of there. As the door slams, Mick turns to the boys.

MICK MARS
Where were we?

And just like that, he's in. They start CRANKING through the song again.

MICK MARS (V.O.) (cont'd)
Day one. They already had me doing their
dirty work. That's what I get for being
old.

INSERT: BAND PHOTOS

We see Mick Mars in a succession of band photos throughout the
70's. He's like Zelig, transforming from Southern Rocker to
Bluesman to Cover Band to Ziggy Stardust Wannabe.

MICK MARS (V.O.) (cont'd)
So many fucking bands. So many fucking
idiots. I just wanted to play guitar in a
band that was going somewhere.

We see photos of Mick's life prior to Motley: working in a
laundry, hopping trains...

MICK MARS (V.O.) (cont'd)
Instead I was paying child support for
three kids and I was sleeping on park
benches. I had to get it done before I
was too old. And for some reason, these
seemed like the guys to do it...

INT. STARWOOD - NIGHT

We see Vince onstage with Rock Candy. Nikki, Tommy and Mick
are watching from the back.

MICK MARS
That's the fucker we need. I don't care
if he can sing or not. Look what he's
doing to those girls.

The GIRLS in the crowd are all staring at Vince with lust.

TOMMY LEE
I know that guy! I went to high school
with that dude!

MICK MARS
Get him.

Rock Candy finishes their set to wild applause.

MOMENTS LATER:

Vince is making out with a girl in the crowd when Tommy comes
up to him. Vince barely recognizes him.

VINCE NEIL

Tommy, right? From high school. What the fuck did you do to yourself?

TOMMY LEE

I'm in a band now! With those guys over there.

Tommy indicates the very shady looking Nikki and Mick.

TOMMY LEE (cont'd)

I told them about you, bro. They saw you tonight and they're stoked! You should come down and jam with us!

VINCE NEIL

I already got something going, man.

TOMMY LEE

Once you hear us, you're gonna change your mind. Here.

Tommy slips Vince a tape and his phone number. Vince absently stuffs both in his pocket and goes back to kissing the girl.

TOMMY LEE (cont'd)

Alright Vince, good seeing you.

Getting no response, Tommy heads back to the others.

NIKKI SIXX

And?

TOMMY LEE

He'll call us.

INT. NIKKI'S HOUSE - BURBANK - DAY

Mick, Nikki and Tommy are sitting around drinking, depressed. The phone sits on the table in front of them, not ringing.

SUPER TITLE: "THREE FUCKING WEEKS LATER"

NIKKI SIXX

What the fuck is with this guy? He's in a cover band for shit's sake!

MICK MARS

Call the prick again.

Tommy reluctantly picks up the phone and dials.

TOMMY LEE
(into phone)
Vince? Hey, what's up, it's Tommy. Did
you listen to our tape yet?

VINCE NEIL (O.S.)
(from phone)
Oh hey, man. I've been trying to reach
you. I accidentally washed my jeans with
your number in them. I loved the tape.
Let's get together and jam.

Tommy grins ear to ear, giving a thumbs up to the band.

INT. LOVEY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Vince is sitting on the bathroom floor with his blonde
girlfriend LOVEY. He looks strung out.

VINCE NEIL
(into phone)
Okay, Tommy, I'll see ya.

Vince hangs up.

LOVEY
What the fuck was that?

VINCE NEIL
(out of it)
What was what?

Vince SHOOTs UP a big hit of cocaine. He goes into a reverie.
We dolly in on his face and..

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MOONSHADOWS - 1995 - NIGHT

We see a thirty-six year-old Vince Neil sitting at the bar.
He is unshaven and looks distraught.

SUPER TITLE: "MALIBU - 1995"

Two SMART GUYS are at the opposite end of the bar.

SMART GUY
Check it out. Vince Neil.

SMART GUY 2
Seriously, how much of a mess do you hafta
be to get thrown outta Motley Crue?

SMART GUY

Maybe he'll take us on a beer run.

Vince can see them laughing at him, but he can't hear a thing.

VINCE NEIL (V.O.)

I'm going to hell. I know it, everybody
knows it. I'm a monster, I'm an asshole,
I'm scum. I'm the bad guy.

Vince tilts back his beer mug and catches his distorted
refection in the bottom of the glass...

MATCH CUT TO:

The distorted reflection of NINE YEAR-OLD VINCE'S face in a
hubcap. We are...

EXT. COMPTON STREET - 1970 - DAY

Vince is ducked down behind a car while FOUR BLACK TEENS with
a gun cross the street. They approach a WELL-DRESSED BLACK
TEEN and shoot him.

SUPER TITLE: "COMPTON - 1970"

VINCE NEIL (V.O.)

They told you Nikki had it rough, right?
Shit. They never even bothered to ask
about me.

Vince watches as the teen is stripped of his SNEAKERS.

The four hoods take off. Vince approaches the shot teen, who
twitches and gurgles blood.

EXT. COMPTON STREET - THE NEXT DAY

Vince races to an Ice Cream truck. He's the only white kid in
the neighborhood.

VINCE NEIL (V.O.)

That's okay, they can think what they
want. I don't give a shit.

As he waits in line, Vince sees the Four Teens from yesterday
crossing the street. The biggest one is wearing the SNEAKERS.

Vince is petrified. The big guy smiles. Then he grabs Vince,
spins him around, and digs his ice cream money from his
pockets. Fifteen cents.

VINCE NEIL (V.O.) (cont'd)
From the beginning I've known it...

Out comes a KNIFE. Vince's throat is SLASHED ear to ear. The four teens walk away.

VINCE NEIL (V.O.) (cont'd)
I'm all alone in this world.

Vince drops to the ground, blood pouring through his fingers. Everyone in the ice cream line just watches.

VINCE NEIL (V.O.) (cont'd)
Good thing he missed my jugular, cuz you'd be short one bad guy right now.

Vince gets up and runs home, trailing blood.

INT. GARDEN SUPPLY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A window breaks and THREE TEENS climb in. It's TEEN VINCE and two other burglars.

VINCE NEIL (V.O.)
I've always done things my way. I don't read, don't write, don't think.

Teen Vince pops some SPEED and they start robbing the place.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Vince is the last one out, carrying a box of TULIP BULBS. A police cruiser cuts off his escape.

VINCE NEIL (V.O.)
I live day by day and take whatever the world shits my way...

He's slammed into the hood of the cruiser.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - 1981 - DAY

A thin young Vince is working as an ELECTRICIAN. He is so zonked out he can barely stand.

VINCE NEIL (V.O.)
Tommy got lucky and caught me when I was weak. When he called, I had been injecting so much cocaine I was lucky I could remember my name. I was going four days without sleep...

VOICE
(New England accent)
Have ya seen mah dog?

Vince turns. He sees a New England FISHERMAN in a yellow rain slicker and rubber boots standing behind him. Definitely a strange apparition in Southern California.

VINCE NEIL
What?

FISHERMAN
I'm lookin' for mah dog. Have you seen
'im?

VINCE NEIL
He was around here a minute ago...
(looks around)
There he is.

Vince points up. There is a DOG perched on a two by four high overhead, like a crow on a wire.

The Fisherman pulls out NEON RED SIGNAL FLAGS and starts waving them, sending a message to the dog. Vince stares.

Another CONSTRUCTION WORKER looks over, sees Vince keel over face first in the dirt. He's obviously been hallucinating.

VINCE NEIL (V.O.) (cont'd)
I went home and slept for twenty hours
straight...

INT. LOVEY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Vince rolls out of bed, finds the TAPE that Tommy gave him. He pops it in the stereo.

What comes out is the most godawful shit he's ever heard. Vince stares, aghast, as the stereo starts twitching and moving like a sinister beast, ATTACKING HIM.

He KICKS IT, turning off the horrible sound. He sees Tommy's PHONE NUMBER and stuffs it in the trash with the tape.

INT. ROCK CANDY REHEARSAL HOUSE - DAY

Vince shows up for a Rock Candy rehearsal. He comes in and finds the band transformed. They all have SHORT SPIKY HAIR and wear SKINNY TIES.

VINCE NEIL
What the fuck?

ROCK CANDY GUITARIST
I guess you didn't get the message. Rock
'n' roll is over.

Vince turns and walks out.

INT. LOVEY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Vince is back on the floor when the phone rings. Lovey picks it up, listens, and hands it to Vince.

VINCE NEIL
(into phone)
Yeah.

TOMMY LEE (O.S.)
(from phone)
Vince? Hey, what's up, it's Tommy. Did you listen to our tape yet?

VINCE NEIL
Oh hey, man. I've been trying to reach you. I accidentally washed my jeans with your number in them...

INT. IRS REHEARSAL STUDIOS - BURBANK - THE NEXT DAY

Lovey hands Vince a beer and takes her spot on a couch watching the band.

Nikki hurriedly scribbles some lyrics and hands them to Vince.

NIKKI SIXX
Here, try this. I think it'll fit your vocal style.

VINCE NEIL
(annoyed at his presumptuousness)
Sure. Whatever.

Mick starts CRANKING the guitar lead-in to LIVE WIRE. Tommy and Nikki join in, followed by Vince.

Within the first verse they are already smiling: Whatever they are doing together, it's working.

MUSICAL MONTAGE - to LIVE WIRE (Lethur Records version).

Motley Crue has formed. The four guys strut the Sunset Strip, looking like they do on the first record: stiletto heels, leather pants, make-up and with Aqua-net jacking their hair to the sky. They plaster their posters everywhere.

Lined up outside the clubs are neatly dressed NEW WEVERS who look upon our heroes with confusion, horror and scorn.

INT. THE RAINBOW ROOM - NIGHT

At the Rainbow, Motley fits in more. We see BLACKIE LAWLESS holding court like some dark prince, and RANDY RHOADS howling and jabbering like a madman. It's the beginnings of a SCENE.

Some BIKER shoves Mick and the entire band jumps him, like a gang. After beating the guy down, they drink his beer.

EXT. THE RAINBOW - NIGHT

Another night, another fight. Nikki whips a chain across the face of his attacker.

Oops. The guy he's fighting is an UNDERCOVER COP. Nikki is tossed in an unmarked car.

The car stops in an alley and two Undercover Cops stomp Nikki bloody. As they pull away, Nikki laughs.

INT. THE MOTLEY HOUSE - NIGHT

As the party rages in the background, Nikki (still bleeding from the fight) sits with Vince scribbling lyrics on a pad.

INT. THE TROUBADOUR - NIGHT

The Crue are onstage, finishing the song we've been hearing. Their stage decorations are flimsy and homemade, but there is no denying the visual impact. There are pentagrams, blood and severed mannequin heads. The crowd goes wild.

INT. THE TROUBADOUR - VIP ROOM - NIGHT

The Crue struts up the stairs to the VIP room, feeling like kings. They are welcomed by GIRLS and fellow ROCKERS.

But then they lay eyes on an APPARITION.

In a corner booth, surrounded by the HOTTEST GIRLS you've ever seen sits a LIVING ROCK 'N' ROLL GOD.

We see him in slow motion, with a halo of light making his golden locks GLOW. This is the patron saint of rock and roll frontmen, the one and only DAVID LEE ROTH.

They stare at him, rapt.

TOMMY LEE
Dude, did he come to see us?

NIKKI SIXX
(with reverence)
Diamond Dave...!

FANTASY SEQUENCE - THE COG MACHINE

We're on a grassy plateau overlooking the ocean. Perched on the edge of the plateau is a massive mechanical device that rises up into the sky. This is "THE COG MACHINE".

VINCE NEIL (V.O.)
There is a device that can work magic, a fantastical creation that turns nobodies into rock stars. It is The Machine of the Corporate Musical Empire...

Majestic music swells.

Motley Crue stands outside of the Cog Machine, looking up. They are puny, small, they are barely out of their teens.

From the outside, this glimmering, beautiful machine looks like an art deco pyramid that leads right up to the clouds.

VINCE NEIL (V.O.) (cont'd)
Of all the levels of success in rock and roll, David Lee Roth was near the top...

Up in the sunlight, near the top, they can see David Lee Roth with a bevy of gorgeous, lustful NYMPHS flying around him.

The Nymphs pour Jack Daniels into Dave's champagne glass, feed him M&M's, and drop MONEY on him from a sack.

VINCE NEIL (V.O.) (cont'd)
While we were playing for 100 people, Van Halen was putting on shows for 20,000.
Roth was living The Life.

Dave smiles at them from on high.

MATCH CUT TO:

THE VIP ROOM AT THE TROUBADOUR - David smiles at them. He's got the whole joint doing his bidding, like he owns the place.

DAVID LEE ROTH
Hey hey! Looks like somebody's been
Runnin' With the Devil!
(to a waitress)
Honey, these gentlemen's thirst is in need
of slaking. Kindly use those endless legs
of yours to procure some fresh libations.
(MORE)

DAVID LEE ROTH (cont'd)
(to the Crue)
Don't just stand there, fellas...

Dave gestures at his lap. Finally we notice there's a BLONDE HEAD bobbing up and down.

DAVID LEE ROTH (cont'd)
Grab yourselves a blonde!

AN HOUR LATER:

The table is littered with bottles of Jack and beer. Mick scribbles a note on a napkin and slides it to Vince.

It says: "I'm going to kill you".

Mick gives a freaky grin. Vince crumples the note.

DAVID LEE ROTH (cont'd)
Vince, that was a primetime show tonight.
Now let me ask you the 64 megawatt
question: How much do you really know
about that biz we call music?

VINCE NEIL
(shrugs)
You get gigs, play music. People come see
you, you get rich.

DAVID LEE ROTH
Whoa! Out of the mouths of babes, indeed.
I admire your flair, but you're definitely
lacking in *savoir faire*.
(conspiratorially)
Meet me tomorrow at Canter's on Fairfax.
We need to discuss.

INT. CANTER'S DELI - THE NEXT DAY

Vince watches David Lee Roth pull up in a big Mercedes with a skull and crossbones painted on it.

Roth bursts in, larger than life, and lights up the room.

DAVID LEE ROTH
Never fear, Diamond Dave is here!

MOMENTS LATER:

In a booth, Roth works on a massive pastrami sandwich. The near penniless Vince eats the free pickles and water.

DAVID LEE ROTH (cont'd)
Don't go with some wimpy distribution company. You have to have your records in Tahiti. If they're not in Tahiti, they aren't anywhere, and neither are you.

Vince nods, watching mustard drip from Dave's sandwich.

DAVID LEE ROTH (cont'd)
And *don't just sign with any old manager.* Take your time. You've got to watch who's got their hands in your pockets. Remember those contract clauses? Here's where they can come back and bite ya on the boo-boo.

VINCE NEIL
Sure, Dave.

DAVID LEE ROTH
Well, that's it. Seven years of hard-fought music industry knowledge condensed into one pastrami sandwich.

VINCE NEIL
I got it. Thanks.

DAVID LEE ROTH
There's just, uh... One last thing...

David waits for the Waitress to pass by. He leans across the table, seeming almost nervous.

DAVID LEE ROTH (cont'd)
You didn't hear this from me, but...
(his eyes narrow)
Has anyone told you about... The Machine?

Vince's shakes his head, puzzled.

We see a QUICK FLASH of GRINDING COGS, GREASY SPROCKETS, SCALDING STEAM.

VINCE NEIL
"The Machine"?

DAVID LEE ROTH
(nods)
The Cog Machine. It's...

We see more FLASHES of some horrific MACHINE.

DAVID LEE ROTH (cont'd)
(genuinely scared)
There's noise... Screaming... Blood...
It's fucking horrible...

We don't know what the hell it is, but it looks like a high-tech slaughterhouse.

We're back on Dave, looking spooked.

DAVID LEE ROTH (cont'd)
(ominously)
Beware. The final. Cog.

With that, Dave leans back and pushes his plate aside. Vince is unsure what to say.

VINCE NEIL
Okay, man. Whatever you say.

DAVID LEE ROTH
(back to normal)
Look at the time! The little hand says
"drink" and the big hand says "now"! Stay
in the saddle, cowboy!

Dave skips out, leaving Vince with the tab. Vince pats his pockets, pulling out the last of his change.

INT. THE RAINBOW - DAY

We see the band in a booth having a meeting.

SUPER TITLE: "The Next Day..."

The entire band SIGNS some papers.

SUPER TITLE (with an ARROW to papers): "Management Contracts"

The papers get to Vince. He hesitates. He looks across the table at MIKE and NANCY CUSHMAN. Mike and Nancy are in their 30's and look like school teachers.

SUPER TITLE (with arrow to Mike): "Construction Worker / Band Manager" (with arrow to Nancy): "Housewife / Band Manager / Ugly"

A tiny David Lee Roth appears in a thought bubble over Vince's shoulder, WAVING at him wildly, like a third base coach calling off the runner.

Then two tiny STRIPPERS push Dave out of the way and start gyrating seductively, cash raining down around them.

Vince nods, smiling at the thought of strippers, and signs.

He slides the papers to Nancy, who gives what she thinks is a seductive, gap-toothed smile.

MIKE CUSHMAN

You done yourselves proud, boys! We're gonna make you huge stars!

NIKKI SIXX

How?

MIKE CUSHMAN

Well, sir. First, Miss Nancy is gonna take you shoppin'.

TOMMY LEE

Sweet!

NANCY CUSHMAN

Then we're gonna take y'all on a sabbatical retreat, someplace special, where y'all can work on your onstage presence.

MICK MARS

(suspiciously)

Where?

MIKE CUSHMAN

Somewhere quiet, where you won't be distracted.

VINCE NEIL

Where?

EXT. CUSHMAN FARM - DAY

We pan across the lush hills and trees of a rural Northern California community.

SUPER TITLE: "Four Hundred Miles from Hollywood"

We pan to the Crue, rocking in a barn with the doors open.

EXT. CUSHMAN FARM - BARN - DAY

The band takes a break, drinking beers.

NIKKI SIXX

Okay, before we get too far with this, we need to have a band meeting.

(MORE)

NIKKI SIXX (cont'd)

First things first: Vince, you've got to stop shooting up cocaine.

VINCE NEIL

Hey, fuck you. All you guys do blow.

TOMMY LEE

Yeah, but we just snort it.

NIKKI SIXX

Shooting up is unprofessional. If we're gonna go all the way, we have to work hard. Those needles have to stop.

VINCE NEIL

Here's a suggestion. You guys mind your fuckin' business.

MICK MARS

Hey, screw you, Vince! You almost missed that gig at the Country Club because you were off on some hippy highway! You mainline that stuff, you go loco. So lose the needles or you're out of the band. End of story.

They're all surprised by this outburst from Mick.

VINCE NEIL

Okay, dad.

Mick stomps off.

VINCE NEIL (cont'd)

(beat)

Hippy highway?

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - SUNSET

We see NERVOUS COWS lined up at a fence, MOOING.

Then we see what has them spooked. The Crue walks by wearing enough leather to account for two cows.

They're dressed for war, Hollywood style. Go-go boots, red finger-nail polish, hot-pink pants and make-up.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

The four strut through town like gunslingers. The locals are openly laughing at them, but the boys are here to represent.

They stop in front of a GENERAL STORE where several LOCALS drink beer.

NIKKI SIXX
Howdy, partner.

The Locals look them up and down.

NIKKI SIXX (cont'd)
You guys know where the party is at?

LOCAL
Yep. And you fellers'll fit right in.

The local points down the road.

NIKKI SIXX
Much obliged.

As the Crue struts away, the Locals give wolf whistles.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Motley struts into the bar and are pleasantly surprised.

The place is PACKED WITH TWO DOZEN HOT CHICKS. No dudes, just these unescorted babes.

VINCE NEIL
My kinda town.

TOMMY LEE
It must be ladies night!

The Crue strolls up to the bar, orders drinks. Then Tommy gets a better look at the girls. He spots Adam's apples and lots of hairy arms.

TOMMY LEE (cont'd)
These are some pretty beefy chicks, dude.

The band looks around. It's some kind of freaky redneck transvestite party. Mick and Nikki look at each other.

MICK MARS & NIKKI SIXX
Fuck it.

Mick takes his drink and finds a empty table in the corner, by himself. He sits upright in a hard wooden chair, his shoulders hunched forward.

VINCE NEIL
What's with Cousin It? He supposed to be better than us?

TOMMY LEE
Maybe he's shy.

VINCE NEIL
Old people aren't shy. He just doesn't like us.

TOMMY LEE
Yeah! That cocksucker! Fuck him.

VINCE NEIL
Look at that hunchback motherfucker.
Looks like he's got a fucking broom up his ass.

Mick shifts awkwardly in his chair, looking stiff.

TOMMY LEE
Well fuck him. How's about a toast, bros?
Here's to, uh...

Tommy's stumped, his glass raised.

NIKKI SIXX
To conquering the world! To decadence!
Depravity! And free pussy!

TOMMY LEE
To all that!

Nikki and Tommy down their shots.

VINCE NEIL
Here's to me.

Vince downs his and wanders through the crowd. A TRANSVESTITE looks him up and down.

TRANSVESTITE
What in the world are you supposed to be, honey?

VINCE NEIL
Just a girl looking to score some coke.

The Transvestite pulls a bindle from his bra.

TRANSVESTITE
Will that be cash or...
(he licks his lips)
...charge?

Vince hands him a twenty and takes the bindle.

INT. BAR BATHROOM - NIGHT

Vince pulls a syringe from his sock and gets ready to shoot up the coke. But something is wrong with it. Finally he tastes it and spits it out.

VINCE NEIL
Mother fucker!

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Vince marches up to the Transvestite, spins him around and PUNCHES him in the face. Immediately it's on. The rest of the band joins the fray and it's Motley versus two dozen tranny rednecks. Fists fly, so do wigs and high-heeled shoes. It's the freakiest barroom brawl you've ever seen.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Motley Crue is tossed out of the bar and into the street. They lay in a heap, their faces bloody.

TOMMY LEE
Let us never speak of this evening again.

EXT. SUNSET STRIP - NIGHT

Motley walks the streets again. But now, instead of New Wavers, all the club kids are dressed like them. As they walk, Vince TALKS TO THE CAMERA.

VINCE NEIL
(to the camera)
We came back to LA tighter than ever. Suddenly our scene was blowing up. Guys started dressing like us, girls wanted to fuck us. Our self-produced first album sold enough copies to get picked up by Elektra. "Too Fast For Love" eventually went platinum.

INT. THE MOTLEY HOUSE - NIGHT

Vince walks through, still narrating TO THE CAMERA. A crazy party is going on, just like from the opening scene.

VINCE NEIL
You hear a lot of noise about the Haight/Ashbury and Athens, Georgia and fucking grunge in Seattle. The critics wet themselves over all that shit. But heavy metal blew up bigger than any of 'em.

Vince opens the closet door, revealing Tommy and Nikki double-teaming a GROUPIE inside.

VINCE NEIL (cont'd)

R.E.M. got the Grammy's, but we got your mommy's. Didn't know that, did ya? Hey man, what do you think happened to all these chicks we banged? They settled down and had you.

Vince moves on to the living room.

VINCE NEIL (cont'd)

In the 1980's, you couldn't swing a cat without hitting a metalhead. And the metal revival started right here on the Sunset Strip.

We FREEZE on various individuals partying in the house. A lot of these partiers are members of future big selling bands. We focus in on two guys.

SUPER TITLE: "CHRIS HOLMES, BLACKI LAWLESS - W.A.S.P. - 1 Million Records sold". (NOTE: all sales totals are low. Need accurate data).

We see a hot ROCKER CHICK with her arms around Nikki.

SUPER TITLE: "LITA FORD - 3 Million Records sold".

We shoot past her to some more rockers.

SUPER TITLE: "ROBBIN CROSBY, STEPHEN PEARCY - RATT - 8 Million Records sold".

We zip over and find a drunken guy hanging upside down from a closet door.

SUPER TITLE "RANDY RHOADS - OZZY OSBOURNE BAND - 9 Million Records sold".

Then there's Diamond Dave wrestling with some MIDGETS.

SUPER TITLE "DAVID LEE ROTH - THE REAL VAN HALEN - 38 Million Records sold".

Then the COPS kick in the door.

EXT. THE MOTLEY HOUSE - NIGHT

The Metalheads charge out, right over the Cops, and scatter into the night. Vince smiles proudly into the camera.

VINCE NEIL

And it wouldn't just be friends of ours.
We left the Motley House with enough
aggravated testosterone to spawn a million
bastard metal bands. The cum shot came on
May 29th, 1983. The second day of the US
Festival...

EXT. THE SKY - DAY

A HELICOPTER flies over the countryside. It looks like it's
in the middle of nowhere, when suddenly we see a MASSIVE STAGE
and a crowd of 300,000 in a field.

SUPER TITLE: "CHAPTER NEXT: TOAST OF THE TOWN"

VINCE NEIL (V.O.)

It was the concert of a lifetime for metal
fans. It was us, the Scorpions, Ozzy
Osbourne, Judas Priest and Van Halen.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Vince looks out the window. He's got a bag of pills, a bottle
of Jack, and a blonde head bobbing in his lap.

VINCE NEIL

About fucking time!

EXT. US FESTIVAL - DAY

We cut to vintage footage of the crowd. Heavy Metal
knuckleheads howl and throw up devil horns to the camera.

VINCE NEIL (V.O.)

Heavy Metal Sunday proved to the record
industry and to the world that heavy metal
was back with a fucking vengeance...

EXT. US FESTIVAL - BACKSTAGE - 1983 - DAY

TIM ZAMBRI, the chubby rep from Elektra records, is in a
frenzy. Nikki and Tommy are wide-eyed. Even Mick is nervous.

TIM ZAMBRI

Boys, on behalf of Elektra records, I want
to wish you good luck. Where's Vince?

TOMMY LEE

Gettin' his makeup on.

TIM ZAMBRI

Alright, well explain to him how important this is. If you want to prove Motley's viability to the label, you have to kick ass out there today. I brought a little powdered motivation.

A FLUNKY breaks out BUNDLES OF COCAINE and passes them around.

TIM ZAMBRI (cont'd)

Go warm up.

Zambri makes his way towards a TRAILER, the Flunky following. There are GIRLS and REPORTERS waiting for Vince.

TIM ZAMBRI (cont'd)

(to Flunky)

These guys and their fucking make-up. Have you seen my date? Brunette? Leopard-skin bikini? Find her. She'll kill me if she misses the show.

The Flunky takes off. Zambri POUNDS on the trailer door.

TIM ZAMBRI (cont'd)

Vince! Come on, buddy! We've got 300,000 fans out here waiting for you! Vince?

INT. TRAILER - DAY

We see Vince fucking a BRUNETTE. He's got a LEOPARD-PRINT BIKINI BOTTOM in his teeth.

VINCE NEIL

Coming!

And he does...

EXT. US FESTIVAL - DAY

The rowdy crowd is being hosed down by security. It's hot and they are smashed together. A WOMAN is onstage, trying to get everyone to move back.

EXT. US FESTIVAL - THE STAGE - DAY

Motley is waiting in the wings for Vince. Nikki is furious as Vince finally approaches.

NIKKI SIXX

You fucking asshole!

VINCE NEIL
Relax, man, it's cool.

NIKKI SIXX
It's "cool"???

He sees Leopard-Print Bikini with her arms around Tim Zambri.

NIKKI SIXX (cont'd)
His company is putting out our next
record! If he finds out you porked his
girlfriend, he could seriously fuck up the
release!

VINCE NEIL
Guess we'd better put on a good show,
then.

Tim Zambri gives them a big thumbs up as they head onstage.

EXT. US FESTIVAL - THE STAGE - DAY

We hear thundering riffs, a fat bass drum. Though the crowd
has never heard this song, fists begin to pump.

The Crue starts to play "Shout at the Devil".

As the crowd gets into it, we flash to...

EXT. THE COG MACHINE - DAY

The Crowd fills the plateau around the Cog Machine. Them
pumping their fists in unison causes a SECRET DOOR to open and
Motley Crue discovers the LADDER leading up to the first level
of the Machine. They climb happily, waving to their new fans.

INT. THE COG MACHINE - CONVEYOR BELT - DAY

Now behind the Machine's glittering facade, Motley takes in
it's first level: the treadmill-like CONVEYOR BELT. This is
the industrial, blue-collar level that helps power the
machine.

There are many BANDS walking on the conveyor belt (mostly New
Wave bands and disco acts looking for a comeback). Those that
are too tired to keep up simply fall off the back and are
dumped onto the plateau. Those that remain stare up at the
Machine looming overhead.

Above them are massive turning COGS. Bigger cogs are near the
bottom, and they get smaller and more elaborate as they go up.
The highest ones sparkle with diamonds and gold.

Everyone wants to climb higher, but there is no visible way up. The conveyor belt is not without it's own rewards, however, and the band helps themselves to cocktails and watches STRIPPERS in cages dance.

INT. THE COG MACHINE - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

High up in the machine, a control room overlooks the entire mechanism. Inside, Tim Zambri nervously watches with a group of MUSIC EXECS.

They are gathered around their loathsomely fat, bald and sweaty leader. This is THE MOGUL. He sits motionless, his labored breathing the only sound. Everyone awaits his verdict.

The Mogul slowly nods his jowly head and Tim pulls a LEVER.

INT. COG MACHINE - CONVEYOR BELT - DAY

MONEY showers down on Motley Crue. They jump around excitedly, slapping five. On this action we...

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. US FESTIVAL - BACKSTAGE - DAY

The band comes offstage, jazzed as hell from the biggest concert of their lives. Tim Zambri runs up, grinning broadly.

TIM ZAMBRI

You guys were am-aaaazing! Do you hear me?! It was the best show I've seen you play!

The band walks past the Van Halen trailers. Tour veteran David Lee Roth is slumped drunk in a chair, an Assistant giving him oxygen. He's surrounded by sheep, midgets and female bodybuilders. The Motley boys don't notice him, but he's a glimpse of their future.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.)

We all got something out of that day.
Mick got what he always got...

Waiting for Mick is his girlfriend, The Thing. Without saying a word, she PUNCHES MICK IN THE FACE.

AT THE MOTLEY TRAILER

We follow the Girl In The Leopard-Print Bikini, strutting towards the trailer, where a flock of GROUPIES are waiting.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.) (cont'd)
Vince, well he got what he always got
too...

Leopard-Print cuts to the front of the line, garnering the ire of the Groupies. She doesn't care, she's with the lead singer. She pulls on the door, only to find it LOCKED.

She checks it again in disbelief, then peers through the tinted window.

Suddenly two huge TITS are pushed against the glass. Vince is fucking some other chick inside. Leopard-Print gapes, in disbelief. Vince winks at her.

EXT. MANSION IN THE HILLS - NIGHT

There's a Jacuzzi party in progress. It's Nikki, Tim Zambri and four older EXECS watching as Tommy gets blown by HONEY.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.)
Tommy got a girlfriend upgrade. Her name was Honey, and she was a wanna-be lingerie model. The "wanna-be" part didn't bother him. He was just stoked to have a girl that everyone else thought was hot too.

Tommy groans. Honey smiles up at him, a job well done.

TOMMY LEE
Oh, baby! That was fucking awesome! I love you so much!
(gestures at the other guys)
How about my friends? You can't leave them out. Dudes, you're gonna love this!

The Older Execs nod happily as Honey moves on to one of them, pulling his shorts off.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.)
See, Tommy was like a puppy. He was eager to please and always looking for approval.

Nikki bows out, staggering from the pool naked and wasted.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.) (cont'd)
Me? I got something I never expected. A relationship that would last the rest of my life...

Once he's out of sight of the pool, he CLIMBS THE GARDEN WALL.

EXT. MANSION IN THE HILLS - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Nikki stumbles to his new PORSCHE. Two GROUPIES see him walking naked across the driveway.

GROUPIE

Nikki!

Nikki jumps in his car and peels out. The Groupies give chase in a Mustang.

INT. NIKKI'S PORSCHE - NIGHT

He speeds down the hill, the speedometer reaching 90.

EXT. HILLSIDE - NIGHT

Nikki misses a turn and plows his Porsche into a telephone pole. The Mustang slows past the crash, then takes off in a hurry.

Nikki crawls from the steaming wreck, now naked AND bloody.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.)

I guess it was kismet, that accident on the road. The pain in my shoulder was so bad, it drove me right into her arms...

He clutches his shoulder in pain and walks down the hill towards the lights of Hollywood.

INT. NIKKI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Nikki sits on his filthy couch in his filthy living room. A giant PENTAGRAM is painted on the black wall behind him. He's staring romantically at his LOVE, a stacked GROUPIE we see from behind.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.)

She was the sweetest thing I'd ever met.
She made me feel all the warmth and happiness that I never knew as a child.
She was the lady I would live and die for,
my one true love for ever and ever...

We dolly around to see who Nikki has been gazing at. But it's not her that's got his attention. The Groupie holds a SYRINGE.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.) (cont'd)

Heroin...

As Nikki injects the heroin, his living room MORPHS...

INT. ROMAN PALACE - NIGHT

Nikki's now entered a decadent fantasyland. Imagine Nero's Golden Palace in the midst of an Orgy. Even the Groupie gets hotter looking, transforming into a Roman MAIDEN. Nikki smiles blissfully and falls backward onto the pillows.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - NIGHT

The band is gathered for a meeting. Tim Zambri talks while Motley does COKE off the mixing board. An ENGINEER wildly bangs a GROUPIE in the soundproof booth behind them.

TIM ZAMBRI

It sounds fantastic, guys, it really does.
I don't know how you do it, but all
this...

(he indicates the chaos
around them)
...is on the album.

NIKKI SIXX

We write what we know.

TIM ZAMBRI

That's what scares me. Believe me, I'm
never leaving my girlfriend alone with one
of you guys. Ha ha! Seriously, you did a
phenomenal job. But there is one minor
hitch. The title.

TOMMY LEE

What's wrong with it?

TIM ZAMBRI

"Shout With The Devil"? The marketing
people don't want to touch it. Do you
realize the influence groups like the
Moral Majority have on retail chains?

MICK MARS

It's a free country.

TIM ZAMBRI

Come on, do you really want to shout with
the devil? I mean, what is this band
really about?

VINCE NEIL

Getting laid and making money.

TIM ZAMBRI

Good, that's good, Vince. Because if you wanna sell this thing then you have to change the title.

TOMMY LEE

Fuck that!

NIKKI SIXX

No, no. I believe we can find a happy medium...

SUPER TITLE: "LECTURE ONE: A CRASH COURSE IN CONTROVERSY - BY PROFESSOR NIKKI SIXX, PHD."

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

Nikki stands by the blackboard in an empty lecture hall.

NIKKI SIXX

The quickest way to sell records is to convince parents that you are a danger to their children. This formula has worked for everybody from Elvis to Eminem. Nothing sells records like pissed off parents. And nothing pisses off parents more than worshipping the devil...

Nikki draws a pentagram on the chalkboard and circles it.

ANIMATED CHALKBOARD SEQUENCE - we see the following business model illustrated by animated stick figures on the chalkboard.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.) (cont'd)

We put a pentagram on the cover of our album and called it "Shout At the Devil".

We see a stick figure version of the Crue, with the pentagram on the kick drum.

Stick figure PARENTS and BIBLE THUMPERS walk up, pointing and lamenting the satanic image.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.) (cont'd)

Parents and religious leaders were outraged.

Stick figure Crue shrugs their shoulders. They give an INTERVIEW to a stick REPORTER.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.) (cont'd)
 We pretended to be shocked that our
 message was being misinterpreted as
 somehow being Satanic.

The Reporter's NOTEBOOK becomes a ROCK MAGAZINE. A bunch of
 KIDS read the magazine.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.) (cont'd)
 We were saying shout AT the devil, not
 WITH him.

The stick Parents are now lead by a RELIGIOUS LEADER who
 preaches fire and brimstone. Stick ZEALOTS smash Motley Crue
 records with axes and hammers.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.) (cont'd)
 Parents and their clergymen pressed the
 attack, but the more they spoke out
 against us, the more the kids bought our
 record.

Stick Kids rocking out multiply, becoming a vast army.

A TELEVANGELIST preaches from the TV. Concerned OLD FOLKS
 stuff MONEY in a slot on top of the TV set.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.) (cont'd)
 The more records we sold, the more money
 evangelists raised to help stop our
 corrupting influence. It was a vicious
 circle...

EXT. THE COG MACHINE - CONVEYOR BELT - DAY

We see Motley Crue walking along on the CONVEYOR BELT, the
 first level of the machine.

They look down to the plateau and see the Religious Leader and
 the Televangelist driving by in a convertible, the back seat
 stacked with CASH. They give each other the "okay" sign.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.)
 Viewed in this light, you might see a
 symbiotic relationship between ourselves
 and groups like the Moral Majority, a
 business partnership if you will. We both
 stayed in business by pretending that
 Satan actually exists...

The convertible drives off, a "Jesus Fish" on it's trunk. The
 license plate is three symbols: "(Pentagram) = \$"

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.) (cont'd)
And so it was that we made our first step
up towards big league success in the great
Industry Machine.

Motley looks up at the machine rising above them, still
looking majestic.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.) (cont'd)
Appropriately enough we were aided by the
Prince of fucking Darkness himself...

On the Cog above them OZZY OSBOURNE is waving. He lowers a
ROPE LADDER. They take it and are swept up to the FIRST COG.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.) (cont'd)
Ozzy gave us the opening slot on his "Bark
At the Moon" tour. Now it was our turn to
play for 20,000 people a night.

INT. THE COG MACHINE - THE FIRST COG - DAY

THE FIRST COG looks like a party at a gaudy strip club. It's
all flash but not much substance. A band can make a good
living here, but not get rich. Motley has to walk briskly to
keep up with it's rotation, but the cog is lined with good
things. The band is ecstatic, partaking of the buffet of
drugs and women.

VINCE NEIL
I don't know what Diamond Dave was talking
about, man. This is awesome!

TOMMY LEE
Look! A water fountain that squirts Jack
Daniels!

NIKKI SIXX
Coke, booze, and a packed arena every
night!

MICK MARS
It's a rock 'n' roll paradise.

They congratulate each other, still a gang.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.)
These were good times, innocent times.
And we were wide-eyed like children...

EXT. HOTEL POOL DECK - LAKELAND, FLORIDA - DAY

The Motley and Ozzy ROAD CREWS are chilling poolside. HOTEL GUESTS try to ignore the loud antics of the rockers.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.)

These were the Salad Days...

Nikki, Tommy, Vince and Mick lounge in the hot sun, wearing T-shirts and leather pants. A FAN waves excitedly at Mick.

EXCITED FAN

Mick!!

Mick winces.

MICK MARS

(muttering)

Fuck it.

Mick doesn't wave, he doesn't even turn his head. The Fan deflates and walks away. Nikki, Tommy and Vince shake their heads. What a prick!

NIKKI SIXX

How many chicks have you fucked so far?

VINCE NEIL

Uh... Three?

TOMMY LEE

Three?

NIKKI SIXX

Not today, on the tour so far.

VINCE NEIL

Oh. I lost count after that gang-bang in Salt Lake City.

(to Mick)

How about you, old man?

MICK MARS

None of your business.

VINCE NEIL

Oh yeah? I think you might be gay, Mick.

TOMMY LEE

Yeah, what's up with that? I haven't seen you get barely any ass.

MICK MARS

I have respect for myself and for the
female of the species.

The band LAUGHS their ass off.

TOMMY LEE

That's awesome!

MICK MARS

Did you ever stop to think that the slobs
who fuck you guys probably fuck every
other band that comes through town?

The guys look at each other.

NIKKI SIXX

Is he for real?

TOMMY LEE

(grins)

We're, like, pussy brothers with the
entire scene dude!

VINCE NEIL

You know what your problem is, Mick? You
have this perverted need to "like" whoever
you fuck. You'll sit there and listen to
'em jabber on for hours.

TOMMY LEE

That's like talking to the pig before the
luau! You're just gonna kill it, eat it
and shit it out. Why get attached?

Mick ignores them.

HEADS TURN as Ozzy comes onto the deck wearing a sun dress.
He's totally wasted. He walks up to an OLD LADY, hikes up his
dress and shoves his bare ass in her face.

There is a DOLLAR BILL sticking from his crack.

OZZY OSBOURNE

Go on, take it. Drinks are on me.

The Old Lady takes off, horrified. Ozzy staggers over and
flops down on the chaise next to Nikki.

NIKKI SIXX

Ozzy!

OZZY OSBOURNE

This is the life, man. Fun in the sun.

(beat)

Hey, mate, I fancy a bump.

NIKKI SIXX

Sorry, man, we're all out. We sent our bus driver to get more.

OZZY OSBOURNE

Give me the straw.

NIKKI SIXX

Ozzy, seriously. There's no blow!

OZZY OSBOURNE

Give me the straw. I'm havin' a bump.

Nikki hands him a drinking straw that's cut in half. Ozzy walks over to a crack in the sidewalk. There is a massive LINE OF ANTS in the crack.

Ozzy gets on his knees and SNORTS the entire line of ants.

He stands, snuffling and swallowing, with ants running from his nose.

OZZY OSBOURNE (cont'd)

That was nice.

Then Ozzy lifts his dress and PISSES all over the pool deck.

The Guests around the pool are disgusted, the Road Crew amused. But they ain't seen nothing yet. Ozzy gets down on all fours and starts LAPPING UP HIS OWN PISS.

He finally rises, urine dripping from his chin.

OZZY OSBOURNE (cont'd)

You think you're crazy, you ain't shit, man. Let's see you do that, Sixx.

Nikki stands, whips it out, and starts pissing on the pool deck. The entire pool area is rapt, people are even watching through the lobby windows.

Before he can bend down to lick it up, Ozzy shoves him out of the way and does it for him. He's laughing maniacally, slurping up Nikki's piss.

Nikki falls back onto Vince's chaise, laughing.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.)

It's a beautiful thing, being a rock star.

Ozzy rolls around in the piss puddle, cackling like a loon.

MICK MARS (V.O.)

If you want to know what it's like, here's what you do...

INT. MICK'S APARTMENT - DAY

Mick has a roomful of NEW GUITARS and AMPS. He plays one.

MICK MARS (V.O.)

Imagine being famous enough that people give you expensive gifts in the hope that you'll be photographed using them.

INT. FANCY CAR LOT - DAY

An obviously drunk Nikki pays CASH for a new CORVETTE.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.)

Imagine that you have more money than you know how to spend...

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

The Corvette is parked in front of a the main entrance to the clubhouse. Nikki is fucking some COUNTRY CLUB CHICK on the hood of the car. PASSERSBY watch.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.)

Imagine being able to fuck whoever you want, whenever you want, where ever you want.

PASSERBY

Nice car.

INT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Tommy Lee walks unsteadily down the aisle. He's loading his cart with BOOZE. HOT GROUPIES are crowding around.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.)

Imagine sex without the need for fuckin' head games, dating or small talk...

HOT GROUPIE

Come on, Tommy, let me suck your cock.

HOT GROUPIE #2

Me first! I saw you back at frozen foods!

INT. LONDON HOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

There is a KNOCKING. Nikki climbs out of bed to find a gorgeous and classy BLONDE at his window. He opens it.

WINDOW BLONDE

(w/proper British accent)

Mind if I come in?

Nikki helps her in.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.)

Imagine all forms of normal communication with the female of the species becoming unnecessary.

Nikki looks out the window. There is a thin LEDGE three floors above the street.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.) (cont'd)

Imagine sex on it's own, a living, breathing thing that comes looking for you, across a third story ledge in the middle of the night.

The Blonde pulls Nikki's underwear off.

WINDOW BLONDE

Thanks very much for the honor. Take a seat, please.

She sits him on the toilet, drops her panties, straddles him.

INT. AIRPORT FIRST CLASS LOUNGE - DAY

Motley Crue is with their entourage waiting to board their flight. GROUPIES are waiting outside, holding up signs that say "I (heart) Vince!". Vince walks over and opens the door.

VINCE NEIL (V.O.)

Imagine being able to approach a group of hot chicks, totally sober, at ten o'clock in the morning, and saying...

VINCE NEIL (cont'd)

My flight leaves in five minutes. Who wants to fuck me in the bathroom?

Three GROUPIES raise their hands. Vince grabs the hottest two by the wrist and leads them away.

The rest of the Groupies ROTATE THEIR SIGNS. They now read "I (heart) TOMMY".

INT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

The Crue is doing an on-air interview with a HOT FEMALE DEEJAY. Mick is pissing in the corner. Vince is passed out on the console. Tommy is rubbing himself.

HOT FEMALE DEEJAY

Okay, Patty from Oceanside, you are on the air with the bad boys from The Crue!

As Patty asks her question, Nikki grabs the Female DeeJay from behind and starts fucking her. Tommy climbs onto the console, drops his pants and gets her to service him orally.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.)

Imagine there being no consequences to your actions. Imagine being lauded for animalistic behavior.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.)

Imagine people being disappointed when you don't act like a total rock 'n' roll pig.

INT. ROMAN PALACE - NIGHT

We're in that decadent drug fantasyland again. This time the whole band is here, wearing togas. The orgy is packed with Roman beauties (who look suspiciously like 1980's strippers).

NIKKI SIXX

Why such excess? Because it's there.

TOMMY LEE

Who can resist the lure of raw decadence that power brings? Not Emperors. Not Presidents.

MICK MARS

Not us.

A girl is pushing a machine used to put stripes on a baseball field. It's filled with COKE. Vince follows it on all fours.

VINCE NEIL

What do you expect from a bunch of horny musicians with a limitless supply of cocaine?

Nikki, now dressed in a Presidential blue suit, puts his feet up on a Presidential oak desk.

NIKKI SIXX

What would you do if you could do anything
your sick little mind desired?

Nikki lights a cigar and smiles.

INT. SPORTS ARENA - NIGHT

The Crue is onstage playing for 20,000 people.

VINCE NEIL (V.O.)

Imagine the impact on your ego if there
was a party thrown in your honor every
night. Imagine tens of thousands of fans
worshipping your every move. We weren't
just rock stars, we were fucking Gods.

Nikki hits a power chord and raises his fist. The crowd
raises their fists in unison.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.)

Gods have no need for self-control. Gods
suffer no consequences. And it's the Gods
themselves that decide what is acceptable
and what is moral.

INT. HONEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Nikki is fucking Tommy's girlfriend Honey on her sofa.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.)

Case in point. I saw no reason why I
shouldn't fuck Tommy's girlfriend Honey.

As Honey rakes her nails across Nikki's back, we...

MATCH CUT TO:

Nikki lifting his collar to cover the scratches. We are...

INT. TOMMY'S PARENT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tommy has brought Nikki and Honey to dinner with his Parents.

TOMMY LEE

Mom? Dad? Honey and I are getting
married!

Mom and Dad try to be excited, but Honey is really a pretty
trashy chick.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.)

T-Bone was a God too. He would have understood, and he would have granted forgiveness. But I never got around to telling him. Things didn't last that long anyway...

INT. LIMO - DRIVING - NIGHT

Tommy and Honey are riding with Tim Zambri and some others.

HONEY

Your mom is a fucking cunt.

TOMMY LEE

My mom? Come on, don't say that. She liked you just fine.

HONEY

Then why'd she call me "Jessica"? She was fucking with me, that cunt.

TOMMY LEE

Please stop saying that.

HONEY

I don't know why you took me there. It's not like she has anything to do with us getting married.

TOMMY LEE

It was sweet, it's tradition.

HONEY

Which tradition? The mandatory meeting of the cunt?

Tommy finally snaps. When he does, it's not pretty.

TOMMY LEE

Hey! I told you not to call her that!

HONEY

Call her what? A cunt? She's a cunt, cunt, cunt, cunt, cunt, cunt--

TOMMY LEE

That's it! Pull the car over! This fucking bitch is out of here!

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Tommy drags Honey out of the car. Then he takes her purse and hurls it into the wall, scattering it's contents.

HONEY

Your mom is a fucking cunt and you know it! That's why you're such a spoiled little momma's boy, because you love her cunt! You wanna crawl back inside--

Tommy PUNCHES her in the mouth. Honey falls to her knees, spitting out teeth and bloody drool.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.)

The wrath of the Gods is mighty. And Gods are allowed to lay down their wrath with impunity.

Tommy looks at his fist, shocked that he actually did it.

TOMMY LEE

(quietly)

I told you not to say that.

Tommy climbs back in the limo.

TIM ZAMBRI

Tommy, we can't just leave her there.

TOMMY LEE

(to the Driver)

Go!

The limo peels out, leaving Honey in a heap on the sidewalk.

EXT. THE BEACH - NIGHT

We dolly past Mick, still passed out on the sand, right where we met him. Night is falling and the tide has come in. The black water is ominously lapping at his boots.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.)

But there always comes a time for self-made Gods to be reminded of their own pitiful humanity.

We move up towards a BEACH HOUSE where a PARTY has been raging for three days.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.) (cont'd)

A time when the true Gods in their heavens punish the arrogance of the pretenders...

Vince exits the house with RAZZLE, a skinny rocker in leather pants and red Chuck Taylor HIGH TOPS.

INT. VINCE'S '72 PANTERA - DRIVING - NIGHT

Vince pulls away from a liquor store and barreled down neighborhood streets at 65 mph. Razzle has several hundred dollars worth of alcohol piled around him.

VINCE NEIL

Stop stalling! Who would you rather pork?
Cyndi Lauper or Boy George?

RAZZLE

How about neither?

VINCE NEIL

You have to pick one. You have a gun to
your head.

RAZZLE

I do?

VINCE NEIL

Fuck one or die. Which one is it gonna
be? Boy George or that hideous red-haired
skank?

RAZZLE

Wait a minute, I'm having trouble
accepting this premise. Under what
circumstances would I find myself in such
a situation?

VINCE NEIL

It's a mystery, you Finnish fuck! Some
random sadist has trapped the three of you
in a room and is demanding that you fuck
one of them.

RAZZLE

Why? How does this mysterious person
benefit from my sexual humiliation?

VINCE NEIL

The motivation is unclear, but there's no
doubt you are gonna die if you don't pick!

RAZZLE

In that case I believe you have to go with
the vagina. Then again Boy George
probably has more experience in the
handling of penis, so--

VINCE NEIL
FUCK!!!

EXT. REDONDO BEACH STREET - NIGHT

The Pantera skids across the wet street, into oncoming traffic.

A VW BUG is coming the other way.

CRAAAAAAASHHHH! Glass shatters as the passenger side of the Pantera hits the VW head on. Both cars spin out, entirely decimated by the massive impact.

INT. PANTERA - NIGHT

Vince opens his eyes into a WAKING DREAM. He's totally dazed, with cuts all over his face. Razzle is mashed against the crushed door, his head laying across Vince's lap.

VINCE NEIL
(groggily)
Jesus!

Razzle lifts his head, smiling. Though his body is oddly twisted, his face appears totally unscathed.

RAZZLE
(laughing)
That was a fucking close one, man!

Vince looks around, tries to focus.

VINCE NEIL
Where are we?

RAZZLE
It's Christmas! Look at the lights!

VINCE NEIL
Lights? What the fuck are you talking about?

Vince looks over. He sees an AMBULANCE with it's FLASHING RED LIGHTS. PARAMEDICS jump out in FAST-MOTION. People are buzzing around the car at high-speed, looking in the windows. It's as if the rest of the world is moving at double speed.

VINCE NEIL (cont'd)
Oh yeah. Look at the lights. Hey man,
what do you want for Christmas?
(beat)
Razzle? Hey, Razzle, wake up.

RETURN TO REALITY - A Paramedic steps up to the car. There are broken booze bottles all over the wreck. He sees Vince talking to Razzle's shattered face. Razzle wasn't talking a moment ago, that was in Vince's head.

VINCE NEIL (cont'd)
Wake up, man.
(to Paramedic)
My buddy fell asleep.

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPER TITLE: "CHAPTER NEXT: SAVE OUR SOULS"

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Vince, wearing a suit and dark glasses, walks through a crowd of REPORTERS with his LAWYER. Flashbulbs pop all around him.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Vince and his lawyer wait. Across from them is the PROSECUTION. They rise as the JUDGE enters.

JUDGE
Be seated. I've reviewed all of your statements. Trial is set for late summer. Mr. Neil is to be released on a \$200,000 bond, is that correct?

PROSECUTOR
Yes, your honor.

INT. RECORD COMPANY OFFICES - DAY

Tim Zambri is in his office. Two LABEL GUYS enter with a fax.

LABEL GUY
Bravo. I wish I'd thought of it.

Tim takes the fax and reads it.

LABEL GUY (cont'd)
Your boy *kills* somebody on a beer run and record sales double.

LABEL GUY #2
There really *is* no such thing as bad press.

TIM ZAMBRI
Fuck you.

Tim hurries out with the fax.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Vince's lawyer gets up to speak.

VINCE'S LAWYER

Your honor, we ask that you strike the uh, specification that my client not leave the state until trial...

INT. RECORD COMPANY - THE MOGUL'S OFFICE - DAY

Tim comes in with the fax. The Mogul looks up.

JUDGE (O.S.)

And why is that?

VINCE'S LAWYER (O.S.)

As you know, Mr. Neil frequently has to travel to earn a living...

The Mogul examines the fax, then turns and gazes out the window.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. THE COG MACHINE - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

The window to the Mogul's office is now the window of the Control Room. The Mogul looks down at the Cog Machine.

VINCE'S LAWYER (O.S.)

Not allowing him to leave California would constitute a significant financial hardship.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The Judge turns to Vince.

JUDGE

Mr. Neil, if the court decides to let you travel, you will still have to abide by my sobriety order. Correct me if I'm wrong, but I assume there are certain... temptations for a rock band on the road. Are you prepared to handle that?

VINCE'S LAWYER

Your honor, my client is fully--

JUDGE

He can speak for himself.

Vince stands.

VINCE NEIL

Yes sir, your honor.

JUDGE

(nods)

Then unless there are any objections...?

Okay, then. We are adjourned.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

Vince enters. It's an uncomfortable welcome by the rest of the band. They avoid eye contact because they are all wasted: Mick and Tommy are drunk, Nikki's on heroin.

NIKKI SIXX

Here.

Nikki tosses some lyrics towards Vince.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Tim Zambri sits with PUDGE BOYLE and NORM CRUZ (Motley's current managers). These guys always seem frantic, as disaster never seems far off.

TIM ZAMBRI

You have five months to get this thing on shelves and hit the road.

NORM CRUZ

Five months?

We FREEZE and SUPER TITLE: (with arrow to Norm) "New (Non-Construction-Worker) Manager" (with arrow to Pudge) "New (Non-Construction-Worker) Manager / Future Convicted Drug Smuggler".

PUDGE BOYLE

Are you out of your fucking mind? Look at them!

TIM ZAMBRI

Vince could be going down for a long time. The label wants another record out before his trial.

PUDGE BOYLE

Your compassion is touching.

TIM ZAMBRI

Hey, fuck you Pudge. If he wants company lawyers on his side, he'd better remain an asset to the label. And it's on you to make sure he stays sober.

Tim leaves. Pudge and Norm shake their heads. In the booth, Mick is taking forever to tune his guitar. Vince looks like he already needs a drink.

INT. ARENA - DAY

Motley is onstage in an empty arena filming the HOME SWEET HOME video.

SUPER TITLE: "SIX MONTHS LATER"

A.D.

Roll playback!

The song starts and the band pretends to play. Then Nikki stumbles and falls right off the stage.

DIRECTOR

Cut! Jesus Christ. Can we get... I need some grips to hold Nikki up.

Nikki mutters something and staggers away.

A.D.

He says he has to piss.

DIRECTOR

Goddamit. Go with him!

Vince wanders off and sits in an arena seat near Pudge Boyle.

PUDGE BOYLE

Looks great.

VINCE NEIL

Yeah, man, fantastic.

PUDGE BOYLE

We're gonna have to wrap you if we're gonna get to a school today. You wanna chip away at that community service or leave it alone?

VINCE NEIL

Whatever.

PUDGE BOYLE

For a guy whose new record is about to go double platinum, you don't look too happy.

VINCE NEIL

The album sucks, Pudge.

PUDGE BOYLE

What are you talking about? "Smoking In The Boys Room" is huge! It just put you in the stratosphere!

VINCE NEIL

I used to play that with Rock Candy in high school.

PUDGE BOYLE

Come on, "Home Sweet Home"?

VINCE NEIL

Two decent songs. The rest is pure shit. Believe me, I know. I'm the only one sober up there every night trying to sell it.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - DAY

Vince walks to a podium to wild applause. He's facing a school full of kids (whom are all O.S.). He waits for the applause to die down, then starts reading from NOTECARDS.

VINCE NEIL

Alright, everybody take it easy. I'm not here for that, I'm here to talk to you about something important...

INT. MOTLEY JET - DAY

Vince sits stoically while the others booze up and smoke all around him.

VINCE NEIL (O.S.)

I'm here to talk to you kids about drugs and alcohol...

Tommy elbows Vince and gets him to pass a plate of coke. We can hear the high school kids hooting and hollering.

VINCE NEIL (O.S.) (cont'd)

I used to think drugs were funny too. I used to think getting wasted was a blast. But I was wrong. Dead wrong...

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Vince, again in suit and tie, sits next to his LAWYER.

SUPER TITLE: "Vince's Trial"

VINCE'S LAWYER

Your honor, on the night of the accident my client was conducting a business meeting at his home. Therefore any liability should rightfully be absorbed by the band's insurance company...

Vince glances over at the victims of the accident: TAMMY SCHULTZ, PAUL CARMEN and their FAMILIES.

VINCE NEIL (O.S.)

(from the podium)

I made a mistake that I'm going to keep paying for, one way or another, for the rest of my life...

The Judge stares down Vince.

JUDGE

...judgement for the plaintiffs in the amount of \$2.6 million. The defendant is hereby ordered to serve thirty days in jail, to be served at the conclusion of his current tour...

Vince stares back blankly.

VINCE NEIL (O.S.)

(still from podium)

Other people involved weren't as lucky as me. I killed my friend, and I gave two kids permanent brain damage. Yeah, does that sound like fun?

The Judge bangs his gavel.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Vince makes his way through a flock of reporters.

REPORTER

Vince, how does it feel to be a murderer?

REPORTER 2

Is being sentenced to a world tour with your rock band justice?

REPORTER 3

You only got thirty days. That's the same amount of time Tammy Schultz was in a coma. Would you like to comment on that, Vince? Vince?

VINCE NEIL (O.S.)

(still from podium)

If I was still a construction worker I probably wouldn't even be here today. I would likely be looking at seven years...

INT. HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - DAY

Vince shuffles his notecards, can't find the next one.

VINCE NEIL

But... uh, I guess that's the way it goes. Basically they figure I can do more good out here, talking to you kids about what a fuck-up I am. So there you go. The perks of being famous...

INT. ARENA - NIGHT

Vince prances across the stage in PINK LEATHER PANTS.

VINCE NEIL (O.S.)

Kinda makes you think, don't it...?

VINCE NEIL (cont'd)

(singing)

"Sometimes I feel turned around and upside down. Sometimes maybe I drink too much, but my heart's still in touch. Hey I remember standing tall, saying 'I'm gonna be a rock and roll star'. Someone said 'Sit down, boy, you already are!' Yeah! So raise your hands to rock!"

The entire arena raises their hands and chants back: "ROCK!"

MATCH CUT TO:

Accident victim Paul Carmen "raising his hand" to grab a railing. He's trying to get out of his wheelchair. This is HAND-HELD video and should look like *actual home movies* of his recovery.

Back in the arena, Vince puts a leg up on a monitor speaker, striking a classic frontman pose.

VINCE NEIL (cont'd)
Raise your hands to rock!

THE CROWD
ROCK!

MATCH CUT TO:

Tammy Schultz in physical therapy, learning how to use her legs again. Again, these are home movies.

VINCE NEIL (O.S.)
Said raise your hands to rock!

THE CROWD (O.S.)
ROCK!

Tammy totters awkwardly on parallel bars. A PHYSICAL THERAPIST helps her.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Vince has FIVE GROUPIES naked, laying face down on his carpet. He's hopping from one to the other, fucking them (in FAST FORWARD) like some sexual obstacle course.

VINCE NEIL (O.S.)
(still singing)
Raise your hands to raaaaaaaaaahhh-k!

As he pounds away at the girls, Mick starts his solo and we...

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

We see a rainswept graveyard. A simple stone marker reads "In Loving Memory of NICHOLAS CHARLES DINGLEY - Died December 9th, 1984 - AGED 24 YEARS - R.I.P."

SUPER TITLE: "RAZZLE'S GRAVE"

The music fades out...

INT. HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - DAY

Vince pauses again, gathers his thoughts.

VINCE NEIL
But that's... So don't do drugs and don't drink, because that ain't cool. That's why I'm R.A.D., man, I'm a Rocker Against Drugs. That's right.
(MORE)

VINCE NEIL (cont'd)

Do you believe that shit? A Rocker
Against Drugs? You know how high I was
when I shot that fuckin' PSA? Cuz really,
what's the fucking point? I already know
I'm going to hell. It's only a matter of
time.

Vince abruptly walks off-stage. The applause is awkward.

INT. MICK'S MARINA APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mick slouches on his couch wearing shades and smoking. He's
drunk, sweaty and overweight. The apartment is empty, save
for this couch. A Euro looking SOUND MAN is struggling to put
a MIKE on Mick's shirt.

MICK MARS

Easy, man. What the fuck?

The Sound Man finishes. Now Mick is being asked questions by
an OFF-SCREEN GERMAN INTERVIEWER.

GERMAN INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

So how are things going on the tour?

(pause)

Mick?

MICK MARS

Is this what we're doin'? You're gonna
ask me stupid fucking questions?

GERMAN INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

You had said yes a minute ago. Are you...
Do you no longer wish to--

MICK MARS

Just don't ask fucking stupid questions.
Show a little spark, show a little
creativity. Fucking amateur hour. Bring
your "A" game or hop the fuckin'... the
fuckin' hop the freight train. Let's go,
man, fire away.

GERMAN INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Why are you drinking so much?

(beat)

Mick?

Mick puffs his cigarette.

MICK MARS

Wouldn't you?

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPER TITLE: "MICK'S TALE OF WOE"

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - EARLY 70'S - DAY

The DOCTOR sports a crew cut and thick framed glasses. There is a SPINAL X-RAY on the light-box behind him.

DOCTOR
Ankylosing spondylitis.

A 25 YEAR-OLD MICK MARS sits in front of the doctor, trying to understand.

MICK MARS (V.O.)
I'm twenty-five when I first hear those
fucking words.

The Doctor turns to the x-ray to illustrate.

DOCTOR
...degenerative bone disease that affects
the joints and ligaments that allow the
spine to move...

We push in on the x-ray and it starts to MOVE. We go to an animated sequence of Mick's SKELETON seen in glowing x-ray.

MICK MARS (V.O.)
It's not a disease, it's a curse. It's
like hot, quick-drying cement growing on
the inside of your spine, making it so
heavy over the years that it starts to
pull you to the ground.

The skeleton starts to walk HUNCHED OVER, as we've seen Mick do. Then it straps on a guitar and MORPHS into Mick onstage.

MICK MARS (V.O.) (cont'd)
The more successful we became, the harder
it was to enjoy it. I would get bolts of
pain in my eyes whenever I looked into
bright lights...

Mick cringes under the blinding stage lights. He winces as he plays a solo.

MICK MARS (V.O.) (cont'd)
The pain spread to my knees, ankles,
wrists.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Vince, Tommy and Nikki do a tag-team three way on a hot SWEDISH GIRL. Mick is watching TV sitting up in the next bed, the covers pulled up high.

MICK MARS (V.O.)

Then it worked up to my shoulders until every joint was hurting so much I had to sleep in a half-sitting position...

TOMMY LEE

Check out pappy, watching Swedish Nightline! Join the party!

Mick closes his eyes as his bed is rocked by the sexual calisthenics a few feet away.

MICK MARS (V.O.)

Eventually my lower spine froze solid. I shrunk 3 inches shorter than I was in high school.

INT. ARENA - NIGHT

Back onstage, the rest of the band is carrying on like madmen. Nikki and Vince jump around, hyping the crowd.

MICK MARS (V.O.)

The worst part is being onstage, watching Nikki and Vince run around like maniacs, and not being able to join them.

Mick stands stock still, playing his guitar hunched forward in the now familiar Mick Mars stance.

MICK MARS (V.O.) (cont'd)

The guitar strap gives me muscle spasms up and down my back. When that happens I can't even turn my head.

INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

The Crue is coming offstage. FANS call out to them.

GUITAR GEEK

(waving arms wildly)

Mick! Mick! Sign my guitar?! Please?!!

Mick shoots the Geek a sidelong glance and keeps going.

MICK MARS (V.O.)
People think I'm shy, or weird or an
asshole. Fuck 'em.

The other three band members follow behind Mick, mocking him.

VINCE NEIL
Fucking Mick, man. The kid is begging.

NIKKI SIXX
Fuck, I'll sign it. C'mere kid.

Mick walks on, muttering under his breath.

MICK MARS (V.O.)
They have no clue. I'm a prisoner inside
my own slowly rotting cadaver.

INT. MICK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mick is drinking with a BUDDY.

MICK MARS
I got this rude new BMW. Check it out.

Mick opens the curtains to show off the car. It's gone.

EXT. MANSION - DAY

Mick finds his car parked in the drive-way of a big house.

MICK MARS (V.O.)
There's an old joke about a kid who was an
optimist. At Christmas his parents bought
him a big sack of shit. The kid digs
around in the shit, happy as can be.

Mick peeks over the fence. In the back yard he sees The Thing
making out with a young PRO BOXER.

MICK MARS (V.O.) (cont'd)
Finally his dad says, "How can you be so
happy?". The kid just smiles and says,
"There's bound to be a pony in here
somewhere!".

Mick walks away.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

We see Mick sprawled on the sand the night Vince killed
Razzle.

MICK MARS (V.O.)
I've never been that kid...

INT. MOTLEY JET - DAY

Again we see the band partying on the Motley Jet. Vince sits alone, staring out the window.

MICK MARS (V.O.)
The one good part about his accident was that Vince got to be the odd man out for a while. See, our band always thrived on a three-against-one dynamic.

INT. ARENA - 1985 - DAY

The band is doing a sound check on the THEATRE tour. Tommy comes running up excitedly.

MICK MARS (V.O.)
Sometimes Tommy was the outcast.

TOMMY LEE
Dudes, check it out! I've got pictures of me fucking Heather Locklear!

He shows off POLAROIDs. The other three look annoyed.

MICK MARS (V.O.)
Whenever he got a new girl, he always had to rub her in our faces.

TOMMY LEE
Is that a fine looking "Dynasty" ass or what, bro?

INT. BACKSTAGE - 1984 - NIGHT

We're back at the SHOUT tour. Nikki is standing in the center of the room, ranting to a few YOUNG FANS.

MICK MARS (V.O.)
Other times we'd get sick of Nikki being his pompous, loudmouthed self...

NIKKI SIXX
I grew up on the fucking streets! That's why I put that edge of darkness in my songs. That's why I embrace nihilism and violence instead of writing stupid fucking love songs like Bon Jovi!

YOUNG FAN

We just like partying to your records.

NIKKI SIXX

(suddenly pissed)

You think I waste my time playing fucking party music? Get the fuck out of here! Get out, you little assfuck! Leave your girlfriend!

Nikki chases the male fans out.

MICK MARS (V.O.)

Who knew what went on in his head? We just knew we couldn't stand listening to it...

Mick, Tommy and Vince roll their eyes.

MICK MARS (V.O.) (cont'd)

But more often than not, I was the punching bag...

Nikki suddenly runs over and starts parodying Mick's hunched stance. The whole room laughs at him.

INT. MOTLEY JET - DAY

We're back on the THEATRE tour. Mick laughs with Nikki and Tommy. They elbow Vince, getting him to pass the coke.

MICK MARS (V.O.)

That's why Vince being the bad guy was such a relief. We weren't exactly mad at him for killing Razzle. We were too selfish for that. We were pissed that he'd allowed reality to creep inside our little rock star bubble.

Feeling outcast, Vince heads to the back of the plane to fuck the STEWARDESS.

INT. JAIL - DAY

The other PRISONERS howl and give cat-calls as a SHAPELY GROUPIE makes her way down the hall.

MICK MARS (V.O.)

Though I guess it wasn't that much reality after all. Vince only wound up serving nineteen days.

The Groupie wears Daisy Dukes and a tube top. She's carrying a PIZZA and a SIX-PACK of BEER.

MICK MARS (V.O.) (cont'd)
None of us went to visit him, but from what I understand, it wasn't exactly hard time.

Vince smiles as the Groupie enters his cell.

MICK MARS (V.O.) (cont'd)
God bless America.

Vince closes the cell door.

FADE TO BLACK:

MICK MARS (V.O.) (cont'd)
But who am I to judge? Those were heavy times and we all dealt with it in our own style...

SUPER TITLE: "CHAPTER NEXT: ADVENTURES IN NIKKI-LAND"

We hear the Clash song "White Man in Hammersmith Palais".

INT. LONDON TENEMENT - NIGHT

Nikki is in the midst of a drug deal with ANDY MCCOY (from Hanoi Rocks) and a DRUG DEALER with rotting teeth.

DEALER
You look pretty fucked up, brother. You want me to do this for yeh?

NIKKI SIXX
Yeah, that would be great.

The Dealer ties Nikki off and shoots him up. As soon as the drug hits his heart, Nikki knows this was a mistake. He's about to die.

NIKKI SIXX (cont'd)
Uh-oh.

Nikki keels over, falling out of frame.

Then Nikki COUGHS, snapping awake. Andy is shoving ICE down the front of Nikki's pants.

NIKKI SIXX (cont'd)
Fag.

ANDY
Nikki?! Hang on--

Nikki blacks out again.

Then Nikki JOLTS awake, pain shooting through him.

NIKKI SIXX
Ow! What the fuck?!

The Dealer stands over him with a CRICKET BAT.

DEALER
It's workin', yeh! I'm shocking 'is
system!

He POUNDS on Nikki with the bat.

EXT. FILTHY BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

The Dealer opens a DUMPSTER and prepares to toss Nikki in.
Then Nikki VOMITS all over the Dealer's shoes.

DEALER
Fuckin' 'ell!

The Dealer drops Nikki. Nikki coughs and gags, leaning
against the dumpster.

ANDY
Jesus! You're fuckin' alive?

NIKKI SIXX
(nods)
My hair look cool?

Andy helps him up and they hobble away down the alley.

DEALER
I guess you can owe me for the skag!

INT. NIKKI'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

From above Nikki's mattress, we TIME LAPSE him shooting up
into veins in his arms and legs.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.)
I know I should've learned my lesson in
that London alley. But I've always done
things my way... the Motley way.

INT. NIKKI'S HOUSE - LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

The whole house is a mess. We hear things being SMASHED in the next room.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.)
Besides, heroin and me, we were having a
wild and fulfilling affair.

Nikki comes creeping into frame with a loaded .357 Magnum.
He's tripping balls, his eyes big as saucers.

NIKKI SIXX (cont'd)
Come out of there, you fuckers!

Nikki rips open the his front-loader washing machine and water
pours out. He peeks inside.

NIKKI SIXX (cont'd)
She was my escape, but from what? I was
young, rich, famous. Shit, I had it all.

He turns and advances on a hamper.

NIKKI SIXX (cont'd)
Hyyyyyyyyyaaa!

He kicks it over, spilling clothes.

NIKKI SIXX (cont'd)
And yet, I was ready and willing to die
for her.

INT. NIKKI'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - VARIOUS

Another time lapse of Nikki shooting up: in his neck, between
his toes. His body is pocked, bruised and grotesque.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.)
Heroin, sweet heroin. My Aphrodite, my
savior, my soul mate. I loved her above
all others...

He listens as his ANSWERING MACHINE takes a series of
messages.

NIKKI'S GRANDFATHER (O.S.)
(from answering machine)
Frank, it's your Grandfather. I know we
haven't spoken in a while, but... It's
about your Nona. She's not doing too
good. It'd really boost her spirits for
you to give her a call...
(MORE)

NIKKI'S GRANDFATHER (O.S.) (cont'd)

(*BEEEP*)

Frankie, it's Grandpa. I know you're busy, but if you have a chance to come see her, you should. She's... I don't know how much longer she's going to be with us, Frankie, she's... Well, she'd really love to see you, that's all...

(*BEEEP*)

Frankie, this is just to remind you, the service is this afternoon. If you need directions again, just give me a call. She loved you, you know. Very much...

Nikki just lays there, wide-eyed and wasted. Unable to move.

INT. FANCY HOTEL ROOM - SANTA BARBARA - DAY

Tommy puts on a white leather tuxedo. Nikki stands next to him, looking thin and haggard.

TOMMY LEE

Whoa, where are you going?

NIKKI SIXX

I just have to... piss real quick.

TOMMY LEE

Again? Dude, they're playing the music! I'm supposed to be out there!

NIKKI SIXX

I'll be a flash.

Tommy shakes his head and takes off.

INT. FANCY HOTEL BATHROOM - DAY

Nikki searches his hands for a vein. Finding none, he checks his calves. Finally he pulls down his pants and shoots the heroin into his dick.

He smiles, leaning back on the toilet. Then his fingers happen upon something. It's a KEYHOLE where his bellybutton should be.

He stands, looks at it in the mirror. Yup. It's an old fashioned KEYHOLE. And there's LIGHT coming from inside it.

Nikki looks at himself in the mirror.

NIKKI SIXX

Don't move, bro

NIKKI SIXX IN MIRROR

Okay, bro.

Nikki In The Mirror stands still as Nikki bends down and peers at the keyhole.

NIKKI SIXX

Scoot closer.

Nikki In The Mirror puts his belly right up to the glass. Nikki can finally see inside.

P.O.V. THROUGH THE KEYHOLE

Nikki sees into a HOTEL ROOM. He sees HIMSELF in the room with a GROUPIE (who's face we cannot see).

NIKKI SIXX (cont'd)

Go for it, bro!

The NIKKI IN THE HOTEL sits like royalty in an armchair, touching himself. The Groupie watches.

NIKKI SIXX (cont'd)

What are you doing? Fuck her!

Nikki in the Hotel arches and GROANS. Then he holds out a cupped hand.

NIKKI SIXX IN HOTEL

C'mere little kitty. Come get your milk.

The Groupie walks towards him. Nikki stops her.

NIKKI SIXX IN HOTEL (cont'd)

I want you to crawl.

The Groupie crawls to him on all fours. She starts lapping out of Nikki's palm.

NIKKI SIXX IN HOTEL (cont'd)

(smiles, enjoying this way
too much)

That's a good kitty.

The Groupie finishes and wipes her mouth. She finally turns so we can see her face.

It's DEANA. Nikki's MOTHER.

Nikki falls back from the Keyhole.

NIKKI SIXX
MOMMY!!!!

Nikki looks around, sees Tommy and HEATHER LOCKLEAR staring at him. He's no longer in the bathroom, he's...

EXT. HOTEL VERANDA - DAY

Nikki's standing in front of 500 wedding guests, soaked in nervous sweat. Everyone stares at him.

NIKKI SIXX
W-What? What?!

TOMMY LEE
The fucking ring, dude!

Nikki nods, pulls out the ring. Tommy looks at him worriedly.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.) (cont'd)
While I was getting happily married, the rest of the band was going through some crazy shit.

PHOTO MONTAGE: Tommy pursues and courts Heather.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.) (cont'd)
Me, I was on a cloud. I had hunted and brought down Heather Locklear, a very hot TV actress who was way out of my class. Our jobs mostly kept us apart, but still, it was Hollywood romance with a capitol "R".

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - NIGHT

Nikki and Tommy shoot up heroin together.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.)
Of course on the side, I had developed a major heroin habit trying to keep up with Nikki. I know they say shit like I'm a puppy dog, but fuck that. We were the Terror Twins! If my gangbanger bro was gonna do it, pass it on down!

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

Pudge Boyle is in the control room trying to keep the order. Tommy bounces off the walls while Mick tries to record the guitar track on "Girls, Girls, Girls".

TOMMY LEE (V.O.)

I have to admit, the Razzle tragedy had fucked us all in the head. Instead of facing reality, we slapped together another album, this one also had only two really good songs on it. "Wild Side" and the title track, "Girls, Girls, Girls".

As the song ends, Mick does a solo and falls off his stool.

PUDGE BOYLE

Mick? Mick?

Pudge rushes past Nikki, who is giving an interview to a puzzled looking JOURNALIST.

JOURNALIST

So is this song a sort of homage to strippers?

NIKKI SIXX

A what? "Girls, Girls, Girls" isn't about girls, it has nothing to do with girls. It's a lifestyle song, it's about a guy who has nothing but his bike and his blade and he's just looking to get laid. It's a dark, existentialist song. Homage to strippers? Where do you get this shit?!

CUT TO:

We see highlights from the "Girls, Girls, Girls" video. Strippers gyrate while the band parties and rides motorcycles.

VEEJAY (V.O.)

And here it is! The latest from Motley Crue with "Girls! Girls! Girls!", their homage to the stripping industry. Is it a hit? Call in now!...

We see Nikki in the video, laughing and partying.

INT. THE COG MACHINE - THE FIRST COG - DAY

Motley Crue walks the first cog. Above them, they see the mighty SECOND COG.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.)

Moving up to the second cog is every band's desire. But it's a tricky jump.

Pop metal act QUIET RIOT prepares to jump for the second cog.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.) (cont'd)
Does your new record sound too much like
the last? Or too different? Maybe the
cover art is weak. Or maybe your singer
is losing too much hair...

Quiet Riot jumps, misses, and plummets to the conveyor belt
far below.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.) (cont'd)
Most bands never make it to the second
cog. We did.

Motley times their jump perfectly. They are swept up onto the
SECOND COG.

INT. THE COG MACHINE - THE SECOND - COG - DAY

The Second Cog is smaller, requiring bands to walk faster, but
it's the real deal. You can get rich on this cog. It is done
up like the Emperor's suite at a fancy casino. Motley lands
on the cog, feeling like they've made it.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.)
Our last album got us here, but you can
never stay long.

There is a frightening aspect to this cog. Sub-cogs whirl,
threatening to snatch up individual band members as they jog
to keep up.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.) (cont'd)
Up here you realize the machine is
stronger than flesh. It infects and
possesses the brain and threatens to rip
bands apart. The only option is to keep
moving...

A whirl of grinding gears SNAPS at them. It's like a giant
mouth threatening to devour them.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.) (cont'd)
You either feed the machine with product,
or you get sucked into the gears...

They throw "THEATRE OF PAIN" tour T-shirts into the machine.
The machine backs off, temporarily satisfied.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.) (cont'd)
You tour, put out an album, and tour
again. All the while hoping that your
music hasn't gone out of style.

They see DEVO get sucked into the machine and plummet away. CULTURE CLUB and CYNDI LAUPER swiftly follow.

While still jogging to keep up, Motley quickly slaps together the "Girls, Girls, Girls" album and throws it in. They wait, fearful, to see how the machine will react.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.) (cont'd)
Whatever the album was about, "Girls" sold like a motherfucker. We were still alive, but to stay that way we had to get back on the road...

The near exhausted band members now reluctantly toss concert tickets and tour shirts into the machine. The machine purrs with satisfaction.

CUT TO:

SUPER TITLE: "LECTURE TWO: THE ROAD TO NOWHERE - BY PROFESSOR TOMMY LEE, PHD."

EXT. SPORTS ARENA - DAY

Tommy sits on the roof of a TOUR BUS, his feet dangling over the windshield.

TOMMY LEE
Ah, the allure of life on the road. Travel, excitement, sexual variety... When you're starting out, it's all exactly what you think it is. But after a few years, it becomes like any other job: repetitive and tedious as all fuck.

INT. SPORTS ARENA - NIGHT

While Motley plays onstage, Tommy sits in the uppermost nosebleed seat.

TOMMY LEE
Every night at the same time, you have to be "on" and ready to go. These are your fans, they've paid hard earned money to see you. You can't let them down.

INT. ARENA - BACKSTAGE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Tommy speeds down the massive corridor in a golf-cart. People dive to get out of the way.

TOMMY LEE

Hung-over? Join the club. Got the flu?
Go cry to your bitch. When those stage
lights hit, you'd better be at eleven.

He plows over a garbage can, sends two CATERERS flying.

TOMMY LEE (cont'd)

Sorry dudes! Plus there's plenty of down
time on tour. And musicians with nothin'
to do WILL get fucked up. By now, we were
varsity squad. Wanna see? Every day on
the "Girls" tour went exactly like this:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

Tommy's day is shown IN FAST FORWARD with TIME ticking quickly
across the bottom. The camera is "attached" to Tommy,
floating just above and behind him, giving the screen the look
of a third person video game. To complete the video game
feel, there is an ENERGY METER in the upper left.

Tommy is in bed with a GROUPIE in a trashed room. His energy
meter is very low. He does everything as he describes it:

TOMMY LEE (V.O.)

5PM. Phone rings. Wake up. Remember
nothing. Struggle through phone
interview. Cover phone, puke on floor.
If there's a girl in the bed, try not to
get puke on her. Food arrives. Eat,
unless too sick to eat. Throw up again.
Finish interview.

INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Tommy putters around the dressing room. He gets a massage,
starts drinking heavily.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.)

7:30PM. Sound check. Hang out backstage.
Meet record company creeps. Listen to
them ask "Don't you remember pissing on
that cop car?" Answer honestly: "Um, no".

Tommy gets dressed, makes fun of Vince.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.) (cont'd)

Put on stage clothes. Make fun of Vince
for being the only one in the band to
shower. Put on make-up.

Cocaine is laid out. Tommy's energy meter rises.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.) (cont'd)
Do some krell with the opening act. Get
the five minute call. Lift weights to get
pumped up.

INT. STAGE - NIGHT

The band takes the stage. We're still in the "third person"
Tommy cam. Tommy's energy meter peaks.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.)
9:30PM. Showtime. Adrenaline kicks in.
Split fifth of whiskey with Nikki during
bass and drum solo. 11:15PM. Finish show
with "Helter Skelter" and "Girls, Girls,
Girls".

INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

The band hobbles offstage, grabs oxygen masks.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.)
Walk offstage hyperventilating. Stare at
untouched dinner. Snort drugs.

INT. HOSPITALITY ROOM - NIGHT

The band mingles with the FANS in the hospitality room.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.)
Meet fans. Watch rest of band hunt for
human entertainment. Consider partaking.
Decide to call love-of-my-life instead.
Or not.

INT./EXT. LIMO - NIGHT

The band exits the arena and is ushered towards waiting limos.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.)
Midnight. Beg management for permission
to stay in city. Accuse them of purposely
making the band travel during the only
hours the bars and strip clubs are open.
Attempt to punch them.

EXT. TARMAC - NIGHT

We see a Gulfstream waiting for the band.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.)
1:30AM. Arrive at airport. Wait for
Vince to finish with girl in airport
bathroom. Meet drug dealers on tarmac.

INT. GULFSTREAM - NIGHT

The band climbs on board, finds their seats. Tommy's energy
meter is still going strong.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.)
Find seat. Make sure stewardess has laid
out correct drugs and drinks ahead of
time.

Each guy has his own custom set booze and drug tray.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.)
Inhale "Zombie dust". Keeps the body
awake, shuts off the brain.

INT. LIMO - DRIVING - NIGHT

The band cruises in a limo packed with people. There is
fighting, blowjobs and bottles thrown from the sunroof.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.)
4AM. Arrive in new city. Tell limo to go
to nearest strip club. Find out strip
club is 45 minutes away. Ask management
if they planned it that way. Threaten
violence when it is confirmed. Go anyway.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

The band arrives at new hotel with the crew.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.)
9AM. Get to hotel. If no drugs available
in lobby, tell road manager to get some.
Drink. Do drugs. Go on rampage in hotel
with Nikki. Get caught.

Tommy and Nikki thrash around the lobby, kicking over potted
plants and going wild. They are finally dragged away by their
Security Team. Tommy's energy meter is flagging.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Tommy is dragged in struggling by his own Security and is
HANDCUFFED to his bed.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.)
 Get handcuffed to bed. Yell. Scream.
 Threaten jobs. Shoot up heroin alone. If
 there's no more heroin, shoot up Jack
 Daniels. Pass out.

As Tommy passes out, it looks exactly like the beginning of
 this montage. His energy meter is back to zero.

TOMMY LEE (V.O.) (cont'd)
 5PM. Phone rings. Wake up. Remember
 nothing. Repeat cycle...

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. BULLET TRAIN - DAY

We see Motley Crue manager PUDGE BOYLE sitting for an
 interview on a crowded Japanese bullet train. He's being
 asked questions by a Japanese CAMERA CREW. Pudge looks like
 he hasn't slept in days.

JAPANESE REPORTER
 And what is your name, please?

PUDGE BOYLE
 My name is Pudge Boyle. Along with Norm
 Cruz, I've been manager of Motley Crue for
 six, seven years.

JAPANESE REPORTER
 Welcome to Japan. And what is it like,
 that experience? Yes? It must be very...

PUDGE BOYLE
 It's fucking terrific. Can I say that?
 Fucking?

Then we hear a commotion and Nikki and Tommy come running down
 the aisle. The train is packed with commuters, but Motley are
 in full stage costume, with make-up running down their faces.

TOMMY LEE
 We should have killed you all in the war!

Tommy dumps sake on passengers and they keep going.

PUDGE BOYLE
 I've managed all kinds of acts. James
 Brown, Skid Row, Kiss... I've been
 dragged through the deepest shit by all
 kinds of mentally ill people.
 (MORE)

PUDGE BOYLE (cont'd)

But I have never been through what Motley
Crue have put me through. But I love it,
right? Or I wouldn't be here.

There is shouting and Nikki throws a bottle of Jack Daniels.
It hits a JAPANESE BUSINESSMAN in the head. There is glass
and blood everywhere. Pudge jumps up to do damage control.

PUDGE BOYLE (cont'd)

Please! Please, it was an accident! I'm
very sorry.

CUT TO:

The train is now in a station. Nikki is being escorted off by
Riot Police. Pudge finally extricates himself from the mess.

PUDGE BOYLE (cont'd)

Son of a bitch! Here you go, here's life
with the Terror Twins. Savages with cash
who care nothing about nobody, not even
each other.

(pause)

Can we stop for now?

EXT. TOKYO STREET - NIGHT

Pudge runs down the street, talking on his cell phone.

PUDGE BOYLE

(into phone)

Just calm the fuck down, I'll be right
there!

JAPANESE INTERVIEWER

What's going on?

PUDGE BOYLE

Now is not a good time, okay?

They follow Pudge...

INT. SAKE BAR - NIGHT

There is broken glass on the floor. A WAITER is clutching his
eye. Pudge hands him money.

PUDGE BOYLE

Jesus! I'm sorry, okay?

He sees one of his ASSISTANTS paying off the Owner.

PUDGE BOYLE (cont'd)

Where are they?

The Assistant points and Pudge makes his way to the back of the bar. Nikki and Tommy are wrestling on the floor. He sees a slurring drunk Vince lurch up to a table of YAKUZA TYPES.

VINCE NEIL

Whisssh one of you faggots spit in my glass? Huh? You think I wasn't gonna notice?

PUDGE BOYLE

(to Yakuza)

I'm sorry, gentlemen, we were just leaving.

VINCE NEIL

Be a man. Ain't but one o' me. Sneaky lemon colored fuckers.

PUDGE BOYLE

Vince, let's go.

Vince suddenly dumps their table onto them, spilling drinks. The Yakuza jump up and level PISTOLS at Vince.

Pudge immediately tackles Vince to the ground.

PUDGE BOYLE (cont'd)

We're going! We're going! He didn't mean it! My friend is upset. His whole family just died in a freak accident!

Pudge drags Vince to his feet and towards the door.

PUDGE BOYLE (cont'd)

Nikki! Tommy! We have to go right now! Everybody out!

They all troop out. The camera follows them...

EXT. TOKYO STREET - NIGHT

Pudge spins Vince around.

PUDGE BOYLE

Vince! What the fuck was that about?!

VINCE NEIL

They were talkin' shhhhiiittt!

PUDGE BOYLE

They were talking Japanese!

VINCE NEIL
Japaneeeeesssh?

PUDGE BOYLE
We're in Japan, Vince!

VINCE NEIL
(suddenly calm)
Oh.

Vince wanders off.

PUDGE BOYLE
(to camera crew)
Please, do we have to do this now?

Two ASSISTANTS are helping Nikki and Tommy out of the bar.

PUDGE BOYLE (cont'd)
Where's Mick?

The Assistants point. Mick is chasing pedestrians down the sidewalk with a GODZILLA mask on his head and his pants down.

PUDGE BOYLE (cont'd)
Jesus Christ! Okay get them into a goddam taxi! You, follow Vince. Get him back to the hotel!

Pudge runs after Mick.

MICK MARS
Rooooaaarrrr!

Mick runs out of breath as the last pedestrians scatter. Pudge catches up with him.

PUDGE BOYLE
Mick, what the hell are you doing? What are you doing?

The Godzilla mask just stares at him mutely.

Then something splashes on Pudge's pants and he jumps back. Mick is urinating in the street.

PUDGE BOYLE (cont'd)
What the fuck?! Jesus! You know, I expect that from those other assholes, but... You alright?

Godzilla mask nods.

PUDGE BOYLE (cont'd)
Hold that cab! Let's get back to the
hotel.

Mick heads off to the cab. Pudge hangs back with the camera
crew.

PUDGE BOYLE (cont'd)
A day in a the life. Some show, huh?

JAPANESE INTERVIEWER
Is this normal?

PUDGE BOYLE
I honestly don't know how to answer that.
What's normal? This is my life, every
day. I don't know what it's gonna take.
I guess somebody's going to have to die.
Again.

EXT. FRANKLIN PLAZA HOTEL - HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

Nikki comes staggering out of a silver LIMO with a bunch of
wasted rockers, including Robbin Crosby from Ratt and STEVE
ADLER and SLASH from Guns 'N Roses. FANS pull up, waving and
calling out to their idols.

SUPER TITLE: "HOLLYWOOD - 3 DAYS AFTER JAPAN"

NIKKI SIXX
(to Slash)
I'm sorry I got puke on your hat.

Slash is wearing a soiled beaver-skin top hat.

SLASH
Least I wasn't wearin' it.

A DEALER meets Nikki and the boys on the way in.

DEALER
Gents, the evening's not over yet. I've
just taken possession of some sweet, sweet
Persian. Anyone? Anyone?

INT. FRANKLIN PLAZA HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Slash is passed out on the couch. Nikki sits on the floor
with the Dealer. He watches as the Dealer cooks up a batch.

NIKKI SIXX
How can this be Persian heroin? Is there
even still a Persia?

DEALER

There has to be. That's where all the cats come from.

NIKKI SIXX

Oh yeah.

(beat)

Which cats?

DEALER

Persian cats. The cross-eyed ones, like in "Lady And The Tramp". Remember those evil fuckers?

NIKKI SIXX

Oh yeah.

(beat)

Wait. Those were *Siamese* cats. You don't know shit about Walt Disney.

DEALER

I know he was a perv, man. He used to lay down under a glass table and have these black hookers take a shit on the glass. They had to be black, that was his thing.

NIKKI SIXX

What are you talking about? That never happened.

DEALER

How do you know?

NIKKI SIXX

Cuz I'm a fuckin' perv and I never even thought of anything as fucked up as that! Besides, you didn't even offer a frame of reference.

DEALER

A what?

NIKKI SIXX

A frame of--! Like if you were to say "Walt Disney was a Nazi", you could point to Herbie the Love Bug, which was a Volkswagen, and say "See, he had a German car win the race, flaunting the superiority of German technology, and hence, the Master Race". But no, you don't even have that. So just shut yer stink hole. The man bequeathed "Steamboat Willie" to the world, for Pete's sake.

(MORE)

NIKKI SIXX (cont'd)
What's your scary contribution to pop culture?

The Dealer holds up the syringe.

DEALER
You want some or not?

NIKKI SIXX
Yeah. But you do it.

Nikki lets the Dealer shoot him up. It's just like in London. As soon as it hits, Nikki falls over.

The Dealer shakes Nikki, who's rapidly turning blue.

DEALER
Uh...! Hello there!

The Dealer panics, jumping out the window.

INT. ROMAN PALACE - NIGHT

Nikki falls into the pillows at the Roman Orgy. The Maidens help him up and lead him towards something he's never seen before. It's a GOLDEN RUNG LADDER leading to the ceiling...

It leads to a SQUARE HOLE in the ceiling where WHITE LIGHT spills out. Nikki is irresistibly drawn and starts to climb.

He hesitates at the top, bathed in the heavenly light. Then he goes through the hole.

INT. THE WHITE ROOM - TIMELESS

Nikki is on an infinite white plane. There are no walls, just a blinding whiteness in every direction.

He looks back down the square hole.

Instead of seeing the Roman Palace, he sees the Hollywood apartment where he O.D.'d. He sees himself on the carpet, eyes staring up blankly, lips blue.

Everyone in the apartment is in a panic. Steve Adler SLAPS Nikki, but he's got a cast on his arm and he's doing damage.

It's no use. Nikki's dead.

In the White Room, Nikki stands, embracing the glowing light until the screen goes entirely WHITE.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.)

There are many deaths available to rock stars...

ROCK STAR DEATH MONTAGE - as Nikki talks about these famous dead people, we see QUICK RE-ENACTMENTS of the *exact moment* they died. This will all be VERY FAST, and TASTEFULLY DONE (Nothing too gross, these are our heroes).

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.) (cont'd)

Plane and helicopter crashes are popular...

We see BUDDY HOLLY, THE BIG BOPPER and RICHIE VALENS clinging to their seats as their plane goes down. (NOTE: All of the stars NAMES are onscreen to identify them, as we will not necessarily see their faces).

We see the entire LYNYRD SKYNYRD band clinging to their seats.

We see STEVIE RAY VAUGHN going down in his chopper.

We see RANDY RHOADS laughing maniacally as his plane plows into a house.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.) (cont'd)

Car and bus crashes can be exciting...

We see photos of horrific crash sites: EDDIE COCHRAN, MARC BOLAN, CLIFF BURTON, D. BOONE.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.) (cont'd)

You can get shot...

We hear THREE BANGS and SAM COOKE hits the floor, wearing only a sports jacket and one shoe.

We hear FIVE BANGS and JOHN LENNON hits the floor. Then we see BIGGIE and TUPAC.

During the following speech, we see images of FRANK ZAPPA, FREDDIE MERCURY, BOB MARLEY, ROY ORBISON, JOEY RAMONE, JOHNNY RAMONE, JERRY GARCIA.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.) (cont'd)

Hideous diseases and heart attacks wouldn't be my choice, except in one instance...

We see a husky, bearded DRUMMER pounding the skins. This is COUNTRY DICK MONTANA.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.) (cont'd)
Country Dick Montana of the Beat Farmers
had a coronary on stage. He hung on just
long enough to finish that last song.

Country Dick ends the song with a flourish, then collapses
dead on his kit.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.) (cont'd)
Me, I fully expected to be one of the live
fast, die young crowd. Booze is the
choice of some...

We see JIM MORRISON croak in his bath.

We see BON SCOTT expire in his car.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.) (cont'd)
Then there's the closely related choking
on your own vomit...

We see JIMI HENDRIX gagging in the back of an ambulance.

We see JOHN BONHAM choking to death in his sleep.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.) (cont'd)
Even an intoxicant related drowning has
some drama to it...

We see BRIAN JONES floating in a pool.

We see DENNIS WILSON fall off a boat in Marina Del Rey.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.) (cont'd)
But I went for a classic. With a drug
overdose, I was in good company...

We see a final montage of all the drug casualties. This time
we see stills of them rocking out in concert. These are the
holiest of the dead: JANIS JOPLIN, KEITH MOON, JOHN BELUSHI,
TOMMY BOLIN, BRAD NOWELL, ELVIS, SID VICIOUS...

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.) (cont'd)
Imagine a club that would include Sid
Vicious, Janis Joplin and Elvis. That was
the one for me. The pantheon of the
greats. God, there's so many...

We see JOHNNY THUNDERS, HILLEL SLOVAK, JOHN ENTWISTLE, GRAM
PARSONS, DARBY CRASH, LAYNE STALEY, G.G. ALLIN, DEE DEE
RAMONE...

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.) (cont'd)
Rock stars have a higher casualty rate
than test pilots. It's not an accident,
it's no fluke. It's not money and success
that are hard to live with, it's the
Machine. And maybe, just maybe, the dirty
secret to the booze and drug related
deaths is this: to a certain degree,
they're all suicides...

We hear a BANG. A shotgun and a flannel clad KURT COBAIN hit
the ground.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.) (cont'd)
Some are just more obvious than others.

INT. WHITE ROOM - TIMELESS

Again the screen is white. The Square Hole in the floor
starts as a dot and rapidly grows in size.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.)
But I'm the guy who writes dark,
depressing music and people party to it.
So like 90% of things I've tried in life,
I fucked this up too...

Through the hole we can see...

EXT. FRANKLIN PLAZA HOTEL - NIGHT

The hole gets bigger and bigger. Nikki is being carried out
on a stretcher. There's a sheet covering him. FANS and
friends are sobbing as he's loaded into an AMBULANCE.

We leave the White Room and travel down the Golden Rung
Ladder...

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.)
I had my shot at rock 'n' roll immortality
and I blew it. I couldn't even die right.

We rocket down to the roof of the ambulance.

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

We fly down to Nikki's face as he takes a sudden gasp of air.
He looks down, sees two NEEDLES sticking out of his chest.

NIKKI SIXX
Ow.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Two FANS are sitting on the curb, crying. They are listening to their car stereo.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
(from radio)
...in case you're just tuning it, we've
just gotten reports that Motley Crue
bassist Nikki Sixx has died...

Nikki walks out of the hospital shirtless, wearing only leather pants.

NIKKI SIXX
Ladies. What's up?

FAN 1
N-Nikki?

FAN 2
You're alive?

NIKKI SIXX
Can I catch a ride?

INT. NIKKI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Nikki stumbles through his house. He stops at his answering machine and changes the message.

NIKKI SIXX
Hey, it's Nikki. I'm not home because I'm
dead.

INT. NIKKI'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Nikki heads into the bathroom and turns on the light. We hear him in there, but we don't know what he's doing.

FADE TO:

INT. NIKKI'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

There is POUNDING on the front door. BLOOD coats the bathroom walls, but we don't see Nikki.

Someone kicks down the door and searches the house.

PUDGE BOYLE (O.S.)
Nikki?!

Pudge steps into the doorway.

PUDGE BOYLE (cont'd)

Jesus!

Nikki is on the floor, eyes fluttering as he tries to wake up. A syringe is sticking out of his arm. Blood has trickled down to his hand, finally pooling on the floor.

NIKKI SIXX

(groggily)

Gotcha! Ha. You should see your face!

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPER TITLE: "CHAPTER NEXT: TOO FAST FOR LOVE"

EXT. REHAB FACILITY - DAY

Tommy, Nikki, Vince and Mick stand hand-in-hand singing "You Can't Always Get What You Want". Tommy has tears rolling down his cheeks.

A female THERAPIST claps.

THERAPIST

That was beautiful. Are you okay, Thomas?

Tommy wipes away tears. The rest of the guys roll their eyes.

TOMMY LEE

You really touched me with that song.

THERAPIST

No, Thomas, you touched yourself.

Nikki turns to Mick, gives a sarcastic smirk. He's not buying this horseshit.

THERAPIST (cont'd)

Okay, everyone. Let's sit in a circle.

They reluctantly sit in a circle, like school kids.

THERAPIST (cont'd)

Now I want you all to imagine yourselves as children. Just take yourself back in time. You're five years-old and you--

NIKKI SIXX

Bwwwaaaaaahh!

Nikki bawls uncontrollably. He throws his arms around Tommy and they both blubber.

Then Vince cracks, throwing his arms around them both. Only Mick stays out of the group hug. He stares with disgust.

INT. REHAB FACILITY - DAY

Pudge Boyle and Norm Cruz walk with the Therapist.

PUDGE BOYLE

How are they doing?

THERAPIST

We're doing good work with Nikki. He's getting in touch with his feeling of not being loved as a child.

PUDGE BOYLE

Uh huh.

THERAPIST

Mick left. He seems to think he can quit drinking on his own. Vince is dealing with a bizarre combination of egomania and utter self-loathing. But the one I'm most impressed with is Thomas.

She leads them to a door.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

The Therapist lets Pudge and Norm watch Tommy's session through an observation window.

THERAPIST

Thomas is a classic Oedipal. He obsesses over beautiful women with whom he cannot communicate except, in his case, through sexuality and violence. Ultimately his addictions stem not from inner pain but more from his almost pathological need to belong.

PUDGE BOYLE

You're saying he's an addict because the rest of the guys in the band are addicts?

THERAPIST

Something like that. The good news is, he's really taking to his therapy.

Inside the room, Tommy stands facing a heavy canvas BAG in the shape of a person. The bag hangs from the ceiling, it's painted-on face looking mean. A COUNSELOR stands behind Tommy.

COUNSELOR

Do you see that, Tommy? That's your addiction. You know what your addiction is saying?

(in a deep voice)

"You can't live without me, Tommy. I'm the one calling the shots".

TOMMY LEE

(to the bag)

Fuck you, dude! I call the shots! And I can so live without you!

COUNSELOR

"Who are you kidding, Tommy? You can't resist me. You're weak and pathetic".

TOMMY LEE

No fucking way! I'm strong!

COUNSELOR

"Sure you are. You'll be buying me drugs within a week. Ha ha ha ha! " Do you hear that? It's laughing at you, Tommy. Laughing. Now what do you say to that?

The Counselor hands Tommy a BASEBALL BAT. Tommy charges forward, BASHING the bag while bawling his eyes out.

TOMMY LEE

You're not the boss of me, you bastard! I hate you! I hate you!

Pudge and Norm look at each other and give a thumbs up.

EXT. REHAB - DAY

Mick rides up on his motorcycle. He takes off his helmet and quickly pantomimes doing a shot of tequila.

MICK MARS

Boom!

Pudge Boyle is waiting for him at the entrance.

PUDGE BOYLE

Mick? Hey, what's this about you leaving rehab?

MICK MARS

I'm coming to the weekly group sessions, Pudge. What more do you want?

PUDGE BOYLE

Mick, you're kidding yourself if you think you can do this on your own.

INT. REHAB FACILITY - DAY

Mick comes face-to-face with a biker-looking DON GEFERS.

PUDGE BOYLE

Mick? I want you to meet Don Geffers. He's going to be working with the band, making sure you guys stay on the straight and narrow.

DON GEFFERS

Hey, Mick.

PUDGE BOYLE

I'll leave you two alone to get acquainted.

Pudge walks away. Mick sizes up Geffers.

MICK MARS

Welcome aboard the gravy train, Don. How much are you gonna cost me?

EXT. REHAB FACILITY - DAY

Mick and Don walk through a peaceful rock garden.

DON GEFFERS

So what was that out there? That thing you did when you got off the bike.

MICK MARS

That was my "boom".

DON GEFFERS

What the hell is that?

MICK MARS

I wanted to stop drinking, so I stopped. Done. But now and again, if I get the urge, I go Boom! And that makes me feel like enough of a dickhead I don't want the real thing.

DON GEFFERS

Your bandmates feel you're afraid to open up and share your pain.

MICK MARS

Yeah? Well my bandmates are weak.

We see Vince sitting by a koi pond with the Therapist. Mick and Don walk in the background.

MICK MARS (cont'd)

Don't get me wrong, Don, I think rehab is a genius scam. You give some quack therapist twenty grand. The therapist then rips you a new one, humiliating you and degrading you until you cry.

The Therapist talks to Vince sternly, making him cry.

INT. REHAB FACILITY - DAY

Tommy sits in a room with two bedraggled YOUNG WOMEN. Mick and Don stop in the doorway.

MICK MARS

Then they toss you in a room with people who have real problems. People who got raped by their father or saw their mother get killed.

Tommy listens to the Young Women talk. He shrivels in humiliation, weeping openly.

INT. REHAB FACILITY - DAY

It's a group therapy session. Nikki applauds as another REHABBER goes to the front of the group and is presented with a KEYCHAIN. Mick and Don watch from the back.

MICK MARS

After you've been humiliated into stopping for three months, you get a twenty thousand dollar keychain.

Mick nods to the entrance, where a SHAKY HOUSEWIFE comes through the door with her luggage.

MICK MARS (cont'd)

But then you fuck up and go back to using. And you owe them another twenty grand if you wanna get sober again. See, unless you're ready to stop, nobody in the world can help you. Not even an over-priced, glorified nanny.

A COUNSELOR in a robe bangs a big GONG.

MICK MARS (cont'd)

I'd love to stay and chat, Don, but we're
due in our pussification class.

Mick walks off to join Nikki, Vince and Tommy.

NIKKI SIXX

Mick? We've all made a pact. We're gonna
stay sober while we do the new album.
Okay, buddy?

MICK MARS

Fine.

TOMMY LEE

I know I never say it... but I love you,
Mick.

Tommy throws his arms around Mick and hugs him. Then they're
off to therapy, leaving a disgusted Mick lagging behind.

MICK MARS

Boom!

Mick pantomimes a shot and follows.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - VANCOUVER - DAY

TWO WAITRESSES carry platters of CRUDITES and WATER through
the studio.

WAITRESS

Are these for Aerosmith?

WAITRESS 2

Mine are. Yours are for Motley.

Waitress pushes up her cleavage.

WAITRESS 2 (cont'd)

Don't bother. It's like the Lawrence Welk
club around here.

Waitress enters a control room and sets the platter down. She
stands seductively, but Nikki and Tommy just grab carrot
sticks.

Vince is belting out "Dr. Feelgood" when producer BOB ROCK
stops him.

BOB ROCK

Vince, we're gonna go one more time.

VINCE NEIL
(through speakers)
What the fuck? Come on, man!

BOB ROCK
That just wasn't your best.

VINCE NEIL
(nods)
You're right.

The tape rewinds and Vince starts again. Nikki and Tommy are watching closely.

NIKKI SIXX
If you're not careful, you're gonna force
an actual performance out of us.

BOB ROCK
Shhh!

Tommy and Nikki talk in low tones.

TOMMY LEE
This is like way fuckin' rad. It's like
we've never really recorded before.

Nikki leans closer.

NIKKI SIXX
Hey, man, I don't know how else to say
this, but... remember that chick I told
you I met? I think I'm in love.

TOMMY LEE
That's awesome! Congratulations!

NIKKI SIXX
Thanks, I'm just... I don't know what's
going on. You know. Hardly a day has
gone by since I was, like, seven years-old
that I haven't been on something. I
didn't used to feel anything, and now I'm
feeling everything.

TOMMY LEE
I know what you're saying, bro. You're
confused. But you can't fight love! You
just have to let it in. God, I'm so happy
for you!

NIKKI SIXX
Keep it to yourself.

TOMMY LEE

Seriously, I'm like on a full-on vow of silence. Wow. The mighty Nikki Sixx finally succumbs to human emotion. Show me that picture again.

Nikki pulls a folded PHOTO from his wallet. He unfolds it... and unfolds it... until we see it's a PLAYBOY CENTERFOLD.

TOMMY LEE (cont'd)

Nice. Love is awesome, isn't it?

NIKKI SIXX

Yeah. Yeah, I guess it is. There's just one little complication.

TOMMY LEE

Dude, what could possibly be the problem with this girl?

NIKKI SIXX

I used to fuck her mom.

EXT. A PARK - VANCOUVER - NIGHT

Nikki, Tommy and Vince are jogging with STEVEN TYLER and JOE PERRY from Aerosmith. Their shared drug counselor, Don Geffers, leads the pack.

STEVEN TYLER

So what I think you're saying, Don, and correct me if I'm wrong, is that Nikki might be experiencing a fear, or at least a healthy apprehension, of intimacy.

DON GEFFERS

That's right, Steven. Nikki is an emotionally vulnerable rock star on Prozac exploring a brand new world called Sobriety. That can be downright terrifying.

They jog to a stop by a cooler, where they break out bottles of Perrier.

Tommy stares off into the shadows. In between some trees, he sees an apparition: it's the entrance to the ROMAN ORGY, somehow magically right there in the park. MAIDENS in the doorway beckon.

Don Geffers puts his arm around Tommy's shoulder.

DON GEFFERS (cont'd)
I know what you're thinking. And what is
it you told me you want most in the world?
Visualize it.

Tommy blinks. Heather appears, holding hands with two KIDS.

DON GEFFERS (cont'd)
Good. Now if that's what you want, you
can't have that.

Don points at the Maidens, now rubbing their tits.

DON GEFFERS (cont'd)
The two are mutually exclusive. And if
you ever want that.

He now points to an ELDERLY COUPLE snuggling on a bench.

DON GEFFERS (cont'd)
Then you'd definitely had better forget
all about that.

He points back to the Maidens. Tommy nods and turns away.

NIKKI SIXX
We're working our asses off and they're
getting ready to count us out.

JOE PERRY
Who's that?

VINCE NEIL
The label. It's been almost ten years.
In their eyes we're pretty much dead and
gone.

STEVEN TYLER
Mark my words, it ain't over until the fat
broad hits a high "C".

NIKKI SIXX
We just want them to take us seriously for
once. As artists.

STEVEN TYLER
Then give 'em an album they can't ignore.
For the love of Elvis, Nik, you died. Use
it.

MUSICAL MONTAGE - to "KICKSTART MY HEART"

SUPER TITLE: "CHAPTER NEXT: KICKSTART MY HEART"

WE SEE THE FOLLOWING:

The band works hard in the studio, pushing each other to the limit.

The band works out in the gym. Vince pauses, staring at the ENTRANCE TO THE ORGY that has suddenly appeared in the gym wall. Nikki & Tommy prod him to keep pumping iron.

Scenes from the video, with cars crashing and skydivers.

The band posing for promo pictures, looking totally healthy and in shape.

Cover artwork being finalized. Albums being produced.

INT. TOMMY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Tommy gets out of bed, leaving a sleeping Heather behind.

INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE - MORNING

He walks to the kitchen. On the way, he passes the fax machine, which is spitting out a page. He reads it.

TOMMY LEE

(reading)

"If you could have just one thing on your birthday / Some way for the world to say that it will all be okay / Then I would wish for you with all my heart / A number one album on the Billboard chart...". No fuckin' way.

Again we see clips from the video: drag racers and performance footage and speedboats.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.)

Okay, so it wasn't the most eloquent expression of a near death experience. But it was my experience to write about, so fuck you. After two half-assed albums in a row, we finally put in a solid effort.

ANIMATED GRAPHIC - We see a GLOBE. A RED LINE arcs from LA to Europe...

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.) (cont'd)

It paid off when "Dr. Feelgood" hit the top in 1989. Then we hit the road...

INT. ARENA - NIGHT

We see the four guys shot out of holes in the stage like giant Pop-Tarts. The crowd goes nuts as they launch into the show.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.)

We could do no wrong. Every stop we were playing for 25 to 100 thousand screaming fans...

The Red Line bounces around Europe, then wings back to Cali.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.) (cont'd)

We shot five videos and every song on the album but one was released as a single. MTV had us in constant rotation...

The Red Line ricochets across the USA. We see magazine cover after magazine cover featuring the Crue...

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.) (cont'd)

We were not only getting rich, we were falling in love. Vince had married Sharise, a mud-wrestler. Mick married Emi, one of the Bad Habits...

We see Mick making eyes at EMI, one of the backup singers.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.) (cont'd)

I married Brandi, the Playmate...

We see a wedding photo of Nikki & Brandi.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.) (cont'd)

Even though I couldn't stop fantasizing about her mother...

The photo widens, revealing Nikki's hot new MOTHER-IN-LAW.

The Red Line zips down to Australia, then up to Japan where it continues to bounce around willy-nilly...

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.) (cont'd)

In short order all our ambitions became real. We'd gone big time. But ultimate success isn't all that interesting to watch. What you wanna see is what's on the other side. And to tell that, first you have to understand...

EXT. THE COG MACHINE - DAY

The band sees the most beautiful sight in the world. It's the FINAL COG, glittering with gold and diamonds in the sunlight.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.)
...the final cog. The pinnacle of success
in the music business, the very Grail
David Lee Roth tried to warn us about.
There's nothing you can do to reach the
final cog. Through some incredible
combination of timing and luck, the final
cog chooses you...

MECHANICAL ARMS reach and scoop them up.

EXT. THE COG MACHINE - THE FINAL COG - DAY

This is the top of the world. From here they look down on the machine and the whole plateau. The Mechanical Arms take them up to the top of the Final Cog. This cog is small, made of solid gold and diamonds. It's not moving, it just glitters.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.)
The final cog grants you power and
pleasure and wealth beyond imagining.

INT. ARENA - NIGHT

The band pops up like Pop-Tarts, again and again.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.)
But when the people who run the machine
find something that sells, they keep
selling it and selling it.

The Red Line heads to Hawaii, Canada, and back through the US.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.) (cont'd)
We toured fourteen countries, played for
over two million people, playing the same
songs night after night, wearing the same
clothes.

We see a print run of the "Decade of Decadence" album...

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.) (cont'd)
Before the frenzy died, they released a
greatest hits disk with three new tunes...

INT. ARENA - NIGHT

The band continues to launch like Pop Tarts. The Red Line heads back to Europe and bounces around...

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.)

That album sold another two and a half million copies. We did three more videos and toured Europe again...

We see FAMILY PHOTOS of Nikki and Vince with NEWBORNS.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.) (cont'd)

Brandi and I had Gunner. Vince and Sharise were blessed with Skylar. We all bought new homes...

With their spouses, they are all smiles and joy.

EXT. THE COG MACHINE - THE FINAL COG - DAY

The band is set down on the final cog.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.)

We had cash and fame like we never imagined. All of our dreams had come true...

Then the cog begins to SPIN. It's incredibly fast, and they have to sprint like log-rollers to stay on.

They look down, and see what awaits them if they fall.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.) (cont'd)

And we were now fucked for life...

The screen goes BLACK.

SUPER TITLE: "CHAPTER NEXT: DON'T GO AWAY MAD"

A DOOR opens deep in the blackness and LIGHT shines through. Nikki Sixx walks a long way to finally address the camera.

NIKKI SIXX (cont'd)

Finally, we've arrived at it. The ultimate dirty secret of the music business. The final cog makes you feel so powerful, so invulnerable, that any contact with it changes the molecular structure of your body forever. You will no longer have privacy, friendship, stability, love or peace of mind. Ultimately, when you win, you lose.

EXT. THE COG MACHINE - THE FINAL COG - DAY

The band runs, trying to stay on top of the cog.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.)

And ultimately, no one stays on the final cog for long...

A huge metal rod, thick as a tree trunk, SLAMS down next to them. This is THE CRUSHER. They dodge as it SLAMS again.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.) (cont'd)

We had saturated radio and MTV until the entire planet was sick of us. Now we'd have to move extra fast to stay on top...

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

Vince and the rest of the band are arguing.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.)

But by now the machine had inflated our egos to the point where the band wasn't big enough for all of us. So we split with Vince...

Vince storms out, slamming the door.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

New singer JOHN CORABI lays down vocal tracks.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.)

We worked for over a year on our follow-up album, spending over two million dollars on recording. It was the most mature, topical album we had ever done...

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

Vince lays down vocal tracks with a new band.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.)

Meanwhile Vince was working on that dreaded of all projects, a true harbinger of doom: a solo record. We should have seen the writing on the wall...

INT. RADIO STATION - DAY

Nikki is doing an on-air with a DEE JAY.

SUPER TITLE: "TUCSON - 1994"

DEE JAY

Tonight is the kick-off to their world tour, the first featuring new screamer John Corabi on vocals.

NIKKI SIXX

We are seriously pumped up for this one. So I'm gonna do something special. Meet me in the parking lot of the radio station and I will put each and every one of you on the guest list!

EXT. RADIO STATION - DAY

Nikki emerges. The parking lot is empty save for two MEXICAN KIDS.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.)

While we had our heads up our ass, there had been a seismic shift in popular taste.

INT. THE COG MACHINE - THE FINAL COG - DAY

The Crusher slams down on Vince. He's thrown into the abyss. The rest of the band sprints on. The Mechanical Arms are already bringing up Nirvana and Dr. Dre, and there's not enough room at the top.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.)

Grunge and gangster rap were on the rise. Seemingly overnight, every band born in the 1980's was dead as disco...

Bon Jovi, Def Leppard, Duran Duran and other 80's acts tumble into the abyss.

INT. THE COG MACHINE - THE FINAL COG - DAY

We finally see the full destructive power of the machine. Below the final cog are whirling gears and meat-grinders, their teeth clogged with flesh. Band after band tumbles down.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.)

Musical dynasties rise and fall, metal fades to grunge, fades to alt rock, fades to pop-punk, fades to nu-metal, fades to boy-bands, fades to garage rock fades to teen queens and on and on and on...

We see icons of each of these movements torn apart.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.) (cont'd)
Bands and families alike are torn apart in
the machine. And there's nothing that you
can do...

We see Nikki torn from Brandi... Mick torn from Emi... Vince
torn from Sharise & Skylar... Tommy torn from Heather...

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.) (cont'd)
It's the endless cycle. Teenagers define
their individuality by rejecting the music
of those that came before. Motley was
forced out, just like the bands we'd
sidelined when we blew up years ago...

INT. REHAB FACILITY - DAY

Vince is brought in looking like shit.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.)
Fallen celebrities aren't afforded much
sympathy. The thinking is that they never
deserved what they got in the first place.
And mostly that's true.

Orderlies help Vince down the hallway.

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.) (cont'd)
But celebrity isn't free, it's a gift you
pay for only after you've lost it. You
already know about the high body count the
machine claims...

We see a quick succession of damaged rock stars: Chuck Berry,
Jerry Lee Lewis, Michael Jackson, Brian Wilson...

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.) (cont'd) NIKKI SIXX
Is it a coincidence that so many others
are driven insane?

Syd Barrett, Whitney Houston, Keith Richards, Britney Spears,
Prince, Mariah Carey, Courtney Love, Axl Rose...

NIKKI SIXX (V.O.) (cont'd)
There is nothing on Earth that can prepare
you for it. And once you're thrown from
that final cog, you are left with few of
it's blessings and all of it's curses...

Finally we see one last face... Vince Neil.

SUPER TITLE: "CHAPTER NEXT: WITHOUT YOU"

INT. MOONSHADOWS - NIGHT

We're back where we first met Vince. He's at the bar drowning his sorrows. Those two SMART GUYS smirk at him.

SMART GUY

Maybe he'll take us on a beer run.

The Smart Guys stop on their way out.

SMART GUY (cont'd)

Hey Vince! Big fan.

SMART GUY 2

Viiiiinnie!

Vince nods, but he's practically catatonic.

VINCE NEIL (V.O.)

Every privilege, you pay for... You pay for every gold record, every piece of ass... Every sin, you pay for...

INT. CHILDREN'S WARD - DAY

A big EASTER BUNNY dances around, entertaining KIDS in the children's ward. Among the kids is SKYLAR.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Back in her room, Skylar applauds. The Bunny takes off his furry head, revealing a very sweaty Vince.

SKYLAR

You did so good, daddy!

VINCE NEIL

Don't tell anybody. I'm not putting this suit on for anyone but you.

Then a NURSE comes in to prep Skylar for surgery.

SKYLAR

Don't go, daddy.

VINCE NEIL

You're okay. I'm just gonna change real quick, I'll be right back.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Vince changes out of his bunny costume. The bunny head smiles up at him. He grabs it and starts punching it in the face, tears rolling down his cheeks.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Vince and Sharise walk alongside Skylar's bed as it's wheeled down the hall. Vince has a new girlfriend, HEIDI, with him.

VINCE NEIL (V.O.)

At first Sharise thought it was the flu. Skylar had stomach pains, headaches and nausea. It didn't take long for the doctors to figure out there was something really wrong with her.

SKYLAR

I'm never going home, am I?

VINCE NEIL

Of course you're going home. When you wake up, mommy and daddy are gonna be right here.

VINCE NEIL (V.O.) (cont'd)

After four months in the hospital and four operations, they still weren't able to get at what was killing her...

Skylar is wheeled into surgery. Vince watches her go.

VINCE NEIL (V.O.) (cont'd)

This was her last chance.

INT. HOSPITAL - HOURS LATER - DAY

Vince, Sharise and various other family members wait. Finally the doctor comes out.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

The family pours into the room, surrounding Skylar's bed. Vince hangs back to talk to the doctor.

VINCE NEIL

I want to see it.

INT. PATHOLOGY LAB - DAY

Vince is escorted in. There, on a table under a bright light, he sees something horrific.

It's the tumor that was cut out of Skylar. It's the size of a football, a six and a half pound gelatinous mass of pure evil.

Vince stares into it...

INT. MOONSHADOWS - NIGHT

Vince is at the bar. He glances at the TV. On it he sees Tommy and Pamela Anderson being flocked by paparazzi.

MICK MARS (V.O.)
It's funny how life works, the contrasts,
the happy little cruelties...

Heidi comes back from the restroom. They're about to take a table when the BARTENDER comes up.

BARTENDER
Vince? There's a call for you.

EXT. PCH - NIGHT

Vince and Heidi are stuck in traffic. Vince feels a pain in his chest.

MICK MARS (V.O.)
The important things you'll miss, say,
when you're stuck in traffic...

Vince honks his horn, frustrated.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Vince rushes in, but he's too late. Skylar is lifeless on the bed, looking peaceful, pure. With family gathered around her bed weeping, Vince strokes her hair.

MICK MARS (V.O.)
Is there a balance? Or is life an
accumulation of debts that can never be
forgiven?

The camera pulls up to the ceiling, and suddenly it looks exactly like the shot from earlier when he held his first child as a teenager. He looks up and delivers the same line, but with an entirely different impact.

VINCE NEIL
Why, God? Why?

The camera continues up and up, until the hospital room is a tiny square in a black sea.

MICK MARS (V.O.)

Some people believe in hippy crap like karma, those people might call this some kind of cosmic payback. But those people are fucked...

EXT. MANSION ON A HILLTOP - DAY

We see a big mansion surrounded by empty canyons.

MICK MARS (V.O.)

Later on, they found out the land around Vince's rock star mansion had been used as a nuclear waste dump. There's no counting how many ways you can get screwed by success.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - NIGHT

The band is back together, jamming a new song.

MICK MARS (V.O.)

After six years apart, we got back together with Vince and recorded another album that no one bought.

INT. RECORD STORE - DAY

Huge Korn and Limp Bizkit cut-outs dominate the store. The new Motley disk has a tiny cut-out in the corner.

MICK MARS (V.O.)

This time we weren't just fighting music trends, we were also at war with our record label.

INT. RECORD COMPANY OFFICES - LOBBY - DAY

Tim Zambri walks out with his things in a cardboard box. New exec OLIVIA VOLGA smiles curtly.

SUPER TITLE: (with arrow to Olivia) "New Record Exec. / Cunt"

MICK MARS (V.O.)

When a new regime of suits comes in, they like to push the bands they've signed, not ones they inherited. Soon they stopped promoting us altogether.

As soon as Tim's gone, WORKERS take down the huge MOTLEY CRUE painting and replace it with "EN VOGUE".

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Nikki decks Vince, then jumps on him and chokes him.

MICK MARS (V.O.)
Tempers flared on tour, so Vince quit.
Then came back.

INT. ARENA - NIGHT

The band plays in front of large projection screens. They struggle to stay in synch with the rack of COMPUTERS and SAMPLERS backing them up.

MICK MARS (V.O.)
But with all the computer programmed
experimental shit we were playing to keep
up with the times, the tour pretty much
blew.

EXT. THE BEACH - DAY

Tommy watches as PAM ANDERSON films a scene from "BAYWATCH".

MICK MARS (V.O.)
We were all bummed. Particularly Tommy,
who, in what had become a habit, had
sought his solace between the legs of a
famous television actress.

Pamela runs over between shots and kisses Tommy.

INT. LA COUNTY JAIL - DAY

Tommy sits in his cell, writing on the walls.

MICK MARS (V.O.)
She eventually had him jailed for spousal
abuse. He served four months in real
jail. That's seven point five times
longer than Vince did for manslaughter...

NEWS CLIP - Tommy is released from jail.

MICK MARS (V.O.) (cont'd)
While in the can, Tommy had some kind of
Buddhist epiphany and decided to change
his life.

Tommy talks to REPORTERS.

TOMMY LEE

It's been a life-changing experience, please believe. I've grown as a human being, and I hope to now grow as an artist...

MICK MARS (V.O.)

He didn't call us when he got out.

We see a video of Tommy performing with METHODS OF MAYHEM.

MICK MARS (V.O.) (cont'd)

He had gotten so famous from fucking Yoko he decided to go solo with some kind of disco act...

We see clips from the infamous "Pam & Tommy" tape.

MICK MARS (V.O.) (cont'd)

His honeymoon video was a lot more profitable.

INT. AIRPORT LOUNGE - DAY

Tommy and Vince argue, nose to nose.

MICK MARS (V.O.)

Tommy came back. Then it was his turn to quit in the middle of a tour...

Vince CLOCKS Tommy. Then security has to pull them apart.

INT. MICK'S HOUSE - DAY

Mick sits with his guitar.

MICK MARS (V.O.)

It continues to this day. We're always on-again, off-again. Things aren't all bad. At least I have a girl who doesn't beat the shit out of me.

ROBBIE brings Mick some hot tea. He looks at an early photo of Motley on his shelf.

MICK MARS (V.O.) (cont'd)

And we finally figured out what the fans already knew. We're not really Motley unless it's all four of us playing the music we do best, and fuck the trends. At the core of it, we're still a gang.

INT. RECORD COMPANY - THE MOGUL'S OFFICE - DAY

Olivia Volga delivers some paperwork to the seated Mogul.

MICK MARS (V.O.)

In fact it was as a gang that we scored our greatest victory, this time against the Machine itself. It was back on our techno tour, when the label we had helped keep afloat suddenly turned on us.

OLIVIA VOLGA

These are the international numbers from their last album. They're under contract for another three albums at four million apiece.

The Mogul thinks for a moment, then nods darkly.

INT. ARENA - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Motley is having a pre-concert meeting.

NIKKI SIXX

They've pulled all advertizing, they're not even promoting the tour. That bitch Olivia won't even return my calls.

TOMMY LEE

After all the money we made for them? Dude, tons. So why are they fucking with us?

NIKKI SIXX

Because we have a contract and they don't wanna pay us. And if they can force us to quit, they don't have to.

TOMMY LEE

What are we gonna do?

CLOSE ON - Nikki Sixx leaving a cell phone message.

NIKKI SIXX

Hi, Olivia, this is Nikki Sixx. My friends heard about what you're doing and they have a message for you...

Nikki pumps his fist and we finally realize where he is. He's onstage in front of a massive crowd. The Crowd chants:

CROWD

OLIVIA'S A CUNT!

THE NEXT NIGHT

Nikki leaves another message.

MICK MARS (V.O.)

As cold and impersonal as the Machine can be, it's run by greedy little people with egos to rival ours.

CROWD

FUCK ELEKTRA!

THE NEXT NIGHT

Nikki leaves another message.

MICK MARS (V.O.)

So if you hammer that soft spot, and make it personal, you can cloud their business sense...

CROWD

OLIVIA'S A WHORE!

NIKKI SIXX

The people have spoken, you stupid bitch!

Nikki spikes the phone to the ground. The audience CHEERS.

INT. RECORD COMPANY - THE MOGUL'S OFFICE - DAY

Olivia enters. The Mogul slides several trade papers across his desk. One headline reads "CRUE CALLS OUT ELEKTRA EXEC". The Mogul is not pleased.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Motley Crue sits with their lawyers and managers as a Record Company LAWYER speaks from a speaker phone.

RECORD COMPANY LAWYER (O.S.)

What's it going to take to make this situation go away? What do you want?

NIKKI SIXX

We don't want to go away. We love making records for you fine folk.

INT. RECORD COMPANY - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Olivia sits with her Lawyers.

NIKKI SIXX (O.S.)

We look forward to working together for years and years.

OLIVIA VOLGA

You'll never get another record out on Elektra!

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Nikki and the others smile.

OLIVIA VOLGA (O.S.)

If it's the last thing I do I'll see you off this label!

NIKKI SIXX

Oh hey, Olivia, I didn't know you were there. If you feel that strongly, there is something you could give us that would make leaving a whole lot easier.

OLIVIA VOLGA (O.S.)

Which is?

NIKKI SIXX

Our masters.

The room freezes in expectant silence.

MICK MARS (V.O.)

Owning your own masters is the Holy Grail for recording artists.

INT. COG MACHINE - NIGHT

We see Motley climbing the superstructure of the machine.

MICK MARS (V.O.)

For every dollar a band makes on an album, the label makes five. Why? Because whoever owns the masters owns the music and therefore gets all the cash.

Working as a unit, they climb up to the window of the control room itself and SMASH the glass.

INT. THE MOGUL'S OFFICE / CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

They trash the Mogul's office, spray painting the walls and pissing on his desk.

MICK MARS (V.O.)
The Beatles never got their Masters.
Neither did Zeppelin, the Who, Metallica
or pretty much anybody else.

Nikki locates what they are looking for: a SAFE. Nikki starts beating on the door with a sledgehammer.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Finally, Olivia's reply comes over the speaker.

OLIVIA VOLGA (O.S.)
Fine.

INT. THE MOGUL'S OFFICE / CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

The door falls off the safe. It's a treasure beyond their wildest imagination.

NIKKI SIXX (O.S.)
I'll tell you what, I can let you have the
domestic license for four years...

INT. NIKKI'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Nikki is on the phone negotiating a deal.

NIKKI SIXX
(into phone)
That's for our whole back catalogue.

He waves to his kids playing out in the yard.

MICK MARS (V.O.)
That Nikki's a crafty fucker. Nowadays we
license our music back to the Machine.
And when a CD sells, we get the five bucks
and the Machine gets one.

NIKKI SIXX
(into phone)
There's not gonna be a new record. I
haven't talked to Vince or Tommy in a
couple years.

MICK MARS (V.O.)
Of course in order to capitalize on this
new arrangement, we'd have to get along
long enough to actually work together.

INT. TOMMY'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Tommy drives PCH, with his son BRANDON. Tommy is wearing jeans and a long-sleeved shirt (to cover up his tatoos).

MICK MARS (V.O.)

They say rock 'n' roll never forgets, that
it's always possible to get back on top,
even after twenty years in the gutters.
But who would want it?

INT. STADIUM - NIGHT

We see a massive crowd of 100,000 screaming rock fans.

MICK MARS (V.O.)

See, the truth is the damage the machine
does is all self-inflicted. Nobody forces
you to climb on. The only ones who do
have a screw loose to start with. Who
else but an emotional cripple needs the
adulation, approval and unconditional love
of total strangers?

The fans howl and wave at the camera.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

Tommy walks Brandon to class. At the top of the stairs, he sees Nikki. Nikki also wears long pants and long sleeves, but tattoos still poke out everywhere.

TOMMY LEE

Hey. Your kids go here too?

NIKKI SIXX

Right there...

Nikki points to where his boy DECKER is sitting.

TOMMY LEE

What a trip. Our kids are in the same
class.

They look at each other a moment, then hug.

NIKKI SIXX

Let's get some breakfast.

TOMMY LEE

That'd be rad. I better get the little
guy inside.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

Brandon is crying, not letting Tommy leave. Tommy checks his watch, but stays with Brandon, comforting him.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

Tommy looks around, but by now Nikki is gone.

Tommy looks back through the window. He sees Brandon is no longer upset. In fact he's laughing. Tommy moves closer, sees what he's laughing at.

It's Decker, taking off his shirt. Decker and Brandon laugh, disrupting the class. It's a new generation of Terror Twins.

INT. NIKKI'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Nikki cruises down the highway.

MICK MARS (V.O.)

For those that do survive the machine,
something happens as you mature. You
stupidly feel like, if you had another
shot, this time you could handle it...

Then he sees something in the road ahead. He smiles...

EXT. PCH - DAY

The road before him leads back to Santa Monica. But another road branches off to the right. It leads to a bluff over the ocean, and on the bluff we can see the COG MACHINE.

From here it looks beautiful, majestic, exactly as it did at the beginning, when Motley was a young band on the way up.

MICK MARS (V.O.)

And you've already paid for the damn
thing, so what the fuck?...

Nikki veers to the right, heading back towards The Machine...

MICK MARS (V.O.) (cont'd)

Besides, there's bound to be a pony in
there somewhere...

THE END