

DRAFT

Rock of Ages

By Justin Theroux

DRAFT

Stacee! Stacee! Stacee!
Ladies and gentlemen,
are you ready to rock?
Welcome to the famous Bourbon Room
on the Sunset Strip
Stacee Jaxx and Arsenal!
Hey, Los Angeles!

This is a little song called
"Paradise City."

Oh!

Just an urchin livin' under the street

I'm a hard case that's tough to beat

I'm your charity case

So buy me something to eat

I'll pay you at another time

Take it to the end of the line

Take me down to the paradise city

Where the grass is green

And the girls are pretty

Take me home

Yeah, yeah

Take me down to the paradise city

Where the grass is green

Sister Christian

Oh, the time has come

And you know that you're the only one

To say

Okay

Where you going?

What you looking for?

You know those boys

Don't want to play no more

With you

It's true

Yeah

You're motoring

What's your price for flight?

In finding Mr. Right

You'll be all right tonight

This must be just like livin' in paradise

And I don't wanna go home

This must be just like livin' in paradise

And I don't wanna go home

Hey, hey!

Yeah, yeah, yeah
Girl, you've been meant for this
Since you were born
Since she was born
No problem now
The coast is clear
It's just the calm before the storm
This must be just like livin' in paradise
Paradise
And I don't wanna go home
Whoa

Not a dime, I can't pay my rent
I can barely make it through the week
Saturday night I'd like to meet my girl
But right now I can't make ends meet
I'm always workin'
Slavin' every day
Gotta get a break
From the same old same old
I need a chance just to get away
If you could hear me think
This is what I'd say
Don't need nothin' but a good time
How can I resist?
Ain't lookin' for nothin'
But a good time
And it don't get better than this
Come on, son. Up you get!
Whoa!
Go to rehab!
Yo, Lonny,
how come you never take out the trash?
I leave that to you. You're a musician,
so it's important that you suffer.
I'm talentless,
so suffering's wasted on me.
-When was the last time you suffered?
-Six o'clock this evening...
...when I got up for work.
Say I spend my money
On women and wine
But I couldn't tell you where
I spent last night
I'm really sorry about the shape I'm in

"Nothin' But A Good Time"
Poison

I just-a like my fun every now and then
I'm always workin'
Slavin' every day
Gotta get a break
From the same old same old
I need a chance just to get away
If you could hear me think
This is what I'd say
Don't need nothin' but a good time
How can I resist?
Ain't lookin' for nothin' but a good time
And it don't get better than this
Dennis! Dennis!
You see, I raise a toast to all of us
Who are breakin' our backs every day
If wantin' the good life is such a crime
A-Lord, then put me away
Here's to ya
Ow!
-Don't need nothin' but a good time
-Oh, yeah, yeah
Hey, baby, come on, give me a kiss.
-Drew!
-Come on, give me a kiss! Hey!
-Come on!
-Drew!
-Get him out!
-Come on.
-I've had enough of this! Tell Dennis I quit!
-Beth! Come on!
Livin' in paradise
And I don't wanna go home
I love her, man! Come on!
You're all gonna go to hell!
Hey.
-Where you from?
-Oklahoma.
Well, Welcome to Hollywood.
-Thanks.
-Give me that!
-Let go! Come on! Let me have it!
-No! No!
-Hey!
-Give me it!

Stop it!

Leave her alone!

Wait! Oh, stop! Please! Somebody!

Ugh....

No. No. No.

Are you okay?

Shit.

-Did he take your money?

-He took my records.

Oh, my God.

Look, I'm sorry this happened. It sucks.

I'm Drew.

Sherrie.

"The Bourbon Room"?

-You work at The Bourbon Room?

-Yeah. I'm a barback.

One of these days,

my name's gonna be up there.

-You're in a band?

-I'm a singer.

Get out! Me too.

Oh, my God. The Bourbon Room. I have,
like, 10 albums that were recorded there.

More like "had"?

Had.

Yep.

Well, thank you.

Thanks.

Again.

Don't go in there, it's filth!

-Hey.

-Don't join them!

Do you need a job?

I could talk to Dennis Dupree, my boss.

Pray you'll be saved!

Are you serious?

Just whatever you do,

don't tell him you're a singer.

Jimmy!

I told you 10,000 times.

Girls drink free, dudes pay full freight.

They are dudes.

Look, I haven't charged a girl since '73.

For a minute, I thought that

Kate Jackson from Charlie's Angels...
-...had walked into my club.
-More like Michael Jackson.
-Doesn't he look pale to you?
-He does a bit.
Dennis! Meet Sherrie.
She needs a job, man.
No, I don't think so. She's a singer.
No, she just came in
from out of town.
Oh, okay, now, if I may.
-You sang in the church choir every Sunday.
-Lutheran.
Senior year, you had the third lead
in your high school musical.
-Sound of Music.
-And then somebody...
...your adorable Aunt Betty,
told you you had real talent.
-It was actually my Aunt Doris.
-Uh-huh.
And like a flaming dipshit you believed her,
dumped your jock boyfriend...
...ditched town and moved to Hollywood
to have a crack at fame and fortune.
Am I missing anything?
I....
Yeah, okay.
Actually, my boyfriend
wasn't really athletic.
And look. I'm a waitress.
Come on. She's practically
got Mike Burns on her lips.
I'm not interested, sweetheart.
I need you two to get back to work.
-Please, Mr. Dupree. I'm a hard worker.
-You seem like a really nice kid.
I just got mugged.
I have \$17 to my name and I'm probably
gonna be starving in the next 48 hours.
-And Beth just quit.
-Beth just quit?
Okay, fine. You're hired.
Oh, my God. Thank you. Thank you.

Thank you.

What are you thanking me for? I ruined your life. You start training tomorrow.

This place is turning into a war zone.

It's Arsenal's last show.

Arsenal? Oh, my God, I love Stacey Jaxx.

It's your lucky day. He's going solo.

Hey, want to go celebrate?

I'm coming up on my break.

Yeah. Sure.

A year ago....

A year ago,

people asked whose campaign...

...I would throw

my financial support behind...

...and I knew there was only one man on the ticket...

...that could restore the city to its original glory.

Ladies and gentlemen,

Mayor Mike Whitmore.

Thank you. Couldn't have done it without you, Doug.

Ahh.

Thank you, Los Angeles.

You know, Doug Flintlock here...

...well, he just leaned into my ear and he said

"Mike, I have kids. Teenagers.

And these days, I'm scared for them.

We need to clean up this city."

Well, I can tell you that...

...I, for one, am not scared for our city's children.

And that's because

I have a secret weapon.

My rock.

My soul mate.

And the best darn wife any man could hope to have.

Please welcome my wife

The beautiful Patricia Whitmore!

Oh.

Come on up here, Patty-cake!

We did it!
Oh. Thank you.
Today, the city of Los Angeles
gets a twofer!
Not only the best mayor this city
has ever had...
...but also me.
A mother.
So tomorrow, as part of my
"Clean Up The Strip" initiative...
...we start to make this city safe
again for our young people.
She looks familiar to me, this woman.
She looks eerily familiar.
You've probably popped something on
your ass that resembles her.
I shouldn't have thought so. That's all
cleared up nicely, thank you very much.
Rock 'n' roll is a disease.
But it is a disease with a cure.
You don't know her.
Man, back then, her husband,
Mayor Whitmore...
...used to be one of my best customers.
Wow. Now look at him.
Married to a woman
who looks like she's been hibernating...
...in Margaret Thatcher's bumhole.
--off our streets
and knock the sucker back....
What happens to people?
Don't know, Den.
Suppose they get corrupted
and seduced by the Man...
...get old and bitter and run for mayor.
Or they run a club,
live the rock 'n' roll dream...
...and get old and bitter that way.
Here's to rock 'n' roll.
To rock 'n' roll.
And let's reclaim the Strip for the
God-fearing citizens of Los Angeles!
I cannot believe
that I'm working at The Bourbon.

Thank you so much.

Don't even mention it.

Oh, my God.

Arsenal Live at The Bourbon.

-Hands down, favorite record ever.

-Me too.

I would've killed to be at that concert.

That record really changed my life.

I decided if I couldn't see Stacee Jaxx...

...I was gonna be Stacee Jaxx.

Bought a beat-up six string

In a secondhand store

Didn't know how to play it

But I knew for sure

That one guitar

Felt good in my hands

Didn't take long

To understand

Just one guitar

Slung way down low

Was a one-way ticket

Only one way to go

-So I started rockin'

-Rockin'

Ain't never gonna stop

No

-Gotta keep on rockin'

-Rockin'

Someday I'm gonna make it to the top

And sing

I love rock 'n' roll

So put another dime in the jukebox, baby

I love rock 'n' roll

So come and take your time

And dance with me

In a town with no name

In a heavy downpour

Thought I passed my own shadow

By the backstage door

Like a trip through the past

To that day in the rain

And that one guitar

Made my whole life change

And we'll be movin' on and singin'

"Juke Box Hero" Foreigner

"I Love Rock N Roll" Joan Jett

That same old song
Yeah, with me
Singin'
And be a jukebox hero
So put another dime in the jukebox, baby
I'm a jukebox hero
So come and take your time
And dance with me
-Just-a one guitar
-Jukebox hero
Got stars in my eyes
-I'm just a jukebox hero
-Ah, ah, ah
-Jukebox hero
-Stars, stars
I love rock 'n' roll
-Jukebox hero
-Stars, stars
So come and take your time
And dance with me
Stars in our eyes
I love rock 'n' roll
Whoa.
Whew.
The problem is, I think I'll only ever
be good on a jukebox.
What do you mean?
I get stage fright.
You've gotta be kidding me.
No.
You've gotta breathe.
I think I got that part down.
No, I'm serious, you've gotta breathe.
Like, takes away the nerves.
Breathe in through your nose
and out through your mouth.
Do it a couple times. You'll be fine.
Maybe you should help me practice.
Are you asking me out on a date?
Yeah.
Then yes.
Cool.
Okay, well, I should probably check
into my motel and grab my stuff, so...

Gotta get back to work.

-Okay, well, bye. Oh.

-Bye.

Bye. Oh. Ha-ha.

Sorry.

Well, good night.

See you tomorrow, Mrs. Whitmore.

Mr. Whitmore. Call me.

Mm.

-Mike?

-Mm.

-Why so jumpy?

-Oh.

Well, it's just that Doug Flintlock.

He wants the Strip, Patty-cake,
and we have to deliver.

Of course we will, sweetheart.

How?

-We'll go after the head of the snake.

-Ooh.

-The Bourbon.

-Oh, right.

If we cut off the head, the Strip will die.

The Bourbon could be a Benetton
by the end of the month.

Now listen Me and the ladies
are going after all the church groups...

...to make this happen.

We're even talking
to the Health Department.

We should review all their paperwork
for violations.

Oh, trust me...

...if we find so much as a hair
in a cocktail olive...

...we're shutting them down.

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

Then rinse them off.

Okay.

No!

Nobody puts Donkey in the corner!

-That game's too bloody surreal anyway.

-Ugh!

Dennis, did you just sigh audibly? Why?
Taxes. They're so un-rock 'n' roll.
Cheer up, mate. You still got
the twisted sisters of piety outside...
...all flustered and worked up,
so we must be doing something right, eh?
Well, at least we have
the Arsenal show coming up.
But that means our whole existence
is riding on Stacee Jaxx.
Stacee Jaxx, the most unreliable man
in the music industry?
A man who blew off the halftime show
at the Super Bowl...
...to attend a satanic ritual
to sew up Debbie Harry's vagina?
Please stop.
-The Satanists wouldn't even do that.
-You're not helping.
Why would the devil close vaginas?
No one's qualified to do that.
Hand me the phone.
Let's do a telethon, because this might
work better than your Stacee Jaxx idea.
Shut it!
I'm calling Stacee's manager, Paul Gill.
-Ahem. Speak.
-Hello, Paul? It's Dennis Dupree.
Dennis. What's up, brother man?
Oh, I was just calling to check in
and see if we're still on for Friday.
Of course we are. Arsenal's last show.
We're kicking off Stacee's
solo press tour there.
Rolling Stone just confirmed.
They would like to interview him
on the premises, okay?
-What did he say?
-He told me to turn off the radio.
-So turn it off.
-The radio in his head!
-Calm down!
-Oh, God.
Paul?

-Paul?

-Oh, crap. Yeah, sorry, man.

Yeah. Is Stacee okay?

Stacee?

He's fantastic. I'm looking at him
right now. He's waving hello.

Yes, I'm talking to Dennis.

Oh-ho. He just flipped me off.

Same old Stacee. Right?

Okay, I gotta dash.

I'll talk to you Friday, babe, okay?

Stacee! Stacee! Stacee!

Put something on, man.

Banzai.

Jesus.

Stacee?

I didn't know you had a twin.

I don't.

Stacee.

You need to go on stage, man.

I am on stage, Paul.

Shit.

Take a good look, ladies.

Take a hard...

...good, long...

...hard...

...look.

This man, this man is responsible
for so much filth.

He's Satan.

She is an extraordinary woman.

Such a beacon of courage.

He's like a machine

that spews out three things:

-Sex...

-Oh!

-...hateful music...

-Yes.

...and...

...sex!

Can you come take some dictation
for me in the parish office, Ms. Hoyt?

Of course, sir.

My son ate the head of my neighbor's

horse because of Stacey Jaxx.

Ugh. Well, his filthy little hateful music...

...sex ride is over.

-Gotta stop!

-Yes.

And we're the ones who are gonna do it.

Well, you're a real tough cookie

With a long history

Of breaking little hearts

Like the one in me

That's okay

Let's see how you do it

Put up your dukes

Let's get down to it

Hit me with your best shot

Why don't you hit me

With your best shot?

Hit me with your best shot

Fire away

You come on with a come-on

You don't fight fair

That's okay

See if I care

Knock me down

It's all in vain

I'll get right back on my feet again

Hit me with your best shot

Why don't you hit me

With your best shot?

Hit me with your best shot

Fire away

Pow! Pow!

Pow!

Well, you're a real tough cookie

With a long history

Of breaking little hearts

Like the one in me

Before I put another notch

In my lipstick case

You better make sure

You put me in my place

Hit me with your best shot

Come on!

Hit me with your best shot

"Hit Me With Your Best Shot"

Pat Benatar

Hit me with your best shot
Fire away
Hit me with your best shot
Why don't you hit me
With your best shot?
Hit me with your best shot
Fire away
Hah!

-Ai! Jesus.

-No, Chico. Jesus is my brother.

Oye, Dennis told me to tell you
to come in early tomorrow.

Yeah, sure. Whatever, man.

I need to go get ready. I have a big date
tonight with Sherrie. Wish me luck.

Yeah, whatever that means. Okay, bye.

So long

"Waiting For a Girl Like You" Foreigner

I've been looking too hard
I've been waiting too long
Sometimes I don't know
What I will find
I only know it's a matter of time
When you love someone
It feels so right
So warm and true
I need to know if you feel it too
Maybe I'm wrong
Won't you tell me
If I'm coming on too strong?
This heart of mine has been hurt before
This time I wanna be sure
Hey, girl.
I've been waitin' for a girl like you
To come into my life
I've been waitin' for a girl like you
A love that will survive
I've been waitin' for someone new
To make me feel alive
Yeah, waitin' for a girl like you
To come into my life
-Won't you come into my life?
-Won't you come into my life?
Wow. It's like a giant velvet blanket
covered in diamonds.

Yeah, it's beautiful, isn't it?

Yeah, it's a little different
than Tulsa, Oklahoma.

So, what did your mom think
about the big move to L.A.?

She thought it was stupid.

My dad just totally didn't get it.

His advice

"You're gonna fail anyway,
so why not fail closer to home?"

Okay. Total optimist.

What about your folks?

What did they think of the big move?

Um....

Not a whole lot really.

I was raised by my grandma.

Yeah, she, by the way,
was all for me getting out of Oklahoma.

-Really?

-Mm.

Yeah, she said to me:

"Honey, there ain't nothing for you here...
...and the last thing that I want you to do
is wind up stuck here like me."

Man, I adore her.

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

I try to be.

Why?

She wanted to know.

Oh, my God,

I can't believe I'm actually here.

I'm so happy.

You're so good

When we make love

It's understood

It's more than a touch

A word we say

Only in dreams could it be this way

When you love someone, yeah

Really love someone

Now I know it's right

From the moment I wake up

Till deep in the night

There's nowhere on earth

That I'd rather be
Than holding you tenderly
-I've been waitin' for a girl like you
-I've been waitin' for a boy like you
-To come into my life
-To come into my life
-I've been waitin' for a girl like you
-I've been waitin' for a boy like you
-A love that will survive
-A love that will survive
-I've been waitin'
-I've been waitin'
-For someone new
-For someone new
-To make me feel alive
-To make me feel alive
-Yeah, waitin' for a girl like you
-Yeah, waitin' for a boy like you
-To come into my
-To come into my
-Life
-Life
Wait.
-What?
-You're gonna sing me a song.
-Oh, no. Oh, no, no, I can't.
-Ha, ha.
Sherrie.
You are gonna sing
whether you like it or not.
-Now, breathe!
-Hey.
Don't be nervous.
Okay, uh....
This is something I kind of started
working on after we met last night.
Just a small-town girl
Livin' in a lonely world
She took the midnight train goin'
Anywhere
A singer in a smoky room
The smell of wine and cheap perfume
For a smile they can share the night
And it goes on and on and on.

Heh. I love it.

It's so beautiful.

I can't believe you wrote that.

How'd it feel?

Uh....

The breathing really helps.

Just a small town girl

Mmm, lonely world

She took the midnight train

Going anywhere

It was actually a bus...

...but I think train sounds better.

What sounds better is you singing it.

Really?

You like me singing?

It's one of the most beautiful voices

I've ever heard.

There you go!

Come on!

No, no, no.

You have to go back to work.

Oh, like, now. Okay.

Right, right. Yep. You got that?

God hates rock 'n' roll!

Go back to church!

Get off the Strip already!

Okay. Okay. Okay.

-Shit. Our opener just dropped out.

-Concrete Ballz?

-In rehab. There are six.

-Both of them?

-Jesus, that band's got a lot of balls.

-Betty Ford has a group rate.

-Think they'll do therapy in pairs?

-Knock it off.

Look, we have to find an opener
in the next two hours.

Don't stress, man.

We'll work this out together.

-What about you?

-Yeah, right.

-Why not?

-Not gonna happen.

-Are you kidding me?

-Sherrie!
What about Drew?
Drool are very expensive.
Not Drool. Drew.
What?
Drew? That Drew? Our Drew?
-He's better than Concrete Ballz.
-Good point.
-Concrete Ballz are very heavy.
-And he'll do it for free.
Baby, baby, baby.
Come on, nobody cares
about the opening act anyway.
-No offense.
-None taken.
Dennis, come on. What do you say?
Okay.
Call your band.
Guys! Guys!
We're opening up for Arsenal.
Doesn't anyone just wanna work
in the bar industry anymore?
-Dennis. Thank you.
-You're welcome.
-We're gonna blow you away.
-You're gonna blow me, all right.
Three songs. No covers. I need you guys
to be amazing tonight so start drinking...
...now.
-I love you--
-Shh!
Just go up there and kill it.
You're gonna be amazing. Go!
Go! Go.
Go on!
Well, kiss him goodbye.
What do you mean?
The spotlight doesn't just light them up.
It makes us disappear.
You'll see.
Sayin' "I love you"
Is not the words
I want to hear from you
It's not that I want you

"More Than Words" by Extreme

Not to say, but if you only knew
How easy
It would be to show me how you feel
More than words
Is all you'd have to do
To make it real
Then you wouldn't have to say
That you love me
'Cause I'd already know
-Hey, I'm gonna take my break.
-Okay.
Excuse me, sunshine.
Testing. Testing.
I have an adequately sized,
uncircumcised penis.
Penis. Penis.
-And smashing set of balls.
-Okay, I think--
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa!
Say again, whoa!
What are you doing?
The mike's not prepped yet.
Right. Now it's ready.
Thanks.
Cowboys.
Sorry, guys.
Drew...
...I can see you're nervous.
Pretend like nobody's watching you.
You know? Connect with something powerful
and emotive deep down.
In my case, that's Little Lonny.
In your case,
it might be something different.
Just imagine yourself completely alone
with something that you love.
Okay.
How I love the way you move
And the sparkle in your eyes
There's a color deep inside them
Like a blue suburban sky
I don't need to be the king of the world
As long as I'm the hero
-Of this little girl

"Heaven" by Warrant

-Ooh, ooh, ooh, yeah
-Heaven isn't too far away
-Heaven isn't too far away
-Closer to it every day
-Closer to it every day
No matter what your friends say
-I know it we're gonna find a way
-More than words
-Is all you have to do to make it real
-You have to do to make it real
-Then you wouldn't have to say
-Then you wouldn't have to say
-Heaven isn't too far away
-Heaven isn't too far away
Heaven isn't too far away
More than words
Yeah, heaven isn't too far away
More than words
'Cause I'd already
Know
Sayin' "I love you"
You beautiful bastard.
Stacee!
Stacee!
Everybody, listen up!
This place is about to become a sea
of sweat, ear-shattering music and puke.
So let's get moving.
Paul! Ha-ha.
You're early.
Actually, I told him the gig was last night,
so technically he's a day late. Don't tell him.
Work, work, work.
Yes, you're on the air.
Hey, Stacee, you made it.
Hey Man.
Yeah. Hey, man.
No, this...
...is Hey Man.
Oh. Uh....
Right.
Hey Man.
Whoa! Whoa!
Thank you so much for doing this....

You and me.

Uh-huh.

You and me.

We're sole survivors.

Even the cockroaches got burned
by the fallout, but not us.

It's great to see your face-bone again.

-Now let's burn this place to the ground.

-Yes.

Right on, brother. Rock 'n' roll.

No. When I'm done, we literally need
to burn this place to the ground.

Otherwise the fire phoenix gets trapped.

Yes, I suppose so.

Ha-ha. It's a joke. I'm kidding, man.

I mean, of course, you're not really gonna
burn the place down to the ground, right?

No.

You can't trap a fire phoenix.

I mean, that'd be crazy, right?

It would be. Yeah.

I mean, seriously...

...tonight, I am gonna light
this place on fire...

...for you...

...my rock 'n' roll brother.

-Uhn.

-Sherrie!

Sherrie. Sherrie.

-You okay?

-Ow.

-What happened?

-You passed out.

I saw Stacey Jaxx. Oh, my God.

I'm so embarrassed. Oh, my Go--

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

They're gonna be fainting
around you too in no time.

Here we go.

Hey, Stacey. I got someone

I'd like you to meet, man.

This is Constance Sack. Rolling Stone.

Stacey?

You in there, man? Ha-ha-ha.
Say, superstar, rise and shine.
Constance Sack. Rolling Stone.
Stones.
-Good.
-The Rolling Stones?
Where's Mick?
No. The magazine.
She's a reporter.
She's here to do the big story about
you going solo, brother.
-Paul, I--
-Okay.
-Look, Paul, I--
-Hey, hey.
Be yourself.
Superstar, right? Okay, you know what?
I'm gonna leave you two alone,
go return some phone calls.
Play nice!
It's a pleasure to finally meet you.
Oh, my God! Oh, my God!
I love you, Stacee Jaxx!
No! I love you! I love you!
Okay.
-Five minutes.
-Fi--?
Oh, God. Okay.
Five minutes and go.
Okay. Stacee Jaxx,
back at The Bourbon--
No, no, no. No.
Now go.
Uh-- At The Bourbon, where it all started.
Your first album Stick Meat gave birth
to some of rock's greatest anthems.
And now a solo career. Why now?
Well, ahem...
...I think....
I think due to the changing nature
of the music industry...
...the change in cultural trends...
...and when you think of
blah-blah-blah and blah-blah-blah.

--you make sure that you wanna take in
blah-blah-blah. Ha-ha.

-Okay.

-Four minutes.

You know, some people have said that
you've become quite difficult to work with.

That you're constantly late, you're
reclusive, sometimes even nonsensical.

I wanna ask you this:

Have these people even met themselves?

Well, I'm talking about your band.

Let me tell you something.

I know me better than anyone...

...because I live in here.

-Eight minutes.

-You just said four.

-Three.

-But it--

Do you think that it's possible...

...that you've shut out or alienated
so many people...

...that you had no other option
but to go solo?

You gotta be true to the muse. Hey Man.

Scotch me, little buddy.

And who is your muse? Ahem.

Right.

Fine.

-Born Steven Jackson in Detroit, Michigan.

-Are we out?

Raised by a single mom, Doris,
now deceased.

Dropped out of Woodrow Wilson High
in 11th grade.

Your first concert was Aerosmith.

When you were 17, you hitchhiked to L.A.
with your high school sweetheart.

Remember her?

No comment?

Hmm?

Two minutes.

Did I hit a nerve?

Aerosmith? Detroit?

High school sweetheart?

Jenny Anderson. Your first love.
And your last hit single, "I'm gonna rock you
in your mouth," it was written about her.
Record sold 100 million copies.
And that record
was produced about eight years ago.
Some people say
you've sold out since then.
I sell out all right.
Every seat, every stadium I ever play.
Yeah, and yet, creatively,
you've come to a standstill.
You've been in and out of the studio
for the past, what? Two years?
And no results. Nothing.
Time.
You know, you're not so weird.
You're just another lonely man
with many regrets.
I said time. You can go now.
Final question.
What happens when you realize
you can't get rid of Stacee Jaxx?
You have no idea what it's like to be me.
Well, then here's your chance.
What's it like to be the Stacee Jaxx?
It's all the same "Wanted Dead or Alive"
Only the names will change
Every day it seems we're wastin' away
Another place
Where the faces are so cold
I drive all night just to get back home
I'm a cowboy
On a steel horse I ride
I'm wanted
Dead or alive
Wanted
Dead or alive
Sometimes I sleep
Sometimes it's not for days
The people I meet
Always go their separate ways
Sometimes you tell the day
By the bottle that you drink

Ben Jovi

And times when you're alone
All you do is think
Dalai Lama.
I'm a cowboy
On a steel horse I ride
I'm wanted
Wanted
Dead or alive
Wanted
Wanted
Dead or alive
Stacee! Stacee! Stacee! Stacee! Stacee!
Oh, and I ride
Stacee! Stacee! Stacee!
Oh, when I walk these streets
A loaded six string on my back
I play for keeps
'Cause I might not make it back
I've been everywhere
Still standing tall
I've seen a million faces
And I've rocked them all
I'm a cowboy
On a steel horse I ride
I'm wanted
Wanted
Dead or alive
Well, I'm a cowboy
I got the night on my side
I'm wanted
Wanted
Dead or alive
And I ride
Dead or alive
I still drive
-Dead or alive
-Dead or alive
I'm Stacee.
Sherrie.
When my hamster died...
...your music really helped me through.
You have such a perky...
...heart.
Thank you.

Do me a favor.

Sure.

There's a cut-glass bottle of Scotch
in the limo.

Bring it to my dressing room?

Right away.

Sherrie.

-Where were you?

-I just met Stacee again.

And I didn't even faint.

Wait, wait. Where are you going?

I gotta go grab something for Stacee.

Wait. I want you to be here when I go on.

Oh, yeah, of course.

Now, Patricia, this is the third night
in a row that you've been here.

-Why so passionate?

-Well, Mitch, this has to end.

We're calling on anyone with children
to join forces with us...

...and show up here every night...

...until the doors of these places
are closed for good.

Stacee Jaxx can wreck his own life.

But when it comes to raping...

...the ears of our children
with this poison...

-...we have to fight!

-Well, they--

Rock 'n' roll is the only freedom
we have.

Stacee Jaxx is God!

Rock 'n' roll forever! Wiah!

Sniff the mike. Whoo!

I'm walking here! Whoo!

Okay, great interview.

I hope you got everything.

-You're not a cowboy.

-Why don't you tell me what I am?

-You're a man-child stuck in a rut.

-I love it when you talk dirty.

You used to be great. But whatever
made you that way, it's gone.

That's right. Give it to me rough.

You're another rocker
asleep at the wheel...
-...singing songs you wrote 10 years ago.
-Okay, lady.
As long as you've got this manager
keeping you on the road...
...and doping you up with girls and booze
and million-dollar record deals...
...he's gonna keep you asleep
and drive your career off a cliff.
-Line crossed. Let's go, sweetheart.
-Don't touch me.
You used to write great songs.
Where are they now?
You know what? I'm calling your editor.
Close friend of mine, by the way.
-Rolling Stone magazine.
-Jann Wenner's office.
Get out.
My words exactly.
This interview is over.
No, no, no. Not her.
You.
All of you.
Copy that. Everybody out.
No, no, no.
Not you too, Hey Man.
We'll do the next one together, all right?
All right?
Come on, don't be like that.
We'll do the next one together.
I promise. Okay?
You know, I think you get
this sense of entitlement...
...due to the fact that you're a rock god.
But it's not real.
It's not love.
No.
It's not love.
Then what is it?
Off the record?
Sex.
And other people's projections
of what they want me to be.

Of what you and all your readers
want me to be.

Sex.

And it keeps me from going out...

...and getting the one thing
that could save me.

But I can't have that now.

I'm a slave to rock 'n' roll.

I am searching for the perfect song...

...the perfect sound that will
make you wanna live forever.

Like I said

I know me better than anyone
because I live in here.

And no one else can.

I can.

I gotta take a little time

A little time to think things over

I better read between the lines

In case I need it when I'm older

Ooh, ahh, ahh

In my life

There's been heartache and pain

I don't know

If I can face it again

Can't stop now

I've traveled so far

To change this lonely life

-I wanna know what love is

-I wanna know what love is

-I want you to show me

-I want you to show me

-I wanna feel what love is

-I wanna feel what love is

-I know you can show me

-I know you can show me

I'm gonna take a little time

A little time to look around me

I've got nowhere left to hide

It looks like love has finally found me

In my life

There's been heartache and pain

I don't know

If I can face it again

"I want to know what love is" Foreigner

I can't stop now
Hey, man, have you seen Sherrie? Blon--?
Drew? Hey, Drew, showtime.
Come on. Stop fanning around.
Let's talk about love
I wanna know what love is
Love that you feel inside
I want you to show me
I'm feelin' so much love
I wanna feel what love is
No
You just cannot hide
I know you can show me
Yeah
Ooh, ooh, ooh
I wanna know what love is
Let's talk about love
I want you to show me
I wanna feel it too
-I wanna feel what love is
-I wanna feel it too
And I know, and I know
-I want you to show me
-And I know, and I know
And I know
Oh, oh, oh
Oh, yeah.
Okay.
That....
That....
That...
...can be on the record.
Oh, my God.
This was a mistake.
Wait.
Hey, wait.
Stacee! Stacee! Stacee!
Can't wait to see the article.
Oh. Oh, my God. Oh, my God. I'm so sorry.
-I didn't mean to do that.
-It's okay.
Just leave it.
Please.
Quieten down, please, you hot fecund

soup of estrogen and testosterone.
I need you to manage
your expectations...
...and please welcome to the stage for
their debut here at The Bourbon Rooms...
...the brilliant--
Bring on the rock!
Drew.
What's the name of your band, mate?
Wolfgang Von Colt.
Come on, Arsenal, let's go!
-And you're sticking with that, are you?
-Yeah.
Come on!
Please welcome to the stage
the very poorly titled...
...Wolfgang Van Colt!
-Von Colt!
-It's not an improvement.
Wolfgang Von Colt.
I can't believe that just happened.
Thank you. Thanks.
No, no, no. Thank you.
Come on!
Psst. Drew.
Drew.
Ladies and gentlemen...
...please resurrect your enthusiasm...
...one final time for...
...Wolfgang Von Colt!
Drew! Oi, Drew!
We want Arsenal!
I wanna rock!
I said
I wanna rock
Rock
I wanna rock
Rock
-I want to rock
-Rock
Turn it down, you say
All I gotta say to you
Is time and time again
I say no

"I Wanna Rock" by Twisted Sister

Oh, no, no, no, no, no
Tell me not to play
All I gotta say to you
When you tell me not to play
I say no
Oh, no, no, no, no, no
So if you ask me why
I like the way I play it
There's only one thing I can say to you
-I wanna rock
-Rock
Go, Drew! You rock!
-I wanna rock
-Rock
-I want to rock
-Rock
Oh, yeah
-I wanna rock
-Rock!
I want to rock
Yeah!
Spring break!
I wanna rock
-Rock, rock
-Rock, rock
I wanna rock
-Rock, rock
-Rock, rock
I want to rock
Drew! Drew! Drew!
Go, Drew!
Whoo! Drew, baby, that was unbelievable!
You were amazing, they totally loved you.
The crowd was totally on their feet.
They loved it.
Drew?
Drew.
Can I help you?
What's wrong?
Why are you mad at me?
I'm not mad.
I'm celebrating a great gig.
Okay. Well, can you at least look at me?
Why should I?

Huh?

I don't need you.

There are hundreds of "yous"
out there. And tonight?

They were all looking at me.

The spotlight.

She was right.

Tell Dennis I quit.

Sherrie!

I wouldn't do that if I were you.

Hey. Paul Gill.

I'm Stacee Jaxx's manager.

-You were fantastic tonight, man.

-Thank you, man. Thank you.

Let her go.

Let me ask you something:

What do Keith Richards, Jimmy Page...

...and Stacee Jaxx all have in common?

Broken hearts

and very, very long careers.

Now, you want love? Go after her.

You might even find it. Heh, heh.

But I can guarantee you something
much more rare...

...and a lot more fun, man.

Stacee Jaxx and Arsenal!

What is that?

Fame.

Love is like a bomb
Bomb

Love is like a bomb

Huh! Hey!

Huh! Hey-hey!

Huh! Hey!

Huh! Hey!

Huh!

Love is like a bomb, baby

Come and get it on

Livin' like a lover with a radar phone

Lookin' like a tramp

Like a video vamp

Demolition woman

Can I be your man?

Be your man

"Pour Some Sugar On Me" Def
Leppard

Huh!
Razzle 'n' a dazzle 'n' a flash a little light
Television lover, baby, go all night
Sometime, anytime, sugar me sweet
Little Miss Innocent, sugar me
Yeah
-Yeah
-Aah!
C'mon
Take a bottle
Shake it up
Break the bubble
Break it up
Pour some sugar on me
In the name of love
Pour some sugar on me
C'mon, fire me up
Pour your sugar on me
I can't get enough
I'm hot, sticky sweet
Sherrie quit.
And I quit too!
Okay.
Why is everybody quitting today?
Who cares?
This is the greatest night of my life!
You got the peaches
I got the cream
Sweet to taste
Saccharine
'Cause I'm hot, say what
Sticky sweet
From my head
My head to my feet
Do you take sugar
One lump or two
Take a bottle
Take a bottle
Shake it up
Shake it up
-Break the bubble
-Break it up
Break it up
Pour some sugar on me

Ooh
In the name of love
Hey, man.
Did you give my offer some thought?
C'mon, fire me up
Pour your sugar on me
We got a deal.
Pour some sugar on me
Ha-ha. That's my man!
Pour some sugar on me
Get it
Come get it
Pour your sugar on me
Ooh
Pour some sugar on me
Sugar me
Thirty-one thousand,
two hundred and three dollars.
Crisis averted.
Thank you, Stacee Jaxx.
And Stacee Jaxx thanks you.
-Well, hello, Paul.
-Well, hello, Dennis. Lonny.
Now, hold on just a second.
We got 90 percent of the house,
...100 percent of the merch.
That means that Stacee's take
works out to about....
Wait, wait, wait. "Stacee's take"?
Hold on. Add a zero. Add three.
Thirty-one thousand,
two hundred and nine. Correct?
-Yeah.
-Crap.
Crap. We got a problem.
-What problem?
-Well, you owe me six bucks.
Ha-ha-ha. But screw it. Keep it.
I get fussy about singles anyway.
Paul, you told me this was a freebie.
Stacee Jaxx does not take a dump for free.
He took a huge pay cut on this.
You are cutting my throat here!
Don't be so pessimistic.

Stacee just put you guys back on the map!

No, no. I put him on the map.

I beg your pardon.

I gave him his first gig.

And I gave him his first million.

Anyway.

Awesome doing business with you, ciao!

Didn't know Paul spoke Italian.

Cryin' on the corner

Waitin' in the rain

I swear I'll never, ever wait again

You gave me your word

But words for you are lies

Darlin', in my wildest dreams

I never thought I'd go

But it's time to let you know

I'm gonna harden my heart

I'm gonna swallow my tears

I'm gonna turn and leave you here

All of my life I've been waitin' in the rain

I've been waiting for a feeling

That never, ever came

It feels so close

But always disappears

Watch it.

Oh, oh, oh

Mm, mm, ah, ah

Oh

Darlin', in your wildest dreams

You never had a clue

But it's time you got the news

I'm gonna harden my heart

Harden your heart

I'm gonna swallow my tears

Swallow your tears, girl

-I'm gonna turn

-Turn

-And leave you here

-Leave you here

Oh, like a candle

Cognac, brandy.

-Oh, no, I don't mix my drinks.

-No, no, no.

This is Cognac.

"Harden My Heart" by Quarterflash

-She's getting you a brandy.
-Here you go, Justice.
-Thank you.
-Now you drink up and dry off.

But remember:

This is just a rest stop.
I need a job.
Do you dance?
You got the best of me
I'm a better singer.
I don't need a singer.
And you're a pretty girl. You wanna
make some real money, you gotta dance.
You also have to be tough too.
And you don't look too tough to me.
I'm tough.
It's not right for everyone, honey.
Hey there.
I can wait tables. I'm good.
Are you sure?
You're bringin' on the heartache
Can't you see
Okay. You start tomorrow.
You said, "Oh, girl
It's a cold world
When you keep it all to yourself
I said, You can't hide
On the inside
All the pain you've ever felt
You better ransom your heart
And, baby, don't look back
'Cause we got nobody else
We're running with the shadows
Of the night
So, baby, take my hand
It'll be all right
Surrender all your dreams to me tonight
They'll come true in the end
I'm gonna harden my heart
-Harden your heart, girl
-I'm gonna swallow my tears
Swallow your tears
I'm gonna turn and leave you

"Shadows of The Night" Pat
Benatar

Darlin', in my wildest dreams
I never thought I'd go
But it's time to let you know
Oh, I'm gonna harden my heart
I'm gonna swallow my tears
I'm gonna turn and leave you here
Whitty.

What if I told you The Bourbon Room
hadn't paid taxes in over a year?

-Why do you ask?

-Because it's true.

They're broke. I am so excited.

I'm gonna call the press.

-Patty-cakes?

-Mm-hm.

I think this whole

"Cleaning up the Strip" thing...

...is gonna be great for the city
and for us.

But you seem to have this issue
with Stacey Jaxx.

I mean, it seems to be really intense.

Well....

-The short answer?

-Mm-hm.

When I was a naive undergrad at UCLA,
I had a roommate.

-Let's just call her Vivian.

-Oh.

One night she was partying innocently
at The Bourbon Room...

...when that two-headed monster
spotted her...

...and lured her into his suite
at the Park Hyatt.

-What?

-For the first time...

...she felt like a woman.

Sure, a handcuffed woman covered in
Cool Whip and Wild Turkey, but still...

...a woman.

Yeah. A woman.

-Well, you can guess what happened next.

-Oh.

His tour bus left L.A.,
taking Stacey Jaxx with it.
And I swore in her honor...
...that I would see him...
...and his sick satanic legacy gone
for good.

That's the short answer?

Yeah.

I don't know where I'm going
But I sure know where I've been

Hanging on the promises
In the songs of yesterday

And I've made up my mind
I ain't wasting no more time

But here I go again

Here I go again

Though I keep searching for an answer

I never seem to find what I'm looking for

Oh, Lord, I pray

You give me strength to carry on

'Cause I know what it means

To walk along the lonely street of dreams

And here I go again on my own

Going down the only road I've ever known

Like a drifter, I was born to walk alone

And I've made up my mind

I ain't wasting no more time

I'm just another heart in need of rescue

Waitin' on love's sweet charity

And I'm gonna hold on

For the rest of my days

'Cause I know what it means

To walk along the lonely street of dreams

And here I go again on my own

Going down the only road I've ever known

Like a drifter, I was born to walk alone

And I've made up my mind

I ain't wasting no more time

But here I go again

Oh, here I go

Here I go again

Here I go

Here I go again

Here I go

"Here I Go Again" by
Whitesnake

Here I go
Here I go
Here I go
Hey. Come on, big fella.
We can sort this out.
What part of "We're screwed"
don't you understand?
What part of "Rock 'n' roll is forever"
don't you understand?
This monument to decadence...
...can't be brought down by a few
plastic bureaucrats in bowler hats.
It's eternal.
I just feel like I've let everyone down.
Not everyone.
What do you mean?
I can't fight this feeling any longer
And yet I'm still afraid to let it flow
What started out as friendship
Has grown stronger
I only wish I had the strength
To let it show
I tell myself that I can't hold out forever
You're not fucking with me, are you?
I said there is no reason for my fear
This is a dream come true.
'Cause I feel so secure
When we're together
You give my life direction
You make everything so clear
And even as I wander
I'm keeping you in sight
You're a candle in the window
On a cold, dark winter's night
-And I'm getting closer
-And I'm getting closer
-Than I ever thought I might
-Than I ever thought I might
-And I can't fight this feeling anymore
-And I can't fight this feeling anymore
-I've forgotten what I started fighting for
-I've forgotten what I started fighting for
It's time to bring this ship into the shore
And throw away the oars forever

"Can't Fight This Feeling"
REO Speedwagon

-'Cause I can't fight this feeling anymore
- 'Cause I can't fight this feeling anymore
- I've forgotten what I started fighting for
- I've forgotten what I started fighting for
- And if I have to crawl upon the floor
- And if I have to crawl upon the floor
Come crashing through your door
- Baby, I can't fight this feelin' anymore
- Baby, I can't fight this feelin' anymore
Hey, boss.

What is it, Chico?
The beer guy is here.
Tell him I'm busy.
Busy falling in love.
Let's go, Donny,
Hey, you okay?
Oh, that? Don't sweat him.
That's just my ex, Donny.
Anyway, how you holding up, baby?
I'd say men are pigs but that'd be
totally unfair to pigs, so....
I gave up a long time ago
trying make men respectable.
There's only one place
you're gonna get respect in this joint.
You got to take that stage over there.
That stage is a pedestal.
And when you're up there,
you're untouchable.
And when you're up there,
you can have it....
Any way you want it
That's the way you need it
Any way you want it
Take Destiny.
She loves to laugh
She loves to sing
She does everything
And Sapphire.
She loves to move
She loves to groove
She loves the lovin' things
All night
Oh, every night

There's one motto here.

So hold tight

-Hold tight

-Baby, hold tight

When it comes to the customer....

She said, "Any way you want it

That's the way you need it

Any way you want it"

She said, "Any way you want it

That's the way you need it

Any way you want it"

Gentlemen, I bring you your next star.

Paul, you know I love you,

but it's a pass.

Shh.

Rock is dead, but the pop thing's hot.

Hold on

Hold on

Does he rap?

Any way you want it

That's the way you need it

Any way you want it

Any way

Any way you want it

That's the way you need it

Any way you want it

Oh, she said, "Any way you want it

That's the way you need it

Any way you want it"

-Any way you want it

-That's the way you need it

Any way you want it

Any way

Any way you want it

That's the way you need it

Any way you want it

Any way

Any way you want it

That's the way you need it

Any way you want it

That's the way you need it

Any way you want it

Any way

Any way you want it

"Any Way You Want It" Journey

That's the way you need it
Any way you want it
Any way
Any way you want it
That's the way you need it
Any way you want it
h, she said, "Any way you want it
That's the way you need it
Any way you want it"
Mark. And play back.
You got silky sheets
Baby, put me underneath
I'm your undercover love

Oh, oh, oh, oh

-I'm your undercover love

-Paul!

Cut! Cut! Cut!

This is the stupidest thing

I've ever done. I can't do it.

What's your name, Joshy-Z?

I'm trying to make you look cool.

I want you to look funky fresh.

But you have to let not suck the next take.

Back to one, everyone!

-I think we should take five, you know?

-First good idea I've had all day.

Take five, everyone!

This feels all wrong, Paul.

I'm telling you, this pop-band shit
is where everything is headed.

Just trust me. You're working
with top, classy talent here.

Paul, I am Wolfgang Von Colt.

Not Joshy-Z, nor the Z-Guyz.

No, you are not the Z-Guyz either.

You are the Z-Guyeezz.

Double the E, double the Z,
double the flavor.

-The "flavor"?

-Yes.

What does Z even stand for?

Nothing. You're over-thinking it.

Names that end in Z are very popular
with the 14-to-21 year olds.

Boy Band Song
"Undercover Love"

We did a whole focus group on this.
Numbers don't lie.
I don't want to do it, man.
I have had it up to here
with your negativity, Joshy-Z.
-And you know, Donny-Z and Kevy-Z and--
-Joey.
--Joey-Z, they're not too thrilled either.
Think about them, huh?
Don't you think at least we should do
a gig before we shoot a music video?
-You want a gig? Mm.
-Yeah.
Watch this. Brat.
-Bourbon.
-Dennis. Paul Gill.
Paul, you got a lot of nerve calling me.
Okay, okay, okay.
I was a douche. I get it. But listen close.
I'm gonna make it up to you.
I'm listening.
I need The Bourbon tonight.
I will pack the place.
I will get the whole town
to come out for it.
Who's playing?
Stacee Jaxx.
His first solo gig. And I've got a new act
that you are gonna love.
And this time,
every cent goes to the house.
-Every cent.
-Every last penny...
...brother,
of which there will be millions!
Do we trust him?
Yes.
Okay, deal.
You're one lucky son of a gun.
See you tonight.
-Louise, call the PR department.
-Paul, I need--
Shush. I'm rolling here..
Call the PR department and tell them I

need to buy all the advertising blocks...
...on every drive-time radio station
this afternoon.

Stacee's Rolling Stone cover.

It hit the newsstands an hour ago.

How bad is it?

Stacee Jaxx.

On the phone?

Oh, my God.

Hey.

Hey Man.

Man.

Stace. Seriously--Oh!

Can you please ask Hey Man

to just chill for a second or two, man?

Yes, I'm on that. Don't worry about it.

I just tore the editors a new one.

You should've heard me, man. Ho, ho, ho.

-Shit!

-Page 68, second paragraph.

-Read.

-Okay.

Okay.

Ah....

Uh....

"Stacee Jaxx will tell you
he's a cowboy...

...but lately he seems more like a...
...'boy-cow' who's gotten lost
in the herd.

But the biggest danger is the man
who seems to be calling the shots...

...his manager Paul Gill,
a man so oily...

...Exxon might want to reconsider
buying stock in him."

Okay, well, you know,
that could also mean that I'm real slick.
Because I am. There's no such thing
as bad publicity.

Ha-ha-ha. Okay. That was funny.

"Even the legendary Bourbon Room
isn't sacred.

This reporter learned that Stacee Jaxx

and Paul Gill...
...walked away with virtually
all of the night's proceeds."
Whoa.
That part.
Is that true?
It's not not true.
It's more more true...
...than I would perhaps prefer.
Okay, yes, I'll be clearer about that.
No more bullshit. No more bullshit.
I wish that the true part were falser.
You know what, man?
Let's start all over again.
Let's turn that frown
the right way around.
What do you say, sad clown?
I got something for you. One-of-a-kind.
Ha-ha.
One hundred and fifty years old.
Priceless.
Look, so what if some...
...hack journalist
took some potshots at you?
All your life,
you have wanted to be number one.
You still are number one.
Let's toast to that.
And I'm telling you,
I'm gonna get that reporter fired...
...so please don't dump that on my head.
I would never do that.
Mm.
It's priceless.
Mm-hm.
You're fired, Paul.
Hey Man.
It just goes to show
that sin doesn't sell anymore.
And if Dennis Dupree
can't pay by midnight, well....
Then it looks like Los Angeles
will be able to reclaim the real estate.
Drew?

Sherrie. What are you doing here?

Sorry. I didn't realize

you owned the place.

Wait, wait, wait.

How are you?

I'm great. Quitting The Bourbon was
the best thing that could've happened.

Yeah.

Me too.

What are you wearing?

Oh, uh.... This is kind of my new look...
...for the band I'm in.

The Z-Guyeezz.

-Yeah, I've heard of them.

-No.

Not them.

The Z-Guyeezz.

Double the E, double the Z,
double the flavor.

And we're playing The Bourbon tonight.

Huh.

How about you? You singing?

No...

...I'm dancing.

Aerobics. I teach aerobics.

Ever see Stacee again?

-What do you mean?

-After your big fling.

-Wait, you think he and I--?

-I don't think.

I saw you.

-What did you see?

-The night I played.

You were walking out of his dressing room,
he was zipping up his pants.

You think I slept with Stacee Jaxx?

You didn't?

I was in love with you.

Drew....

L.A. really isn't working out for me.

It's time to go home.

-Sherrie....

-What?

Sherrie, can we please just start over?

-Pretend nothing--

-I'm a stripper at the Venus Club.

I'm in a boy band.

You win.

No, wait.

Here.

This is something Wayne,

Ziff and I recorded last week.

That song I was writing.

The one about us.

Please...

...listen to it.

Sure.

We both lie silently still

In the dead of the night

Although we both lie close together

We feel miles apart inside

Was it something I said

Or something I did?

Did my words not come out right?

Though I tried not to hurt you

Though I tried

-But I guess that's why they say

-But I guess that's why they say

-Every rose has its thorn

-Every rose has its thorn

Just like every night has its dawn

Just like every cowboy

Sings his sad, sad song

Every rose has its thorn

Yeah, it does

Though it's been a while now

I can still feel so much pain

Like a knife that cuts you

The wound heals

But the scar

That scar remains

Yes, it does

I know I could have saved our love

That night

If I'd known what to say

Instead of making love

We both made our separate ways

And now I hear you've found

Somebody new
And that I never meant
That much to you
To hear that tears me up inside
And to see you cuts me like a knife
Oh, every
Every rose has its thorn
Oh, oh
Just like every night has its dawn
Just like every cowboy
Sings his sad, sad song
Yeah
Every rose has its thorn
Oh, yeah
Every rose has its thorn
Asshole!
Swingin' so hard,
Forgot to lock the door
In walks her daddy,
Standin' six foot four
He said, "You ain't gonna swing
With my daughter no more"
Justice.
Stacee Jaxx. It's been too long.
--a sweet surprise
Tastes so good, make a grown man cry
So you see anything you like?
She's my cherry pie
Put a smile on your face 10 miles wide
Looks so good, bring a tear to your eye
Sweet cherry pie
Sweet cherry pie
How much to make my pain go away?
I just dance.
I like to dance.
Ten thousand.
Why not?
It's early morning, the sun comes out
Last night was shaking and pretty loud
My cat is purring and scratches my skin
So what is wrong with another sin?
The bitch is hungry, she needs to tell
So give her inches and feed her well
More days to come, new places to go

"Rock You Like A Hurricane"
Scorpions

I've got to leave, it's time for the show
-Here I am, rock you like a hurricane
-Here I am, rock you like a hurricane
My body is burning,
It starts to shout
Desire is coming, it breaks out loud
Lust is in cages still storm breaks loose
I just have to make it with someone I choose
-The night is calling, I have to go
-The night is calling, I have to go
The wolf is hungry
-He runs the show
-He runs the show
He's licking his lips, he's ready to win
-On the hunt tonight for love at first sting
-On the hunt tonight for love at first sting
-Here I am, rock you like a hurricane
-Here I am, rock you like a hurricane
Are you ready, baby?
-Here I am, rock you like a hurricane
-Here I am, rock you like a hurricane
Rock you like a hurricane
-Here I am, rock you like a hurricane
-Here I am, rock you like a hurricane
Come on, come on, come on, come on!
-Here I am, rock you like a hurricane
-Here I am, rock you like a hurricane
-Here I am!
-Here I am!
We don't really want this.
Sherrie? What's wrong, honey?
I'm fine, I'm just a little...
...ruined.
I never should've come to L.A.
You ain't ruined, baby.
But you will be if you stay here.
It's not fame and fortune
you came looking for, Sherrie.
It's love.
And love left this place a long time ago.
Sherrie?
Someone dropped this off for you.
"Sometimes things that are lost
can be found again.

Don't stop believing. Love, Drew."
Rolling Stone. Also, we're closed.
Put Cinderella on the phone.
Are you talking about the fake person
with the stepmother?
She stuck her tongue in my ear.
She blew my world up.
Are you messing with me right now?
Is it someone that is trying to really
freak me out? Because it's working.
This goddess...
...she put a mirror up to Stacey Jaxx.
You're talking about Constance...
...not Cinderella, which--
I guess they sound similar.
Constance Sack.
Constance?
Put her on.
She's not here. She's at The Bourbon...
...in Los Angeles, and she's covering
Stacey Jaxx's first solo gig.
So you can go there and weird her out.
I have a gig?
Are you Stacey Jaxx?
Hello?
Great. That's not gonna make me feel
like I'm gonna get killed tonight.
People!
We must obey petty bureaucracy.
It's what separates us from the beasts.
Just remember the moves, right?
Remember the attitude.
And make sure that those
head mikes are turned off.
God forbid anyone hears
your actual voices.
Oh! Nice of you to show.
I don't understand why we can't sing.
It's better this way.
Less chance to screw up, right?
Wait. We're not singing?
All we gotta do is mouth the words.
-So we're lip-synching?
-Just relax.

It's done all the time.
Pretty soon everyone will do it.
Does Dennis know?
Don't worry your pretty little head about
Dennis. I'm saving his ass tonight.
All right, fellas? Come on. Let's go.
Everybody in.
As you can see,
this club is totally out of control.
But, Mitch, this ends tonight.
It's time we wiped the filth off the streets
of this great city.
The people of Los Angeles
are not gonna take it anymore.

-Powerful words from Patricia Whitmore.

-You! Mrs. Mayor!

Why are you so uptight?

You lot need to feel the wind of change.

Blow the cobwebs out of your gussets.

We built this city on rock 'n' roll.

-Right?

-Yeah, we did!

We built this city

My grandfather's father

built this city!

We built this city on rock 'n' roll

Built this city

How dare you!

We built this city on rock 'n' roll

Who counts the money

Underneath the bar?

Who rides the wrecking ball

Into our guitars?

Don't tell us you need us

'Cause we're the ship of fools

Lookin' for America

Crawlin' through your schools

We're not gonna take it

We built this city

No, we ain't gonna take it

We built this city

We're not gonna take it anymore

We built this city on rock 'n' roll

-We're not gonna take it

"We Built This City" Starship

"We're Not Gonna Take It"
Twisted Sister

-We built this city
-No, we ain't gonna take it
-We built this city
We're not gonna take it anymore
We built this city on rock 'n' roll
Stacee Jaxx has just arrived...
...for his first solo show!
It seems history is no doubt about to be
made again at The Bourbon Room tonight!
Hey!
No! No, no!
Where is the police
when you need them?
Hey, you! Hey, policeman!
You can't let him in there!
Here, hold this.
Stacee, excited about the show?
Thank you.
Are you listening to me?
What are you doing?
He can't go in there!
Oh, God!
You stay away from me.
Patty.
Your tits have held up well.
Oh, my God!
Mitch, this is breaking news.
I have in my hand an album.
It's Arsenal 1977 Live at The Bourbon.
Great album, incidentally.
If I could just draw your attention
to the inside sleeve.
This photograph here of a nymph...
...apparently about to gargle
Stacee Jaxx's body porridge...
...is none other than Patricia Whitmore,
the mayor's wife!
Ooh!
This is our Watergate!
Rock lives on!
You saw it here live.
The mayor's wife appears to be an
ex-groupie of none other than Stacee Jaxx!
Sweet baby Jesus.

Stop! You cut that!
Hey, look. It's Stacee Jaxx.
I'm telling you, it's Stacee Jaxx.
I'm telling you.
-Sure?
-Oh, my God.
Oh, my God!
Oh, my God! Stacee!
Yeah.
I'm sorry about the article.
Open your mouth.
Uh, uh, uh....
Ladies and gentlemen...
...you foul and pestilent congregation
of vapors...
...we're gonna have a fantastic
evening tonight!
Later, performing on this stage,
we'll see Stacee Jaxx!
But before that...
...we will have the less important...
...but somehow worthwhile...
...making their debut here on
The Bourbon stage, the....
"Z-Guyeezz."
Give it a whirl, I suppose.
Rock 'n' roll!
So may I introduce to you...
...the guys you've known
for all these days:
The Z-Guyeezz.
-Donny-Z.
-Kevy-Z.
Me, Joey-Z.
And Joshy-Z.
You
Me
One day we can have a baby
Is that Drew?
I'm afraid it is, yes.
Oh, my God, I just threw up.
Where?
In my pants.
Out of my ass.

Hey, they're lip-synching!
Baby girl, I wanna still be
-Who is this?
-The Z-Guyeezz.
Great, right?
Where is Stacee?
Really sick.
Hush
Hush
Baby, we've been talking too much
I just wanna stare at your....
Shh
Put my hands around it
Squeeze, touch
Thank you.
Don't rush
Hey! Ho, ho, ho!
What the hell are you doing?
Sherrie, I'm so sorry.
-Drew, stop! Shh.
-I should have trusted you.
It's okay. It's okay.
You can't go home.
Your new band sucks.
And, yeah, this? This has gotta go.
Heh. Whoo.
You got L-O-V
Baby, I could be the E
Hey, Joshy-Z, if all these people
want refunds, my club is closed.
Oh, oh
Yeah
Wait.
Just wait right here.
Hi.
I want my money back!
Oh, Hey Man.
Oh, my God.
"I owe you this.
Your rock brother, Stacee."
God! That Stacee Jaxx.
He gives until it hurts..
Whoa.
That's right, get him off!

Hey!
You little shit.
You just destroyed your one shot.
I didn't destroy anything, Paul.
I took a stand.
Really? For what?
Rock 'n' roll, baby.
Oh, rock is over, pal.
Rock is dead!
Ha-ha-ha. That's right, Hey Man,
rock will never die.
Aah!
All right! Well, now that that's over...

...are you guys ready to rock?
This is a very special song,
written by a very special person.

Just a small-town girl

"Don't Stop Believin'" Journey

Livin' in a lonely world
She took the midnight train
Goin' anywhere
Just a city boy
Born and raised in South Detroit
He took the midnight train
Goin' anywhere
A singer in a smoky room
The smell of wine
And cheap perfume
For a smile they can share the night
It goes on and on and on and on
-Strangers waitin'
-Strangers waitin'
-Up and down the boulevard
-Up and down the boulevard
-Their shadows searching in the night
-Their shadows searching in the night
-Streetlights, people
-Streetlights, people
-Livin' just to find emotion
-Livin' just to find emotion
-Hidin' somewhere in the night
-Hidin' somewhere in the night
Workin' hard to get my fill
Everybody wants a thrill
Payin' anything to roll the dice

Just one more time
Some will win
Some will lose
-Some were born to sing the blues
-Some were born to sing the blues
Oh, the movie never ends
It goes on and on and on and on
Hey, put your hands together, Los Angeles,
for the man who wrote this song...
...and my very special friends...
...Von Colt!
-Strangers waitin'
-Strangers waitin'
-Up and down the boulevard
-Up and down the boulevard
-Their shadows searching in the night
-Their shadows searching in the night
-Streetlights, people
-Streetlights, people
-Livin' just to find emotion
-Livin' just to find emotion
-Hidin' somewhere in the night
-Hidin' somewhere in the night
Don't stop believin'
Yeah, hold on to that feelin'
Streetlights, people
Don't stop believin'
Hold on to that feelin'
Streetlights, people
Don't stop believin'
Oh, hold on
Hold on to that feelin'
Streetlights, people
Don't stop

