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# Prey for Rock & Roll

By Cheri Lovedog

**Woman's voice:**

all I ever wanted to be  
was a rock and roll star.  
# Sixty-one-forty-one  
Afton Place was my home #  
# Junkies, thieves,  
rednecks and queens #  
# Rock and roll stars  
and freaks like me #  
# I tried to leave this place  
where the sidewalk screams #  
# And the courtyard's  
littered with broken dreams #  
# But those dirty, dirty angels  
keep on pulling me in #  
# Promising me more  
of nefarious sin #

**Woman's voice:**

seventh grader from the Valley  
when I had my first  
cool experience.  
My boyfriend, Johnny Miller,  
had his dad drive us to see  
Ike and Tina Turner  
at the Hollywood Bowl.  
Oh, man.  
She scared the shit out of me!  
It was the most bad-assed thing  
I'd ever seen a woman do.  
Suddenly, the idea of becoming  
a teacher or a nurse lost its edge.  
Sorry, Mom.  
# 35 flew by  
near Sunset and Vine #  
# I'm not getting any younger #  
# Hollywood is killing me,  
this town's a motherfucker #  
# I tried to leave this place  
where the sidewalk screams #  
# And the courtyard's  
littered with broken dreams #  
# But those dirty, dirty angels

keep on pulling me in #  
# Promising me more  
of my very sin #

**Woman's voice:**

I'd got my driver's license,  
I grabbed my fake I.D.,  
jumped into my Pinto,  
and headed straight over  
the hill to Hollywood.  
I saw the band X at The Whiskey,  
and I fell in love with Punk Rock.  
I left that show knowing  
I had to have my own band.  
So I got an electric guitar,  
learned three chords,  
and cons some chicks  
into starting a band with me.  
That was 20 years ago.  
Today, and God knows how many  
bands later, not much has changed.  
Not the gigs, not the clubs,  
not the money.  
# I tried to leave this place  
where the sidewalk screams #  
# And the courtyard's  
littered with broken dreams #  
# But those dirty, dirty angels  
keep on pullin' me in #  
# Promising me more  
of nefarious sin #  
( crowd shouting )  
# My favorite sin #  
Tonight, we made  
\$13.50 each.  
Not even enough  
to support my eyeliner habit.  
Lady with a baby,  
make a hole.  
And what lucky ladies get to share  
this glamorous life with me?  
Let me introduce you to my band.  
That's Faith. Guitar God by night,  
guitar teacher by day.

Oh, man,  
she loves her guitar!  
I think she only stopped sleeping with  
it when she started sleeping with Sally.  
That's Sally.  
Hmm, let's see.  
If Shirley Temple and Keith Moon  
had a love child,  
she would definitely be Sally.  
You need help with that, missy?  
Oh, yeah.  
That beautiful mess is Tracy.  
Lucky for her,  
she's a trust fund baby.  
And a great bass player.  
What did I say about the feet?  
Oh, this is Jessica.  
Hey.  
It must be Friday.  
- Hey.  
- Am I going to see you later on?  
Yeah. I'll call you.  
Jacki...  
don't say you're going to call me  
unless you're going to call me, okay?  
- I will see you later.  
- All right.  
See you later.  
Let me just finish up here.  
Fine.  
Chicks.  
I spent over 20 years living, breathing,  
fucking, sucking, eating, sleeping,  
and dreaming  
all things rock and roll.  
It never occurred to me  
that I might not make it.  
So, did I really want to be  
slugging it out in little clubs,  
still chasing that rock and roll dream  
when I was 45?  
50? How about fucking 60?  
I mean, at what point  
do I become a joke?

In two days I'll be 40.  
And surprise, surprise,  
I ain't no rock star.  
I could quit and become the bitter old  
bitch who devoted her whole life  
to rock and roll  
and never succeeded...  
or I could stick with it and become the  
bitter old bitch who refused to give up.  
Hmm, bitter rock chick  
in a band?  
Bitter rock chick without a band?  
Either way, bitter and rock and roll  
end up together.

**Woman :**

Go this way.  
This, if--  
( laughs )  
Hello, lesbian lovers.  
Hello,  
lady who kept make up from mind.  
Now here's a foolish question.  
- Is Tracy here yet?  
- ( chuckles )  
Hello. Testes, one,  
two, three. Testes.  
# Ooga-chaka, ooga-ooga,  
ooga-chaka, ooga-ooga #  
# Ooga-chaka, ooga-ooga #  
# I can't stop this feeling #  
# Deep inside of me #  
# Girl, you just don't realize #  
- # What you do to me #  
- Fuck!  
# When I hold you  
in my arms so tight #  
Shut up!  
# Hooked on a feeling #  
I cannot believe you know  
the words of that fucking song!  
Tracy, while we were waiting for you,  
we took a vote.  
We're now a cover band.

Cover this, dude.

Whore.

I'm like Cher.

Hey!

# That you're in love with me #

Yeah, yeah.

No way, man. I read the pamphlets.

Today's marijuana,

tomorrow I'm a crack whore.

**Faith:**

I know this girl.

She had a labia reduction.

Man.

Ladies and gentlemen, are you ready  
for that cheap rock and roll sound?

The band you've been trying

to avoid all your life,

the fucking worst band

in the history of rock and roll.

- Would you mind not fucking--

- I'm embarrassed to introduce--

All right, Nick, Nick, enough.

Here, smoke pot and shut up, dude.

Think this could wait

until after rehearsal?

- I don't think so.

- I don't think so. We'll be right back.

**- Nick:**

- Come on, man, leave 'em alone.

It's the rock and roll sound.

- How much?

- 200, baby.

Oh, that's what I'm talking about.

I must've been a good boy.

You look so good.

God, you're so beautiful!

Why don't you

come with me, huh?

You don't need to practice.

They can practice. Quit.

- C'mon, Nick.

- Come with me in Mexico.

I can't, they'll kill me.  
I got to stay.  
Go. Get out.  
At least come into the bathroom with me.  
I want to show you something.  
Don't be  
a fucking pig, dude, c'mon.  
Go.

- Yo!  
- Shut your hole!  
# She says bad luck  
follows me around #  
# All my friends  
have let me down #  
# I don't need this dress,  
these drugs, this town #  
# These people, this party,  
yeah, it's bringin' me down #  
Buen dia, compadre.

- How are you doing?  
- Good, good, good.  
Real good.  
# She says  
I never used to live like this #  
# I had it all  
and walked away from it #  
# I don't need these problems,  
this drama, this shit #

**# It's 3:**

and I'm losing my grip #  
# With mouth full of lies  
and heart full of sighs #  
# "Why me, oh Lord,  
why me?" she cries #  
# 'Cause everyone else  
is so fucked up #  
# And everything else  
is so fucked up #  
All the time.  
# And it always finds me,  
it's just my luck #  
# Ms Tweak lives  
in Hollywood #

# Looking up at hell  
she thinks she's got it so good #  
# She don't need  
no friends, no family, no man #  
# She don't need nothing, man,  
she don't give a damn #  
# With a mouth full of lies  
and a heart full of sighs #  
# "Why me, oh Lord,  
why me?" she cries #  
# "'Cause everyone else  
is so fucked up" #  
# "And everything else  
is so fucked up" #  
# And it always finds me,  
it's just my luck #  
# She says,  
"Blah, blah, blah" #  
# She says  
nothing at all #  
# She says  
"Blah, blah, blah" #  
# She says  
nothing at all. #  
Look at you.  
I can't believe you didn't tell me  
you were getting out?  
I wanted to surprise you.  
You know that guy?  
Grab my bass, will you?  
Oh, man!  
Who's this guy?  
I don't know, he's kind of  
fucking hot though.  
In an "America's Most Wanted"  
kind of way.  
- Hi! I'm Faith.  
- I'm Animal.  
Animal?  
- I'm Sally's brother.  
- You have a brother?  
Named Animal?  
Wow!  
Well, where you been?



- I was in--  
- He was in college.  
Yeah-- no, he's got lvy League  
written all over him.  
Hey guys, can we just have  
a minute, please?  
- All right.  
- Thanks.  
- I was in prison.  
- Did he just say prison?  
Yes, he did.  
How long and what for?  
Dude, you're not supposed  
to ask that!  
Is there a prison etiquette  
I don't know about?  
I want to make sure he's not a child  
molester, or a rapist.  
Jacki, he's--  
he's my brother.  
They're always  
someone's brother.  
You look friendlier  
in the photos.  
It's nice  
to finally meet you, Jacki.  
What photos?  
Great to finally meet you, Jacki.  
Nick, say hello  
to Sally's brother, Animal.  
- Hey, man.

**- Nick:**

You got a problem, man?  
I don't know. Do I?  
I don't know.  
Do you?  
Stop it, Nick. Splashing  
your testosterone all over the place.  
Shut up, Jack!  
Don't talk to her  
like that, man.  
( whistles, laughing )  
Maybe I should

just come back later, huh?  
I saw a motel a few blocks back.  
It rents by the week.  
Dude, we got an extra room,  
you should totally stay with us.  
Is that okay?  
Sure, yeah.

**Jacki:**

Yeah, it'd be totally cool.  
'Cause if Tracy and Sally  
just play it totally straight,  
and I come in just kind of chugging,  
like really slow, slow, slow, slow.  
Then you'd come in  
with this lead, really slow,  
toom-toom-toom,  
build, build, build,  
then we just slam  
into the chorus.  
- It'll be hot, man.  
- ( vibrator buzzing )  
So shall I start without you?  
I got to go.  
- Uh-huh.  
- Uh-huh. Come here.  
- Turn that thing off.  
- Uh-huh.  
( grunts )  
Love is evil.  
And cruel.

**Radio:**

anotherthing. Ifyourteenager  
is listening to  
the heavy metal music, be warned:  
This could be the first step  
towards renouncing Jesus.  
- Oh my God!  
- What the fuck is that?  
This music is sponsored  
by Satan himself...  
- Ooh, Satan!  
- ( laughs )

...goes hand in hand  
with premarital sex,  
alcoholism,  
addiction to marijuana,  
and in some cases,  
madness.

- Wild madness!

- Oh, God!

( heavy metal music playing )

# So messed up,  
I want you here #  
# In my room,  
I want you here #  
# Now we're gonna be  
face to face #  
# And I'll lay right down  
in my favorite place #  
# But now I wanna  
be your dog #  
# 'Cause now I wanna be  
your dog #  
# 'Cause now I wanna  
be your dog #  
# Well, come on! #  
( phone ringing )  
- ( machine beeps )

- **Man:**

Jacki, It's Chuck  
from Triple Z records.  
Listen, uh, I'm sorry--  
Hey Chuck, what's up?  
I'm not busy, man.  
Yeah, I know about it, it's next month.  
I read it in the Weekly. Why?  
# 'Cause now I'm ready  
to feel your hand #  
That's too bad, man.  
Yeah, I mean, well, you know, I got  
to ask the rest of the band, but...  
that sounds pretty cool.  
Uh-huh.  
Yeah, I'll get back to you, man.  
Cool, thanks. Bye.

What is your problem?

Jesus, that was Chuck!

- I don't care who that was.

- He wanted to tell me--

Like I give a shit?

I got to pee.

- ( door closes )

- Fuck!

**Jacki's voice:**

ofgetting a call like this.

Yes! Yes!

- You're such a dick!

- Just a second!

**Jacki's voice:**

let us fuck this up.

What are you doing?

You know what, fuck you, Jacki

and your band! I don't need this shit!

Jessica, come on, man,

don't be stupid, you're not leaving.

You're so smart?

You don't even know when to apologize!

- Apologize for what?

- For what?!

I'm sorry for picking up the phone

when I was fucking you again!

- Jessica--

- How about, I'm sorry!

I'm sorry for not being at your birthday

'cause of my damn rehearsal!

- You knew about that.

- You never hang out at my house.

You don't take me dancing

to the gay bars 'cause--

- 'cause you hate the music?

- Well, it sucks.

- Fuck the music.

- Okay, I'm sorry, baby, I'm sorry!

Oh, I'm sick of this shit!

I just apologized.

Come on, you know

you don't want to leave!

It's mine!

Jessica!

( door closes )

Fuck.

Ooh! Chuck called!

What the fuck did he want?

He came sniffing around here,  
and then what? Nothing.

- Just listen--

- I don't know. No, Jacki.

- Fuck him, and his faux British accent!

- Faux?

Listen, I know the guy  
is super cheesy but he gets shit done.

Dude, he doesn't even  
fucking return your calls, man.

Maybe he's busy.

That's funny, because when

I don't return

people's telephone calls,  
that means I don't wanna talk to 'em.

- Guys, come on, let her finish.

**- Jacki:**

Okay, you're ready,  
this is great. Now-- well,  
you know the drummer guy,  
from Thrill 13, right?

Well, he O.D.'d.

Wow! Now, that is great  
fucking news, dude.

- (laughter)

- That's not what I meant.

Oh, wait, they're opening  
for X, right?

They were.

And one of the reason's Chuck called,  
he can't promise us anything,  
but he's going to try  
to get us that opening slot.

What? That's fucking great!

Oh, and that's not all.

He wants to take a meeting  
with us on Thursday.

Oh my God! He's going  
to sign us, I know it.  
You are  
the sweetest little angel.  
What, isn't that part  
of the reason that we're in a band?  
- To get signed, and go on tour?  
- Actually, I'm in a band so I get laid.  
Come on, dude, chicks do not need  
to be in a band to get laid.

- **Faith:**

- Nice.

( guitar riffs )

( thumps )

Okay, ready?

( electric guitarplaying )

- What do you think?

- Oh, um--

it-- that wasn't bad.

Yeah!

Okay, but do you remember,  
we were talking about...

the dynamics of a song.

What's that?

Um...

oh, look at--

we're out of time!

- Okay, I'll see you next week, then.

- Yes, cool.

Okay, bye.

Mom, that was really good,  
thank you. It was so good.

Well, after coffee,

you get to open your presents.

- Oh yes, presents!

- I spent a lot of money.

But I got a big question,  
serious question,

I don't see a pony anywhere,  
am I ever going to get a pony?

Every year, I'm promised a pony,  
and every year there's no pony!

Oh, I'll never forget

the look on your face  
when we got you that bike  
that looked like a pony.

- I didn't know that.

- And she named it Lucky.

Did you know she used to put  
carrots in the garage  
hoping that the bike's  
going to eat the carrots?

I loved that bike. One time, I remember  
I came out to play, and it was gone?

- Remember that?

- Somebody stole Lucky?

- I don't remember that.

- No, Dad took it.

Dad hid Lucky to teach me a lesson  
to not leave it out on the front lawn.

- What else is new?

- How can you not remember that?

I came in, I was freaking out,  
screaming and crying,

"Oh my God! Oh my God!

Where's Lucky?"

He said, "If it was up your ass  
so you'd know where he was. "

How about when he used to say,  
"Go get me something to hit you with."

- What was that?

- How lame were we?

Why did we always  
get him a belt?

How genius would it have been,  
if we came with a wet noodle and said,  
"Go ahead, Dad, whale on us."

I wish I had a dollar  
for every time he said,

"Did your mother have  
any kids that lived?"

- Shut up, you, guys.

- How about when he'd give us a bath?

- Our special bath--

- That is enough!

Way to go, Jacki.

I told you, that shit is just not funny.

- You think I don't know that?  
- Yeah.  
( exhales )  
Enough.  
( groans )  
Sorry, Mom.  
I just don't know  
how you and your sister  
can joke and go on like that.  
Well, what are our choices?  
( exhales )  
So, how are things going  
with the band?  
What?  
Nothing.  
They're fine.  
They're good. I mean--  
we'll see.  
We have a small label looking at us.  
Well, that's terrific, isn't it?  
Yeah, we'll see.  
Will they show  
all those tattoos on MTV?  
Mom, I'm gonna keep  
my sleeves over it, all the time.  
Just for you.  
See that?  
There.  
I bet if you got a job  
illustrating books  
instead of people  
they'd provide you with...

**Both:**

medical and dental insurance.  
Well, honey, it's true! What if, God  
forbid, something happens to you!  
- Nothing's gonna happen to me.  
- And you smoke way too much.  
Mom, I smoke just enough.  
Come on, I know you got  
a cake in there somewhere for me.  
Yep.  
I baked your favorite chocolate.



- With marshmallow frosting.

- Yes!

Come on, Mom.

Bring it on!

**Jacki's voice:**

when I was 10, thank God.

Still, a day doesn't go by

when I don't think about him.

After all, he helped make me

the woman I am today. Way to go, Dad!

( electrical buzzing )

- Dude, she is going to be so psyched.

- ( groans )

- She better like it.

- You kidding me?

She's gonna fucking love it.

Nothing says "life-time commitment"

quite like a tattoo.

How's that girl you've been seeing?

What's her name?

Jessica.

How is Jessica doing?

- She dumped me.

- (laughs )

What's wrong with you?

You can't keep no man,

you can't keep no woman--

Sally spells her name

with one "L", right?

Oh, you suck!

**Jacki:**

That's a bitchen shirt, by the way.

Oh, thank you.

It's too bad we missed that whole

riot girl scene by about a butt hair.

- Or 10 years.

- Same thing.

But you know, you did pioneer

that whole "Riot Mom" thing--

that was good.

Oh, happy birthday too,

by the way.

Ow! Shit!

- What?

- Fuck, that hurts!

It's a tattoo, man.

It's got to hurt a little feel to good.

- Come on, now. Don't be a pussy.

- Jeez! You don't do that again.

Do you ever think about quitting?

Quitting what?

Music.

Well, let's pretend I could do something else, which I cannot.

Um... no.

- ( exhales )

- Oh, wait, who's this, who's this?

"We're gonna play

as long as there is an audience, man.

And when there's no audience,

we're gonna play for the bartender!"

I never did that lame-ass gesture.

You're such a dick.

You might as well tattoo that on your forehead.

No, seriously, don't you ever think

about being 50 or 60 years old,

hauling our gear around,

passing out fliers,

fighting with the bookers

and still sweating the rent?

Fuck the rent.

(knocking on door )

Ahem.

- Hello, my angel.

- Hey.

- ( door closes )

- What's up, girl?

- Where's Sally?

- Her room.

- Is Jacki here?

- Uh-uh.

You know, it's these meaningful talks we have...

that just make me feel

so connected to you.

Close your eyes.

Close your eyes.

Open 'em.

- Oh, is it real?

- Yes, it's real!

Ouch!

Jacki just did it today.

Oh, my God, Faith.

Happy anniversary.

Oh, baby, it's so, so beautiful.

I love you so much.

I love you too.

- Let me see it.

- Oh.

You know,

I was noticing something--

something different

about you today.

- Yeah?

- Mm-hmm.

You have this brother.

Hey!

I wanted to tell you about a thousand times, and then he just showed up.

So, what did he do?

Faith, no.

( exhales )

Well,

do you even want him here?

Yeah, I do.

Please don't make me

talk about this right now.

You don't have to talk

about that.

( knocking on door )

(indistinct talking on TV)

You want me to get that?

Hey.

Hey.

- How are you doing?

- Mm-hmm. I'm good.

- I guess I'm gonna finish to get ready.

- Mm-hmm.

He's coming with us?

I thought it was girl's night out.  
Apparently not, dude.  
After the gig,  
let's go do something.  
Can't man.  
Nick's coming over.  
Oh, you suck!  
When was the last time we hung out?  
I miss you, man.  
- Ever since you and Nick got together--  
- Jacki.  
At least I'm in a relationship.  
God forbid you have an emotion or two.  
That's really sweet.  
We're talking  
about you right now, not me.  
No, Jacki.  
It's always about you.  
Right now we're talking about  
your opinion of me.  
No, right now  
it's about my concern for you.  
You mean for the band?  
You got a problem, dude.  
You got to deal with it.  
My only problem is you  
at my ass lately.  
- Is that right?  
- Yeah. Other than that, I'm just fine.  
Tracy, we have a really  
good chance of getting signed.  
I don't want you  
to fuck this up for me.  
- You?  
- Us, you know what I mean.  
Yeah, I know what you mean.  
Are you in this band  
because you like to play,  
or are you still just trying  
to piss off your parents?  
Yeah.  
At least I'm not a 40-year-old wishing  
I was a 25-year-old rock star.  
- Fuck.

- Come on, you guys, let's go!  
Hey, Jacki!  
Happy birthday, dude!  
Is it your birthday?  
Hey, happy birthday! How old are you?  
How big is your dick?  
I'll wait outside.  
( door opens, closes )  
So, what are we going to do  
about Ms. Tweak?  
I never thought I'd long for the days  
when Tracy was just drinking too much.  
You're not thinking  
of kicking her out, are you?  
I'm thinking I'd like to kick her ass  
up and down the street.  
- She's a fucking great bass player.  
- She's a great friend!  
Can you imagine going into the studio  
with that? She'd be a nightmare.  
- Talk to her.  
- I tried. She doesn't want to hear it.  
Do you want to see  
a hot show?  
Nick, how many times do I have  
to tell you I do not like bell peppers?  
Man, I told the guy twice--  
no bell peppers.  
The guy's an asshole.  
Fuck, man!  
( sniffing )  
Mmm!  
The good stuff.  
What is wrong with you?  
- I had a fight with Jacki.  
- Again? Fuck her.  
You think I drink too much?  
Is that what she said?  
You know,  
she could use a fucking drink.  
Don't worry  
about any of that tonight.  
I want you to just relax.  
Have you been thinking

about the fantasy, hmm?  
- We're not doing that tonight, are we?  
- No, no, not tonight, but--  
maybe you've been  
thinking about it, hmm?  
Come on. Get off.  
You promised you wouldn't talk  
about it once I agreed.  
All right,  
what movie did you rent?  
I thought we'd watch one  
of the ones I got last week.  
Right. Porn and pizza.  
That's real romantic.  
How long is that guy  
staying here, anyways?  
- Nick, don't start, man.  
- No, I'm just asking-- how long?  
And don't pick a fight  
with him either, all right?  
Oh, yeah? And why is that?  
Because he's been in prison,  
and has lots of tattoos?  
I'm so scared.  
No. Because it's stupid,  
and pointless, that's why.  
God, why do guys  
always have to fight?  
Because we're men.  
Manly men.  
And that's what men do.  
They already fucking hate you.  
Can you please not make it any worse?  
What are you talking about?  
They love me.  
# I was into smashing bottles #  
# Oh, yeah #  
# While you were laughing,  
calling me crazy #  
# Oh, yeah #  
- # Oh yeah, yeah, yeah #  
- # Oh yeah #  
So are they... together?  
Do you got

a problem with that?  
No. She's never  
mentioned it though.  
Still bugged about Tracy?

**Jacki:**

What do you know, anyway?

I know

Sally really looks up to you.

I know you've worked  
your ass off for this band  
and good things  
are finally happening.

- And I also know--

- Jesus Christ!

Didn't you have anything  
better to do in prison  
than listen to Sally's  
up-to-the-minute Clamdandy reports?

No.

Look, I know she didn't tell you about  
me, but I feel like I know you guys.

Dude, you didn't know  
your sister was a dyke!

No. I know you are sometimes.

So, Animal,

what did you do for fun in prison?

She said you could be a bitch.

- But mostly she said nice things.

-Yeah, and you believed her?

Of course. Otherwise I wouldn't find  
myself liking you as much as I do.

Really?

- # It was a good life honey #

- And I think you like me, too.

- What?

- # We never had to beat... #

- #...around the bush #

- I said I think you like me.

# Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah,  
yeah, yeah, yeah #

# Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah,  
oh yeah! #

( soft music playing )

# If I fall short #  
# If I don't make the grade #  
# If your expectations  
aren't met in me today #  
( Laughs )  
- # There's always tomorrow #  
- Yeah!  
- # Or tomorrow night #  
- Come on, Nick, let me see that ass.  
# Hang in there, baby #  
# Sooner or later  
I know I'll get it right #  
# Please don't give up on me #  
- # Oh, please, don't give up on me #  
- Come on, you can't do it like that.  
Yeah.  
# I know it's late #  
# Late in the game #  
# But my feelings,  
my true feelings #  
# Haven't changed #  
# Here in my heart #  
# I know, I know I wasn't  
wrong, wrong, wrong, wrong, wrong #  
# I'd like to make amends #  
# For the love that I never,  
ever, ever, ever showed... #  
And now I am going  
to make you achieve  
multiple orgasms  
without even touching you.  
I will achieve this  
with hypnosis.  
Look into the sacred  
one-eyed snake's eye.  
- Nick.  
- Concentrate on the snake.  
Concentrate  
on the snake.  
( Tracy laughs )  
Do not laugh!  
You do not want to anger him.  
- Nick!  
- What?



Come here and fuck me.

Come on.

# Don't you give up on me #

- # Please, please, please #

- Come on, kiss me.

# Don't give up on me. #

Tracy.

Tracy.

Thanks, baby.

Maybe you should call her.

Tracy knows we're meeting Chuck

**at 7:**

**- Sally:**

**- Jacki:**

Ah, lives to fuck up another day.

Ha-ha.

Dude, I am never

drinking red wine again.

That's a start.

Listen, missy,

I'm hung over, I'm not deaf.

Hey, did you hear about our hot date  
with Jacki and Animal last night?

- It was not a date!

- ( scoffs )

You're such a fucking dick.

Oh yeah?

Did you fuck him, you whore?

No, she didn't.

Right Jacki?

Come on, man, he just got out of jail.

He'd fuck anything.

-Yeah, what's Nick the Dick's excuse?

- Just kidding, Jacki.

Make up does make the girl.

Could we be serious just for a second?

I just want to ask you a question.

Seriously, if you didn't know me,  
how old would you think I was?

I do know you,

and I'm not playing that game.

Just humor me.  
C'mon now, how old do I look?  
C'mon now, I could take it.  
Okay, you look--  
I can't, I'm sorry.  
I can't do this.  
- Who cares, Jacki?  
- You're such an asshole.  
- And how old are you?  
- 23, why?  
Yeah, well, when I was  
"23, why?" I didn't care either.  
Well, I think you look like  
you could pass for 29.  
Thank you.  
But I'm not 29.  
And the fact that I have to fucking lie  
about my age-- it pisses me off.  
It's true. Unless you're young, hip  
and look good on the side of a building  
in a fucking designer jean ad,  
we're not gonna get signed.  
I mean, it's just-- I'm sorry.  
I do not foresee a rock and roll  
Jacki doll in the near future.  
And I hardly doubt  
that we'll be drinking cola  
in some \$30-million  
lame-ass video.  
It's bullshit.  
I play the guitar.  
I write my own fucking songs.  
It's just bullshit, man.  
I don't want to lie.  
I mean, everyone is a fucking liar.  
Well, I think that you look  
really good for your age.  
I'm going to go take a shit.  
Jacki, there are worse things  
than getting old.  
Yeah, like what?  
Like not getting old.

**Faith:**

That would suck.  
Hey, Chuck.  
Hello, Clammies.  
How're we doing today?  
Dandy.  
Nice shirt, Chuck.  
You're going to be  
my new daddy?  
If you play your cards right,  
I think we could work something out.  
We'll work that  
into the contract.

**Jacki's voice:**

a wannabe rock star,  
and a tequila-guzzling speed freak  
walk into a restaurant.  
I always imagined it would be a bit  
more-- I don't know, glamorous.  
I mean, we'd be in this big, beautiful  
office, we'd sign on the dotted line,

**and cut to:**

to thousands of adoring fans,  
"Whaa-aa! You guys rule!  
Yeah!"  
My whole future  
is hanging in the balance  
at the Big Drip Cafe.  
Okay, here's what I want.  
I've been thinking about it for so long.  
She really has.  
I want it to be totally original. I want  
a rose, but I want it to be yellow.  
- That's so pretty!  
- Right?  
Okay, and I want two leaves on one side,  
but only one leaf on the other side.  
Because I'm a Gemini,  
do you know what I mean?  
Totally.  
Because sometimes I can be so crazy,  
and then sometimes, I'm just--  
- Not, right?

- Exactly.  
- Something like that?  
- Oh my God, that's it!  
- Oh, it so is!  
- Where do you want it?  
I want it on my ankle,  
but really low,  
and really really small,  
so I can hide it.  
And also, if I decide I don't like it  
later, I can just have it removed.  
So, I have about  
a half an hour. Can do it?  
Hmm.  
No.  
Well, why not?  
Girls, there's not enough time  
to explain this to you now.  
Besides,  
I got a costumer.  
I'm doing the Sistine Chapel  
on his scrotum.  
You can stay and watch if you want.  
You don't mind, do you?  
No. No, you guys can stay.  
Oh, you know what?  
We'll come back later.  
Cool.  
They're out there,  
breeding.  
So, what's up?  
Nothing. I just thought  
I'd come by and check out the shop.  
- It looks great.  
- Thanks.  
So, let me guess.  
Your mother did not name you Animal.  
No, that was Sally.  
I started playing drums when I was  
about, I don't know, 12,  
and Sally was really  
into The Muppet Show.  
You know, the little hairy red guy  
who plays the drums,

always screaming.

( screams )

Animal.

So you're telling me  
you're named after a Muppet?

Unfortunately, yes.

But you can bet I told the guys  
in prison a different story.

So, why were you there?

I killed someone.

Well, manslaughter.

Thanks.

Wow. Who?

Our stepdad, whose name was Dick,  
if you can believe that.

He was always telling my mom  
she was as useless as tits on a board.

My mom was passed out  
on the couch.

She slept  
through the whole thing.

I got off from work  
early that night.

And to get to my room  
you have to pass Sally's room.

And on my way by,  
I thought I heard voices.

That sounds like Sally's crying.

So, I look in,  
and there he is on top of her.

So I go to my room  
and I get my baseball bat.

I come back swinging.

He never heard me coming.

I just remember Sally...  
hugging her knees, on the corner  
of that bed, screaming at me to stop it.

I just kept hitting that fucker.

I didn't plan on killing him...

but can't say I regret it.

( exhales )

Maybe next time we get together,  
we can talk about...

other things.

- The next time?

- Yeah.

I came here to ask you out.

On a date?

Yeah. It's okay, isn't it?

- It's a little weird.

- Well, what's weird about it?

How old are you?

I'm 27.

Yeah, well... ahem--

I'm not 27.

So?

So, I think

you could find someone

a little bit more,

you know, buoyant.

I think you're beautiful.

- Can I ask you something?

- Sure.

Before you went away

to the big house...

did you date much?

Did you ever have a girlfriend?

No.

Mm-hmm.

So, it is safe to say

that intimate relationships

are not something

you've had a lot of experience with?

It is safe to say...

I have had absolutely none.

Hmm.

(keys clink )

So, you-- you want to go get

something to eat or something?

I'm not hungry.

Why don't we

just grab a drink?

I'm not thirsty.

Do you wanna

go see a movie?

I don't watch movies.

- We could just go hang out.

- Oh my God, you're persistent.

I've been in prison  
for the past 10 years.  
Maybe you should  
get yourself a hooker.  
Jacki, that's not  
what I was getting at.  
# Tangled up in what's best #  
Come on,  
I'll give you a ride.  
No, I'm just going to walk.  
Animal, no one walks in L.A.  
Well, they do  
if they have an expired license.  
Either that or take a bus.  
Ooh, the shame train.  
I don't mind walking.  
I'll see you later.  
( rock music plays )  
( engine starts )

**Jacki's voice:**

Okay, he's a virgin.  
A convicted murderer virgin,  
without a driver's license.  
Why am I finding this sexy?  
What are you doing here?  
I didn't know where else to go.  
What happened?  
Tracy, what happened?  
Oh, shit.  
Shit.  
I don't even know  
where to start, dude.  
Thank you.  
You mind?  
No, go ahead.  
So, Nick--  
he comes over tonight.  
Tracy, that drives me crazy.  
Can you talk  
so I can understand you?  
Sorry.  
All right.  
Nick's been

bugging me for months.  
He wanted to do this  
whole "rape fantasy" thing.  
Jesus, tell me  
you didn't go along with that.  
I kept telling him no, women don't have  
fantasies about being raped,  
that it's total bullshit, right?  
But then it hits me.  
I mean,  
I kind of did have a fantasy.  
I don't want to hear this.  
- Just listen.  
- I really don't want to hear this.  
Jacki, just listen.  
I had no idea  
when it was going to happen.  
So he shows up tonight,  
I'm crashed out on my bed,  
comes in my room-- he's wearing  
a ski mask, gloves, full on--  
movie-of-the-week rapist  
attire and dialogue--  
"Don't say a word,  
you won't get hurt."  
And I'm playing  
the whole victim thing,  
"Oh, no, please,  
please don't hurt me."  
Meanwhile, I'm reaching  
under my pillow for my gun,  
which I've been keeping there  
since he became obsessed  
with this whole  
fucking stupid thing.  
So, I point the gun at him,  
and I pull off a few rounds, and then--  
Wait, wait a minute.  
You shot Nick?  
Well, yeah.  
That was my fantasy.  
To kill whoever  
tried to rape me.  
You killed Nick?



Of course not, dude!  
What do you think, I'm crazy?  
I loaded the gun with blanks,  
but he didn't know that.  
Tracy, I mean, that--  
that's pretty fucking cool.  
Once he realized he wasn't dead,  
he got really fucking pissed.  
No shit!  
- ( laughs )  
- What's so funny?  
Oh, fuck.  
He peed his pants  
when he thought that I really shot him.  
He really  
fucking scared me, Jacki.  
He started talking  
all kinds of crazy shit.  
And he hit me.  
I just got the fuck out of there.  
Fuck him.  
Rape fantasy.  
Can I stay here tonight?  
Sure.  
- Would you do me a favor?  
- Hmm?  
I don't think  
I locked the front door.  
My bag is in there,  
my credit cards and my cash,  
and just-- please.  
Give me your keys.  
I forgot how much fun it was  
hanging out with you.  
Great, no straw.  
( exhales )  
Where's Tracy?  
Well, she's not with me.  
Does it look like she's with me?  
'Cause I don't see her standing here.  
Look, Nick, if you guys  
are fighting again--  
No, we're not fighting.  
What do you watch?

- A movie.

- A movie?

What's that smell?

Is that you, Mr. Pissy Pants?

You know what?

I lied.

Tracy is mad at me.

- Do you want to know why?

- No!

Look, Nick, you need to go home,  
take a shower and go to bed.

I'll call you a cab.

You can wait outside.

Hollywood. Yeah, can I get  
the number for Celebrity Cab?

Whew!

What's that all about?

Don't make a sound,  
and nobody's going to get hurt.

You're a freak,  
do you know that?

- ( grunts )

**- Nick:**

"Nicky, I used fake bullets!  
I thought you'd think it was funny."

Hmm?

You mind

if I ask you a question, hmm?

Where the fuck is Tracy?

- Huh?! Where's my fucking girlfriend?

- I don't know!

I think you know.

( screaming )

**Nick:**

What's the deal?!

( crying )

No!

( door creaks )

Sally?

Oh, shit! Sally, sh--

oh, sh-- oh, baby!

Oh, fuck!

Okay. Okay.  
It's okay, baby.  
It's okay.  
- Shh, shh-- It's okay, I'm here.  
- ( grunts )  
I'm here.  
Fuck! Fuck!  
Okay, shh, don't move.  
We're gonna get you help, okay?  
Fucking, fucking,  
fucking motherfucker! Fuck!  
# Bring on the ugly,  
bring on the shit #  
# You bring me something  
that I just can't fix #  
What?  
# If I make you ugly #  
# It might do the trick #  
# No one can fix you #  
- Is she all right?  
- # You make me sick #  
- Tracy...  
- # You bring out the worst in me #  
# And you bring out  
the hate in me #  
# My rap is something  
you can say #  
# Now you're ugly. #  
Shit.  
Hey, I thought that was you,  
man, what's up?  
- Nothing.  
- Where's Tracy?  
- I don't know.  
- What, you got in another fight?  
- Yeah.  
- You guys!  
I just came from this lame-ass party  
over at Cherokee. I'm just going home.  
I'm going home too.  
All right, man.  
See you later.  
Hey! Get in!  
- What?

- Come on, I'll give you a ride home.  
Get in the car.  
You can picked up  
for prostitution  
the way you're walking around  
in your stupid hood.  
When I was in high school,  
my mom wanted me  
to work in one of those burger joints.

- Really?

- Yeah.

But I told her I'd rather put  
a cigarette out in my eye.  
I mean, think about it, Nick.  
How many times  
could you actually say,  
"Hi, welcome to Burger Bastards,  
how may I help you?"  
"Would you like a drink  
with that?"  
"Hey! Did you try  
our new fajitas?"  
It wouldn't be long  
until I just snapped!  
Then some day, some foolio drives up  
and asked me to "hold the pickles."  
I'd just lunged through that window  
with a French fry scoop in my hand  
and I just rammed those  
fucking pickles right down his throat.  
Jacki, you just missed my turn!

- (laughs )

- Fuck!

Next thing you know, I'm standing  
in front of some judge  
with this court-ordered  
attorney pleading  
the "special orders do  
fucking upset us" defense.  
Yeah, great. Listen, flip a bitch  
at this light, will you?

- I'm fucking tired.

- But it'd be worth it.

You know why, Nick?

-You're a fucking idiot, you know that?  
- Because when shit like that happens,  
it's never about the pickle.  
Okay, that's good.  
Animal, that's enough!  
What the fuck are you doing?  
You're gonna kill him!  
Fucking asshole!  
I gotta pee.

**Jacki's voice:**

Okay, a murderer, a rapist,  
and a dyke walk into a tattoo shop.

Oh, God.

Please, a little help here!

I need a sign, man.

Just a little something to tell me  
what the fuck I'm supposed to do.

# Bring on the ugly #

# Bring on the shit #

# You bring me something #

# That I just can't fix #

# If I make you ugly #

# It might do the trick #

# No one can fix you #

# You make me sick #

# You bring out the worst in me #

# And you bring out

the hate in me #

# My rap is something

you can say #

# Can't see you comin' #

# But we feel you leave #

# Don't see your own messes #

# You don't feel the grief #

# When you bring on the ugly #

# When you bring on the shit #

# You bring me something #

# That I just can't fix #

# You bring out the worst in me #

# And you bring out

the hate in me #

# My rap is something

you can say #

# Now you're ugly #  
# Did I take revenge  
on my broken brother? #  
# Shall I make amends? #  
# Should I even bother? #  
# Did he pay the price  
for so many others? #  
# 'Cause I don't feel a thing  
for that sick motherfucker! #  
# You bring out the worst in me #  
- # And you bring out the hate in me #  
- You fucked up, homeboy.  
# My rap is something  
you can say. #  
Would you let me help you?  
- I'll cook us something.  
- Will you just stop, please stop!  
I'm sorry.  
I'm gonna go get some air, okay?  
( rock music playing )  
Hey, babe.  
Oh, Jesus.  
What the fuck?  
You're just making this  
worse by avoiding her.  
You can't--  
I feel like  
Tracy is just hiding from me.  
And Faith, oh my God! Man,  
sometimes I catch her looking at me,  
like she expects me to shatter.  
I fucking hate it.  
And my brother...  
I love him, but...  
we don't even know  
what to say to each other.  
Did he tell you why  
he was in prison?  
Yeah.  
You what I remember most  
about that night?  
My brother beating  
our stepfather to death  
in my bed with me still in it.

I wish I'd had  
a big brother like Animal.  
I was eight years old--  
I remember...  
watching this movie--  
I don't remember  
what it was called, but...  
Bobby Darin was in it.  
And he was playing his guitar  
in some army hospital.  
And I tried so hard to pretend  
that he was singing to me,  
and that I was there,  
so I didn't have to be  
where I was.  
I watched  
a lot of movies like that.  
I just-- I don't want  
people to feel sorry for me.  
I mean, I feel like a freak.  
You're just kids, for Christ's sake.  
They're the freaks, man.  
You know...  
Sal, I know it sounds stupid,  
when you say it out loud  
you know, or corny,  
whatever, but it's true, man.  
Music was the one thing  
that helped me.  
When I play, I feel...  
Safe.  
Yeah.  
Yeah.  
Wow!  
I think I need to go beat  
the fuck out of my drums.  
Yeah, you do.  
# Every six minutes  
someone says "no" #  
# Every six minutes  
she gets ignored #  
# It's not  
what you're wearing #  
# It's not where you've been #

# The fact that they think so #  
# Tells you something about sin #  
( mumbling )  
# Tells you something about sin. #  
# Every six minutes #  
# Someone says "no" #  
# Every six minutes #  
# She gets ignored #  
# It's not what you're wearing #  
# It's not where you've been #  
# The fact that they think so #  
# Tells you something about sin #  
# Every six minutes #  
# A woman cries #  
# Because every six minutes #  
# Her pleads are denied #  
# No one's asking for it #  
# It's no woman's even desire #  
# That fact that they think so #  
# Is a man-made liar #  
# The passing of time #  
# Have bring me closer to me #  
# 'Cause I got love and justice #  
# That keeps you free #  
# I've got.38 special #  
# Reasons at my side #  
# Face the ultimate "no," big boy #  
# This time I'll decide #  
# If I had a bullet #  
# For every six minutes #  
# I know just where to put it #  
# Every six minutes #  
# Running your heart #  
# Running your brain #  
# Maybe I gotta start #  
# Just might ease my pain #  
# The passing of time #  
# Brings you closer to me #  
# 'Cause I got love and justice #  
# That keeps you free #  
# I've got.38 special #  
# Reasons at my side #  
# Face the ultimate "no,"  
big boy #



# This time, I'll decide #  
- # If I had a bullet #  
- # Every six minutes #  
# I'd know just where to put it #  
# Every six minutes #  
- # If I had a bullet #  
- # Every six minutes #  
- # I'd know just where to put it #  
- # Every six minutes #  
- # Every six minutes #  
- # Every six minutes #  
- # Every six minutes #  
- # Every six minutes #  
- # Every six minutes #  
- # Every six minutes #  
- # Every six minutes #  
- # Every six minutes #  
- # Every six minutes #  
- # Every six minutes #  
- # Every six minutes #  
- # Every six minutes #  
- # Every six minutes #  
- # Every six minutes. #

Hi, Daddy, it's me.

I think there's something wrong  
with my car.

You know, the clutch  
or the brakes or something.

If you could put some extra money  
in my account this week?

Okay. Thanks, Daddy.

I love you. Bye.

Fuck!

( rock music playing )

I see you finally  
got yourself a roadie.

Well, yeah.

Well, my mom told I'd hurt  
my female parts hauling  
all that gear, so there you go.

Listen, now.

Did you ever think about  
wearing a dress?

I think about  
a lot of things, Chuck,  
but that's definitely not

one of them.  
Well, that's too bad,  
I think you'd look good  
in a dress. Pretty.  
I think you'd look pretty  
in a dress too, Chuck.  
Well, l-- I should have your contract  
wrapped up in a week or so.  
Sounds great.  
We're psyched. Thanks.  
Well, I think that deserves a hug.  
Huh?  
( forced laugh )  
Okay, that's good,  
Chuck, thanks.  
Right, right. Sorry.  
- All right. Well, I'll see you.  
- See you.  
Where the fuck is Tracy?  
Can't keep pretending  
to tune this guitar.  
We're gonna have  
to go on without her.  
Well, that'll sound like shit.  
- What the fuck are we supposed to do?  
- Hey!  
It's nice of you  
to fucking show up.

**Tracy:**

- Thanks, Mom.  
- Think you can take it from here?  
Nee-nee-me-nee!  
# Even the drugs  
look good on you #  
# Hey, pretty, pretty... #  
# You fuck  
a rock and roll star #  
# You're a gorgeous mess #  
# A mess  
that's gone too far #  
# Hey, pretty, pretty #  
# Oh, pretty #  
# Oh, pretty, oh, pretty #

# Yeah, yeah, yeah... #  
# Oh! #  
Hey, Tracy.  
It's been a long time.  
- How are you?  
- Looking good.  
Yeah?  
I could be a lot better.  
Hey!  
Here, try this.  
Oh, shit! Okay.  
Incoming student, be nice.  
- Hi, Faith!  
- Hi!  
Great show!  
Dude, you guys are so good!  
But you know what,  
you would be really good,  
if all of your songs  
were faster and louder.  
( laughing )  
- Okay. Go home, and practice.  
- Practice?  
- Slow, yeah!  
- Slow.  
- Okay?  
- Yeah!  
- Okay, bye guys.  
- All right.  
I don't have any money  
on me right now.  
Come on, Johnny,  
I could pay you on Monday!  
- You know better than that.  
- Johnny, come on, man!  
You know I'm good for it.  
You know I'm good for it.  
Johnny, come on,  
I'll give you my bass.  
Jesus, Tracy.  
C'mon, what you want from me?  
Please, give me a break!  
( rough zipping )  
Oh, fuck you.

All right. All right.  
Ah, fuck!  
Don't fucking come  
in my mouth, all right?  
(bottles rattling )  
Hey!  
Tracy!  
What the fuck  
are you doing, man?  
- I'm going home.  
- No, you're not.  
No, you are not.  
You're coming back in there with me.  
Chuck is in there. You're going  
to come back into the club and pretend  
you actually give a shit  
about this band for about five minutes.  
I got to get  
the fuck out of here, okay?  
- ( retching )  
- Oh, Jesus!  
Jesus, Tracy!  
Could you be any more low rent?  
Oh, Jacki.  
I think I need help.  
Fine.  
Here.  
Go home.  
No, Jacki! I mean--

**Jacki's voice:**

Okay, Chuck!  
Let's see  
what you've got here.  
All right.  
All right, all right.  
If the recording budget is low,  
let's say, \$10,000,  
that means  
I'm supposed to quit.  
No, wait. Come on, now.  
Let's be fair here.  
Less than \$7,000.  
Well, I mean, unless of course,

they offer really good tour support,  
then it means,  
I should not quit.  
Shit! Ow!  
Oh, no!  
Okay. Okay.  
Okay.  
Okay, when I pull it out,  
if it's the right side up,  
that's an omen  
that I should keep going.  
If it's upside down, I'm out of here.  
So long. Thanks for the trip!  
Oh, yeah!  
Okay, here we go.  
\$2,000!  
That motherfucker!  
Fuck, I should have known!  
I should have fucking known!  
That motherfucker!  
Oh, are they fucking  
kidding me?!  
( electric guitarplaying,  
indistinct singing )  
I just wrote that last night.  
What do you think?  
Look at that.  
We're out of time.  
Okay, okay, so, I'll--  
I'll see you next week?  
Yes. Yes, you will.  
- Yeah!  
- All right.  
Okay.  
Remember the other night,  
at your gig?  
- Yeah.  
- And you played, and I was there, and--  
Um... yeah?  
That was really cool.  
Rock on!  
- Rock, oh yeah.  
- Okay.  
Practice and rock.

Okay.

- What the-- uh, shit!

- ( laughing )

Hey! Stop, you little runts!

( tires screeching )

# They say it's lonely  
at the top #

# Let me tell you, man,  
it kills at the bottom #

# Well, you will never  
hear your name #

# If no one knows you,  
how can you be forgotten? #

# O-oh, o-oh... #

Oh, baby, come on!

It's gonna be okay.

You all right?

# One and one  
and one make three #

# For everyone  
but not for me #

# Is there something  
that I can't see? #

# Is this what I was  
meant to be? #

# O-oh, o-oh... #

# They say it's lonely  
at the top #

# Let me tell you, man,  
it kills at the bottom. #

( car approaching )

( car door closes )

- Hey.

- Hey.

Isn't it a little late in the day  
for you to be drinking water?

- Where's Sally?

- She just stopped to get gas.

I got to talk to you.

What?

What?

You're weirdin' me out, what?

I'm in love with you, Jacki.

Let's make out.

Come on,  
before Sally gets here.  
Fuck!  
All right.  
I've been going to meetings.  
AA meetings?  
AA, NA,  
all the A's, you know?  
Wow.  
I thought something  
seemed different about you.  
I thought, "What'd she do,  
wash her hair?  
Finally clean her clothes?  
Get a forehead?"  
I know, man, I fucked up.  
I know I fucked up.  
- ( car door closes )  
- Yep, you did.  
Hey, I got 17 days clean, man.  
I know it's not a lot, but--  
It's great, man.  
Seriously, that's great.

**Jacki:**

Trace, Sally, listen.  
I can't do this anymore,  
you guys.  
I'm sorry, it has nothing to do with  
you, it has nothing to do with you.  
- I told you.  
- That's bullshit!  
It has everything to do with us!  
You think I don't spend time  
feeling sorry for myself?  
Jesus, you guys,  
how many more signs do you need?  
- It's over.  
- We just got an offer.  
It wasn't an offer, Sally.  
That was an insult.  
I'm sorry.  
You just don't understand.  
Fuck you, Jacki.

I wake up every morning  
and I have to think  
of a reason to get out of bed.  
Nothing makes sense.  
The only thing that I do understand,  
the thing that I know...  
is I want to be here.  
I spent half of my life here,  
or some place just like it.  
- I'm tired.  
- So, wait, wait a minute.  
Let me get this straight. You--  
I've spent so many fucking hours  
with you for so many years in this room,  
and that all it was to you,  
it was just like, band practice?  
But, Jacki, I know you don't think  
I give a shit about anything,  
but I do care about this.  
That's the only fucking thing  
I've ever been good at.  
It's the only time I feel anything--  
I mean, real, anyway.  
This is my family.  
I just-- I can't do it!  
It's just not happening.  
Besides, I can't deal  
with playing with some stranger.  
She's not going to be a stranger.  
You'll play lead.  
I can't play lead.  
Jacki, you can't sing either--  
that never stopped us.  
Come on, man,  
we'll be a power trio.  
Hey, Jacki.  
If you quit,  
what are you going to be?  
I know what Faith would say,  
she'd say, "shut the fuck up, and play."  
What is this,  
the rock and roll intervention?  
- (knocks on door )  
- ( humming )



( Chuck laughs maniacally )  
This fucking atmosphere is electric!  
Big night, right?  
Hey, Jacki,  
did you bring the contract?  
Sure did, Chuck.  
Right on.  
( faint splattering )  
Rock and roll,  
right, ladies? Huh?  
Huh?  
Big guy. Roadie.  
( flushing )

**Jacki:**

There you go, Chuck.  
What the hell is this?  
It's my pee.  
( laughing )  
You fucked up, Jacki.  
That's the best offer  
you're ever going to get.  
Rock and roll!  
Right, Chuck!

**Jacki:**

Enjoy the show, man.  
You must've pissed her off!  
You look good, man.  
Come on.  
Thank you.  
( crowd cheering )

**Man:**

Rock and roll!

**Announcer:**

Ladies and gentlemen,  
put your hands together  
for Clamdandy! Yeah!  
This is for Faith.  
Yeah! Whoo!  
# Punk rock girl says,  
"Can't you play a little faster? #

# I only like the music  
when it goes real fast" #  
# Punk rock girl says,  
"Can't you play a little louder? #  
# Just a little louder  
'cause I like it like that" #  
# Punk rock girl says,  
"If you want to speak to me #  
# You better say it loud  
and you better say it fast" #  
# Punk rock girl,  
she don't want to hear no slow songs #  
# She don't see the point  
in crap like that #  
# One, two, three, four! #  
( moans )  
# Lick me #  
# Punk rock girl says,  
"Can't you play a little faster? #  
# I only like the music  
when it goes real fast" #  
# Punk rock girl says,  
"Can't you play a little louder? #  
# Just a little louder,  
'cause I like it like that!" #  
# Punk rock girl says,  
"If you want to speak to me #  
# Then you better say it loud  
and you better say it fast" #  
# Punk rock girl says,  
"The music doesn't move me #  
# It only kicks my ass  
when it goes real fast!" #

**Jacki's voice:**

I know, I know,  
I'm a 40-year-old  
woman chasing a teenage dream.  
But you know what?  
It all comes down this.  
These 40 or 50 minutes of playing live  
a few times a month.  
# Now I dream on the radio #  
# Asking, "Where's my guy?"

Did he fuck up?" #  
# No one thought  
we'd see this day #  
# When we all thought  
he dropped away #  
# The rich or poor,  
right or left #  
# Black and white  
died the same death. #

**Jacki's voice:**

when all is said and done,  
you got your band, you got your family,  
and you got your friends.  
- # It's a beautiful planet #  
- And if you're really lucky...  
# It's a wonderful life #  
...they're all one and the same.  
#...and after  
the bar bash #  
# I'm having a party  
all by myself #  
# I'd invite the world,  
but everyone's dead #  
# Shall I comb my hair?  
Shall I wait on guests? #  
# It gets any later,  
just wait on death! #

**Jacki's voice:**

All my life, all I ever wanted to be  
- was a rock and roll star.  
# It's a beautiful planet #  
- Instead, I'm a musician...

**- Crowd:**

-...just some chick in a band.  
- # It's a beautiful planet #  
- And you know what?

**- Crowd:**

It's fucking cool!  
( rock music playing )  
# My life is three chords

so let me finish #  
# Waited too damn long  
for my 15 minutes #  
# Got a skinhead on my couch,  
ex-junkies in my bed #  
# Roadies passed out on the floor,  
the fun that never ends #  
# It's true, it's true,  
I'm poor but I'm happy #  
# It's true, it's true,  
I'm broke but I'm fine #  
# It's true, it's true,  
I'm poor but I'm happy #  
# It's true, it's true,  
'cause all this nothing is mine #  
# Love don't last,  
won't dig that hole #  
# They all complain  
and prey for rock and roll #  
# No record deal,  
won't sell my soul #  
# They all complain  
and prey for rock and roll #  
# Love don't last,  
won't dig that hole #  
# They all complain  
and prey for rock and roll #  
# No record deal,  
won't sell my soul #  
# They all complain  
and prey for rock and roll #  
# Nothing used to matter  
except half past three #  
# And the sweet, sweet taste  
of infidelity #  
# Forget about what's right  
when being wrong is much more fun #  
# Down and out in Hollywood,  
that's how the game is won #  
# It's true, it's true,  
there's a hole livin' in my heart #  
# It's true, it's true,  
yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah #  
# It's true, it's true,

there's a hole livin' in my heart #  
# It's true, it's true,  
she was bad, bad, bad #  
# Love don't last,  
won't dig that hole #  
# They all complain  
and prey for rock and roll #  
# No record deal,  
won't sell my soul #  
# They all complain  
and prey for rock and roll #  
# Love don't last,  
won't dig that hole #  
# They all complain  
and prey for rock and roll #  
# No record deal,  
won't sell my soul #  
# They all complain  
and prey for rock and roll #  
( instrumental break )  
# Love don't last,  
won't dig that hole #  
# They all complain  
and prey for rock and roll #  
# No record deal,  
won't sell my soul #  
# They all complain  
and prey for rock and roll #  
# Love don't last,  
won't dig that hole #  
# They all complain  
and prey for rock and roll #  
# No record deal,  
won't sell my soul #  
# They all complain  
and prey for rock and roll. #