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# Rock Star

By John Stockwell

Those days were amazing.  
Being a kid, you know, what else was I|to do but to live the Dragon?  
I'd study the music note for note.|I read every interview.  
Copied every outfit, every move,|you know, every look.  
My pursuit of perfection|was relentless,  
The music deserved that,  
All right, ladies, Spread them,  
Rob, you're not nailing the squeal.  
I have no idea|what you're talking about.  
Check it out.  
Play it like that.  
That's it.|That's a ping, not a squeal.  
-Sounds just like the tape, man.|-No. Raunchier.  
Again, please.  
That was great. Thank you.  
From the top.  
Hold on!  
Hey, Jeremy, no.  
What are you doing?|You know what this is?  
LuDricator, signed by all five|band members with the original cover.  
Look. Jorgen's name is misspelled.|It should be an "E."  
You know how much I can get for it?  
Peace to you too, dude.|Try it like this.  
Mom?|Mom, isn't my room off-limits?  
I'm sorry, Chris.|Oh, what were you doing?  
-How are you?|-Good. How's Willard?  
-He's fine. You look nice.|-Thank you.  
Here, hold on.|You got a smudge.  
-Bye. Gotta run.|-Bye. Love you.  
Love you too. Bye.  
I need more power! I want more!  
Come on, come on.  
Nina and Samantha!  
Hey, Chris.  
-Coming to my show in a week?|-Of course.  
-Want to hand out fliers?|-Absolutely.  
-You guys look awesome.|-Bye.  
We're a band called Blood Pollution...  
...a Steel Dragon tribute band,|the best in Pittsburgh.  
Thank you.  
I wrote this one for someone|who ripped out my heart.  
And put it through a bloody blender!  
That's right.  
This one's for IKim, who makes me|want to stand up and shout.

Em, I'll be right back, okay?

Excuse me.

You think I could have one?

Not without a blowjob and a sex|change, pal. But have a nice day.

-Come on, girls. This way.|-See you, Chris.

Oh, that was awesome!

That was the heaviest|since Columbus in '77.

Heavier than the Demented tour.

-I ask you, did they not rock?|-They totally rocked.

Guys.

What the...?

Come on.

Oh, I thought I smelled pussy.

Look who's here.

-If it isn't Yoko Ono and the Fag Five.|-What are you doing?

Making sure nobody sees|some cut-rate copy band.

Cut-rate? This dude can't|even tune his own guitar.

-You could work on your lip-synch.|-I don't lip-synch.

Be doing everyone a favor if you did.

You could get the outfit right.

Boots from the Wasted tour|and a cheap Twistedjacket.

You are so fully wrong, cocksucker.|-This is official issue.

The actual vest Bobby wore|on the Twisted tour.

My dad bought it from someone|who knows them.

Sorry, but your dad got ripped.

The lapels should be blue,|there's no green in the embroidery.

As a matter of fact,|can anybody here honestly say...

...they've ever seen Bobby Beers|with a jacket with red lapels?

-No, I can't.|-I don't think so.

You can make me his pants.

Or did she already rip out|the Dodge seats?

No. First tell me what you put there|to make people think you're a guy.

-This is all me, baby.|-You and a few ballet slippers.

-You want a piece of me?|-No, I'm good.

-Want to see how a real man--|-Don't touch her.

-Let go of my cape.|-Let go of my cape!

Get your ass out of bed.

Get out of here.

-Let's go. Get up.|-Get out of here.

Move it.

Where you hiding|your stash these days?

Get out! I didn't do anything.

That's the problem.|-You never do anything.

-Get out of here, pig!|-God-- Fucking--

Come on!

Mom! Mom!

Jeez, boys. Quit. Break it up. |Chris, give him a break. Come on.

-Stop it! | -Tell him to get out!

-Used to be my room. | -Not anymore!

Because I moved out when I was 18.

-We're having breakfast. | -IKeep him out!

Get ready for work. |Will you go downstairs?

-IKeep him out! | -All right, he's gone.

So you arrested Mervin |for drunk driving?

He was parked on |the Brennemans' lawn.

Claims he was going out for ice cream. |Same story.

-Chris, so how was the show? | -It was fine.

-The freaks were out in force. | -Why weren't you busting heads?

-Female officers handle that crowd. | -You want to go?

-Come on. | -Saved again. Should take her to work.

-Good one. | -Did they do "Black Babylon"?

They haven't played that |since Osaka in '75.

-That is pathetic that you know. | -I love that song.

Okay, genius, |who's buried in Grant's tomb?

It's twisted that you're still living |at home, stealing Ma's makeup.

Who's buried in Grant's tomb?

How much longer will you |put up with this?

The rock star fantasy thing is |something you grow out of at 14.

If I get lucky, I'll get to grow up |and listen to Air Supply like you.

What's wrong with Air Supply?

Nothing, if you're |from the Village People.

You know what the sickest thing |is about you?

It's that you don't have |any fantasies of your own.

You fantasize about |being somebody else.

Wearing somebody else's clothes. |Singing somebody else's songs.

It's pathetic.

-Get a haircut. | -Okay, Satan's allegiant.

Have a good one, son.

-You didn't eat. | -Later. I love you guys.

Love you too.

-I love you. | -You do this every time.

I question his sexuality, Ma. I do.

Here's the procedure, so it won't |happen again. Don't stick a pen in.

I'll give you a simple |one-two-three procedure.

It's 1 -2-3. |Pop that down, push this.

Pull back on this lever, free up |the jam and you can access--

Is there something wrong?

Is that mascara?

-I'm in a band. Okay?|-Oh, okay.  
Can you follow the 1 -2-3|without sticking a pen in there?  
Thank you.  
Thank you very much.  
Bye-bye.  
Sorry about that.  
When's Marci getting back?  
She and Rob went to see Wham!|Won't be back for a while.  
Wham!? Oh, God.  
George Michael's a wuss.|I'm gonna give Rob shit for it.  
He'll want to cover that.  
All right, you.  
Okay, now just relax.  
-Is it numb?|-I think so.  
Feel that?  
-Sure you want to do this?|-Yeah, Bobby did it last week.  
-I love you, babe.|-I love you.  
Okay, don't look. Don't look.  
-God, that had to hurt.|-Yes, it does. Oh, God.  
You want to do the other one?  
No. You want to do yours?  
-Maybe.|-Come on. Let's do yours.  
Testing, testing. One, two.  
-No way!|-That's right. That's my boy.  
All right, ladies,|who had the weenies?  
Do I have too much foundation on?  
I keep putting this shit on|till I want to fuck myself.  
-Hey, Rob, you wearing underwear?|-No.  
Rob.  
You know the drill. No panties.  
-Get up.|-I am not freezing my balls--  
Just stand up and drop it.  
-I'm not taking it off.|-Come on.  
If you want, take them off.|I am not taking off--  
Your woman's an animal!  
All right!  
Before we get too into this party.  
-I love you!|-Love you too.  
Before we get too deep into this party,|I want to thank IKey Steel...  
...for letting us use their place|of business to pay tribute...  
...to the metal created by|none other than Steel Dragon!  
And a special thanks|to my brother, Joe...  
...who gave me my first Dragon|record because he hated it.  
And to my parents, because they|let me play it as loud as I wanted!

-That's my boy!|-That's my baby!  
Because they rock!  
Now, this next tune...  
...I'd like to dedicate to someone|who, when I first met...  
...ripped my heart out|and put it through a bloody blender.  
That's right! This one's for Emily!  
She turns me up and shakes me|down and makes me want to what?  
Stand up and shout!  
What was that?  
What was what?  
There's no solo break|after the chorus.  
They don't care.  
That's not how the song goes.  
I know how the song goes.  
If you know how it goes,|then play it right.  
Chris, you are taking this shit|too seriously.  
That's right, because the music|deserves to be taken seriously.  
If you don't,|you don't deserve to play it.  
All right, you need to get a grip.  
You've ruined your performance.|Do not ruin mine!  
Hey!  
Plug that fucker back in.  
Quit it!  
-That's my amp!|-Do not ruin this concert! Do not!  
Hey, fuck this concert!  
Here we go again.  
-Hit him in the bollocks.|-That wraps it up for tonight.  
Grab a T-shirt and cassette on|your way out. Thanks for coming.  
Cut it.  
-What's up?|-What's he doing here?  
-What are you doing here?|-Bradley's our new front man.  
You made your point.|Get him out now.  
-Only one leaving is you.|-Chris, see these?  
It's the new P.A. he brought with him.|And that's the new mixing board.  
Have you heard his voice?  
-Sit and spin.|-Dude, just relax.  
I don't care if Bradley can hit|the notes Bobby Beers can hit.  
Bobby's leaving the band anyway.  
-You don't know.|-Nina and Samantha say he's leaving.  
-Bullshit.|-It doesn't matter.  
We want people to hear our originals.|We're tired of being a cover band.  
-We're a tribute band.|-No, dude. We are a cover band.  
The problem is, you think|you're in Steel Dragon.  
I love you, man, but you're mental.

Get a grip on reality. You don't know|where Bobby Beers ends and you begin.  
I'm mental, because I don't want|to be in a cheesy bar band...  
...that butchers music and makes them|listen to your crappy originals!  
Crappy? "Whole and a Half" kicks ass.|I'm proud to have written it.  
That's why we got|so many requests for it.  
Don't shit on me because you're|scared to write your own songs.  
Yeah, that's it. I'm too scared.  
If you wanna make it,|you write your own tunes.  
Thanks for the tip, bro.|Look, come on, guys.  
We loved playing Dragon tunes. We|couldn't imagine playing anything else.  
-I thought it'd be a goof.|-A goof?  
Wouldn't you rather fail|as yourself...  
...than succeed as|a Bobby Beers clone?  
You can write a song about|why I would wanna do that!  
All right, you're gone. Just go!  
What's so fucking funny?  
Babe, come on. Let's go.  
Fine. This is my mike stand!|I'm taking it! These are my cables.  
I'll get new cables.  
-Don't think I'm coming back.|-I don't.  
-Well, that's because I'm not.|-Good.  
I'm serious. If I leave,|I'm not coming back!  
-You said that!|-Shut up, Bradley.  
Last time.  
Emily.  
If you still want to manage us,|then it's okay with us.  
Rob, I'm a businesswoman.  
Rule one in this business is|you go where the talent is...  
...and all the fucking talent|that was in this band just left.  
You know, those guys are|so replaceable.  
It'll take me five minutes to put|together a band and blow them away.  
Maybe this is just a sign.  
You know, just time to move on.  
I'm not in the mood to look|on the bright side now.  
No, this is an opportunity for you...  
...to write your own songs.  
Why?  
Be another clown with a guitar,|trying to get attention? No way.  
Remember what you wrote|for me on my birthday?  
-No.|-Yes, you do.  
Come on, please.|It's embarrassing.  
Are you done making fun of me yet?  
I love that song.  
You're not getting it.|You're not hearing me.

I'm telling you,|first time I ever saw you...  
...first time I laid eyes on you...  
...sophomore year, Bill Starbuck|in The Rainmaker,  
I said to myself,|"Oh, my God, that guy's got it."  
I mean, my heart stopped.  
And I said,|"That guy is going all the way."  
I was just singing|someone else's lines.  
I did not write them.  
-My favorite color is rainbow.|-Mine's mauve,  
I said no. Haley, did you answer|the telephone? Thank you.  
Sunshine Daycare.  
Chris! Telephone!  
Telephone!|You want to help me crack eggs?  
-I want five.|-Five eggs.  
Chris? Is that Chris Cole?  
-Who is this?|-This is Kirk Cuddy,  
Ricki, your accent is|as lame as your playing.  
What do you suggest|I do about my playing?  
Who is this?  
I told you, it's Kirk Cuddy.|I play in a band called Steel Dragon.  
-Maybe you've heard of us,|-I don't have time.  
Hang on, hang on.|Listen to this, all right?  
Are you lip-synching?  
If this is Kirk,|what did you call your third wife?  
Do we have to talk about that old slag?|I called her Sugar Bum.  
The second wife, too,|It's why the third left,  
Now I affectionately refer|to all ladies as Tottie,  
Is that enough for you?  
My God, this is unbelievable.|I was sorry to hear about your dog.  
Pookie?  
Yeah. I sent flowers|but I didn't get a response.  
But I figured you're so busy.  
Can we get past|the This Is Your Life crap?  
There's a ticket waiting for you|for a flight to L.A. tomorrow.  
-Are you serious?|-Ofcourse I'm serious,  
-Tell no one about this,|-Yes, sir.  
Good man, I'll see you tomorrow,  
Bye.  
Right there.  
I'm Chris Cole.  
I'm Tania. I work with the band.  
-You went out with Bobby.|-You look like Bobby.  
-Is that all you brought?|-My manager.  
We traded the first-class ticket|for two coach.

How resourceful.  
Yeah, well, I thought so.  
What was that? Did you see that?  
Why are we here?  
I should let Kirk explain everything to you.  
Are those your breasts?  
I'm sorry. What?  
Your breasts. Are they yours?  
Well, you know, I don't remember.  
They're quite sensational.  
Well, thanks. That's just what I was going for.  
So you're in a Steel Dragon cover band.  
-Tribute band. -Right.  
I'm kind of sort of in between bands right now.  
-Your pants. -Emily had them made for me.  
I bet they're easy to get in and out of.  
So, when do we get there? Tania, is it?  
Tania.  
-Are you famous? -No, we're nobody. Sorry.  
-Well, you should be! -Oh, thank you. Bye.  
-Can you get us in? -I'm just trying to get in myself.  
Follow me, darlings.  
This is Bobby's Twisted tour in '77.  
-Look at that. -See the dragon?  
That's Sammy!  
Look!  
It's a '58 Flying V in fire-mist gold.  
And it's the real one. Look. The fingerboards are rosewood.  
That's from the Delirious tour, right?  
-Are you two coming or what? -Yeah. Sorry.  
Wait right here, all right?  
Thanks a lot, Ralph. That's great.  
-That's it? -Yeah. Very nice. Thanks.  
Lovely.  
They're ready for you now.  
What's up?  
Thanks for coming. Not too fagged out?  
-I don't think so. -Mats, the road manager.  
I saw you in Pittsburgh. You gave everybody a pass but me.  
From the looks of you, I had good reason.  
We saw a tape of you singing provided by Nina and Samantha.  
Is the incredible voice really yours?  
-Cocksuckers! -That would be you, Bobby.  
You think some child can replace me?

You want to do your thing.  
-You're firing me?|-Calm down.  
You calm down, you wanker!  
-It's because I'm gay, isn't it?|-You're gay?  
No, I have pierced nipples and a house|in Morocco because I'm John Wayne.  
Have you listened|to the lyrics of "Stand Up"?  
Did you really think|that IKim was a girl?  
-IKim was a guy?|-Yeah, IKim was a guy.  
He's my lover, to the horror|of these sausage-jockeys.  
-As if we give a toss.|-Just keep your dick away from me.  
Stop it, man.  
You don't turn up|for recording sessions.  
You missed half the gigs,|and when you did show--  
I am Steel Dragon!|Without me, you're nothing!  
Give us a break.  
You'll be playing for coppers|in the tube without me!  
We'll see.  
Yeah. We'll see.  
-What's going on?|-I don't know.  
My scarf.  
-Take it.|-Yeah, I will.  
Good.  
If I leave now, I'm never coming back. |Never.  
Heard you the first time.  
What you looking at?  
You think you can dress like me|and be a star?  
-No, sir.|-You have no idea what it takes.  
You think it's all sex,|drugs and rock 'n' roll?  
You got the sex wrong.  
I never touch drugs. |No one does a gig like I do half-cut.  
Not even at your age.  
And it's bed, 11 :30 every night|before a gig. That's what it takes.  
Just do your own thing.  
Get your own life. |It's like being bloody Elvis.  
Except Elvis was the king.  
And I'm just the queen.  
Very funny.  
Ha-bloody-ha.  
Bastards. You bastards.  
Sorry about that.  
-Missed your cue. |-Yeah, sorry, IK--  
-You do know this song?|-Yes, sir.  
We'll pick it up just|coming out of the intro.  
I'm sorry.

We wasting our time here?  
Sorry. Could I start it one more time?  
All right, go again.  
Sorry about that.  
I love you,  
I love you,  
Well, mate, do you want the gig, then?  
Look in the lens, guys. |Go. Get in there more.  
Give me attitude. |Two double-platinum records.  
You're playing the Forum. You got |20 girls who want to be with you.  
Give me rock star attitude. |Hold that. Here we go.  
Hey, lzzy, let's try one |with attitude. No smile.  
Sorry.  
Better. Now you're looking cool.  
Come on, right in my lens. |Nice shot. Attitude.  
We combed this entire planet |looking for someone...  
...heavy enough to pull this off |and we found a star.  
When this guy sings, you'll forget |about Bobby Beers. I promise you.  
Izzy! Is that your name? lzzy?  
Yeah, the name's lzzy, |like lzzy's Revenge.  
Holy shit.  
Izzy? I'm not calling him lzzy.  
Can you hit all the notes |Bobby can?  
That's why I'm in the band.  
Stand up and shout  
How do you keep your voice |in such great shape?  
My choir teacher gives me |really cool exercises--  
He eats a lot of pussy, that's how.  
Yeah, I eat a lot of pussy,  
-Classy. | -Like father, like son.  
-That's my boy. | -Come on, you guys.  
-How was I? | -So good. So comfortable.  
-I messed up my accent. | -It was great.  
-Nice way to handle that "pussy" line. | -I can't argue with him.  
Izzy, don't worry. |I'll make an honest man out of you.  
I eat a lot of pussy.  
Loads of it.  
I eat a lot of pussy.  
Tons.  
I got my voice eating pussy, man. |It's a vocal technique exercise.  
I got it eating pussy. |Loads of it. All the time.  
It's all I do. Breakfast, morning, |noon, night. I've got to have it.  
It's all I do, is eat pussy. |I love it.  
Either get in here and do it |or shut up.

Hold on. Oh, shit! I eat pussy!  
Hi. I'm lzzy's mother.  
-Have a good one.|-I'll see you up there.  
-Did you see all the people?|-I know. Just breathe.  
You'll be great. |Nobody knows these songs better.  
-True.|-Be yourself, Chris.  
-Don't get--|-Izzy.  
You'll be great, babe. |I love you so much.  
I love you too.  
All right, matey. |Time to go to work.  
Sorry, darling, back to the henhouse.  
I'm gonna sit with his parents.  
Whatever twirls your beanie. |Come on, mate.  
-I gotta piss.|-What? You gotta piss?  
-Go now.|-I can't.  
Or you gotta use it. Use it. |You're awesome. Bye, babe.  
-Are you okay?|-Yeah.  
Well, you're in my house now, mate. |And I ain't lost a man yet.  
-Let's do it.|-Here we go.  
Let's do it, Mats.  
This is your coronation, my dear.  
There you go.  
All right, boy.  
You're okay.  
You won't need it, but there's |a bucket in each wing, all right?  
-Up you go.|-All right, Mats.  
Break a leg!  
Are you all right, lzzy?  
-I'm all right.|-Fantastic! IKeep going!  
Thank you.  
-You okay?|-Couldn't be better.  
There's a bit up there. |That's it.  
How do I look?  
Fantastic. It's brilliant, mate. |Fucking brilliant. Off you go.  
I'm just a regular guy...  
...who grew up with posters |of these guys on my walls!  
And now I'm one of them!  
That's right!  
I'm standing here, living proof |that if you work hard enough...  
...and you want it bad enough, |dreams do come true.  
So follow your dreams, man.  
Follow your dreams, |because we all die young.  
Fucking scintillating, baby!  
Quiet! Shut them up behind us. |Give us 10 minutes. In we go.

Lock it up! Thank you!  
That was something really....  
Amazing! You were demented out there.  
I thought I was gonna|break my neck when I fell.  
You brought the audience home.|You did fucking beautiful.  
Thanks.  
It was so heavy hearing the music|played to perfection.  
We heard it sang right.  
-Beautiful.|-Right between the eyes.  
It was incredible, man.|Thanks, IKirk.  
The Dragons!  
All right, let's go.  
Go. Go.  
Get the hell out of here.  
-Oh, my pass.|-VIP. Sorry.  
I'm Chris' girlfriend. Manager.  
-Who?|-Izzy's girlfriend/manager.  
-Yeah, right.|-She's okay. She's all right.  
-Go on.|-I'm his mother.  
How amazing was he? Brilliant!  
Our boy came through tonight.|He was on fire.  
-Where are you going?|-Oh, sorry. I've got....  
-No. Go on back, darling.|-I'm lzzy's brother.  
-I don't think so.|-Mom!  
What did you think?  
-Are you all right?|-I am so good.  
-Oh, man.|-This is insane.  
-Arrest her for indecent exposure.|-Out of my jurisdiction, bro.  
-Mats, get us the tequilas, will you?|-Ladies, you're on.  
Got an initiation for you.|You joined, done a beautiful job.  
Now I'll buy you a drink, mate.|Hello, ladies. Thank you.  
For lzzy!  
-Hey! Hang on. No hands.|-No hands.  
You're hanging with the hardcore now.  
Two teeth, come on.  
Go on, my son.  
You're so bad.  
Oh, my God.  
-The laws of gravity no longer apply.|-I guess not.  
You'll get used to it.  
You build up a tolerance to it.  
Right, okay. I'll get that one going.  
-Some crazy stuff happens.|-Oh, my God, it's amazing.  
It's all good fun.|Just makes for good stories, you know?

I'm beginning to have|a couple of my own.  
You can have a good time as well.|It's allowed.  
Anything you want.|You just have to ask.  
-Don't forget.|-Oh, I won't.  
Cheers.  
I'm gonna go to the dance floor.  
-Have you seen Emily?|-How you doing?  
I'm good. I'm really good.|I'm great, actually.  
Tell me something.  
How's it feel to know|that everyone in here...  
...wants to fuck you?  
You're serious?  
I can't stop touching you.|I can't keep my hands to myself.  
You know, you've turned me|into a silly little groupie.  
There she is.  
We were just talking about how|stunningly beautiful you are, really.  
Oh, God, you two.|Such a sexy couple.  
If I were you,|I'd spend all my time in bed.  
Come on.  
-Sorry about that.|-Relax, lover.  
You were terrific last night.  
Are those my pants?  
Yeah, they're a bit snug,|but that's how I like them.  
-So you think....|-Let's not.  
People, boat's leaving. All aboard.|Quick as you can, please.  
Thank you.|All right, two lovely people.  
Quickly, boys.|Boat's going in a minute.  
Good afternoon, my darlings.|Look, I've been meaning to tell you.  
There's a longstanding rule|that wives and girlfriends...  
...aren't allowed on the bus.  
The boys don't like distractions|when they're working on their music.  
You can travel with the wives.|They're nice.  
Yeah, well, who are they?  
That's IKirk's astrologer...  
...and his physical therapist.  
And that, well, we all know what|that is, right? We'd better go.  
-I'm gonna ride with Emily.|-Oh, no. Sorry. You can't do that.  
The boys need you there|when they work on the tunes.  
Go ahead, babe. I'm fine.  
Quick as you can.  
-You sure?|-Yeah, I'm sure.  
I didn't know about the rule.  
Yeah. Just get on the bus.  
-Have fun.|-You too. Be careful.

The boys are waiting in the back. | They're working. They need you.  
-What's up, lzz? | -What's up?  
Izz, you want some?  
I was gonna go over the schedule.  
Suit yourself. | It's good for writing lyrics.  
You know, he's a rock star now. | The normal rules don't apply.  
-I didn't say anything. | -You didn't have to.  
Somebody's jealous.  
No. No, I'm not.  
I just know him | and he's not that--  
Like hell he's not. | He's a guy, isn't he?  
Look, we all know exactly | what happens on that bus.  
I met Ghode on that bus.  
I didn't say anything.  
I know it's crazy, | but it comes with the territory.  
You either drive yourself batty | trying to change it or you adapt.  
You gotta let him off the leash | once in a while.  
Or they get cranky. At the end | of the day, they always come home.  
And who says you can't | have your own fun?  
Exactly.  
-Do you want some? | -No, I'm good. I just had breakfast.  
-Okay. Here. | -Hair of the dog.  
Here's some advice from me. | Number one: Learn to share.

**Number two:**

**And three:**

Don't sign anything. | I had to learn that the hard way.  
You know what I always say. | If you love someone, let them go.  
And if they come back to you | with very expensive jewelry...  
...then it's meant to be.  
I hope I am not as cynical | as you are when I am your age.  
Honey, she's 23.  
221/2 .  
-23 | -I am 221/2 .  
You guys were at my birthday party. | I was born....  
Move aside, you scallywags. | You're getting in the way of future sales.  
Be nice to this bloke from MTV.  
They're not playing | our videos as much...  
...since the boys trashed their set.  
Tell them about that thing | you do with your tongue.  
-All right, and here we are. | -Thanks, Mats.  
I'll be back in half an hour. | Mind your backs, please!  
-Chris, I need to talk to you-- | -You can't call me that here.

I need to talk to you.

I gotta do this MTV thing,|then talk to a producer--

I know your schedule.|I get a copy every day.

-Then you know when I'm done.|-I'm leaving.

-Just meet me at the hotel.|-I'm going to Seattle.

Come on.

Em, what the hell|is going on in Seattle?

-Marci and I have been talking--|-Who's Marci?

You know who Marci is.|My roommate, Rob's girlfriend.

Sorry. I know who she is.|I've got things on my mind.

I know, I know.

We've been talking about this business|and we got our loan.

-We're going to Seattle to--|-When did you do this?

While the wives were out shopping.

Is this a money thing?|If you need money--

You know I didn't mean it|like that, Em. I swear.

-Are you leaving me?|-No. I'm not leaving you.

But I am leaving this.|I cannot do this every day.

-I thought we're having a great time.|-We are. It has been fun.

But, baby, this is all happening|to you. And it's great.

But it's different for me.|I can't follow a bus all day.

You don't have to do that anymore.|We're getting our own car.

It's not about the car.

What is it?

You know, it's wanting a life.

And I really want to do this thing|with Marci in Seattle.

Can we hook up in Seattle|when I get there?

Of course. Of course.

All right.

I'll talk to Mats|and get you our numbers...

...so you can call|when you get there.

So I know you got there|safe, all right?

So I'll see you in Seattle?

Can I give you some advice, mate?

-What's up, A.C.?|-Let the chick go, man.

-So how are we doing?|-Lovely. Thank you very much.

-I'll be back to check on you.|-I'm sure you will.

Freshening up the blood.

The liver doesn't work as good|as it did when I was your age.

Listen, make it easier on yourself.

There's no way it can work.

You start off with|the best intentions.

But there's so much pussy coming|at you every day that...

...finally it wears you down.|Then you crack.

Aren't you married to a supermodel?  
Yeah, you know why? Because I can.  
And you can too.  
You got these birds dreaming|about having it off with you.  
That makes the guys want to be you.  
The guys are the ones|that buy the records.  
So if the chicks don't want you,|the guys are gone.  
I mean, put it this way:  
Your job is to live the fantasy|other people only dream about.  
Don't go in half-assed.  
Dream big.  
Live the life.  
-You running for pink slips?|-See you in hell, Bat Boy.  
You ready, Robin?  
Go!  
You got yourself a Ferrari!  
Hello, Wichita.  
Izzy? Oh, my God, is that lzzy?  
I love you!  
Watch out!  
Out of my bloody way!  
-What's going on?|-His wife ran off with Peter Gabriel.  
-Let me get that.|-That doesn't work.  
Ladies, ladies, please.|A little bit of decorum, please.  
Now, listen. We've got limited space.|Just be patient.  
I gotta check your credentials,|so have your pussy passes out.  
If I get to be with lzzy,|I am going to shit bricks.  
Well, yeah, that'll make|a lasting impression.  
-Do you dance at Chubbies?|-No.  
You should. You have a killer body.|It's not totally nude there.  
We wear G-strings,|so the guys respect us way more.  
Yeah, that is so true.  
Nothing says "respect" Iike cramming|a strip of Lycra up your ass.  
Fucking-A, mama!  
Yes, that's fine.|You're absolutely fine.  
Oh, hi. Hello. Now, that's a very|important little P, isn't it?  
-In you go. Nice.|-What's the "P" stand for?  
Yes, it's "pass."  
Oh, yeah? It's not "pimp"?  
-No, it's "personal"....|- "Personal friend."  
Yeah, "personal friend of the band."|Yeah. One sec.  
I'm not here to check up|on him. I was invited.  
-He's doing interviews.|-Interviews? Okay.  
Tell you what, darling.

I'm not really sure|where he is, actually.  
If you'd like to wait just....  
Of course, wait here if you like.|He's actually down there.  
What are you doing here?  
I live here, Chris.  
I thought you were in Seattle.  
We're in Seattle.|You're in Seattle.  
I'm sorry.  
-You forgot.|-No.  
Yeah, you did.|You forgot I was coming.  
Wait. I did not forget|you were coming. Mats.  
Told him to arrange-- Didn't I say|to remind me she was coming?  
Shit. I'm so sorry.|I really screwed up, mate.  
-What do you mean?|-Chris, please.  
You don't need people|taking falls for you. Please.  
No, Em. I did not forget.  
Chris, don't lie to me.|Please don't lie to me.  
It might've slipped my mind.|But I didn't forget. I remembered....  
I didn't remember,|but I didn't forget, okay?  
Things get crazy.|It's hard to keep things straight.  
I know. I see that.  
-It is.|-I know. I see that.  
Emily, you look great.  
Come on. You're wasted.|You're absolutely wasted.  
-No, I'm not wasted. I'm tired.|-Sorry.  
I gotta do him first,|because I gotta work at midnight.  
Come over here. Stand over here|for a second, all right?  
-Who are you?|-Izzy.  
What is this? What?  
Izzy. But you don't have|to call me that. It's me.  
Call me Chrizzy, okay?  
You don't have to call me lzz.|Call me Chris.  
Chris. Well, I'm glad we talked.|I'm gonna go.  
-Emily, wait.|-What? What?  
-I'll go with you.|-Go with me where?  
With you. I'm gonna go to Seattle.  
We're in Seattle, Chrizzy.  
Sorry, sorry. But...  
...are you guys done?|Because l--  
We're done.  
Get going on this one because|she's gotta be at work by midnight.  
Dinner's canceled.  
She's really sweet,|but I was here first.  
Why don't we go in here?|Somewhere out of the way.

Can I get a picture, lzzy?  
All right, I gotta go. | Here you go.  
Jorg, it's not very brutal. | Can we make it more raunchy?  
Sounds raunchy in here.  
Maybe it's an E.Q. thing. | Just take a few minutes.  
It needs a bit of bollocks to it. | E.Q. it or something.  
Good hunting at your ranch?  
Great. Everything I saw, I killed. | I killed something every damn day.  
You should bring | your new fiance up there.  
She's busy at the moment. | Some yearbook committee.  
--got any body to it.  
-Hey, lzz. | -What's up?  
-Hello, Chrizzy. | -How are you guys?  
-What's with your eyebrow? | -Isn't it cool?  
You gotta clear it with us | before you do that.  
Worked on some songs for the album. | They're still rough...  
...but I wanted to get your input | before I went further.  
I don't know.  
Just a thought, | but isn't that a cool cover?  
No title, no band name. | Could be heavy. What do you think?  
Izzy, it looks great.  
It still needs work.  
I'm glad you've been having fun | writing songs.  
I busted my ass | working on the songs.  
But the tunes have | already been written.  
-What do you mean? | -A.C. and I wrote them during break.  
-I know you and A.C. do most of it-- | -Not most. All of it.  
But shouldn't I have some input?  
I'm singing the tunes, | so you at least want my stamp.  
I'm not just....  
You aren't just expecting me | to be some singer-for-hire, are you?  
Let me explain. Come here.  
Listen, our fans, right, | our loyal, die-hard fans...  
...our very lifeblood, if you will, | expect to see certain things.  
We give them what they want.  
We don't deviate because one | disappointed fan can turn into two...  
...to four, to eight, | till the next thing you know...  
...we're playing to a half-empty hall.  
And our lost sheep are off enjoying | the rock stylings of, say, Ratt.  
So while I understand your impulse | to do your own thing...  
...and I admire it | in some small way...  
...if you want to stay | with Steel Dragon...  
...then you have to reconcile yourself | to doing the Steel Dragon thing.  
All right? And the Steel Dragon thing | is that A.C. and I write the songs.

And you sing the songs that we write.  
Am I clear?  
Yeah.  
Good.  
What's he doing?  
-What?|-Just sing it like it's written.  
-I thought I was.|-You weren't.  
All right. Sorry.  
-Great.|-Theo, from the top.  
Thanks.  
Pretty good.  
What is it when you do something|to somebody and they hate it?  
Then somebody does the same|to you and you hate it.  
I suppose some might call it|poetic justice. I don't know.  
All I know is I owe a guy named Rob|a big fat apology. That's for sure.  
We all owe someone an apology along|the way. I mean, that's life, man.  
A long, long time ago...  
...when I was at university...  
...I was married.  
No. You were married?  
It was before you boys and that|rock 'n' roll music corrupted me, man.  
Yeah, I still think|about it sometimes.  
She was really a very sweet girl.  
What happened?|If you don't mind me asking.  
No, no.  
One day we were sitting in the park.  
Having lunch, me and the wife.  
I needed to take a piss...  
...so I walked to the toilet.|You know, in the bathroom.  
I'm standing there staring|at the wall, as you do.  
And all of the sudden,|something came over me.  
Like a fear that my whole life|had already been laid out for me.  
I'd finish my studies, get a job.  
I'd be working for somebody else...  
...worrying about things|that didn't matter.  
So I walked out of there.  
I kept going. Didn't come back.  
You just left her there?  
Yep.  
Sitting in front of a half-eaten|steak and kidney pie.  
Very harsh, man.  
She came to see a show a few years|ago. She hadn't changed at all.  
She married my best friend.|A doctor.  
They have three gorgeous little kids.

Yeah, she's very happy.

Very happy.

Thank you.

You know, I'm just a regular guy...

...who grew up with posters|of these guys on my walls.

And now I'm one of them.|That's right.

I'm standing here, and I'm proof if you|work hard and want it bad enough....

Dreams come true!

That's right. Dreams do come true|so follow them.

Me?

-Awesome!|-What's your name?

Mike, but my friends call me|Thor, God of Thunder!

-I know the rest of it?|-I know them all.

I know all your moves.|I study you. I love you.

You want to rip|the roof off this place?

Are you serious?

Yep.

Go ahead. Get out there.|Get out there, bro. It's all yours.

-Everything all right?|-Couldn't be better.

Taking a night off, are you?

I'm gonna go take a piss.

I'll see you again.

Off you go.

Chris "Izzy" Cole of Steel Dragon|shocked fans,,,

,,, when he walked offstage,

Izzy's departure is|more trouble for Steel Dragon,,,

,,,as the band tries|to maintain its status,,,

,,,as the industry's|top hard-rock act,

As far as I'm concerned,|it's much ado about nothing.

There's still four of us left.|We're not going anywhere.

I don't give a fuck where he is...

...and I don't care if I see|that bastard again.

### **He said to me:**

"I need to take a piss."

That's it.

"Mats," he said,|"I really need a piss."

One day I realized|it wasn't for me anymore.

I was wearing the clothes|and singing the songs.

It just didn't feel right,

I just wanted to find myself,|Find my own music,

-What's up?|-Long time.

-It has been. You cut your hair.|-So did you, asshole.

I'm starting a new band.  
I got "Whole and a Half" | on a shelf. It's ready to go.  
I'm gonna go talk to Emily.  
I missed you.  
I know. Me too.  
-I wanted to tell you. | -I know.  
I know.  
You look great.  
So do you.  
Why didn't you rejoin the band?  
As the mouthpiece of Steel Dragon, | I had this responsibility.  
It's me they're looking at | and want to learn from.  
The vacuous, empty world of sex | and drugs and rock 'n' roll...  
...is not the message | I want to send out.  
I wanted something more cerebral, | eloquent and dignified,  
We kick ass, man!  
Ever get your ass kicked by | a guy with long hair and makeup?  
Right here!  
Chris "Izzy" Cole shocked fans-- | Damn it!  
Cut!  
Okay, Backstage Pass. | Okay, Crud Pollution.  
Okay, Bobby Beers. | I mean, Chris Queers.  
After the nuclear holocaust...  
...survivors will crawl out | of the rubble, light a fire...  
...then one man, | the singer of songs, will sing.  
And that is the essence | of rock 'n' roll.  
What are you talking about?  
Chris....  
As they continue-- | What are they continuing?  
As the band continues | to struggle to continue its--  
What?  
Oh, my God.  
No more metal shit. | It's all about hip-hop.  
It's all bling-bling, pinky ring, | word about, bling-bling.  
No more of this. It's about this. | You heard me?  
Lay your shit by the TV and watch | this shit. This shit the bomb.