

DREW and...Joey Primo
AUDITION PACKET

as of July 21, 2010

DREW/SHERRIE

HERTZ/ MAYOR/ FRANZ WE (WE'LL) BUILT (RID) THIS CITY!!

ENSEMBLE TOO MUCH TIME ON MY HANDS

HERTZ/ MAYOR/ FRANZ

ON (OF) ROCK AND ROLL!!

LONNY/ DREW/ DENNIS/ FRANZ/ HERTZ/ MAYOR/ GROUPIES

(whispered) TOO MUCH TIME ON MY HANDS TOO MUCH TIME ON MY HANDS TOO MUCH TIME--

HERTZ

Shall I call zee bulldozers?

DENNIS

Remember when you tea bagged that baby llama?

STACEE JAXX/ MAYOR

I'll do it.

The MAYOR and HERTZ shake hands. LIGHTS OUT.

Scene 4

INT. "Dupree's Bourbon Room." Day.

DREW is playing his guitar. He doesn't notice SHERRIE with a newspaper enter behind him.

DREW

GOT A GIRL WITH LEGS SO LONG WRAPPED AROUND ME, IN THE BACK... OF HER DADDY'S STATION WAGON AND SHE'S GOT A KILLER RACK.

Stupid.

DREW (cont'd)
AND SHE'S REACHIN' FOR MY SACK.

God, that sucks.

SHERRIE

Reachin' for your sack, huh?

DREW

(startled) Oh, hey! No, that's just, ah, rock stuff... metaphors. It's complicated.

SHERRIE

(shrug) Nice hook though. Reminds me of Judas Priest's "Eat Me Alive." (sings) "... Squealing in passion as the rod of steel injects."

DREW

I love you.

SHERRIE

What?

DREW

Nothing. What are you doing?

SHERRIE picks up her newspaper.

SHERRIE

Dramalogue said they're having an open call for some movie... "Encino Hot Tub Police." Figured I'd go down and try out. Not sure what *(reads)* "suggested fellatio" is but sounds like I better work on an accent.

DREW

(Aside) I could probably help you with that. (to her) Wow, right off the bus and hittin' auditions. Pretty cool.

SHERRIE

Well, I ain't gonna make it sitting on my butt, right?

SHERRIE sits and starts applying make-up

DREW

Guess that's true

SHERRIE

So where you from, Drew?

DREW

Detroit... (raises his right hand and points to his palm) Michigan.

SHERRIE

So, you come out here to be a rockstar, Wolfgang?

DREW

Oh, I don't know. I guess.

SHERRIE

Guess? There's no "guess." You want something? (putting lipstick on him) You wanna be one of those multi-platinum Gods? You gotta just take it.

DREW

(smacking his lips) Okay.

SHERRIE

Okay, what?

DREW

Sure, yes I'd like—

SHERRIE

"Like" nothing. Forceful. Right now. What's bustin' out of your heart, Drew? What do you want?

DREW

I... (frustrated) I don't know. I guess I want...

SHERRIE

Come on! Don't think. First thing that comes out of your mouth!

DREW

Well...

SHERRIE

Say it, Wolfgang!!

DREW

(sung a capella) I WANNA ROCK?!

<u>Suddenly, the world around DREW becomes a</u> metal video.

"I WANNA ROCK"

ENSEMBLE

ROCK!

DREW

I WANNA ROCK!

PRODUCER

Yeah, well... I produce over at Orion Pictures.

The PRODUCER gives her his card.

PRODUCER (cont'd)

(pointing to a number) That's my beach house. I gotta say, I see in you a real Molly Ringwald quality.

SHERRIE

You got that from a "two for one" lapdance?

PRODUCER

I'm really good at my job. (re: card) Think about it.

As the PRODUCER slowly crosses away, DREW mopes down The Strip, reading a Tiger Beat magazine...

DREW

(sad) I WANNA ROCK

PRODUCER

(passing DREW) Let it go.

SHERRIE and DREW bump passing each other.

SHERRIE

Jesus! Why don't you --

Looking up, SHERRIE sees who it is. DREW is equally surprised.

SHERRIE (cont'd)

Drew? Oh my God, I... How are you?

DREW

Sherrie. I'm fine. And you?

SHERRIE

Good... Great, actually.

DREW

Oh yeah? So the acting? That going well?

A CONTRACT

SHERRIE

Yeah. I was actually just meeting with a pretty big producer at, ah, Orion Pictures. Think it could really lead to... something.

DREW

That's great. Well, you take care, Sherrie.

DREW begins to walk away.

SHERRIE

Wait. What about you? Your music?

DREW

Um... I got a new band. Street Boyz... with a Z. Gonna be huge. Got a Tiger Beat shoot and everything.

SHERRIE

Tiger Beat? That's... a departure from rock, isn't it?

DREW

(snarky) Yeah well, I guess sometimes people change their minds about things, people they like, wine coolers...

SHERRIE

Hold on, you're mad at me?!

DREW

I think I'm entitled.

SHERRIE

If you remember you're the one who turned your back on me the minute I was fired! Buddy, it look me a long time to get over--

DREW

Turned my back on you?! Time out! What about when you... (can't say it) with Stacee Jaxx!

SHERRIE

You said we were just "friends!" Y'know, "just drinkin' wine coolers?!"

DREW

I never said that!

Suddenly, LONNY appears.

LONNY

Yeah, actually you did.

Realizing this is a private moment, LONNY slips back off.

LONNY (cont'd)

Sorry.

SHERRIE

Dammit, I was crazy about you.

DREW

You were?

SHERRIE

Goodbye, Drew.

SHERRIE begins to walk away.

DREW

Sherrie...?

DREW reaches into his pocket and hands SHERRIE a cassette.

DREW (cont'd)

Maybe give it a listen. It's about you.

SHERRIE

I'm scared...

DREW

No, it's good stuff.

DREW begins to exit.

SHERRIE

(feeling honest) I'm a stripper. (embarrassed) Exotic dancer. (then) Stripper. Venus club.

DREW

My manager dressed me like this and that's the first demo tape anyone's taken off my hands.

SHERRIE wants to say more.

DREW (cont'd)

I better go.

SHERRIE

Drew. For whatever it's worth. Street Boyz or whatever. I thought you made a really hot rocker.

The two separate. Once alone...

SHERRIE (cont'd)

(to herself) God, you are so stupid.

DREW

(to himself) Why did you say "friends!?"

SHERRIE

(re: tape) He wrote me a song?

DREW

(to himself) She was crazy about me?

"HIGH ENOUGH"

SHERRIE

I DON'T WANNA HEAR ABOUT IT ANYMORE IT'S A SHAME I'VE GOT TO LIVE WITHOUT YOU ANYMORE

DREW

THERE'S A FIRE IN MY HEART A POUNDING IN MY BRAIN IT'S DRIVING ME CRAZY

DREW/ SHERRIE
WE DON'T NEED TO TALK ABOUT IT ANYMORE
YESTERDAY'S JUST A MEMORY
CAN WE CLOSE THE DOOR

SHERRIE

I JUST MADE ONE MISTAKE

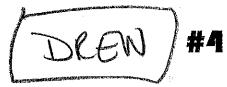
DREW

I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY

PIANO/CONDUCTOR

Drew Ensemble





I Wanna Rock

[c. 3/10]

Orchestration: Ethan Popp

