

SHERRIE AUDITION PACKET



LONNY

Oh, yes. Love.

DENNIS/ DREW/ ENSEMBLE

Awwwwww.

LONNY

Well, for that we should probably start here...

The CAST past to reveal... A young girl,
SHERRIF CHRISTIAN

Scene 2a

EXT. Kansas Farm house. Day.

LONNY

Three thousand, three hundred and thirty seven Dunkin Donuts away in the little town of Paola, Kansas.

LONNY and the COMPANY disappear; SHERRIE drinks a slurpee, as she dreams...

SHERRIE

(using her Slurpee as an Oscar) ...First I'd like to thank my director, my captain, Steven... I salute you! And of course to my co-stars Corey and Corey, I love you both. We did it! And yes, last but certainly not least, I have to thank my parents who were always so... so...

Her FATHER appears.

FATHER
SISTER CHRISTIAN, OH THE TIME HAS COME.
AND YOU KNOW THAT YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE
TO SAY, OK:

Then, her MOTHER appears.

MOTHER WHERE YOU GOING, WHAT YOU LOOKING FOR...

SHERRIE

Mom, I have to.

FATHER
YOU KNOW THOSE BOYS DON'T WANNA PLAY
NO MORE WITH YOU.

~SHERRIE.~

L'll.be.fino.-It's my-dreamb

MOTHER"

JT'S TRUE.



SHERRIE

Why don't you two believe in me?

FATHER

And what will the big star do for money?!

SHERRIE

I'll get a job until I make it big.

MOTHER

Sherrie, this is your home!

SHERRIE

I gotta go.

FATHER

Sherrie, you get back in that house or you don't bother coming back!

MOTHER

Harold?!

SHERRIE

Fine!

MOTHER

Sherrie!

SHERRIE grabs her bags and leaves. Magically, we are back on...

Scene 2b

EXT. Sunset strip. Day.

SHERRIE arrives and the PEOPLE of the Strip approach her - It's exciting and dangerous.

ENSEMBLE

MOTORIN'
WHAT'S YOUR PRICE FOR FLIGHT
IN FINDING MISTER RIGHT...

SHERRIE (to herself) YOU'LL BE ALRIGHT TONIGHT.

A HOOKER passes.

Hello ma'am!

SHERRIE (cont'd)

A passing ROCKER slaps her ass.

SHERRIE (cont'd)

(Awkward laugh) Okay.

DREW is sweeping in front of "The Bourbon," while SHERRIE walks The Strip with her nose buried in a travel book.

SHERRIE (cont'd)

(reading) No visit to the Sunset Strip is complete without checking out the (bad french) Chatooo Marymontee, where a star sighting is almost always guaranteed. (smile) Bitchin!!

Suddenly, a MUGGER approaches. He reaches for her purse. She extends her hand innocently.

SHERRIE

Well you seem like a nice--

He snatches her purse, and knocks her to the ground.

SHERRIE (cont'd)

Ow! Hey! Stop!!

DREW runs over to help. SHERRIE is holding her elbow in pain.

DREW

HEY!!! (to Sherrie) You okay?

SHERRIE

I was just mugged.

DREW

Come on, let's get you some ice.

DREW takes her suitcase.

DREW (cont'd)

Sorry about your purse.

SHERRIE

It's okay. I didn't really have anything in there. My travel book says to always hide your valuables someplace safe, so I tucked all my money inside my lacy, pink, yet slightly seethrough and somewhat inappropriate for my age panties. (innocently)

DREW

(tongue-tied) That's really smart.

SHERRIE

(extends hand) I'm Sherrie.

DREW

(shakes) Wolfgang Von Colt.

SHERRIE

I'm sorry?

DREW

(embarrassed) Or Drew... You just visiting?

DREW leads SHERRIE toward "The Bourbon."

SHERRIE

Actually, I think I'm here for good.

DREW

Yeah?

SHERRIE

IT'S TRUE! YEAH!

DREW

Well, welcome to LA!

DREW/ ENSEMBLE

YOU'RE MOTORIN'
WHAT'S YOUR PRICE FOR FLIGHT.
YOU'VE GOT HER IN YOUR SIGHTS
AND DRIVING THROUGH THE NIGHT.

The two arrive at "The Bourbon."

SHERRIE

Shut up! You work at "The Bourbon Room?" (checks book) This place is like famous!

DREW

Let's get that ice.

DENNIS and LONNY are inside - sharing a joint.

DREW (cont'd)

Dennis, this is Sherrie.

SHERRIE

I love your club. So awesome. (breath) Even smells like rock... and urine.

DENNIS

So what brings you out here, Sherrie?

SHERRIE

I'm an actress!

LONNY

What a shocker.

DREW

Hey, maybe we could hook Sherrie up with a job?

DENNIS

(holding inhale of SMOKE) We are not hiring right now. Sorry, sweetie.

SHERRIE suddenly notices on the floor...

SHERRIE

Ooo! Look at that!! A lucky penny!!

As she picks it up, the boys can't help but note her flawless behind.

DENNIS

But... I suppose we could always use some extra help.

SHERRIE

Ohmygod! Are you kidding? I'd love a job!

DREW

Just until you make it big, of course.

SHERRIE smiles at DREW.

FATHER (OFFSTAGE)
SISTER CHRISTIAN, OH THE TIME HAS COME...

*DENNIS

L'Il let my boy Drow show you around.

MOTHER (OFFSPACE)
AND YOU KNOW THAT YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE TO SAY...

DREW

Hey, you want a drink or something?

SHERRIE

OKAY.

DREW

I was gonna go get a Slurpee. You want one?

MATE FINSEMBLE

DON'T NEED NOTHIN BUT A GOOD FIME

SHERRIE

I love Slurpees!

DREW

So do I!

FATHER

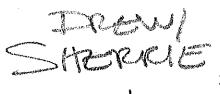
BUT YOU'RE MOTORING YEAR MOTORING

SHERRIE

No shit?!

DREW

(amazed) I say "no shit!"



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 Ilama?

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?

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?!

Suddenly, the world around DREW becomes a metal video.

"I WANNA ROCK"

ENSEMBLE

ROCK!

DREW

I WANNA ROCK!

as of July 21, 2010



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?

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.

as of July 21, 2010 **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?

<u>"HÎGH ENOUGH"</u>

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

Sherrie Justice Women Men





Harden My Heart/Shadows of the Night

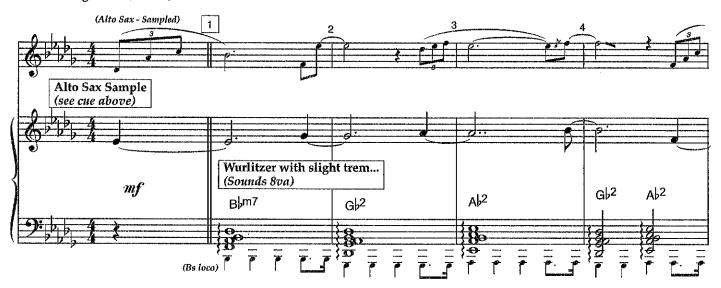
Cue: [Segue from #9 "Come On Feel The Noize / We're Not Gonna Take It \sim Reprise"]

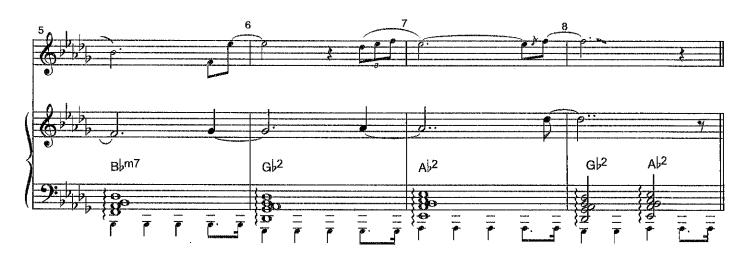
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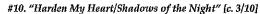
Orchestration: Ethan Popp

(Crash of thunder.)







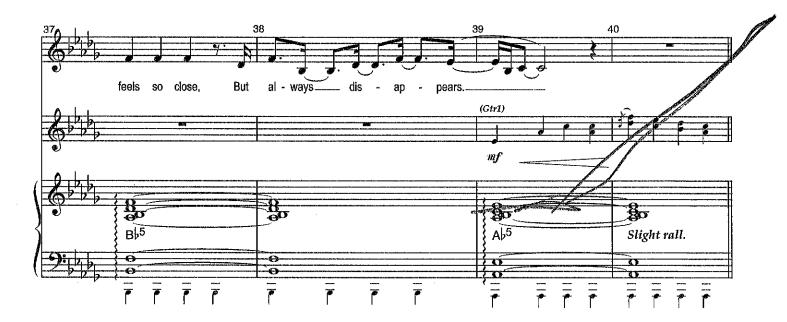


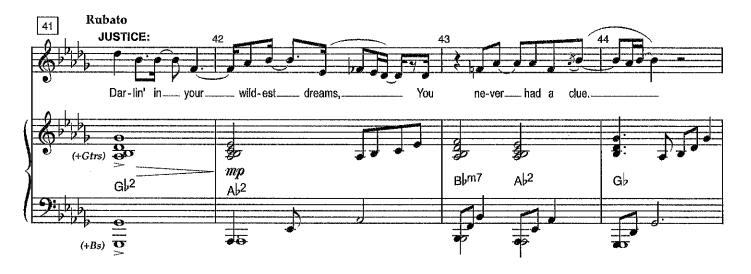














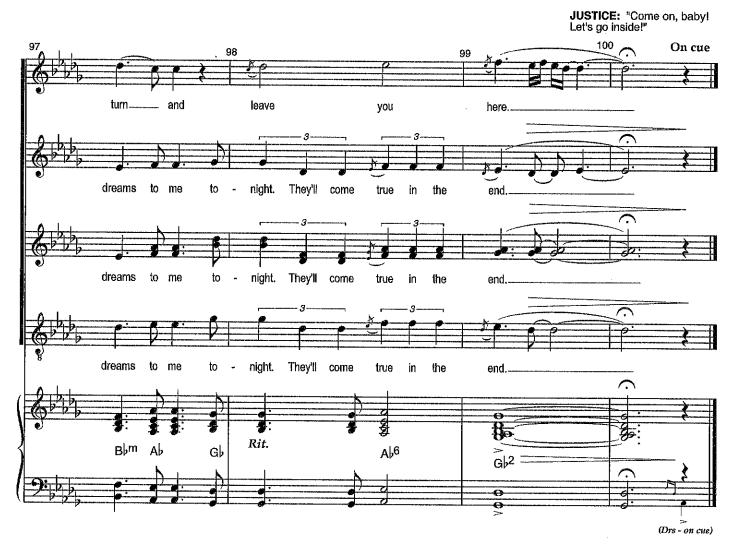












[Quick seque: #11 "Here I Go Again"]

High Enough Specials & January 1991.

h. Street Bovz

and Tommy R. Shaw

Arrangement by Ethan Popp

Cue: SHERRIE: "Drew. For whatever it's worth, Street Boyz or whatever. I thought you made a really hot rocker." (SHERRIE and DREW part...)

SHERRIE: (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?" (go on) (Gtr 2 - Acoustic) (Gtr 1 - Clean elec, w/trem) OO







