Ja Keith / Drew

FRANZ looks toward the door, where his FATHER is. He has no choice.

FRANZ

I should go.

REGINA

You're a good guy, Franz.

FRANZ

Oh God!

With that, FRANZ, torn, runs off.

Scene 16

INT. JA'KEITH GILL's office. Day.

DREW stands before JA'KEITH in a cheesy boy band outfit.

Start

DREW

I don't know, Ja'Keith. I'm not really a boy band kind of guy, and I don't usually wear epaulets.

JA'KEITH

This isn't just any boy band. This is "Street Boyz" with a "Z!," and you're it's lead singer, Joshy J!

DREW

(resigned) Yeah, Joshy J. Well, what about Wolfgang Von Colt?

JA'KEITH

Too ethnic. Now we got a Tiger Beat shoot at four, then at six we're at the label to go over concepts for your nationwide Mall Tour!!

DREW

Mall tour? But Ja'Keith, I, y'know...I WANNA ROCK?

JA'KEITH

(scoff) You were out there! You saw! The rock didn't work so... You're a Street Boy now!

DREW's heart sinks.

DREW

Um, Ja'Keith, I, ah, forgot something back at my apartment so... I'm gonna leave, 'kay?

DREW starts to exit.

JA'KEITH

Don't forget, Tiger Beat at four!!

DREW

End

How could I forget.

#13D "HANGIN' BLUFF"

DREW is miserable, and exits.

Scene 17

EXT. Sunset strip. Day.

 $Outside\ The\ Venus\ Club,\ SHERRIE\ is\ with\ a\ sleazy$

PRODUCER.

PRODUCER

Showed some great moves in there.

SHERRIE

Thanks.

PRODUCER

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

The PRODUCER gives her his card.

PRODUCER (cont'd)

(pointing to the card) 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.

Hertz/mayor

Stort

MAYOR

Hertz? Oh yes!! Send him in!

Before she can, HERTZ and FRANZ KLINEMANN are in.

HERTZ

Heir Mayor! Zank you so much for meeting me!

MAYOR

The pleasure is mine, Mr. Klinemann.

HERTZ

(shakes; then) You know my son, Franz.

FRANZ

Zuch a pleasure to be here in your lovely—

HERTZ

Enough! You're boring him!

FRANZ

Sei beitte nicht wutend auf mich. (Please don't be mad at me.)

HERTZ

Folgen zie meinen befelen! (Follow my orders!)

FRANZ

(sheepishly) Okay.

FRANZ wilts.

HERTZ

Heir Mayor, let's cut to the chase, shall we? I have a proposal. But first, may I be frank vis you?

MAYOR

(really excited) Please!

HERTZ

Ze fact is, Heir Mayor, ze "sex, drugs, unt rock n' roll" element here is destroying your city.

MAYOR

Well, I don't know about destroying--

Suddenly, DENNIS and LONNY run by, LONNY with his pants around his ankles, and DENNIS chasing with cans of whip cream.

LONNY

I'm totally running in the streets with my pants down!

DENNIS

This is sooo rock n' roll!

LONNY

And I'm high too!

DENNIS

Suck it, LA!!

With that, they are gone.

MAYOR

White people.

REGINA

Personally, I love rock. I once followed The Dead for seven months... until I realized I was violently allergic to patchouli oil and overwrought and meandering guitar solos.

HERTZ

(beat) Unt you are?

MAYOR

This is my new city planner down from Berkley, Ms. Regina Koontz.

REGINA

It's pronounced ReGYna.

FRANZ

(moved) Zat vas my mother's name.

HERTZ

Heir Mayor, Regina... vat Klinehaus Inc. is requesting is nussing more zan ze privilege of bringing your city into ze next century. A European model of clean, pure, efficient living. BEHOLD!

FRANZ unveils a model of a new Strip.

FRANZ

Ta-daaa!.

End

