

Summary: Jared, a 1980s rocker with a trail of broken promises, has a son who doesn't know he exists. Tyler, a junior at an elite prep school, sets off on a trip to find his dad, and Liz, a desperate talent agent, has stars in her eyes when she rediscovers Jared.

Comment [s1]: Interesting that Chrissy isn't mentioned here

The Rock Heroes Autograph Show started at 8 ~~AM a.m.~~ at the LAX Marriott Hotel. The line of coke Jared snorted in the restroom before manning his table ~~had~~ barely kicked in when the first fans trickled into the ballroom.

Formatted: Small caps

It was like a bad high school reunion. For \$25 a ticket, the public came to watch, meet and hug the aging, once-famous rock stars. For a few dollars more, fans could buy beer cozies, Rock Hero autograph decals, t-shirts, posters and buttons for the celebrity rockers to sign. From what Jared could tell, most of the attendees weren't fans. Bored businessmen killing time before their appointments walked aimlessly through the exhibition. A few travelers on layovers picked through old albums for sale.

Jared's manager played up the whole event as a charity opportunity.

"Proceeds go to cancer research. Don't you want to find a cure?" Lance Belkin was a sarcastic bastard who could care less about helping others. ~~He was only interested in making money and neutralizing the spectacle that Jared Hunter, former lead singer of Maniac, had made at The Plaza Hotel in New York City a few months earlier. A stereotypical rocker tirade started.~~ Jared ~~had~~ mouthed off to The Oak Room bartender for cutting him off after his seventh vodka martini. In retaliation, Jared picked a fight with his suite. Curtains yanked from their rods,

Comment [s2]: Break this down

WOMEN'S FICTION EXCERPT – ROCK HERO FINDS REDEMPTION BY BRENDA MARSIAN

mirrors smashed, bathtub overflowing and cushions gutted for their stuffing. The New York

Posts' front cover ~~had~~ read "Relic Rocker Wrecks Room".

"I'm not a has-been. I am independently wealthy," explained Jared to his manager, while looking out at the Pacific Ocean from his Malibu home. He inhaled deeply from his joint and held it.

"You're a rich ass-hole who hasn't had a hit in over ten years," snapped Lance on the other line.

"I don't want to do it," Jared choked, finally exhaling.

"What else are you going to do, get stoned?"

"Yea."

"You're becoming a recluse. You don't write, perform, or do anything."

"I did some chick the other night. Dede," he said. The high kicked in.

Jared could hear Lance sigh, "C'mon man. You could tour without the band. I bet I could sell out ~~mid-mid~~-level venues without a new single from you," Lance ~~suggested~~said.

"I'm not touring," Jared ~~walked-sauntered~~ out onto his deck. A wave crashed, its foam sliding under the posts of his beach house.

"I know you ~~are're~~ depressed over Chrissy. She was a great girl and she broke your heart. There will be other girls. Maybe Dede will work out."

Jared tossed the remaining nub of his joint off his deck. He didn't want to talk about Chrissy either. She had given him an ultimatum after six months of dating. Marriage, or she was heading back east. Her career as a dancer wasn't gaining any momentum and she was thirty-two years old, retirement age in LA for a dancer. Even Chrissy's efforts to finagle a live-in situation with Jared were rejected by him.

“Fine, I’ll do the autograph show as long as you don’t talk about Chrissy.”

“Great, you’re headlining. Dee Snyder couldn’t make it. You sing acoustic at 2PM-~~p.m.~~”

Two songs. Bye!”

At the autograph show, aisles of six foot tables each hosted a rock hero from the sixties, seventies and eighties. One table featured three video rock vixens. Jared thought he recognized one of them, Vicki Stevens. Fifteen years earlier they had sex after a concert. She was exceptional at straddling the hoods of corvettes, crawling on floors like a sex starved nympho and pouring water over her white tank top. Now her engorged breasts were unharnessed and hung out of her button down blouse. Her face didn’t fare as well, a side effect to tanning beds and a botched face lift.

There was an old soap opera star from the seventies who sang back up on her dad’s sixties folk band. Recent news said the creepy dad was the leader of a bizarre cult and his daughter was his personal pimp, luring underage girls into his Laurel Canyon harem. He died of liver failure five years before the sordid allegations and the lineup of abused, now middle-aged women who were locked up in his lair revealed their torture on TV. The daughter looked barely alive, strung out, a stutterer, and yet manning the most popular booth at the show.

Jared sat on a metal folding chair. His hair was now wavy brown with thick sideburns; he no longer dyed and permed it. An hour into the show and no one had approached him. He was a little relieved about the sparse attendance. The fewer people who recognized him the better, he thought. This wasn’t the Grammys, American Music Awards or MTV Video Awards. This was the scene of hard times. Jared’s money was intact and yet he was reduced to a ballroom on the outskirts of LA. Aside from the airport across the street, rental car terminals, fast food chains and

Formatted: Small caps

Comment [s3]: The writing is good to here, but I think this needs to be in chronological order. I was confused with the back and forth of being at the show, then the bit about Jared messing up a hotel room, and then the conversation with Lance. Maybe start off with the conversation with Lance, have that conversation refer to the ballroom incident, and then have the next section or chapter start with the autograph show.

Comment [s4]: I think you can summarize this; I don’t think it adds to the story.

loitering hookers, there wasn't much else happening. Jared wasn't washed up. He self-selected out of the music scene.

~~Suddenly, Jared's face was looking up at an extra-large t-shirt with his Maniac persona sprawled on the front. The sound of his own song shook him out of his daydreaming (or something like that).~~ His eyes rose to see a very rotund woman looking at him, wearing an extra-large t-shirt with his Maniac persona sprawled on the front.

~~She was crying.~~ "Two Hearts Are One" got me through my sophomore year of high school." she said.

~~Jared stammered, thinking he~~ Jared definitely needed another break in the bathroom with his vial of coke.

"Is that so?" he said. "Well, I'm glad."

The woman's face was heavy with makeup, applied just the way Maniac used to wear it, and her hair was teased and dyed the same color blonde as Jared's back in the eighties.

"I love you," the woman cried, clutching her Rock Hero's coozie and a glossy photo of Jared to her chest.

Jared reluctantly rose from his chair, happy to have the table as a buffer between him and the fan.

"Would you like me to sign that?" That seemed like the logical way to make her happy, and then make her leave.

"My name is Tammy. I came all the way from Idaho to see you," she ~~She~~ handed Jared the coozie and photo to sign.

What the... "Wow, I hope you flew."

"Oh no, I drove. I took a week of vacation time to see you. We've actually met before."

He'd heard that one before. Jared scribbled his name on each of the items with his black Sharpie. ~~W~~and when his eyes met Tammy's, she had pulled down her t-shirt's collar to reveal Jared Hunter's ~~his~~ signature on her right breast.

Comment [s5]: How does he feel when she says that, about meeting him before? Put that here, before he scribbles his name on the items.

Comment [s6]: Again, what does he think when he sees it? Tell us here.

"You signed my chest in 1988 and then I got it tattooed over, so you are by my heart forever. See, 'Two Hearts are One,'" she smiled, revealing a missing front tooth.

Jared had signed a lot of body parts, plenty of boobs, but ~~had~~ never ~~saw~~ ~~seen~~ one inked.

"Wow, Tammy, that is ~~is~~ impressive," Jared looked around to see if ~~there was any~~ ~~security~~ ~~security was around~~. He used to have a group of former wrestlers for body guards. The beefy guys created a human wall of bulk around him as he ran from venue to venue, in and out of limos.

Comment [s7]: (em dash)-see our blog on using hyphens and dashes on our website blog

Comment [s8]: And missed having them around?

"Can I give you a hug?" Tammy asked.

This was why Jared ~~had~~ wanted out. Tammy and the millions of other Tammy's were why he spent more time at his house than venturing into the world. The circus his life had become wasn't what he wanted anymore. Relentless fans clamoring and shaking the band's limo and all the guys freaking out inside, frightened that the force of the screaming girls clamoring would flip the limo over. The tour buses that traveled all over the United States and Europe were moving prisons. Cramped quarters, the snoring, poor hygiene, and clutter of his band mates was 24/7.

Tammy ~~drove~~ ~~had driven~~ all the way from Idaho and had Jared's name on her boob. ~~H~~How could he say no to her request? Was this his penance for smashing the Plaza suite? He walked around the side of the table to greet Tammy, who engulfed him in a python grip hug. With a face full of Aquanet sprayed hair, Jared patted her back to cue her that the hug was over.

WOMEN'S FICTION EXCERPT – ROCK HERO FINDS REDEMPTION BY BRENDA MARSIAN

“Wow, Tammy. This is the best hug I’ve had.” ~~he~~ He spit some of her hair out of his face and ~~gripped either side of her hips to pry~~ prried himself free, then bolted for the bathroom. He pushed through a stall door and locked himself in, sitting on the toilet seat to collect himself.

Instinctively, he pulled out his cell phone and dialed Chrissy.

“Hey.”

He smiled, relieved that she was willing to pick up, “Hey. I’m not calling too early, am I?”

“I was just getting up.”

He could tell she was still in bed and he envied the silk sheets entangled around her curves and long legs. He pictured her naked, silver dollar nipples, dark pubes, full lips, sleepy brown eyes and tangled, thick brown hair. He wanted to be beside her at that very moment.

“I miss you.”

It was quiet on the other line.

“Chrissy? I’m sorry,” and Jared was sorry.

“I haven’t talked to you in six months. Why now?”

Chrissy sounded far away.

“You still with your folks?”

“Yea. Just figuring out my next move. Why are you calling now, Jared?”

“I made a mistake.”

Your writing is good. I like that Jared seems to want more in his life than strangers clamoring to be with him. I’d definitely change the beginning as I suggested earlier so that it’s more chronological. Easy fix. Would be interesting to see how he progresses in the story.

Comment [s9]: How did her voice sound? Hesitant? Angry? Surprised?

Jenn's Comments

WOMEN'S FICTION EXCERPT – ROCK HERO FINDS REDEMPTION BY BRENDA MARSIAN

Summary: Jared, a 1980s rocker with a trail of broken promises has a son who doesn't know he exists. Tyler, a junior at an elite prep school sets off on a trip to find his dad and Liz, a desperate talent agent has stars in her eyes when she rediscovers Jared.

The Rock Heroes Autograph Show started at ~~eight o'clock in the morning~~ ~~8 a.m.~~ at the LAX Marriott Hotel. The line of coke Jared snorted in the restroom before manning his table barely kicked in when the first fans trickled into the ballroom.

It was like a bad high school reunion. For \$25 a ticket the public came to watch, meet and hug the aging, once-famous rock stars. For a few dollars more, fans could buy beer ~~koozie~~ ~~seozies~~, Rock Hero autograph decals, ~~T~~-shirts, posters, and buttons for the celebrity rockers to sign. From what Jared could tell, most of the attendees weren't fans. Bored businessmen killing time before their appointments ambled walked aimlessly through the exhibition. A few travelers on layovers picked through old albums for sale.

Jared's manager played up the whole event as a charity opportunity.

"Proceeds go to cancer research. Don't you want to find a cure?" Lance Belkin was a sarcastic bastard who could care less about helping others. He was only interested in making money and neutralizing the spectacle that Jared Hunter, former lead singer of Maniac, made at The Plaza Hotel in New York City a few months earlier. A stereotypical rocker tirade started ~~when~~ Jared mouthed off to The Oak Room bartender for cutting him off after his seventh vodka martini. In retaliation, Jared picked a fight with his suite. Curtains yanked from their rods,

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mirrors smashed, bathtub overflowing, and cushions gutted for their stuffing. The New York Posts' front cover read, "Relic Rocker Wrecks Room."

"I'm not a has-been. I am independently wealthy," explained Jared to his manager while looking out at the Pacific Ocean from his Malibu home. He inhaled deeply from his joint and held it.

Comment [PHS IS1]: Are we still in the past or are we back at the autograph show?

"You're a rich ~~ass-hole~~ ~~asshole~~ who hasn't had a hit in over ten years," snapped Lance on the other line.

"I don't want to do it," Jared choked, finally exhaling.

"What else are you going to do, get stoned?"

"Yea."

"You're becoming a recluse. You don't write, perform, or do anything."

"I did some chick the other night. Dede," he said. The high kicked in.

~~Jared could hear~~ ^{Lance sighed.} Lance sigh, "C'mon, man. You could tour without the band. I bet I could sell out ~~mid-level~~ ~~midlevel~~ venues without a new single from you," Lance ~~said~~ ~~suggested~~.

"I'm not touring." Jared walked out on his deck, a wave crashed, its foam sliding under the posts of his beach house.

"I know you are depressed over Chrissy. She was a great girl and she broke your heart. There will be other girls. Maybe Dede will work out."

Jared tossed the remaining nub of his joint off his deck. He didn't want to talk about Chrissy either. She had given him an ultimatum after six months of dating. Marriage or she was heading back east. Her career as a dancer wasn't gaining any momentum, and she was thirty-two years old, retirement age in LA for a dancer. ~~Even~~ Chrissy's efforts to finagle a live-in situation with Jared ~~were rejected by him~~.

Comment [PHS IS2]: Why?

Why?

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"Fine, I'll do the autograph show as long as you don't talk about Chrissy."

"Great, you're headlining. Dee Snyder couldn't make it. You sing acoustic at ~~two~~ ~~o'clock~~ ~~2-p.m.~~ Two songs. Bye!"

At the autograph show, aisles of six-foot tables each hosted a rock hero from the sixties, seventies and eighties. One table featured three video rock vixens. Jared ~~thought~~ he recognized one of them, Vicki Stevens. Fifteen years earlier they had sex after a concert. She was exceptional at straddling the hoods of corvettes, crawling on floors like a sex starved nympho, and pouring water over her white tank top. Now her engorged breasts were unharnessed and hung out of her button-down blouse. Her face didn't fare as well, a side effect to tanning beds and a botched face lift.

haha

There was an old soap opera star from the seventies who sang back up on her dad's sixties folk band. Recent news said the creepy dad was the leader of a bizarre cult, and his daughter was his personal pimp, luring underage girls into his Laurel Canyon harem. He died of liver failure five years before the sordid allegations and the lineup of abused, now middle-aged women who ~~had been~~ were locked up in his lair revealed their torture on TV. The daughter looked barely alive, strung out, a stutterer, and yet manning the most popular booth at the show.

Comment [PHS IS3]: Is this significant to the story?

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loitering hookers, there wasn't much else happening. Jared wasn't washed up. He self-selected out of the music scene.

Suddenly, Jared's face was looking up at an extra-large t-shirt with his Maniac persona sprawled on the front. His eyes rose to see a very rotund woman looking at him. She was crying, "Two Hearts Are One" got me through my sophomore year of high school."

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"Is that so? Well, I'm glad."

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"I love you," the woman cried, clutching her Rock Hero's beer koozie, eozie and a glossy photo of Jared to her chest.

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"My name is Tammy. I came all the way from Idaho to see you," she handed Jared the koozie and photo to sign.

"Wow, I hope you flew."

"Oh no, I drove. I took a week of vacation time to see you. We've actually met before."

Jared scribbled his name on each of the items with his black Sharpie, and when his eyes met Tammy's she had pulled down her t-shirt's collar to reveal Jared Hunter's signature on her right breast.

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This was why Jared wanted out. Tammy and the millions of other Tammys were why he spent more time at his house than venturing into the world. The circus his life had become wasn't what he wanted anymore. Relentless fans clamoring and shaking the band's limo, and all the guys freaking out inside, frightened that the force of the screaming girls clamoring would flip the limo over. The tour buses that traveled all over the United States and Europe were moving prisons. Cramped quarters, the snoring, poor hygiene, and clutter of his band mates was 24/7.

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Instinctively he pulled out his cell phone and dialed Chrissy.

“Hey.”

He smiled, relieved that she was willing to pick up, “Hey. I'm not calling too early am I?”

“I was just getting up.”

Have the scene with Tammy.



WOMEN'S FICTION EXCERPT – ROCK HERO FINDS REDEMPTION BY BRENDA MARSIAN

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← why?

"I miss you."

It was quiet on the other line.

"Chrissy? I'm sorry." And Jared was sorry.

"I haven't talked to you in six months. Why now?"

Chrissy sounded far away.

"You still with your folks?"

"Yea. Just figuring out my next move. Why are you calling now, Jared?"

"I made a mistake."

JULIE

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Set 2 positives off with commas.

Don't start. Grab our attention.

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spelling?
Cozy
coozie
or
koozie
choose 1
to use
throughout
(p. 4)

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Why 2 one-sentence #?

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WRAP into #.
couldn't

verb TENSES

Julie

WOMEN'S FICTION EXCERPT – ROCK HERO FINDS REDEMPTION BY BRENDA MARSIAN

mirrors ^{had been} smashed, bathtub ^{had been} overflowing and cushions ^{had been} gutted ~~for their stuffing~~ The New York

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"What else are you going to do, get stoned?"

Yea

"You're becoming a recluse. You don't write, perform, or do anything."

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Post's
2 postrophe
placement
TIME
CHANGE
back?

Really?!
He has 2
vulnerable
heart?

verb
choice
flicked?

Jared rejected
passive verb
make active

JULIE

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“Fine, I’ll do the autograph show as long as you don’t talk about Chrissy.”

“Great, you’re headlining. Dee Snyder couldn’t make it. You sing acoustic at 2 p.m. Two songs. Bye!”

*Performance at 2:00 / Autographs at 8:00 a.m. ?
Time in between ?*

*TIME CHANGE
space vs. serve
to indicate
time and
place
change*

At the autograph show, aisles of six foot tables each hosted a rock hero from the sixties, seventies and eighties. One table featured three video rock vixens, Jared thought he recognized one of them, Vicki Stevens. Fifteen years earlier they had sex after a concert. She was exceptional at straddling the hoods of Corvettes, crawling on floors like a sex starved nympho, and pouring water over her white tank top. Now her engorged breasts were unharnessed and hung out of her button down blouse. Her face didn’t fare as well, a side effect to tanning beds and a botched face lift.

one of ← at 2 nearby table

*It was hanging/drooping as well.
engorged ?*

Choose one.

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*extraneous
back story*

*Does she come into play later ?
Kill your darlings*

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*What is he doing ?
Describe.
hungry
longing for a cigarette ?*

outfit ?

*drumming on the table ?
writing lyrics in his head ?*

Why is his manager not at event with him, handling him ?

JULIE

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loitering hookers, there wasn't much else happening. Jared wasn't washed up. He self-selected out of the music scene.

Suddenly, Jared's face was ^{view} looking up at ^{observed by/eclipsed by} an extra-large t-shirt with his Maniac persona sprawled on the front. His eyes rose to see a very rotund woman looking at him. She was crying, "Two Hearts Are One" got me through my sophomore year of high school."

necessary?

verb choice starting

Jared stammered, thinking he needed another break in the bathroom with his vial of coke.

"Is that so? Well, I'm glad."

The woman's face was heavy with makeup, applied just the way Maniac used to wear it and her hair teased and dyed the same color blonde as Jared's back in the eighties.

"I love you," the woman cried, clutching her Rock Hero's coozie and a glossy photo of Jared to her chest.

(P. 1 note)

Jared reluctantly rose from his chair, happy to have the table as a buffer between him and the fan.

Why did he rise?

"Would you like me to sign that?"

those

"Yes!" she squealed/yelled/exclaimed.

"My name is Tammy. I came all the way from Idaho to see you," she handed Jared the coozie and photo to sign.

Q.1m

Demonstrate his reaction to her enthusiasm

"Wow, I hope you flew," Jared mumbled, disinterested.

"Oh no, I drove. I took a week of vacation time to see you. We've actually met before."

Jared scribbled his name on each of the items with his black Sharpie and when his eyes met Tammy, she had pulled down her t-shirt's collar to reveal Jared Hunter's signature on her right breast.

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Verb choice scanned the room

“Wow, Tammy, that is -- impressive,” Jared looked around to see if there was any security. He used to have a group of former wrestlers for body guards. The beefy guys created a human wall of bulk around him as he ran from venue to venue, in and out of limos.

“Can I give you a hug?” Tammy asked.

Delete sentence 1?

This was why Jared wanted out. Tammy and the millions of other Tammy's were why he spent more time at his house than venturing into the world. ^{He no longer wanted} The circus his life had become wasn't

what he wanted anymore. Relentless fans clamoring and shaking the band's limo and all the guys freaking out inside, frightened that the force of the screaming girls clamoring would flip the limo over. The tour buses that traveled all over the United States and Europe were moving prisons. Cramped quarters, the snoring, poor hygiene, and clutter of his band mates was 24/7.

But this is history. Not current.

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Are there any other fans lined up to meet him?

“Wow, Tammy. This is the best hug I've had,” he spit some of her hair out of his face and gripped either side of her hips to pry himself free, then bolted for the bathroom. He pushed through a stall door and locked himself in, sitting on the toilet seat to collect himself.

Would he really say that?

Instinctively he pulled out his cell phone and dialed Chrissy.

Really? leaning against the stall door

“Hey.”

He smiled, relieved that she was willing to pick up, “Hey. I'm not calling too early, am I?”

“I was just getting up.”

Does he have reception in 2 metal bathroom stalls in 2 building?

Out Frank 2:17

JULIE

WOMEN'S FICTION EXCERPT – ROCK HERO FINDS REDEMPTION BY BRENDA MARSIAN

He could tell she was still in bed and he envied the silk sheets entangled around her curves and long legs. He pictured her naked, silver dollar nipples, dark pubes, full lips, sleepy brown eyes and tangled, thick brown hair. He wanted to be beside her at that very moment.

"I miss you," blurted Jared.

It was quiet on the other line.

"Chrissy? I'm sorry," and Jared was sorry.

"I haven't talked to you in six months. Why now?"

Chrissy sounded far away.

"You still with your folks?"

Yea. Just figuring out my next move. Why are you calling now, Jared?

"I made a mistake."

THIS COULD BE INTERESTING. MAKE ME CARE ABOUT JARED, HIS CAREER, AND HIS LOVE LIFE.

START MORE POWERFULLY. MAYBE WITH A CONVERSATION BETWEEN JARED AND LANCE. (WAKE HIM UP WITH A PHONE CALL MIDAFTERNOON)

GIVE MORE OF A PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION OF JARED. ONE SENTENCE AT THE BOTTOM OF P. 3 IS TOO BRIEF

WHAT'S HE WEARING AT HOME? AT THE AUTOGRAPH SHOW?

WHAT DOES HIS HAIR LOOK LIKE?

YOU GAVE US BROWN WAVES. LENGTH? UNKEMPT?

HAVE HIM RUN HIS HANDS THROUGH IT.

PAINT A PICTURE OF HIS HOUSE. HOW IS IT DECORATED?

ARE THERE TAKE-OUT CONTAINERS, EMPTY BEER BOTTLES, CIGARETTES IN ASHTRAYS, MEMORABILIA ALL OVER?

HOW DOES HE SPEND HIS DAY? STILL PLAY MUSIC? SLEEPS 'TIL MIDAFTERNOON?

WHERE IS THIS STORY GOING?

IF HE'S PINING AWAY FOR CHRISSEY, HAVE HIM DAYDREAM ABOUT HER AT THE TABLE.

HOW SOON IN THE STORY DOES THE READER MEET TYLER? LIZ?

WOMEN'S FICTION EXCERPT – ROCK HERO FINDS REDEMPTION BY BRENDA MARSIAN

Brenda-

You've done a wonderful job of identifying an over-the-hill rocker and the milieu that would follow him around. His adolescent whining might become troublesome if it goes on for much longer. The reader needs something about a main character that is virtuous. Thus far, you've hinted that there's very little in his life that's worth following. He ridicules the very thing that is keeping him in dope - the show, his manager, and the individual fans who have followed him into his current self-imposed obscurity. His only solace is the ex-girlfriend. Sad.

I ended up thinking, "What a jerk." He must deserve his lot in life, somehow. It's your writing chops that has to bring the reader around to understand his reasons for the juvenile attitude. Your job is to show a growth in maturity and appreciation for his situation.

No simple task.

Good luck. You've already established a lot to work with.

Dave

Summary: Jared, a 1980s rocker with a trail of broken promises has a son who doesn't know he exists. Tyler, a junior at an elite prep school sets off on a trip to find his dad and Liz, a desperate talent agent has stars in her eyes when she rediscovers Jared.

Beber

The Rock Heroes Autograph Show started at 8 a.m. at the LAX Marriott Hotel. The line of coke Jared snorted in the restroom before manning his table barely kicked in when the first fans trickled into the ballroom. *(For some reason, this first paragraph is out of phase. How about something like this: Jared snorted the line of coke just before the door for Rock Heroes Autograph Show opened. The hit kicked in just as the fans entered the hall and trickled his way.)*

It was like a bad high school reunion. For \$25 a ticket the public came to watch, meet and hug the aging, once-famous rock stars. For a few dollars more, fans could buy beer cozies, Rock Hero autograph decals, t-shirts, posters and buttons for the celebrity rockers to sign. From what Jared could tell, most of the attendees weren't fans. Bored businessmen killing time before their appointments walked aimlessly through the exhibition. A few travelers on layovers picked

through old albums for sale. *(This paragraph in an authorial POV. Why not listen to Jared thinking about the whole thing?)*

[[Jared's manager played up the whole event as a charity opportunity.

“Proceeds go to cancer research. Don't you want to find a cure?” Lance Belkin was a sarcastic bastard who could care less about helping others. He was only interested in making money and neutralizing the spectacle that Jared Hunter, former lead singer of Maniac, made at The Plaza Hotel in New York City a few months earlier. A stereotypical rocker tirade started. Jared mouthed off to The Oak Room bartender for cutting him off after his seventh vodka martini. In retaliation, Jared picked a fight with his suite. Curtains yanked from their rods, mirrors smashed, bathtub overflowing and cushions gutted for their stuffing. The New York Posts' front cover read “Relic Rocker Wrecks Room”.

“I'm not a has-been. I am independently wealthy,” explained Jared to his manager while looking out at the Pacific Ocean from his Malibu home. He inhaled deeply from his joint and held it.

“You're a rich ass hole who hasn't had a hit in over ten years,” snapped Lance on the other line.

“I don't want to do it,” Jared choked, finally exhaling.

“What else are you going to do, get stoned?”

“Yea.”

“You're becoming a recluse. You don't write, perform, or do anything.”

“I did some chick the other night. Dede,” he said. The high kicked in.

Jared could hear Lance sigh, “C'mon man. You could tour without the band. I bet I could sell out mid level venues without a new single from you,” Lance suggested.

“I’m not touring,” Jared walked out on his deck, a wave crashed, its foam sliding under the posts of his beach house.

“I know you are depressed over Chrissy. She was a great girl and she broke your heart. There will be other girls. Maybe Dede will work out.”

Jared tossed the remaining nub of his joint off his deck. He didn’t want to talk about Chrissy either. She had given him an ultimatum after six months of dating. Marriage or she was heading back east. Her career as a dancer wasn’t gaining any momentum and she was thirty-two years old, retirement age in LA for a dancer. Even Chrissy’s efforts to finagle a live-in situation with Jared were rejected by him.

“Fine, I’ll do the autograph show as long as you don’t talk about Chrissy.”

“Great, you’re headlining. Dee Snyder couldn’t make it. You sing acoustic at 2 p.m. Two songs. Bye!”]] *(All the above in red is back story. I became confused as to when when this took place. Can you work in the salient points – Chrissy, his agent, his dislike of the autographing, the upcoming gig – into the main story and through Jared’s interactions? Much more to live with the character that to hear about him and his activities.)*

At the autograph show, aisles of six foot tables each hosted a rock hero from the sixties, seventies and eighties. One table featured three video rock vixens. Jared thought he recognized one of them, Vicki Stevens. Fifteen years earlier they had sex after a concert. She was exceptional at straddling the hoods of corvettes, crawling on floors like a sex starved nympho and pouring water over her white tank top. Now her engorged breasts were unharnessed and hung out of her button down blouse. Her face didn’t fare as well, a side effect to tanning beds and a botched face lift. *(More cynicism. Plus, we’re hearing through the author and not the character.)*

There was an old soap opera star from the seventies who sang back up on her dad's sixties folk band. Recent news said the creepy dad was the leader of a bizarre cult and his daughter was his personal pimp, luring underage girls into his Laurel Canyon harem. He died of liver failure five years before the sordid allegations and the lineup of abused, now middle-aged women who were locked up in his lair revealed their torture on TV. The daughter looked barely alive, strung out, a stutterer, and yet manning the most popular booth at the show. (*Delete. Irrelevant*)

Jared sat on a metal folding chair. His hair was now wavy brown with thick sideburns; he no longer dyed and permed it. An hour into the show and no one had approached him. He was a little relieved about the sparse attendance.

MAKE IT PERSONAL
"The fewer people who recognized ~~him~~ *me* the better," he thought. "~~This wasn't~~ *It's not* the Grammys, American Music Awards or MTV Video Awards. ~~This was the scene of hard times. Jared's~~ *My* money ~~was~~ *is* intact and yet ~~he was~~ *I'm* reduced to a ballroom on the outskirts of LA. ~~Aside~~ *across the street* from the airport ~~across the street~~, rental car terminals, fast food chains and loitering hookers, ~~there wasn't~~ *Not* much else happening. Jared ~~wasn't~~ *I'm not* washed up. ~~He~~ *I* self-selected out of the music scene." (*Just a few suggestions to make the story more immediate by letting the thoughts come from the character and not the author. Showing, and not telling.*)

Suddenly, Jared's face ~~was looking~~ *looked* up at an extra-large t-shirt with his Maniac persona sprawled on the front. His eyes rose to see a very rotund woman looking at him. She was crying, "Two Hearts Are One" got me through my sophomore year of high school."

Jared stammered, thinking he needed another break in the bathroom with his vial of coke.

"Is that so? Well, I'm glad."

The woman's face was heavy with makeup, applied just the way Maniac used to wear it and her hair teased and dyed the same color blonde as Jared's back in the eighties.

"I love you," the woman cried, clutching her Rock Hero's coozie and a glossy photo of Jared to her chest.

Jared reluctantly rose from his chair, happy to have the table as a buffer between him and the fan.

"Would you like me to sign that?"

"My name is Tammy. I came all the way from Idaho to see you," she handed Jared the coozie and photo to sign.

"Wow, I hope you flew."

"Oh no, I drove. I took a week of vacation time to see you. We've actually met before."

Jared scribbled his name on each of the items with his black Sharpie and when his eyes met Tammy she had pulled down her t-shirt's collar to reveal Jared Hunter's signature on her right breast.

"You signed my chest in 1988 and then I got it tattooed over so you are by my heart forever. See, 'Two Hearts are One'," she smiled, revealing a missing front tooth.

Jared had signed a lot of body parts, plenty of boobs, but never saw one inked.

"Wow, Tammy, that is -- impressive," Jared looked around to see if there was any security. He used to have a group of former wrestlers for body guards. The beefy guys created a human wall of bulk around him as he ran from venue to venue, in and out of limos.

"Can I give you a hug?" Tammy asked.

This was why Jared wanted out. Tammy and the millions of other Tammy's were why he spent more time at his house than venturing into the world. The circus his life had become wasn't

what he wanted anymore. Relentless fans clamoring and shaking the band's limo and all the guys freaking out inside, frightened that the force of the screaming girls clamoring would flip the limo over. The tour buses that traveled all over the United States and Europe were moving prisons. Cramped quarters, the snoring, poor hygiene, and clutter of his band mates was 24/7.

Tammy drove all the way from Idaho and had Jared's name on her boob, how could he say no to her request. Was this his penance for smashing the Plaza suite? He walked around the side of the table to greet Tammy who engulfed him in a python grip hug. With a face full of Aquanet sprayed hair, Jared patted her back to cue her that the hug was over.

"Wow, Tammy. This is the best hug I've had," he spit some of her hair out of his face and gripped either side of her hips to pry himself free, then bolted for the bathroom. He pushed through a stall door and locked himself in, sitting on the toilet seat to collect himself. *(the above scene with the fan was well done. It shows the irrational loyalty of a fan and Jared's nearly psychotic reaction to her effusive fawning. I can understand the scene because we were hearing and seeing Jared in action rather than hearing about him. Good scene.)*

Instinctively he pulled out his cell phone and dialed Chrissy.

"Hey."

He smiled, relieved that she was willing to pick up, "Hey. I'm not calling too early am I?"

"I was just getting up."

He could tell she was still in bed and he envied the silk sheets entangled around her curves and long legs. He pictured her naked, silver dollar nipples, dark pubes, full lips, sleepy brown eyes and tangled, thick brown hair. He wanted to be beside her at that very moment.

"I miss you."

WOMEN'S FICTION EXCERPT – ROCK HERO FINDS REDEMPTION BY BRENDA MARSIAN

It was quiet on the other line.

“Chrissy? I’m sorry,” and Jared was sorry.

“I haven’t talked to you in six months. Why now?”

Chrissy sounded far away.

“You still with your folks?”

“Yea. Just figuring out my next move. Why are you calling now Jared?”

“I made a mistake.”

(This is an abrupt transition. Jared needs some comfort and the only person he can get it from is an ex-girlfriend. We see and feel his emotional distance. Good)

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in what sense?

Summary: Jared, a 1980s rocker with a trail of broken promises, has a son who doesn't know he exists. Tyler, a junior at an elite prep school, sets off on a trip to find his dad, and Liz, a desperate talent agent, has stars in her eyes when she rediscovers Jared.

Ed

I thought Tyler didn't know Jared exists

* tensest, * telling! get closer inside Jared's head. ride around on his shoulder

chronology show

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in what way?

It was like a bad high school reunion. For \$25 a ticket ^{had} the public came to watch, meet and hug the aging, once-famous rock stars. For a few dollars more, fans could buy beer cozies, Rock Hero autograph decals, t-shirts, posters and buttons for the celebrity rockers to sign. From what Jared could tell, most of the attendees weren't fans. Bored businessmen killing time before their appointments walked aimlessly through the exhibition. A few travelers on layovers picked through old albums for sale.

telling

we don't know who Jared is

chronology: before show

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telling

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telling

money and neutralizing the spectacle that Jared Hunter, former lead singer of Maniac, made at The Plaza Hotel in New York City a few months earlier. A stereotypical rocker tirade started.

chronology: months ago

? we're in the past

Jared mouthed off to The Oak Room bartender for cutting him off after his seventh vodka martini. In retaliation, Jared picked a fight with his suite. Curtains yanked from their rods,

* this is funny! * more from his point of view. first person? at least, close 3rd-person * be careful with the punctuation of dialogue

mirrors smashed, bathtub overflowing and cushions gutted for their stuffing. The New York
Posts front cover read "Relic Rocker Wrecks Room".

**chronology: no idea: after NY? before LA?* "I'm not a has-been. I am independently wealthy," explained Jared to his manager while looking out at the Pacific Ocean from his Malibu home. He inhaled deeply from his joint and held it.

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funny line. why did he do this?

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Jared "I miss you."

It was quiet on the other line.

Jared "Chrissy? I'm sorry," and Jared was sorry. *telling*

Chrissy? "I haven't talked to you in six months. Why now?" — *what does this mean?*

Chrissy sounded far away. *she's far away*

Jared: "You still with your folks?"

Chrissy "Yea. Just figuring out my next move. Why are you calling now Jared?"

Jared: "I made a mistake."