

YOU'VE GOT A *GIFT*, JACKIE. TOO BAD EVERYONE'LL WANT TO *TAKE IT AWAY* FROM YOU.

WON'T *FEEL* LIKE ONE THEN.

IT AIN'T ABOUT WHAT YOU CAN *SEE*, KID. IT'S ABOUT WHAT *SPEAKS* TO YOU.



AN' WHAT *TELLS* YOU IT'S--

BUT I *CAN* SEE!

ISN'T THAT *GOOD*...?



My father did his best to prepare me for what he always referred to as "*The Life.*"

I *CAN* SEE IT!

He tried to teach me what I needed to know, only I thought I *knew* everything.



And let me *tell* you something, straight up--



THIS ISN'T RIGHT.

♪ WHAT'S THE STORY, MOURNING GLORY? ♪  
♪ WHY DOES LOVE GOT TO BE SOOOO SAD? ♪

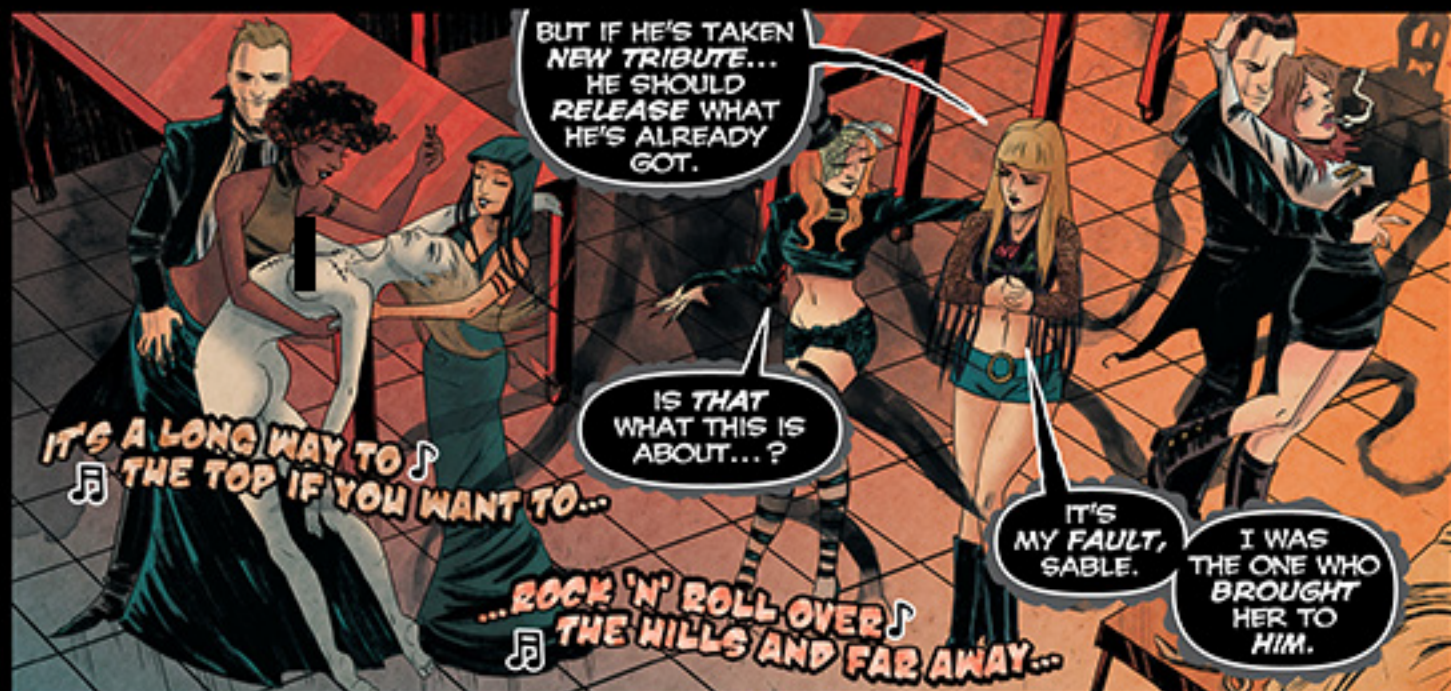


SHHH, LITTLE FAUN...

IT'S LIKE YOU'RE TOLD AT THE BEGINNING OF THINGS...

... LOW PUSSYCAT ON THE TOTEM POLE TICKLES THE BITS AND STICKS A THUMB UP THE BUM.

BUT THE BIG KITTIES DRINK THE MILK FIRST.



BUT IF HE'S TAKEN NEW TRIBUTE... HE SHOULD RELEASE WHAT HE'S ALREADY GOT.

♪ IT'S A LONG WAY TO THE TOP IF YOU WANT TO... ♪

IS THAT WHAT THIS IS ABOUT...?

... ROCK 'N' ROLL OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY... ♪

IT'S MY FAULT, SABLE.

I WAS THE ONE WHO BROUGHT HER TO HIM.



I DELIVERED MY BEST FRIEND TO HIM.

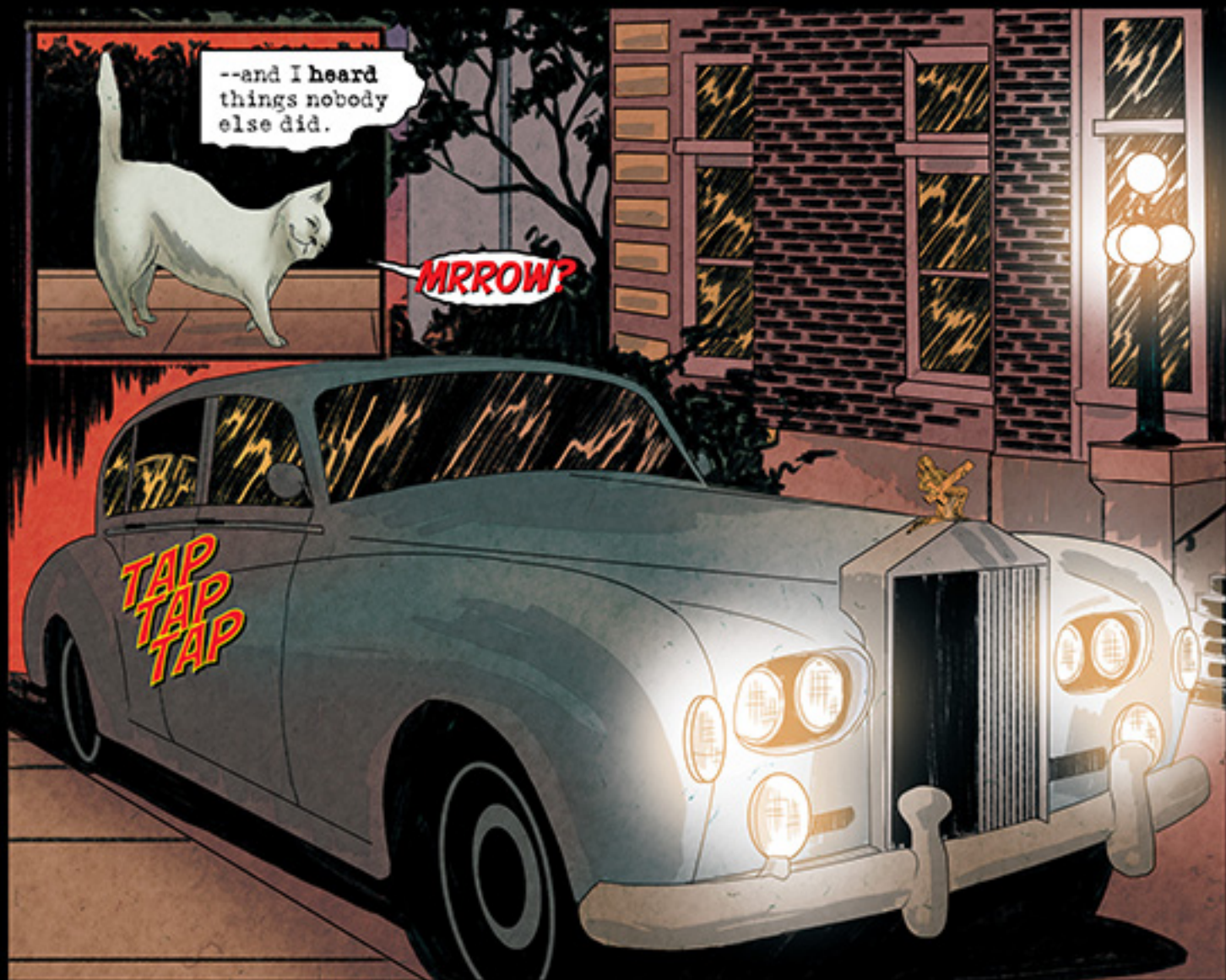
When I was four years old, my dad caught me flipping through his old vinyl collection. But I wasn't playing any of the records.

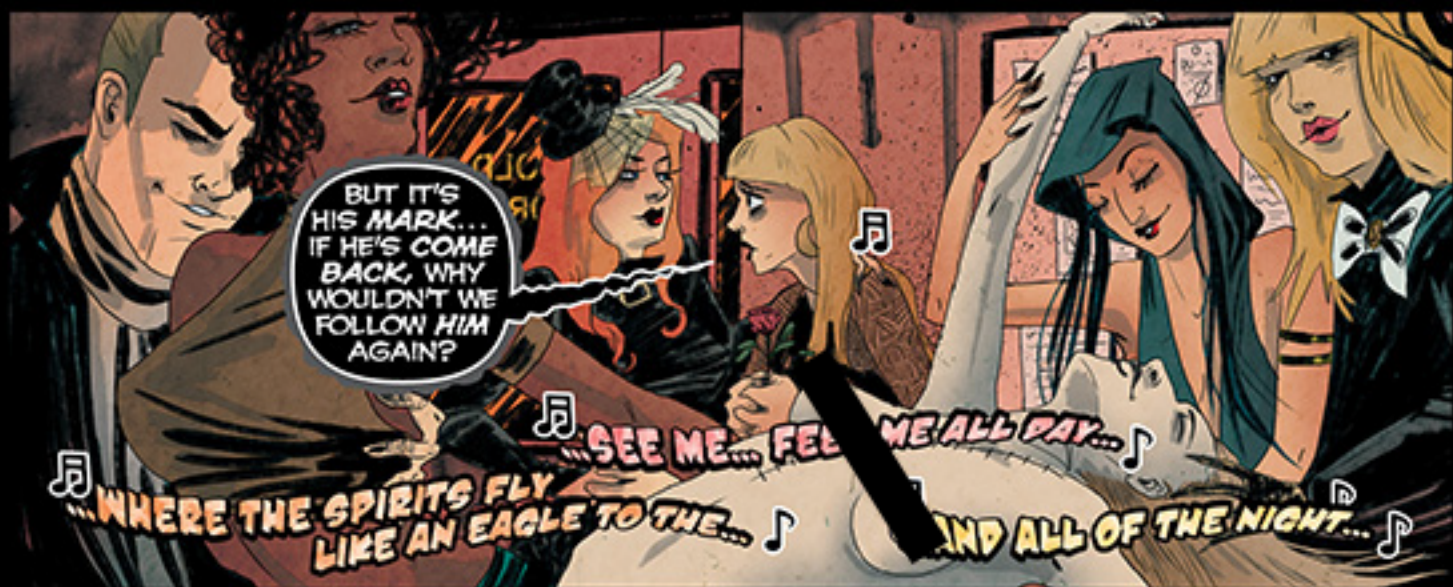
I wasn't even checking out the album covers.



WHOA.

I was just running my fingers over the grooves--





BUT IT'S HIS MARK... IF HE'S COME BACK, WHY WOULDN'T WE FOLLOW HIM AGAIN?

...SEE ME... FEEL ME ALL DAY...  
WHERE THE SPIRITS FLY LIKE AN EAGLE TO THE...  
AND ALL OF THE NIGHT...



BECAUSE YOU DON'T BELONG TO JIMMY JAMES, STUPID COW.

NOT ANYMORE, YOU DON'T.

Before he died, my father tried to warn me about the things I might face.

Rock 'n' roll's dark side might be seductive and fun, but it was still as dark as you'd ever want to see.



But I've been preparing for it.



UM, SERIOUSLY--?

GONNA SOLVE IT.

I've been getting ready for what feels like my entire life.



THIS IS A BIGGER GAME THAN YOU COULD POSSIBLY IMAGINE, CHILD.

AND IF OUR OTHER FRIEND HAS RETURNED TO HIS PLACE AT THE TABLE, WE'LL TALLY THE POINTS AND NOTE THE SCORE.

BUT EVERY WINNING HAND PAYS THE DEALER'S FEE.



YOU KNOW WHAT I ALWAYS SAY...

YOU MIGHT LOOK DAMN GOOD IN THAT SEXY LITTLE DRESS...



... BUT SOMEBODY ELSE WORE IT FIRST.

MORAL OF THIS IMMORAL STORY?

LIFE'S SHORT...



... LET'S ROCK.