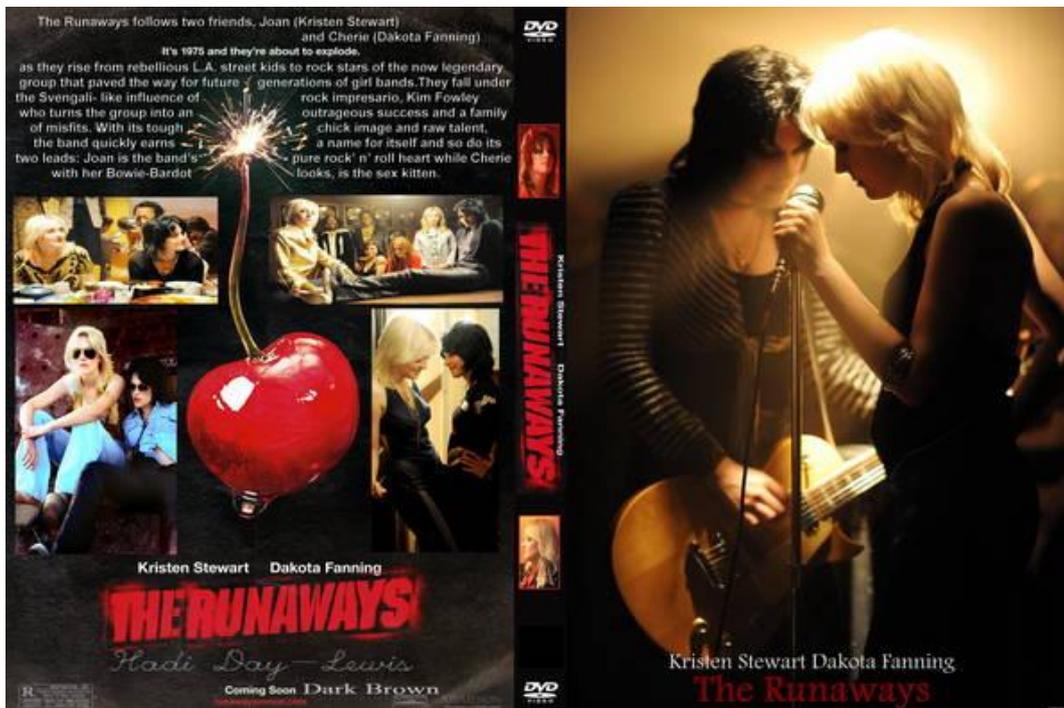
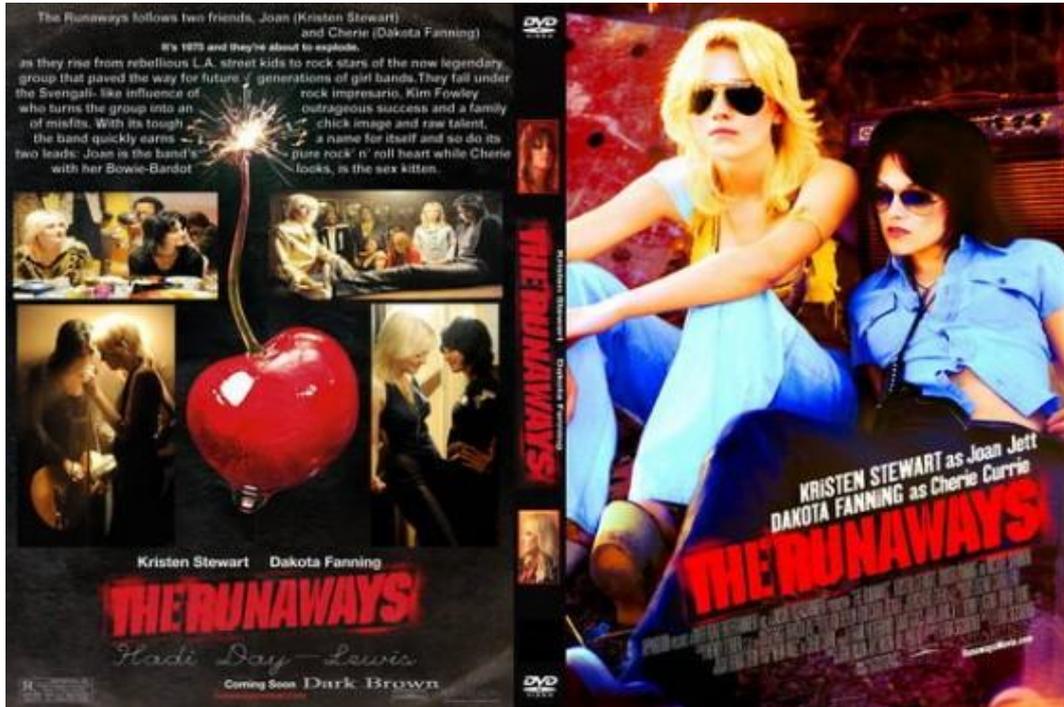


APPENDICES

Appendices 1

The Runaways' DVD cover.



Appendices 2

RUNAWAYS

Written by
FloriaSigismondi

FLASH FORWARD:

EXT. SUBURBAN LOS ANGELES ROAD. NIGHT

A car is racing down a suburban road in the valley of Los Angeles. The car headlights illuminate the broken white line of an unraveling road ahead. The car begins to swerve. We hear LAUGHTER and SHOUTING inside.

The tires race on the inky asphalt – slapping hair in the wind. Wind slaps the face of a young girl. She belts out a scream in excitement. Neon lights streak by in super – fast motion.

We see a tunnel ahead – total darkness engulfs us.

Title: RUNAWAYS

A drop of blood hits the cracked sidewalk.

EXT, ENCINO VALLEY.BUSY STREET.EARLY EVENING. 1974

CHERIE 14 years old, and her fraternal twin sister MARIE, are arguing from across the street. Cars race by the epitome, of angelic 70's girls.

Cherie stands with her feet planted firmly on the concrete clasping a plastic bag.

CHERIE : (Anxious)What am I gonna do now?

MARIE : Come on take off your jacket.

Marie helps her take off her bomber jacket and ties it around her waist so the blood stain doesn't show.

Marie drags her across the street to a GAS STATION BATHROOM located on the exterior of the building. Facing it is PUP 'N' TACO drive-up window.

The MALE PUP 'N' TACO EMPLOYEE at the drive-through window seems to recognize them. They are causing a bit of scene, BICKERING at each other. He leans out the window to get a better look.

P'N'T EMPLOYEE : (shouts to another employee inside) Hey Sam, the twins are back.

INT. PUP 'N' TACO BATHROOM.

Cherie quickly locks the door behind them and begins to rummage through the plastic bag. It is dingy and dirty and they fight for space to change in the small room.

CHERIE : Shit! Shit!Shit! You have to do something Marie!

Cherie sees blood dripping down her leg.

MARIE : (half laughing) Fuck, hold on, you'll mess up my make-up!

Marie's in the middle of applying a rainbow of colors onto her eyelids.

MARIE : (cont'd) I thought you'd never get your period. Why does everything happen to me first!

She hands her a bunch of napkins sitting on the top of the dirty toilet.

MARIE : (cont'd) Here use this.

Cherie wipes the blood from her legs as best as she can and sticks the rest of napkins in her underwear. She takes off her white shorts and puts on a dress.

Marie puts on a tight pair of SATIN PANTS and a low cut blouse.

Cherie pulls out a pair of high heel shoes from her bag.

MARIE : You took mom's shoes?

She puts them on over a thick pair of brown socks.

CHERIE : Look. They almost fit me.

Marie gives Cherie a look.

CHERIE : She won't notice. You should worry about if mom finds out how old your boy friend is.

MARIE : He's got a car, alright!

EXT. PUP 'N'N TACO. DRIVE THROUGH WINDOW.

The male employees are looking out the window for them.

Cherie and Marie come out of the bathroom and run towards the curb holding hands, trying to keep the other from falling, teetering in their high heels. Cherie is a little awkward and not as confident as Marie.

P'N'T EMPLOYEE : Nice ass!

Cherie smiles back and notices they are making rude gestures with their mouths, simulating oral sex. She is laughing in embarrassment.

Marie catches this. Marie flicks him the finger.

Cherie looks back at the boys, liking the attention, but Marie picks up the face causing Cherie to stumble.

CHERIE : Slow down.

A beat up Lincoln comes to a SCREECHING halt, DAVID BOWIE'S YOUNG AMERICANS is blaring from the car stereo. DEREK, 28 years old, scruffy.

DEREK : (shout) Yeah!! Come on girls, pile in!

Marie jumps in the passenger seat and Cherie jumps in the back seat. They drive off with the tires SCREECHING

INT. LINCOLN.DRIVING DOWN HOLLYWOOD ST. NIGHT.

DEREK : (to Marie) Hey, baby-doll.

Derek takes Marie by the chin and French kisses her. Cherie watches in disgust and laughs.

While kissing Marie, Derek watches Cherie in the rear view mirror.

CHERIE : Cool wheels.

They stop kissing.

MARIE : Where did you get the car?

DEREK : It doesn't matter – I told you I'd get you a ride.

MARIE : (to Derek) You're crazy Derek! (looking at herself in the mirror)
Cherie got her period tonight.

Cherie looks uncomfortable.

DEREK : So, you're officially a woman.

They all laugh.

DEREK : (cont'd) Let's celebrate!

He hands Cherie a mickey from under the car seat. Cherie smells the bottle and scrunches her nose. She passes it to Marie. Marie takes a big swig, then another.

BARRY MANILOW'S MANDY comes on the radio. Cherie leans into the front seat and turns up the radio drowning out their conversation. Cherie sings along with the song.

CHERIE : (singing) well, you came and you gave without takin' but I sent you away, oh mandy. Well, you kissed me and stopped me from shakin' and I need you today, oh mandy.

Derek laughs catching a glimpse of Cherie's reflection in the rear view mirror. She is singing to the music, lost in her own little world.

INT. USED CLOTHING STORE. CHANGING ROOM.EARLY EVENING.

We pan up to reveal someone wearing tight leather pants and a leather jacket too small to be a guy. Finally the camera reveals JOAN JETT, 16, dark hair with a pale complexion, clad in black leather from head to toe. She looks cool as hell, but for the sweat beads collecting on her forehead. She pulls her school uniform pants over the leather pants. You can tell she has never done the make-shift fabric door.

INT. USED CLOTHING STORE. CHECKOUT COUNTER.CONTINUOUS.

At the front desk Joan dumps a large pile of small change on the counter. The female store clerk looks down at the mound.

JOAN : I'll take the jacket.

She nervously looks to the pile of coins.

JOAN : (cont'd) it's all there, I counted it.

The store clerk notices something strange. The leather waistband is peeking from under Joan's school uniform pants. Their eyes meet. She makes a run for it. She heads for the door like a bat out of hell.

FEMALE S.C : Hey!

Joan runs out the door and down the street.

CHILDREN OF THE REVOLUTION by T-Rex, is playing.

Running and running; Joan's lost the store clerk blocks ago, but she doesn't stop. Still running she screams with excitement!

(she wears the same black leather outfit the entire film. It gets more worn in and cooler as time goes by, the only thing that changes are her T-shirt and accessories acquired; pins, studs, handcuff belt and chains).

She turns the corner into an alley, where she meets up with a girl tomboy named TAMMY, 13 years of age, who is smoking a cigarette. Excited to see Joan she jumps up and down.

Joan is out of breath and leans into the brick wall.

She drops her uniform pants to the ground revealing the stolen leather pants.

TAMMY : Shit, how cool – you look like Robert Plant!

JOAN : Robert Plant doesn't wear leather pants – I look like SuziQuatro.

TAMMY : (DRAWING OUT HER WORDS) Yeah- SuziQuatro. Cool – I want a pair.

EXT. SAN FERNANDO VALLEY. SUBURBAN STREET.NIGHT.

The street is deserted. Joan and Tammy are under a lamp post that illuminates them amongst the hard shadows. Joan is reclined on the broken concrete. Her guitar is lying next to her.

She holds a plastic bag of glue up to her nose and inhales deeply. Her eyes stare blankly into the black sky.

She passes the bag to Tammy. It is quiet, but for the sound of cricket singing.

Joan breaks the long silence of boredom.

JOAN : (singing) I met her in a club down in old soho – where you drink champagne and it tastes just like cherry cola-c-o-l-a-cola.... L-o-l-a.

TAMMY : what do you thing the song's about?

JOAN : Lola's a love song. She picks him at a bar and wants to make it with him.

TAMMY : she almost brakes his spine?

JOAN : she tough. She's gotta be-

TAMMY : She asks him out?

JOAN : what's so weird about asking a gut out anyway?

TAMMY : girls just aren't suppose to be forward. My brother says only horny girls ask guys out – girls are sluts if they make the first move.

They laugh.

JOAN : Man, your brother would love song.(singing) girls will be boys, and boys will be girls. – it's a mixed up, muddled up, shook up world, except for lola.

TAMMY : (singing) LOLA, Lo lololola (yelling) lola's my hero!

Joan sings the song, accompanying herself on the guitar.

TAMMY : (cont'd) when are you going to learn how to play with that thing anyway?

Joan looks at her quizzically, then starts to manically strum the electric guitar. The sound becomes amplified, echoing into the quiet night.

The song LOLA by the kinks fades up from grinding guitar.

INT. CHERIE'S BEDROOM. DAY

Her bedroom has some remnants of little girl toys, like a mickey mouse doll sprinkled in between teenage paraphernalia.

There is a tapping on the glass door. It's Derek.

DEREK : (mouthing the words) open the door.

Cherie opens the door a crack and slides her headphones off her head and rests them around her neck. We can still hear the music faintly. Bread plays throughout this scene.

CHERIE : Hey- Marie's not home.

He slides the door a little further and squeezes his way inside, locking the door behind him.

He looks around the room taking it all in. he looks a little too old to be in a teenager's room.

DEREK : Nice room.

Cherie laughs nervously.

CHERIE : I'll let Marie know you came by.

DEREK : So you're still into Mickey Mouse?

CHERIE : No-

She is clearly uncomfortable. His stare is intense. He plops himself on the bed, relining against the headboard. He picks up a mickey mouse doll and plays with it's arms.

DEREK : I can teach you a few things, you know.

CHERIE : You should leave.

DEREK : We're just talking – I'm your friend – come sit down beside me.

She doesn't move.

DEEK : Don't be scared, you're a woman now.

CHERIE : (looking down) my mom's coming home any minutes, you should leave now.

He pats the mattress beside him never taking his eyes away from her.

DEREK : No one will know.

INT. GUITAR SCHOOL.CORRIDOR.DAY.

Joan Jett is leaning against the wall, holding a guitar case.

We can hear a student badly playing *deep purple's – smoke on the water* on an electric guitar.

The lesson's is over and the door opens. A teenage male rocker exits the room.

The guitar teacher, a breaded 50 year old, holds the door open.

GUITAR TEACHER : Who's my five o'clock?

Joan turns around.

JOAN : I am.

The teacher looks a little shocked at what he thought was a leather clad boy, is actually a fresh faced teenaged girl.

GUITAR.T : Okay- come on in.

INT. GUITAR SCHOOL.LESSON ROOM.LATER.

Joan sits across from the teacher. She opens her guitar case and takes out a Sear's model electric guitar. He looks up at her.

JOAN : Where can I plug this in?

GUITAR.T : I think for now, an acoustic is more appropriate.

He hands her his guitar. She doesn't take it.

JOAN : I want to learn how to play a Chuck Berry song.

He smiles.

GUITAR.T : We'll get to Chuck Berry.

He starts to chuck at the guitar. He plays, "ON TOP OF OLD SMOKY". He is overly animated with his finger positioning.

GUITAR.T : (singing) On top of old smoky all covered with snow I lost my true lover from a – courtin' too slow.

JOAN : (interrupting) I don't wanna learn any of that.

He gives her a astern smile.

JOAN : (cont'd) Okay, 'smoke on the water' then. I know you know that song.

Ignoring her comment:

GUITAR.T : (cont'd) (singing) on top of old smoky-all covered with snow I lost my true lover from a-courtin' too slow-

She just stares at him.

He shows her the E note. She reluctantly puts her finger on it. Thinks about it again and leaves.

EXT. GUITAR SCHOOL.DAY.

MC5S' IT'S A MAN'S, MAN'S, MAN'S WORLD plays.

Joan walks out of the Guitar School with guitar case in hand. She throws a music book of On Top Of Old Smoky printed on the cover in a trash can.

She lights a cigarette and we follow her down the street.

INT. CHERIE'S BATHROOM.

Satin pants hit the bathroom floor beside Bowie's, Aladdin Sane album cover amongst chopped up clusters of hair.

In the mirror's reflection we see Cherie's long is now chopped and platinum with stripes of red and blue through it.

She is painting a large red lightning bolt over her face like the Bowie album cover.

She looks at her reflection. We see a more serious Cherie. Her innocent sparkle is gone.

Marie walks in to the bathroom, rubbing her eyes.

MARIE : What did you do to yourself?

CHERIE : This is my new look, okay!

MARIE : You look like a guy.

CHERIE : May I'd rather be a guy.

Marie picks up the Bowie record from the floor and looks at it.

MARIE : Why would you want to look like a freak.

Cherie continues to paint her face.

CHERIE : I've got my reasons.

She looks like her mind is miles away. Her hand wonders along her face outside the lightning bolt. Cherie takes toilet paper and starts rubbing her face hard.

MARIE : Let me help you.

Marie takes the brush from Cherie's hand.

Marie kneels down and they are eye to eye. They share a moment.

INT. VALLEY HIGHSCHOOL AUDITORIUM.

A school talent show is ensuing. The velvet curtains rise and a bright spotlight hits Cherie in the face illuminating a lightning bolt painted over her entire face.

She wears her red satin pants and a sparkled tight fitting top with only one sleeve. Her hair is dyed platinum and cropped like Bowie's. The crowd of students laughs at the sight of a girl playing a Bowie look-alike. She looks awkward.

A needle hits a portable record player. WILD IS THE WIND by David Bowie starts to play. Her gaze is intense and in contrast to the slow song playing. Her body sways as she meets students eye to eye in the audience. The scene is bizarre and uncomfortable. The lyrics begins – she starts lip-synching to the song.

CHERIE : (lip-synching) Love me, love me, love me, love me, say you do,
let me fly away like with you, for my love is like the wind, wild is
the wind, give me more than one caress, satisfy this hungriness, let
the wind blow through your heart, for wild is the wind, wild is the
wind.

She makes a large motion with her arm. Her facial expressions are melodramatic in slow-motion. The kids make awkward faces.

CHERIE : (lip-synching) you touch me, I hear the sound of mandolins- you kiss me, with your kiss my life begins you're spring to me, all things to me-don't you know, you're life itself!

Her body moves languidly to one side, like it is being blown in the wind.

CHERIE : (lip-synching) like the leaf clings to the tree,(more)

CHERIE : (cont'd) oh my darling, cling to me for we're like creatures of the wind.

Marie sits with a group of Farah Facett look a -likes. They chuckle and make jokes under their breath. Marie tries to ignore them. Cherie stares them down. The nerds see this silent rivalry going on.

CHERIE : (cont'd) (lip-synching) wild is the wind, wild is the wind.

She stops singing. In slow -motion the jocks laugh and throw crumpled paper at her.

The nerds seem mesmerized by her courage. They scream in excitement and cheer her on. They see as some kind of hero.

She steps down from the stage through the cheering and heckling kids. A jock tries to trip her. A crumpled paper ball flies through the air and hits her in the face.

Marie bursts out in laughter, joining her friends who are now laughing hysterically.

The anger trapped inside is unleashed and Cherie lashes out with all her strength at the jock, who laughs in return. She belts him hard in the face. He looks surprised and taken aback.

A fight breaks out. Slow motion limbs fly through the air. A nerd gets in a punch to the jock. Pulling hair-tight fists-a slow motion dance anger. She gets swallowed up by the crowd.

BOWIE : you touch me, I hear the sound of mandolins-you kiss me with your kiss my life begins you're spring to me, all things to me don't you know, you're life itself! Like the leaf clings to the tree, oh, my

darling, cling to me for we're like creatures in the wind. And wild is the wind,
wild is the wind, wild is the wind, wild is the wind, wild is the
wind.

INT. CHERIE'S KITCHEN.EVENING.

She sits at the kitchen table wearing a t-shirt and underwear. Her hair is wet and a towel. Her face is bruised up and cut and there are scratches up her arm. Concealer and a hand mirror sit on the table beside her.

She closes her eyes and then blows out the candles of a half eaten birthday cake. We can still make out the number 15th birthday and the names Cherie and Marie in pink icing. She cuts herself a big piece with a butter knife. She picks it up with her fingers and takes a large bite.

A drop of blood escapes from her bruised lip. She wipes it off with her fingers.

The phone rings. Cherie picks it up.

CHERIE : Hello.

DAD : (o.s.) happy birthday kitten!

CHERIE : Hi. Daddy! When are you coming?

DAD : (o.s) Doesn't look like I can get away.(beat) how's school going?

She looks let down and all the days emotions are fighting to come through. But she tries hard to hide the tears.

CHERIE : I won the talent contest at school.

DAD : (o.s) I'm proud of you meow.(beat) let me say hi to other kitten?

CHERIE : Marie's at the movies.

DAD : (o.s) is your mother home?

CHERIE : she's out with wolfy.

DAD : (O.S) all right, well give Marie a big hug for me.

CHERIE : I love you daddy.

DAD : I love you too kitten.

She hangs up the phone and pats concealer onto her bruise.

INT. RODNEY BINGENHEIMER'S UNDER 18 ENGLISH DISCO. NIGHT.

IGGY POP, SIXTEEN plays over the speaker.

Because there is no liquor license, the club is full of trendy young teenagers surrounded by older male predators in their late thirties, early forties.

The people look wild and crazy and float around stoned and drinking from micky bottles stashed in their purses.

Joan feels like she belongs here. This is the only place that the latest music from England – Glam rock.

Joan leans on the wall, smoking a cigarette beside a poster of MickyJagger's crotch from the Stones, Sticky Fingers album.

Two 13 year old girls wearing barely any clothes stumble by, giggling. They plant kisses right on the poster, leaving lipstick track all over crotch.

Joan continues to make her way through the inebriate crowd.

We see Kim Fowley, 38 years old, 6,5, gaunt and skinny at 120 pounds and resembles something between Andy Warhol and Frankenstein. He wears a tight leather jacket zipped up and a colorful scarf dangling from his neck. He is talking to Rodney Bingenheimer, skinny, small frame, in a tight fitting black suit is Davy Jones look-a-like.

RODNEY : Rhonda wants to sing in a band. She's got a great look.

KIM : I took that filthy pussy back to the dog palace. The bitch wanted it on a hot stove. She's like a dog in a heat.

His attention is distracted by a trendy 16 year old girl, CLUB GIRL in spandex holding a teddy bear, she stops to talk to Rodney.

CLUB GIRL : hey Rodney!

She leaps with open arms to kiss him, leaving pink lipstick marks on his cheek. Kim jumps right in.

KIM : (to the girl) you don't want to talk to him. I'm the man you want. He owns this club, but he doesn't have any gold records on his wall like I do.

The girl laughs at the sight of him and loving the attention from the two men.

KIM : (cont'd) I know, I cut my hair and now I look like an English homosexual. (giving her a sultry look) I'd fuck you and you'd cry and you'd probably fall in love with me. My girlfriend is acting up and is the one who wants to take her place... so please save me and come to the Dog-Palace to see my gold records.

The young girl doesn't know what to make of him.

Rodney is now in tiny D.J booth with two girls dancing. He announces the next song on the P/A.

RODNEY : Now played here for the first time in America at Rodney's English Disco! Here's sweet with 'Fox On The Run!'

The song burst out over the speakers.

Joan makes her way past them towards the bathroom. The sign on the door where the word 'female' has been altered to say, 'unisex' has been changed to say 'sex'.

The bathroom door swings open and we reveal Cherie at the mirror, touching up her eyes with concealer.

Joan and Cherie share a look. The door closes.

Next to her is a stall with the door off its hinges exposing a young girl wearing a silver dress having sex with a guy. She stares of them for a beat. Marie comes out of another stall and notices this.

MARIE : Happy birthday Meow.

She pushes a pill into her mouth.

CHERIE : (choking) what is it?

MARIE :Relax, it's a Quaalude-now have some fun.

We follow Cherie out the bathroom and find Joan leaving the club with a cool guy named Johnny.

EXT. RODNEY BINGENHEIMER'S ENGLISH DISCO. PARKING LOT.LATER.

The sweet , fox on the run is heard pounding out of the club.

Joan and Johnny are leaning on a car.

JOAN : You into British music?

JOHNNY : Sure, the sweet's cool.

JOAN : Ah T-Rex. I love this place. Rodney's the only club you can hear the cool shit.

Some trendy dressed kids walk by.

JOHNNY : and see the cool shit.

He moves closer and caresses her face.

JOHNNY : (cont'd) you're cool.

Joan stomps out her cigarette. The guy wastes no time and smacks her with a kiss.

They are swapping spit, tongues are tangled and twisted, it's more of a outh full then passionate.

Within minutes he's manically rubbing between her legs through her pants hard.

She pushes him away.

JOAN : Relax, man!

They begin to kiss again. This time he slides his hands up her shirt and twists her nipples a bit too anxious and hard.

JOAN : (cont'd) ouch! What's the matter with you?

She pushes him away.

JOHNNY : just keep cool sweet heart.

JOAN : take a valium man! I'm not your sweet heart!

JOHNNY : come on, let's fuck.

She steps away from him.

JOAN : (laughing) I don't think so.

A crowd of rowdy rocker guys drive by in a convertible.

ROWDY : (yelling to cool guy) hey, we're leaving.

JOHNNY : (to Joan) may be next time, sweet heart, (to guys) wait up!

He runs towards the car and jumps in. bottles smash on the road as the tires screech away.

INT. JOAN'S HOME.BATHROOM.NIGHT.

Joan's in the bathroom. Her leathers are in the floor in a pile.

She has rolled up a towel and place it along the bottom of the door. She turns the shower on to muffle the sound.

She is teaching herself how to play the song she just heard at the English disco. She sits down on the floor and strums some power chords on the guitar from dreamy lady. She can figure it out pretty quickly.

She looks like a little high. She stares at her foggy reflection in the mirror. Her hands reach between her legs and she starts rubbing.

Her eyes close. DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JOAN'S HOME.OUTSIDE BATHROOM.MORNING.

Joan's little sister, knocks on the door.

JOAN'S SISTER: Joanie! Joanie!

She's peeing on the floor.

JOAN'S SISTER: oh mommy!

Joan's mom comes to the door.

JOAN'S MOM : What are you doing in there?

INT. JOAN'S HOME.BATHROOM.MORNIGN.CONTINOUS.

JOAN'S MOM : I'll get a rag – don't move.

Joan is passed out on the bathroom floor. Her body is laid out like a pretzel.

There is another loud knock at the door. This finally wakes her up.

JOAN : (under her breath) shit!

She tries to get up and stumbles.

JOAN : (cont'd) (in groggy voice) hold on.

She puts her head upside down in the sink and turns on the cold water. This startles her. She tries to wet her hair as fast as she can.

She shuts off the shower that's been running all night and wraps a towel around herself.

She takes another towel and wraps it around her leathers to hide them. She opens the door and walks out with her head down.

JOAN'S MOM: You're up early. I'll put some pop tarts in the toaster.

JOAN : sure.

EXT. SUGAR SHACK.PARKING LOT.NIGHT.

The parking lot of The sugar shack, is full of underaged kids. They are glamorous in the latest street wear and mingle about with older guys. Kim fowley is in the distance talking to a few people.

Joan is leaning against a car with Tammy. They both look at Kim fowley.

TAMMY : Go talk to him.

Joan builds up the courage and approaches him.

JOAN : Are you Kim fowley?

KIM : The king hysteria himself.

JOAN : Hi, I'm Joan.

KIM : Why are you talking to me? Are you in a band?

JOAN : Uh no- not yet.

KIM : Do you play an instrument-do you have a demo?

She looks a little embarrassed, she doesn't know what demo is.

JOAN : I play electric guitar. I want to put together an all girls rock band.

KIM : Well, what a coincidence, I've just met a girl drummer about your age. (shout) sandy!

Sandy West, 15 years old, blond hair, a tomboy and tough looking, but has a warmth that comes through when she smiles. She is talking to a bunch of surfer looking guys. She joins Kim and Joan.

KIM : (cont'd) this is Joan.

JOAN : Joan Jett.

Sandy nods to Joan.

KIM : Good name-she plays electric guitar.

JOAN : (to sandy) I play rhythm guitar.

He scribbles a number on a piece of paper.

KIM : Let me hear what kind of noise you girls can make together.

He hands it to Joan.

KIM : (cont'd) call me when you have something.

INT. SANDY'S BASEMENT REC ROOM. NIGHT.

As time passes the rec room becomes more disheveled-more records pile up on the floor around them.

Leaning against a wood paneled wall, Joan is hunched over a guitar strumming wild thing madly. Sweat drips from tips of her wet hair. She shows off her talent. She can really play a strong rhythm guitar now.

DISSOLVE TO:

Sandy is hitting the drums really hard and has perfect timing. She sings wild thing.

SANDY : wild thing, I –think I love you, but I wanna know for sure- so come on, and hold me tight – I love you.

DISSOLVE TO :

Joan and Sandy are playing together. They sound pretty good together. They are playing one of Kim's songs, WHERE THE BOYS ARE.

Joan : (singing-talking) I wanna be where the boys are.

DISSOLVE TO:

Kim is in the room. He wears a mohair sweater and pair of flares. He is flipping through a hardcover book titled, Blonded in Cinema.

He interrupts.

KIM : (shouting) tougher- I wanna be where the boys are (beat) there is no music on the radios like this, there's nothing, I guess you bitches are going to have to get dirty, cause all the guys are wearing lipstick.

He pointed his finger. They resume playing. Kim shouts out more lyrics.

KIM : (cont'd) (shouting) I wanna fight how the boys fight, I wanna love how the boys love, I wanna be where the boys are.

He interjects again.

KIM : (cont'd) you girls are going to have to kick ass, because rock n' roll is the sport of men- it's the music for the people in the dark- it's the music for people who don't have shit! It's music for the people who have no way of saying, I hate this world, I hate authority – fuck authority!

He points Joan.

KIM : (cont'd) do it again! (shouts)

JOAN : (singing) I'm the bitch with the hot guitar. I'm the air, the sun and stars.

He is studying them with a funny look on his face.

Close –up on a picture of Brigitte Bardot on a motorcycle. He puts his hands up.

KIM : STOP!

They stop plating once again. They both look to him quizzically.

KIM : (cont'd) I know what's missing. We need this. We need a blonde bombsheel!

INT. THE SUGAR SHACK .NIGHT.

The camera pans past Marie who is laughing with some friends. Kim scans the crowd- he notices her, in the background his eye becomes fixed on Cherie sipping a coca-cola. She is now the female bowie.

Cherie takes a comb from her back pocket and runs it through her hair.

KIM : (O.C) I like your look! Oh a little David Bowie, a little Brigitte Bardot. And a look on your face that says, "I can beat the crap out of a truck driver."

At that Cherie laughs and looks him up and down.

KIM : (cont'd) (smiling) I'm a record producer. My name is Kim Fowley.(shouting over the music) Joan!

Joan walks up and introduces herself.

JOAN : Hi, I'm Joan Jett.

CHERIE : Cherie.

KIM : We're forming an all girls rock and roll band. The Runaways will be the greatest band of decade.

He looks at her up and down.

KIM : (cont'd) tell me Cherie, can you play an instrument or sing?

CHERIE : I won first place lip-synching a Bowie song in a talent contest at school.

KIM : If my instincts are right Cherie, when I'm done with you, you're going to be bigger than Bowie.

CHERIE : What?

KIM ; Read my lips. We—lie—your—look. Do—you want to—be in the band?

CHERIE : Are you kidding?

KIM : (o.c) we audition on Saturday. How old are you?

CHERIE : I'm fifteen.

KIM : (looks up to thank the God) perfect! Teen-fuckin'age!

Joan rolls her eyes and smiles at Cherie.

INT. LITA'S SUBURBAN HOUSE.KITCHEN.EARLY EVENING.

A green linoleum table- a hair brush- a plate of half eaten toast.

KIM : (o.s) Hello is Lita there?

The kitchen is a wallpapered green pattern. The phone is also a green camouflaging itself on the wall. Lita Ford is a curvaceous 16 years old. She is brushing her long hair while she talks on the phone.

LITA : (shouts covering the receiver) hang up ma! It's for me.(beat) yeah, it's Lita.

KIM : (o.s) hi, my name is Kim Fowley. I'm a famous record producer. I have produced gold records for Kiss, Alice Cooper, The Byrds, Keith Moon to mention a few.

LUTA : (flipping her hair back) uh ha.

KIM : I heard you can play electric guitar.

LITA : yeah.

KIM : (o.s) do you want to sit by your parents and melt away in your suburban gutter, or become rich and famous and play to hundreds of thousands of screaming fans pawing at you- like a real rock star?

LITA : (shows some excitement) yeah! That's what I want to do.

KIM : I need a lead guitar player for an all girls rock band, The Runaways. Are you up for it?

LITA : (her eyes light up) yeah! Whatta I gotta do?

KIM : Well, you don't have to fuck me to be in the band.

EXT. REHERSEAL TRAILER. DAY.

Cherie walks down a long rundown driveway to a dilapidated trailer. Cherie plugs her nose, there is garbage and dogshit and cigarette butts everywhere. She takes a deep breath when she gets to the door of the trailer.

EXT. REHERSEAL TRAILER. DAY.

Cherie opens the door to some of the toughest girls she's ever met. Joan, quiet, is hunched over her guitar. The bass player, Robin, 18 years old, tall and slender, the oldest and the most feminine of the band – is talking with Sandy working out a part.

Kim interrupts.

KIM : (shouts) how old are you?

ROBIN : eighteen.

KIM : sixteen!

Robin gets it.

ROBIN : sixteen- right.

Lita has her head upside down shaking her hair. She flips her head sending her hair cascading down her back and it brushes Cherie in the face. She throws Cherie a look like- 'who's this?

Kim Fowley is wearing a cross section between boy and girl. The top part is boy and the bottom is highschool girl wearing Joan's old school kilt and knee socks. This is topped off with a fedora and sunglasses.

Everyone stops what they are doing and look to Cherie.

KIM : So what SuziQuatro song have you learned?

CHERIE : (nervously) fever.

LITA : We don't do slow songs!

Sandy twirls a drumstick.

SANDY : Kim, you should of told her we don't do M.O.R.

CHERIE : What's M.O.R.?

LITA : 'Middle of the Road' pansy ass songs.

She looks like she wants to crawl back the way she came.

JOAN : Do you know another song?

Cherie nods.

KIM : Give us a minute. We'll write something for you.

EXT. REHERSEAL TRAILER. LATER.

Cherie paces outside smoking a cigarette. She puts one out next to a pile of dog-shit. She starts to leave then turns back when she hears the guitars growling from inside. She peeks through the trailer window.

EXT. REHERSEAL TRAILER. LATER.

Inside Kim throws out lyric to Joan. He is manically scribbling on a note pad pacing with his hand on his hip.

Close on the note pad. He has Cherie scribbled on the page. He writes Cherie below it.

KIM : Cherie- Cherie- Cherie a fire cracker! A cherie explosion.

Joan gets into a groove with a rhythm.

KIM : (cont'd) (shouts) chchchch cherry (in a high pitched girly voice)
chchchchch cherry bomb!

Cherie opens the door to the trailer. Kim turns to her like she's interrupted his flow.

KIM : (cont'd) (singing in a girly voice) I'm not ready for y-o-u.
Embarrassed, Cherie closes the door.

EXT. REHERSEAL TRAILER. LATER.

Cherie sits down on a dirty milk crate smoking a cigarette; waiting while Kim shouts excitement inside.

She throws her cigarette to the ground and stomps on it. There are several butts by her shoe now. Some times has passed.

Sandy opens the door.

SANDY : We're ready.
Cherie follows Sandy inside.

EXT. REHERSEAL TRAILER. LATER.

Kim starts prancing around like giraffe –girl provocatively thrusting his lips.

KIM : (sing/talking) hello daddy, hello mom. I'm your chchchchcherie bomb. Hello world I'm your chchchchcherie bomb!

Everyone laughs. He points to Cherie.

KIM : (cont'd) you turn.

CHERIE : (softly into the mic) Hello world I'm your chchchchcherie bomb.

KIM : (sing/talking) hey street boy what's your style your style dead and dreams don't make you smile.

CHERIE : (singing/talking) hey street boy what's your style your style dead and dreams don't make you smile.

His movements become more provocative. Bending his knees with his legs open and rubbing the insides of his thighs.

KIM : (singing/talking) I'll give ya something to live for, have ya, grab yatil you sore.

CHERIE : I can't say that.

KIM :Come on just try it.

Cherie looks to other girls.

No one looks in her direction except for Joan. She gives her a nudge to try it.

JOAN : It's just a song.

Cherie leans into microphone.

CHERIE : Give ya something to live for, have ya, grab yatil you sore.

She makes a face. Joan reacts positively.

KIM : Sing it again, like you mean it this time.

He laughs doing another pelvic thrust.

CHERIE : (singing a little more confidently)I'll give ya something to live for, have ya, grab yatil you sore.

EXT. MALL, NIGHT.

JOAN : Hey foxy, come here.

The song Hollywood by the runaways kicks in.

The band and some friends run through a small indoor mall. They are laughing, throwing themselves against each other. Sandy runs and rolls her body on the ground like a bowling ball. Joan helps her up. They laugh and run. She does it again. This time she throws her body into Cherie's. Joan helps her up and they go running hand in hand.

One of the kids smashes a glass window. They panic and run off in all directions.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD SIGN. DAWN.

They end up behind the Hollywood sign watching the sun come up. The letters are backlit a cool sky.

Joan and Cherie are sitting beside each other talking, leaning on one of the letters.

CHERIE : Your parents don't care if you're out this late?

JOAN : My dad's not around.

CHERIE : Mine neither. My mom kicked my dad out one night after a big fight.(beat) I really miss him.

JOAN : Not me- dad's are useless. All they are good for is taking out the garbage.

Cherie takes a drag from her cigarette.

CHERIE : My mom wants me to be an actress. She was already in movies at my age.

JOAN : My parents were having babies at sixteen-
She laughs

JOAN : (cont'd) –that didn't keep them together.

A moment silence.

JOAN : (cont'd) I'm not having babies, I'm playing music.

Sandy walks over and sits with them. Sandy takes a bottle of shampoo out of her bag and takes a drink from it. She passes it to Cherie. Cherie looks the bottle strangely.

CHERIE : What is it??

SANDY : It's not shampoo.

Cherie takes a swig and violently spits it out.

SANDY : (cont'd) I call it the dirty sink-a little bit of everything from my parents bar. Just a little from each bottle, so they can't tell I'm drinkin' their booze.

Joan takes a swig and makes a bitter face as she swallows.

JOAN : The dirty sink is where we'll be puking this shit out tomorrow.

She extends the bottle back to Cherie.

SANDY : Come on, take another swig. It'll grow hair on your chest.

They all laugh.

CHERIE : I'll pass, thank you.

SANDY : Hey, salt and pepper, do you guys want to race down the hill?

Joan gives Cherie a look.

JOAN : Let's do it.

SANDY : (shouts) ahhh! I'll beat you both.

They run into the wild grass down the hill towards Hollywood, which is hiding under a smoggy haze.

INT. CHERIE'S HOME.AFTERNOON.

Cherie and Marie are sitting in the living room at fold out tables. Marie eats her TV dinner, while Cherie is too excited and only picks at hers, while smoking a cigarette.

MARIE : All girls? Can they actually play?

CHERIE : yeah- I guess.(beat) Kim, the producer is a real nut. You should have seen him jumping around the room like maniac.

They hear a key rattling in the door.

CHERIE : (cont'd) shit! Open the back door.

Marie runs to open the back door, waving the smoke out. Cherie puts out the cigarette in the gravy and tries to hide it, scooping more on top of it.

The door opens and Cherie's mom, 52 yrs. Old, very fashionable and all put together. She was a hollywood actress in the 40's and still has that elegance about her.

She is with her boyfriend Wolfgang, 60 yrs old, very distinguished German who is smartly dressed and looks like he has money. He walks in behind her carrying a bunch of bags.

CHERIE'S MOM : Hello. I'm glad you're all here. I have some great news to tell you.

CHERIE : (excited) me too mom. I'm going to be a singer in a rock band. They picked me mom!

CHERIE'S MOM : That's wonderful honey.

She glances to Wolfgang. Wolfgang is sniffing the air. She looks at him strangely.

CHERIE'S MOM : (cont'd) I have news for you too. Wonderful news. We're moving to Indonesia.

CHERIE : What? The producer says I'm gonna be the next David Bowie and we're moving to Indonesia? I can't believe this!

She pushes her food away from her.

CHERIE'S MOM : I talked to your father and you can go live him at Aunt Evie's place.

MARIE : You're just leaving us?

CHERIE'S MOM : You're welcome to come with us.

CHERIE : Where exactly are we suppose to sleep at Aunt Evie's?

CHERIE'S MOM : dad's bought a pull out couch.

CHERIE : Why can't we stay here?

CHERIE'S MOM : honey, I know this is hard to understand. But you can't stay here on your own, you're only minors.

MARIE : why can't dad come to live with us?

CHERIE'S MOM :Wolfgang and I have decided to sell this house.

CHERIE : Wolfgang? I'm not going!

CHERIE'S MOM : how about you Marie?

The mother looks to Marie. She looks a little more torn between staying or going.

Cherie storms out of the house.

Marie looks to her mother in disbelief.

MARIE : I can't leave without Cherie.

Mom smiles at Wolfgang.

EXT. REHEARSAL TRAILER.NEXT DAY.

A few kids are picking up the garbage from around the outside of the trailer. They are placing the bottles, bricks and random objects into milk crates.

Sandy and Joan walk pass them.

SANDY : It's about time he cleaned up this pig sty.

INT. REHEARSAL TRAILER.

JOAN,CHERIE: California-you're so nice. California-your paradise.

They finish the song and stand there deflated as Kim beats insults into them. Tammy and the kids from outside are now sitting, lined up against the wall facing the band.

KIM : Enough! That performance was dogshit! Dogshit! You need to have rock and roll authority when you're on stage and off stage.

You're going to be trained like marines. Rock and roll is tough music, tough venues. There's going to be a lot of resistance. A lot of guys don't want to see women with guitars. Today we have heckler's drill. These kids are not here to tell you that you're pretty. They are here to throw shit! Dogshit! Dog meat! All the world's golden slime!(beat) I want to see you bitches do the ddeath dance. One! Two! Three

Joan and Cherie look at one another and then back at the kids with the bricks. Not knowing what to do, they kick into song.

The kids start throwing bottles and bricks and garbage at the girls.

Kim is running around with a guitar holding it up as a shield, dancing around showing them to fight off the garbage.

The music sounds all disjointed, because each member periodically stops playing to shield a brick, or bottle.

KIM : (shouting) come on dogs, play!

A dog shit lands on Sandy's drum. She drops her stick. Garbage flies through the air past Cherie. She sings clutching the microphone with her eyes squeezed shut. Joan makes an effort with one eye shut.

A milk carton lands in front of Tammy, who hasn't been participating. She looks around to see if everyone is looking then throws it towards to the band.

The milk carton hits Joan right in the side of face. She drops her guitar; she looks pissed.

INT. KEG PARTY.ORANGE COUNTY.NIGHT.

They perform, *is it day or night*.

The house reflects upper class suburbia, but there are a mixture of kids, rough and preppy. A party is in full swing. The house is packed with drunk and partying teenagers.

The runaways are playing in the living room. There are people pressing against each other, trying to get a better look at the girls through the kitchen doorway.

Bottles are flying through the air. Joan successfully dodges one and smiles. Cherie reaches for the microphone with her eyes closed. A guy grabs her and doesn't let go. Joan kicks him in the face.

A kid throws a bottle and it heads right for Joan. She holds up her guitar like a bat and sends the bottle right back at the guy and hits him in the head. Joan catches the eye of Tammy dancing next to him. They share a laugh.

INT. KEG PARTY.BEDROOM.NIGHT.

Kim is in the parent's bedroom on the second floor. Tonight he is clad in red leather and a studded collar and make-up on his eyes to finish off the look.

He is surrounded with pink things, satin bed sheets, feathers and perfume bottles. He sits at a vanity counting a pile of dollar bills. There is a binder full of papers with number scribbled on them and press photos of the girls.

He puts the cash on his pocket.

He holds the receiver to the door.

KIM : can you hear them?

Close-on a press picture of the girls-the camera goes from girl to girl.

KIDS : (o.s.) (shouts) the cops are here!

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET.NIGHT.

Kids pour out into the street tripping and falling. Members of the band and Kim are running carrying amps and equipment. Tammy trails behind carrying Joan's guitar.

KIM : did you girls do the death dance tonight?

JOAN : yeah. It was fun.(beat) did you get the money before the cops came?

KIM :you played for free.

JOAN : what?

KIM : I racked up their phone bill doing publicity for Germany and Japan.

Joan laughs.

JOAN : Hey, hecklers drill really works. I blocked a bottle and it ricocheted right back at a guy and hit him in the head. Don't think he'll be trying that again.

Kim and Joan laugh.

KIM : you showed those pussies how to cock fight.

The trailer pulls up in front of them.

JOAN : I gotta ride. Catch you later.

Joan jumps into a chevy Capri with Tammy. They speed screaming out the window.

KIM : (shouts) filthy dog!

Kim jumps in the trailer. Cherie looks out the window catching a glimpse of Joan speeding away in the car.

INT. LAX.DAY.

Cherie is running through lax trying to catch their mother before she gets on her flight for Indonesia. Marie is following behind trying to keep up.

CHERIE : I can't believe she left without saying goodbye to me.

MARIE : wait up. You were never home.

CHERIE ; come on. We'll miss her.

They dodge some people and bump into others.

She gets to the security gate, where only passengers with tickets are allowed through.

She sees her allowed who is wearing a wig and sunglasses, like she is in disguise.

CHERIE : (cont'd) mom? – mom!

MARIE : Mom!

CHERIE : What the fuck is going on?

She makes a run for the security gate. Security guards surround her and hold her back.

CHERIE : Let me go, that's my mother! Just let me talk to her! Mom! I just want to say good-bye.

INT. REHEARSAL TRAILER. ANOTHER DAY.

The girls look tired and sweaty. Lita is doing an intricate guitar solo. The other girls don't see to keep up. She finishes.

CHERIE : We've been doing this song for an hour and half and it's still out of tune. Robin, if you can't in tune, stop singing.

ROBIN : I'm not singing outta tune. If you got your timing right, it would sound okay.

Joan kicks the shit out of an amplifier.

JOAN : the guitars are in tune. Fuck – fuck – shit!

Lita doesn't flinch. She gulps down a coke.

Sandy throws her drumsticks to the wall.

SANDY : this sucks!

Cherie steps away from the microphone.

CHERIE : I'm taking a break.

Kim walks into the trailer. He points his long, skinny finger at them wiggling it like a worm.

KIM : (yelling like a madman) no, you're not! Staying up all night eating pussy, sucking dick, chewing Quaaludes and listening to the stooges with each other is fine, but not until you get this fuckin' song down! All right dog shit? Take it from after the guitar solo-one! Two! Three!

He snaps his fingers to command. Joan's blood stained fingers attacks the strings of the guitar and the girls kick in to neon angels.

Kim jumps around in his dirty long sleeved t-shirt, one sleeve down, doing an obscene derelict dance around the room.

He catches his reflection in the mirror.

KIM : (shouts over the music) I'm the Dorian Gray of n roll. Haha!

Joan laughs at Kim.

KIM : what are you laughing at?

JOAN : come on kim.

CHERIE : (singing in a raspy voice) highways hard in this modern world
battered boy and shattered girls leather bombers that rule the
streets- setting fires and living heat. Let me tell you what we been
doing neon angels on the road to ruin.

She stops singing in the middle of the chorus.

CHERIE : (cont'd) I need a break.

KIM : if you need a break now. How are you going to handle the road?
The road is tough. I'll tell you when you take breaks.

SANDY : my arms are killing me. Let's sit this one out.

CHERIE : I'm losing my voice.

KIM : you are my property now and you do as I want you to. (addressing
the group) I've got you dogs a tour without a record deal- do you
understand what that means? You're gonna go out there and do the
dog every night until we have record companies begging to get
down your pants.

He gets right into her face.

KIM : (cont'd) listen, you flea. No, you're the flea on the asshole of a
flea on a dog. You'd be nothing if I didn't save you from the slime
of that suburban vomit I rescued you from.

Addressed to the rest of the band wiggling his finger.

KIM : (con't) I'm like the man who sells aspirin. I don't empathize with
all those headache: I just want to sell aspirin. Cherie's lack of
greatness is interfering with the product. Old people have worse

problems and you don't see me forming a band of senior citizens, do you?
Cherie's lack of rock n' roll authority is horrifying and you're
selling rock and roll.

She heads for the door.

KIM : (cont'd) filthy pussy, you don't leave until I say you have it!
You're nothing without my instruction. If I quit, you will be
nothing, but I wasted life working at Chucky Cheese's. The Stones
didn't get a world tour like this on their first album. So you gotta
learn to do the dog right!

She stops and feels degraded.

INT. CHEVY CAPRI.NIGHT.

Joan and Tammy are making out.

TAMMY : Joan, watch the cigarette! My mom will kill me if she finds a
cigarette burn.

JOAN : I'm careful. Come on.

She takes her by the chin and continues to make out. Tammy pulls away again.

JOAN : when are you leaving for the tour?

JOAN : are you done talking? We're in the middle of makin' it.

Tammy looks deflated.

JOAN : (cont'd) I'm in rock band, that's what bands do, they go on tour.

TAMMY : how long are you going to be away for?

JOAN : hopefully for the rest of my life.

Tammy looks ahead. Joan lights another cigarette looking in the opposite
direction.

INT. AUNT EVIE'S HOUSE.

The place is small and cramped. A pile of clothes are thrown on a pullout couch.
Cherie is frantically packing for the tour and is running around picking up shoes
and belts from the floor and throwing them into her suitcase.

She takes an outfit from the closet and shows Marei.

CHERIE : can I take the jumpsuit with me?

MAREI : no, that's my favorite.

CHERIE : you never wear it! Just until the tour's over. Come on.

MAREI : take this one.

She hands her dress. Cherie throws it on the floor.

CHERIE : (pissed) forget it!

MARIE : just take it, man.

Cherie throws it in and quickly zips up her suitcase. She runs past aunt Evie. Who is standing at the window in the kitchen. She looks worried. Grandma Oni, 80 years old, is oblivious to the commotion, sitting in a rocking chair reading a romance novel.

AUNT EVIE : your father didn't come home last night.

Marie follows Cherie with a bag.

CHERIE : bye grandma.

She kisses her grandmother Oni on the head.

MARIE : don't forget your bag.

Cherie looks out the window.

CHERIE : his car's out front.

AUNT EVIE : yes, but his bed hasn't been slept in.

Cherie leans down to kiss aunt Evie.

CHERIE : I love you- tell him I'll call when I get to a phone booth.

There is a honking outside.

CHERIE : (cont'd) they're here.

She puts her stuffs down and gives Marie a tight hug.

MARIE : I'll miss you, meow.

CHERIE : I'll miss you too meow.

EXT. AUNT EVIE'S HOUSE.

Marie and aunt Evie stand by the door. Cherie is carrying her bags towards the motorhome,

Joan is leaning outside the motorhome, smoking a cigarette. Cherie turns towards the house the house and waves.

CHERIE : I love you.

Marie waves back.

MARIE : I love you too.

Cherie walks past her father's car and notices something inside. She drops her bags and cups her hands around her eyes against the windshield to get a better look.

CHERIE : dad!

JOAN : come on! We're late.

Marie comes running to the car. Cherie opens the door and her father rolls out of the car onto the sidewalk. An empty bottle of whisky rolls away from him, rattling down the down the road.

Grandma Oni comes through the doorway.

GRANDMA : is he dead?

MARIE : he passed out.

There is another honk from the motorhome. Cherie picks up her bags and runs to the vehicle.

MARIE : (cont'd) (shouts out) cherie!

The girls have their faces pressed up against the window of the motorhome to get a look at the commotion outside.

Marie reaches down to help her father.

JOAN : what happened?

CHERIE : he's drunk, let's go.

Bruce, a 26 year old roadie with longish scruffy hair, helps Cherie with her bag.

JOAN : this is Bruce, our roadie.

CHERIE : Hi.

Bruce looks shyly at her. He has an instant crush.

BRUCE : is this everything?

CHERIE :yeah.

BRUCE : great, let's get on the road.

They climb in and the motorhome drives away into the distance.

INT. MOVING MOTORHOME.FOGGY. 3AM.

BORN TO BE BAD by The Runaways plays.

Cherie awakens in a moving motorhome rushing down the highway. She looks at all girls wondering if they can be her family. She presses her face against the glass window.

Joan notices Cherie and leaves the portable TV she is watching.

JOAN : can't sleep? We'll be in Cleveland soon.

CHERIE : I've never been away from home before.

JOAN : (whisperings) it's going to be great Cherie. This is what we've been working so hard for.

CHERIE : I know – Marie and I have never been apart from each other.

LITA : (in a groggy voice) I miss my family too, but when I come back I want to be a somebody. Now shut up and go to sleep.

SANDY : well, we don't miss Kim, that's for sure.

They all laugh.

Cherie presses her face against the cold window, gazing out into the dark unknown.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL TOWN.GAS STATION.

Bruce is filling up the motorhome with gas at a pump. Cherie and Joan are inside the variety store shoving canned beans and beef jerky down their pants.

Joan is in front of magazine stand. She stuffs a magazine down her pants. Q 10 year old boy watches them in awe. His mother turns the corner and catches sight of what he is staring at. These are not the girls she wants her son to be exposed to. She yanks him away by the arm.

They run out the store and into the motorhome. Bruce finishes up and makes his way in after them.

Joan takes a hustler magazine out of her pants and opens it close to her face so Cherie and Joan can hide behind it. It upside down, but she doesn't notice.

JOAN : come on, let's get outta here.

CHERIE : did anybody see us?

The motorhome pulls away. They howl and the other girls cheer.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL 6.DAY.

The girls are weighed down with bags. They are piled outside of a motel door. Sandy puts the hotel key in and unlocks the door.

They drop their bags and stop to look at the tiny room. It has one queen sized bed. This is not glamorous. This is not what Kim promised.

SANDY : what!

CHERIE : we're suppose to share one bed?

LITA : this sucks!

Joan walks over to check out the bathroom. Dingy, but at least there's a bathtub.

JOAN : I'll sleep in the tub.

Sandy peeks in to take a look.

SANDY : I'll sleep on the floor.

Robin rummages her suitcase and pulls out a bikini.

ROBIN : see ya at the pool.

SANDY : I'm coming. Hold on.

Sandy grabs a bikini out of her bag and they run out the door together.

Joan puts on a pair of aviators and walks out Cherie.

Cherie sees a phone booth outside the lobby.

CHERIE : I'll meet you there, I gotta make a call.

Joan nods and makes her way towards the pool.

Sandy does a cannon ball into the pool. Joan sits on the diving board.

CUT TO:

We hear splashing and laughing sounds coming from the pool area.

Cherie looks around at the dirty and dilapidated surrounding.

CHERIE : it's great! Everything in the room's orange-it's so cool, even the
bedspread-and there's a huge pool!

MARIE : Wow! I wish I was there.

CHERIE : how did it go after I left?

MARIE : dad finally sobered up-almost gave grandma Oni a heart attack.

CHERIE : dad's calling me from the yard-I love you.

The phone goes dad.

Cherie joins them pool side. She plops herself on the edge of the pool with her feet in the water beside Joan, who is squirting water into her mouth from a squirt gun. They share a silent moment.

Joan starts squirting cherie with the squirt gun. Cherie jumps up.

CHERIE : hey!

Joan grabs Cherie's legs and she loses her balance causing them in to the pool sending all over Robin who is posing on a raft sunbathing. She screams.

INT. MOTEL6.LATER.

Joan balances on the back legs of a chair rocking it back and forth against the wall. She talks to Sandy through the closed door of the bathroom while playing with a switch blade.

JOAN : are you rubbing?

SANDY : it's not working. I don't feel anything.

Sandy is sitting on the toilet. We magazines on the floor beside her sneakers.Naked men and naked woman, star teenyboppers. She appears to be awkwardly rubbing herself.

SANDY : I think I'm doing it wrong.

JOAN : think Leaf Garret- Scott Biao.

SANDY : I am- it's not working.

JOAN : just keep rubbing. How about Farrah Fawcett-everyone's got a crush on Farrah Fawcett.

SANDY : yeah.. I feel something. I feel something!

INT. MOTEL BATHROOM.CONTINUOUS.

Joan throws the knife and it sticks to the wall with a thud. We can hear Sandy making sound of ecstasy.

Joan laughs.

INT. CLUB.SOMEWHERE ON THE ROAD.

Joan is on the stage during a sound check. She leans into the microphone.

JOAN : Check-check-check-queen of noise-noise.

Sandy pounds on the drum. Joan starts to play her guitar.

From the side of the stage, the members of headlining band watch on. A band member whispers in the ear of the headliner's roadie.

The camera follows the cord from Joan's guitar to her amp.

The roadie has his hands on it ready to pull the plug.

Joan is striking her guitar with sheer confidence. They all stop and watch, slightly taken by her.

He motions the roadie to stop for a moment. She is showing off her talents. She can clearly play and play really well.

Joan smiles and leans into the mic.

JOAN : with a pinch of rock and dose of ro-

Completion takes over and the roadie pulls the plug.

HEADLINER : off the stage!

JOAN : plug me back I n!

BAND MEM : shouldn't you girls be at home playing your barbie's?

Joan goes over to the amp and plugs herself back in.

JOAN : dick!

He pulls it back out again.

ANOTHER MEM: you wouldn't know what to do with a dick-you're probably all Lesbos!

He flings a lit cigarette towards Joan and hits her in the face. She stops playing and puts her hands up to her eye.

SANDY : what the fuck!

Sandy jumps up from behind the drums and pushes the guy. He pushes her back. The headliner's roadie breaks it up.

HEADLINER : you're not getting a sound check, so go back to your trailer.
You'll have one if you have ever get to headline.

She grabs her guitar and storms past him.
He gives her a demeaning smile.

INT. BACKSTAGE VENUE.NIGHT.LATER.

Live heavy metal music is pounding in the background.

Joan is banging on a bathroom door in a black painted hallway. She clearly has to go bad. She's banging hard with her fist, clutching her gut.

JOAN : come on, did someone die in there?

Cherie turns the corner and finds Joan almost fallen over in a drunken state.

CHERIE : come on, we're leaving!

JOAN : I gotta go man!

She bangs on the door again.

Cherie drags her down the hall by the arm. Joan kicks the door and grabs the next door knob with her free hand. It is unlocked. She looks up to see a piece of paper taped to the door that says 'RUSH' HEADLINER DRESSING ROOM.'

JOAN : come on!

She stumbles inside taking Cherie along with her. There is garbage, half eaten food and bottles everywhere and graffiti all over the wall. There is a large plate of fruit on a table with some boxes of tea.

CHERIE : Hey, they got better food than us.

Cherie throws a strawberry in her mouth. She finds a plastic cup and throws the contents on the floor.

CHERIE : here, pee in this.

JOAN : fuck that!

Joan has pulled down her pants and is urinating on the band's guitar. She pisses all over it and the dirty carpet.

JOAN : (drunk) assholes! Just cause we got tits. Girls can rock out as good as guys.

Cherie drags her out the door with Joan's pants still half down.

CHERIE : let's get out of here.

Robin and a guy we've seen from Rush's camp stumble out of the bathroom, obviously from state of their disheveled clothing they had been making out.

EXT. VENUE.PARKING LOT.NIGHT.CONTINUOUS.

Joan, Cherie and Robin climb into the motorhome. It pulls away into the night.

GAS STATION GREASY SPOON.NIGHT.LATER.

The girls sit crammed into a booth. Half-eaten eggs and toast lay in brown flowered plates. They look tired, makeup smudged and sleep in their eyes.

A waitress comes to the table with a hot pot of coffee. She has a thick Midwestern accent.

WAITRESS : more coffee girls?

CHERIE : yeah, I'll have some.

BRUCE : I'll have a glass of water.

Cherie gets up to go to the bathroom. She is wearing a t-shirt that says, 'the ultimate', across the front. She sees a sign that says 'shower', curious she walks in and realizes she's in the men's bathroom.

A large trucker comes out from behind a wall with a wet towel wrapped around his midriff.

TRUCKER : hey, honey.

Cherie goes to grab the door handle.

TRUCKER : hey, not so fast-I've got money.

CHERIE : Uhh0i'm in the wrong room- I thought this was the woman's bathroom.

He takes a step closer to her.

TRUCKER : the ultimate, huh?

Sandy walks in.

SANDY : what are you doing in here?

Sandy looks at the half naked trucker.

SANDY : you leave her alone?

TRUCKER : get the fuck out, you cock teaser.

Sandy and Cherie burst out of the doors laughing. They plop themselves back in the booth.

CHERIE : how much further?

BRUCE : we'll be in the Ozarks in six hours.

Cherie curls up her lip and plays with her cold food. The waitress sets down a glass of water in front of Bruce. He takes out some pills and pos them in his mouth, chasing them with the water.

BRUCE : that's better.

He throws a bunch of multi-colored pills on the table. They scatter in all directions. Joan and Sandy grab at them. Cherie picks one up and looks at it.

BRUCE : there's a lot more where that comes from and my room's never crowded.

CHERIE : in your dreams.

The girls laugh at him.

INT. MOTEL LOBBY.MORNING.

Joan looks hung over. She is on the phone to Kim. The motel attendant is watching her like a hawk.

JOAN : can I make this a collect call? (beat) Kim Fowley.

KIM : hellom Kim fowley here.

JOAN : it's Joan.

KIM : Joan, I heard you're tearing the place apart. How're the dogs holding up?

JOAN : yeah, everyone's cool-the crowds have been great. But we're running outta money. The club promoters are giving us a hard time. The bands are fuckin' with us.

KIM : this is a bad time.

JOAN : we need someone putting the pressure on, Kim.

KIM : listen, I'm in the middle of a meeting with one of my acts, but I'll see what I can do.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY.DAY.

A crashing sound then the phone goes dead on the other line.

JOAN : (into receiver) Kim?

She hangs up the phone.

INT. MOVING MOTORHOME.NIGHT.

The girls are passed out sleeping on gear, piles of clothes and suitcase. Cherie has a pillow against a window and Joan is curled up on the floor under her leather jacket.

Barry Manilow is singing Mandy comes on the radio. Bruce turns it to a rock station.

CHERIE : (whining) come on, take it back.

JOAN : No, fuckin' way!

CHERIE : I love this song!

JOAN : It sucks!

LITA : (to the roadie) turn it back and I'll break your arm.

CHERIE : I know what you guys think that I can't hang. Just cause I like Barry Manilow doesn't mean I'm not tough.

LITA : tough bitches don't like Barry Manilow.

CHERIE : this tough bitch does! At least I can admit it!

She puts the pillow over her head and tries to go back sleep.

INT. ROLLERSKATING RINK. DAY.

Joan performs, YOU DRIVE WE WILD all pumped up and the music seems to be faster and at a HIGHER MUSICAL PITCH. Kids roller-skate by at hyper speed amongst streaking break.

EXT. ROLLERSKATING RINK. BACK ALLEY.

The roadies are packing gear back onto the motorhome. Cherie and Joan approach Bruce. They look hyper.

CHERIE : I need some downers.

He reaches into his pocket and gives the girls a couple of pills each. Joan pops one.

JOAN : (to Cherie) let's save one for later.

Cherie puts the pill into her mouth and puts the other in her jacket pocket.

JOAN : (cont'd) we're going to hang out here for a while.

BRUCE : sure. See you later.

INT. ROLLERSKATING RINK.

WELCOME TO THE MACHINE by Pink Floyd is playing.

The moving colored lights reveal some couples are engaged in a kiss. The song FADES OUT and an announcement is heard over the PA.

D.J : we end this night with WELCOME TO THE MACHINE from pink Floyd. Come again next Saturday night for more bands and more fun.

The house lights go on. Too bright for everyone's eyes. There is garbage and candy wrapper scattered on the floor.

In the dark corners of the room, under tables and on the floor, we see kids making out everywhere.

INT. CHEAP MOTEL.NIGHT.LATER.

THE SWEET, LOVE IS LIKE OXIGEN is playing throughout this scene.

This is seen through the drunken P.O.V. of Joan and Cherie.

They are still wearing roller-skates.

A blurry hallway rocks from side to side. The ceiling lights bloom. Roller-skates fight their way on the patterned carpet.

Cherie's back is pushed up against a hotel door with a thump. The camera moves closer in on Cherie's face and the image goes blurry.

We hear voices of the guests being awoken on the other side of the door.

Cherie looks up to the room number above her head.

CHERIE : this is not our room. Come on!

Joan laughs. The pattern in the carpet races through frame. Cherie falls to the ground. A key falls to the ground. Close-on an unstable hand inserting a key - goes to black. Close-on a hand on the light switch. A jittery camera pans to the brightly illuminated hotel room. Precarious. Unsteady- a bible on the night stand. Tottering – toes curl up – roller-skate wheels spin. Agitation-streaks of light.

INT. CHEAP MOTEL .MORNING.

Joan explodes through the door stepping over a pair of roller-skates. Cherie is just walking up listening to THE CARPENTERS, CLOSE TO YOU, on a portable record player.

JOAN : dammit, would you turn that shit off!!

Joan throws her a pack of cigarettes on the bed and takes the needle off record.

Cherie rustles under the sheets-her head peeks out.

JOAN : (excited) wake-up, Kim did it! We're signing a deal with mercury!

While still hidden by the sheets, Cherie feels the floor for her shirt. She puts it on while sitting hidden under the sheets.

CHERIE : (in groggy voice) we got signed!

Joan goes to the closet and starts throwing clothes in a suitcase.

JOAN : we're leaving for Hollywood in hour-get up!

Cherie sits in bed and rubs her eyes.

MERCURY RECORDS OFFICE.HOLLYWOOD DAY.

The walls of the office are covered in wood paneling. There is a stack of legal papers on a desk.

Kim is talking with a record executive.

KIM : I was going to form a band of dwarves, but their hands were too small. Then I thought maybe amputees, but they couldn't hold the instruments.

REC.EXC : it's a such a tough sound coming out of such young girls.

Joan sit at the desk signing the contract. She looks up and smiles- a flash bulb goes off.

KIM : the all-female band is stemming from girls growing up with no alternatives outside of being idiots-

Sandy signs the contracts and throws a pair of drumsticks sending them in the air- flash bulb goes off.

KIM : from girls who sit at concerts with asshole boyfriends who worship the bands from a popular mechanics evaluation of their amplifiers.

Cherie signs the contract-she has a mischievous grin- flash bulb goes off.

KIM : the popular male groups are too old to respond to the inhuman treatment of teenagers by dying parents in their golden prison of the invisible suburban ghettos.

The Runaways stand together around the desk for a group photo with the RECORD EXECUTIVE and Kim Fowley, who wears a T-Shirt that reads, KING HYSTERIA- a flash bulb goes off.

KIM : and The Runaways have got the most chance of any group I've seen of doing what The Beatles did and tearing the world apart.

The girls attack and hug Kim. Cherie jumps up into his arms. A flash bulb goes off.

KIM : get off me- don't touch me.

He recoils his body theatrically and glides away.

AUNT EVIE'S HOUSE.NIGHT.

Aunt Evie's house is small and crammed. Cherie is folding the pullout bed back into the couch. She walks over to her father's jacket and checks the pocket- nothing, but change. A checkbox falls to the ground.

Cherie is sitting at the kitchen table looking at a letter with her father's signature on it. She copies his signature onto one of the checks and writes it out to herself for \$200.00. she rips out four more blank checks and puts them in her pocket.

Marie walks into the room.

MARIE : did you talk to Kim? Can I come on the tour? I was thinking I could do everyone's hair and makeup.

CHERIE : we really busy, I didn't get a chance.

MARIE : I had an idea about making bags with everyone's name on them.

CHWERIE : listen Marie. I don't think it's going to happen. Kim already cheap with us, he's not going to come on the tour.

MARIE : I'm not going to Europe?

CHERIE : come on-nobody else is bringing their family.

MARIE : what am I suppose to do, stay here again?

CHERIE : I gotta go. I'm going to be late.

Marie looks taken aback. Cherie picks up her purse and walks out the door.

INT. MOTEL 6.NIGHT.

Loose change, cassette tapes and empty prescription bottles are scatteres all over the floor of the room.

ROBIN : (whining) I'm hungry.

SANDY : me too! Can we order room service?

The girls laugh knowing too well there is no room service.

KIM : no!

ROBIN : please Kim! You know I could faint if I don't eat.

SANDY : food!

Kim rockets to his feet.

KIM : damn it!

JOAN : come on Kim, just burgers or something.

Kim looks around the room with a scheming look on his face, like he's devising a plan on how never to feed them.

KIM : all right you dogs! I'll send the roadie to get your damn food!
Room service is too expensive!

In the background the girls give their order to a roadie, and then he leaves.

Kim removes his wrinkled orange jacket revealing a torn t-shirt underneath. He paces the room.

KIM : the last performance was a dog shit! You're a flaming schoolgirl.
And you stand there like a piece of wood. Who wants to fuck a
piece of wood?

He paces again.

KIM : you bitches need to think like men. This is how men think, forget
the hard-on and all that-men-they want to fuck, men want this!

He points at Cherie's crotch.

KIM : men want filthy pussy!-and you're bitches-but you're going to use
the men.

(more)

KIM : when men form bands they get even-everyone hates them in
highschool, when men form they want to get laid, turn over cars
and blow up shit, come on bitches-be assholes. You have to be an
asshole to be in rock n' roll. (beat) I'm going to teach you bitches
the right way to fuck!

Cherie and Joan share a puzzled look.

KIM : lesson number one.

He makes his way towards Cherie.

SANDY : come on Kim, are you kidding?

Kim ignores her and proceeds to get on his knees in front of Cherie, she tries to get up.

KIM : down dog-piss! Observe! The correct way to give head!

She can't believe what he's saying. He motions towards her. She jumps out of her chair.

CHERIE : don't touch me.

He gets up and towards Sandy. She laughs.

SANDY : yeah right.

He eyes Robin reclined against the wall.

KIM : Robin.

JOAN : come on Kim.

CHERIE : you're sick!

Cherie and Joan walk out of the room. Sandy follows a few seconds behind. The door slams shut behind them.

EXT. MOTEL 6.CONTINOUS.

Joan jumps onto the railing. Cherie stands beside her.

SANDY : shit. I left my burger inside.

She slurps her coke.

Joan lights two cigarettes and passes one to Cherie.

JOAN : like we don't know how to fuck.

Cherie looks deep in thought.

JOAN : Kim gets crazy sometimes. You gotta learn to ignore him.

CHERIE : where's Robin?

Sandy is pounding on the locked door.

SANDY : open up!

INT. AUNT EVIE'S HOUSE. DAY.

Cherie is ironing in the kitchen beside a half packed suitcase on the floor. BREAD, MAKE IT WITH YOU, is playing on the radio.

The phone rings Cherie picks it up.

CHERIE : hello.

KIM : Cherie, I want to tell you you're doing a good job. If you take my instruction, you can really become a star.

CHERIE : you really think so? (beat) I've been meaning to ask you about my sister?

KIM : listen, I'm calling to tell you a Japanese magazine is coming to your house in twenty minutes to take photographs.

CHERIE : in twenty minutes?! Is everyone meeting here?

KIM : they only want you. Be ready. The car is picking you up for the airport at three.

He hangs up the phone.

EXT. AUNT EVIE'S HOUSE. FRONT YARD. LATER.

Cherie is in black underwear and a small vest, wearing a cowboy hat leaning on the garage door. Two photographers talk Japanese to each other. She looks at them blankly. They treat her like a prop. Moving her leg, her arm.

CHERIE : hey, watch that, my arm's connected to me, you know.

They don't understand her. The photographer gestures her to turn around with her back towards the camera and look over her shoulder. She doesn't get it. He turns her body to face the wall and turns her head towards the camera.

CHERIE : Okay, okay, I get it.

She throws them a sultry look over her shoulders.

CHERIE : how's that?

They are excited, but in a clinical way. They make motions with their hands to do more.

JAPANESE P : (in Japanese accent) good- good.

The neighbor's boy looks out the window.

Cherie is now playing down on the grass with the grass with the photographer standing on top of her.

She closes her eyes and opens her mouth a crack. She's getting into it. He motions to his assistant to open her legs wider. He takes her foot and drags it along the grass.

She looks up to see what's going on. Grandma Oni comes limping out of the house with her cane.

GRANDMA : get into the house right now! This is indecent in your underwear on the street.

She is waving her cane put in the air at the photographers.

CHERIE : grandma, they're taking pictures for a magazine.

GRANDMA : you perverts, you leave her alone.

She takes her cane and hits them hard on the head and doesn't stop. They cover their heads as they run around trying to gather all their stuff. The assistant falls to the ground. The photographer keeps shooting.

GRANDMA : Cherie! Get in the house!

She grabs Cherie by the arm.

CHERIE : (to the photographer) did you get everything you needed?
Grandma!

They are hustling to get into the car. Grandma Oni rushes Cherie into the house and shuts the door behind them.

INT. JOAN'S HOUSE.BATHROOM.

Joan sits in a tub full of murky water, smoking cigarette, re-reading lyrics she has scribbled on a sheet of paper. The ink starts to smear down the pages.

She reaches for the phone. She reads from the wet paper.

Tammy answers the phone. She reads from the wet paper.

She takes a drag from her cigarette.

Her make-up is smeared down her face. She takes a drag from her cigarette. The song replaces her speaking.

She hangs up. She submerges her head, lyric and cigarette completely under the water.

INT. AEROPLANE.ENGLAND BOUND.

Joan and Cherie are sleeping in their seats leaning on each other.

CAPTAIN : (over the intercom in a British accent) good morning, this is your captain. Today's weather in London is ten degrees and cloudy- thank you for choosing British Airways-come fly with us again.

Bruce leans over from the row in front of them and throws a magazine on Joan's lap.

BRUCE : wake up- we're almost there.

Joan picks it up and sees that they are on the cover of an English magazine.

JOAN : Cherie! Wake up. Check this out.

CHERIE : (screaming in excitement) Ahhhh – we got the cover!

JOAN : fuckin' beautiful!

She kisses the cover. Cherie hollers.

CHERIE : Let's celebrate. Let's get off.

BRUCE : you girls aren't stupid to travel with drugs, cause if you are-get rid of them. Now!

They look at each other for a moment, then go into panic mode. Cherie goes through her hand luggage, while Joan springs from her seat and heads for the toilet.

INT. AEROPLANE.TOILET.

They are crammed in the bathroom. They stand above the toilet with the drugs. Cherie pops a pill and stares at another three in her hand before contemplating whether to drop them or take them. Joan holds some coke in an open foil wrapper.

JOAN : you go first!

CHERIE : no, you go first.

STEWARDESS: (over the intercom in a British accent) please take your seat now, and buckle up, we are preparing for landing.

Joan sniffs some coke. She accidentally drops some onto the floor.

JOAN : shit.

Thinking again, Cherie pops two in her mouth followed by a handful of water.

JOAN : I can't do anymore.

The bell rings across the intercom.

STEWARDESS: (over the intercom) we have now begun our descent into London heath row.

CHERIE : let's do it together! Let go-now!

She lets go of the coke. Cherie lets go of the bag of pills. They tumble towards the toilet the toilet. Blue water swirls around them sucking the drugs down with a loud vacuum sound.

Cherie and Joan stomp their feet and scream in regret and excitement. They are drowned by the sound of an airplane engine.

Large letters fill the screen: girls girlsgirls, genuine jailbait, teenage heaven, sex kitten rock, wild and braless, can actually play, the cherry bombshell, rebel queens, of punk rock.

EXT. APOLLO THEATRE BACK ALLEY.

At the back of theater security escort the band to a Bentley. It is mayhem, kids surround the car.

Police attack kids with water hoses. Kids fly in all directions. A cop gets attacked by a kid with a bottle. A fight breaks out.

The Bentley is pulling away from the theater. Cherie is looking at the mad crowd. She is admiring the sea of boys wearing t-shirts of her image on them.

CHERIE : look at all the people.

A fan mouths the words, I love you, Cherie. She smiles and scribbles her number on a piece of paper then opens the window a crack and hands it to him. The crowd goes insane and tries to grab her. She smiles.

Lita, slightly jealous, rolls the window up. Joan looks out at the crowd in amusement.

The crowds attack the car rocking it back and forth. The car lurches forward a couple of feet.

The driver panics and lurches forward again, but this time the wheel is off the ground. A hundred hands are about to flip the car over. The girls become seriously scared.

SANDY : can't you get us the fuck out of here?

DRIVER : just remain calm girls-I'm trying my best to get through these lads.

The car lurches forward again. They are almost out of the alley.

A skinned presses his violent face right up against the glass starring straight at Cherie. She screams, but Joan remains calm.

JOAN : (nonchalant) do you think if we throw them Cherie, they'll leave us alone?

They all laugh including Cherie.

INT. HOTEL ROOM. ENGLAND. LATER.

Joan is half obstructed through the doorway, but we hear her conversation on the phone.

Cherie is in the bedroom wearing a black and white corset and fishnet stocking with garters. She looks hyper.

She is practicing a complicated move where she twirls her microphone around both thighs and has it pop up between her legs. She slams the microphone into the floor.

CHERIE : shit.

Single EP's are thrown on the bed. Close on: song title – I LOVE ROCK AND ROLL.

JOAN : hey Kim, I found this b-side in one of record shops here- I think we should cover it.

KIM : we'll write a song together when you get back.

Cherie tries again and it hits the floor again.

CHERIE : fuck!

JOAN : I was working on some guitar riffs to toughen it up. I think it's co...

KIM : (interrupting) there's no money in it, Joan. We don't own the publishing. JOAN : just think about it.

Cherie tries her move again and hits herself in the head with the microphone.

CHERIE : dog shit!

Joan hangs up and peeks through the doorway. She sees Cherie in the corset with the cord wrapped her leg.

JOAN : what are you doing?

CHERIE : practicing.

JOAN : in that?

CHERIE : this is my stage outfit.

Cherie tries it again and hits herself in the head a second time.

CHERIE : fuck this shit!

She throws the microphone across the room. Joan plops down on the bed and takes two cans out of her pockets. One is green beans and the other is a can of sauerkraut. She opens them with her switchblade.

JOAN : you're going to wear underwear?

CHERIE : yeah!

On the table she portions out the cans onto some plates. From her pocket she takes out two plastic forks.

JOAN : (smiling) you do look kinda cute in it.

CHERIE : It's supposed to be sexy.

JOAN : well, I guess you can call it that.

CHERIE : mmmm.... Green beans and sauerkraut.

Joan hands her the plate and they eat.

INT. HOTEL ROOM.LATER.

An interview is in session. Joan reclines her broken self out across three chairs. She looks hung-over and tired. She puts on her shades and props a cigarette on the edge of her mouth. Photographers snaps photos and interviewers move in. cigarette smoke fills the room. Camera pans to find Robin in mid dialogue.

ROBIN : the biggest drag is to meet some guy like and he won't go out with you cause he's not into jailbait. They're all afraid of my age.

Cherie walks in late. Joan gives her a look. Cherie gives the journalist a thoroughly unnerving punky once-over before dropping down on the bed to lie on her stomach. She runs her fingers through her hair.

MALE JRNLST: (to Joan) I really liked the set. It was very, very- I guess I can't really say, ballsy.

JOAN : (responds sensitively) of course you can. Girls just have their balls a little higher, that's all.

Cherie interrupts.

CHERIE : (to the journalist)can I borrow a piece of paper?

She folds the paper lengthwise and stuffs it in the crotch of her jumpsuit.

CHERIE : I'm allergic to the metal zipper.

Cherie's breast is half exposed and she catches the journalist watching.

CHERIE : listen you don't have to believe me, but I can't dance when I itch.

INTERVIEWER: Joan, when you're on stage, do you feel like a guy or a girl?

Joan is taken aback.

JOAN : what?

JOURNALIST: can we see your tits?

INT. HOTEL.BATHROOM.

Cherie is fucking the fan from the Apollo crowd. The phone rings in the background.

INT. AUNT EVIE'S HOUSE. ENCHINO. CALIFORNIA.

WILD IS THE WIND plays on the radio. Marie is sitting by her sick father in bed. Aunt Evie comes in to check up on him with some medicine. Marie is calling Cherie on the phone.

It rings and rings. Frustrated, Marie hangs up.

INT. CHERIE'S ROOM. LONDON. CONTINUOUS.

In the foreground the corset lays on the floor. The door to the bathroom is ajar and we see Cherie is making it with the fan. The phone rings. They stop for a moment and Cherie looks towards the phone. She decides not to pick it up, and goes back to what she is doing.

WILD IS THE WIND by David Bowie continues to play throughout these scenes.

MAKE-SHIFT CHANGE ROOM. SIDE STAGE. NIGHT.

Cherie breaks through the fabric curtain doors. She unzips her silver jumpsuit and pulls it off frantically.

In fast motion Cherie puts on the white corset, fishnets and garter.

INT. PUP 'N' TACO BATHROOM. CONTINUOUS.

Marie takes an orange and red baseball cap from the plastic bag sitting on the dirty toilet and puts it on. In the broken reflection of the mirror we see a PUP 'N' TACO logo on the hat and her name Marie embroidered on her shirt. She stares blankly at her reflection.

MAKE-SHIFT CHANGE ROOM. SIDE STAGE. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS.

Cherie throws two pills onto the floor and crushes them with her heel. She gets down on all fours and sports it off the floor. She rushes out the way she came through the black curtain to screaming audience.

INT. THE APOLLO THEATER. STAGE. GLASGOW. CONTINUOUS.

The band is playing CHERIE BOMB.

Close-up on Cherie's manic eyes dart in all directions. The audience goes crazy. A sea of boys from the ages of 12 to 18. The crowd is rougher and full of punks. It is intense.

The performance is shot in super close-up –graphic – a head swing – a bleeding finger strums the guitar-the veins in Sandy's neck are raised-slow motion spit moving through the air.

CHERIE : (singing) your dead end dreams don't make you smile.

A silver platform boot pounds the stage floor-sweat pours down Joan's eyes –spit sprays out of Cherie's mouth as she screams into the mike.

CHERIE : (singing) I'll give ya something to life for. Have ya. Grab ya. Til your sore!

We pull out to see Cherie wearing a white corset and fishnet stocking. She toys provocatively with her microphone. Wrapping the cord around her leg in one fell swoop and then she is catching it between her legs. She gyrates her hips when all pandemonium breaks loose. The roar is deafening. She moans.

CHERIE : (singing) hello daddy, hello mom. I'm your chchchchchch cherry bomb. Hello world I'm your wild girl. I'm your chchchchchch cherry bomb.

Joan motions to Bruce to look over at Sandy. Sandy is exhausted and losing her time. He dumps coke into a towel and runs onto the stage. He pressed it to Sandy's nose. She inhales deeply.

Cherie opens her legs and thrusts outward with her pelvis. She embodies the bad girl she sing about. The boys are unzipping their pants, tearing their shirt off.

Her movements switch to slow motion and more desperate. She is no longer singing the song. But the song still plays in real time.

She is not of the world. The void is filled with the adoration of screaming fans pawing at her every move.

She looks down and smiles at the fans. She is larger than God.

AUDIENCE : (chanting) cherry bomb! Cherry bomb!

She throws her head back in ecstasy laughing – her eyes roll up into her socket. The English punks are now a sea of Japanese school girls. It's a screaming pandemonium.

WE ARE NOW IN JAPAN.

DEAD AND JUSTICE by The Runaways plays.

In slow motion Cherie's body flies backwards like she has received a big blow. Blood exploded out her chest from the bullet's impact. She hits the stage floor.

Back to real time.

Revealed through the flashing lights are lifeless eyes and blood streaming from Cherie's mouth.

INT. BACK STAGE.VENUE. JAPAN.

Drops and spit hit a white porcelain sink. A chewed up gelatin capsules follows. Cherie looks at her sweaty and bloody reflection. She looks strung out. She pops a placidly and wipes the fake blood off with a wet cloth. She splashes water on her face.

She peels a gauze bandage off her shoulder to reveal a tattoo of two cherries. She examines it with satisfaction.

She turns into the room and in the reflection we see a male fan standing behind her. He puts his hand around her and they start making out.

EXT. ROAD. JAPAN. NIGHT.

The band gets into a Cadillac fighting a crowd of Japanese school girls in uniform. The car drives down a highway escorted by a gang of Japanese motorcycles. They zigzag across the lanes in front of them.

INT. JAPANESE RESTAURANT.NIGHT.

Octopus and sea urchin sushi sit on a wooden platter. The presentation is like an art piece. Camera pans back-to reveal Joan and Cherie sitting across from each other at a table. They both share at the food in amazement.

CHERIE : it looks alive.

JOAN : I think it is.

Cherie plays with it with her chopstick.

CHERIE : (with a mischievous grin) mmmm, it looks delicious.

She looks to Joan challenging.

CHERIE : you know what it looks like-

JOAN : I think I know.

Joan picks it up precariously with her chopsticks and brings it to Cherie's mouth.

JOAN : okay,-swallow without chewing.

Cherie closes her eyes. Joan is coming at her with the sea urchin. She opens one eye slightly.

JOAN : you're cheating!

Joan puts it in Cherie's mouth. Cherie tries to swallow it but can't. she spits it back up on her plate.

Joan takes one to her own mouth opening it wide.

CHERIE : don't do it.

She puts it in her mouth and swallows it whole. She withers and squirms in her seat.

JOAN : oh my God!

Two young school girls peak their head around the partition and then disappear again.

CHERIE : hello?

JOAN : do you want some sea urchin?

They both laugh. The schoolgirls peak it again.

Joan picks up another piece of sea urchin and offers it up.

JOAN : come on, have some. Cherie can't stand the stuff and I need someone to share it with.

The girls sit down at the table. They are shy and star struck. The taller of the schoolgirls hands Joan a comb.

Not knowing what to do she reluctantly takes the comb.

JOAN : thanks.

The schoolgirl gestures her to comb her hair with it. Thinking it's a gift, she puts it in her pocket.

The girl takes an envelope out of her bag. The envelope is marked with Sandy West on it. She opens it and shows Joan what is inside.

JOAN : hair? You're collecting hair?

Cherie and Joan laugh. The girls laugh with them. The other girl hands Cherie a comb.

CHERIE : they want us to comb our hair with it.

Joan gives a look.

JOAN : sure, I'll do it.

She takes the comb and runs it through her hair over the top on both sides, making a bit of a show out of it. She stares the girl stares back. Uncomfortable, the other schoolgirl giggles.

INT. HITEL HALLWAY. JAPAN. MORNING.

The Japanese schoolgirl leaves Joan's room all disheveled walking down a corridor. She clutches an envelope of Joan's hair.

INT. BACKSTAGE VENUE. JAPAN.

The girls are coming off the stage. They are sweaty and pumped by the performance.

SANDY : that was wicked. Shit, they went crazy.

Sandy wipes her neck with a towel and gulps a beer back.

Joan walks in smiling, dripping with her sweat. She picks up a beer.

Lita throws a tour booklet at Cherie hitting her in face.

It lands on the floor. Cherie picks it up and flips through it till she finds what she's lookin for.

It is larger than a magazine and has a glossy cover. She has it open to spread of very suggestive photographs of herself. It looks more like a spread for playboy than a rock magazine.

LITA : this isn't a girly show!

Joan picks up one of the many Japanese magazines set out on the table for them and flips through it.

JOAN : when where these taken?

Cherie and Joan share a look.

JOAN : why didn't you tell me? You didn't tell any of us, man—

CHERIE : Kim sent them. They showed up to my house, what was I suppose to do?

JOAN : say no-we take pictures together!

Joan turns the magazine vertically to a centerfold. Close-on the photo of Cherie from behind wearing a black pair of underwear. She looks over her shoulders with sultry eyes.

JOAN : this is what people want us to be-don't you get it, they don't take us seriously.

Sandy is crushing some black beauties on the table against the wall. She hears tapping on glass window above her head. There are a bunch of kids trying to get the band's attention waving pictures of Cherie and the band.

A kid looks trapped and it trouble pinned up against the glass.

CHERIE : I don't get the difference between me wearing a corset on stage and these pictures.

LITA : I hate that fucking corset!

CHERIE : I don't care if you hate it.

Suddenly the window comes crashing in, glass flying everywhere. The girls hide for cover.

EXT. RECORD STORE FRONT. JAPAN. DAY.

There is a mob out from. A photographer takes Cherie away from the rest of the band and positions her in front of a ten foot poster of herself wearing the corset. It

reads 'The Runaways' over the top. Photographers and fans snap photos. Close on Joan looking at the poster.

INT. JOAN'S BATHROOM.HOTEL. JAPAN.

Joan looks at her reflection. She applies black eyeliner on top of three day old makeup, riming her eyes like a raccoon's. She buckles a spiked dog collar tightly around her neck. She looks harder than she's ever looked.

INT. HOTEL.CHERIE'S ROOM. JAPAN.

Top view: Cherie is packing her suitcase on a king sized bed. There are dozens of magazines and gifts laid out beside her. She puts some in the suitcase. She is dwarfed by the size and opulence of the room.

EXT. HOTEL JAPAN.

Suitcases are being thrown into the back of white limousine.

A Japanese promoter leans into the car and hands plane tickets to everyone.

JPNS PRMTR: (in broken English) it was an honor to have The Runaways in our country.

JPNS PRMTR: have a safe trip back home.

Inside the car everyone sits silent. Joan and Cherie sit next to each other, but stare off in opposite directions.

INT. AUNT EVIE'S HOUSE.ENCINO. CALIFORNIA.

Cherie stands with her suitcases by the door. They have Japanese and European stickers all over them.

Marie walks from the kitchen and sees Cherie fro the first time since she left.

Cherie reaches for the tray.

CHERIE : let me take that to him.

MARIE : don't bother yourself.

Cherie stops her.

CHERIE : let me help.

MARIE : I don't need your help!

CHERIE : how is he?

MARIE : you're late, Cherie. I tried to call you, but you were too busy playing rock star (beat) he's going to die.

CHERIE : (in disbelief) he's dying?

Marie makes room for her to pass. Cherie takes the tray and walks into her father's bedroom.

She is staring at his body laying in the fetal position shaking, twisted, amongst the white bed sheets. He is scruffy and greasy looks like he is at the end of his road.

She sits down on the edge of the bed.

CHERIE : (desperate) dad-dad?

She shakes him and his eyes open revealing yellow glossy eyes. He tries to smile.

He makes a mumbling sound to acknowledge her.

She opens her purse and takes a hundred dollar bill out of her wallet. She puts it in his trembling hand.

CHERIE : I just want you to know that you have money.

He closes his eyes and smiles.

DAD : (mumbling under his breath) thanks kitten.

He falls back asleep.

The hundred dollar bill falls out of his hand to the floor. She picks it up and pries it back between his fingers. His hand falls limp and the bill falls to the ground again.

Giving up she decides to put it back in her purse. She knows there is no hope for him.

She looks to the many prescription bottles covering the night table. She reads the label on the bottles. She finds what she's looking for, open the bottle, takes a few pills and stashes them in her purse.

INT. BROTHER'S RECORDING STUDIO.

They're getting ready to lay down some tracks. Sandy is hitting her drums monotonously. There are a couple of bottles of liquor and glasses on a speaker.

Cherie downs a glass of whisky, while reading the latest issue of Crawdaddy magazine.

STUDIO ENGINEER: we're ready to lay down lead vocal.

Cherie ignores him.

Joan looks up to see what the holdup is.

JOAN : come on Cherie!

Cherie continues reading.

CHERIE : hold in!

Lita throws her arms up.

LITA : I've had it with this crap. Are you going to sing or are you just going to stand there?

Sandy comes behind the drums. She leans in and reads it loud.

SANDY : (reading) handling Cherie's ego is like having a dog urinate in your face. The best thing that could happen to this band would be if Cherie hung herself from a shower rod and put herself in the tradition of Marilyn Monroe. – shit!

LITA : he's right about your ego. Always the center of every photograph- always getting the biggest interview in every damn article-

CHERIE : I don't ask for that!

JOAN : will you two just shut the hell up and let's lay some tracks down.

Joan holds the vocal booth door open for Cherie.

JOAN : c'mon, forget the article for now and let's get this over with.

Cherie doesn't walk in.

CHERIE : I can't sing feeling like this.

LITA : see, we all have to go by Cherie's schedule.

Sandy throws the magazine back at her after reading it.

SANDY : some pretty nasty stuff in here. What did you do to piss him off?

Kim walks into the room.

KIM : this is what we call controversy.

Cherie stomps up to him with rage and throws the magazine in his face.

CHERIE : explain this?

He picks up the magazine and rolls it up.

KIM : (calmly) this is what we call publicity. This is what we call a juicy story.

He drops the magazine in the trash bin.

CHERIE : what are you talking about?

KIM : you should know about the power of publicity. You titillated the Japanese photographers when you got half naked in front of the camera.

CHERIE : you set that up!

KIM : you should be happy. Because of what I said, the article is twice as long and half of it talked about you! (smiling) it's only business. I didn't mean a word of it.

LITA : good, maybe now she'll get the damn booth and finish the song.

He puts his hands on her shoulders and rubs them gently.

KIM : of course she'll sing.

She grabs his hands and throws them off.

CHERIE : I'm not singing.

His expression changes. He smile fades.

JOAN : just sing the fuckin' song/

CHERIE : I won't.

KIM : we're not stopping now. Not when I've got a lock-out and I'm paying through the nose. You'll sing when I tell you to! That's a professional bitch does.

CHERIE : you don't own me!

KIM : no, I don't own you, but you're on lease to me and as long as I'm renting your puerile sixteen-year-old ass, you will do what I say and take instructions from me. This is my group! My creation! And I won't let you destroy it with petty complaints.

CHERIE : then stop treating me like your dog! I'm not dogmeat!

KIM : it depends on what you're comparing yourself to, Cherie.

Joan throws Cherie a look that says-don't get him going.

KIM : if you're going to learn anything than better stop being so rebellious. If you want to rebel than go back to your highschool home ec class and out your teacher. (pointing his finger) but if you want to be a superstar, then you absorb everything I have to teach you.

CHERIE : (defiantly) I'm done having you teach me anything!

He surveys the room. Everyone is quiet and waiting to see what Kim will do.

KIM : fine.

He hits the button on the 24-track tape machine and the lights go out on it.

KIM : fine, all of you dog cunts-today's session is over. So now you can go out and diddle with your squirt guns and lollypops. We'll see how far you get.

Everyone turns to look at Cherie.

Joan looks to Kim.

JOAN : you're saying, we're not recording today-you're pulling the plug?

KIM : until you ladies...

JOAN : no.

Joan grabs her guitar and throws it against the wall, the neck breaks. She picks up the whisky bottle and glasses and throws them in Kim's direction.

Kim ducks behind the console. She picks up an amp and smashes it against the floor. They can't believe what they're seeing. The girls back up in shock and awe.

She continues to break other pieces of equipment, trashing them to bits.

Suddenly, she stops as quickly as she began, she calmly takes out cigarette and turns to everyone-

JOAN : that's all I got to say.

-and walks out of the studio.

EXT. BROTHER'S RECORDING STUDIO. ALLEYWAY.CONTINUOUS.

Joan is sitting on the back stage steps with her legs leaning on the wall, smoking a cigarette.

Cherie opens the back door and sits down. They sit in silence for a while. Cherie looks a bit nervous and apprehensive.

CHERIE : I think I need a break.

Joan doesn't look at her.

JOAN : what kinda break?

CHERIE : I can't work with that prick anymore!

CHERIE : (cont'd) I was thinking of taking six months off from the band.

JOAN : you're crazy. We're in the middle of cutting a record.

CHERIE : I need more time with my family.

JOAN : what family? Your mom in Indonesia? Your drunk dad? (beat) I thought we were your family.

Cherie doesn't respond.

CHERIE : I can't do this anymore. (beat) I quit the band.

Joan finally looks up and their eyes meet.

JOAN : you're making a big mistake.

Cherie stands up to leave, but can't because Joan is blocking her way.

CHERIE : I want my life back.

JOAN : well, this is my life.

Joan lets her legs down and lets her pass, watching her walk down the alley backlit by the sun.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD STREETS.NIGHT.

-Joan is driving down the street in a car. BRIAN ENOS' BURNING AIRLINES GIVE YOU SO MUCH MORE is playing.

-she turns a corner and stops the car. She lights a cigarette and leans back into the seat. She turns up the radio. RICHARD HELL AND THE VOIDOIDS' BLANK GENERATION plays.

-she starts the engine and continues down the road. THE MODERN LOVERS' ROADRUNNER plays on the radio. She drives by a poster of The Runaways – it reads: Tuesday through Thursday at The Roxy.

INT. CLUB. HOLLYWOOD. BACKSTAGE.NIGHT.

Joan is tuning her guitar in a little room backstage. Her platforms are gone, replaced by black converse. She looks darker and tired. Behind her is a poster of The Runaways.

Cherie is not in the poster.

She can hear the rowdy crowd outside coming through the thin walls of dressing room.

MAN IN THE AUDIENCE: (shouts) where's the Cherie Bomb!

ANOTHER MAN : Cherie Currie! Cherie Currie!

The small audience is getting even rowdier and starts a mini chant. They pound their beer bottles on the tables.

AUDIENCE : Cherie Bomb! Cherie Bomb!

MAN IN THE AUDIENCE: (shouts) we want the corset!

Joan's had enough, she yells out, but no one can hear her.

JOAN : The bitch in the corset's not coming-alright!

CRASH PAD. SUNSET BLVD. 6AM.

Joan's apartment is like a squat. It is filled with drunk and stoned street nasty punks. The sun is rising and these people look like they don't belong in daylight. Some punks are passed out under the kitchen table. Joan pries open a half empty bottle of cheap wine of the punk's hand. Even though he is passed out, she has to fight for the bottle, until his grip finally loosens.

A small pile of junk mail is on the floor by the door. She picks through it until she comes to a letter from RCA. She opens it and reads it.

INSERT: LETTER.

REGARDING JOAN JETT SONGS: I LOVE ROCK AND ROLL AND CRIMSON AND CLOVER. WE HAVE NO USE FOR THIS MATERIAL AT THIS TIME. I WISH YOU LUCK IN YOUR ENDEAVOURS.

She tosses it on the floor beside a pile of other rejection letters.

INSERT: SECOND REJECTION LETTERS.

JOAN JETT CAN'T SING. I SUGGEST SHE LOSE THE GUITAR AND WORK ON HER SINGING TALENTS.

Tammy now wears a black leather jacket. You can see Joan's influence on her. She picks up Joan's guitar and plays it badly. Joan sits beside Tammy and takes a swig from the bottle.

JOAN : put your finger here.

She adjusts her fingers to make a chord and has her strum that. She strums this over and over.

TAMMY : cool. (beat) I wish I could play-I would be in a band with you.

JOAN : yeah-well you don't.

TAMMY : I hear Cherie is hanging out at the Sugar Shack.

Joan ignores her.

TAMMY : you don't need her. You can sing all her songs on your own.

JOAN : they weren't her songs. It was my fuckin' band.

Joan takes another swig and wine spills over the bottle onto her chin.

JOAN : fuck her fuck you.

JOAN : (cont'd) get the fuck out.

She opens the door and throws her out. She falls on her ass.

Joan goes crazy. She throws the bottle to the wall, wine splatters everywhere.

JOAN : everyone, get the fuck out!

She starts to pick people up and drag them to the door. Even the guy she was making out with. He comes to, groggy and disoriented. He's too heavy. She drops him.

PUNK GUY : (groggy) hey baby. What's going on?

JOAN : you're leaving-get out!

She looks back into her apartment-there are too many people to kick out, instead she grabs her jacket and leaves.

INT. SUPERMARKET.ENCINO.DAAY.

Cherie looks pale and disheveled. She wears a sequined tube-top and high waisted satin pants. She is drunk and is staggering down one of the aisles pushing an empty shopping cart.

She smashes into various displays until she crashes head on with the eggs, sending them splattering with goo onto the floor.

Some costumers react and stare at her strangely.

She pushes a bottle of Jack Daniels at the cahier across the counter. She is heavy set woman in her mid 20's with red hair and face covered in zits.

CASHIER : I can't sell this to you.

CHERIE : (slurring) I've got ID-here.

She takes out her ID sending contents of her purse onto the floor. She bends down to collect them.

The cashier makes a motion for the manager to come over. The cashier cowardly disappears, clearly not able to confront these kinds of situations.

MANAGER : I'm sorry, if you'd like to buy some groceries, we can sell you that, but not the bottle.

Cherie looks up at him coldly.

CHERIE : (slurring) I'll call your boss. I'll have you fired.

MANAGER : I have to ask you to leave.

CHERIE : you dog shit! You're nothing but dog puke!

Pointing at the cashier, now at the other end of the store quietly watching.

CHERIE : and you, you're a coward dog cunt!

Too weak to fight, she staggers out the front doors, tearing a sale sign down with her.

EXT. SUPERMARKET.PARKING LOT.PHONE BOOTH.DAY.

Cherie is in a phone booth with her forehead leaning against the glass pane while searching for change in her pockets. She pops the coin in and dials a number.

MARIE : hello.

CHERIE : Marie, (slurring) I need you to come pick me up.

MARIE : I'm sorry, I just can't.

The phone goes dead.

CHERIE : (screaming) bitch!

She smashes the receiver against the phone box repeatedly.

Her body caves in underneath her, she hits the ground and passes out.

EXT. HOSPITAL. DETOX WARD. NIGHT.

ROCK AND ROLL SUICIDE plays by David Bowie.

Cherie is wrapped in a blanket looking up the sky. She is pensive.

Marie is wearing her PUP N TACO uniform when she sits down beside her on the picnic table. Cherie and Marie sit silent for a while. Marie breaks the silence.

MARIE : mo called. She said they are playing Cherry Bomb on the radio in Indonesia.

She doesn't respond.

MARIE : it's been a year, you should talk to her.

Silence. Marie doesn't push the subject.

MARIE : people are asking about you at the Sugar Shack.

CHERIE : I don't want to see people.

Cherie looks at Marie in her uniform.

CHERIE ; how's the job?

MARIE : shitty!

They share a look.

MARIE : it's boring as hell, except when someone comes in thinking I'm you.

She laughs, but Cherie is lost in her own thoughts.

An awkward silence. They both look up to the stars.

INT. JOAN'S CRASH PAD.LIVINGROOM.MORNING.

Joan picks up the guitar and straps it around her shoulder.

She begins to strum the chords to, I LOVE ROCK AND ROLL on the guitar. She fiddles around with it until she gets it right. Her voice comes in tough and raspy. It is nothing like we've ever heard her do before. It is raw, emotional and powerful.

She plugs her guitar into the amp and a roaring sound accompanies her. She's jumping, swinging her head to the beat and rolling around the floor. This is who she is, she is pure rock and roll.

The recorded version of I LOVE ROCK AND ROLL takes over and continues over next scene.

LINEN SHOP, VALLEY. DAY. 1981.

Cherie is folding some linen piled on a display table. She looks a little better, but still pale without makeup and hair tied black. She wears an apron and looks pretty square and not the star she was. I LOVE ROCK AND ROLL is playing on the radio over the speakers.

Cherie smiles-she recognizes the song.

A Pakistani owner brings Cherie another box to empty.

I LOVE ROCK AND ROLL ENDS.

RODNEY : (O.S) that was Joan Jett and the Black Hearts with I LOVE ROCK AND ROLL. Which has been at number 1 on the charts for 8 weeks now. Joan Jett surprised us by dropping by the station today. Hello Joan.

JOAN : (O.S) hi Rodney. It's great to see you. I'm a big fan from the English Disco days.

RODNEY : I remember when you would come into the club-you were only about 15 years old. I played a lot of The Runaways music back then.

JOAN : The Runaways was my baby. We were all so young then, you know. We were growing up on the road together.

RODNEY : when did you know you wanted to be a rock and roll musician?

JOAN : all my life-rock and roll saved my life-if it wasn't for that I'd probably be dead or in jail now.

RODNEY : you grow up real fast on the road.

JOAN : yeah, real fast.

Cherie goes behind the counter and picks up the phone to dial in.

RODNEY : we are going to take some calls now. We have a lot of fans waiting.-this person tells us she's an old friend of yours. Caller you're on.

CHERIE : hello Joan. (beat) it's Cherie.

JOAN : (pause-taken by surprise) hi-(long silence) how are ya?

CHERIE : well, I'm not dead or in jail.

They both laugh awkwardly.

RODNEY : this is Cherie Currie former lead singer of The Runaways, how exciting. So, Cherie what have you been up to?

CHERIE : I'm trying to do the acting thing.

RODNEY : from what I understand, it's been a while since you two soke. I'm sure you guys have lots to talk about.

Neither speak-dead silence.

RODNEY : well, maybe not on the air.

CHERIE : I just wanted to say hi.

JOAN : yeah.

The owner catches sight of Cherie on the phone.

OWNER : call your friends on your own time.

CHERIE : I gotta go.

The owner is really yelling nonsense now. She hangs up the phone and turns up the radio.

RODNEY : (on the radio) let's back to music. This is the second hit song from the album, Crimson and Clover. You're listening to Rodney, ON-THE ROQ, ON KROQ-FM.

Cherie goes back to the table and continues to fold linen as she listens to the song.

CRIMSON AND CLOVER PLAYS.

THE END credit roll.

Source: <http://pdfcast.org/download/watch-the-runaways-online.pdf>