

RUNAWAYS

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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 in the foreground. With long blonde hair, they are 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 a 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 a scene, BICKERING at each other. He leans out the window to get a better look.

PUP AND TACO EMPLOYEE #1  
(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 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 the 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 the bag.

MARIE (CONT'D)  
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 (CONT'D)

She won't notice. You should worry about if mom finds out how old your boyfriend is.

MARIE

He's got a car, alright!

EXT. PUP '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.

PUP 'N' TACO 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 pace 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

(shouts)

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  
C-o-o-l 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 anything like this before. She peeks through 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 STORE CLERK  
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-shirts and accessories acquired; pins, studs, handcuff belt and chains.)

She turns the corner into an alley, where she meets up with a 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 Suzi Quatro.

TAMMY

(drawing out her words)

Yeah - Suzi Quatro. 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 laying 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 CRICKETS 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 think the song's about?

JOAN

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

TAMMY

She almost brakes his spine?

JOAN

She's tough. She's gotta be -

TAMMY

She asks *him* out?

JOAN

What's so weird about asking a guy 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 this 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 LO LO LOLA

(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 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 her 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 micky 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.

DEREK (CONT'D)

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

CHERIE

(looking down)

My mom's coming home any minute, 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 over and the door opens. A TEENAGE MALE ROCKER exits the room. The GUITAR TEACHER, a bearded 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 TEACHER  
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 TEACHER  
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 TEACHER  
We'll get to Chuck Berry.

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

GUITAR TEACHER (CONT'D)  
(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 stern smile.

JOAN (CONT'D)  
Okay, 'Smoke On The Water' then. I know you know that song.

Ignoring her comment:

GUITAR TEACHER  
Now put your finger on E - E - A -  
D. - like this.

He demonstrates the E note.

GUITAR TEACHER (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 packs up her guitar 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 hair 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

Maybe 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 lightening 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 HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM.

A school talent show is ensue. 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 laugh 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 begin - 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 WITH YOU  
 FOR MY LOVE IS LIKE THE WIND, AND  
 WILD IS 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 (CONT'D)  
 (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 (CONT'D)  
 (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 her 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 of anger. She gets swallowed up by the crowd.

DAVID 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 in 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 the 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 (O.S.)

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 speakers.

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 plays the latest music from England - Glam rock.

Joan leans on the wall, smoking a cigarette beside a poster of Mick Jagger'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 traces all over the crotch.

Joan continues to make her way through the inebriated 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 a Davy Jones look-a-like.

RODNEY BENINGHIEMER

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

KIM FOWLEY

I took that filthy pussy back to The Dog Palace. The bitch wanted it on a hot stove. She's like a dog in 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 FOWLEY

(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 FOWLEY (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 so 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 Bingenheimer is now in a tiny D.J. booth with two girls dancing. He announces the next song on the P.A.

RODNEY BINGENHEIMER

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

The SONG BURSTS 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 eye with concealer.

Joan and Cherie share a look. The door closes.

Next to her is a stall with the door off it's hinges exposing a YOUNG GIRL wearing a silver dress having sex with a guy. She stares at 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.

T-Rex, DREAMY LADY plays.

JOAN  
Ahh 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're swapping spit, tongues are tangled and twisted, it's more of a mouth full than 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 hand 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 sweetheart.

JOAN

Take a Valium man! I'm not your sweetheart!

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 ROCKERS

(yelling to cool guy)

Hey, we're leaving.

JOHNNY

(to Joan)

Maybe next time, sweetheart.

(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 on the floor in a pile.

She has rolled up a towel and placed 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 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 LITTLE SISTER  
Joanie - Joanie!

She's peeing on the floor.

JOAN'S LITTLE SISTER (CONT'D)  
Oh oh - Mommy.

Joan's mom comes to the door.

JOAN'S MOM  
What are you doing in there?

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

JOAN'S MOM (O.C.)  
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 a 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 FOWLEY  
*The King Hysteria* himself.

JOAN  
Hi, I'm Joan.

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

JOAN  
Uh, no - not yet.

KIM FOWLEY

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

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

JOAN

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

KIM FOWLEY

Well, what a coincidence, I've just met a girl drummer about your age.

(shouts)

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 FOWLEY (CONT'D)

This is Joan?

JOAN

Joan Jett.

Sandy nods to Joan.

KIM FOWLEY

Good name - She plays electric guitar.

JOAN

(to Sandy)

I play *rhythm* guitar.

He scribbles a number on a piece of paper.

KIM FOWLEY

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

He hands it to Joan.

KIM FOWLEY (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 the 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 a pair of flares. He is flipping through a hardcover book titled, Blondes in Cinema.

He interrupts.

KIM FOWLEY  
(shouting)  
Tougher - I WANNA BE WHERE THE BOYS  
ARE

(beat)  
There's 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 points his finger. They resume playing. Kim shouts out more lyrics.

KIM FOWLEY (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 FOWLEY (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 - I want an orgasm!

He points to Joan.

KIM FOWLEY (CONT'D)  
 Do it again!  
 (shouts)  
 YOU WANT AN ORGASM!

He continues to flip through the book. Joan sings into the  
 microphone shyly.

JOAN  
 (singing)  
 I AM THE BITCH WITH THE HOT GUITAR  
 I AM 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 up his hand.

KIM FOWLEY  
 STOP!

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

KIM FOWLEY (CONT'D)  
 I know what's missing. We need  
 this. We need a blonde bombshell!

INT. THE SUGAR SHACK. NIGHT

The CAMERA PANS past Marie who is LAUGHING with some friends. Kim scans the crowd - he notices her, but 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 FOWLEY (O.C.)

I like your look! Oh, a little David Bowie, a little Brigitte Bordot. 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 FOWLEY (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 FOWLEY

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

He looks at her up and down.

KIM FOWLEY (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 FOWLEY

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

CHERIE

What?

KIM FOWLEY

Read my lips. We -- like -- your  
look. Do -- you want to -- be in  
the band?

CHERIE

Are you kidding!

KIM FOWLEY (O.C.)

We audition on Saturday. How old  
are you?

CHERIE

I'm fifteen.

KIM FOWLEY

(looks up to thank the  
Gods)

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 FOWLEY (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 year old. She is brushing her long hair while  
she talks on the phone.

LITA FORD

(shouts covering the  
receiver)

Hang up ma! It's for me.

(beat)

Yeah, this is Lita.

KIM FOWLEY (O.S.)

Hi, my name is Kim Fowley. I am a famous record producer. I have produced gold records for Kiss, Alice Cooper, The Byrds, Keith Moon to mention a few.

LITA FORD

(flipping her hair back)  
Uh ha.

KIM FOWLEY (O.S.)

I heard you can play electric guitar.

LITA FORD

Yah.

KIM FOWLEY (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 FORD

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

KIM FOWLEY

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

LITA FORD

(Her eyes light up)  
Yeah! Whatta I gotta do?

KIM FOWLEY

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

EXT. REHEARSAL 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.

INT. REHEARSAL 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 FOWLEY  
(shouts)  
How old are you?

ROBIN  
Eighteen.

KIM FOWLEY  
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 Suzi Quatro song have you learned?

CHERIE  
(nervously)  
Fever.

LITA FORD  
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 FORD

'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 FOWLEY

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

EXT. REHEARSAL TRAILER. LATER.

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

INT. REHEARSAL TRAILER. LATER.

Inside Kim throws out lyrics 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 CHERRY below it

KIM FOWLEY

Cherie - CHERIE - CHERRY A FIRE  
CRACKER! A CHERRY EXPLOSION.

Joan gets into a groove with a rhythm.

KIM FOWLEY (CONT'D)

(shouts)

CH CH CH CH CH CHERRY

(in a high pitched girly  
voice)

CH CH CH CH CH CHERRY BOMB

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

KIM FOWLEY (CONT'D)  
(singing in a girly voice)  
I'M NOT READY FOR Y-O-U.

Embarrassed, Cherie closes the door.

EXT. REHEARSAL TRAILER. LATER.

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

She throws her cigarette to the ground and stomps on it. There are several butts by her shoe now. SOME TIME HAS PASSED.

Sandy opens the door.

SANDY  
We're ready.

Cherie follows Sandy inside.

INT. REHEARSAL TRAILER. LATER.

Kim starts prancing around like a giraffe-girl provocatively thrusting his hips.

KIM FOWLEY  
(sing/talking)  
HELLO DADDY, HELLO MOM  
I'M YOUR CH CH CH CH CH CHERRY BOMB  
HELLO WORLD I'M YOUR WILD GIRL  
I'M YOUR CH CH CH CH CH CHERRY BOMB

Everyone LAUGHS. He points to Cherie.

KIM FOWLEY (CONT'D)  
Your turn.

She looks down to the scribbled lyrics on the note pad.

CHERIE  
(softly into the mic)  
HELLO WORLD I'M YOUR WILD GIRL  
I'M YOUR CH CH CH CH CH CHERRY BOMB

KIM FOWLEY  
 (sing/talking)  
 HEY STREET BOY WHAT'S YOUR STYLE  
 YOUR DEAD END DREAMS DON'T MAKE YOU  
 SMILE.

CHERIE  
 (softly singing)  
 HEY STREET BOY WHAT'S YOUR STYLE  
 YOUR DEAD END 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 FOWLEY  
 (sing/talking)  
 I'LL GIVE YA SOMETHING TO LIVE FOR  
 HAVE YA, GRAB YA TIL YOUR SORE.

CHERIE  
 I can't say that.

KIM FOWLEY  
 Come on, just try it.

Cherie looks to the 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 the microphone.

CHERIE  
 (singing/talking)  
 HAVE YA, GRAB YA TIL YOUR SORE.

She makes a face. Joan reacts positively.

KIM FOWLEY  
 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 YA TIL YOUR 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 against 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 of 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 at 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 livingroom 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 a 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 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 with 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  
the 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 mom 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 past them.

SANDY

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

INT. REHEARSAL TRAILER.

JOAN AND 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 FOWLEY

Enough! That performance was  
dogshit! Dogshit, urine stained,  
pig stink! You need to have rock  
and roll authority when you're on  
stage and off stage. You're going  
to be trained like marines.

(MORE)

KIM FOWLEY (CONT'D)

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.

He points at some kids sitting along the wall.

KIM FOWLEY (CONT'D)

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 death 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 the 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 how to fight off the garbage.

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

KIM FOWLEY (CONT'D)

(shouting)

Come on you dogs, play!

A dog turd 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 anyone is looking and then throws it towards the band.

The milk carton hits Joan right in the side of the 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.

CHERIE (O.S.)  
 I DON'T LIKE TO LIVE ALONE  
 OUT ON THE AVENUE  
 I CAN'T GO BACK TO BEING STRAIGHT  
 I'VE SEEN THE GUTTER VIEW

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.

CHERIE (CONT'D)  
 IS IT DAY OR NIGHT?  
 PORCUPINE KISS, NOVOCAINE LIPS  
 IS IT DAY OR NIGHT?  
 WHITE FLOWERS WEEP  
 IN THEIR WARM DUST SLEEP  
 AND ITS DOG EAT DOG TONIGHT

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.

A kid pukes on another kid's back.

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 bedsheets, 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 in his pocket.

KIM FOWLEY  
 (shouting over the music)  
 I can barely hear you! -- Yeah,  
 they're doing a big concert right  
 now!

He holds the receiver to the door.

KIM FOWLEY (CONT'D)

Can you hear them?

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

KIM FOWLEY (CONT'D)

Cherie is a Brigitte Bardot on a trailer park level minus trailer and the park. Joan Jett, the rock, tough brunette. Sandy West is miss California. Lita Ford - is the Sofia Loren, Italian with the body. Robin, girl next-door, stewardess. They are at the jailbait age of 15 years old. We have every masturbatory idea that all men and gay women could have about different women.

A couple of drunk kids barge into the room. A young girl has her top stuck around her head. She falls face down on to the white shag carpet and passes out. The guy just looks down at her while his body wavers back and forth.

Kim doesn't miss a beat.

KIM FOWLEY (CONT'D)

When do you need the press photos by?

KID (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 FOWLEY

Did you girls do the death dance tonight?

JOAN

Yeah. It was fun.

(beat)

Did you get the money before the cops came?

KIM FOWLEY  
You played for free.

JOAN  
What?

KIM FOWLEY  
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 FOWLEY  
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 away  
screaming out the window.

KIM FOWLEY  
(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 mother who is wearing a wig and dark sunglasses, like she is in disguise.

CHERIE (CONT'D)

Mom? - mom!

Her mother hears Cherie's cry but puts her head down. She scurries through the security gate without stopping.

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 (CONT'D)

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 seem 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 sing 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 FOWLEY

(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  
dogshit? 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 FOWLEY (CONT'D)

(shouts over the music)

I am the Dorian Gray of rock n  
roll. haha!

Joan laughs at Kim.

KIM FOWLEY (CONT'D)

What are you laughing at?

JOAN

Come on Kim.

CHERIE

(singing in a raspy voice)

HIGHWAYS HARD IN THIS MODERN WORLD  
 BATTERED BOYS 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 FOWLEY

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 FOWLEY

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 FOWLEY (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.

Addresses the rest of the band wiggling his finger.

KIM FOWLEY (CONT'D)

I'm like the man who sells aspirin. I don't empathize with all those headaches: 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 FOWLEY (CONT'D)

Filthy pussy, you don't leave until I say you have it! You are nothing without my instruction. If I quit, you will be nothing, but a 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.

TAMMY

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 a 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 Marie.

CHERIE

Can I take the jumpsuit with me?

MARIE

No, that's my favorite.

CHERIE

You never wear it! Just until the tour's over. Come on!

MARIE

Take *this* one.

She hands her a 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 stuff 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 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 road.

Grandma Oni comes through the doorway.

GRANDMA ONI

Is he dead?

MARIE

He's passed out.

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

MARIE (CONT'D)

(shouts out)

Call!

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 bags.

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 the 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

(whispering)

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 FORD

(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 won'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 a magazine stand. She stuffs a magazine down her pants. A 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.

Joan and Cherie LAUGH - thinking that they almost got caught. They run out of 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 is upside down, but she doesn't notice.

JOAN

Come on, lets 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 FORD

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 through 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 with 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:

INT. PHONE BOOTH. CONTINUOUS

We hear SPLASHING and LAUGHING sounds coming from the pool area.

Cherie looks around at the dirty and dilapidated surroundings.

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

I miss you meow.

MARIE

Dad's calling me from the yard - I love you!

The phone goes dead.

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 to crash in to the pool sending water all over Robin, who is posing on a raft sunbathing. She SCREAMS.

INT. MOTEL 6. 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.

INT. MOTEL 6. BATHROOM. CONTINUOUS.

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 (O.S.)

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 (O.S.)

Yeah.

JOAN

Okay, imagine the poster in your brother's room - you can see her nipples sticking out through her bathing suit.

SANDY

I feel something - I feel something!

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM. CONTINUOUS.

Her body seems to vibrate. Her sneaker twists and crumples the magazine page.

INT. MOTEL 6. CONTINUOUS.

Joan throws the knife and it sticks to the wall with a THUD. We can HEAR Sandy making a 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 - QUEENS OF NOISE -  
 NOISE.

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

From the side of the stage, the MEMBERS of the 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 (CONT'D)  
 WITH A PINCH OF ROCK AND A DOSE OF  
 RO-.

Competition takes over and the roadie pulls the plug.

HEADLINER'S ROADIE  
 Off the stage!

JOAN  
 Plug me back in!

BAND MEMBER  
 Shouldn't you girls be at home  
 playing with your Barbie's?

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

JOAN  
 Dick!

He pulls it back out again.

ANOTHER BAND MEMBER  
 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'S ROADIE

You're not getting a sound check,  
so go back to your trailer. You'll  
have one if you 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, 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 (CONT'D)

Come on!

She stumbles inside taking Cherie along with her. There is garbage, half eaten food and bottles everywhere and graffiti all over the walls. 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 (CONT'D)  
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 (CONT'D)  
(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.

JOAN (CONT'D)  
Pigs!!

CHERIE  
(laughing)  
Let's get out of here.

Robin and a guy we've seen from Rush's camp stumble out of the bathroom, obviously from the 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 SHOWERS, 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 (CONT'D)

Hey, not so fast - I've got money.

CHERIE

Uhh - I'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 (CONT'D)

You leave her alone.

TRUCKER

Get the fuck out, you cock teasers.

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 pops them in his mouth, chasing them with the water.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

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 FOWLEY (O.S.)

Hello Kim Fowley here.

JOAN

It's Joan.

KIM FOWLEY (O.S.)

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 FOWLEY

This is a bad time.

JOAN

We need someone here putting the pressure on, Kim.

KIM FOWLEY

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

INT. KIM FOWLEY'S APT. KITCHEN.

We see Kim is in the middle of having sex with a young girl on the kitchen table holding the receiver in his hand. He is wearing a skirt, while pushing his body into hers.

KIM FOWLEY

You know I can't come. I get vertigo when I travel and my polio leg acts up.

The table is POUNDING against the wall.

KIM FOWLEY (CONT'D)

I'll see about getting a road manager out there --

The table collapses from under them, sending them crashing to the floor.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY. DAY.

A CRASHING SOUND then the phone goes DEAD on the other line.

JOAN

(into the receiver)

Kim?

She hangs up the phone.

INT. MOVING MOTORHOME. NIGHT.

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

BARRY MANILOW singing MANDY comes on the radio. Bruce turns it to a ROCK station.

CHERIE  
(whining)  
Come on, put it back.

JOAN  
No fuckin' way!

CHERIE  
I love this song!

JOAN  
It sucks.

LITA FORD  
(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 FORD  
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 to  
sleep.

INT. ROLLERSKATING RINK. DAY.

Joan performs, YOU DRIVE ME 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 lights.

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 skating hand in hand and some 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 wrappers scattered on the floor.

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

Sandy is pressed against a locker by a muscular looking guy. Robin is under a table with her top open and a tanned blonde guy with a mustache is feeling her up. Lita is necking with the older D.J.

Cherie is necking with a guy. Joan taps her on the shoulder. Joan puts a joint in her mouth with the burner inside. In slow motion smoke curls out and into Cherie's mouth. Their lips almost touch.

INT. CHEAP MOTEL. NIGHT. LATER

THE SWEET, Love Is Like Oxygen 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 - a breast
- Unsteady - a bible on the night stand
- Tottering - white sheets unravel
- Weak - Toes curl up - roller-skate wheels spin
- Agitation - streaks of light
- A quiver - Cherie's mouth opens

INT. CHEAP MOTEL. MORNING.

Joan explodes through the door stepping over a pair of roller-skates. Cherie is just waking 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 the record. Cherie rustles under the sheets - her head peeks out.

JOAN (CONT'D)

(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 still hidden under the sheets.

CHERIE

(in a groggy voice)

We got signed!

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

JOAN

We're leaving for Hollywood in a 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 FOWLEY

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.

RECORD EXECUTIVE

It's a such a tough sound coming out of such young girls.

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

KIM FOWLEY (O.S.)

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

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

KIM FOWLEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 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 FOWLEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 The popular male groups are too old  
 to respond to the inhuman treatment  
 of teenagers by dying parents in  
 their golden prisons 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 FOWLEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 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 FOWLEY (CONT'D)  
 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 pockets - nothing, but change. A checkbook 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 were really busy, I didn't get a chance.

MARIE

I had an idea about making bags with everyone's names on them.

CHERIE

Listen Marie, I don't think it's going to happen. Kim's already cheap with us, he's not going to pay for you 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 scattered 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 FOWLEY

NO!

ROBIN

Please Kim! You know I could faint  
if I don't eat.

SANDY

FOOD!

Kim rockets to his feet.

KIM FOWLEY

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,  
then he leaves.

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

KIM FOWLEY

The last performance was dog-shit!  
You're a FLAMING SCHOOLGIRL singing  
about sex and you stand there like  
a piece of wood. Who wants to fuck  
a piece of wood?

He paces again.

KIM FOWLEY (CONT'D)

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 FOWLEY (CONT'D)

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

(MORE)

KIM FOWLEY (CONT'D)

When men form bands they steal  
riffs, 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 FOWLEY (CONT'D)

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 FOWLEY

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 turns towards Sandy. She LAUGHS.

SANDY

Yeah right.

He eyes Robin reclined against the wall.

KIM FOWLEY

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. CONTINUOUS.

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 (CONT'D)

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 FOWLEY

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 FOWLEY

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 FOWLEY

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 (CONT'D)

Okay, okay, I get it.

She throws them a sultry look over her shoulders.

CHERIE (CONT'D)

How's that?

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

JAPANESE PHOTOGRAPHER  
(in a Japanese accent)  
Good - good.

The neighbor's boy looks out from his window.

Cherie is now laying down on 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 ONI  
Get into the house right now! This is indecent in your underwear on the street.

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

CHERIE  
Grandma, they're taking pictures for a magazine.

GRANDMA ONI  
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 ONI (CONT'D)  
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 a cigarette, re-reading lyrics she has scribbled on a sheet of paper. The ink starts to smear down the page.

She reaches for the phone and dials a number.

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

JOAN

DON'T WANNA LEAVE YOU AGAIN BABY  
 BUT YA KNOW I HAVE TO SOMEDAY  
 DON'T WANNA BE ALONE AGAIN BABY  
 BUT I KNOW WE FOUND OUR OWN WAY  
 WE HOLD OURSELVES TOGETHER  
 IT'S A BOND THAT CAN NEVER BE  
 BROKEN - I KNOW WE'LL LAST FOREVER  
 BUT THERE'S SOMETHING THAT I JUST  
 GOTTA SAY

She takes a drag from her cigarette.

JOAN (CONT'D)

WAIT FOR ME MY LOVER  
 WAIT FOR ME NO OTHER  
 STAY WITH ME, OH PLEASE  
 WAIT FOR ME - YOU KNOW IT'S REALLY  
 HARD ON ME - TO HAVE TO TURN AN'  
 WAVE GOOD-BYE - AN' I KNOW IT'S  
 HARD ON YOU TOO - ALL THOSE LONELY  
 NIGHTS WE CRY BUT

(Choking up, barely able  
 to finish. )

WAIT FOR ME MY LOVER  
 WAIT FOR ME NO OTHER  
 STAY WITH ME, OH PLEASE  
 WAIT FOR ME

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

JOAN (CONT'D)

(recorded song)

YOU KNOW I GET SO SCARED INSIDE  
 WHEN I COME BACK YOU WON'T WANT ME  
 BUT THEN YOU TELL ME I'M YOUR ONLY  
 ONE - I GUESS IT'S JUST MY  
 INSECURITY BUT  
 WAIT FOR ME MY LOVER  
 WAIT FOR ME NO OTHER

(MORE)

JOAN (CONT'D)  
STAY WITH ME, OH PLEASE  
WAIT FOR ME

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

From under the water we see her small figure floating in a vast body of 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)  
Ahhhhh - 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 enough 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 (O.S.)

(Over the intercom in a  
British accent)

Please take your seats 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 (CONT'D)

I can't do anymore.

The BELL RINGS across the intercom.

STEWARDEST (O.S.)

(over the intercom)

We have now begun our descent into  
London Heathrow.

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. 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 GIRLS GIRLS

GENUINE JAILBAIT

TEENAGE HEAVEN

SEX KITTENS OF ROCK

WILD AND BRALESS

CAN ACTUALLY PLAY

THE CHERRY BOMBSHELL

REBEL QUEENS

OF PUNK ROCK

EXT. APOLLO THEATER BACK ALLEY.

At the back of the 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, to 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 try to grab her. She smiles.

Lita, slightly jealous, rolls the window up.

Joan looks out at the crowd in amusement.

The crowd attacks 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?

LIMO 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 skinhead presses his violent face right up against the glass staring 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 stockings 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 the record shops here - I think we should cover it.

KIM FOWLEY (O.S.)  
We'll write a song together when  
you get back.

Cherie tries again and it hits the floor again.

CHERIE  
Fuck!

JOAN (O.S.)  
I was working on some guitar riffs  
to toughen it up. I thinks it's  
coo...

KIM FOWLEY (O.S.)  
(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  
Dogshit!

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

JOAN  
What are you doing?

CHERIE  
Practicing.

JOAN  
In that?

CHERIE  
This is my new stage outfit.

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

CHERIE (CONT'D)  
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. LONDON. 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 snap 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 you 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 JOURNALIST  
(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 (CONT'D)  
I'm allergic to the metal zipper.

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

CHERIE (CONT'D)  
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. ENCINO. 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 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.

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

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

The band is playing CHERRY 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's - 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 (CONT'D)  
 (singing)  
 I'LL GIVE YA SOMETHING TO LIVE 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 (CONT'D)  
 HELLO DADDY, HELLO MOM  
 I'M YOUR CH CH CH CH CH CHERRY  
 BOMB.  
 HELLO WORLD I'M YOUR WILD GIRL  
 I'M YOUR CH CH CH CH CH CHERRY  
 BOMB.

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

Cherie opens her legs and thrusts outward with her pelvis. She embodies the bad girl she sings about. The boys are unzipping their pants, tearing their shirts 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 this 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 sockets.

The English punks are now a sea of JAPANESE SCHOOL GIRLS. It's a SCREAMING pandemonium.

WE ARE NOW IN JAPAN.

DEAD END JUSTICE by The Runaways plays.

In slow motion Cherie's body flies backwards like she has received a big blow. Blood explodes out of 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 of blood and spit hit a white porcelain sink. A chewed up gelatin capsule follows.

Cherie looks at her sweaty and bloody reflection. She looks strung out. She pops a Placidyl 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 or TWO CHERRIES. She examines it in satisfaction.

She turns into the room and in the reflection we see a MALE FAN standing behind her. He puts his hands 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 stare 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)  
Mmm, it looks delicious.

She looks to Joan challenging.

CHERIE (CONT'D)  
You know what it looks like -

JOAN  
I think I know.

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

JOAN (CONT'D)  
Okay - swallow without chewing!

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

JOAN (CONT'D)  
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 schoolgirls peak their heads around the partition and then disappear again.

CHERIE  
Hello?

JOAN

Do you want some sea urchin!

They both LAUGH. The schoolgirls peak in again.

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

JOAN (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

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 the girl 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 down. The girl stares back. Uncomfortable, the other schoolgirl giggles.

INT. HOTEL 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 sweat. She picks up a beer.

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

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

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

LITA FORD

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 (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

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 a table against the wall. She hears tapping on a 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 in trouble pinned up against the glass.

CHERIE

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

LITA FORD

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 front. 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, rimming 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 a white limosine.

A JAPANESE PROMOTOR leans into the car and hands plane tickets to everyone.

JAPANESE PROMOTOR  
(in broken English)  
It was an honor to have The  
Runaways in our country.

JAPANESE PROMOTOR (CONT'D)  
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 for 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 too 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 and looks like he is at the end of his road.

She sits down on the edge of the bed.

CHERIE (CONT'D)  
(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 (CONT'D)  
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, opens the bottle, takes a few pills and stashes them in her purse.

INT. BROTHER'S RECORDING STUDIO.

They are 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 a lead vocal.

Cherie ignores him.

Joan looks up to see what the hold up is.

JOAN

Come on, Cherie!

Cherie continues reading.

CHERIE

Hold on!

Lita, throws her arms up.

LITA FORD

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

Sandy comes from behind the drums. She leans in and reads it out 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 FORD

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 (CONT'D)

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 FORD

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 FOWLEY

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 FOWLEY

(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 FOWLEY

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 FOWLEY

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 FORD

Good, maybe now she'll get in the damn booth and finish the song.

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

KIM FOWLEY

Of course she'll sing.

She grabs his hands and throws them off.

CHERIE

I'm not singing.

His expression changes. His smile fades.

JOAN

Just sing the fuckin' song.

CHERIE

I won't.

KIM FOWLEY

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 what a professional bitch does.

CHERIE

You don't own me.

KIM FOWLEY

No, I don't own you, but you are 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 group 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 FOWLEY

It depends on what you're comparing  
yourself to, Cherie.

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

KIM FOWLEY (CONT'D)

If you're going to learn anything  
than you better stop being so  
rebellious. If you want to rebel  
than go back to your highschool  
home ec class and curse 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 FOWLEY

Fine.

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

KIM FOWLEY (CONT'D)

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 FOWLEY

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 a cigarette and turns to everyone -

JOAN (CONT'D)

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 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 throw the thin walls of the dressing room.

MAN IN THE AUDIENCE (O.S.)  
(shouts)  
Where's the Cherry Bomb!

ANOTHER MAN (O.S.)  
Cherie Currie! Cherie Currie!

The small audience is getting even rowdier and start 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!

INT. TV STUDIO. THE TOM SNYDER SHOW.

The camera pans from the TOM SNYDER logo to the man himself. He is pretty conservative looking, a man in his 40's. He is sitting comfortably with his legs crossed smoking a cigarette.

TOM SNYDER  
(talking to camera)  
It's called punk rock, new wave, street rock. This kind of music is loud and angry. - It began in the UK, where there is a devastating unemployment situation now with young people.

(beat)  
We have Kim Fowley here, the founder of LA's punk rock band, The Runaways, who have made a splash in the UK and Japan and now are part of the punk movement that's coming to America.

The camera pans over to Kim. He fans his hands in front of his face showing off his purple nail polish.

His hands pull away to reveal his face in full makeup, eye-shadow and lip stick. He wears the orange suit, which has dozens of patches sewn all over it.

TOM SNYDER (CONT'D)

I might say Kim, you look ridiculous.

KIM FOWLEY

I've got taste.

TOM SNYDER

No, you do look ridiculous.

KIM FOWLEY

I'm an oxford man posing as a mug.

TOM SNYDER

What is a mug?

KIM FOWLEY

It's what Mike Todd called punks in the thirties.

TOM SNYDER

Uh huh - getting back to punk rock and The Runaways, what exactly did you have to do with them?

KIM FOWLEY

I gave it the name, produced, managed, co-wrote, arranged, publicize, financed it, pimped it.  
(beat)

You know, I worked on over fifty Gold records before The Runaways disbanded.

TOM SNYDER

Tell us some of the bands you've worked with, Kim?

KIM FOWLEY

Alice Cooper, Kiss, The Modern Lovers, The Byrds, Van Halen, The Dead Boys and now I'm working with Helen Reddy. There's no money in punk rock, so I'm moving on.

TOM SNYDER

So, The Runaways are over?

KIM FOWLEY

Yup, they're over.

TOM SNYDER

What's going to happen to them  
without you in the picture?

KIM FOWLEY

They'll be fine.

TOM SNYDER

They're just kids.

KIM FOWLEY

They'll be fine. In a few years  
they'll be in a trailer park back  
in the valley, fat and pregnant and  
happy as fleas on a dog.

TOM SNYDER

And you Kim? Where will you be?

Kim has a smirk on his face.

KIM FOWLEY

I'm on my way to become, 'A Rock  
and Roll Legend'!

CRASH PAD. SUNSET BLVD. 6AM

Joan's apartment is like a squat. It is filled with drunk and stoned nasty street punks. The sun is rising and these people look like they don't belong in daylight. Joan just finished making out with a guy on the floor - he looks half comatose. She pulls her zipper up.

Some punks are passed out under the kitchen table. Joan pries open a half empty bottle of cheap wine out 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 LETTER

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 down 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 (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

Fuck her and fuck you.

Joan rips the guitar from her hands and picks her up from her collar.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Get the fuck out.

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

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

JOAN (CONT'D)

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. DAY.

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 customers react and stare at her strangely.

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

SUPERMARKET 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.

SUPERMARKET 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 (CONT'D)  
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 at 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

Mom called. She said they are playing Cherry Bomb on the radio in Indonesia.

She doesn't respond.

MARIE (CONT'D)

It's been a year, you should talk to her.

Silence. Marie doesn't push the subject.

MARIE (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

How's the job?

MARIE

Shitty!

They share a look.

MARIE (CONT'D)

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 really gets into it now, her face, her body and her soul. 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 her hair tied back. 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 BINGENHEIMER (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 BENINGHIEMER

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 BINGENHEIMER

When did you know you wanted to be a rock and roll musician?

JOAN

All my life - rock n roll saved my life - if it wasn't for that I'd probably be dead or in jail now.

RODNEY BENINGHIEMER

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 BINGENHEIMER (O.S.)

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

Hi 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 BENINGHIEMER

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 BENINGHIEMER  
From what I understand, it's been a while since you two spoke. I'm sure you guys have lots to talk about.

Neither speak - dead silence.

RODNEY BENINGHIEMER (CONT'D)  
Well, maybe not on the air.

CHERIE  
I just wanted to say hi.

JOAN  
Yeah -

The owner catches sight of Cherie on the phone.

LINEN STORE 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 BINGENHEIMER (O.S.)  
(on the radio)  
Let's get 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 credits roll.