

# **RUNAWAY**

Written by

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# *Runaway*

## **Characters**

Robin - The main character.

## **Plot**

A teenage girl, forbidden from listening to rock and roll by her chauvinistic father, breaks into his off-limits music room.

### **INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

We hold on a shot of a white phone. After a moment, it starts ringing, and ROBIN comes running in from off screen, reaching down to grab it. We see plastic bracelets in different shades of blue and pink jingling on her wrist. She holds the phone up to her ear, running her hand through her messy, hairsprayed hair.

ROBIN  
Hello?

There's heavy breathing on the other end, until a deep, intimidating voice starts to speak.

VOICE  
Hello, Robin.

ROBIN  
(Frowning)  
Who is this?

VOICE  
It's your killer. Look in the closet.

ROBIN smiles and looks around to make sure her parents aren't there.

ROBIN  
(Hushed)  
You're such a dumbass.

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The voice suddenly changes to that of a teenage girl.

VOICE

Yeah, I may be a dumbass, but I'm not late.

ROBIN

(Sad)

I'm grounded, I already told you.

VOICE

Huh? No you didn't.

ROBIN

Yeah I did... (Realization) Oh, maybe I told Lynn. (Pause) Okay, well... I'm grounded. There.

VOICE

We're outside your house, Robin. Just sneak out the window or something.

ROBIN

No, idiot. If I get caught again, I'm dead. Dead, you get it?

VOICE

Holy sweet mother of God, Robin. Gag me with a spoon. Why do you give a shit about your dad anyway?

ROBIN

I... (Struggling to find something to say) I just don't wanna get beat, okay?

VOICE

Okay, well we're going to the mall if you get the balls to sneak out and take the bus or something.

ROBIN

Yeah, well I won't. Hey, Tina, can you hang up? I think someone's listening on the upstairs phone.

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VOICE

Wow, paranoid.

ROBIN

I can hear breathing.

VOICE

Oh shit, later loser.

The phone clicks and ROBIN hangs up. Outside, she hears a car burning rubber as it pulls away, along with rock music blasting through the radio - both muffled. She looks longingly toward the front door.

## **INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Cut. We see a cassette player radio sitting on the living room table. ROBIN takes a cassette out of its plastic case and pops open the door on the radio. She slides it in, then closes it. The rewind button is pressed, and the cassette winds backward until it clicks. Now, she presses the play button, and upbeat 80's pop music starts to play.

Cut. She's lying on the fireplace ledge now, staring up at the ceiling with a Rubik's Cube in her hand. After a moment, she looks over at the radio, then gets up, frustrated. She walks over to it and stops the music, then winds it forward, peeking around the corner to see if anyone is nearby. There isn't, so she stops the fast-forward and presses play. Rock music fills the room, and she spins around, back to the fireplace, where she lies down again. She starts to move her head with the beat.

The hand of her father reaches down to stop the cassette and ROBIN looks up. We can only see the father's arm and torso.

FATHER

(Slowly, with anger)

What are you doing?

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ROBIN

(Almost scared)

Listening to music.

FATHER

(Threatening)

I don't want to hear that out of your radio again.

He ejects the cassette and takes it out.

ROBIN

(Angry)

Dad! What the hell?

FATHER

Girls don't listen to this. (Pause) And don't go looking through my cassettes again. Don't go near my collection. If I see anything moved, anything at all... I swear to God, Robin.

He storms out with the cassette, leaving her there. She lies back down on the fireplace ledge and sighs loudly.

### **INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

ROBIN is back on the phone, leaning on the counter. We see she's talking with someone, but can't hear the other voice this time. As she speaks, she plays with the spiral phone cord.

ROBIN

He ripped it right out. (Pause) Yeah, no shit. (Pause) He says I should listen to Madonna or something. (Longer pause. ROBIN's eyes widen) Are you stupid? He'll kill me if I go in there. (Pause) No, I can't. (Longer pause) No, Tommy won't find it hot if I break into my dad's music room. That's not the kind of bad girl he's talking about. (Pause, then she sighs and leans her elbow on the counter, resting her chin on her hand) Fine, but if my dad kicks my ass, I'm telling him who convinced me to do it. (Pause) Yeah, bye.

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She hangs up the phone, then looks off. The camera does a whip-pan in the direction of her stare, then comes to rest on a stairway into the basement.

### **INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

ROBIN looks down the stairs, thinking, then looks around to make sure no one is watching. Once she's clear, she hurries down the stairs, not bothering to turn on the light. As she's swallowed by the darkness we cut.

### **INT. MUSIC ROOM - DAY**

It's pitch black. We hear ROBIN enter through the door, then trip on something.

ROBIN  
Shit.

She finds the light switch and flicks it on. We see the music room. There are boxes of records and cassettes everywhere, all neatly stacked up. Band posters hang from the walls and an acoustic guitar is leaning up against the wall across the room.

Slowly, ROBIN walks further in, staring around in amazement. Her eyes pass over various band posters, and she examines the colored writing. Her foot knocks something and she bends down. When she stands up, we see a cassette tape - it's the same one her father had taken earlier. She sets it down on the counter. Her gaze passes over a stack of family photos on the counter. One of her, her father, and her mother is on top, but we can't see the father's face. She frowns down at them. Next, she finds two boxes of records and begins to look through them. There is a mirror on the wall, and halfway through the first box of records, she looks up and notices a black guitar case leaning up against a shelf behind her. She stops and turns around, then walks over to it.

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She takes the case and lies it flat, then unlatches it. She opens it, and sees a neon yellow electric guitar. She glances up and notices an amp sitting next to it. First, she strums the strings without plugging it in, then she begins to play a little melody. She turns and looks at the amp, then musters up the courage to turn it on. She finds the on switch and the little red light comes on, then she takes the guitar cord and plugs it into the guitar. Slowly, she takes the other end and finds the plug-in on the amp, sliding it into place. This creates a loud feedback whine that makes her jump in fright, and she quickly shuts the amp off.

Her eyes snap over to the door, then she hurriedly unplugs the cord from the guitar and lays it back in its case. She clamps it shut and leans it back up against the bookshelf, then she hurries out of the room, shutting the door behind her. The camera drifts over to the amp and we see the other end of the cord still plugged in. We hold on this shot for a moment until we see the door open in the background, a tall male figure framed in the doorway.

### **INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

We see the grainy footage of a clothing commercial playing. A MODEL walks on screen onto a spotty blue background wearing some kind of designer fashion. He speaks to the camera.

MODEL

I'm tired of paying high prices for sub-par quality. With the new designer clothing line fro-

The channel switches with a click and static. We see a guy shredding a guitar on a vaporwave backdrop.

Click. We switch again, this time to a knife coming down to cut through an apple.

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We cut away to see ROBIN leaning on the counter with the remote in her hand. She switches through the channels lazily. After finding something, she puts the remote down. Camera swoops in to focus on the remote. We hear the television in the background. A second passes, then we hear footsteps.

FATHER

You went downstairs, didn't you? Again? I told you not to do that, you little shit.

ROBIN doesn't say anything.

FATHER (CONT.)

Are you gonna talk? Why don't you listen to me anymore? Huh? As soon as the bitch left the house, you've stopped loving your old man, is that it?

ROBIN

No, dad.

FATHER

Then what is it? Cause Jesus Christ, I know you've heard what I've been saying - you're not deaf. What is it?

No answer. We hear his hand come down to slap her across the face.

FATHER

Answer me, God-damn-it!

ROBIN

(Meekly)

I'm sorry.

FATHER

(Furious)

For the last time: Don't touch my shit! I'm not gonna tell you again! (Pause to consider, then threateningly) You wait here.

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We hear him stomp off, then, after a moment, we see ROBIN come into view to pick up the remote. She shuts off the t.v., tears streaming down her cheeks. She walks to the phone and dials a number. It rings, and she reaches up to wipe her face.

VOICE

Yeah?

ROBIN

Tina...

VOICE

(Concerned)

Are you crying?

ROBIN

(Desperate)

Can you come pick me up, please?

VOICE

(Hesitant)

Uhh... yeah, why?

ROBIN

I need to stay at your house for a while. Please. Get here quickly.

VOICE

Yeah... yeah, okay, I'm coming right now. I'll be there in, like, a minute or two.

ROBIN

Thank you.

She hangs up, then looks off toward the front door. The camera follows as she walks towards it. As she reaches it, she pauses for a second, trying to decide what to do. We hear her father at the top of the stairs.

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FATHER

(Angry)

Where are you going?

She looks out the window and Tina isn't there, so she runs back into the house, ducking into the bathroom and hiding; it's pitch dark, and we can only see her silhouette. Lots of tension as we hear footsteps on the floor.

FATHER

(Threateningly)

Don't hide from me, Robin.

More footsteps, then we hear the snapping of a belt. ROBIN flinches at the sound. She runs and hides behind the door, and we hear the footsteps growing closer. The door gets pushed slightly, then the lights come on. ROBIN holds her breath. After a moment, her FATHER leaves and turns the lights off. ROBIN breathes out and continues waiting. Before she can do anything else, however, she realizes something. She looks out into the hall, pondering, a pained look on her face, then slips out of the bathroom.

### **INT. MUSIC ROOM - DAY**

The lights flick on again and ROBIN runs into the room, searching for the cassette tape. She moves things out of the way, sliding a stack of paper off the desk, sending fluttering sheets drifting to the floor. There's a stack of cassettes on the counter where she had left the one she wants, and she spills it over, searching frantically through them, picking them up, reading, then slamming them down. As soon as she finds the one she wants, she turns and stops, gasping.

Her father is standing in the doorway. We see him at hip height, looking up at ROBIN. There's a belt in his hand. ROBIN takes the cassette and slides it gently into her pocket; she looks resolute now, trying to put on a brave disguise even though she's scared.

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ROBIN

(Firm)

I'm leaving.

FATHER

(Holding back anger)

Now you're stealing from me. (Pause) What kind of daughter did I raise? Huh? You're just like your mom. (Sneering) A *bitch*. A disobedient *bitch*.

ROBIN

(Unrelenting)

I don't care. I'm leaving.

FATHER

Not with my shit, you're not. Put that tape back.

ROBIN

No.

FATHER

(Angry)

I didn't give you a god-damn option. Put the tape back.

We hear the muffled horn of Tina's car outside. ROBIN looks over and sees the family photos on the counter. She quickly picks up the stack and throws them at her father, blinding him in a cloud of fluttering paper. She takes this chance and bolts out of the room, leaving him there.

### **INT. HOUSE - DAY**

She emerges from the stairs and runs to the door, unlocking it and slamming it behind her. FATHER comes storming into frame and pulls open the door. His form fills the doorway as we hear Tina's car speeding away, rock music again blaring from his radio, eventually growing louder and turning to soundtrack. FATHER stands in the door, watching with the belt in his hand,

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then he angrily steps inside again, slamming the front door.  
Music cuts.

### **INT. STUDIO - UNKNOWN**

We cut to a shot of a grainy, 80's commercial set. A teenage kid is sitting in a chair, staring at the camera with a smirk on his face. He's dressed in typical 80's fashion and sits against the backdrop of colored fabric.

KID

And that's all for our scheduled programming. Thank you for watching and listening to Rock and Roll TV. Hey, and don't forget to tune in next time, 'cause we've got our hands on the new Hall and Oates album. Now if you don't mind, I've got to get home before my mom has a cow.

We hear a female voice yelling from off screen.

MOM

Ron! You're late for dinner!

The KID is halfway, off screen, but leans in to wave to the camera.

KID

See ya.

He ducks off and we cut to a title. *ROCK AND ROLL TV*. A subtitle reads. *YOU'VE NEVER FELT FREEDOM LIKE THIS*.

*The End*