

MUSIC FESTIVAL

Written by

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Cheers and chants build as we fly low over

SCORCHED SAN DUNES

DROOPING JOSHUA TREES

DRIED OUT CATTLE SKULLS

then we're over a chain-link fence and

HIPPIES IN DRUM CIRCLES

COUPLES AND THEIR NOISE-CANCELLING-HEADPHONE-WEARING BABIES

There's nowhere we could be but a music festival

This is Tehachapi, CA. Population: 8,451

Population this weekend: 72,107

DYLAN (V.O.)

Today is the last Saturday before high school graduation. My friends were all stuck in detention while I was lounging at my subdivision pool avoiding the hoards of asshats at Tehachapi weekend one. My friends got busted trying to El Chapo under our chemistry classroom to change our grades. I chickened out like almost immediately because I don't like tight spaces.

SMASH TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: MUSIC FESTIVAL

FADE IN:

EXT. SUBDIVISION POOL - DAY

From above: a big blue subdivision pool.

DYLAN, 18, floats on a unicorn pool raft. The scorching desert sun sears her skin. Zinc oxide punctuates her nose.

THE POOL WATER STATUS: Calm, perfectly glassy.

DYLAN (V.O.)

In case you were concerned I'm some dork, I wear the zinc ironically. And because I burn easily.

EXT. SUBDIVISION STREET - CONTINUOUS

A beat up two-tone minivan screeches to a halt. The slider opens and a group of teens pile out.

DYLAN (V.O.)

These are the criminals I was speaking of. There's Stephanie-

STEPHANIE, plump and butch, jumps out of the driver's seat with a boom box and a 30 pack of cheap beer.

DYLAN (V.O.)

She's my main chap from another mud flap. BFF since we thought macaroni necklaces were tits. She always brings the beer because her brother Frank works at a liquor store because he's a loser and never left town. And there's Josh.

JOSH, a hot surfer dude, shakes his long black dreads.

DYLAN (V.O.)

He's hot. He's smart too, not that he shows it, and I can't stop staring at his abs. He's my sorta boyfriend, sorta friend, sorta we should probably talk about our feelings or some bullshit.

Josh grabs MATT from the van. Matt is shy, brooding, the type of guy who wears a hoodie under a jean jacket.

DYLAN (V.O.)

I'm looking forward to an age when I can see guys for more than just their abs and shoulders. That's Matt. We played on the same unisex soccer team in 1st grade. And got locked in a laundry room together for seven minutes of not-so-heaven in 8th grade.

Matt fist pumps the air and helps MADISON out. Madison's a total hippie-chic; she keeps the fringed boot industry alive.

DYLAN (V.O.)

And that's Madison. I'm her hairstylist. She's a trustafarian so I charge her 50 bucks a feather.

Madison tucks her hippie hair feathers behind her ears and gives an award winning smile to Matt.

DYLAN (V.O.)

Steph's been in love with her since like forever, so I'm hoping someday she'll trade in the peen for the puss so my bestie can find love.

Matt leans over and kisses Madison.

DYLAN (V.O.)

Boo. Team Stephanie.

Next pops out GOLDIE, a nerdy girl with gold braces and an eternal dream that some day she'll wake up a badass.

DYLAN (V.O.)

And Goldie. Goldie, Goldie, Goldie.
(big sigh)
We assumed she'd be really good at hacking the school computers to change our grades.

Goldie trips on the curb, but Stephanie catches her before she topples over. The gang swings open the pool gate.

DYLAN (V.O.)

You know what they say about assuming... a hipster gets a free latte every time you do it.

EXT. SUBDIVISION POOL - CONTINUOUS

Back on Dylan, floating along.

DYLAN (V.O.)

Oh, and I'm Dylan. I may have the claustrophobia, but my 'rents have the agoraphobia so I've never left this shit town. I'm gonna see the pyramids and my favorite band play this year if I have to sell a kidney. My favorite pyramid is Khufu and my favorite band is Dylan & the Spaceships, no relation. My friends all got in to college and I didn't so I'm going to either kill myself or go to Dry Desert Cosmetology School next year to learn the ancient art of perming while I save up enough scratch to travel this great big blue rock.