

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

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FESTIVAL - NIGHT

Music blares, crowds surge at large outdoor stages, bands of all kinds play, reggae acts, big live jazz bands, hip hop acts, beatboxers, acoustic bands, DJs.

The friends are wandering, unshaken by the ambulance incident, they look happy and content.

Jack and Grace walk arm in arm, Danny and Mike behind them are having a deep conversation about something life changing, which we can't hear.

Jack and Grace are reminiscing, laughing.

JACK

And he was like "Chaaaaarlie!!"

Grace laughs.

GRACE

CHAAARRLLLLIIIEEE! Oh God, that girl.

She looks around.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Char-- where is she?

JACK

She's right there.

GRACE

No, she's gone. See?

He looks around.

JACK

Guys wait, we've lost Charlie!

DANNY

Fuck her, she always does this!

GRACE

It's the first night.

JACK

Yeah if we don't find her now she'll be gone all weekend.

GRACE

Again.

JACK

And she's not got a tent. Look, she's not been gone long, if we look now, we might just find her.

GRACE

I need a wee!

DANNY

I need a wee.

JACK

Alright, let's go the toilets then.
She might be there anyway.

We look to the distant toilets, a bustling, constantly moving area illuminated by flood lights with several long queues of people waiting for the toilet.

INT. BIG TENT STAGE - EVENING

The tent is filling up, the crowd at the front are squeezed up against the metal barrier.

The crowd surges forward and backwards as one.

A girl at the front is getting squished.

She starts panicking, turning to a girl next to her she starts pulling her hair violently.

She slaps and scratches her and screams in her face, grabbing her.

One security guard approaches and she lashes out, breaks his nose sending him reeling backwards.

A second guard joins him and they grapple her, pulling her over the barrier and holding her hands behind her back marching her away.

GUARD

Fucking crazy bitch!

BACKSTAGE

Slackjaw are organising their set list.

LEVI

We should open with Never Again.

CHRIS

Yeah that's strong, and let's go straight into Kamikaze after that.
Shane?

Shane is staring bleakly into the distance, empty, nothing behind his eyes.

We see security in the background wrestling with the girl.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Shane?

Still nothing.

Sound drowns out to a muffled hum.

Chris slaps Shane on the back. Sound comes in.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Oi!

Shane snaps out of it.

SHANE

Yeah, yeah, Kamikaze.

CHRIS

Great--

SHANE

That guy.

Chris looks up from the setlist.

SHANE (CONT'D)

That guys talking shit about me.

He points a finger at a guy with a walkie-talkie.

CHRIS

What?

Shane is almost whispering.

SHANE

I can hear him.

Shane bites his lip and clenches his teeth. Eyes darting manically.

CHRIS

He's just a sound tech, keep your eyes on what songs we're playing, yeah?

Shane exhales deeply and tries to focus his eyes.

TOILETS

The gang have arrived at the toilets and are looking for Charlie.

JACK

You guys queue up, we'll look for Charlie.

GRACE

Ok, cool.

(To Danny)

(MORE)

GRACE (CONT'D)
Can't you just piss in a bush or something?

DANNY
You ever tried peeing in public on acid? It's not easy...

She scruffs his hair.

GRACE
Bless.

On Jack and Mike we hunt around the huge toilet queues for Charlie.

JACK
CHARLIE!

MIKE
CHAAAAARLIE!

JACK
CHARLIE!

There's people everywhere, a disorienting mess of activity.

Jack scoots around looking for his friend, checking and double checking, walking the length of the queue.

Mike does the same.

We bat back and fourth between them until:

Jack looks down and spots a muddy program.

He picks it up and thumbs through for a moment.

CLOSE ON:

"Big Tent Stage"

"10pm - Slackjaw"

Jack jogs over to Mike.

JACK (CONT'D)
Mike! I think I know where she might be.

He shows him the program.

MIKE
Slackjaw?

JACK
Yeah she said she liked them.

In the background Danny chimes in.

DANNY
They are SHIT!

JACK
Big tent's just over there too.
What time is it?

MIKE
Phone's dead.

JACK
I left mine in the tent, let's just
wait for these guys and head over.

BACKSTAGE

Shane is on the floor.

He is breathing heavily, eyes rolled back in his head.

He pours water over his face and gurns horribly.

The band assemble, looking at him.

LEVI
Do you think he's OK to go on? I
mean, I've seen him fucked up
before but he seems really out of
it.

CHRIS
We don't really have a choice.
We're on in 10 minutes.

They turn to Shane and crouch down next to him.

He is out of it, they don't register with him.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Shane? Mate?

Shane looks around manically, drooling, hair stuck to his
face.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Are you ok to go on?

SHANE
Talking shit, he was talking shit.

CHRIS
He wasn't mate, it was nothing.

SHANE
About ME! About fucking ME!!

He pushes Chris away and grunts, animal Like.

A tech approaches.

TECH

Five minutes guys. Shit, is he ok?

CHRIS

I don't know.

INT. BIG TENT - MAIN STAGE

The crowd is growing restless.

They start chanting "SLACKJAW, SLACKJAW"

INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Chris slaps Shane, pours water on his face.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Mate! Mate!!

SHANE

(totally out of it)

It's fine, it's fine. Let's do it.

They help him up, he staggers slightly. A look in his eye.

The MC approaches.

MC

You guys ready?

CHRIS

Yeah, yeah we're ok.

MC

Anything you want me to say?

CHRIS

Nah, just say our name and we'll come out.

MC

I mean... I usually say a little something, get 'em hyped up, you know?

CHRIS

Just say our name, alright?

MC

OK, OK... No biggy. "Slackjaw".

INT. BIG TENT - MAIN STAGE

The crowd are at fever pitch, swaying, sweaty, ready.

The MC comes from back stage and grabs a mic.

MC (CONT'D)
Ladies and gentlemen of Elemental
Festival!

The crowd cheers, illuminated by giant stage lights.

We see Charlie for a second at the front.

The MC wants to say more... holds back.

A beat.

MC (CONT'D)
...SLACKJAW!

The crowd goes wild, the MC puts the mic back on the stand
and walks off stage.

Slackjaw are waiting stage left, holding Shane up.

MC (CONT'D)
All yours, kill it guys.

The band walk on stage and get on their instruments.

Focus on Shane. The crowd noise dies down to a muffle as a
heartbeat takes over everything. Slowing in pace.

The crowd turns to a slow strobe, in time with the heartbeat.

The drummer counts in.

Slow motion on the crowd as they sway, ready to release.

A moments calm before the storm.

Full speed as the first song starts.

A pounding shock of bass and guitar spray the crowd, drums
and cymbals smash as they kick out their first song.

Shane is holding up, but looking very worse for wear.

He sings, keeping it together.

The crowd jump as one.

FESTIVAL - CONTINUOUS

The gang have regrouped and are heading to the big tent
stage. There are people everywhere.

People running, speeding past them.

Someone barges Grace. Jack stops them.

JACK
Oi! Oi mate! What are you doing?

The person turns, says nothing, under the influence OF THIS SYNTHETIC DRUG. A Tripper - people on the drug will now be referred to as Trippers.

The Tripper has distinctive tiger facepaint and bright leggings with a woven hoodie.

It gets close. Too close. Jack puts a hand on him.

JACK (CONT'D)
What's your problem?

The Tripper walks slowly forward, looking him up and down, saying nothing.

His eyes are wild, rolled back in his head.

He emits a low breath, mouth agape, saliva cracks in his throat.

His jaw swings, fingers distorting into odd shapes, head tilts slightly, looking Jack over. He gets very close.

Jack pushes him away gently.

JACK (CONT'D)
Fuck's wrong with you?

A moments silence as they eye each other. Jack breaks it.

Pushes him hard.

JACK (CONT'D)
Fuck off mate, alright!?

The Tripper stumbles back and falls over.

JACK (CONT'D)
What's with this place?

BIG TENT - MAIN STAGE

Shane is deteriorating.

He's not singing properly. He starts acting out, looking similar to the Tripper moments ago.

The lights, the crowd, the noise, it's too much. We feel his anxiety as cuts become faster:

CROWD

BASS

DRUMS

GUITAR

LIGHTS

LIGHTS!

LIGHTS!!

Shane can't take it.

A pounding heartbeat drowns out music, his skin looks hot to the touch, sweat pouring off him.

The heartbeat stops as he crouches down, head between his legs.

He screams a blood curdled, awful scream down the mic.

The band stop and look at him.

He's a different person; eyes dead, sweat, dribble, he looks at Mark on bass and charges him, mic in hand.

Shane floors him, hard, winding him. Shane screams and pulls the bass away from Mark, throwing it off the stage.

He straddles Mark and brings the microphone smashing down into his face with a crunch.

The band look on in shock. The crowd awed into sudden silence.

Feedback rings through the monitors.

The lights continue to blaze and change colour.

Another hit echoes in the near silent tent, the sound of distant low bass from neighboring tents the only other noise.

Squelch. Another hit. No breathing.

Mark is dead.

Shane gets up, the one remaining security guard is attempting to climb the stage to intervene when:

SMASH

A boot to the face from Shane sends him reeling back, unconscious.

Levi has leapt from behind his kit and is attempting to subdue Shane who elbows him in the face sending him stumbling back into a speaker hitting his head. Levi is unconscious.

Chris watches flabbergasted.

The crowd breaks out into panic.

Teens are crushed up against the barriers, kids fall down, get trampled, everyone heads to the exit at once.

Shane let's out another scream and leaps down, attacking kids in the front row, pulling their arms through the barrier, breaking them at the elbow.

He climbs over the barrier and attacks people, running free, disappearing into the crowd.

Chris panics, looks for a way out. He heads backstage, leaving his guitar.

IN THE CROWD:

We see people convulsing like Shane was, eyes rolling back in their head, being taken over by the drug. Their arms lashing out at people, VIOLENCE, beyond their control.

Becoming Trippers.

They start screaming, holding their heads and then attacking the people trying to leave.

Ten or so people become Trippers, lashing out at kids in the crowd.

People stumble and fall, get crushed underfoot. People scream and panic.

It's mayhem.

The surge towards the entrance brings down the main tent supports, causing the tent to collapse.

Charlie is near the doors, stuck behind people.

EXT. BIG TENT - CONTINUOUS

The gang are watching from a distance, awestruck as the tent collapses, they edge closer watching kids get crushed to death.

Shock, wide eyed shock at what is happening. All of them speechless.

DANNY

I am tripping balls right now.

They see people attacking, manic, depraved.

Suddenly-

Charlie crawling to safety. Grace spots her.

GRACE

Charlie.

JACK
It's not safe.

GRACE
We have to go and get her.

MIKE
Jack's right, its not safe.

GRACE
We have to get her! What the fuck's
going on? What the FUCK is going—

A THUD sound cuts her off.

CLOSE ON

In that same instant the left side of Grace's face becomes suddenly blood spattered.

She runs a finger through the red on her cheek, unsure what has happened. Looks at the blood on her hand.

PULL BACK

Jack's face has a confused, distant look. Blood drips down his forehead mixing with the glitter under his eyes.

PULL BACK

The side of his head is caved in. He falls to his knees, revealing:

The facepaint Tripper from before - wooden post in his hand, dripping with blood. It screams at the gang and runs into the field towards the fairground.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Jack? Jack?
(sobbing)
Jack, what the fuck, Jack? Come on,
mate? Mate?

He slumps to the ground. Lifeless.

Grace looks at Jack, over to Charlie. Back to Jack.

She is dumbstruck.

Another Tripper runs at them, dressed in festival garb, glitter, dead eyes, drool.

It screams, attacking Mike who pushes it away. Another approaches.

MIKE
GO!

GRACE
What about Jack?

MIKE
We have to go!

Charlie. Charlie is still there. Go, go, go!

They pick themselves up and make a mad dash, barging crazy festival-goers out the way.

On Charlie.

She looks up, leg crushed. She sees the guys.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Charlie!!

She tries to stand and falls. They get to her and Grace embraces her sobbing.

CHARLIE
I'm sorry!

Grace can't speak, she shudders sobbing.

GRACE
We have to go. Now.

They grab Charlie, hobbling and make a dash.