

FADE IN:

EXT. FARMLANDS - DAY

The sun fights desperately to break through the looming gray clouds as a chubby, out of breath teenager, JIMMY, jogs unevenly toward a four-foot fence.

Beyond the fence, we see the festival campground:

It's a huge city of tents in the process of being set up. The condensed, multi-colored tents are separated by a main path in the middle, with smaller paths in between and along the perimeter.

As Jimmy closes in on the fence, he picks up some momentum. As his head bounces, his eyes scan all directions around him.

Moments before he reaches the fence, Jimmy leaps into the air and into...

EXT. CAMPGROUND - INSIDE PERIMETER - DAY

Jimmy's sneaker catches the fence as he belly flops into the mud, pulling a portion of the fence down with him.

He is in!

Along the path, a volunteer GUARD with a badge and walkie-talkie spots Jimmy and immediately relays a message into his radio. The guard quickly approaches.

Jimmy realizes he is busted. He wrestles his foot free from the fence and pushes himself up.

After locking eyes with the guard, Jimmy sprints in the opposite direction.

GUARD
Hey! Get back here!

As Jimmy is chased up the hill, a SECOND GUARD appears ahead of him. He detours off the path and runs recklessly through the tents.

EXT. VARIOUS CAMPSITES - DAY

Unsure where he is headed, Jimmy bobs and weaves through various campsites. He passes by a mix of hippies and frat boys and is greeted with peace signs and high-fives.

Somewhere along the way, he ended up with a beer in his hand.

EXT. MAIN PATH - DAY

Jimmy reaches the main path at the top of the hill where a steady flow of campers pass by. He stops and lingers around. No sign of any guards.

Jimmy relaxes a bit and heads down the main path, blending in with the rest of the campers.

EXT. POTATO ROAD - DAY

One of the many roads leading to the festival is jammed with cars inching along. One car in particular is a very plain looking, olive-green Chevy Malibu.

These cars are usually restored with a hot-rod look, but this one looks like it did when it was driven off the lot in 1972, original hubcaps and all.

INT. CHEVY MALIBU - DAY

An elderly woman in her seventies, MRS. PLUMSTEAD, is behind the wheel of this relic. With no air conditioning, her windows are rolled down.

The humidity seems to be getting the best of her as she fans herself with a brochure for the folk festival.

EXT. EXECUTIVE TRAILER - DAY

TONY, sixteen years old, has a volunteer badge dangling around his neck. He walks up the steps and into the executive trailer.

INT. EXECUTIVE TRAILER - DAY

The trailer is bustling with activity.

KEVIN, also sixteen, sits in an uncomfortable metal chair underneath a telephone mounted on the wall.

Kevin is half asleep until Tony whacks him across the head with a newspaper. Kevin twitches, then looks at his watch.

KEVIN
You're late.

TONY
Like you really noticed.

Kevin hands Tony a blank pad of paper and a pen, then gives his seat to him. As Tony sits, he looks at the pad of paper.

TONY (CONT'D)
No calls?

KEVIN
Not yet.

TONY
Are you guys going to meet me at
the campsite when I'm done?

KEVIN
We'll be there.

TONY
Cool.

KEVIN
Catch you later.

TONY
Later.

Kevin hurries out of the trailer as Tony opens his newspaper.

EXT. CAMPGROUND ENTRANCE - DAY

A handful of security volunteers are stationed around the main entrance to the campground. As Kevin passes through, he holds up his arm revealing a wristlet.

One of the volunteers checks the number on the badge hanging around Kevin's neck.

EXT. MAIN PATH - DAY

The main path leads up a very steep hill, with tents crowded together on both sides.

All you can hear are the sounds of labored construction, mostly tent stakes being hammered into the ground.

As Kevin starts the long hike up the hill, he passes by a man pulling a wagon full of camping gear.

Another person drops a sleeping bag that unravels down the path.

Near the top of the hill, Kevin turns left into a campsite. A banner in front of a tent reads, "Ovulating Sensitive New Age Girls."

EXT. OVULATING SENSITIVE NEW AGE GIRLS CAMPSITE - DAY

Kevin passes through this campsite of five young women in hippie dresses with flowers in their hair.

Kevin slips by them as they unpack their bags.

Just ahead, Kevin arrives at the neighboring campsite.

EXT. MOOSEHEAD CAMPSITE - DAY

A flag is tied to a long bamboo stick, high above a large blue tarp for shade. The flag is stitched with a Moosehead logo, with a list of years that are each crossed out.

A circle of tents wrapping from one end of the tarp to the other, gives way to a clearing in the middle where a pile of firewood is surrounded by lawn chairs.

CHRIS and JARED, two long-haired, tie-dyed teens, stop their conversation at the sight of Kevin, who glares at Chris.

KEVIN

Where were you last night?

CHRIS

Out.

KEVIN

Yeah, well, Mom was worried sick. You should call her and tell her you're not coming home. Especially being your birthday and all.

CHRIS

Come on, man, it's the fest.

KEVIN

I don't care, I'm still your brother.

Chris pulls out his car keys and jingles them in front of Kevin.

CHRIS

I'm out of here.

KEVIN
Now where are you going?

CHRIS
Uhhhhh.

JARED
Picking up a few supplies at the
store.

CHRIS
Yeah, that's what we're doing.

Kevin squints his eyes and gives Chris one of those "I know you're lying" kind of looks.

KEVIN
Sure you are. Whatever. Just stay
out of trouble.

CHRIS
Always do.

KEVIN
Stop by the house to see Mom. I
think she'd appreciate seeing her
son on his eighteenth birthday.

CHRIS
I'll stop there on the way.

JARED
Later, Kevin.

CHRIS
We'll be back tonight.

KEVIN
Later.

As Chris and Jared strut away, Kevin unzips a spacious cabin tent.

EXT. SPOT-A-POT AISLE - DAY

SCOTTY, a clumsy man in his mid-thirties, holds his nose as he enters the double-sided, skinny aisle of "Spot-a-Pots," also known as portable bathrooms.

With nearly twenty toilets on each side, this is the only feared spot of the festival.

Scotty opens the first Spot-a-Pot. He takes a quick peek inside, then steps away.

SCOTTY
(to anyone that
will listen)
Aw, man, that one's nasty.

Scotty looks inside about a half-dozen other Spot-a-Pots before he finally chooses one he's okay with.

As Scotty locks himself inside the Spot-a-Pot, Jimmy steps out of one several doors down.

INT. EXECUTIVE TRAILER - NIGHT

Tony is startled by the sound of the phone ringing. He picks it up.

TONY
(in phone)
Community relations. This is
Tony. How can I help you?
(pause)
No, I haven't seen Tom all day.

Suddenly, a short, middle-aged man, TOM, strolls into the trailer.

TONY (CONT'D)
(in phone)
Wait! He just walked in. Here
he is.

He hands the phone to Tom.

TOM
(in phone)
Hello.
(pause)
Don't worry about it. I'll take
care of it. I'm sending one of my
guys right now. Okay? Bye.

Tom hangs up the phone and looks down at Tony.

TONY
What's going on?

TOM
Remember when you asked me what we
do besides answer the phone?

TONY

Yeah.

TOM

Well, you're about to learn why our committee is called Community Relations. Security and I agreed to send one guy from each team.

TONY

Send us where?

TOM

Apparently, this morning, an elderly woman showed up thinking this was a carnival. The heat got to her and she became disoriented and started wandering around the parking lot, forgetting where she was. Now, what I need you to do is drive her home in her car. A guy from security will follow you and bring you back. You think you can handle that?

Tony hesitates, thinks for a moment, then realizes he has no other choice.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

BILLY, a scrawny eighteen-year-old security worker, sits with Tom and Tony on the hood of a long station wagon.

We can see Mrs. Plumstead's face as she waits patiently in the passenger seat of her Chevy Malibu several yards away.

TOM

It should only take a few hours.

TONY

I can't believe she came all this way for a carnival. That's a long drive.

TOM

(shrugging his shoulders)
Maybe she has family nearby.

BILLY

Then maybe her family should drive her home.

TOM

Look, she's still a little out of it, but the medical tent said she'll be okay. She just needs to go home, get to bed, and get some rest.

TONY

Why can't she sleep here? We could find room for her in one of the tents.

Tom gives Tony a "you can't be serious" look.

TOM

She couldn't sleep if she tried with all the noise in the campground. You know that.

TONY

Come on, Billy, let's get this over with.

BILLY

I'll be right behind you.

Billy jumps into the station wagon.

TOM

Thanks Tony. I'll see you in a few hours.

TONY

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Tony grudgingly approaches the Malibu as if there is someone pushing him along. He reluctantly opens the driver's door as Tom waves goodbye.

INT. CHEVY MALIBU - NIGHT

The interior of the car is a shade of green that matches the ugliness of the exterior.

As soon as Tony climbs into the driver's seat, his eyes lock with those of Mrs. Plumstead. They give each other a long, curious stare.

Tony's look is that of an innocent little boy, while Mrs. Plumstead looks deep into his wide eyes.

Suddenly, the prolonged silence is broken.

MRS. PLUMSTEAD
You remind me of my grandson,
George.

TONY
My name's Tony.

MRS. PLUMSTEAD
May I call you George?

TONY
T-O-N-Y. Tony.

Tony starts up the car.

MRS. PLUMSTEAD
(smiling)
I'm going to call you George.

Tony lets it blow over and pulls an audio cassette out of his pocket. When he goes to stick the tape in the stereo, he is shocked to find there is no tape player, only an A.M. radio.

He turns on the radio, but there is no sound. He turns the volume control all the way up. Still, no sound.

MRS. PLUMSTEAD (CONT'D)
That thing hasn't worked since
1974.

Tony rolls his eyes as he turns on the headlights and drives off.