

DOVES

Written by

Keeley Curtis

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

FADE IN:

SCREEN IS BLACK

ALEXANDRA (V.O):

We reside in an era filled with unhappy people that don't want to travel the path they were born to walk. People feel the want to exchange their life for a different life, perhaps at a different time. People desire to go back to the past, typically because they believe it is where they belong. Which, in every way, is fair. If you can appreciate the good things of the past, such as the music, then you can appreciate the past. Even so, you still have to remember that those times weren't all that we would think. And seeing as the modern era is full of political wastelands, nearly everyone thinks their life is shit.

CREDITS ROLL AS POSTERS OF BANDS AND ARTISTS IN Alexandra's ROOM ARE SHOWN. WE CAN ALSO SEE SMALL SNIPPETS OF NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS FROM THE 50S-90S, DESCRIBING BIG POLITICAL MILESTONES OR DESCRIBING ROCK MUSIC AND THE MUSICIANS.

"Little Wing" BY Jimi Hendrix BEGINS TO PLAY AS THE CREDITS START.

AS ALL OF THE CAST AND CREW IS FINISHED BEING LISTED, THE WORDS -

A Keeley Curtis-Verdeja film

APPEAR. THEN THE MOVIE TITLE APPEARS IN BIG LETTERS.

CUT TO:

or several BEATS as the SONG CONTINUES, we are shown a diverse set of teenagers riding their skateboards all around the front of the school, eating breakfast out of a plastic container, talking to a selective group of people, and walking inside. This is your average American high school - nothing special about it.

1 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING**1**

For several BEATS as the SONG CONTINUES, we are shown a diverse set of teenagers riding their skateboards all around the front of the school, eating breakfast out of a plastic container, talking to a selective group of people, and walking inside. This is your average American high school - nothing special about it.

The camera focuses on several different groups so we can get a taste of them all, even just for a few moments.

The song fades away as ALEXANDRA MENDOZA (17), our protagonist, begins to speak, and we see her walking towards the doors, staring at her phone. We see article headlines that read "MAN KILLS WIFE IN HEATED ARGUMENT, GRANTED 2 MONTHS IN PRISON" and "OSCAR NOMINATION PREDICTIONS" and finally "COULD THE CARBON ISSUES BE THE DEATH OF US?". The camera follows behind her. It's clear she has earbuds in, that are attached to her phone she is still staring at.

Alexandra, like most teenagers, is over everything. She is known to be opinionated yet distant, and she has an old soul. It would be daring to consider her bland, but she's anything but outgoing.

ALEXANDRA (V.O, CONT'D):

If you didn't collect that this was the average American high school, you either didn't go to an American school, or you were rich and went to a private school. If you were homeschooled or never went to school, you should still know. Around these places, you'll find your set of teenagers smoking pot in not-so-secret, messing with their hair, talking about the news - good or bad - and discussing our latest anxiety attacks, because this is the 21st century, and that's what happens to teenagers. We don't yet talk about Coronavirus because it's August of 2019, and we're not quite there yet.

2 INT. HIGH SCHOOL COMMONS - MORNING**2**

Alexandra is walking towards a table filled with a group of kids. MICHELLE WESTON (17), a White blonde girl DOING HER LIP GLOSS in a small mirror with a thick book next to her, KING WILLIAMS (18), an African-American boy with HIS ARM AROUND Michelle, ELLAMY HANBERG (18), an Asian girl TYING HER HAIR IN A PONYTAIL, and JULIAN LOUGHTY (17), a White boy TEXTING ON HIS PHONE. Alexandra sits down and throws her backpack on the table and takes out an earbud, but still looks at her phone. All of these kids are obviously younger than 21.

KING:

(to Alexandra)

You listening to anything good?

ALEXANDRA:

Only the good shit.

ELLAMY:

(to Alexandra)

What do you have for us today?

ALEXANDRA:

The Who. 70s Rock band. I'm sure you've heard me talk about their fanatics and whatnot.

Alexandra seems distant from her friends. They're a random set of people, each who have a personality that stands out compared to the others. But even so, she seems distant.

JULIAN:

(trying to get her to pay attention)

So what are your plans for your birthday weekend?

ALEXANDRA:

Well my mom doesn't know I accidentally saw her online shopping list and it looks like I'm getting a new bass strap, so I'll probably just play that all weekend, and I might go visit her.

ELLAMY:

You've got no plans?

ALEXANDRA:

(looking up)

None at all. And guess what? I'm gonna love it.

The bell rings and Alexandra stands up before walking up a flight of stairs with King following behind.

It's obvious Alexandra does not live a glamorous lifestyle. From her vintage-inspired but still modern clothing, to her lips that barely raise a smile, it's clear she does not have a very fun life. She's not some girl in a book deemed as mysterious by male main character because she's pretty and quiet, but rather a background character in the film of a lifetime. But in this story, she's our main character, and rightfully so.

CUT TO:

3 INT. HISTORY CLASSROOM - MORNING

3

As the camera pins on Alexandra, we can see the great detail of her nearly-black hair, brown eyes, raised cheekbones, and baby face.

Only a few conversations can be heard. THE SUBSTITUTE SITS at his desk on his phone, wearing a sticker that says "SUBSTITUTE." Alexandra listens to *Compass to the Soul* - on her phone using earbuds - as King scrolls through his phone. King looks over at Alexandra, his eyes settling on her earbuds and the music he can just barely hear through them. He's desperate to get her to be interested, and we can see it.

KING:

Who are you listening to?

ALEXANDRA:

(looking at him)

Compass to the Soul. They're a Rock band.

KING:

On the topic of music, we're taking you out this weekend for your birthday.

ALEXANDRA:

What does that-

KING (CONT'D):

We're taking you to the museum for that band. They've got that one guitar. The mint green one with the chip at the bottom or something like that. You know what I'm talkin' about?

ALEXANDRA:

(taking out one earbud,
ranting slightly)

I know everything about that guitar. It's called "The Time Traveler" because Robert Marsdon said he went back in time after he took a mix of drugs and played the beginning chords to "A Song for John," which was for his brother fighting cancer. You have no idea the power that guitar holds. Robert stopped playing it because he was so sure that he was going back in time when he played. He also stopped taking those three specific drugs together.

KING:

Sounds like he was on something when he said that... like those three drugs.

Alexandra rolls her eyes and smiles. King feels rather accomplished that he got her to smile.

KING (CONT'D):

Why is their museum in Buffalo?
Aren't they from Vegas?

ALEXANDRA:

First off, they're from L.A,
dumbass. Second, there was just something about Buffalo, they said. Claimed something always pulled them back. I'm not sure what.

King nods and looks back at his phone. MR. FIDDLER, the substitute, LOOKS UP from his phone. He is seemingly old, with droopy skin and eyes full of age.

MR. FIDDLER:

You kids talking about *Compass to the Soul*?

Alexandra looks at the substitute teacher.

ALEXANDRA:

Yeah. They're one of my favorite bands, and King and a few of our friends are taking me to see their museum this weekend.

MR. FIDDLER:

Say, I saw them perform all those years ago. Hell, I've gotta be the same age as the lead singer. Man, Charlie Gastrell, he held some real talent, would you agree, uh..

Mr. Fiddler looks over the sheet with her name and hesitates. His eyes are squinted, even as he puts on a pair of glasses to help.

MR. FIDDLER (CONT'D):

Wouldn't you agree, Allie-x-an-dra?

Alexandra nods and laughs lightly, deciding not to correct him.

ALEXANDRA:

(to King)

Any other plans for you? All except dragging me to a place you would rather not be?

KING:

Nope.

ALEXANDRA:

(feeling grateful)

Thank you for wanting to take me out for my birthday. I appreciate it. You guys do more than I could do for you. Thank you.

KING:

Of course. We just want to help a bud out.

The two share an awkward exchange of smiles, but overall, they're both happy.

CUT TO:

Old graffiti litters the walls of the buildings, and it looks as if no one ever cared enough to remove it. The paint is chipped off the buildings and the windows look as if time hasn't been kind.

Alexandra walks along the street and smiles to herself as *The Rolling Stones* plays loudly through her earbuds.

A MAN, HANK GORDON (70s), WAVES at Alexandra.

HANK:

Good afternoon, Ms. Mendoza! You've got a lovely shirt on!

Hank points at her t-shirt of *The Velvet Underground* and smiles. She looks down to remember what she's wearing, then looks back up.

ALEXANDRA:

Thanks.

HANK:

(laughs)

I was such a fan, I met Lou Reed. Of course, that was decades ago.

ALEXANDRA:

(squinting from the sun)

Oh, that's fun. I think you've told me that before.

HANK:

(ignoring the obvious fact that she doesn't want to be there)

Just this morning, I heard about another music festival going on right over in Buffalo. No Rock music at all, but, uh, they just want to pay tribute to Woodstock, I suppose. I was there. There's no way their little tributes could amount. There's no doubt in my mind that you would've loved it. What, with your whole vintage, uh... is it called... aesthetic?

ALEXANDRA:

(clear she just wants to go home)

Yeah, uh, aesthetic. That works.
I'm actually going to that one next
June. I wouldn't necessarily put it
as harshly as it couldn't amount,
but... no, it couldn't. But I wasn't
there, so, I don't really have a
say. But, this should be fun,
though.

Hank looks up at the bright sky and squints before he looks
back down at Alexandra.

HANK:

I think in one way or another-

ALEXANDRA (INTERRUPTING):

Um, I've got... I've got homework.
(trying to get out of
talking to anyone)
Yeah, I've got complex math and
all.

HANK:

Good luck with that. Have a good
day, Alex!

ALEXANDRA:

You, too.

The Rolling Stones PLAY AS Alexandra WALKS HOME.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D AND V.O)

I've never actually said that I was
"born in the wrong generation" or
anything like that, because I think
it's stupid. I carry around a
vintage tone and style, sure, but
I'm here for a reason.

Alexandra doesn't look both ways before crossing the street,
but she tucks her earbuds in tighter. The look on her face
shows that she is lost in her own world.

We hear her voice change as the camera pins on her face and
she says:

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D AND V.O)

It's the music that helps me
escape, if that makes sense. I
know, that's cheesy, but it's true.
Sometimes, I just like to feel as
if I live in a different age.

THE SCENE IS NOW WHAT IS IN Alexandra'S MIND. SHE SITS IN A FIELD OF DAISIES AND IS DRESSED EXACTLY HOW SHE DESCRIBES:

ALEXANDRA (V.O AND CONT'D):

I sit in a field of flowers and make a flower crown, wearing vintage sunglasses, bell bottoms, and a crochet halter, listening to something that makes me feel at home. I wanna go off somewhere like that.

THE DAYDREAM IS NOW OVER. SHE SNAPS OUT OF HER DAYDREAM AND IS BACK TO WHERE IT WAS BEFORE.

ALEXANDRA (V.O AND ONT'D):

But I have nowhere to go. So, I listen to music from a time in which I wasn't alive. It's kind of like the only place I can go to, even if I'm not really there. Everyone's life is shitty in the modern era, so if I can at least imagine, that's better than whatever I'm set up for.

As the Voice Over is being spoken, Alexandra scrolls through article headlines on her phone. "12 DEAD AT BOMBING" appears first, then "SCIENTISTS WARN WE REACH POINT OF NO RETURN 15 YEARS EARLIER THAN EXPECTED", and the most troubling of all, "COULD LIP FILLERS CAUSE CANCER?".

Alexandra reaches her home and opens the door. The house is obviously rather small, which is easily noted by viewers.

5 INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

5

Alexandra walks through the "hall", that isn't much of one, and enters through another door, tossing her bag on the floor.

6 INT. ALEXANDRA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

6

The walls are covered in posters and a large bed sits in the corner. The window has a dead houseplant in it and in the corner opposite of the bed rests a record player. A bass guitar is on a stand, near the record player, as well as an acoustic guitar and an electric guitar. There is a single shelf above her bed with loads of records on it, practically ready to fall on her bed any minute.

ALEXANDRA (V.O AND CONT'D):

I don't have a dad because he didn't really want kids, so he left, and my mom is sick in the hospital with a brain tumor, so I don't really get to see her much. It's not that I don't feel wanted by the people who're supposed to love me, it's just that it makes me apathetic. I do love my mom and I know she loves me, but if she ever left, I would probably feel the same as I do now. And I know she's going to leave soon, so there's no point in trying to feel any other way about it.

Alexandra eventually kicks off her shoes and closes the door. As the Voice Over continues, she does various things like look at her phone, fix her hair in the mirror, and toss clothes on the floor into a basket.

ALEXANDRA (V.O AND CONT'D):

I live in a shitty place full of shitty people and I live a shitty life. I want to be free to do whatever the hell I want. Whether it's smoke as many joints as I please or kiss as many people - with their permission - as I want. I want that kind of feeling and love. I don't get that kind of feeling. I go to a high school, for fucks sake - I barely feel anything. In one way or another, it feels like if I could just go back to a day in which I could do that, I might feel like how I'm supposed to, not how I do. I know, I'm surrounded by great friends and I have an amazing mother, but...

Alexandra throws herself on her bed, staring up at the ceiling as the music continues to play through her earbuds.

ALEXANDRA (V.O AND CONT'D):

I would trade it all for just a day to go back and feel the feeling I'm supposed to feel and live the life I want to live.

The song FADES AWAY as the screen turns black.

CUT TO:

7 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

7

Alexandra sits on a hospital bed, with her MOTHER, LUCÍA, LAYING in the bed with a hospital gown on. She is quite obviously weak and in pain. Alexandra is feeding her applesauce.

LUCÍA:
How was school?

ALEXANDRA:
As good as any day is. Nothing interesting.

LUCÍA:
(giving her a look,
asking out of nowhere)
Why are you so emotionless?

ALEXANDRA:
I'm not emotionless.

LUCÍA:
I've known you since you were born.
You are one of the most emotionless
people I've ever met, especially
now.

ALEXANDRA:
Well... that's just how I am.

LUCÍA:
When was the last time you went to
therapy?

ALEXANDRA:
A few months ago.
(sets the apple sauce
aside)
I'm fine without it.

LUCÍA:
You're hurting.

ALEXANDRA:
I'm always hurting.

There is a brief silence before Lucía sniffs her daughter.

LUCÍA:
Have you been smoking pot?

ALEXANDRA:
Yeah, why?

LUCÍA:

Alex!

ALEXANDRA:

Like you never did.

LUCÍA:

Well, I never went back to it every time I have a problem like you do.

ALEXANDRA:

If I went back to it every time I had a problem, I would've overdosed. That's not even possible.

Lucía breathes out of her nose and accepts this is just how Alex is.

LUCÍA:

(BEAT)

Thank you for being a caretaker for me.

ALEXANDRA:

Yeah, of course. Everyone always takes care of me, so I have to learn to take care of someone else. Someday everyone will be gone and I'll have to fend for myself.

LUCÍA:

You take care of me so well. You ought to take care of yourself too. Treat yourself, Alex. Please.

ALEXANDRA:

And how would I do that?

LUCÍA:

Go somewhere. Have fun.

ALEXANDRA:

I don't have anywhere to go.

There is another silence as the two sit there together. Alexandra is her usual self.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D):

I'll figure something out.

LUCÍA:

(rubbing Alex's arm)

It's okay to be vulnerable, even around yourself and others.

ALEXANDRA:

I know. I've got the lovely pills to help me out, too. I'm just a little burnt out. But I'll be okay. I'll figure it all out. Everything.

LUCÍA:

You need to figure something out for yourself.

ALEXANDRA:

I just feel like... I feel like something is... off, for me. I'm missing something I need and I don't know what. It's like I'm waiting for this moment that won't come.

LUCÍA:

Are you yearning for something?

ALEXANDRA:

I don't know. But with all of these shit politics and issues that keep occurring, I just feel like... it's like I don't have control over my own life somehow. It doesn't even make any sense.

LUCÍA:

Nothing makes sense anymore. But, it never has.

ALEXANDRA:

I'm just waiting for the moment that my life finally feels like it's meant for me.

The two sit in silence again. We should feel Alexandra's internal pain. Even though she's rather emotionless, we should finally be rooting for her and her happiness now.

Alex, who is partially known for her loud and rather violent sneeze, sneezes twice in a row. A NURSE hurries into the room and LOOKS at the pair.

NURSE:

Everything alright?

LUCÍA:
(lightly laughing)
Yep, just a sneeze from Alex.

Nurse leaves, and Alexandra finds herself laughing, but this time, with her mother in a sweet moment.

CUT TO:

8 INT. ALEXANDRA'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT DAY

8

Alexandra sits on her bed holding the bass guitar, a 70s Folk Rock song playing from her record player that we see in the corner. She has small blue flowers in her hair, which is styled. She's dressed in vintage clothing, but if a photo were to be taken of her with a polaroid, it would be clear she was born after the Cold War. She's on her phone for only a second, and the article "FOUR DEAD IN KANSAS CITY SHOOTING" appears on her screen.

A knock on the bedroom door comes and the door is immediately swung open, with King, Michelle, Julian, and Ellamy entering Alexandra's bedroom.

ELLAMY:
Happy birthday, bitch. Now let's get this show on the road. I want to see this guitar you're obsessed with.

KING:
(to Alexandra)
I told her about it.

Alexandra stares at her friends in shock.

ALEXANDRA:
(BEAT)
How did you get into my house?

JULIAN:
You gave us each a key, like, a year ago. Are you ready to leave?

ALEXANDRA:
Yeah, I am. Just, uh...

Alexandra turns off the music and starts walking out the door, followed by the other teens. The camera remains in the room for a BEAT.

9 INT. CAR - SAME MORNING**9**

Alexandra connects her phone to the car speakers and types into the phone. "Blackmail" by The Runaways begins to play throughout the car speakers.

King is driving the car, Michelle sits in the passenger's seat, Alexandra is in the middle seat of the back row, Julian is in the seat behind Michelle, and Ellamy is sitting behind King. Ellamy is staring at her phone, while Julian looks out the window. King has one hand on the wheel, the other holding the hand of Michelle. While everyone else looks completely lost in their own worlds, Alexandra is reading article headlines again.

"NEW REALITY TV SERIES ABOUT THE DANGERS OF COSMETIC SURGERY SPARKS CONTROVERSY," one article says. "CONGRESSMAN SAYS REASON FOR HIGH PERCENTAGE OF MURDERS IN THE MIDDLE-EAST IS DUE TO RACE," "PARIS HILTON STEPS OUT IN SLIM BLACK TOP AND SHOWS OFF CURVES," and, "45 DID IT AGAIN. AND AGAIN. AND THEN HE LIED."

King drives towards a gas station and steps out of the car once parked. Michelle turns to look at Alexandra as King pumps the gas.

Michelle:

So, Alex, are you still down for 'Bright Lights' in June? I need to know for the tickets.

ALEXANDRA:

The concert thing? Yeah, I guess. Who all is gonna perform?

Ellamy looks up and turns to Alexandra. The camera follows her face and sees her expression change from careless to interested.

ELLAMY:

Literally the best of the best right now. Ari, Justin, Kanye, Dua, Katy. Do I need to name anyone else?

ALEXANDRA:

I won't lie, that sounds super fun for you guys.

Michelle sighs and turns to Alexandra.

MICHELLE:

Are you seriously considering not going because you're dramatic?

Suddenly, the vibe in the car feels happier and more engaged, but their slightly-monotone voices are still present.

JULIAN:

It'll be so much fun for you. Like a modern day Woodstock.

ALEXANDRA:

First of all, I don't know if anything can quite compare to Woodstock, in the words of my neighbor, but if it can make me feel that way, then I guess it won't be half bad. But for God Sake, Julian, never say that again.

Julian laughs to himself and smirks while continuing to look out the window, and King walks back in as the gas pumps itself.

JULIAN:

(to Alexandra)

I'm sure someone will pass around a joint for ya.

ELLAMY:

Now you're talking her language.

ALEXANDRA:

My personality isn't just smoking.

KING:

No, but it's a contributing factor.

ALEXANDRA:

I can't believe you shitheads really think all I am is a... a junkie.

ELLAMY:

No one called you a junkie.

ALEXANDRA:

Well you implied it.

Suddenly, we can hear a VOICE FROM THE RADIO come up and Michelle turns up the volume.

VOICE FROM THE RADIO:

"On April 16th, 2013..."

ALEXANDRA:

What the fuck is this?

MICHELLE:
(looking at phone,
monotone)
An unsolved murder.

JULIAN:
(huffing as he speaks)
Oh my God, you're a psychopath.

CUT TO:

10 INT. MUSEUM - SAME MORNING

10

THERE IS A BOWL FILLED WITH CELL PHONES BY THE DOOR. IT LOOKS AS IF ONLY OLDER PEOPLE ARE THERE, BUT THE FIVE TEENAGERS ARE STARING AT A GREEN LES PAUL HUNG UP ON THE WALL, WITH A SIGN NEXT TO ADVISING NOT TO TOUCH IT.

Alexandra and her friends stand in front of the guitar. Alexandra stares at the guitar as if it's the last shred of hope, but the other four look completely uninterested.

KING:
I'm sorry, but this is one ugly-ass guitar.

ALEXANDRA:
Oh, shut up.

ELLAMY:
So he claimed this thing made him...
time travel?

ALEXANDRA:
It's corny when you put it that way. He would take a mix of drugs and play this backstage and then he would be gone. He'd take the mix again and play the same thing so that he could go back to where he was. No time had ever passed in the real world, but he claimed a little bit of history changed and no one ever knew. He wouldn't ever let anyone even touch it 'cause he didn't want anyone stuck in the wrong time. He also said to never go back to the same time you already went. You've already embedded yourself in their memory and there'd be two of you.

JULIAN:

And you... believe this?

ALEXANDRA:

If you knew his ways well enough, you would believe him. Either that or at least tolerate it. A few years ago, he said that if you did it the right way, you could get your hands on this.

While Alexandra proceeds to look up, everyone else exchanges glances at each other.

The teenagers walk around and stand in front of a picture of CHARLIE GASTRELL on stage, HOLDING A MICROPHONE and SINGING. He is wearing an eccentric outfit, though no shirt. Charlie is the lead singer of the band and what attracts everyone to their music. Alexandra looks at the photo as if it's the only thing holding her to peace.

ALEXANDRA:

(quietly)

I would've traded anything to see them.

King rubs her back.

The camera pins on the teens looking at the picture. Alexandra looks with loving eyes, while the four others stare with questioning glances.

KING:

I'm sorry, Alex, but as you've said before, the universe put you here in this time for a reason.

ALEXANDRA:

I was high when I said that.

KING:

(BEAT)

I know.

MICHELLE:

C'mon. This was, like, 50 years ago or something and you're acting a little like a sad and horny fourteen-year-old when she sees a guy shirtless. You can't dwell over it forever.

ALEXANDRA:

I can and I will. It's not fair that Nixon got to be here at this time and I couldn't when I actually care about it! I get Kanye and he gets Bob Dylan! How is that fair?

Michelle rolls her eyes before the group looks at other pictures. All of them have a slightly sarcastic tone to their voice, but they mean what they say. It's just what the modern teen sounds like.

The camera follows them as they walk and stop at a photo of the whole band sitting on a couch together, drinking beers. Next to them SITS an African-American girl, POPPY ROSE (24), a super-groupie. The camera then follows to a plaque next to the picture that reads, "THE BAND WITH POPPY ROSE."

ELLAMY:

Think about it this way: You wouldn't be living the life you do now. Isn't that a plus?

ALEXANDRA:

If I could get the hell out of here, I would. I know the 60s were just as divided as everyone is today, but it's like I'm going to die in these times. Then... it was just sex, drugs, and Rock n' Roll, stupid as it is. Now it's student debt and an education or being homeless, and no matter whose side you're on, that's the final destination.

JULIAN:

(curious to know more)
So when would you have gone back?

ALEXANDRA:

'69. Tomorrow is the anniversary of Woodstock. If I could go back right now, I'd be sitting in a van smoking a cigarette on my way there, placing flowers in my hair, and making sure I have my eye on the right people.

KING:

That's awfully detailed.

ALEXANDRA:

((sarcastic voice but serious))

Yeah... I know, I daydream about it.

Ellamy wanders off to another photo on the wall and points at A MAN in it. The man is ARTIE GREENWOOD, the bassist for the band.

ELLAMY:

Who's this? He's kinda cute.

ALEXANDRA:

(walking towards the photo)

That's the bassist, Artie Greenwood. His real name was Arthur, but he didn't think it was cool enough. Lots of girls loved him for his bass skills and for how hot he was. He kind of helped bassists earn a little more credit, just because so many people thought so little about them. On their third album, they incorporated a lot more of a louder bass to give him extra credit. It worked, to say the least.

Ellamy looks at a picture of a MAN DRUMMING, his face scrunched up but his lips in movement as if he's yelling something. Ellamy points at it. The drumming man is JIMMY HAWTHORNE, the drummer of the band.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D):

That's Jimmy Hawthorne, real name Bruce Charlie Hawthorne. He's considered one of the greatest drummers of all time, after Bonham and several others, of course. That picture is from a concert in '77 in which he yelled "fire" because he wanted to stop playing and take a smoke break. People fled the place and then realized he wasn't serious and they played their last few songs while he had a cigarette in his mouth.

KING:

How do you drum with a cigarette in your mouth?

ALEXANDRA:

I don't know. He was always a beast on stage, but actually a pretty quiet guy. Insane, though.

MICHELLE:

Why don't they tour anymore?

ALEXANDRA:

They say they're too old. They stopped in 2010, so they were actually in their late 60s when they stopped. If I was them, I would've toured forever. They made bank. They never broke up, either, it was just that when the 80s came along, they realized their reign was over and it was time to stop recording albums. They released a few singles, but none were that good. According to Robert, who is the only one who still does interviews, their inspirations just faded with time. Then, after the 2010s came, they called it all off. But, they said they'd never break up until someone died, and no members have died yet.

MICHELLE:

Have you ever seen them on tour?

ALEXANDRA:

No, I never did. They stopped touring right about as I started listening to them. Alexandra gives another sad look, but it's not forced. We see her friends patting her back to give comfort, but evidently, it's not working.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D):

Just.. everytime I look at them, I wonder how different things would be. I just wish I was a dove flying my own path or something.

This scene is not poetic, in fact, people should probably be making fun of Alexandra. Why? Because her words are cheesy. She knows what she wants, but she's unsure of how to express it, so her feelings seem odd. It's exactly what you'd expect from teenagers, because they're emotional and want what they don't have, and I know because I am one.

CUT TO:

There is a large crowd of people all over, with masks over their faces.

At the very bottom of the screen, white words are written out that show the new date, proving to be part of a new stage for the teenagers:

June 5th

12 INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

12

The teenagers are sitting in the car with pop music blasting on the radio. All of them look as if they're going to Coachella, though Alexandra is wearing a crochet halter top and a red rose tucked behind her ear, along with a pair of bellbottoms. All of them look like they've aged just barely. Ellamy has a few highlights in her hair, while Michelle and King both have different hairstyles. Julian looks exactly the same, but Alexandra looks like she's grown just a little bit.

MICHELLE:

So the goal is to stay together. If anyone has an emergency, please tell us. We can go home if necessary. Alex, that means you.

ALEXANDRA:

I can just call someone if I don't wanna stay. This is a day for you guys, not me.

ELLAMY:

I think that might also be a good idea. But if you need us to, we'll gladly take you home.

ALEXANDRA:

Thanks, but no thanks. I'll tell you guys if I'm leaving, though. I don't wanna ruin things for you guys.

JULIAN:

(sarcastically)

What? You ruin things for us by being dramatic? That doesn't sound right at all.

We see the car pull up to a parking lot and head towards the lights and people.

13 EXT. FESTIVAL - CONTINUOUS

13

This is a socially-distanced concert, and the five teenagers are all in the middle "row" in enclosed steel bars that look like pins, almost. Each pin can take up to about 8 people, yet there's is only filled with the 5 teenagers. Alexandra pulls out her phone, while the others are all fixated on the stage. It is noted that everyone is wearing a mask.

We see the SINGER PERFORMING, and it is easy to tell he is not really singing. He wears a blue sweater and shitty tattoos cover his body that can be seen on his hands, neck, and face. Alex opens a search engine on her phone and we see the article that reads, "TWELVE DEAD AT SUMMER SCHOOL SHOOTING IN LOUISIANA".

As she reads the article headline on her phone, she experiences anything but shock. But for the life of her, it's the norm. She opens up another article headline, only for it to read, "WOMAN FOUND DEAD TWO MONTHS AGO IN HOUSTON WILL NOT RECEIVE JUSTICE, AS RAPIST AND KILLER WALKS FREE." A third. "MUSLIM WOMAN KILLED AFTER REFUSING TO TAKE OFF HER HIJAB." A fourth. "ASIAN MAN BRUTALLY ATTACKED BY WHITE MAN, WITH CLAIMS HE WAS SHOUTING RACIAL SLURS AND BLAMING HIM FOR THE CORONAVIRUS."

"It's Alright, Ma (I'm Only Bleeding)" By Bob Dylan BEGINS PLAYING

She looks lost now. She knows where she is and that she could be safe. She trusts the boys she's around and she has her friends to go to the bathroom with her at the moment, but at the end of the day, that doesn't stop any of the problems anyone else experiences.

The light in her eyes seemingly dims as the camera pins on her face. She's trying to find peace within herself and everything around her.

Alexandra (v.o):

I tried and it didn't feel right. I don't know who is on stage and I never will. I know I'm not supposed to be at this fucking concert. I'm not supposed to be watching any of this. If there's anything I know at this moment, it's that I need to leave.

She looks at her phone one more time. This time, she comes across an article that reads, "9 MONTHS PREGNANT LATINA MURDERED BY RACIST MAN. PRO-LIFE JUDGE DECIDES TO RULE IT AS ONE MURDER AND GIVES MAN 4 MONTHS IN JAIL, 1 MONTH OF COMMUNITY SERVICE."

Alexandra walks out of her pin-like enclosure, nearly throwing up. Her friends look at her, but she gives a signal telling them not to worry. She heads towards the porta-potties and enters the first one she finds.

14 INT. PORTA POTTY - CONTINUOUS

14

She throws up in an instant, horrified at the things she read.

ALEXANDRA (V.O. AND CONT'D):
It's a sick world to be stuck in.

She wipes her mouth and leaves, closing the doors behind her carefully.

15 EXT. FESTIVAL - CONTINUOUS

15

We see a SUSPICIOUS MAN SMOKING A CIGARETTE near the porta-potties. With hesitation, she walks towards him.

ALEXANDRA:
How much for some pot?

We see Suspicious Man shaking his head and he hands her a small bag of what she wants.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D):
Do you happen to have anything for
Candy-Flipping, either? Or is it
that in itself Candy-Flipping?
(as he gets her what she
wants, and she speaks
awkwardly)
Sorry, I don't normally do this.
What's the proper way of saying it?

We see Suspicious Man laugh and hand her a packet, waving his hand as she pulls out her wallet. He doesn't answer her question.

SUSPICIOUS MAN:
Have fun and be safe!

ALEXANDRA:

No, you need at least fifty. That's the least I'll give you.

SUSPICIOUS MAN:

Fine, sixty-five total, I don't like to charge college folks. And share some.

Alexandra hands him several dollars before stuffing the drugs in her pocket and walking towards her friends who are all singing and getting in with the music, despite the early morning that should be sucking their energy.

She leans over Michelle's shoulder and smiles.

ALEXANDRA:

(loudly)

I'm gonna go!

Michelle turns around to her friend and grows a concerned face. Notably, Michelle has a lollipop in her mouth.

MICHELLE:

Why?

ALEXANDRA:

I just... I don't feel right. I need to go home. There's just so many people and... I don't feel uncomfortable. I don't wanna get sick and I'm not feeling very good. I think I just had an anxiety attack in the porta-potty.

MICHELLE:

Oh my God, do you need some help or-?

ALEXANDRA:

No, I'm fine. You guys have fun, I'm gonna go. Stay together!

Michelle nods a little, but she's still concerned. Alexandra walks away from the crowd and towards the parking lot.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. OUTSIDE MUSEUM - NIGHT

16

A CAB PULLS UP IN FRONT OF A WHITE BUILDING WITH A BIG SIGN THAT READS "Compass to the Soul: The Museum"

Alexandra gets out of the cab and walks towards the building. No security is present as she opens the door.

17 INT. MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS**17**

We've been here before.

ALEXANDRA (V.O.):
It's rather odd no one is here
telling me to go, but I won't
complain.

Carefully, she slides her phone into the bowl where phones are meant to be held. She walks towards the mint green guitar shown earlier and takes the drugs out of her pocket. She opens her other pocket and finds a messy joint and takes in a breath before pulling out the ecstasy pill and taking it only seconds later. She then takes out the small LSD pill and swallows it gingerly.

We see Alexandra gasp and take a step back. It's clear she doesn't do this on a normal basis. She opens the glass case carefully and picks up the guitar, in shock at how easy it is. She places her fingers on the strings and begins to play "A Song for John" before opening her mouth to sing as quietly as possible.

ALEXANDRA:
"This is a song for John..."

She strums another chord, thinking only of Woodstock.

ALEXANDRA:
"Let's go back in time to when the
times were good."

CUT TO:

SCREEN IS BLACK

Alexandra's voice is heard as the screen begins to show her lying on the ground, her clothes all the same but the building and car completely gone.

ALEXANDRA (V.O.):
What. The. Fuck?

Alexandra's eyes open as the camera stares down at her body on the ground from an aerial view.

18 EXT. PLAIN DIRT ROAD - DAWN**18**

THE QUALITY HAS CHANGED, AS THE FILTER LOOKS LIKE A FILM FROM THE 60'S.

Alexandra stands up and rubs her head, fixing the flower in her hair. The camera circles around her as she stands before focusing on what's around her.

A Volkswagen Type 2, covered in painted hippie designs on the outside, is seen driving down the dirt road from a short distance and stops about ten feet away from Alexandra.

POPPY ROSE (20s), STEPS OUT. We've seen her in other images in the museum before. Poppy is wearing denim bell bottoms with patches of flowers ironed onto them and a homemade *Compass to the Soul* shirt. She has a brown afro and brown eyes, along with dried paint on her face. Poppy walks towards Alexandra with a concerned, yet somehow relaxed expression. Poppy is obviously very different from most people.

POPPY:

Are you lost?

Poppy has a sweet, strong Midwestern accent. Alexandra looks around in horror before staring at Poppy.

POPPY (CONT'D):

Are you okay, honey?

ALEXANDRA:

(quietly)

I'm...

Poppy lightly smiles in comfort before extending her arm. Poppy wears a face of calmness and help, while Alexandra's is quite the opposite.

POPPY:

I'm Poppy Rose. What's your name?

ALEXANDRA:

Poppy Rose?

Poppy giggles. She likes the attention.

POPPY:

That's me.

Poppy brushes Alexandra's hair behind her ear while fixing the rose and looks at her with concern. Poppy's eyes continue to look up at Alexandra's face. We can see that she's heavily concerned about Alexandra.

POPPY (CONT'D):

Are you alright, darling? Do you need some help?

Alexandra looks around again, her eyes filling with terror.

ALEXANDRA:
Where... Where the hell am I?

Poppy looks at the van behind her and back at Alexandra.

POPPY:
Why, you're in Buffalo. Judging by your clothing, I assumed you were on your way to the festival and maybe... one of us. You are, aren't you?

Alexandra hesitates again. We can tell Poppy can see past this, but she wants to see where this goes. Part of her life is observing others and figuring them out, including their lies.

ALEXANDRA:
Yes, I'm... I'm one of you. Um... what day is it? And year?

Poppy knows this is a lie, and we know she knows.

POPPY:
(going along with it)

It's the fifteenth of August, 1969, sweetie pie. We've got four hours worth of driving before we get there though. But it's nearly five in the morning, so we've gotta get there mighty early and meet everybody. You oughta come along with us.

Poppy takes Alexandra by the hand and guides her towards the van, but Alexandra looks weary. Alexandra drops her hand and Poppy turns back around to look at her.

ALEXANDRA:
I'm sorry, no. I... I lied. I'm not who you think I am, I just came out of nowhere and I... I don't know where I am or anything. My name is Alex, and I'm sorry, but I don't know what is happening.

Poppy smiles and rubs Alexandra's back before leaning in to her ear, Alexandra's hair brushing past Poppy's lips.

POPPY:
(quietly)

Do you wanna be one of us?

Poppy leans back and raises her eyebrows while staring into Alexandra's eyes. We can see the deep determination in her face, as if bringing Alexandra along will be the time of her life.

ALEXANDRA (V.O):

If this is my one chance, I'll take it.

ALEXANDRA:

Yes.

Poppy leads Alexandra into the vehicle and sits her inside.

The vehicle has a total of four seats in the back, each of them brown leather, and it looks more like a vintage bar than anything. The van is filled with a psychedelic look to it. We can tell by the look in Alexandra's eyes that she is not used to seeing this in person.

Three other women sit inside, PRAIRIE EDGE (25), a White girl with blue eyes and blonde hair, wearing an orange and red tie front top and blue jeans with patches of different denim, SMILING. All of it looks worn-down and like it was made from scratch. Next to her is RIVER RHODES (22), a White girl who has light brown hair and green eyes and is wearing a brown halter and shorts with a peace sign necklace that looks like it's about to break. In fact, most of her outfit is similar to Prairie's in the sense that it's rather run-down. River is SMOKING. The girl at the end is SUMMER BELLE (22), an Asian girl with dark hair and brown eyes. She is wearing a suede fringe jacket with a two-finger peace sign ironed at the top, a Janis Joplin shirt, bell bottoms, and a large flowy headband. Her outfit looks homemade yet expensive, but even so, she looks like she's ready to get undressed at any moment and dance in the rain. She is BEAMING AT ALEXANDRA.

Each of the girls, including Poppy, is considered a super-groupie, even at their young ages. They've toured with bands, slept with bands, inspired bands, and so much more. They're the ones who really create the music.

Prairie extends her hand for Alexandra to shake as Alexandra squeezes in next to Poppy.

PRAIRIE:

I'm Prairie Edge.

ALEXANDRA:

I... I know. I'm Alex.

Alexandra and Prairie shake hands before Summer shakes Alexandra's.

SUMMER:
I'm Summer Belle.

ALEXANDRA:
I-

SUMMER:
Let me guess, you know?

Summer raises an eyebrow and giggles. All of them love the attention. River shakes Alexandra's hand and flashes a dreamy smile.

ALEXANDRA:
You're River, aren't you?

RIVER:
That's me. Say, you want a smoke?

Alexandra nods without hesitation. River hands her a cigarette and Alexandra takes a puff. She's not entirely sure where her joint went, but she's not too concerned for now.

"Good Times Bad Times" BY *Led Zeppelin* begins to play from the car radio and Poppy gasps.

POPPY:
I love this song!

Poppy signals for River to turn up the volume and she follows her request as she moves to sit in the driver's seat and plants herself there. Poppy stands up and dances around with her eyes closed as River, Summer, and Prairie sing off-key. Alexandra smiles to herself as she takes in the sight of the girls. The vehicle begins to drive.

ALEXANDRA (V.O):
I've spent years of my life
visioning for moments like this and
suddenly here I'm watching it
unfold before my eyes. I'm sitting
here, smoking a cigarette, and
listening to good music.

Alexandra looks around the car again and smiles a smile that says "I could get used to this".

ALEXANDRA (V.O) (CONT'D):

I feel like I'm living in a dream right now. But, whatever sort of dream I'm living in, I never want to wake up.

Summer turns to Alexandra and smiles. Summer wears the expression of a little kid who just picked flowers. Her hair is long and straight and it is clear she wouldn't want to be anywhere else but here. She looks as if she was the reason every person part of mankind believed in the power of sunshine.

SUMMER:

Are you excited?

ALEXANDRA:

I'm sorry... excited for what?

The four older women exchange glances and laugh. The answer is obvious to them, but Alexandra has no idea.

POPPY:

You can't be serious. I mentioned the festival.

Alexandra looks at all of the girls and shakes her head. The girls look at each other again before Poppy leans her neck forward.

POPPY (CONT'D):

Three days of peace and music and love, of course. It's only going to have the best music in the world, except Dylan and *The Bonzo Dog Doo-Dah Band*. We've been waiting for months for this.

Alexandra blinks and her mouth dries. The girls smile to themselves at the mere thought of three days of nothing but happiness.

ALEXANDRA:

I'm sorry... we're going to Bethel?

The other girls laugh together before River brushes her hair out of her eyes and looks back at Alexandra, who is still sitting in sheer shock.

RIVER:

Like we said, only the best of the best are going to be there. *Santana* will be there, Alex. You have no idea how crazy this will be.

We see Poppy grab a bottle of liquor before going back to dance to the music. She plops herself next to Alexandra and offers her a drink, but she waves it away.

POPPY:

We have a bit of a secret way to get there and see everyone and everything. You'll love it, dove.

CUT TO:

19 EXT. DAIRY FARM IN BETHEL, NEW YORK - MORNING

19

Alexandra steps out of the van and looks around after it parks.

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE are already there, CARRYING SIGNS THAT READ, "Acid \$1.00" AND MORE. Their faces looked as if all they wanted was freedom, but not modern-day, small-town American freedom. Freedom to be themselves and live in peace doing so. We can see that Alexandra shares the same exact want for freedom.

Poppy steps out and the camera settles on her smiling face as she looks at the clouds like they're a God to bow down to, followed by River, Summer, and Prairie. Poppy stands next to Alexandra, who stares out with an expression that screams "I've waited my whole life for this" and more.

ALEXANDRA:

Why are we here this early?

Poppy takes her hand and guides her away from the lot of vehicles.

POPPY:

People have flooded this place for days, Alex. We're lucky to have gotten in, and we're even luckier we had an extra ticket, just in case we saw another lost dove like yourself.

(looks around)

We were given a secret way. A few bands told us a secret way so we could get here faster. Daltrey told me the way and said he wanted to chat with River and me.

ALEXANDRA:

Bands told you secret ways?

POPPY:

Yep. We've known about this for months and it's like a dream now that we're here. I've got my eyes on the *Dead* and I've laid my territory. I plan on sticking with them for a bit when this is over. I think Summer has a thing for the *Creedence* members, too, but she's got her history with 'ol Bob.

As Alexandra looks around as they walk, she notices that a few eyes are on the four girls she is walking with. Not too many.

ALEXANDRA:

So... who all have you been with?

Poppy smiles to herself and turns to Alexandra while proceeding to walk.

POPPY:

Name a band, I've probably been with them. The same thing can be said about all of us. And we don't just sleep with them, we talk to them and help them with their music. We connect with their words. All those girls they sing about with flowers dashed in their hair and glowing in the sun? That's us. I picked you up because you looked lost and like you needed to hitch a ride. Like I said before, another lost dove. You also seem capable of holding intellectual conversations, and whether they'll admit it or not, all these men want is a girl to talk to at the crack of dawn about how the universe and music tie hand-in-hand. You seem up for that.

ALEXANDRA:

Well, shit, that work for me.

Poppy stares at Alexandra with a confused expression, but keeps walking. She looks down and shakes her head, then pulls out a cigarette.

POPPY:

(while lighting a cigarette in her mouth)
You sure do talk funny, don't you?

Alexandra's mouth opens and closes before her eyes travel towards the sky.

ALEXANDRA:

Think of me to be from a different time and different place.

(BEAT)

Why do you keep saying "dove"?

POPPY:

Bobby Marsdon, or Robert, as you might know him, always called us that. His old man is from the UK, and Bobby picked up some slang. At least he says that's where it's from. He could have made it up, I'm not sure. But I liked it.

Poppy smiles a warm smile and hands her cigarette to River to let her take a breath in.

POPPY (CONT'D):

The bands are backed up in traffic, Alex. But when they come... you're gonna see some of the greatest people imaginable, not only when it comes to performing, but you'll feel their electric spirit when you meet them.

As the five girls continue to walk, Alexandra looks around in awe. We see her expression filled with joy and her eyes swell with happy tears. For many seconds, the camera circles around her so we can see everything she sees.

ALEXANDRA (V.O):

This was a place where I could feel like I could defeat everything around me. The music, the art, the politics. Every burden in my life dissolves like acid.

Alexandra fixes the rose in her hair and looks around again.

ALEXANDRA (V.O AND CONT'D):

Here I am.

CUT TO:

THE SCREEN READS (JUST LIKE IT DID "JUNE 5TH"): 5:07 PM - Friday

A WOODSTOCK PERFORMER is SINGING on stage and the girls are near the front, watching as he begins to perform. The camera shows the large crowd and their happy smiles. Random people share cigarettes and talk to each other and we can see their sense of happiness.

Alexandra closes her eyes and dances to the music with the girls. River takes her hand and spins her around as they dance together. Alexandra is spun into the arms of a YOUNG HANK GORDON and HE SMILES. Young Hank lifts Alexandra onto his shoulders and she turns her head behind her.

A joint is passed to Alexandra and she takes in a huff before passing it to some River. Hank sets her down and kisses her cheek for a short moment. Alexandra laughs as she grooves to the music.

YOUNG HANK GORDON:

I'm Hank.

ALEXANDRA:

(loudly)

I know! I'm Alex!

Young Hank Gordon gives a confused expression, having no idea Alexandra is part of his future.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D):

We haven't met yet!

Alexandra turns her head back at the four girls and back at Young Hank Gordon.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D):

I'm with them!

Hank smiles and nods before walking away, leaving Alexandra confused. She looks at Poppy, who has her eyes closed and is taking in the feel of the music.

The camera pins on Alexandra's face, who is staring at Poppy with realization and excitement.

As terrible as it sounds, she would rather spend three days here than eighteen years in the life she has.

As the camera pins on Poppy, we can see the emotion she showcases to the artists that give them such inspiration. Despite her odd nature, she is one of a kind and they all know they would be lucky to have met her.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. WOODSTOCK AUGUST 16, 1969 - 05:00 AM**21**

River is laying down on a blanket next to a campfire, but Poppy, Prairie, Summer, and Alexandra are all sitting down together.

ALEXANDRA:

(to Poppy)

You said we had to meet everyone.
We've barely met anyone.

Poppy chuckles to herself.

POPPY:

Alex, we're here to meet the music.
Yes, here to meet the musicians and
stick with them, but... the music is
what matters most. As long as we
exist, the music will keep going.

ALEXANDRA:

How long will we stick with them?
Or, I guess, how long does an
average groupie spend with-

Poppy, Summer, River and Prairie look taken aback and stare at her with shock.

POPPY:

Alex, honey... we are the ones who
really make the music. We're not an
average groupie.

ALEXANDRA:

But you just said we were here to
meet the music.

POPPY:

Well, maybe we're meeting ourselves
too.

(SHRUGS)

We do sleep with them, but they don't ever get rid of us until we leave them. Maybe they do with the "average groupie", but not us. That's why everyone knows us. You know that song by *Compass to the Soul* called "Sweet Sweet Times in the Summer"? Robert wrote that after spending a week with Summer - the first week he met her. We're there to inspire the music.

As Poppy speaks, we can hear the true passion and honesty in her words. Alexandra's expression in return is not only of understanding, but of curiosity to know more.

POPPY (CONT'D):

Alex, we are the real musicians. They just write it and perform it. But us, whatever you want to call us... we're the real deal. Ask any musician we've spent time with. Yes, earlier I said I had my eye on the *Grateful Dead*, but I do not mean I plan on sleeping with all of them and then calling it good. To be one of us, Alex, you have to dig deep into their soul and maybe even let them dig into yours.

Alexandra sits in a butterfly position and licks her lips lightly before looking deep into the eyes of Poppy.

ALEXANDRA:

If you want to dig into my soul, would you believe me if I told you I'm from a completely different time?

Poppy sighs and shakes her head.

POPPY:

Alex, honey, I'll be honest... I don't think you have the capability of lying to me like that. I'm one of those people who just pays attention to everyone all the time and observes the world. I try not to think too much about people but it's all I ever do. Maybe it's the drugs, maybe it's not, but... I can tell you're definitely not used to things like this, but I can also tell that you wish you were.

Alexandra's mouth opens and closes and her eyes paint the expression matching a person who feels like they've finally been figured out.

ALEXANDRA:

How did you all get into this lifestyle?

Poppy thinks a little to herself before smiling.

POPPY:

You'll just have to figure us out a little better.

Summer rolls her head back and smiles to herself.

SUMMER:

(slightly changing the topic)

Day two is the Rock N' Roll day. Are you guys ready?

Poppy gets on her hands and knees and practically crawls towards Alexandra while licking her lips. She then falls to her back and her head is right next to Alexandra's lap. She looks as if she's seen all of the colors of the universe.

The camera changes and we see an aerial view of Poppy's face as she speaks.

POPPY:

This is the day we meet people. We've got our spots here for a reason. But we've also got our ways to get backstage. I've claimed who I'll be seeing. What about you, Alex? Who is in your picking?

The camera switches back to Alexandra. She hesitates before rubbing her neck.

The camera is now sitting behind the fire and we can see Alexandra's face from behind flames and as it focuses in, her features are glowing in the light.

ALEXANDRA:

Compass to the Soul is who I want. More than anyone, I want to meet Charlie Gastrell. The way he moves and sings and just lets it all out... I want to see that. I've never seen it in a person before and to meet him... I would die for it.

Poppy smirks and the camera is back on her face.

POPPY:

I'll tell you... Charlie Gastrell doesn't have much sex until he really knows you, or thinks he does, unless you are just an "average groupie". You'd ought to enjoy him. Most do. A real gentleman of sorts, despite what he seems. He's just about as nice as it comes. Some people walk out and wonder how the hell someone could dislike him. But... it doesn't quite click with everyone.

Alexandra leans forwards so her face is right above Poppy's.

ALEXANDRA:

What do you mean?

Poppy sighs and grabs a cigarette, still on the ground.

The camera is practically in the fire and we can see the two of them staring into the soul of the other.

POPPY:

He's a free spirit. That's what makes him such a person on stage. But... he's collective, too, especially when it's just one other person with him. It makes him look like he's faking what he does, like he has some sort of persona. Once you get to know him well enough, you learn he's never faking anything. He's a terrific man and he gave me several chances that I never deserved, but there's always been something off about him. He doesn't fuck around like you'd expect him too.

The camera pins on Alexandra's nodding head before she lays down. Poppy rolls off of Alexandra and sits up, the cigarette still in her mouth.

POPPY (CONT'D):

I hope you get close enough to him so you can meet his mother. She's like Gloria Steinem - don't fuck with her.

CUT TO:

22 EXT. WOODSTOCK AUGUST 16, 1969 - 11:00 AM**22**

THE SCREEN READS (JUST LIKE IT DID "JUNE 5TH"): 11:00 AM - Saturday

THE CROWD IS MUCH LARGER AND THE STAGE IS EMPTY AT THE MOMENT

Alexandra has the same rose in her hair and it is now wilting from her ear. Alexandra, Poppy, River, Prairie, and Summer are all waiting impatiently for the music to start.

Poppy leans in towards Alexandra's ear and whispers:

POPPY:

This is your time to shine.

Alexandra looks at Poppy with a confused expression before looking back at the stage and noticing the PERSON TWEAKING DRUMS. Alexandra's eyes grow wide. The person tweaking drums is Jimmy Hawthorne, the same drummer we saw in pictures before, and he sits on his stool before drumming a simple 2/4 beat, forcing the crowd to go wild. He has dark brown hair and a fuller face with a beard beginning to grow.

RIVER:

(to Alexandra)

Just wait.

Artie Greenwood, who we saw in photos, walks onto the stage with his bass and the crowd screams louder. He has long, curly brown hair and large brown eyes. His nose is defined, lips are thick, his jaw is strong and sharp, and he is clearly tall. He starts playing a bassline before looking at Jimmy and nodding.

The camera closes on Robert Marsdon and his mint green guitar that he starts to play instantly as he walks on stage. He has long and wavy dark hair with brown eyes. His nose is wide and has a scar on it that must be several years old. His cheekbones are raised and his mouth is close to his chin. Overall, he's an attractive man, despite the fact that he also looks like he's a drunken maniac when the sun sets.

The crowd screams louder as Robert throws his head back and keeps playing. He is definitely used to a large, loving crowd, and it's easy to tell from just one look at him.

The camera turns back to Alexandra and we see her look around the stage, her mouth hung wide. For Alexandra, everything feels like a hallucination or maybe even a dream.

The camera is now back on the stage and we see THE LEAD SINGER in velvet pants and a suede fringe brown jacket with no shirt on, completely barefoot. His hair is shorter, golden-brown, and curly, and his eyes are a deep brown like mud. We've seen him before. He runs onto the stage while holding a microphone. The man, Charlie Gastrell, is smiling at the ground as he licks his lips. He trots around onstage before the first song on the set list, "Lucid Dreaming", a song by the band, begins to play.

Alexandra leans herself forward as she stares with loving and shocked eyes, as if this is the last thing she has to live for. In a way, it probably is.

As Charlie moves on stage to the feel of the music and wears an elated expression, Alexandra takes the flower out of her hair and throws it onto the stage with full force. The vibrant red flower catches his eyes before it lands on the ground. Charlie picks it up, but he doesn't notice she threw it.

The camera completely focuses on Alexandra and her magical moment. While she looks at him like she has just seen God, Charlie tucks the flower behind his ear and the crowd goes crazy for him as he continues to sing.

For the next few BEATS, the camera focuses on Charlie performing with the rest of the band. We should be able to feel the music and the message clearly. Though we're not there to see it in-person, we should still feel exactly what they do. And we should love it.

CUT TO:

23 EXT. WOODSTOCK AUGUST 16, 1969 - 12:45 PM

23

THE SCREEN READS (JUST LIKE IT DID "JUNE 5TH"): 12:45 AM - Saturday

The girls are walking towards a sea of vehicles and smoking cigarettes. Prairie is seemingly tired but tries not to show it, while Alexandra is still in shock. As the wind blows, Alexandra looks behind her and takes in the sight of the crowd. There aren't many people walking around them, but just a few.

POPPY:

(out of nowhere)

Alex, we've decided that we're going to stick with you.

Alexandra looks back at Poppy and draws her eyebrows in.

ALEXANDRA:

What?

POPPY:

After we saw your slightly failed attempt to get Charlie to notice you, we made eye contact and came to an anonymous - unanimous... unan... Is it unanimous or anonymous?

(turns to River)

Unanimous? Anonymous?

(turns back to Alexandra)

We came to a decision. It's not fair if you're on the road and you don't know what you're doing. After all, Robert and Summer have some... unfinished business.

Summer laughs to herself and throws her cigarette to the ground. Alexandra is still confused, but they ignore her.

SUMMER:

(laughing)

Alex, Bob and I have had several flings in the past and... well, maybe I could manage to sneak in another for a few months. The lust remains.

The girls all make it to a tour bus and are only about twenty feet away. We can see *Compass to the Soul*, who are busy with other things, like talking to what looks like professionals.

Poppy looks over at Charlie and back at Alexandra, squeezing her shoulders tightly, as Alexandra turns her head.

POPPY:

I know it's overwhelming at first, but he's a kind person. You will be fine, angel pie.

RIVER:

(smiling)

Oh, well would you look at that?

Poppy and Alexandra turn their heads in unison, only to find Charlie walking their way with a wide smile. Poppy takes her hands off of Alexandra's shoulders and smiles at Charlie. Poppy extends her hand and Charlie shakes it.

CHARLIE:

Ms. Poppy Rose, how've you been?

POPPY:

I haven't been too bad. I've been keeping up with being a freedom rider and since then life's been swell.

CHARLIE:

Seems like it. Let me guess, someone requested you come to this festival?

POPPY:

How did you know?

CHARLIE:

(friendly voice)

I would assume you'd be enjoying a bottle of Jack on Joplin's couch on a fine day like today. But instead someone wanted you here and you've somehow found your way out of hitting the road with them.

We can see Robert Marsdon walk their way, gazing at Summer with a numb expression. He stares at her with a seldom look in his eyes before he speaks up.

ROBERT:

Not shocked to find you here, Summer.

Summer stands with her voice hitched in her throat, at loss for words. She eventually just says:

SUMMER:

(quietly)

Hi, Bob.

ROBERT:

(rubbing neck)

I see you're wearing a few things I gave you. You look all decked out. Do, uh... do you wanna talk about the pigs and the voices and maybe...

Robert breathes out of his nose harshly and looks to the side, still speaking to Summer.

ROBERT (CONT'D):

Maybe talk about the tuning out of the last few months?

Summer nods and walks away with Robert, leaving Alexandra completely confused but the rest of them amused. Charlie chuckles to himself and looks over at River, managing to hold a smile as if he didn't know anything about Robert and Summer.

CHARLIE:

River, girlie, Jimmy says he missed you. I reckon he'd enjoy your company for a bit.

River laughs to herself and shakes her head, glancing at the floor before her eyes meet Charlie's. They hold words that few would be able to know what they mean.

CHARLIE (CONT'D):

Since he heard you'd be here, he's been going on and on and writing about your spirit. Something about the way you give him goosebumps anytime you recite poetry or dance to *The Fab Four*. Not sure what that's about, but a river is mentioned in all of them and I'm sure that river has to do with you.

RIVER:

Oh, I'm sure it does. Prairie, Poppy, and I are going to be focusing more on ourselves. Maybe you could help us a little bit. I think Summer has Robert locked down as far as songwriting goes. I think you'll also have the same thought with this dove here.

River makes a gesture towards Alexandra that says "she likes you," and her smile is that of a little kid finding out their friend has a crush.

ALEXANDRA:

I'm Alex.

Charlie smiles a colossal smile and shakes her hand, though she didn't offer it to him.

CHARLIE:

You must be the lovely dove that gave me this rose, huh?

Charlie takes the nearly-dead rose out of his hair and observes it. While he looks closer in depth at the flower, Alexandra can't seem to stop staring at him. He tucks the flower back behind her ear and smiles at the sight.

CHARLIE (CONT'D):

Alex with a rose in her hair. Nice sound to it, huh?

POPPY:

Yeah, nice sight too.

Poppy smiles at her own comment and meets his eyes again.

POPPY (CONT'D):

We'll be with you on the road for the next few months. Alex is coming along. You should try and make her feel comfortable for her first time doing this.

CHARLIE:

Oh, inviting yourself on tour I see.

POPPY:

Why wait for someone to invite me when I know they want me there in the first place?

Charlie folds his arms and massages his teeth with his tongue, mouth closed, before he smiles again. The camera rests in a position to where we can see the both of them staring at each other. We can see Poppy wearing a look on her face saying, "I got what I wanted", while he wears one that says, "you're a shithead but I love you."

POPPY (CONT'D):

I'm about to grab myself a bite to eat. I suggest you get on with Alex here. She's a sweet thing, I tell you. She's got a silly choice of words, too. But she's a neat fox.

Poppy pats Alexandra's back and walks away, followed by Prairie and River. After Poppy is out of view, Charlie's smile eases and he relaxes.

CHARLIE:

So how did you come along in the mix? Did you offer her a drink?

Alexandra laughs and shakes her head.

ALEXANDRA:

She picked me up on the side of the road. Not sure if I would ever do that.

CHARLIE:
Bet you're glad, huh?

ALEXANDRA:
Oh, most definitely. I'm just not
used to hitchhiking.

Charlie crinkles his nose, a little confused. Being about fifty years apart at this point, things have clearly changed. He guides her away from where they stand and leads towards a different spot in the lot of vehicles.

CHARLIE:
(while walking)
I'm not sure where you're from, but
all across here there's nothing but
hitchhiking, especially with these
people.

Charlie leans against a tall truck near them and runs a hand through his hair. He grabs a cigarette out of his pocket and sets it in his mouth as she scoots closer towards the truck, leaning against it like him.

CHARLIE (CONT'D):
(lighting a cigarette
between his lips)
What made you want to come here?
You seem right at home, just...
overwhelmed. Do you praise but not
practice peace? Is music not the
key to your happiness?

ALEXANDRA:
No, I practice peace. To me, music
is like the last thing I have to
live for. It's the only thing that
keeps my life from falling down
completely. Maybe some last sense
of hope left in the fucked up world
we live in. It's my religion.

CHARLIE:
(smoke leaving his mouth
with the cigarette)
I guess we're both on the same
page.

Alexandra's eyes fall to the ground and she smiles lightly.

CHARLIE (CONT'D):
Music isn't quite my religion, but
rather my... rather my cult.

Alexandra laughs and Charlie chuckles at himself. A small silence falls, but it's anything but uncomfortable.

ALEXANDRA:

(quietly)

The only real reason for music is to change the world, right? That's why we're here at this festival, after all.

Charlie nods and closes his eyes as he can hear the music on stage. He sets the cigarette in his mouth again and observes the perimeter.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D):

Music is your cult, so why do you play music? Must you be the cult leader?

Charlie leans his head back thoughtfully. To Charlie, music is his everything, and, yes, his cult.

CHARLIE:

I think the reason I make music is because I want to make sense of everything I don't know. The wars spread like a wildfire and the politicians sit and watch as we die. I'm not going to war and I'll never be as corrupt as those in power, so I may as well write about what they've done to us. They throw away all of the children and watch as their blood sheds onto the ground and they keep on and keep on. The least I can do is fight the injustice of everything that happens around me, the best way I can. You know what last year was like. Even the universe couldn't stand to watch.

ALEXANDRA:

Do you think your music about the wars is listened to in the way that it can change things?

CHARLIE:

I'm no Dylan, but I hope it does.

Alexandra looks around and back at Charlie, who seems lost in his own words and like he prays he can make a difference.

CHARLIE (CONT'D):

Do you think you'll have a fun time out there?

ALEXANDRA:
Yeah. You?

CHARLIE:
(shaking head)
I have to leave in a couple hours.

ALEXANDRA:
Why?

Charlie looks around as he answers.

CHARLIE:
I'll have to keep touring. Hell, scheduling this was nearly too much. I'll be in Chicago next week.

ALEXANDRA:
Sounds intense.

CHARLIE:
Well, it feels intense.

Another comfortable silence falls over and Charlie can't seem to keep his eyes off Alexandra. He sticks the cigarette between his lips again and inhales what's in the now-frowned upon stick.

ALEXANDRA:
What if you just stayed?

Charlie takes the cigarette out of his mouth and stares at her with a puzzled look.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D):
Just stay for a few days. You look like every other guy here. A few might recognize you, but they'll be just as chill as I am right now. Believe me, you won't want to miss this festival for any other show, even one of your own.

Charlie looks around again and huffs in. It took little convincing.

CHARLIE:
Fuck it, I'm in.

CUT TO:

24 EXT. WOODSTOCK AUGUST 16, 1969 - 01:00 PM**24**

THE SCREEN READS (JUST LIKE IT DID "JUNE 5TH"): 1:00 PM - Saturday

Charlie is wearing a shirt and different pants. The rose Alexandra gave him and he gave back is still stuck in her hair. The two are walking around together with a mass of people doing the same.

CHARLIE:

How do you feel about skinny-dipping?

Alexandra turns to Charlie and soaks in his words.

ALEXANDRA:

What?

CHARLIE:

(looking at Alexandra)
Do you not skinny-dip?

ALEXANDRA:

Why would I do that?

He shrugs.

CHARLIE:

Why not? Have a good time. Everyone else is doing it.

Alexandra looks over at his face as they continue to walk.

25 EXT. WOODSTOCK AUGUST 16, 1969 - 01:18 PM**25**

Alexandra and Charlie sit in a worn-down canoe facing each other. Neither are wearing their clothes, though Alexandra still has the rose in her hair. Her hair is also covering her nipples, but the sides of her breasts can barely be seen. We can't see Charlie's genitals, nor can we see Alexandra's.

The two of them are laughing together before she looks down at the water. The canoe isn't far out, but rather close to the farm.

ALEXANDRA:

Do you just skinny-dip with anyone you can find?

CHARLIE:

Never, honestly. I did it once with a foxy lady, but I can't say that it was my first time meeting her. I've gone with Poppy once or twice. Maybe more. But if anytime is a good time to be spontaneous, then now is it.

As there always seems to be, comfortable silence falls over.

ALEXANDRA:

You don't act like a boy from L.A. No odd slang or anything. You just act like a regular American Rockstar, actually.

Charlie laughs and brushes his hair out of his eyes. He's not entirely used to feeling this comfortable around someone, nor is she.

CHARLIE:

Well, I'm just a regular guy from California. I assume you are too.

ALEXANDRA:

I'm from New York, actually. And a girl.

CHARLIE:

Well you're not as loud as someone from New York City.

ALEXANDRA:

I've been residing in Buffalo, as luck would have it, not New York City.

CHARLIE:

I suppose that would make more sense.

(BEAT)

How old are you, again?

ALEXANDRA:

18. You're 24.

He nods and bites his lip nervously. The look on his face shares that he was hoping she'd be older, despite the fact that she's legally allowed to have sex with him. Though, that's not what he really wants from her.

CHARLIE:

You're quite a bit younger than Poppy.

ALEXANDRA:

Well, I know how much you Rockstars
love your young girls. Some too
young.

CHARLIE:

My band has never had sex with an underage girl, nor ever will. We're not about that. But, you're still right about the others. You don't know the shit I've heard about.

Alexandra is about to respond, but she leans far over the side of the canoe and sneezes violently, resulting in the canoe tipping over and the pair falling in. They both submerge underneath the canoe and she gasps for air. The rose stuck in her hair floats between the two, who are moving their bodies around so they can float too. Their chins are just barely above the water, and if they lift their heads up any further they'd bump into the bases of the canoe.

They lightly laugh as they stare at each other in the thin space. As several BEATS of silence are broken by their light laughter, Charlie pulls her in for a kiss. This wasn't a sloppy or short kiss, but rather one met with a plan or as if they'd practiced a thousand times before. This wasn't their first kiss, only with each other. All was clear they'd both been waiting to do this, but the moment hadn't come up until now.

After several BEATS of their lips connecting, they break apart. Charlie stares at her with kind eyes while she takes in the moment. Somehow, her life here just keeps getting better and better.

CUT TO:

26 EXT. - WOODSTOCK AUGUST 17, 1969 - 03:00 PM

26

THE SCREEN READS (JUST LIKE IT DID "JUNE 5TH"): 3:00 PM - SUNDAY

Charlie and Alexandra are shown sitting a bit far from where she was with Poppy, Prairie, Summer, and River. The four other girls are nowhere to be seen, nor is the rest of the band. A blanket is wrapped around the two and Alexandra's head rests on Charlie's shoulder, with a blanket underneath them too. He is eating a hardboiled egg while she watches closely at the stage. It's clear they've gotten close.

They are wearing the same, dirty clothing.

Most people around them are attempting to sleep.

ALEXANDRA:

Where I'm from, if we didn't have enough food, we hoarded it for ourselves, ya know?

CHARLIE:

We don't do that here, girlie. You saw the way the town brought us good. That's just what we're like.

A WOMAN IN A TIE-DYE SHIRT turns to Alexandra. She is HOLDING A CAN OF BEANS.

WOMAN IN A TIE-DYE SHIRT:

You want some?

(Alexandra nods)

Take some then pass it on.

Alexandra takes a scoop of beans out with her finger then passes it to Charlie.

CHARLIE (CONT'D):

It's awful to think that things like this couldn't work in the outside world. Others wouldn't want it to.

Alexandra's face reads the expression of, "it's even worse that things don't get any better". He hands the beans away.

ALEXANDRA:

Yeah, it is.

Alexandra and Charlie cuddle closer and listen to the music on stage. She is seemingly forgetting about the world outside, and that the time period she thinks was great, was not all that great.

CHARLIE:

(looking at stage)

So why did you have your eye on me? Poppy didn't have to tell me, before you ask how I know. She just made it obvious. I know her and I know she wouldn't want to tour with us again. She did back in '67 and left us when we performed in the same city as *The Doors*, and Summer went with her. I think River left for *The Left Banke* at that point and Michael Brown fell in love with her. There were several times before and after, but that stands out most to both myself and her. I doubt she'd want to come back to us so I figured it was all on you.

ALEXANDRA:

(looking at Charlie, who is still looking forward)

For several years of my life I've noticed the way you connect with the audience was so personal. I had to see it for myself in person. Something about it drew me in. It does with most people, but...

Charlie looks down at Alexandra now. There is a dream in his eyes, as if every word she just said was what he's been waiting to hear for his 24 short years. She can't simply stop there.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D):

It's such a stupid thing to say, but I feel like some things are just bound to happen. I knew who Poppy was, but I never dreamed of meeting her, and when I did, it felt like maybe anything was possible.

Charlie kisses her forehead. Though they have known each other for mere hours, it is clear that they share more in common than just their love of music. We know they're both rushing words, and so do they.

CHARLIE:

I'm probably not seen in the best eyes to Poppy, but I'm hoping she influences only a few things on you.

ALEXANDRA:

What do you mean?

CHARLIE:

Poppy has a way of life that can only last for so long. She doesn't make money or anything and she depends on the fate of Rock N' Roll to help her out in life, and her father. She can only do that for so long. That, and her love for drugs that's probably bound to be the death of her.

Alexandra looks over at Charlie and takes in his words. Knowing the person who gave her a chance may have had problems was hard to hear.

ALEXANDRA:

Does she have a rich family?

CHARLIE:

Oh, yeah. Poppy comes from money. Her father runs a company that's been passed down for years. She has seven younger sisters and no brothers, and the hope was that maybe she could run the company, since she's the eldest. But, the music got to her head and then she sort of... well, you know. Her father gives her money in hopes she might get off drugs, but there's no telling if she'll ever stop, and she hasn't talked to her mom in a few years. So, yes, Poppy comes from lots of money, but she's not quite like the rest of her family. She has a few problems.

ALEXANDRA:

When did she get addicted?

CHARLIE:

I haven't known her forever, but I assume in her teen years. I met her when we weren't quite as famous. She was just a roadie then, but she managed to sweep a few other musicians off their feet during that time, including myself. We kept her in mind forever because we had a few fun memories together and she was just different from anyone I had met. Not quite a muse, but she inspired pure magic.

Alexandra takes in the information and licks her lips.

CHARLIE (CONT'D):

She might be some sort of leader in the world of groupies, but don't walk down her path. You'll find yourself lost.

She looks around.

ALEXANDRA:

I have never spent this long not sleeping.

CHARLIE:

Then why aren't you sleeping?

ALEXANDRA:

I can't. Too many thoughts are running through my head and I dare not stop them.

CHARLIE:

(turning head towards her face)
Like what?

Alexandra shrugs and looks over at him. Neither are smiling, but happiness is obvious.

ALEXANDRA:

(beginning to smile)
Like how the world is at war and yet we're just secluding ourselves and listening to music and getting high. But in the outside world...
(smile fading with realization.)
The outside world isn't like this at all.

She isn't just talking about the time she stuck herself in, but she's talking about the modern era too.

CHARLIE:

(looking up at the sky)
No, it's not like this. It's 1969. We're fighting back and saying "no" to war and we're tired of people not having Civil Rights. They think that's too much to ask for and so we're fighting back.

ALEXANDRA:

Yeah... we are.

CHARLIE:

(changing subject)

So do you plan on just sticking with us for a few months and no one else? It would be outta sight.

ALEXANDRA:

I figure so, yes. I don't know how any of this works from experience. Truth be told, I'm not used to any of this at all. Concerts, skinny-dipping, smoking with other people, hell, I usually sit in my room and smoke by myself.

CHARLIE:

I'm glad you decided to stick around. A couple groupies have followed us lately, but it's not the same. Having Poppy around inspired some great stuff, and whatever Robert and Summer have going on has brought out some sort of poet in him. I've missed having that sort of inspiration around. It's been a while and I've... I've needed some.

ALEXANDRA:

What'd you do when they weren't there?

CHARLIE:

I spent time with the lads and I bought a secluded home. I'd say that helped inspire us a lot, but at the same time, it wasn't quite as successful. In the end, I needed someone like whatever Poppy is. Maybe not her exactly, and that's because she was just some sort of... of... Poppy just isn't someone I see in my future.

ALEXANDRA:

Has she ever had any romances with any musicians?

CHARLIE:

Yeah, she has. Well... not necessarily romances, but Artie got married about seven months ago and right before he did, he cheated with Poppy. She had some light in her, according to him. But, I didn't know until his wife did. She filed for divorce not even a week after finding out. That was probably three months ago. I don't think they had anything going on that was more than sex, though. I don't think she's ever been in love. Our flings were on-and-off for years until recently. We've had a complicated relationship, but...

He doesn't finish. Alexandra sits up and stretches her arms slightly. Her hair is a mess, her makeup is slightly ruined, and the rose in her hair is officially dead with no return. Charlie watches her as he continues to lay down and look in his eyes that says that he's seen something alluring.

ALEXANDRA:
(looking at Charlie)
What do you think you'll write about while we stick around?

Charlie shrugs and looks up at the sky before back at her. He brings his hands to the back of his head and his arms rest on the ground in the shape of a triangle on each side.

CHARLIE:
Maybe these three days. Maybe Alex with a flower in her hair.

Alexandra laughs and places her hand on her chest as if she's clutching pearls.

CHARLIE (CONT'D):
I hope you've had the time of your life while you're here, and I mean that. The way you talk about this... it just sounds like you've been waiting for a moment like this for as long as you can remember. I hope...

Charlie sighs to himself and pulls his lips into his mouth before finishing his sentence.

CHARLIE (CONT'D):
I hope it's everything you've dreamed of.

Alexandra nods and takes in a deep breath, once again staring out to the hill where hundreds of thousands of people sat. She looks as if a child has just seen a fluffle of rabbits.

ALEXANDRA:
(whispering)
It's even better.

He smiles and looks back up at the sky, licking his lips.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D):
(slightly more serious)
So what's Poppy's real name?

Charlie laughs and shrugs.

CHARLIE:
I have no idea, and if you want me to be honest...

He raises his eyebrows at the sky and sighs to himself again, figuring out what to say. Eventually, he just says, matter-of-factly:

CHARLIE (CONT'D):
I don't think she even knows. Hell, this is probably the most sober and clean I've ever seen her. It'll be a bummer when you see what she's like with liquor, or anything she can get her hands on, for that matter.

Alexandra smiles to herself, but there's worry in her eyes. Charlie watches as she looks at the sky, lost. He doesn't want the talking to stop, and the comforting silence is secretly killing him.

CHARLIE (CONT'D):
Penny for your thoughts?

ALEXANDRA:
It's moments like this in which you really question the world around you.

CHARLIE:
Yeah, I guess so. I've lived like this for some years now, but I suppose this is quite different.

ALEXANDRA:

I've never lived like this. Well, I recently went to a festival, but it was different.

As we pin on Charlie and Alexandra, he looks at her. As he reads the look on her face questioning if she's dreaming, a tinge of concern grows in him.

CHARLIE:

Are you okay?

As she looks up at him with parting lips and a weak smile, she nods a little.

As the music finishes, the camera pins on a big black cloud that swims in the sky. We see Alexandra look up and her lips part.

ALEXANDRA:

You've gotta be shitting me.

Charlie looks down at her after she speaks, then tilts his head upward and sees the cloud that Alexandra was looking at.

CHARLIE:

That's... That's not good.

Alexandra grabs the blanket wrapped around them and places it over their heads, only for the rain to pour.

The CROWD begins to CHANT, "NO RAIN" and Alexandra and Charlie add to it, though, for obvious reasons, it doesn't change anything. Alexandra looks over at people climbing down from poles and running for shelter, a weary glance in her eyes. Charlie takes Alexandra by the hand and runs her up to a large group of people, who were sliding around in the mud like a group of toddlers. They toss their blanket to the ground and Charlie instantly pulls his shirt off and slides with the people.

Dozens of people crowd around and slide together, laughing at the joy in the dirty mess that was the mud. Alexandra pops her neck before sliding in and crashing into Charlie, who just laughs it off as if she didn't nearly bang their heads against each other.

He helps her stand up and they continue laughing amidst the chaos, sharing a short kiss. After all, it is Woodstock. All you could do is have a good time. Their hair is wet, their clothes are covered in mud, but it's evident all they're really wearing is joy.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. - WOODSTOCK AUGUST 18, 1969 - 9:00 AM

27

THE SCREEN READS (JUST LIKE IT DID "JUNE 5TH"): 9:00 AM - Monday

There is an aerial angle on Alexandra's face as her eyes open. Stuck between her hair and ear, on the opposite of where the rose is, rests a joint. Charlie is next to her, his hair tangled in the mud. His eyes are shut, while she has officially woken up to the sound of a guitar.

She stands up and looks around at what seems to be a warzone, when it's just the last day of the festival. Alexandra rubs her hair, which is as greasy as a fast food burger, and stares in awe at the stage.

A MAN IN WHITE FRINGE STANDS on stage with a white guitar, playing THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER. The man is the one and only JIMI HENDRIX. Alexandra takes a step back and trips over the sleeping body of Charlie, who jolts awake as she falls back.

CHARLIE:
(quickly)
Are you okay?

Alexandra is still staring at the stage as if God was there. In a way, God is.

ALEXANDRA:
No, I'm fine. I just...

Charlie looks at the stage now and takes in the music.

CHARLIE:
(also in awe)
Who the hell is that?

Alexandra doesn't answer. She doesn't need to. Both Charlie and Alexandra know that he'll be remembered after this.

CHARLIE (CONT'D):
He's... He's incredible.

The two stand and watch for the remainder of the song. All they can think about is how amazing he sounds and how everyone deserves to hear that.

Once the magnificent guitar stops, the two look around. Sleeping bodies looking dead, blankets stomped into the mud, trash everywhere. It looks as if Vietnam had paid them a visit. Without hesitation, the two pick up.

CHARLIE (CONT'D):

You could always stay with us for longer than this tour.

Alexandra turns to him and folds a dirty blanket.

ALEXANDRA:
What do you mean?

CHARLIE:
(shyly)
I think you would be great to have on tour and even after. It's hard to write songs when...
(quiet as a mouse)
well, when a muse isn't there. I know Summer will probably share a few words with Robert, but...

ALEXANDRA:
That sounds nice and I would love to. But... I have to go home.

CHARLIE:
Why is that? College?

ALEXANDRA:
Not necessarily, I've graduated and I'm off to college in a few months. No one really knows I'm here.

CHARLIE:
(thinking he has her figured out)
Ah, a runaway.

ALEXANDRA:
No, I'm just not from around here at all. I know that's been expressed but... I really am not from where you'd expect, and I don't mean Buffalo. Either way, I have to finish packing my things. I'm going away to college.

CHARLIE:
Where?

ALEXANDRA:
John Jay College of Criminal Justice.

CHARLIE:
That's still a pretty new college.

BEATS of silence are dropped before Charlie clears his throat.

CHARLIE (CONT'D):

So what are you planning on doing then? Going home then coming back?

ALEXANDRA:

I'll probably just go to a small gig and see you there.

CHARLIE:

We'll be in Chicago on Friday. I think... maybe you should go. I can give you money for a plane ticket and I'll have Poppy stand outside the arena and you can look for her. Would that work?

ALEXANDRA:

I'll just have to play it by ear.

Charlie just nods, assuming she probably won't be back.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D):

I could... I could always go on the bus with you. If it's still parked or anything. Or just... whatever you guys came on. I think Poppy planned on leaving the van we brought. I could at least meet your band or get used to the bus.

Charlie looks around and smiles at her words. He wants her to come more than anything.

CHARLIE:

Yeah, that would... That would be nice, even if it's just for today. You could maybe see Poppy and Jimmy again, or whoever.

(infatuated with trash he picked up)

I think the boys would enjoy your company just as I do. The girls too. They think everyone comes into your life for a reason. The universe has been alive for billions of years and if by chance you live now, they tend to think there's some connection.

ALEXANDRA:

They make a good point. I mean I appeared out of nowhere and next thing I know I'm in a van with a bunch of high young girls and on my way to see the best music in the world. I guess that counts for something.

Charlie chuckles yet again and looks at the crowd of cars.

CHARLIE:

We should maybe... head back. We've done our share of cleaning and maybe we should go ahead and go back.

Alexandra just nods in response and he takes her hand towards the line of cars. Alexandra spots a big bus, seemingly a tour bus, with the band name on it. Above the driver's window reads "AMERICAN DREAM TOUR '69" in big white letters. As they walk, Alexandra looks around. Spotting an open guitar case by the back of the bus, she notices the mint green guitar that was to blame for her experience. Knowing this might be her only chance, she takes it.

ALEXANDRA:

I'm gonna go pee by the bushes. You can go ahead and get on the bus. I'll be there in a moment. If I'm not back in ten minutes, leave without me because I've made other plans. If they ask where you were, just tell them I held you back.
(not stopping to breathe)
I know the girls were planning on staying then said they would stick with me when I went with you guys and you guys were gonna leave so-

CHARLIE:

Just go pee, Alex.

Alexandra stays where she is as Charlie walks off and she watches as he gets on the bus. She is careful not to be noticed as she walks towards the mint guitar. Out from inside her pockets, she grabs all the things she needs. In fact, no one is even around her.

She manages to take the small amount of LSD she got her hands on. She then swallows the ecstasy pill with ease and lights the joint stuck between her hair and ear before smoking it. She then looks down and begins to play the chords to the song that would make her go back.

ALEXANDRA:

"This is a song for John..."

Alexandra's thin fingers strum again and she feels her stomach churn.

ALEXANDRA:

"Let's go back in time to when the times were good."

CUT TO:

SCREEN IS BLACK

Alexandra's breath is all we hear until the screen flashes back and we see her standing exactly as she stood before she was in 1969.

28 INT. MUSEUM - MORNING

28

THE QUALITY HAS CHANGED, AS THE FILTER LOOKS LIKE A FILM FROM MODERN TIMES.

Alexandra's eyes open wide and she whips her head around. No one is around and it is clear no one will be for quite some time.

She sets the guitar where it was meant to be, rather frantically, and takes a few steps back. Her panting is loud and clear amidst the silence. She turns to look at the photo of Charlie performing at Woodstock, and her eyes grow wide as she notices the change. The camera is stuck on her face, so all we can note is that something is different.

ALEXANDRA:

Shit!

In the photo that the camera sets on, Charlie is galloping about the stage, but this time, a rose is visible in his hair - something that wasn't seen when the photo was first shown.

Alexandra stumbles back and her hand covers her mouth in horror.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D):

What the fuck? What the FUCK?

Alexandra's voice wavers as she begins to pant heavily. Going back to see a festival is one thing, but changing small parts of history is another. Alexandra runs towards the bowl where her phone was placed and turns it on, only to note that the time hasn't changed since she arrived at the museum.

29 EXT. - PARKING LOT - MORNING**29**

Alexandra then runs towards the car that took her there. She gets in and the car begins to drive off with her sitting in the backseat.

"Bad Moon Rising" BY Creedence Clearwater Revival BEGINS TO PLAY.

CUT TO:

30 INT. UNIVERSITY HALLWAY - MORNING**30**

THE SONG FADES AWAY AS WE SEE ALEXANDRA WALKING, SO IT IS ONLY A SNIPPET OF THE MUSIC.

Alexandra walks towards the campus with the face of a lost puppy. Since she had gotten back, things were off. She is holding a box of records, cassette tapes, CD's, notebooks, rolled-up posters, and LED lights folded up and turned off.

ALEXANDRA (V.O.):

Going back in time to see yourself as a baby is one thing. Going back in time to see a festival and ending up invited to tour with a band is another. Yet here I fuckin' am.

31 INT. COLLEGE DORM - MORNING**31**

Alexandra walks towards Julian, King, Michelle, and Ellamy. Everyone is wearing a mask and standing in the girls dorm room, boxes surrounding them. It's notable that on one side of the room, there are newspaper clippings taped on the wall, one which has Ted Bundy arrested, and on another side, a small lamp in the shape of a sports shoe sitting on top of a table.

MICHELLE:

(with no hesitation)
So where were you?

ALEXANDRA:

What do you mean?

MICHELLE:

(scoffing)

You took a bunch of drugs from some shady guy at the concert and then just dipped and didn't care to text us back. I said it was fine to leave but you provided no context after that and you haven't messaged us since. The festival was yesterday and there's been no trace of you. What the hell is going on?

Alexandra sighs to herself and sets her box down before she sets her fingers on the bridge of her nose.

ALEXANDRA:

You wouldn't understand.

MICHELLE:

Yes, I would, actually. I feel lost too but I don't just go off and leave everyone so I can get high.

(noting Alexandra's expression)

Don't think I didn't notice. Pills, pot. I saw you. Where were you?

ALEXANDRA:

You wouldn't believe me if I told you.

ELLAMY:

(much softer than Michelle)

Yes, we would.

ALEXANDRA:

I WENT TO SEE THEM!

BEATS pass and all anyone can do is stare at her. They clearly don't know who "them" is.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D):

I did the ritual and then it all just happened. I met a group of girls and now I'm supposed to go on tour with *Compass*. Look, I don't know how it happened, but it just did. And you...

(breath hitched in throat)

You have to believe me.

Tears well in her eyes as she explains to them, but feels more like convincing herself she wasn't on an acid trip.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D):

It was so amazing. Everyone around me was just being so loving and kind. We all got high, I kissed Charlie naked under a canoe, I saw Jimi Hendrix. You guys, I promise you it all happened. I gave Charlie a rose and he performed with it. I did something with myself!

King, Ellamy, Michelle, and Julian all exchange weary glances. They're a bit concerned for her sanity.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D):

I said I wanted to go.

MICHELLE:

I'm not gonna say that I think you're crazy, because I don't, but I think you want us to say we think you're crazy. This is cute and all, but it sounds like something out of a Wattpad fanfiction.

JULIAN:

I wouldn't put it like that, but you were probably just high again. I don't believe it. Sorry.

ALEXANDRA:

No, you have to. I went back and I had so much fun. Pictures are up in the museum.

(it clicks for her)

You should remember seeing him with a rose in his hair. Don't you remember?

KING:

It wasn't as memorable for us as it was for you.

MICHELLE:

Why did you even want to go back?

ALEXANDRA:

I needed a time of peace! The movement was peace!

MICHELLE:

The movement happened for a reason! Because there wasn't peace!

(tosses mask on bed and turns to the other three)

Can you leave us for a moment?

They leave and close the door.

MICHELLE (CONT'D):

We're living in a really fucked up time, Alex, and they did too. We can't quite gather around hundreds of people together because of the pandemic, but we can still find peace in ourselves. You went protesting with us two months ago, and that's the same thing as it was then, just modern. I'm sorry that we don't have the same music like you want, but that's just how it is.

Alexandra leans against the wall near the Ted Bundy newspaper and sighs to herself.

ALEXANDRA:

It felt... different.

(read Michelle's expression)

A good different. I felt at peace and I felt like I could stay there forever. It wasn't the same. I was happier there than I was here. I loved the vintage and poetic and sweet feel that I felt.

MICHELLE:

(BEAT)

So Lana Del Rey just wasn't good enough for you?

ALEXANDRA:

What? No, Lana is fine, but... I had a... I created an identity for myself. I was so happy there. I was lost in my own little world with 400,000 other people and I liked it that way. Everything was so different. The vibe, the feeling, the way people were. I would've liked it better if you were there. It couldn't happen now. Michelle, please just believe me.

MICHELLE:

I don't believe you because I think you were high on acid or lucid dreaming. But, I suppose there's nothing I can do. But please remember they had to have that for a reason and that things aren't so different. Don't get too lost in the feeling or else you'll forget why you needed the feeling.

Alexandra's shoulders fall.

MICHELLE (CONT'D):

You're fucking up your life and you need to stop.

ALEXANDRA:

I'm not fucking up my life.

MICHELLE:

Yes you are. You're getting drunk and high at eighteen. You need to stop spending money on drugs and get yourself into the right state. I want to help you but you have to stop fucking yourself up. I can help you. We all can. But you have to help yourself too, even just a little bit.

Michelle has a bit of a point. Alexandra gives in and sits on a bed.

ALEXANDRA:

I think I might be fucked up in the head, maybe. Or even elsewhere...

Even by the way she talks softly, you can tell she means it. Her demeanor is soft and quiet and she doesn't seem like the careless, opinionated person she is.

MICHELLE:

I get being a little bit... sick. You know I've struggled with, you know, anorexia and the PTSD from the... the, uh...

(rubs neck)

From the incident with my uncle and seeing him do what he did to his wife. But... I know it's not the same as yours, and I get it. I want to help you.

Michelle sits down on the bed next to Alexandra and rests her head on her shoulder. Their hands intertwine. This doesn't last long, but they know they're there to support each other. That, and this shows what teenagers are really like. Fucked up but trying to support each other amidst the chaos in their own minds.

MICHELLE (CONT'D):
(kissing Alexandra's temple)
I love you.

ALEXANDRA:
I love you too.

CUT TO:

SCREEN IS BLACK

ALEXANDRA (V.O):
Life's too short to sit and wish I was somewhere else when I could be here. If I'm going to be anywhere, I may as well be happy.

INT. - BACKSTAGE ARENA

THE SCREEN FADES BACK IN and Alexandra stands backstage with the mint green guitar in her hands.

THE QUALITY HAS CHANGED, AS THE FILTER LOOKS LIKE A FILM FROM THE 60'S.

Alexandra looks down at herself and smiles.

THE SCREEN READS (JUST LIKE IT DID "JUNE 5TH"): 9:30 PM - Chicago, 1969

The camera spots Robert out of the corner of the screen and it focuses on him. He clears his throat and Alexandra's head shoots that way. His face says nothing yet reads everything.

ROBERT:
Alex... I think you have some explaining to do.

Alexandra stands still and doesn't say a word. With her hands gripped on the guitar and the fear that he'll kill her, adrenaline is pumping through her veins.

ROBERT (CONT'D):
(walking towards her)

If you know me as well as you think you do... you know not to touch that thing. And you weren't here before, so there is one simple explanation.

Robert's face is now in front of Alexandra's. Her breath is heavy and scared, while his is a mix of every emotion known to a man, as well as filled with alcohol.

ROBERT (CONT'D):

Where are you from and how the hell did you get your hands on that thing?

Alexandra takes a few seconds to answer and we can see Robert's face grow impatient.

ALEXANDRA:

I got it out of a museum. I know, I know, it sounds stupid and unrealistic, but you have got to believe me.

(pleading)

Please just don't tell anyone. I don't know how it's even possible.

ROBERT:

Well, why the hell would you even think about going back in time and lying to everyone about who you are?

ALEXANDRA:

I didn't lie to anyone! I said to think of me as from a different time and place! Here I am, coming from a different time and place!

ROBERT:

(running a hand through hair)

You changed things, didn't you?

(quietly)

Didn't you?

ALEXANDRA:

Nothing that's too big of a deal. Charlie wore a rose at the festival and he spent extra time there but nothing that's too bad. Why?

ROBERT:

Why? Because it's history, dammit!

Robert, stressed as ever, leans against the wall with one arm. He pulls a cigarette out of his pocket and frantically lights it before sticking it in his mouth.

ROBERT:

Whatever you do, you better not go back to a time we've met. So never go back to any point before this. You've fucked up.

ALEXANDRA:

What are you talking about?

ROBERT:

You've already planted yourself in my memory. You can either choose to stay and live here, or you can choose to go back to whenever you're from and continue living your life. If you decide to stay here, you'll change things, but it'll be as if that's exactly how it went. If Charlie never had the rose in his hair before you came along, then that's how it would be remembered. But because you gave him the rose, everyone remembers it as if it was that way. If you stay and you're still alive by the time you left, then there will just be two of you, but no one will know. You from that time would be living as if you never went back. Everything happens for a reason. History changes and it's as if it never did.

The two stand with eyes blazing towards the other. Robert, who is still smoking, has his free hand clenched to the point where his hand could bleed. Alexandra still holds his precious guitar tight.

ALEXANDRA:

Who else has gone back?

ROBERT:

(sighing)

No one I know of. And, Alex, I tell you... I don't want anyone to. If another person does it and goes back before it was made, they wouldn't be able to get back. How did you even get to this day?

Alexandra looks at the guitar and notices it's still without a chip.

ALEXANDRA:

I was thinking of this show tonight and I wanted to go back to where the guitar was. It felt like the easiest way.

ROBERT:

It seems like that until you appear out of thin air! What if you appeared while we were on stage?

ALEXANDRA:

I know I shouldn't have done it but I just... I had to. I can't live the way I do. Sure, I've got friends and family, but I'm so fucking miserable. I'm gonna be forced to live the most unhappy life imaginable and I can't do that. I can't live like that anymore!

ROBERT:

And you think this is any better?

ALEXANDRA:

Not exactly, but if I'm gonna have to live as myself I may as well do it in the prime of music and I may as well be a groupie.

Robert throws his head back and groans. Poppy walks in at this moment and takes in the scene. From her point of view, Alexandra is suddenly there holding the guitar no one else is allowed to touch, and Robert is smoking right next to it. Poppy, holding a bottle of whiskey in one hand and a cigarette in another, clears her throat.

POPPY:

(to Robert)

Bobby, it seems Jimmy needs you.

(to Alexandra)

Alex, it seems Charlie needs you but I need you... fffffirst.

Something is different about her voice. Now she's acting like she's doing a poor impression of Anna-Nicole Smith. In truth, this is how she always is: an odd mix of Anna-Nicole and a non-strict version of Miss. Hannigan from "Annie". Her voice is still clear to be the same person, but she manages to sound as if her whole mind is slurred. Unfortunately, this is her natural state. The Poppy we met wasn't the Poppy everyone else really knows.

Robert shakes his head and takes the guitar from Alexandra before walking away. Poppy, on the other hand, stumbles towards Alexandra and giggles.

POPPY (CONT'D):

You, my friend, are going to have the time of your life!

Poppy takes a swig of whiskey. When finished, she places a finger on the center of Alexandra's chest and gurgles.

POPPY (CONT'D):

You made quite the imp-ression, Alexssss...ssss. In fact, Charlie over there...

(BEAT in which she drinks)

Charlie is writing a whole song about how he wishes he could go back to last weekend and spend ah-ll of that time with you! He's on and... and on about...

(starts walking around and smiling to herself and the voices in her head)

About how he thinks you're the most amazing girl he has ever met in his life!

Poppy laughs to herself. Alexandra thought she was drunk at the festival, but this is a whole different level.

POPPY (CONT'D):

(slurring over words and taking pauses every so often)

We had a fling back some time ago, but he never wrote about me the way he does y-ou! All about... how a girl who makes your head whirl like the stars is the girl... is the girl you should keep forever, even if she's only in your life for a few days. He's... all on about how there's a thousand things to say to you but he can't find the words to say them. But, oh, he certainly said them! Even Bobby has words about Summer. "Summer flowers are the sweetest smell known to a man who's never been put under a spell." Oh, it's all so magnificent! And you know, he's quite dull, but you kind of are too, so that's just two dull bulbs making one big, bright light.

As she speaks, Poppy moves around like a drunken butterfly. All Alexandra can do is stand and watch with her mouth slightly open.

POPPY (CONT'D):

You've enlightened something in him! Oh, he's so magical I could just sleep with him again!

ALEXANDRA:

(quickly)

Okay, Poppy, I think that's enough. Why don't you-?

Alexandra stops as Charlie appears now. Blue jeans, no shoes and no shirt, but wearing a black vest. The two keep eye contact for several seconds until Poppy interrupts it all.

POPPY:

(to Charlie)

The dove looks all decked out, doesn't she?

Charlie sighs to himself and closes his eyes before walking towards the two and placing a hand on Poppy's arm.

CHARLIE:

Why don't you go find River or Prairie? I think they're outside somewhere.

Poppy gurgles to herself before leaving.

CHARLIE (CONT'D):

I'm sorry about her. She's... completely blitzed. I couldn't get her sober for the life of me. Artie had the whiskey hidden but it seems she's found it.

Alexandra laughs at this, though in all seriousness, Poppy's problem isn't a laughing matter.

CHARLIE (CONT'D):

So where've you been? You missed out on a party with Grace Slick.

Alexandra can feel both her smile and heart sink.

ALEXANDRA:

I had to go home for a few days. I just wanted to tell my mother goodbye, I guess. I think my friends deserved an explanation, too. They're pretty much my caretakers so I think they were a little worried about my wellbeing.

CHARLIE:

(joking)

Are they really your friends if they didn't come?

Alexandra laughs before leaning against a wall.

CHARLIE (CONT'D):

I don't believe for a second that you need to be taken care of the way you say. You're more sane than half of the people here.

ALEXANDRA:

That's not as reassuring as you might think it is.

He laughs.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D):

So what have you been up to lately?

CHARLIE:

Oh, just the same stuff you'd expect.

ALEXANDRA:

Writing songs about girls who make your head whirl like the stars?

Charlie laughs, his eyes squinting. Though embarrassed, he's glad she knows how he's feeling.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D):

Call me crazy, but I think I'm more of a sun than a normal star.

Charlie laughs again, this time resting his head against a wall.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D):

(wanting to know more)

You said Poppy and Artie had an affair. What happened between you two throughout time?

Charlie sighs, smile fading. This isn't an easy topic.

CHARLIE:

She's been with all of us. Slept with all of us, at least. Her and Artie did a little more than that when I said they did. But long before, she stuck around me. We had a short fling long ago, before Artie was married. I won't say they were ever in love, but it was very different from what I had with her, and that wasn't love either. We've had many affairs, but they never ended - or began - well. To add more to the difference in affairs, I've never been married. Artie still is, in a way. People do crazy things when they have almost-love, which is not what they had, but you could consider it to be what I had with her.

ALEXANDRA:

Well what about Robert and Summer? Do they have almost-love?

CHARLIE:

(sighs)

They have an attraction that can't quite be put into words. Lust for love, maybe.

ALEXANDRA:

Well it's put into the words of, "Summer flowers are the sweetest smell known to a man who's never been placed under a spell," or something such as.

CHARLIE:

Ah, I see she told you about that too.

(BEAT)

Those two - Robert and Summer - break each other.

ALEXANDRA:

It must be nice to have someone who shot you down so many times but keeps mending you up over and over again.

Charlie rubs the back of his head and looks around before huffing.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D):

Well, you've got a show to get to. Maybe you should... Maybe you should get to that.

CHARLIE:

Yeah, probably. I think they'd appreciate it if I did my warmups, maybe. I'll... I'll see you later tonight then.

ALEXANDRA:

See you then.

Charlie walks away and all that's left is Alexandra. She looks around and captures the scene around her. While this isn't where she's used to being, she could get used to it.