

FESTIVAL

Written by

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Title card (serious B&W) - The following was a fully edited video found in 2013 in a raid on the Tell No-One Festival offices.

Over fun, cheesy music, a quickly edited series of shots.

A bloody leg the camera zooming in and out.

A camera running.

A thousand strong crowd in masks all looking at the camera.

KATY NORTHAM screaming.

A slow pan over a green field over which comes the Tell No-One Festival 2010 logo.

INT. VIC'S BEDROOM - DAY

Music posters on the wall, alongside national writing achievements and photos of drunk friends. On the bed is a packed rucksack, with roll mat strapped to the bottom. VIC LOVESTONE (23) is dressed for a summer festival, small denim shorts with a checkered shirt with hiking boots. She flirts with the camera.

VIC

I'm Vic Lovestone, and me and Howie  
- Howie, show them your lovely  
face.

HOWARD HARDAKER hesitantly turns the camera to show his bearded, rather normal, cameraman face.

VIC (CONT'D)

Right, cut, we're doing that again.  
I want this to be buddy comedy-  
esque, so less of a face like your  
mother's been horrifically  
murdered.

They cut. And go again.

VIC (CONT'D)

Hi, I'm Vic Lovestone and me and  
Howie are off to Tell No-one  
Festival, deep in the heart of  
somewhere from up north. Howie's  
from up north. Howie, say something  
northern.

Howie turns the camera to himself.

HOWIE

(dry)

This is Howard Hardaker, cameraman  
for NME.

VIC

Why is it, when you're on camera your voice sounds like a Lancastrian robot that's been gutted of it's burgeoning personality.

HOWIE

Do you want to go again?

VIC

No! That was good banter. You're supposed to come back at me with some wit, some sparkle.

HOWIE

I want to keep the framing right. Show your sparkly action, while also giving an interesting shot.

VIC

Good. And you can't talk while doing that?

HOWIE

Not really. Do you want to go again?

VIC

Well I do now.

Cut. Go again.

VIC (CONT'D)

This is Vic Lovestone, reporting for NME on the Tell No-One festival. I of course, have told no-one. Howie, have you told anyone?

The camera shakes its head.

VIC (CONT'D)

Even my bosses don't know I'm going, as far as I'm aware, they don't even know it exists. But we are going to give you, the lucky viewers, the lowdown on this up and coming festival.

She goes to pick up her bag and stumbles.

VIC (CONT'D)

Fuck me that's heavy.

HOWIE

Mine's got three cameras in it.

INT. PADDINGTON TRAIN STATION - LATER

Crowded London train station, Vic has managed to put her bag on her back. Vic starts to speak, but men with suits pass her just as she's about to speak.

VIC

And on this sunny Thursday morning,  
society continues it's humdrum  
existence while we get to go to a  
festival.

She grabs a passing suit.

VIC (CONT'D)

Like you sir, how are you  
expressing yourself today?

SUIT

Why don't you fuck off!

Suit walks on. Vic is visibly shaken.

VIC

And with one sentence he proves shy  
we shouldn't accept our place in  
boring society.

INT. PADDINGTON TRAIN STATION - LATER

Howie is fiddling with the camera while they're sat on seats waiting for the train.

HOWIE

How long's the train?

VIC

We've got to change twice. I have  
no idea even what county we're  
going to?

HOWIE

Jesus.

INT. TRAIN - LATER

Vic's back is against her bag. She's fast asleep. Howie, lingers too long and zooms in on her face.

EXT. DESERTED TRAIN STATION - AFTERNOON

The train station is barely a sign by the tracks. Other than the empty platform there's only fields. Vic's coming off the train.

VIC

And so we arrive, six hours later, fresh as a new born baby's arse, in wherever the hell we're supposed to be. And we've still got to get a bus. I will say one thing 'Tell No-One', your festival better be friggin' worth it.

There are a few others getting off the train with backpacks and camping equipment. Vic ignores them and walks to the Way Out sign, which leads to a dirt car park. In the car park there's one old delapidated minibus. One of the windows is done up with tape.

Next to it is an old man with no teeth holding up a cardboard hand written sign that says 'Tell No-One'. He's wearing a wooly hat, and doesn't look like he's washed in years.

Vic turns to the camera.

VIC (CONT'D)

(under her breath)

Whoopee.

INT. MINIBUS - LATER

Vic and Howie are sat at the back. In front of them are PATRICK HUGHES, a handsome 28 year old who's come straight out of Shoreditch, holding a guitar; TASHA STEWART-WATT a walking Prada advert; and TOM YELLOW and BESSIE GARDENER a young couple, him dreadlocks, her beads in her pink hair.

For the first time we see an angle that's not from Howie's camera from the front of the bus. The bus driver looks straight at it, and winks.

DRIVER

All in?

Murmurs of assent.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Now's your last time to turn back.

PATRICK

(Pause) Why'd we want to do that?

DRIVER

Good. Campsite's about a two hour drive. So get comfortable.

TASHA

Oh bloody hell.

The other's all look at her as the bus cranks into gear.

TASHA (CONT'D)

What? Sorry. I spent fucking ages getting here. I come from London? It's like, seven hours.

HOWIE

Five.

TASHA

Sure. Exciting though isn't it? Are you all here for the festival? Course you are. Ugh. You know when you just say something that's completely stupid? Am I going to be part of a documentary or something?

VIC

(at Patrick)

Me and Howie are reviewing it for NME. Howie's my cameraman.

Patrick holds out his hand

PATRICK

I'm Patrick. Performing in the spoken word tent. Sadly might not be quite what NME's looking for.

VIC

Why have you got a guitar?

PATRICK

No-one looks twice at you if you've got a poem on your back.

TASHA

Tasha. I'm a promoter.

PATRICK

Though I could find a gap in my hectic schedule to give you an interview.

Vic smiles. Patrick smiles back. Howard almost puts down the camera in disgust.

HOWIE

What do you promote?

TASHA

They got me up here talent spotting? See if I can bring any new bands back to civilisation.

HOWIE

Cool.

TASHA

I just sort of fell in to it really. It's quite easy.

BESSIE

We're running a stall. And I've got an art installation. It's Tom's stall, I'm just -

TASHA

What do you sell?

BESSIE

Vegan eggs and bacon. Bessie.

PATRICK

What do you make them out of?

BESSIE

Soya.

PATRICK

Bessie you're my new favourite person. And, now this is an important question mind, do you also perchance sell weed, or have weed that we could use to make this journey go a little quicker.

VIC

Weed does not a good documentary make.

PATRICK

Sure it does. Bonding experience at the back of the minivan.

BESSIE

I don't have any.

PATRICK

What? Look at you. Of course you have weed.

TASHA

I have some.

PATRICK

But that's absurd. Tom, my good friend, you are telling me that with dreadlocks like that you don't have weed.

TOM

No. We don't smoke.

BESSIE

I used to.

PATRICK  
This is a festival!

TASHA  
I've got some.

PATRICK  
Well thank fuck for that.

Patrick goes to the front of the bus with Tasha and they roll a joint. Vic rolls her eyes at the camera.

VIC  
Now, the important message to take away from this kids. Never fit in. Don't do drugs.

PATRICK  
(from the front)  
Unless you're a poet, where it's written into the jobs description.

VIC  
We can cut that bit can't we. Good. Cut it.

INT. MINIBUS - LATER

Howard is now at the front of the bus with Tasha and Patrick. He passes the spliff to Patrick. Tom is asleep on Bessie's shoulder.

TASHA  
Hang on. If you're performing, they're running a stall, and you're farting about with a camera. Does that mean none of us have paid to be here? (pause) Does anyone know anything about this place?

TOM  
Nope. We were all invited.

BESSIE  
I wasn't. I'm a tagalong.

HOWIE  
Yes to tagalongs.

They hi-five over the seats.

TASHA  
But we haven't paid.

PATRICK

(giggling)

This man could be taking us  
anywhere. We don't know where the  
hell we are.

TASHA

Guys, none of us have paid. And  
none of us told anyone we're here.

HOWIE

What if there is no festival!

PATRICK

(in a stupid voice)

TELL NO ONE!

VIC

(Behind the camera)

What if he's taking us X-Factor  
boot camp, and we all have to  
pretend we like cheery pop music!

TASHA

This isn't funny.

PATRICK

Or to tory camp! Sorry Bessie,  
republican camp.

HOWIE

Over half the country voted tory,  
yet none of them are in this bus.

PATRICK

They'd brainwash us into eating our  
own fetuses. Aargh!

TASHA

No-one knows where we are. We don't  
know where we are. Why is this not  
freaking anyone else out?

He grabs the camera and brings it forward and back on his  
'aargh'ing face. Then he turns it round on Vic.

VIC

Guys, stop freaking the poor girl  
out. It's just a gimmick.

HOWIE

Dude that's my camera please be  
careful.

PATRICK

You were born for this right. Give  
us your best presenter.

VIC  
 (secretly pleased)  
 This is Vic Lovestone, watching so  
 far, three stoners in a minibus.  
 This festival's just getting  
 started.

HOWIE  
 Yep. Except he hasn't got you in  
 focus, so...

INT. MINIBUS - LATER

Shot from the front. All six of them are asleep.

INT. MINIBUS - LATE AFTERNOON

Howie pans round the still sleeping bus. They take a turning  
 down a small dirt lane. Howie get's in half of an arch for  
 the Tell No-One festival as they drive through it. The bus  
 starts bumping around. Howard focuses on men in orange  
 visibility jackets who are guiding them into a parking space.  
 The driver stops.

DRIVER  
 Wakey wakey. Wristband stop. Get  
 your stuff out.

They queue up to a small portakabin with a window, where a  
 woman, as horrible as the bus driver, is giving out wrist  
 bands. Howie and Tom get a white wrist band, everybody else's  
 is a blood red.

TASHA  
 D' you mind if I camp near you  
 guys. I don't really know anyone  
 and it'll be easier to put the  
 tents up.

BESSIE  
 That'd be cool.

TOM  
 Dad brought up the caravan. We're  
 wherever that is. Come on.

They trudge off in the direction of the other cars.

HOWIE  
 We need to get them to sign a  
 release form.

VIC  
 We'll do it later. Can you put the  
 camera down and help me with this  
 fucking bag

BESSIE  
Patrick, you coming with?

PATRICK  
But I have my hordes of fans that I  
need to stay away from.

EXT. FIELD - AROUND SUNDOWN

The field is not rammed with tents, but they are far from the  
only ones there. Patrick slams down his bag where they find a  
space.

PATRICK  
This'll do.

VIC  
Howie, put the camera down in a  
good place, then we can speed the  
putting the tents up. Are we all  
just putting our own up or...

PATRICK  
Do you want me to do it? Who put it  
up last time for you? Another  
hapless boy? Right. Leave your  
tents. Me and Howie can be hapless.  
You and Bessie can go and get us  
beers.

VIC  
Sexist much?

But she starts walking.

HOWIE  
Mine's a lager.

VIC  
What beer do you think they'll  
sell?

The girls walk off.

PATRICK  
Now's the time I tell you that I  
have no idea how to put up a  
fucking tent.

EXT. FIELD - LATER

One tent is up. The other two are a mixture of poles on the  
floor. The boys are in the process of putting them up.

PATRICK  
You been doing this long?

HOWIE  
I want to make films.

PATRICK  
Well this is the way to do it  
Howie, you are right on track.

HOWIE  
It's Howard.

PATRICK  
What?

HOWIE  
Howard. Only she calls me Howie.  
Hand me the mallet.

Patrick throws the mallet at Howie at a rate that's just beyond friendly. Howie moves out the way.

PATRICK  
Catch it yeah.

EXT. ROUND THE TENTS - NIGHT

They've set up a small camp fire and are sat round it in big coats. Patrick has his guitar on his lap and is strumming it aimlessly. There are several beer cans on the floor.

VIC  
And so we enter night one. I've made new friends. I've had a few beers, and everything is shaping up to be an excellent festival. Howie, how are you finding it?

Howie turns the camera.

HOWIE  
Yeah. Good.

VIC  
You and me are going to have to have words. Patrick, kumbaya us out.

PATRICK  
I can do you Wonderwall.

Patrick starts strumming Wonderwall. The group sing along.

ALL  
(sung to varying degrees  
of success)  
(MORE)

ALL (CONT'D)

Today is going to be the day that they're going to pull it back to you / By now, you should have somehow realised what you gotta do.

EXT. ROUND THE TENTS - NIGHT

The sounds of screams and drunken fun in the background. The camera is on the floor. Vic's head is resting against Howie's shoulder.

VIC

This is nice.

Howard doesn't reply. He's enjoying the weight of Vic's head.

VIC (CONT'D)

I like that you can see stars here. You and me Howard, all the way. We're going to make this film, then another film, and then one of them is going to get me a proper presenting job. And I will take you with me. I'll be like, no, I only work with my cameraman. I don't think I should have another beer. Can you get me one?

HOWIE

I got the last lot.

VIC

Please.

HOWIE

Sure.

Howard walks off to get some more beer. Vic sways a little, then has an idea and grabs the camera. She hods it in front of her and squints at it.

VIC

Howie, this is a message for you. Don't fuck it up. Make it brilliant! Thank you. That is all.

She hears footsteps and swings the camera round. All she can see is a torch coming through the tents.

VIC (CONT'D)

Hello? Who's there?

There's a giggle. And the torch shines briefly directly at Vic before going out. She can't see a thing.

VIC (CONT'D)

Very funny. Who is it? Hello?

The night's quiet. So quiet.

Patrick jumps at Vic flashing his torch into her face. She lets out a small scream. Patrick laughs. Tasha is with him and is holding his hand. She is evidently wasted.

PATRICK  
Your face.

Vic points the camera at Tasha.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
What? She didn't tease. She just said yes. And she brought weed. I'm not going to spend all festival waiting for you.

Tasha has walked to Patrick's tent and is starting to get in. Patrick blows Vic an I'm sorry kiss and follows Tasha in. There's more giggling inside the tent. Vic switches the camera off.

INT. VIC AND HOWARD'S TENT - NIGHT

Howard has his top off and pyjama bottoms on. He has a camera on the floor facing him which he talks to, but he's fiddling with a much smaller camera, about the size of a square cigarette lighter.

HOWIE  
(whispering)  
Now, what I want to know is, does this make me a bad person.

He starts to attach the small camera to the roof of the tent.

HOWIE (CONT'D)  
Now obviously I am a bad person.  
But is this worse?

The small camera is attached to the roof of the tent facing down. He switches it on.

HOWIE (CONT'D)  
Probably not.

VIC  
(from outside)  
Are you done yet?

Howard hesitates. Should he leave it on? He switches the main camera off, but leaves the little camera in the roof on.

HOWIE  
(from outside)  
Take your time. I'll have a cigarette.

Vic enters the tent still in cold weather gear. She rolls out her sleeping bag, and finds an old orange t-shirt and boxers inside. Not knowing the camera is there, she takes off her clothes in a boring un-striptease way. She puts on her sleeping gear before getting into the sleeping bag.

VIC

Ready.

HOWIE

(from outside)

Cool.

FADE OUT.

INT. TENT - MORNING

Vic is asleep. Howie's filming her. He briefly glances up where the small camera was last night. It's there no longer.

Vic is an unattractive sleeper. She's having a good drunken snore, however, Howard doesn't seem to mind.

She opens one eye.

VIC

Really? First thing?

She closes her eye.

VIC (CONT'D)

We're cutting this.

She's still for a moment, then pulls her pillow over her head.

EXT. QUEUE IN FRONT OF A COFFEE VAN

A queue of eight with Vic at the back, all with hungover eyes and massive hair queue for a slick looking coffee van.

VIC

Howie, do you want one?

EXT. TENTS

Vic is walking backwards through the collection of tents. She's looking considerably more groomed, but in a 'I don't care for it messy sort of way'. Outside one of the tents there is a group of students huddled round a fire with a whole rabbit on a spit.

VIC

Day one of the festival proper.  
There's no music yet, no band wants  
to play this early.

(MORE)

VIC (CONT'D)  
But we're going to head in and  
catch some of the poetry and  
weirder sites.

She's finished her soundbite and continues to walk backwards.

HOWIE  
Please trip on a guy rope.

VIC  
(joking)  
So you can come to my rescue?

HOWIE  
I'm not coming to your rescue.

EXT. FESTIVAL - DAY

Vic tries on a stupid hat from a hat shop.

EXT. FESTIVAL - DAY

A man breathes fire. He is massively tattooed.

EXT. FESTIVAL - DAY

Bessie is on a crucifix, that's raised up so the whole cross is 20 feet high. It looks horribly realistic. She's got an artfully ripped pagan dress which is covered in blood. Her face is vacant.

HOWIE  
Look it's Bessie's art project. I  
think.

Bessie looks down at them and gives them a wink, then pulls a stupid face to show she's supposed to be dying.

EXT. FESTIVAL - DAY

Some pretty girls in ridiculously bohemian dress stick their tongues out at the camera.

EXT. FESTIVAL - DAY

A boy plays with a diabolo. He is too good to be a child.

EXT. FESTIVAL DAY

A butchers with dead animals hanging up is selling burgers.

INT. POETRY TENT - DAY

A tent with tarpaulin on the ground to sit on. Vic is led, held up by her elbows. The tent could contain about a hundred people sat down. There are five including Vic. Superbard, a poet, is rabbiting on in the background.

SUPERBARD

You can't play punk on the piano.

He holds the mic out to the audience and they half heartedly repeat the line back to him.

AUDIENCE

Punk on the piano.

SUPERBARD

Punk on the piano. You can't play punk on the piano.

AUDIENCE

Punk on the piano.

SUPERBARD

Yeah. Thank you very much, I've been Superbard. Have a good afternoon, and I'll see you at the lottery later!

The audience faintly clap. An overweight compere comes on to introduce the next act.

COMPERE

Thank you - (looks at his notes) Superbard. Now, it's early in the morning, we're warming you up here. Don't want to get you too excited before tonight's activities!

He looks around for a laugh which he doesn't get.

COMPERE (CONT'D)

But I think we're going to, because next up, we've got one of my favourite poets in the world, please give a massive round of applause for Patrick Hughes!

VIC

(whispering)

This is our Patrick, of drunken fame on the minibus. I have no idea what we're about to see.

PATRICK

Hello! This is lovely isn't it, so we're an intimate audience, so we're going to have an up close and intimate set.

He smiles at Vic. Vic raises her eyebrows at him defiantly.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

So I thought we'd start off with an easy one. This is a poem about the apocalypse. INSERT DOOM LADEN POEM FILLED WITH FORESHADOWING.

EXT. FESTIVAL - DAY

Patrick and Vic are sat on the grass having a burger. Howard must have left his camera on top of the bag. We occasionally see some of this from an alternative angle from cameras further away. They're unaware the camera's on.

PATRICK

I got you something.

He reaches into his bag and gets out a leather notepad.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Thought you could use it jot down notes on the bands.

VIC

I reviewed you.

PATRICK

Yeah?

VIC

Bit depressing.

PATRICK

Did you want a funny set?

VIC

Funnier. You shouldn't work with kids. That's all I'm saying.

PATRICK

I'm going to troll you when this goes up. Good reviews, but would be better if she got her tits out.

She playfully hits him on the arm.