

ZIPPER

Written by

Mark Rowland

Email: [markrowlandscript@gmail.com](mailto:markrowlandscript@gmail.com)  
Mobile: 07508 592 626

*The faint background "doof doof" of EDM fades in.*

*The rustling of sleeping bags and scratching of polyester.*

*CLINK! The distinctive click of a zippo lighter being flicked open and sparked into life. Water boils inside a bong.*

*There's a deep inhale, followed by a satisfying exhale.*

*Footsteps approach, crunching on leaf litter.*

*ZZZZZIP! The high-pitched noise of a tent flap opening –*

*A girl, Piper, lets out a short SQUEAL.*

PIPER

Oh my god, scared the hell out of me! Who are you?

TEDDY

Chill, chill. Name's Teddy. I'm Jacob's mate, from King's.

*Another ZZZIP as Piper closes the flap behind her.*

PIPER

(coughing)

Did Jacob let you hotbox the tent?

TEDDY

Let me? This is Shambhala: It's communal. No private spaces... What's your name, by the way?

PIPER

Why is my bag open... fuck! All my clothes reek of pot. Mum's gonna kill me!

(rummaging around)

Where's my drugs?

TEDDY

Here's a trick: Next time, keep a change of clothes tied up in a bin bag. One of those flowery scented ones. Bang – no more pot stank.

PIPER

Or, next time, I don't let weird guys in the tent.

TEDDY

Hey, don't look at me! Some guy called Bailey was looking in there.

PIPER  
Bailey? Ughhh!

TEDDY  
Friend of yours?

PIPER  
Boyfriend.

TEDDY  
Ahh, soon to be ex? What's he done?

PIPER  
I caught him hooking up with one of those girls who dances on silks.

TEDDY  
Ouch.

PIPER  
Underneath the spare silks.

TEDDY  
Whoa. What... a... LAD! Those silks girls are fit!

*Silence for a moment. Piper sniffs, trying not to cry.*

TEDDY  
Oh shit. Hey, hey, I'm just trying to ease the tension, you know?  
(beat)  
You want a puff?

PIPER  
No I don't want a fucking puff!

TEDDY  
It'll calm you down, just take a puff for us, yeah? You're shaking.

PIPER  
I don't take drugs from randos.

TEDDY  
I'm not a rando! I'm Bailey's mate's mate. You need to relax.

PIPER  
What I need is to find my drugs and get out of here.

TEDDY

Where could you possibly be that's calmer than here?

PIPER

Calm? I don't find EDM calming.

TEDDY

It is if you're rolling face. But fine, how about incense then?

PIPER

For every stick of incense there's three dudes doing yoga with their sweaty arses in your face.

TEDDY

What about the nature?

PIPER

What about the bugs? Pass me that repellent.

*The PSSSST of bug repellent.*

TEDDY

Crackling campfires.

PIPER

Crackling campfire songs.

TEDDY

A hippie chick playing a pan flute.

PIPER

A crazy guy dancing with a pineapple.

TEDDY

I didn't see that, but it sounds zen as fuck. So if Shambhala is such a hell hole, why come?

PIPER

... To relax.

*Teddy laughs.*

PIPER

Give me that.

TEDDY

Ahh, nah, it's dead. I'll light a joint for you.