

#nomorehipsters

Logline: A small band of hipsters fight against extinction
as something new rises to take their place.

FADE IN:

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

A SMATTERING OF HIPSTERS stares transfixed at a tiny stage where THE FIELD works his magic. The air reverberates with the sounds of minimalist electronic loops and tribal drums.

ATTICUS (20's) clutches a PBR in one hand, his other arm wrapped around DELILAH'S (20's) waist. Atticus watches The Field with an intent expression, while Delilah Instagrams a pic.

Hashtags appear onscreen: #thefield #nofilter
#wherehaveallthehipstersgone

CORMAC (20's) stands behind PIPER (20's), nodding his head to the beat. PIPER (20's) frowns, nurses a HOUSE WINE. She brushes Cormac's EPIC BEARD out of her eyes.

FELIX (20's) sits at the table, flying solo. Ink covers his perfectly toned forearms and calves. He smiles, lost in the music.

FEEDBACK creeps into the The Field's sound gear, crescendos into a deafening hum. Overhead, a light bulb EXPLODES, then ANOTHER. The sound cuts out.

Silence settles over the bar as one of the surviving light bulbs FLICKERS. Atticus jumps to his feet.

ATTICUS

It's here! Run!

Panic consumes the tiny crowd as they scramble for the exits, a mad dash of BEARDS, INK, and FLANNEL. Tables flip over. Cheap beer and wine fly through the air.

Piper sighs. She reaches for the pair of OVERSIZED SUNGLASSES on the table, but Cormac grabs her wrist.

CORMAC

Leave them!

PIPER

Seriously?

CORMAC

There's no time!

Delilah crosses her arms, stares daggers at him.

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CORMAC

Okay, maybe we have a little time,
but not much. Hurry!

She does the exact opposite. She picks up the glasses,
examines them, cleans them off, examines them again.

As the madness continues around them, Cormac shifts back and
forth in a nervous pee pee dance.

CORMAC

Piper, come on!

PIPER

Fine.

He takes her wrist and drags her from the bar, following
Atticus, Delilah, and Felix.

Silence settles over the bar again.

A single PBR can spills it's last drops onto the concrete
floor. A pair of KEDS emerge from the shadows, stop at the
edge of the PBR puddle.

The figure wearing those shoes remains in shadow. A deep,
rumbling GROWL emanates from it's chest.

Somewhere, a TOILET FLUSHES. The men's room door opens, and
a scrawny LUMBERJACK HIPSTER emerges. He takes two steps,
stops. He takes in the empty stage, the overturned tables.

LUMBERJACK HIPSTER

Did this place go mainstream while
I was taking a shit?

That's when he hears the thing behind him, breathing loudly.
He turns slowly, his face a mask of terror.

He turns and SCREAMS. He's blinded by a SMARTPHONE CAMERA
FLASH.

A single hashtag appears onscreen: #nomorehipters

EXT. URBAN ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Atticus, Delilah, Cormac, Piper, and Felix sit in folding
chairs in the midst of a rooftop garden, illuminated by
strings of CHRISTMAS LIGHTS.

Felix stares out into the city, smoking a pipe. Piper sulks
against Cormac. Delilah's stares at her smartphone.

Atticus kills a PBR, looks at Cormac.

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ATTICUS

Cormac. Another bronson?

Cormac reaches into his epic beard, produces a PBR, tosses it to Atticus. Atticus pops the tab, drinks, addresses his friends.

ATTICUS

How many of us are left?

Delilah holds up her phone, showing her Instagram profile, heytheredelilah92: 10,729 posts, 33 followers, 4 following.

DELILAH

Yesterday, I had 37 followers. The day before that, 42. He's erasing us, one account at a time.

PIPER

Instagram was too mainstream, anyway.

CORMAC

It's not just Instagram, Piper. It's Tumblr, Facebook, Twitter, Ello, MySpace-

PIPER

You use MySpace?

CORMAC

(embarrassed)

It's getting harder to find bands that no one's ever heard of.

ATTICUS

There are fewer and fewer of us every day, and unless we do something about it soon...

His words trail off.

FELIX

There is one person who can help us.

PIPER

Not this again.

FELIX

We need to find... the Original Hipster.

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ATTICUS

He's a myth, Felix, an urban legend. He's not real.

FELIX

He's real, alright, and I know where he lives.

Stunned silence.

FELIX

A couple of months back, I signed up to drive for Uber, Lyft, and SideCar.

CORMAC

But the non-compete-

FELIX

Fuck the non-compete. I figured the original hipster would want to stay out of the spotlight. If he wants to get around without drawing attention to himself, he would have to use different ride-sharing services, to avoid getting the same driver twice. I kept my eyes peeled for a guy who had Lyft, Uber, and SideCar on his smartphone-

ATTICUS

Where is he, Felix?

FELIX

Williamsburg, Brooklyn.

At that moment, an entire string of Christmas lights goes out, each tiny bulb POPPING in rapid succession.

ATTICUS

It's here! Again! Run!

Felix hops over the wall, onto the fire escape. Atticus and Delilah bolt for the stairwell. Cormac runs after them, and realizes too late that Piper isn't with him. He spins.

Piper peeks under chairs and plants, ignoring the danger.

CORMAC

Piper! What are you doing.

(CONTINUED)

PIPER

I look midtown without my
sunglasses, Cormac. I'm not leaving
without them.

She turns, and he sees them propped up on her forehead. He points, indicating where she can find them, and his face drops as a SHADOWY FIGURE looms over her.

Piper turns, faces the intruder with disinterest.

PIPER

This is so fin.

The shadowy figure lunges at Piper.

CORMAC

Piper!

In the stairwell, Atticus grabs Cormac's forearm and pulls. Cormac stares at the shadow with a mix of grief and rage before disappearing down the stairwell.

INT. FELIX'S CAR - DAY

Felix drives his Volvo station wagon through empty streets as the city begins to wake.

Atticus rides shotgun, focusing on the smartphone map.

Delilah sits in the back with Cormac, consoling him.

Cormac reaches into his beard, produces a BOX OF TISSUES. He takes one out, blows his nose, hands the used tissue to Delilah.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Felix's Volvo rolls to a stop in front of an apartment building layered in graffiti. The surviving hipsters emerge from the car.

ATTICUS

(to Felix)

You sure this is the place?

THE ORIGINAL HIPSTER (O.S.)

I guess that depends-

The hipsters turn in unison and find themselves face-to-face with a WIZENED OLD MAN wearing a STARTER JACKET and a GRAY FEDORA. He's sporting a pair of HALF-FRAME HIPSTER GLASSES and a perfectly trimmed BARBERSHOP QUARTET MUSTACHE.

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THE ORIGINAL HIPSTER
- on what you're looking for.

INT. ORIGINAL HIPSTER'S APARTMENT - DAY

The inside of the apartment looks like the last six decades decided to get together, throw one helluva blowout, and then vomit all over one another.

Atticus and Delilah sit side-by-side on the couch. Cormac paces near a window. Felix sits in a chair, thumbing through a copy of THE DHARMA BUMS that he found on the table.

The Original Hipster emerges from his kitchen area with TEA SERVICE for his guests.

THE ORIGINAL HIPSTER
I had a hunch someone would find me
sooner or later.

Delilah takes a drink, makes an awful face.

DELILAH
Ugh. What's wrong with the tea?

THE ORIGINAL HIPSTER
Nothing. This is Mezcal Bourbon
Tea. No one's drinking it. Yet.

ATTICUS
(awed)
You really are him.

THE ORIGINAL HIPSTER
Of course I am. Who else in their
right mind would dress like this?

ATTICUS
Do you know why we're here?

THE ORIGINAL HIPSTER
You're here in a desperate attempt
to avoid extinction.

ATTICUS
So? Can you help us?

The Original Hipster LAUGHS. He leans back and puts his KED-CLAD FEET on the table.

THE ORIGINAL HIPSTER
How old do you think I am boy?

Atticus shrugs.

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THE ORIGINAL HIPSTER

Before I was a hipster, I was indie. Before that, emo. Before that, grunge. I've been goth, punk, disco, hippie, beatnik, bohemian... This isn't my first time at the dance.

ATTICUS

So you'll help us?

THE ORIGINAL HIPSTER

Help you what, boy? Survive? (beat) Tell me... On your way here, how many beatniks did you pass? How many hippies?

CORMAC

I saw a guy who probably smelled like a hippie. Does that count?

THE ORIGINAL HIPSTER

These groups thrive, then dwindle into an historical footnote. Hipsters can't survive. They're a passing fancy, a generation's desperate attempt to define themselves as individuals by talking, dressing, and acting like every other "individual" out there. The sun is setting on the age of the hipster, and a new day is dawning.

The Original Hipster sets down his drink, stands, and stretches. As he does, he TRANSFORMS into a MONSTER straight out of their worst nightmares, a HIPSTER VAMPIRE!

ATTICUS

Holy shit! What are you?

THE ORIGINAL HIPSTER

I'm a survivor.

The Original Hipster SNARLS and ATTACKS Felix, and TEARS OFF HIS ARMS. Felix's scream is a mixture of frustration and agony.

FELIX

My ink!

The Original Hipster turns his attention to Delilah. She SNAPS a pic on her smartphone and sends it straight to Instagram.

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Hashtag: #whatthefuck

The Original Hipster dives at Delilah, but Atticus tackles it in mid-air. The creature THROWS Atticus across the room. Atticus SLAMS into a VINTAGE PBR POSTER.

ATTICUS

(dazed)

That is so deck.

The creature jumps to its feet, turns its attention to Delilah.

Cormac appears behind the Original Hipster. He pulls a SHARPENED DEER ANTLER from his beard and plunges it into the Original Hipster's neck.

The Original Hipster clutches at the antler as he turns to face Cormac.

THE ORIGINAL HIPSTER

So... fucking... hipster...

The Original Hipster falls to the floor, dead.

Atticus climbs to his feet, staggers toward Delilah. As they embrace, she SNAPS A SELFIE and uploads it to Instagram.

Hashtag: #monsterattack #safenow #craziestdayever

Atticus and Delilah pull back from their embrace. They exchange a baffled look.

DELILAH

What do we do now?

The soft FSSHH sound of a beer can being opened catches their attention. They turn to see Cormac downing a PBR.

Cormac burps. He reaches into his beard, produces two more cans of beer, tosses them to his friends.

CORMAC

We keep calm and carry on.

Atticus pops his beer, drinks deep.

Delilah sets her unopened beer on the table, takes out her smartphone, and snaps a pic of the carnage. She uploads the pic to her Instagram account.

Hashtags: #extinctioncanwait #hipster4life #nofilter

FADE TO BLACK.