

Skrillex Visits His Hometown Barbershop

A story about something that might have actually happened once

FADE IN:

EXT. HIGHLAND PARK – DAY

In the Highland Park neighborhood of Los Angeles, a short, black-clad figure walks along the sidewalk of the local mini-mall.

INT. VICENTE BARBER SHOP – DAY

A typical suburban barbershop. Men and women alike receive cheap haircuts and friendly service from VICENTE, 66, and his loyal staff.

SONNY MOORE, aka SKRILLEX, enters the shop. A bell jingles. He closes the door softly behind him.

The other customers are busy and cannot turn their heads, but DEBBIE, 57, a receptionist who's worked here since the store opened, stares perplexed at the young man's hair. It is black, long and tangled on the right side and in the back, but completely shaven on the left.

SKRILLEX

Hey, Debbie.

DEBBIE recognizes the voice, and her face lights up.

DEBBIE

Sonny! How are you? It's been years! Let me get you down in the book—Vic will take you right away.

SKRILLEX

Thanks, Debbie.

DEBBIE

You're very welcome. And if you don't mind me asking—what happened to your head, Sonny? Did you try to shave it? I hope you didn't cut yourself.

SKRILLEX

(Laughs) That's a long story, Debbie. But life has been good to me. I'm fine.

DEBBIE

I'm so glad to hear that, Sonny. I've got a million questions for you, but I'll let Vic talk your ear off first.

VICENTE appears. After a manly handshake, he leads SKRILLEX to a barber chair.

VICENTE

What are you looking for today, Sonny? Will it be the usual? Should I put a bowl on your head and cut around it, like your mother always asked for?

SKRILLEX

Well, ah...

VICENTE

Ah, don't worry, kid, I'm pulling your leg. I see you're still wearing your hair in the "punk rock" style. A little different this time, though. Not so fluffy.

SKRILLEX

Yeah, that... didn't last long. I've had this going for a while, though.

VICENTE opens a drawer and pauses for a moment, not knowing where to start. Finally, he pulls out a pair of scissors and begins to trim.

VICENTE

Actually, you are not the first person I have seen with that haircut. Several young men have asked for it in the last year, and even one girl.

SKRILLEX

Really?

VICENTE

It's the strangest thing. No connection to any other haircut I've seen. I think the kids are all copying some crazy movie star or something. And so they get haircuts that make their mothers want to cry. But you know me, I give my customers what they want, even if what they want is insane. They always return to the simple things when they get older.

SKRILLEX

Mm.

VICENTE

Tilt your head up, kid. Say, do you know where this haircut of yours comes from? Is it a fashion thing? Some, ah, reality TV show?

SKRILLEX

Actually, Vic, I think they're all copying me.

VICENTE laughs, in the accommodating fashion of barbers everywhere.

VICENTE

Ha! You had me going there, Sonny. Always the quick wit. Tell me, are you a movie star now?

SKRILLEX

Actually, I'm a musician. I'm pretty popular. I won three Grammy awards last year.

VICENTE

Really? That is wonderful, Sonny! Is this that, ah, "emotional rock band" you were telling me about the last time I saw you?

SKRILLEX

That stopped, actually. I'm a, uh, DJ now. I make electronic music, with computers.

VICENTE

Really! I've never heard it, then. I've been playing the same radio station in here since before you were born. No computer music.

SKRILLEX

Oh, I know, Vic. I only come here to listen to the radio. And to see Debbie.

DEBBIE

See what I tell you, Vic? *I should be running the store! Nobody likes you!*

VICENTE

(ignoring her)

So, Sonny, you want to burn me a CD of some of your music? Maybe I'll play it in the store after all these years, get some more of these kids coming in.

SKRILLEX

Um. (Pause) You'd lose a lot of customers, Vic. It's an... acquired taste.

VICENTE

Ah, I see, I see. Like jazz!

SKRILLEX

Yes. Exactly like jazz.

The haircut continues, and talk of music fades to other things: The health of SKRILLEX's parents, a recent earthquake in the area, and the birth of VICENTE's first granddaughter. Finally, VICENTE finishes with the blow dryer. SKRILLEX hops out of the chair, long hair shining in the fluorescent light.

VICENTE

Hey, Sonny, before you go, how'd you like to take a picture with me? Now that you're a big celebrity, I can put it on the wall, right next to my pictures with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Farrah Fawcett.

Cut to the celebrity photos. VICENTE was a much younger man in those days. Cut back to SKRILLEX, who looks rather uncomfortable. He checks the time on his phone.

SKRILLEX

Vic, I'd love to, but I have to run to get ready for a show. I'll get my agent—I mean, I'll send you a photo myself, when I get the chance.

VICENTE

It's early for a concert! Where's the show?

SKRILLEX

The Staples Center. Sold out.

VICENTE

Dio mio. How big is this computer of yours?

SKRILLEX

Goodbye, Vic. It's nice to see you again. And goodbye, Debbie!

DEBBIE

Wear earplugs, Sonny! Those concerts are loud!

SKRILLEX

Of course, Debbie!

SKRILLEX exits quickly, paying in cash. The bell rings when he opens the door. He hurries down the sidewalk towards a waiting limousine. Before he gets in, he looks back for a long second in the direction of the barbershop.

THE BARBERSHOP

DEBBIE

Vic, he left you a hundred-dollar tip!

VICENTE

Dio mio. What a strange world we live in.

DEBBIE

I always said he'd make something of himself. Such a nice young man. Not enough polite young people these days.

VICENTE

If only the politeness didn't have to come with the stupid haircut. (Pause) But just as there will always be polite young men, there will always be stupid haircuts.

FADE TO BLACK