

## Synopsis

### *My Friend Whitney Carlton*

Whitney Carlton is a rising singer and actress. Jessica is a huge fan. She posts on social media all of Whitney's accomplishments. Jessica finally meets Whitney in person and after the first meeting, they become social media friends. Many fans emerge and look to Jessica as Whitney's biggest fan and also someone Whitney has taken into her confidence. Whitney's life and messages on social media inspire Jessica. They get her through dark times as she deals with the death of her father and the challenges of college. Whitney is so generous that she considers Jessica a fan and a friend. Eventually, the biggest fans including Jessica have an opportunity to assemble and be with Whitney in person. Jessica is grateful to have found a friend in Whitney. She has changed Jessica's life forever.

[Excerpt]

My Friend Whitney Carlton

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October 1, 2017

I tuned out the voices to hear only the sound of my phone ringing as I hurried out of the *Sunset Strip House of Blues*. I looked down to see the words “MOM” pop up on the screen. As I burst out the doors, I pressed the phone to my sweaty ear. Can’t they afford proper AC’s?? “Hey Mom can you hear me? Is Dad ok?” I asked.

“Yeah Honey he’s fine, he’s still in remission, how is the concert?” my mother asked.

“Mom, the concert doesn’t start for another fifteen minutes! Don’t call me unless it’s an emergency,” I answered.

As I talked into the built in microphone, I looked to my left to see someone in a beige hoodie with draw strings and one big pocket with black skinny jeans, tall black Ugg boots, and a black beanie come out the door further down the sidewalk. I went back to my phone call. “Yeah I hope she sings *Beautiful Mind*; you know that’s my favorite!” As I kept talking to my mother, I noticed the figure walking closer to me and I realized it was a girl a little older than me. She had her hair up in a ponytail. She looked at me and started waving to me. I waved back.

“I’ll text you when I get home ok? Love you, bye.” I hung up the phone.

“Hi” she said with a calm yet warm, raspy voice.

“Hi” I said with a friendly yet anxious tone of voice. “Are you working the concert?”

“What makes you say that?” she asked with a slight tone of concern.

“Well you went out a side door that’s connected to back stage so regular ticket goers can’t exit out of there,” I responded.

“Right, yeah I’m working the concert, I just needed to catch some air...well are you excited for it? Are you a fan of Whitney Carlton?” she probed.

“I’m a big enough fan that I’d blab like crazy in front of her, but not where I’d get emotional and cry,” I said back. She chuckled a little. “I’m a big music fan, I’m minoring in it at

college right now. Her music really helped me a lot this year. My dad has been sick for a while but as he's gotten worse, life's definitely been hard for my family and me. Her music has really helped me a lot. It's been very therapeutic."

"It's amazing the effect music can have on a person. I'm happy she could do that for you." She said this as if I'd touched her heart in a way I could not understand.

"She's really helped me as well as posting on *Picstograph*. It's my favorite app," I added.

"Oh I love *Picstograph* too! It helps me be more connected to..." she paused "Things. So, what do you post on there?" she asked as she finished her previous thought.

"Mostly about music, art, and some news headlines that are important to me as I'm also majoring in Journalism," I replied.

"Oh cool!" she said and then did a slight frown as if I disappointed her.

"But I also post about Whitney! That's where I post about her the most," I quickly added. She smiled again. I took my phone, opened my *Picstograph* account and showed her an edit I did of Whitney from her album photoshoot with a quote from *Beautiful Mind*.

"Wow! That's so cool!" she said enthusiastically. "I'll have to check your account out."

"Sweet! My account is @jessK247," I said back pleased. I placed my phone in my front pant pocket. I looked up and she was gone. I walked back inside and tried to find a spot towards the front of the stage. I found a close enough spot that there were only like six people in front of me. A short girl with wavy black hair and brown eyes stood next to me. She looked like one of the exotic Disney Princesses. She was bouncing and looking around impatiently like she had to go to the bathroom and so did I. I looked over at her with the friendliest smile I could do being filled with anxiety.

“Hey, is it just me or does the room seem like it’s getting smaller?” I asked her trying to break the ice.

“Yeah it does a little. I love going to concerts but sometimes it can get a little claustrophobic. Then they build “human walls” so you can’t leave which sucks for me because I gotta take a leak,” she answered.

“Well I could hold your spot and then you can come back and I can go and you can hold my spot. We only have another 10 minutes,” I said.

“Ok, there’s no harm in trying,” she responded contently.

She left and I held her spot. I had to sit on the floor and stretch my legs out to cover two people’s spots. Two minutes later, she came back. She looked impressed I was able to hold spots for that long. She asked me how I did it, and I explained my method. I went to the bathroom and she was able to hold my spot. “Thanks!” I exclaimed.

“It was your idea to begin with! Thanks for the relief. I’m Kelsey by the way,” she said.

“I’m Jessica, so are you excited to see Whitney live like I am? I’ve only heard her on mp3 or on TV.”

“Yeah this will be so fun!!! My favorite song by her is *Back to Love*, I know it’s the title track but it’s so good. I love the beat in the background. I play her music all the time for the kids I babysit and they like her too! They love dancing to that song.”

“It’s a great song!!! Hey do you have *Picstograph*??? I post about Whitney a lot on there.”

“Yeah I have an account but I don’t really use it as a fan account thing. But you can totally follow me! It’s @kelsluvspups”

“Sweet I’ll follow you right now.” I opened my phone and found her account and followed her.

I showed her my phone. “Following you now!”

“Yay!” She said jokingly yet excitedly. The curtain opened and the music started to cheer.

As the technicolor lights rained on the stage Whitney Carlton belted her voice doing minor dance choreography wearing a sparkly gold top, a black skirt with gold diamond studs, black staling’s, and black booties with gold studding in a ring design around the tops. Along with her outfit she wore a long pony to display her beautiful brown hair.

*I know if I work hard, I can win. I don’t let the haters in.*

*If I fall, I don’t stay down. I’ve learned how to get back up from the ground.*

*I must protect myself at all costs. If I know myself, I won’t get lost.*

*I don’t let anyone tell me how to be, I’m the one and only me.*

She finished performing her third song of her set and the music ended. The crowd cheered and she waved her hands as to hush them. She opened her mouth and began to speak;

“Thank you all so much for coming out tonight. I appreciate all of your support which is amazing that this is only my first tour for my first album. When I first released, *Back to Love* I wasn’t sure if people were going to like it as much as I loved making it. But to see the kind of response it’s gotten and that my music means so much to people makes me so happy and grateful for this opportunity. So here’s a song dedicated to a new friend of mine, I know it’s your favorite and it’s one of my favorites too.”

I swear she looked right at me. But I was probably just imagining things. The music started playing and Whitney started singing.