

The Waveriders

by

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FADE IN:

SEQUENCE:

MUSIC: UPBEAT 60'S SURF

Miscellaneous scrapbook photographs and grainy 8mm home movies of the early days of surfing.

Progressive pictures of FOUR MALE characters, beginning with early grade school photographs.

The four ride cardboard boxes down slick grassy hillsides.

The four ride early style skateboards down hilly streets.

The four ride motorized Mini Bikes in formation.

The four surfing, grabbing hands and forming a chain.

The four pose in a dated promotional photo of their surf band, "The Waveriders".

The four at the airport with long boards, posing with a mysterious MAN wearing dark sunglasses.

Snapshots of the "bleach blond" character getting married and posing at the hospital with his WIFE and baby BOY.

The seven year old Boy poses on a surfboard with "The Waveriders" at the beach.

(FREEZE PHOTO)

END SEQUENCE

FADE TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The still becomes a framed photograph, one of many on the wall of an executive office. The shot opens, revealing an important looking young man seated behind an impressive desk.

KEITH SKAGMAR, early 20's, mumbles ideas while typing quickly into a lap top computer.

There's a knock on the door.

KEITH
 (under breath)
 Claire! I'm peddling as fast as I
 can.

He ignores the increasingly louder knocks and types faster.
 The door flies opens. CLAIRE, 60's, greying hair, enters.

KEITH (CONT'D)
 I'm almost done!

CLAIRE
 Board meeting in thirty.

He types faster, quickly reviews the document and clicks
 'print'.

KEITH
 (superhero voice)
 Launch! And with time to spare.

Claire views her watch and gives him a stern look. Keith
 returns a forced smile as the printer churns away. It stops.
 He grabs the papers and hands them to Claire. She fingers
 through them and her facial expression lightens.

CLAIRE
 You're a chip off the old block!

Keith is relieved. Claire begins to leave, stops and hands
 him a pile of stuck together sticky notes.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 From your father. Something about
 the surf being just right to
 (motions) "Build the Bridge".

Keith takes the notes. She leaves, stops and turns around.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 One more thing. Your WIFE called.
 (smiles) Your SON made stinky.

KEITH
 That'a boy!

Keith grabs a small basket ball on his desk and shoots it
 into a small basket ball hoop on the wall next to Claire.

KEITH (CONT'D)
 My boy sank his and I sank mine.

She sighs and bats the air as she leaves.

Keith walks to a wet bar mirror and checks his appearance.

There's a soft beep on intercom.

CLAIRE (O.S.)
Hey stinky. Call from Hawaii.

KEITH
Ha! Ha! Tell Bob the new line
won't arrive until Thursday.

CLAIRE (O.S.)
It's Molokai.

A solemn look appears on Keith's face. He returns to his desk and picks up the receiver.

KEITH
Hello....yes, speaking....When?...I
see... Yes... Everything is taken
care of... Our support will
continue.... Yes.... Thank you for
calling.....Mahalo.

Keith slowly hangs up, walks to the office window, picks up a battered 8mm movie camera from a nearby shelf and looks through the view-finder, gazing into the distance.

KEITH (V.O.)
It's finished. The end of a
dreamer, a pure vision true to the
heart of the waves.... True visions
live on in the lives they touch...
This truth brought me here.... My
first experience with the heart of
the waves was an experience that
changed me forever.

FADE TO:

EXT. BEACH TOWN - AFTERNOON

SUPERIMPOSE: THREE YEARS EARLIER

Descent into a "cherry picker" view of a humble beachside cottage, badly weathered and in desperate need of repair. In contrast, the surrounding buildings have a fresh new look.

KEITH SKAGMAR, 17, Blond, handsome, sits on the porch while intently reading a computer products magazine.

KEITH (V.O.)

When I turned eight, my mother was fed up with Dad the surf-bum. She could marry more money in ten minutes than he would make in a lifetime. A quick divorce and I was shipped to private school for an overpriced education. My father stayed by the beach, riding all the waves and women he could catch. The Judge decided I should spend summers with Mr. Surf! A balanced diet.....boarding school snobs and beach bum slobs.

DISSOLVE TO:

I/E. SKAG'S HOME

The interior matches the exterior, unkempt and disheveled. A typical bachelor pad piled with empty beer cans, pizza boxes and dated Playboy and Surfer magazines. The furniture is worn out "tropical". Dated surfing posters and tarnished surfing trophies are displayed haphazard. An old electric guitar hangs on the wall, strings broken with THE WAVERIDERS painted on the face. Laughing adult voices are heard as is the chattering of a dated movie projector.

We see the grainy movie of a surfer riding a large wave. RICHARD SKAGMAR, 50's, enters and poses in front of the dated movie screen, acting like he is surfing while grasping a beer can and trying to balance.

RICHARD

(tipsy)

This is it man! Remember? Biggest wave to ever hit Sunset Beach. And yours truly, the only one with the balls to take off. Nobody will forget Skag Skagmar. The king of Sunset Beach!

Keith enters, unnoticed.

Suddenly, Richard gets hit with empty beer cans and pizza crust.

VOICE # 1 (O.C.)

Hey king of losers! We can't see!

VOICE # 2 (O.C.)

We heard this shit last year. The last year you **had** balls!

The screen becomes unlatched, recoiling down and knocking him on the head. He falls, spilling his beer everywhere.

RICHARD

Hey man! You wasted a fresh beer.

Further debris is thrown as the verbal abuse continues.

Richard gets up, stumbles to the couch and pushes CHARLES RASSMAN, 50's, overweight, wearing a worn out military utility vest with matching 'bucket hat' and war medals. Charles takes the abuse and hands him another beer.

KEITH (V.O.)

Charles Rassman. 'RAZZ'. Yes, he used to surf. Now he resembles his favorite food. Cheesepuffs!

Richard stumbles, spilling beer on Razz and wetting an impressive war medal pinned to his vest. Razz grabs Richard's shirt tail to clean it. Richard pulls back and Razz is pulled out of his seat.

KEITH (V.O.)

The war hero. Hard to imagine. Now he's a harmless dentist fighting tooth decay!

Razz stumbles and falls into the lap of STEVEN CROMWELL, 50's, sporting slick outdated clothes and perfect hair. Steven pushes him away while holding his arm in pain.

STEVEN

You idiot! You almost broke the arm of MILES STONE'S keyboard player!

RICHARD

Man! You **are** stoned.

RAZZ

(to Steven)

When you cuttin' that record?

Steven gets up and begins chasing Razz around the couch.

STEVEN

Time I fixed your teeth fatso!

Richard cheers and 'umpires' with boyish joy. Nonchalant, Keith walks to the projector and changes the reel as the chase continues.

KEITH (V.O.)
 Steven Cromwell, 'CROONER'. A name
 dropper with no future. Cuttin' a
 record deal day now --- any day for
 the last thirty years.

Crooner catches Razz, pushes him down and jumps on his back.
 Razz gets up quickly. Crooner is pushed up, loses balance
 and falls backward into one of Richard's surfboards, breaking
 it in half. Richard sobers, rushes over and pushes Crooner
 aside. He frantically picks up the pieces.

RICHARD
 My Velsey! You broke my Velsey!
 My first board!

Razz and Crooner point at each other.

KEITH (V.O.)
 My loving, mature father, Richard
 Skagmar. 'SKAG' when he was the
 most rad surfer on the west coast.

Skag shrugs his shoulders, drops the board parts, grabs
 another beer and begins chugging like nothing ever happened.
 He burps loudly. Razz and Crooner stop fighting when they
 hear it. Skag smiles while rubbing his belly.

KEITH (V.O.)
 That was about a million beers ago.

Outside, a restored 60's Mercedes limousine arrives. The
 driver, WILLIAM, emerges quickly and opens the rear door.

KEITH (V.O.)
 NATHAN STANDART. Uncle 'NATE'.
 He's really only my godfather. I
 talk to him about anything. He
 turned a surfing shirt into a
 multimillion dollar profit.

Nathan Standart, 50's, trim and dressed well, exits the limo
 balancing a large grocery bag and a bulky envelope. William
 attempts to help. Nate declines and carries them himself.

The Limousine leaves.

Nate views Skag's run down home and shakes his head. He
 grabs the door knob and it falls off. As he struggles to pick
 up the knob and balance the grocery bag the bottom begins to
 tear and the contents fall out.

Keith is working on the projector while the guys attempt to
 cleanup. They hear the crashing sound of bottles.

Keith rushes to the door first. He opens it, finding Nate on deck chasing rolling beer bottles.

KEITH
Uncle Nate!

Keith exits while Skag, Razz and Crooner arrive to observe.

NATE
(frowning)
I Could use a hand!

The guys scramble to help, bumping into each other. Skag picks up one bottle, lays down, pops the top and drinks.

SKAG
Gee Nate, what happened? Old age
finally hittin' ya!

Nate turns, scowls at him and picks up the door handle, holding it in front of his face.

SKAG (CONT'D)
Sorry Nate.

CROONER
You dumshit! After all Nate has
done for you.

RAZZ
You should talk Crooner. You Paid
back that loan yet?

Crooner wants to react but Keith interrupts.

KEITH
You 'Adults' knock it off!... The
projector's loaded. Get in!

Nate smiles, gets up, pats him on the shoulder and hands him the envelope.

NATE
A gift for the PROFESSOR.

Keith beams. All the guys smile, pat each other on the back and laugh as they enter the house with the beer and munchies.

A hand pulls out a phonograph record from a collection of dated albums. The album is THE ENDLESS SUMMER. Crooner carefully pulls out the record from the sleeve, loads it on the turntable, turns it on and drops the needle.

CROONER

Ready boys?

All are holding a can of beer except Keith, a soft drink.

Skag picks up two cans.

MUSIC - THE SANDALS/6-PAK

Crooner pulls a pop top. The others follow in succession with Skag pulling the final two. They raise their drinks.

ALL

Six pack!

All take a big drink and begin dancing 'The Twist' and 'The Jerk'. The party is on. Keith is unable to dance correctly. Frustrated, he walks to the kitchen counter and opens the gift from Nate. Nate joins him while Skag observes. Keith opens it and finds a top of the line i-pod. He is overjoyed, giving Nate a big hug. Skag looks concerned, stops dancing and walks to the counter.

SKAG

Hey, hey. Why the love fest?

Skag picks up the i-pod.

SKAG (CONT'D)

(to Nate)

What's this? Spoiling my kid again?

Nate looks at Keith while 'rolling' his eyes.

KEITH

An i-pod Dad..... It plays mp3s.

Crooner takes interest and comes over.

SKAG

MP3? That's so Cool! A military Police radio.

CROONER

What hole you livin' in. An mp3 is a digitally compressed music file.

Skag looks confused. Razz arrives and sees the gift.

RAZZ

Cool, an i-pod. I have three.

Skag glares at him.

RAZZ (CONT'D)
What?... Where's the Cheese-puffs?

All, except Razz, smile and burst out laughing.

RAZZ (CONT'D)
What?.....Whaaaaaaat?

MUSIC - THE SANDALS/JET BLACK

Keith adjusts the projector while the guys chatter in the background. He turns out the lights.

KEITH
Surfs up!

He turns on the tiny and frail, 8mm projector.

The movie screen, now tied to a rafter, fills with grainy surfing footage. The four heads of The Waveriders are silhouetted against the screen displaying footage of the four, as teenagers, posing on the beach with long boards.

SKAG
Check out the studs.

Skag walks to the screen and tries to duplicate the pose.

CROONER
Sit down old man.

Razz gets up, picking up the popcorn bowl.

RAZZ
Let me try.

Razz tries to pose while sucking in his belly.

CROONER
Ain't that beautiful. A migrating sperm whale.

RAZZ
Screw you Crooner!

Razz throws popcorn at him and quickly sits down. Skag continues to view his youthful body and pose.

NATE
That suit. I designed it.

CROONER
I wrote my first song for Joan and sang it to her and her mother....

NATE
I remember Joan. What happened?

CROONER
The next day the bitch broke up.

Razz stuffs his face with popcorn.

RAZZ
(mumbling)
I guess the song sucked.

Crooner scowls until the scene changes to them surfing while trying to join hands on the same wave. Crooner sees it and sits back down.

CROONER
Here we go.

SKAG
The Bridge. My greatest creation.

CROONER
It was my idea. Like the **bridge** on my guitar?

NATE
Actually it was Razz.

RAZZ
It was?

The footage continues, showing failed attempts to join hands.

NATE
Remember the day we were with Razz and the dentist put in his **bridge**?.... Remember?

Keith leans over the couch.

KEITH
He said, "We should try this on the next wave".

NATE
Right Professor!

Razz acts proud and dusts his medals.

RAZZ
See! I **am** a hero.

Just then, the footage reveals another attempt.

SKAG
Guys! This is it.

KEITH (V.O.)
Yes Dad. For the zillionth time.

The Waveriders lean forward in anxious anticipation. Razz stands, grabbing Nate's hand as the 'Bridge' is finally complete. They cheer, do high fives and toast. Keith acts bored while turning off the projector as the music ends and the phonograph needle retracts.

SKAG
(to Nate)
I'm pumped. There's still time for another endless summer.

Keith looks at Nate and rolls his eyes.

NATE
How many times do I have to tell you?I don't have time.

CROONER
Yea! Some of us have regular jobs.

All look at him in disbelief.

CROONER (CONT'D)
Hey! I'm top teacher at Friendly Ives.... My album's almost done.

All continue the stare. Crooner throws a beer can, gets up and walks to the kitchen.

SKAG
Razz. Nate listens to you.

RAZZ
My wife won't let me. You really want to see me in a bathing suit?

SKAG
Good point.

CROONER
We'll have to clear the beach!

All laugh as Razz primps.

NATE
What do you think Professor?

Keith stops loading the film.

KEITH

You adults don't get it. I've ran this stupid projector and listened to you're crap for nine years. You losers are still holding on to a memory thirty years old? Why? What's so damn important about surfing? Get over it!

All are silent. Nate reluctantly nods.

SKAG

Come on Nate!

Nate shakes his head. Frustrated, Skag puts his head in his hands.

RAZZ

I propose a toast to the last reunion of The Waveriders.

Razz lifts his beer. Skag reluctantly joins the others in a halfhearted cheer.

KEITH

Cheers to the final act.

He turns on the projector revealing footage of guys in their surf band, The Waveriders, performing at high school.

CROONER

Screw the surf trip. Let's get the band back together.

Skag walks to the screen.

SKAG

We were great. We had all the chicks!

NATE

You actually expect me to play a Bass after thirty years?

Crooner sits next to Nate and pulls out a photograph.

CROONER

Look. Me and Miles Stone. I'm expecting a call from him any day now. I know he'll help us. You've got the dough, he's got the connections. A perfect fit.

Frustrated, Nate stands up.

NATE
How many times must I say, no!

The room is silent other than the chattering projector. Crooner backs off and pockets the photograph. The phone rings and no one responds.

CROONER
(stands)
You found your dream. We don't
have your luck.

The two stare at each other while Keith picks up the receiver.

KEITH
Skag's..... Let me check.

He covers the phone.

KEITH (CONT'D)
Joyce. Late for the Grass Shack?

SKAG
Tell her I left.

Keith is reluctant. Skag motions him to do it.

KEITH
Uh. He left a few minutes ago.
Should be there soon..... Ok,
goodbye.

He hangs up.

CROONER
That old dive?

SKAG
We've gotta go tonight. I've got a
big surprise.

RAZZ
My wife won't let me.

CROONER
I'm supposed to see KAREN later.
We have (motions) issues.

NATE
I've got an early board meeting.

SKAG

Come on Guys! One more for the
Waveriders.

All look at each other. One by one they nod their heads in agreement. Skag motions Keith to join him in kitchen.

SKAG

Adults only man.... Look, can you
clean up? I'll give you some
dough.

KEITH

Like last year?

SKAG

Hey Son. I'm your father. I'm
good for it.

KEITH

Sure Dad.

Skag pats him on the back while he motions to Nate to go outside.

The front door opens and Nate and Skag exit. When the door shuts, the door handle falls off and Skag hangs his head.

SKAG

I need help bro. My new design
isn't selling. Business is slow.

He lifts his head, looks at Nate and turns away. Nate turns him around and looks him in the eyes.

NATE

I love you like a brother.....
Don't you see the best thing we
both have going?..... Keith? He's
loves us both, a son I could never
have. You've given me more than
you know.

Nate pulls out a wad of cash from his jacket.

NATE (CONT'D)

(winking)

Our secret.

Skag grasps his shoulder. The moment is interrupted by Razz and Crooner coming out. Keith stops at the door. Skag walks to Keith, pats him on the shoulder and gives him some cash as Nate observes and smiles. Keith hugs Skag and winks at Nate.

As Razz, Nate and Crooner wait at the curb, Skag arrives in his vintage, dilapidated Woody with peeling paint, bald tires and a coat hanger antenna. The engine sputters to a stop. Both Crooner and Razz try to sit in the front passenger seat. Razz barely gets their first, squeezing in his big butt.

RAZZ

You got fronts last year.

CROONER

No way!

Razz won't budge.

SKAG

Crooner. Get in back.

CROONER

That sucks man.

He gets in and pouts as Nate shakes his head. Skag starts the wagon. It backfires, starts and off they go.

CROONER (O.C.)

Damn it Razz. Did you fart?

RAZZ (O.C.)

I thought you liked Cheese-puffs.

The others react with various comments as tail lamps fade.

**To Read the Full Script, contact Jonathan Morgan Jenkins @
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