

The Warped Summer (Excerpt)

by
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EXT. EMPTY PARKING LOT - MORNING

Asphalt stretches in all directions. The sun beats down.

SUPER: CLAREMONT - AUGUST 2, 1995

Five tour busses and a van are parked haphazardly with no regard for the little white lines.

Kevin and Greg stand at the head of one of the busses. Greg has a clipboard in hand.

Heavy hitting EAZY E starts bumping in the distance. It grows louder as Kevin and Greg watch as a GREEN VW WAGON SPEEDS CLOSER.

A wagon peels into the lot, SKIDDING TO A STOP sharply nearby.

GREG

Sublime's here.

The side door opens as Bradley, BUD GOUGH (28), LOU DOG (Dalmatian), and the voice of Eazy E stumble out. ERIC WILSON (25) kills the engine and hops out the drivers seat.

BRADLEY

Kevin!

Kevin smiles and starts toward Bradley.

KEVIN

Glad you made it. Sorry, no one else is here yet.

Bradley walks past Kevin, lifting his shades to his forehead.

BRADLEY

It's nothing.

He goes straight to BUS ONE and throws open the door, peering inside.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Means we get first pick, right?

He climbs inside as Lou Dog runs in after him.

Kevin goes to help Eric and Bud with their gear. Greg follows.

KEVIN

Greg, this is Bud. This is Eric.
Bud and Eric, Greg.

Nice to meet you's and hello's.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Guys, get your stuff onto your bus.

Kevin turns and follows Bradley onto BUS ONE.

Bud and Eric look at Greg.

Greg looks at Bud and Eric.

They follow after Kevin, leaving Greg and their gear alone by their van.

GREG

Aw, come on, guys!

They don't even turn around.

GREG (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

MCU on the luggage compartment on the bottom of a bus. It's piled with suitcases, music gear, and instrument cases.

The doors slam shut one after the other.

REVEAL the rest of the busses, also fully loaded, as the doors are shut by various people. Others stand in a group chatting and catching up.

Ripped jeans, dirty t-shirts, purple spikey and wild hair, and tattoos everywhere.

Bud is with Lou Dog, throwing a stick around a little bit away.

Bradley leans out the door of BUS ONE.

BRADLEY

Let's get this thing started!

Kevin stands at the door of BUS TWO with a clipboard, checking people in. Greg next to BUS THREE.

KEVIN

L7, hop on One. No Use For A Name, Quicksand, see me. You're on Bus Two.

(MORE)

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Orange 9mm and Face to Face, go see
Greg at Bus Three. CIV and Sick of
it All, head down to Four and Greg
will set you up there, too.

A few guys start toward BUS TWO.

This is NO USE FOR A NAME and QUICKSAND.

Kevin nods, murmurs hello's as they gather and Kevin starts
to check them in.

INT. BUS ONE

DONITA SPARKS(32), the lead singer of L7, a grungy chick with
wild PURPLE and BLONDE HAIR, stands at the front of the bus.

She's got her DUFFLE BAG over her shoulder. It's covered in
punk rock patches.

Behind her is the rest of her band - other chicks in leather,
denim, tattoos, wild hair. They stand staring at the back of
the bus, where Bradley and Eric have already made themselves
at home.

ERIC is smoking a joint, sprawled out on the couch.

BRADLEY is sipping a beer, shirtless, sunglasses on, rubbing
his gut.

DONITA

You're kidding me.

EXT. PARKING LOT - BUS THREE

Greg stands at the door, checking off names as members of
ORANGE 9MM and FACE TO FACE load onto the bus.

One member stops at Greg. This is CHAKA MALIK (26), black,
with big dirty dreads - the lead singer of ORANGE 9MM.

CHAKA

So you be driving our bus?

Greg looks at Chaka over the top of his sunglasses. He
checks his clipboard then looks back at Chaka.

GREG

You must be Chaka.

He makes a note on his clipboard.

GREG (CONT'D)

And no. You'll be driving your own busses.

INT. BUS TWO - CONTINUOUS

Kevin is addressing NO USE FOR A NAME and QUICKSAND, who sit around getting comfortable.

KEVIN

So make sure to keep the order. You behind Sublime and L7, they're Bus One. They'll be right behind me in the van.

Kevin hops off the bus.

ALAN CAGE, 24, shaved head and tats, looks around in disgust. He's the drummer for QUICKSAND.

ALAN

Less than a year ago we were touring with Anthrax and Rage Against the Machine. What the hell are we doing driving our own busses?

WALTER SCHREIFELS, 26, shaggy hair and scrawny. He's their lead-singer and has an awesome New York accent.

WALTER

Get over it, Alan. We're touring for the album. And we owe Kevin, can't deny that.

ALAN

But they can't even get bus drivers?

(sotto)

We're better than this bullshit.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Kevin's outside BUS TWO. He looks to his left as BUD AND LOU DOG CLIMB BACK ONTO BUS ONE.

To his right, Greg walks back from BUS FOUR.

GREG

CIV and Sick of it All are ready on Bus Four. Orange 9mm and Face to Face are set in Three.

KEVIN

Good. Go check on L7.

He looks around the lot. Sublime's bus, plus a handful of other vehicles, each crappier than the next, are scattered around the lot.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Have you seen Shelley and Ray?

DONITA (O.S.)

Kevin!!

Kevin turns to see Donita, pissed, walking toward him from BUS ONE.

DONITA (CONT'D)

Kevin! What the hell were you thinking putting us on a bus with those jackasses?

Behind her, another woman rushes off the bus. She's just as grungy, with SKUNK HAIR. Lou Dog barks from inside the bus.

Kevin laughs.

KEVIN

You're right, that was stupid.

(to Greg)

Let's put L7 on Bus Three.

(to Donita)

Just take what you need to get to Salt Lake and we'll move everything later.

Two other women now stand outside BUS ONE with Skunk Hair as Greg and Donita start back for their stuff.

Kevin heads to BUS THREE.

DONITA

Why the hell are they here?

GREG

Kevin knows Brad. He says these guys are going somewhere.

DONITA

Yeah, the E.R. then hell.

Donita's DUFFLE BAG comes soaring out the open door, crash landing at the feet of L7.

Bradley pokes his head out the door.

BRADLEY

Mucho gusto! Now adios, chicas!

Skunk Hair GIVES HIM THE FINGER as Greg pushes past onto the bus.

INT. BUS ONE - CONTINUOUS

Bud sits on the couch, Lou Dog curled next to him.

GREG

C'mon, man, keep the dog off the couch.

Lou Dog barks.

BUD

Like I told the chicks, he only barks at sluts. And you didn't put our bags on the right bunks.

Sublime laughs and Bud sips his beer.

INT. BUS THREE - CONTINUOUS

Two bands, ORANGE 9MM and FACE TO FACE, sit around their bus, freshly cracked beers in their hands.

Kevin climbs inside.

KEVIN

Face to Face, grab your shit. You're splitting up between Bus Two and Bus Four.

Face to Face groans.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Orange, you're moving in with Sublime on Bus One. L7 get's this one to themselves.

Orange 9mm groans louder.

CHAKA

One of those assholes better drive, I'm gonna need more than one of these to stay on that bus.

And he starts to chug his beer.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Kevin hops back out of the bus as a black car pulls up alongside the busses, parking correctly in a marked spot.

KEVIN

Finally.

Shelley climbs out of the passenger seat. Ray climbs out the drivers side.

SHELLEY

Glad you didn't leave without us.

KEVIN

You had thirty more seconds.

They hug and part as Ray approaches. Ray and Kevin smile and shake. Ray surveys the area.

L7 are dragging their bags toward their new bus as Orange 9mm and Face to Face split up among their busses.

RAY

Well, looks like you actually got this taken care of.

KEVIN

Last minute change. Nothing serious.

RAY

And the athletes?

KEVIN

Skaters and crew are meeting right now. I told them we'd meet them in Burbank and they'll hop on our caravan.

Ray smiles. They're almost on their way. The commotion of moving between busses is starting to die down.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

We'll be in the van. Shelley and Greg will be in the production bus at the end.

SHELLEY

Sounds good.

KEVIN

Aaron will join you in Burbank so you two can talk skate.

(MORE)

KEVIN (CONT'D)
It's a long drive to Salt Lake, so
I expect things to run flawlessly
once we get there.

He checks his watch.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
It's almost 11, lets get going.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Greg walks down the row of busses, hitting each door on the way to the last one.

GREG
Gentlemen, start your engines!

He knocks on each door until he reaches his bus, BUS FIVE - the Production Bus - at the end.

INT. BUS FIVE

He climbs in, closing the door behind him.

He hops into the passenger seat.

GREG
Ready to go?

Shelley pulls out a walkie talkie.

SHELLEY
(into walkie)
5, ready to go.

She starts the engine.

EXT. PARKING LOT

The caravan, headed by a WHITE VAN followed by FIVE TOUR BUSES slowly starts to pull away. The sun sits high in the sky.