

THE HANG TEN GANG

Road Trip! Join some old surfing buddies as they drive from Jersey to California, for the second time.

FADE IN:

EXT. HOUSE - 10TH AVENUE - MORNING

The faint sound of waves CRASHING can be heard in the background. Fall leaves swirl around a large, state-of-the-art Winnebago parked outside a small house.

SUPER: "BELMAR, NJ"

JASON (O.S.)

Here we are. Getting ready to leave.

JASON MITCHELL (20), operates the video camera. His hand appears in frame and waves.

JASON (O.S.)

I'm Jason, an NYU Film student. I heard about a group of surfers taking a road trip to California to catch some big waves. I asked if I could document it. So, here I am.

Luggage, pillows and blankets are piled on the sidewalk next to two open storage compartments in the Winnebago.

BING (O.S.)

Hey Jason! You ready for a righteous party dude?

SUPER: "RALPH 'BING' MURPHY - 75 Years Old"

Bing, long grey ponytail, grey goatee and dressed in a Hawaiian shirt, shorts and flip flops, energetically runs out of the house. He has a duffel bag over his shoulder.

JASON (O.S.)

Yes, Mister Murphy.

Bing flings his duffel bag into the compartment.

BING

Mister Murphy? That was my Dad's name. Call me Bing.

(yells)

Skip! Where's the boards dude?

SUPER: "HENRY 'SKIP' JOHNSON - 76 Years Old"

The long nose of a surfboard slowly exits the front door of the house. Skip, bald and frail with loud pants pulled up to his chest, walks out holding the board, followed by about five more feet of board. He attempts to show excitement but the long board begins to weigh him down and he falls forward.

SKIP

Cowabunga!

INT. WINNEBAGO - LATER

The Winnebago is still parked. Bing relaxes on the couch.

JASON (O.S.)

This is some Winnebago.

BING

It's a choice ride. Cost more bread than my pad. But I figured, this is our last trip together, we might as well be stylin'.

JASON (O.S.)

Tell me a little bit about you guys and the purpose of this road trip.

BING

Some of us cats have known each other over fifty years. Me, Skip, Dizzy and Shep all grew up on the same street.

INSERT - BLACK & WHITE PHOTO WITH NAMES SCRIBBLED ON IT

Four young boys (10-ish), stand on the porch of the same small 10th Avenue house. "BING" in a Hawaiian shirt, "SKIP" wearing loud pants, "DIZZY" with a blonde Albert Einstein hair-do and "SHEP" doing a handstand next to them.

BING (O.S.)

We met Mickey, Sully, Fins, Chick, Squid and John The Greek at the beach. We surfed every day. They called us the Hang Ten Gang. In nineteen fifty three we won the East Coast Surfing Championship.

INSERT - PHOTO WITH "1953- HANG TEN GANG" WRITTEN ON IT

The ten young men ham it up in front of ten long boards that jut out of the sand, trophies lined up in front of them.

BACK TO SCENE

BING

We drove out to Manhattan Beach,
California to compete in the
Nationals. We tanked but had a blast.
Only five of us cats are left now
though. I figured we'd better get
back out there before it's too late and
we're all six feet under.

EXT. HOUSE - 10TH AVENUE - LATER

The Winnebago idles. Bing and Skip appear antsy to leave.

SUPER: "MICHAEL 'MICKEY' JONES - 73 Years Old"

Mickey, sporting a comb over, stands next to them. A gust of wind lifts his comb over straight up. Skip laughs so hard his dentures fall out and crack in half. He stares at his broken teeth in disbelief.

INT. KITCHEN - HOUSE

"SUPER: "CAROL ANN MURPHY - BING'S DAUGHTER"

Carol (45), a conservative Joan Cleaver type, makes sandwiches and places them in zip lock bags.

CAROL ANN

They're waitin on Dizzy. He's always
late. Sully's already asleep in the
Winnebago.

SUPER: "SHAWN MURPHY"

Shawn (19), dressed in black with jet black hair walks through the kitchen without even looking up.

CAROL ANN

Shawn, go say goodbye to your
Grandfather.

He lifts his head revealing a nose ring, pierced eyebrow, huge holes in his ear lobes and black eyeliner.

SHAWN

Why should I?

CAROL ANN

Because he's your Grandfather and he loves you.

SHAWN

Whatever.

Shawn leaves the room. Carol is a bit embarrassed.

CAROL ANN

Sorry about that. Shawn's been a little removed since his Dad and I divorced because the no good bastard knocked up his little whore secretary. Anyway, they were really close.

INSERT - PHOTO

A red haired Shawn (10), sits on a bike holding a bright red, modern style surf board. Next to him is his Dad, holding a surf board and Bing with his long board.

BACK TO SCENE

CAROL ANN

He loved to surf, but now he hates everything. . . and everyone. It's because he's a Goth now, or Emu, I mean Elmo. . .Emo? I can't remember what it's called. I'm sure it's a phase, like when I was a lesbian in college.

CHEERS come from outside.

CAROL ANN

Dizzy must be here.

EXT. HOUSE

SUPER: "ANDREW 'DIZZY' DAVIS - 74 Years Old"

Dizzy, hair like Albert Einstein's, unfastens the long board off the top of his car. Skip watches excitedly, exposing a big toothless smile from ear to ear. He talks to Jason.

SKIP

We've been waiting for Dizzy. He and Mickey are the only two who still have their driver's license.

Dizzy walks his surf board over to the Winnebago. Bing pulls three suitcases out of Dizzy's car.

BING

How many damned suitcases you bring Diz?

As Dizzy turns towards Bing, the ten foot board he's holding swings around and smashes into Mickey knocking him to the ground. He SCREAMS in pain.

INT. LIVING ROOM - HOUSE- LATER

Bing, Skip and Dizzy sit on the couch, heads hung low.

BING

Well, that's it. Mickey's hip is broken. We can't go with just one driver.

DIZZY

What a drag man.

Shawn walks through the living room, without looking up, and heads straight for the front door. Bing's eyes widen.

BING

Hey, Shawn!

INT. LIVING ROOM - HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

CAROL ANN

Hurry up Shawn!

SHAWN (O.S.)

I don't know why you're making me go!
This is bullshit!

CAROL ANN

(to Jason)

This'll be good for him. He needs to get outta here for a while. Maybe bond with his Grandfather.

INT. WINNEBAGO - MOMENTS LATER

Dizzy's at the wheel. Bing and Skip play cards at the table while SULLY (75), SNORES in the bedroom.

SUPER: "JACK 'SULLY' SULLIVAN - 78 Years Old"

Shawn gets on the bus, scowl on his face. Earplugs in, he pulls out his Blackberry and begins texting.

DIZZY

Let's blow this Popsicle stand!

SKIP

Cowabunga!

INT. WINNEBAGO - DINING TABLE - NIGHT

Shawn drives, earplugs in, the rest of the guys are asleep. Bing quietly talks to Jason.

BING

Well, we made it to Memphis. We were supposed to spend the day at Graceland. Sully begged me to add it to the trip, but we couldn't wake him up.

In the back, Sully's in the exact same position as earlier.

BING

I put a mirror under his nose, he was breathing so I just let him sleep. That dude is one tired cat. Anyway, I thought I might try rapping with Shawn, now that the guys are asleep.

INT. WINNEBAGO - DINING TABLE - MOMENTS LATER

BING

Well, that didn't work. He pretty much told me to get lost.

JASON (O.S.)

Tell me a little more about this road trip.

BING

Well, the most important stop is the Grand Canyon. That's the stop we're making for Shep.

JASON (O.S.)

Who's Shep?

INSERT - OLD PHOTO WITH NAME SCRIBBLED ON IT

"CLARK 'SHEP' SHEPPERD" (20's), does a handstand on his board as he rides a wave.

BACK TO SCENE

BING

This cat could do stunts on his board that would blow your mind. A real hot dogger.

JASON (O.S.)

Where's Shep now?

Bing sighs. He gets up, walks over to the closet and pulls out a big silver urn.

BING

This is what's left of old Shep. He died last month. He was really looking forward to this trip too. What a drag.

JASON (O.S.)

What happened?

BING

Freak accident. He used to call Bingo down at the V.F.W. Somehow the ball cage broke and all the balls rolled out. Poor Shep, he slipped on number seven. Guess it wasn't his lucky number.

Bing pats the urn like he's patting an old buddy on the back.

INT. DINER - DAY

Bing, Skip, Dizzy and Shawn sit it a large booth, plates of food in front of them. Shawn sits as far away as possible.

BING

Hello from Las Vegas. Diz, you wanna tell everyone why we haven't filmed anything since Memphis?

DIZZY

I broke the camera.

BING

So we've been stuck here for a few days waiting for it to get fixed. Shawn found a concert that he wants to go to tonight, so we're gonna hang here at least one more day.

Without looking up, Shawn nods his head.

JASON (O.S.)

Speaking of concerts, surfing isn't the only thing some of you guys do together. Tell me about your band.

BING

The Wipe Outs, together for fifty years. I'm on lead guitar, Skip here's on bass, Mickey on rhythm guitar and Dizzy on the skins.

Dizzy demonstrates his drumming skills by tapping on his plate and glass with his fork and spoon. Nearby customers shoot them dirty looks.

BING

We were the house band at Captain's Cove for years.

INSERT - PHOTO

The young Wipe Outs in their hay day, playing on stage at Captain's Cove. The dance floor filled with people.

BACK TO SCENE

BING

We're mostly a studio band now.

INSERT - FILM CLIP (WITH SOUND)

The four old guys sit in a recording studio and play. Their type of music would be familiar to people who may do some of their video shopping in the private room behind the black curtain.

BACK TO SCENE

BING

They use our music for movie soundtracks. My favorite was the track we laid down for Bambi Rides The Swell.

INT. WINNEBAGO - LATER

Shawn stands in the small bathroom, door open, and primps for the concert. He applies black eyeliner.

Sully SNORES in the background.

JASON (O.S.)

So what concert you going to man?

SHAWN

Fallout Boy.

JASON (O.S.)

Cool.

SHAWN

Mind if I close the door now?

The door shuts.

EXT. WINNEBAGO - MOMENTS LATER

An awning extends from the Winnebago giving shade to the guys seated at a folding table playing cards.

SKIP

How much longer do we have to hang here man?

BING

Relax. The kid needs to have some fun too. He's been stuck with us old cats for over a week.

DIZZY

If you ask me, that kid needs to get laid.

BING

Well, we didn't ask you.

JASON (O.S.)

So did you meet any special ladies on your last road trip?

They nod "yes" and laugh, devilishly. Bing looks at Skip.

BING

Remember the night you picked up that chick in Oklahoma? Her old man caught you two balling in the barn.

SKIP

The dude pulled a shot gun on me!

The guys laugh hysterically. Bing tries to finish but he's laughing so hard it's difficult for him to speak.

BING

Skip was so freaked he ran out with no clothes on. We were waiting for him on the bus and saw him running through the field. He tipped over every cow on the way!

SKIP

Cowabunga!

Dizzy laughs so hard he falls off the chair. This makes them all laugh harder.

INT. WINNEBAGO - LATER

Dizzy quietly enters the Winnebago. He looks around, the bathroom door is still closed and Sully still asleep. He sees Jason and puts his finger up to his lips gesturing to keep quiet.

He pulls a little blue pill from his pocket and drops it into a thermos that says "SHAWN".

DIZZY

The kid just needs to get laid.

JASON (O.S.)

What was that?

DIZZY

Just a little Viagra.

INT. WINNEBAGO - MOMENTS LATER

Dizzy is gone. Shawn walks out of the bathroom looking very Goth or Emo, whatever. His hair is a mess, on purpose of course. He waves to good-bye Jason.

SHAWN

Later man.

JASON (O.S.)

Have fun dude.

Shawn leaves and the door SLAMS shut.

JASON (O.S.)

Did I just say dude?

Sully wakes. He slowly stands up and looks over at Jason.

SULLY

Where are we?

JASON (O.S.)

Vegas.

SULLY

Shit.

Sully yawns and tries to work up some saliva in his mouth. Dry. He grabs Shawn's thermos and takes a big gulp.

JASON (O.S.)

Wait!

INT. WINNEBAGO - LATER

Dizzy drives frantically. He pulls into a large and crowded arena parking lot.

BING

Look for Section A. He's waiting
under the sign.

They spot Shawn standing next to a pretty Emo girl. She hands him a piece of paper then they kiss. Dizzy honks the horn startling Shawn and the girl.

BING

Dizzy, you asshole.

DIZZY

Hang loose dude. I'm just havin'
some fun.

Shawn and the girl smile as he gets in the Winnebago. He stands at the door and waves to her as they pull away.

When he turns around, all the guys are staring at him, even Sully who has an ice pack on his privates.

SHAWN

What?

SKIP

Just didn't know you could smile
kid. It looks good on you.

SULLY

She looked good on you too kid.

BING

Alright, simmer down horn dog.
(to Shawn)
So, you had fun?

Shawn looks like a new kid. His eyes seem brighter and he's smiling.

SHAWN

Yeah, I did. Thanks Grandpa.
So, what the hell happened here?

Sully looks down at the ice pack.

SULLY

I woke up.

DIZZY

(yells back)

He's had an erection that's lasted more than four hours! We have to consult a physician!

BING

Someone, slipped Sully a Viagra.
We're taking him to the emergency room.

Suddenly Sully stands up. The guys shield their eyes in disgust as the ice pack falls off his lap.

SKIP

Ahh! Put your tool back in the shed
Sull! You're gonna poke someone's eye
out!

SULLY

Sorry. I gotta take a whiz!

SKIP

Careful you don't piss on the ceiling.

EXT. GRAND CANYON - PARKING LOT - DAY

Everyone walks out of the Winnebago. Bing, last out, holds Shep's urn.

They walk to a fence at the edge of the canyon. Bing tries to pull something out of his pocket but can't juggle the urn at the same time so he passes it over to Dizzy.

BING

Hold this a sec.

Bing pulls a piece of paper from his pocket and reads.

BING

Shep's final wish was to see the Grand
Canyon. I know this isn't what you had

BING (CONT'D)

in mind buddy but at least we're all here together. Before we scatter his ashes I want to read a poem that Shep wrote to-

Dizzy swats a bee that flies near his face. It gets aggressive and he uses the urn to swat it. Suddenly he loses his grip and the urn flies over the fence.

The guys look down and watch the urn fall. It hits the side of the canyon, CLANK, over and over again, BANG, CLUNK, CRACK. Finally it lands on the canyon floor. It appears as small as an ant.

SKIP

Bye Shep.

INT. WINNEBAGO - NIGHT

Shawn drives and Bing sits in the passenger seat. They talk and laugh like old friends.

Dizzy and Sully sleep in the back. Skip sits at the table.

JASON (O.S.)

So who was the best surfer out of all you guys?

SKIP

I wish I could say me, but its Bing for sure. I was okay though. I can't wait to shred those gnarly Cali waves again. Jersey's okay, but nothing like West Coast swells.

EXT. MANHATTAN BEACH, CALIFORNIA - DAY

The four guys stand facing the ocean, each holding their long boards. They stare at the massive waves.

BING

Jesus.

SULLY

I don't remember them being this big.

DIZZY

Global warming.

BING

It's not global warming. We were just young cats then. Not afraid of anything.

DIZZY

We were the balls.

SKIP

Well I ain't going in. I just had both knees replaced last year.

They look defeated.

Suddenly a streak of red runs passed them. It's Shawn, holding his red board. He jumps into the ocean.

SHAWN

Cowabunga!

SKIP

Whoa! Where'd he get that board?

BING

I packed it, hoping he'd come around.

Bing smiles. They all watch Shawn surf.

BEACH - LATER

The four long boards stand next to each other in the sand.

The guys splash around in the ocean.

INSERT - PHOTO

Bing, Skip, Sully and Dizzy stand in front of their long boards. Shawn, next to Bing, stands in front of his. They all look very happy.

JASON (V.O.)

Cowabunga dudes.

FADE OUT