

RADIO\WAVES

by

Jeffrey M. Goldberg

545 Shadow Willow Drive  
El Paso, Texas 79922  
915/630-2970  
Jeffgold@whc.net  
Copyright 2009  
Registered WGA/W

FADE IN:

EXT. CHICAGO NEIGHBORHOOD IN THE EARLY 1970'S - DAY

A new, modern sports car with its' top down sits in front of a upper class home in the Chicago suburbs.

BRIAN, FREEMAN, KLINE and COLLINS, all about 20, pile into the car with Freeman behind the wheel. They're all a bit obnoxious, loud and notoriously rowdy.

Freeman and Brian are the alpha males, Kline and Collins round out their pack.

BRIAN  
(screaming)  
Shotgun!

THE OTHERS  
AD LIB groans and protests

INT. THE CAR - DAY

COLLINS  
You know I can't sit in the back.  
I'll get sick.

BRIAN  
How'd you think you'd do in the  
trunk, wuss?

Kline picks up an old fast food bag from the junk in the back seat, dumps out some ancient french fries and hands the bag to Collins.

KLINE  
Here asshole; puke into this.

FREEMAN  
Okay. Each of you. Gimme  
a buck for gas. I'm not driving  
your asses to the beach without  
some cash up front!

Each throws Brian a buck-- except Collins: he tosses in 2 quarters.

Freeman looks at Collins in disgust.

BRIAN

All right. The plan is to be on the beach while there's still some rays and some chicks soaking them up. That means no bathroom breaks. Got it, Collins?

COLLINS

You guys know I have a small bladder.

KLINE

Small bladder; small dick.

MONTAGE OF SHOTS SHOWING THE TRIP AND TRANSITION FROM CITY TO COUNTRY.

-- The car's AM radio clicks on. The sound of Chicago radio station WLS--a huge musical influence in the 70's--fills the car as it drives off.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

It's gonna be a great weekend in Chicagoland; hot, hazy, humid. Good time to head to the beach. Expect highs around 95, but cooler near the lake. Right now it's 92 at the Big 89, WLS!

The radio station jingle segways into a 70's hit song.

As the song plays, the tinny sound of the AM radio goes to full fidelity to dominate the sound.

It's like a frat party on wheels!

-- A gas station sign reads: REGULAR: 42 CENTS

-- Brian pumps gas.

-- Freeman, Kline and Collins run through the attached store to buy beer and snacks.

--Road signs and skylines go from city skyscrapers to tall evergreens and tree-lined interstates.

END MONTAGE

The sound now goes from full, back to the tinny sound of AM radio as the signal turns to static.

A hand twists the radio off.

Highway sounds dominate.

BRIAN

I guess we're gettin closer to the lake -- the radio signal sucks.

EXT. ON THE HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Two girls in a sports car, pull up next to the boys, give them a seductive look, laugh and speed away.

INT. THE CAR - CONTINUOUS

KLINE

That's cool with me.

EXT. ON THE HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The girls in the sports car speeds away with our boys following behind.

EXT. NORTH SHORE COMMUNITY COLLEGE ESTABLISHING - DAY

Students walk through campus on their way to classes.

One building is noted as FINE ARTS BUILDING.

INT. COLLEGE RADIO STATION - DAY

Music's playing from the studio of a 1970's college radio station; there's a control board, racks of albums, band posters on the wall.

MARCUS RUSH, (20) sits behind the controls. Feet up, brash and slightly unkept, he's looking over a stack of record albums tossing them all over the floor.

MR. GHERHARD, the 50ish faculty advisor for the station sweeps in. He tries to be cool, but just doesn't get it.

Marcus sits up, startled.

MR. GHERHARD

Mr. Rush!

MARCUS

Sir! Mr. Gherhard!

MR. GHERHARD

How is our broadcast day going?

MARCUS

Playing the hits, sir. Sure would be nice if we could get a license to broadcast our station further than the cafeteria.

MR. GHERHARD

That would be outta site, but the FCC doesn't think so.

MARCUS

We could pick up a whole new audience. Not just the ones who feel the need to have a tuna sandwich. Then all the girls in town would think I'm cooler than I really am.

MR. GHERHARD

Well, there may be hope for you yet.

Gherhard takes out a flyer and hands it to Marcus.

MARCUS

Sir?

MR. GHERHARD

I want you to post this somewhere in the studio. WNSR is looking for a couple of young disc jockeys to work this summer. The general manager called me. Wants to do a teen music show. Could be a good opportunity to get some real radio experience.

Gherhard hands Marcus the information sheet.

MARCUS

And be a cool guy...

MR. GHERHARD

Post this on the bulletin board so  
all the radio students have a  
chance.

MARCUS

Of course, sir.

Gherhard exits.

Marcus looks at the flyer, looks around the studio, then  
folds it up and puts it in his pocket.

He suddenly remembers his record is over.

The song ends and Marcus turns on the microphone while  
getting the next record ready.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

(to the microphone)

This is the one and only Marcus  
Rush and I gotta tell you--it is  
half past a chicken sandwich, so I  
am out of here. Next up next; the  
foxy fine Miss Amanda Jordan's  
going to be playing some tasty  
treats.

AMANDA JORDAN enters the studio choosing some records for  
her show from the racks behind Marcus. She's 19, and a  
lot more attractive than even she thinks she is.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

(to the microphone)

And if I don't see you in the  
cafeteria remember: if you can't  
be good, be careful!

Marcus shuts off the microphone and slumps into the  
chair.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

(to Amanda)

Hey babe. What is up?

Marcus gets up and Amanda moves in to sit down. She sets  
her first record on the turntable.

AMANDA

Not much. So, what are you doing  
this summer?

MARCUS

Oh you know me: big plans.

AMANDA

Maybe you should give me a call --  
or something. Want my number?

MARCUS

Are you kidding? It's tattooed  
across my heart!

AMANDA

Marcus, you're always so funny.  
You should be on a real radio  
station.

MARCUS

That'd be cool.

EXT. NORTH SHORE, MICHIGAN ESTABLISHING SHOTS - DAY

North Shore is a small resort town on the shores of Lake Michigan. The quaint downtown caters to the summer crowds from nearby Chicago who come for the beach, to rent condos and keep the economy going.

Stores are emblazoned with signs: TOURIST DISCOUNTS!  
WELCOME CHICAGO VISITORS!

INT. NORTH SHORE BEACH STORE - DAY

Inside this convenience store KEVIN WHITCOME (20), one of those cute-nerdy guys, stocks the shelves of his DAD's establishment.

Dad's behind the counter, reading the newspaper.

A BELL RINGS. Brian, Freeman, Kliene and Collins nosily burst through the door. It's like they own the place.

DAD

Can we help you boys?

FREEMAN

Well I hope you can. Where do you  
keep the beer?

Kevin stands up in front of an aisle of women's products.

He's got a box of maxipads in his hands, realizes it, and  
clumsily hides it behind his back.

KEVIN

Beer's right here: in the cooler.

Freeman's head is already in the cooler.

FREEMAN

Dude, where's the imports?

Dad puts down the newspaper and comes to help.

DAD

Right here boys. Just got it in.  
Imported all the way from the  
Rocky Mountains!

ALL

(laughter)

Kevin looks part embarrassed, part pissed.

BRIAN

We'll take it! Man-- small town,  
my friends... gotta love it!

Dad rings up the beer and hands Freeman the bag.

DAD

You boys have a nice day. Come on  
back for anything you need.  
Enjoy your stay!

BRIAN

Come on. Let's get the fuck outta  
here.

Kevin watches them leave. Mad.



KEVIN

I hate the "FIPS". Wish they'd just stop coming to North Shore. They always make us feel like they're better than us.

DAD

Come on, Kevin. You know we need their business. Ever since that damn mall opened, downtown North Shore's like a ghost town -- except in the summer. Only thing that saves us. They rent condos; spend money. I know they're loud and obnoxious, but when they're gone, their money stays.

KEVIN

Yeah, fine. It's just...

The BELL RINGS again. Marcus bursts in. He and Kevin have been friends, like forever.

MARCUS

Fucking FIPs! I'm pulling in; they just take off--don't even look back to see me coming!  
(he eyes the cooler)  
I need an R.C. or something.

Marcus is already in the cooler, takes an RC Cola, pulls the pop top ring, and begins to guzzle it down.

KEVIN

Marcus, you don't need to say "fucking FIPs". It's "fucking Illinois people"--the "fucking" is already included.

MARCUS

Dude, I know. But these Chicago dicks are ass holes! Gets worse every summer. They act like they own the place: Trash our beach, seduce our women, treat us like shit. So, yeah, to me they are "fucking, fucking Illinois people! Extra "fucking" included--no extra charge.

KEVIN

I'm working. You come here for something, or just to complain.

MARCUS

Well, if you can break away from stacking the feminine products, I'm here to invite you to a guaranteed hot chick party at some cottage on the beach. Some fucking-- I mean some FIPs are throwing it. I think we can crash.

KEVIN

First you bitch--now you want to crash their party?

MARCUS

We've got to. It's our duty to represent the home team. FIPs are always puttin the moves on our women. We need to be doing that!

KEVIN

I...I... couldn't. I-- you know know-- I have a problem.

MARCUS

Yeah, you're chicken shit. Come on, finals are history, it's summer, you're done with two stellar years at North Shore Community College. Dude, you're prime!

KEVIN

Shit: my last summer in this bogus town. I just want it to be cool.

MARCUS

I think I've got a way to make it happen.

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM -- EVENING

Marcus pulls out the radio station posting about the job openings and slides it over to Kevin.

MARCUS

Check this out. Gherhard wanted me to post it--but screw it-- I think I found us what you would call "a golden opportunity."

Kevin reads.

KEVIN

What's this?

MARCUS

This, my friend, it's going to make this the best summer of our lives!

KEVIN

Disc Jockeys? Me? Are you fucking kidding?

MARCUS

Real radio disc jockeys on WNSR. Could be us. Broadcasting hot tunes to the hot girls on the beach! Hot girls from Chicago! Besides, it's a known fact -- chicks love D.J.'s.

KEVIN

But I can't talk on the radio.

MARCUS

Come on--you took the class last semester.

KEVIN

Yeah and every time I turned on the microphone, I wanted to throw up all over myself. You know I have a very nervous stomach.

MARCUS

Chicks might really dig that too.

KEVIN

I think puking at the site of a microphone really does not make me a prime candidate for the job; or as a chick magnet.

MARCUS

You know the doctor said you'd outgrow it. Maybe it's time to do a little growing, dude. All we do is go in, tell them Gherhard recommended us and we get the gig. The rest will be rock and roll history.

(Whispering)

You could play love songs to Samantha.

KEVIN

Come on, No one listens to WNSR. It sucks.

MARCUS

You and me, Kev. We'll take the "suck" out of WNSR. We'll make it cool. You know nothing else comes in very good on the beach. They have to listen to us. Besides, how bad can it suck?

INT. WNSR RADIO CONTROL ROOM - DAY

WNSR's is a dump: dingy soundproof paneling, old equipment, dim lighting and sleepy, boring music.

The announcer, RALPH DIAMOND looks like at one time he could have gone places, but he never left this place. He sits behind the control board looking as worn out and sleepy as the station itself--almost in a daze waiting for the song to end.

The song completely fades out. Several seconds of silence pass. Diamond wakes up, adjusts his headphones and turns on the microphone.

RALPH DIAMOND

(to the microphone)

That was the sounds of the Glenn Daniels Orchestra on WNSR, the radio voice of Western Michigan and the entire Lake Michigan shoreline...

A flickering old "on the air light" is illuminated, but then shorts out.

RALPH DIAMOND (CONT'D)

... It's 72 degrees under partly  
cloudy skies, just perfect  
sleepin' weather if you ask me....

On the wall, records are over-stuffed into large racks.

RALPH DIAMOND (CONT'D)

... Well, we're just about to make  
our way to the top of the hour  
when we'll welcome WNSR's own  
community director Mary Anne  
Decker for our daily report on the  
births and deaths of the area...

A large old clock on the wall shows the current time.

RALPH DIAMOND (CONT'D)

...followed by "Hymns for Today",  
your midday break for inner  
thought.

The turntable sits ready with the next record.

The old tape machines look like they can barely function.

RALPH DIAMOND (CONT'D)

... but first, a word from one of  
our sponsors, Metro Motors.

Ralph clicks off the microphone and starts a commercial  
from one of the tape machines.

The heavy studio door opens and an even older JOHNNY  
HINTON (70), the station's engineer slowly creeps in,  
cigarette hanging from his lips. He's carrying a  
newspaper.

JOHNNY

Howdy Ralph. Here's the paper,  
just in time for the news.

Ralph takes the paper and begins to circle stories with a  
red ink pen.

RALPH DIAMOND

Thanks. I would have to work  
for a station where the news  
director is the paper boy.

JOHNNY

Gotta keep those expenses down.

RALPH DIAMOND

That reminds me. You need to fix that "on the air" light. I'll chip in for a bulb.

JOHNNY

I'll put it on my list for 'transmitter test night' but to me, that light is just unnecessary show biz crap.

The studio back door that leads to a back parking lot swings open. Not a normal thing, because people can walk right into the studio, without even giving thought to being quiet.

A beam of sunlight illuminates the studio BILL PIKE (50) a loud, rotund man in a cheesy suit enters; briefcase in one hand, and a giant sized milk shake from the adjacent Dairy Freeze ice cream parlor in the other.

Pike, the General Manager sucks away on his shake.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Hey boss, what's shaking?

PIKE

My fat cheeks every time I walk.  
New flavor!

Pike proudly holds up his large Dairy Freeze milk shake cup like trophy.

PIKE (CONT'D)

"Chocolate-chewy-cookie-  
chunk-chip-celebration"

JOHNNY

Hot Damn! You're doin it!

PIKE

Yep, gonna try every one of the 47 flavors of shake this summer. I'm on a mission.

RALPH DIAMOND

You guys want to take your  
discussion outta the studio. It's  
news time.

JOHNNY

Pike's milk shake mission is news  
to me.

RALPH DIAMOND

I'll make it my lead.

INT. BEACH COTTAGE - NIGHT

There's a party going on!

Freeman's family's beach cottage sits on prime beach  
front property. You can hear the waves crash the shore  
from the door.

INT. IN A REMOTE CORNER OF THE COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Marcus enters, stumbling through an open window, trying  
to act nonchalant. Reluctantly, Kevin enters behind him.

They both try to blend in, acting cool.

MARCUS

Told you I'd get us in.

KEVIN

Dude, we used a window.

MARCUS

Doesn't matter. In is in, and we  
are. Now let us scope out the  
prospects.

(Abruptly)

Kev: look there's Samantha. I've  
seen the way you look at her.

KEVIN

Yeah looking is all I've done  
since 5th grade.

Freeman and Brian, a little drunk, interrupt.

FREEMAN

Hey, who are you guys?

MARCUS

Dude, good to see you again too!  
I'm Marcus, remember? We met at  
that party out in Shaumberg last  
year-- you know, those girls were  
crazy!

Freeman turns to Kevin.

FREEMAN

Don't I know you?

KEVIN

Well, maybe not first hand. I  
know your cousin... Or--

FREEMAN

No, you're that dude at that store  
this afternoon, stocking the  
maxipads!

KEVIN

Stocking? No, buying them. For my  
girlfriend. You know-- that time  
and all.

A loud crash O.S. Freeman yells in that direction.

FREEMAN

Fuck! That's my mom's! You're  
going to pay for that!

(To Kevin and Marcus)

Be right back. Don't go anywhere.

KEVIN

Let's get out of here.

MARCUS

No man, we're just getting  
started. We're in! Come on:  
Samantha! Why don't you go over  
and talk to her.

KEVIN

What am I going to say?



MARCUS

I don't know... 'Hey, I was just thinking about you while I was jacking off this morning.'  
I don't know! Make something up!

Kevin looks across the room at SAMANTHA, the cute girl of his dreams. Samantha (19) is adorable and sweet. For a moment they lock eyes. She smiles.

Her view is blocked as Kline moves in to talk to her.

Kevin walks right into DONNA (20), big, bold and blonde, just arrived at the place with a couple of flashy Chicago party girls.

DONNA

Whoa--there's easier ways to get my attention. But, now that you have...

KEVIN

I am so sorry.

DONNA

I'm not. Donna--from Morton Grove. And you?

KEVIN

Ah... I'm...

DONNA

Nice to meet you. How about you get you and me something to drink?

KEVIN

Yeah sure. Be right back.

INT. THE BEACH HOUSE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Marcus is being backed against the door by a big, football player type, ready to punch his lights out!

MARCUS

I swear! I didn't know she was your sister! We were just talking!

Kevin walks into the room; spots his friend in trouble.

KEVIN  
(to the Big Guy)  
Hey, my man! What is up?

BIG GUY  
I'm just about ready to pound this  
asshole into the sand. What's it  
to you?

KEVIN  
Nothing. See that girl over there?

Kevin points to Donna.

BIG GUY  
Yeah.

KEVIN  
She asked me to ask you to bring  
her a drink. She's hot to meet  
you, dude!

BIG GUY  
Really?

The Big Guy drops Marcus. He heads off to Donna.

MARCUS  
Thanks man. His sister was  
stellar!

KEVIN  
Open that door behind you and  
lets get the fuck out of here.

MARCUS  
Okay, but was this a great  
party, or what?

INT. WNSR FRONT LOBBY - DAY

Just like the studio, the WSNR lobby's old and outdated.  
Several civic awards hand from the wood paneled walls.  
The only bright spot is KATIE, the receptionist, a  
college student in her 20's.

Kevin and Marcus enter; Marcus excited; Kevin nervous.  
They carry their resumes. Kevin is dressed nicely,  
Marcus, laid back as usual.

MARCUS

This is it Kev. Years from now  
we'll look back at this moment.

KEVIN

Yeah, the day a new level of  
embarrassment swept into our  
lives.

KATIE

Welcome to WNSR radio! Can I help  
you?

MARCUS

Yes you may! You are looking at  
your new disc jockeys--I'm Marcus  
Rush and this is Kevin Whitcome.  
We're here to see Mr. Pike, the  
station owner.

KATIE

He's my uncle. I'm Katie. I'm  
spending the summer working here  
to earn some money for college.

MARCUS

College? We go to college. Where  
are you going?

KATIE

Michigan State--go Spartans!

KEVIN

I'm supposed to transfer up there  
this fall. We're just at community  
now. It's pretty basic.

MARCUS

Hey, don't knock my school, dude!

KEVIN

It's not a knock. I mean you're  
taking "history of beer."

MARCUS

And scoring some awesome grades too!

KATIE

You're cute. Let me tell my uncle--  
I mean Mr. Pike, that you guys are here.

Katie gets up and walks down the hall.

MARCUS

She thinks I'm cute.

KEVIN

She's the owner's niece.

MARCUS

Yeah, I know. I'm cool. She's the one who described me as cute.

KEVIN

So has your grandmother.

MARCUS

She's a very good judge of character.

Katie returns to the lobby.

KATIE

Come on back, guys.

INT. MR. PIKE'S OFFICE - DAY

Pike's office is loaded down with old magazines, old food wrappers, lots of papers on a cluttered desk. Several awards adorn his wood paneled walls.

PIKE

Boys, boys! Come on in! Bill Pike, General Manager of WNSR. Welcome! Sit down!

They shake hands and sit down.

KEVIN

I'm Kevin Whitcome, this is my friend Marcus Rush.

MARCUS

Nice to meet you. We're students of Mr. Gherhard, at community college. Proud graduates of "Radio 101." I got a B-plus!

PIKE

Well, if Gherhard recommends you, I'm sure you know your stuff. This is going to be a great opportunity for you guys - some real on-air experience.

KEVIN

Yes sir. The real thing. A real radio station.

MARCUS

But, we wouldn't have to play the kind of music that's on now, would we?

PIKE

No, no. It's time WNSR tried some of that "rock and roll" to appeal to the kids from Chicago. You know, that's what they're used to hearing. Pretty sure we can sell some advertisers on that. But, none of that "psychedelic stuff." Nothing about drugs or sex or breaking the law--understand?

MARCUS

No sir. None of that stuff. Wouldn't dream of it.

PIKE

Now, you'll start Saturday, right after Jerry's Polka Dot Polka Party and on Sunday's, just after the church services. How's that sound?

KEVIN

Sounds like a great lead in audience sir.

PIKE

And you're getting paid too!  
Minimum wage! A dollar-fifty-five  
an hour! Not bad, right?

MARCUS

We're worth every penny too.

PIKE

You guys got your 3rd class  
broadcast licenses, right?

MARCUS

Oh sure. It was part of passing  
Mr. Gherhard's class.

They hand their resumes and licenses to Mr. Pike.

PIKE

Great! Great! Katie will get you  
some forms to fill out and door  
keys. Who knows, I could be  
looking at the next big radio  
stars of North Shore!

MARCUS

We won't let you down, Mr. Pike.

Pike abruptly stands up to end the meeting.

PIKE

Well that about does it.  
(Yelling down the  
hall)  
Johnny! Johnny!

Johnny Hinton pokes his head around the door to the  
office.

PIKE

This is Kevin and Marcus, our new  
D.J's. Show them the studio--  
introduce them around-- have Ralph  
teach them how to run things.  
Especially the commercials!

Marcus and Kevin shake Pike's hand, and turn to leave  
with Johnny.

KEVIN  
(whispering)  
I think I'm going to throw up.

EXT. NORTH SHORE BEACH - DAY

It's a perfect day at the beach. Golden sand meets the shoreline in a postcard kind of way.

Beach blankets are teaming with teens, kids and families playing cards, sun tanning, playing beach volleyball and frisbee, enjoying the sun, sparkling water and golden sand.

Away from the action, almost isolated, Kevin and Marcus lie on a blanket that sports the image of some childish cartoon character.

KEVIN  
Marcus?

MARCUS  
Yeah, bud.

KEVIN  
Does my back look tan to you?

Kevin's back is lobster red.

MARCUS  
Definitely gettin' some rays, bud.  
Probably gonna hurt before it  
looks cool.

Kevin sits up. They're both looking at the crowd of people on the beach.

KEVIN  
Look at 'em: beach is crawling  
with FIPs-- with their houses on  
the lake, their cool cars, boats,  
their money.

MARCUS  
Yeah, loud, obnoxious, acting like  
they own the place--and all the  
women. Wish they'd include me.

Kevin gets up, brushing off some sand.

KEVIN

Dude, I don't know about this whole radio thing. I just don't think I can do it.

MARCUS

What do you mean? You're a natural! We're going to kick ass, and then all these women--they're going to be beating down our studio door to get into our pants.

KEVIN

I'd just like to get one to unbutton my shirt.

MARCUS

There you go! Now you've got a dream!

KEVIN

Ah, give me a break, Marcus. I'm going to the concession stand; see if Samantha's working. Maybe get me a popsicle or something.

While in thought, a frisbee flies in from O.C. and hits Kevin in the head. He's startled; upset.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Ow! What the fuck??

MARCUS

Dude!

Kevin sees a couple of guys coming toward him.

FIP GUY#1

Hey man: gimme my frisbee!

Kevin tries to act cool, like the incident didn't rattle him. He tosses the frisbee back. It's a weak toss and it lands at their feet.

KEVIN

No problem-o, guys. Looking for anyone to join your game?



FIP GUY#2  
No dude, not right now.

FIP GUY #1  
Yeah, but we won't forget about  
you.

FIP GUY #2  
(to the first guy)  
Yeah: every time we want a good  
laugh!

The FIPs turn and run off, laughing.

KEVIN  
Okay, fine.  
(Under his breath)  
Assholes.

Marcus stands. Kevin's rubbing his head.

MARCUS  
(he yells toward the  
guys)  
Frisbee sucks!

EXT. THE CONCESSION STAND AT THE BEACH - DAY

A simple building with a walk-up counter for ordering  
sits in the sand. Menu items are listed on a chalkboard.

Samantha, BROOK and SHANNON (20) are working the stand.  
The circle of three friends have hung out together,  
forever.

The place is busy with impatient customers.

BOY #1  
I wanna ice cream bar! Chocolate!

SAMANTHA  
That's sixty-five cents.

The boy hands her a pile of coins. A couple of FIPs  
stand next in line. Kevin and Marcus take a place behind  
them.

FIP #3

Hey sweetheart, service! Give me  
a coke and a bag of chips. Like,  
now.

SAMANTHA

What size?

FIP #3

Extra large. Just like me.

KEVIN

(Under his breath)  
Come on, man. Show some respect.

He turns to address Kevin face to face.

FIP#3

You talking to me?

KEVIN

I'm.... I'm just saying... you  
know. You don't have to be so  
rude.

SAMANTHA

(to Kevin: grateful)  
Well, thanks ah--

KEVIN

Ah, Kevin.

FIP#3

Ah, Kevin?

KEVIN

Ah, yes?

FIP #3

Why don't you mind your own  
fucking business and let this  
chick wait on me.

(to Samantha)  
Just gimme my stuff.

Samantha hands him his drink and chips, pushing Kevin out  
of his way as he leaves.

Kevin staggers, regains his footing, and comes up to the  
counter.

SAMANTHA

That was nice. I mean, what you said. I mean, thanks. So, can I get you something?

KEVIN

A red popsicle, please.

SAMANTHA

Didn't I see you at that party last night?

KEVIN

Yes--could have been--that was me. You know, "partying down"--at the party.

SAMANTHA

You were coming in through a window.

Marcus pushes his way up to the counter.

MARCUS

Yeah, well, that's the way my friend and I like to roll; incognito you know, to check things out on the "down low."

BROOKE

Yeah, using the door is so overrated.

SAMANTHA

(to Kevin)

Doesn't your family own the North Shore Beach Store?

KEVIN

Yes...we do. Own it, that is. I work there too, sometimes.

MARCUS

I'll take a dill pickle.

(at Kevin:)

I'm not getting fresh, man.

BROOKE

Come on, Sam. There's a lot of people waiting.

SAMANTHA

Well, see you around this summer.

KEVIN

Yeah. Cool. And if you come by our store, I can get you a special discount.

The guys take their purchases and walk away.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Well... that went... well.

MARCUS

Yeah, pretty smooth, Mr. special discount.

INT. WNSR RADIO CONTROL ROOM - DAY

JERRY RUSZKOWSKI (30), a big, boisterous guy who's probably had one too many brats sits behind the control board. He's jumping up and down in the chair keeping time to obnoxious polka music.

The song fades out, he turns on the microphone and begins his loud delivery.

Kevin and Marcus stand and watch in disbelief.

JERRY

(to the microphone)

Well folks, I hope you enjoyed that one! It's the Polka Kings from Terra Haute and "Oh My Polka Peggy." Well, that's going to do it for Jerry's Polka Party, with me, Jerry Ruszkowski here on WNSR. We've got the national news next, and then you're gonna hear some non-polka music. So stay tuned! I'll be appearing live tonight at the Accordion Lounge in downtown Mattawan, so come on out and raise a little heck and a lot of suds with us! Remember now; don't polka with anyone but me! Ho-pa!

Jerry starts one last polka record, turns off the microphone and packs his records.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
So which one of you cowboys is next?

MARCUS  
We flipped a coin.

KEVIN  
And I lost. So it's me, sir.

JERRY  
Well, here you go! Have fun!

KEVIN  
I gotta go to the bathroom!

Kevin takes off down the hall, leaving the studio door open.

Marcus shakes his head sadly.

JERRY  
Your friend okay?

MARCUS  
Oh yeah, sure. This is just how he warms up for his show.

They pause to hear the sounds of Kevin retching from O.S.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
(yelling to Kevin)  
Sounding good, man!

JERRY  
Well, okie dokee. Jerry's got to hit the road!

MARCUS  
Okay dude. Don't steal the Kieshka!

Jerry laughs and leaves.

Kevin re-enters the studio, clutching a waste basket, looking sickly.

KEVIN

I can't do this.

MARCUS

Sure you can, buddy. Come on.  
It'll be fun.

KEVIN

Why did I say I'd go on the air?

MARCUS

Because chicks dig radio DJ's.  
Besides if Pike finds out that  
both of us weren't recommended by  
Gherhard, the shit is going to hit  
the fan.

KEVIN

From what I left in the bathroom,  
I think it already has.

MARCUS

Come on, sit down in the big chair  
and relax!

Kevin sits down and begins to focus on the controls.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

That's my brave little soldier!  
Now, get your first record ready.

Marcus hands Kevin a record, he puts it on the turntable  
with shaky hands.

Taking a couple of deep breaths, Kevin eyes the  
microphone.

The news report ends.

Kevin pushes a button and the station's jingle plays.

RECORDED JINGLE (V.O.)

(Sung)

WNSR, North Shore Radio!

MARCUS

Start your tune, man!

Kevin flips on the turntable. A 1970 hit song begins to  
play.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Rock and fucking roll, dude!  
You're on the air!

Marcus high fives Kevin, nearly knocking him out of the chair, and then begins to dance around the studio.

Kevin momentarily relaxes, then a thought hits him:

KEVIN  
Marcus: my air name! I never came  
up with my air name!

MARCUS  
Okay, okay. Remain calm. Let's  
see.

He's looking around the room for inspiration.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
You could just be "Kevin  
Whitcome"? That doesn't suck too  
bad.

KEVIN  
No man. I am going to suck! I  
don't need to be laughed at too!

MARCUS  
Okay how about "Budd Weiser?"  
Ron Records?

KEVIN  
No!

MARCUS  
Tommy Turntable?

KEVIN  
Stupid!

MARCUS  
Sandy Beach?

KEVIN  
Come on!

MARCUS  
Doug the Dawg?

KEVIN  
Don't be ridiculous.

MARCUS  
Peter Wolf!

KEVIN  
Stop!

MARCUS  
Lance Lake?

KEVIN  
No! Stop: go back to...

MARCUS  
Lance Lake?

KEVIN  
Peter Wolf. I like that.

MARCUS  
It's got possibilities. Strong,  
cool--animal names--very manly!

KEVIN  
Peter wolf...

MARCUS  
Get ready, Wolf, your record's  
running out!

Kevin sits down, get's serious, nervous, and readies his  
next record, having trouble aligning the record's hole  
and the turntable.

KEVIN  
Dammit!

MARCUS  
Take a deep breath. You're Peter  
Wolf: With a name like that, he's  
got to be cool.

KEVIN  
Yeah, yeah, he's cool. I'm not!

Kevin swallows deeply, picks up the headphones and  
adjusts them to his head. They fall off once, then stay  
on.



He turns on the microphone. His voice is shaky.

Marcus is silently cheering him on.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
(on the microphone)  
Hello... ah... everybody...  
Everyone... Ah...on the beach...  
I'm K--I mean... I'm Peter Wolf...  
And this is... WNSR radio now  
playing rock and roll... so... dig  
it.

Marcus raises a fist in victory and with his other hand points to Kevin.

A small smile hits Kevin's face as he reaches over to start the next song.

After fumbling around it begins but, unfortunately, at the wrong speed.

Quickly he reaches over to correct it, takes off his headphones and sits back in his chair, exhausted.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Damm it!

Marcus realizes the microphone and frantically motions to Kevin to "cut it."

Kevin turns off the microphone.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
(to Marcus)  
Well... that wasn't... too... bad  
was it?

MARCUS  
Dude, that was bitchin! You did  
it!

KEVIN  
I mean, you know, for my first  
time.

Kevin reaches for his wastebasket and begins to bury his head in it.

MARCUS

Hope your real "first time" didn't  
end puking.

KEVIN

(from inside the  
waste basket)

A stomach ache, actually.

The studio clock shows time pass while one song fades to  
another.

Marcus is now on the air--totally in control; an expert.

Kevin sits nearby, his trusty wastebasket between his  
legs.

Marcus turns on the microphone as his record fades out.

MARCUS

(on the microphone)

WNSR; rockin' the beach  
with a whole new sound, until the  
sun goes down! That's when we  
have to go off the air, but we'll  
be back again tomorrow playing  
today's top hits! This is your  
"Beach Doctor", making a house  
call to all the fine ladies saying  
'I'm available tonight...and most  
any night, for that matter.'

Marcus clicks off the microphone.

KEVIN

I can't believe this station is  
only a thousand-watt daytimer.  
That is so lame.

MARCUS

Yes, Mr. Wolf, the FCC says "when  
the sun goes down, the station  
goes off when the sun comes up,  
the station goes on." It's a way  
to protect other stations on the  
same frequency since radio waves  
travel further at night.

KEVIN

You're really into this shit,  
aren't you?

MARCUS

I know it's time to sign this  
mother off and go celebrate our  
first day as radio stars!

KEVIN

Celebrate?

MARCUS

Dude, you made your on-air debut!  
We deserve to party! What do you  
want? Brew? Women?

KEVIN

I was kind of craving a milk shake  
from the Dairy Freeze.

MARCUS

He's a party animal!

INT. THE DAIRY FREEZE - NIGHT ESTABLISHING SHOTS

The big ice cream parlor is packed. People are eating  
enormous creations of multiple scoops of ice cream.  
Everything is large.

TWO FEMALE COUNTER GIRLS finish a large creation with 8  
scoops of ice cream, syrups, sauces, whipped cream, and  
nuts. It's served in a replica of a pig's trough with a  
lit sparkler on top.

A COWBELL CLANGS.

INT. DAIRY FREEZE - AT A TABLE - CONTINUOUS

The girls wheels the Hog's Dinner to a table surrounded by  
FIP's. One sits at the center, ready to challenge the  
killer creation.

DAIRY FREEZE EMPLOYEE

Attention good people of the  
Freeze!

(MORE)

## DAIRY FREEZE EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)

This brave--or stupid-- subject  
dares to attempt devouring the  
"Hogs Dinner". Shall he be  
successful, he will receive a  
trophy, a gift certificate and our  
best wishes that he makes it home  
safely! Everybody: Oink, Oink!

## THE CROWD

(chanting)

Oink! Oink! Oink!

The counter girls light the sparkler, placing the Hogs  
Dinner in front of its' hungry challenger. It takes both  
of them.

His friends cheer him on.

## INT. DAIRY FREEZE - BACK AT THE COUNTER - CONTINUOUS

Marcus and Kevin enter and place their order.

## KEVIN

Yes, a chocolate shake, medium.

## MARCUS

Dude, live a little!--That FIP  
over there's gorging on a fucking  
Hog's Dinner!

## KEVIN

Thanks, but I've already thrown up  
enough today.

## COUNTER GIRL

Can I help you?

## MARCUS

Yes, a "fudge-a-sorus deluxe" with  
chocolate sprinkles, M&M's and  
just a touch of whipped cream,  
(rubbing his belly)  
Got to watch my waistline, now  
that I'm a radio star. Ah miss:  
make that whipped cream 'light.'

INT. DAIRY FREEZE - AT A TABLE - CONTINUOUS

The CROWD CHEERS on the HOG'S DINNER EATER.

KEVIN

Look--I think he's going to blow!

Suddenly, the eater goes from celebrating to sickly.

His cheering fans can sense the turning point and begin to back away.

The Hog's Dinner eater, pushes away from the trough and runs off camera, covering his mouth.

The crowd looks on in horror.

GUY IN THE CROWD

Poor bastard.

GUY 2 IN THE CROWD

What a waste of ice cream.

Kevin and Marcus stand with their ice cream watching the place clear out.

MARCUS

Amateur.

KEVIN

Plenty of places to sit now.

As they go to a table they pass a HOGS DINNER WALL OF FAME. There in the center is a picture of Marcus.

INT. WNSR RADIO STUDIO - DAY

Kevin is behind the controls with his eyes closed, trying to relax before his show starts.

A NEWS FEED plays in the background..

Marcus bursts in holding a cartridge--a compact tape that was used to play commercials and promotions.

MARCUS

Dude, here--play this. I made it for you. It's your new introduction.

KEVIN

I--I don't need an introduction.

MARCUS

Yeah dude, you do. It will give you some confidence. Believe me. Play it!

Kevin inserts the cartridge and hits the "play" button.

The prerecorded voice of Marcus bellows as Kevin listens intently.

MARCUS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The sun is up...  
But the wolf is on the prowl...

The sound of a howling wolf echoes from the tape.

MARCUS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

This is the Peter Wolf show on  
WNSR starring the desirable,  
incredible, Peter Wolf! Look out  
ladies: The Wolf is on the air!

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Start your record, man!

Kevin, semi-stunned, engages the turntable and a 70's hit song begins.

KEVIN

Dude--really? I guess if I'm going to be Peter Wolf, I've got to start acting like Peter Wolf.

MARCUS

The fucking desirable Peter Wolf!

Kevin reaches down and picks up his wastebasket.

KEVIN

Here; take this: Today, I'm going solo--

Marcus takes the wastebasket and holds it up in triumph.

Kevin closes his eyes, turns on the microphone and begins to speak.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
(on the microphone)  
Hi North Shore. This  
is Peter Wolf...  
(his confidence  
begins to grow)  
... And I've got the tunes for  
tanning. Look out: The Wolf is on  
the beach!

The sound effect of the wolf moans.

Music begins under his intro and as he turns off the microphone.

Kevin puts down his headphones and cautiously gives Marcus a thumbs up.

MONTAGE TO SHOW THE BOYS BECOMING MORE CONFIDENT WITH  
BEING ON THE AIR

An upbeat 70's hit plays throughout.

- Marcus tosses Kevin a record and he smoothly puts it on the turntable.
- The old control room speaker, cranked up so loud that it actually vibrating years of dust and dead bugs off of it.
- A couple on the beach tunes their radio and stops on the WNSR signal and smiles.
- A 45 record plays on a WNSR turntable.
- Marcus and Kevin share a microphone talking, laughing.
- Kids walk in downtown North Shore with AM radios. They extend their radio's antenna to improve reception.
- Girls in clothing store, look excited of 1970's fashions.
- On the beach, a lifeguard whistles in swimmers who have ventured past the swim area.

- Two girls on the beach apply suntan lotion.

END MONTAGE

INT. WNSR STUDIO - DAY

Kevin's confidence has grown.

He turns on the microphone as his song ends.

KEVIN

(on the microphone)

... And if you'd like to make a request, give me a call at 677-WNSR. And don't forget about the big "North Shore 4th"-- our town's annual Independence day weekend celebration!

Kevin turns off the microphone, takes off his headphones and notices one line is blinking with a call. He picks it up.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Hello? I mean WSNR. This is Peter Wolf.

SAMNTHA (ON THE PHONE)

Hi this is Samantha at the concession stand and I'd like you to request a song.

KEVIN

(instantly flustered)

Is - is - it for your boyfriend? He's gotta be one lucky guy.

SAMANTHA (ON THE PHONE)

I don't really have a boyfriend right now. Hey do I know you?

KEVIN

(trying to be cool)

I don't think The Wolf has had the pleasure...

SAMANTHA

Oh, okay. For a second you sounded like...

(MORE)



SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Well, play something and dedicate  
it to the girls at the stand.  
Bye!

Kevin is frozen; goofy grin on his face.

Marcus enters the studio, eating a hamburger.

MARCUS

Dude, they're listening to us at  
the Freeze. Got me a discount on  
this burger.

KEVIN

I'm glad you're using our power  
for good.

MARCUS

Today burgers, tomorrow babes.

KEVIN

I just got a call from Samantha.  
They're listening to me at the  
concession stand. She's listening  
to me!

MARCUS

Dude, you've got the power of love  
at your fingertips. Say something  
to her.

Kevin clicks on the microphone. Marcus folds his hands  
in silent prayer.

INT. BEACH CONCESSION STAND - DAY

Samantha's hanging up the phone. The RADIO PLAYS while  
she and the other girls listen.

KEVIN (V.O. FROM THE RADIO)

Well before I go, I've got a  
special dedication to the girls at  
the concession stand. Especially  
to Samantha who one day maybe will  
have a boyfriend.

INT. WNSR RADIO CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kevin drops his head; banging it repeatedly on the desk.

KEVIN  
That was so stupid.

Marcus opens the back of the control board.

Within the lit tubes, he yanks out something wrapped in Dairy Freeze paper.

Kevin ends the banging and looks up; confused.

MARCUS  
What? Gotta keep my apple pie warm.

INT. BEACH CONCESSION STAND - CONTINUOUS

SAMANTHA  
Ever wonder what those guys on the radio look like?

SHANNON  
Ever hear the phrase '... he's got a face for radio?'

INT. WNSR RADIO - DAY

Marcus is on the air, music cranked up. He's playing air guitar with the song.

A large bee flies in through the studio's open back door.

Marcus readies the microphone as the bee lands on a half eaten, dripping Dairy Freeze pie sitting on the control board.

MARCUS  
(on the microphone)  
That's one of the Beach Doctor's favs. Is it making you feverish?

The bee is agitated and flies toward Marcus' face.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
... oooooo, yeah!

The bee flies into his open mouth.

Marcus realizes something isn't right.

He begins to scream.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
(on the microphone)  
The Doctor is-- is-- being stung!  
Ahhhhh!

Marcus runs around the room, mouth open, still screaming.

The bee flies out of his mouth and chases Marcus around.

Realizing he's still on the air, he yells from across the studio:

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
(toward the  
microphone)  
Your Doctor needs a nurse! I need  
a nurse! I'm being stung by the  
frickin'love bug of death!

Marcus dives to turn on the turntable while switching off the microphone.

Freaked out, he runs to the back door and smacks directly into Mr. Pike, who's entering at the same time.

PIKE  
Boy, you have an interesting  
announcing style. I don't think  
you should be leaving this door  
open. There's a bee's nest out  
there.

Pike walks past him, giving him another look as he exits through the front studio door toward his office.

INT. NORTH SHORE BEACH STORE - NIGHT

Kevin is stocking shelves. His dad is behind the register.

The door opens and Samantha walks in.

Kevin is so startled to see her that he knocks down the display he's been working on.

Trying to remain cool, he goes to her, stumbling over products that cover the floor.

KEVIN

I- ah-meant to do that. It just wasn't working for me. So, how are you doing?

SAMANTHA

You know; another fun day in North Shore.

KEVIN

Yeah, me too. Here. At the store.

SAMANTHA

After a day of rude people, sticky kids and too much sun, I just want to relax, you know? Where's the cold cream?

KEVIN

Right here--aisle 3. Stocked it myself.

He proudly shows her the cold cream.

SAMANTHA

Yeah, I see. Impressive job of stocking.

KEVIN

Yeah. Eye level. Primo location. Can't miss it.

Sam takes the product. They walk over to the cash register together.

Dad sees Kevin struggling with small talk.

DAD

I'll bet you and your friend here would like to relax with a cool milk shake at the Dairy Freeze.

KEVIN

No! Dad! She said she's tired. I mean, are you? Would you? Like to go for a milk shake, I mean?

SAMANTHA

Oh, I'd like to. With you. But, I told my mom to hold dinner for me. She's kind of lonely. Never really gotten over my dad leaving. Well, me either, but... I need to be home, for her. Another time?

She makes her purchase and Dad backs away.

Kevin and Samantha walk to the door.

KEVIN

That'd be great. Maybe I'll see you on the beach; for the fireworks on the fourth.

SAM

I've got to work, but come by. Maybe I can get away for a while. Yeah. I'd like that.

Sam exits as Marcus rushes in.

Kevin is still smiling.

MARCUS

Well, except for an encounter with the fucking bee from hell, I think my show rocked today! Come on; let's go find some trouble to get into.

He notices Kevin is still in another world.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Wait a minute. Samantha? You made a move? Spill it, dude!

KEVIN

I sold her cold cream. It was great.

MARCUS

Great job, stud. But you should have told her your secret identity: the hot DJ Peter Wolf! You might get further than you did with the cold cream.

KEVIN

No. No one can know that's me.  
Not now at least. Especially her.  
I'm just not ready for that.

MARCUS

Okay. Suit yourself, dude. Just  
might help you score with that  
chick.

KEVIN

I want her to like me first.

MARCUS

Fine. Whatever. Let's blow this  
pop stand. I gotta find me a  
woman.

EXT. NORTH SHORE ESTABLISHING SHOTS - DAY

- A banner proclaims WELCOME TO NORTH SHORES 4TH-THE  
FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION
- Little kids at a fireworks stand excitedly buy  
sparklers.
- An older man flies his American flag on his house.
- In the high school parking lot, the 4th of July parade  
floats, bands, etc. assemble.

END MONTAGE OF SHOTS

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Kevin and Marcus stand in front of a huge 1970 station  
wagon with fake wood paneling and a WNSR RADIO logo on  
its doors. Two huge loud speakers are attached to the  
luggage rack.

KEVIN

I can't believe Pike is making us  
drive this beast in the parade.  
People are going to see me--and  
laugh. A lot!

MARCUS

I got you covered, man.

Marcus produces a large brown bag. Like a magician, he pulls out two huge afro wigs and two pair of dark glasses.

KEVIN  
We'll look like fucking pimps!

MARCUS  
Yeah, but no one's gonna know it's you. Unless "The Wolf" is ready to go public?

KEVIN  
Give me that thing.

Kevin and Marcus put on wig and glasses and stroll to the car like a couple of cool black dudes.

The parade participants assemble.

A VOICE from a megaphone breaks in.

MEGAPHONE VOICE  
Attention: The parade is ready to kick off! Remember, you're representing the city of North Shore to all our visitors. Smile everybody! And remember, there's cookies and punch after the parade!

INT. THE WNSR CAR - DAY

Kevin, in the driver's seat and Marcus, in the passenger's seat slam the doors shut.

Kevin cranks up the huge wagon's engine.

KEVIN  
Mr. Pike wants this tape playing.  
Like we need more attention.

MARCUS  
(in "black speak")  
Fo sure, my man, fo sure. I'll crank the motherfucker up, bro!

Marcus turns on the tape and the speakers begin to blare.

They react in disbelief as they listen...

RECORDED TAPE (V.O.)

Welcome to North Shore's annual  
of July Parade! Don't forget our  
incredible fireworks display,  
tonight at dark on the beach! And  
if you're looking to get the  
biggest bang for your buck,  
see Metro Motors, home of the  
great car deal. If you have a  
job, if you have a license, we  
smell a deal!

MARCUS

I smell vomit. Mine.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Ahead of the car, the CHEERLEADERS from North Shore High  
School, have lined up behind the BAND and in front of the  
WNSR car.

They look back in disgust at the blaring speakers.

INT. WNSR CAR - DAY

Inside the car, Kevin mouths "I'm sorry" to the girls in  
front of him.

One of the cheerleaders turns and gives them the finger.

MARCUS

Oh! Really? Well fuck you too!  
Why don't you just come back here  
and let a brother show you the  
back seat of this fucking  
lovemobile.

KEVIN

Chill dude. We're representing  
the station. Leave it to Pike to  
sell commercials in a parade.

MARCUS

Fucking cheerleaders. They don't  
know they're talking to the  
Doctor.



KEVIN  
Just someone who needs one.

EXT. ALONG THE PARADE ROUTE - DAY

The parade marches through town.

Kids wait on the street in anticipation.

The High School band passes people on the parade route.

The North Shore Fire Department trucks slowly drive past parade watchers.

A clown throws candy to kids.

From her parade float, Miss North Shore waves to the crowd.

Meanwhile, the WNSR CAR continues its trek as the loudspeakers blare sales pitch after sales pitch.

INT. WNSR CAR - DAY

Marcus and Kevin, wigs and glasses in place, bop to the beat of the parade drums.

MARCUS  
I can't stand it any longer, dude!

Marcus reaches over and pops out the tape playing the commercials and pushes in another labeled THE DOCTOR'S FAVORITE TUNES. Immediately, a hot 70's soul tune fills the air.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
That's better.

EXT. A CITY SIDEWALK ALONG THE PARADE ROUTE - CONTINUOUS

As the WSNR car rolls past, people react to the tunes blaring over the speakers.

Two adult black men in the crowd spot "brothers" Kevin and Marcus; heads bopping.

BLACK MAN #1

Damn, if I'd known there were  
some brothers on that station,  
I'd'of been listening.

BLACK MAN #2

Right on.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE WNSR BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Engineer Johnny Hinton watches the parade with his WIFE.  
He does a double take at the driver and passenger as the  
WNSR car passes.

JOHNNY

Better call the police. Think  
some guys are stealing our car.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The parade ends at the parking lot.

A costumed mascot takes off his head and is offered a  
glass of punch. He pours it over his sweating face.

Miss North Shore is helped down from her float. She rips  
off her pageant gown to reveal short shorts and a  
revealing top.

The high school band stops marching and drop their heavy  
instruments.

The cheerleaders behind the band stop.

The WNSR RADIO station wagon pulls in behind the girls as  
the loud speaker music is replaced with Marcus' voice,  
now blaring:

MARCUS

(on a microphone in  
the car)

Ladies, been a pleasure watching  
your asses for the last two hours!  
Here's one for you!

The cheerleaders look back to Marcus.

He moons the cheerleaders from the passenger window.

Kevin speeds away.

INT. WNSR CAR - CONTINUOUS

Marcus sits back down and sticks his head out the window.

MARCUS  
Kiss my black ass, bitches!

EXT. NORTH SHORE BEACH - DAY

MONTAGE OF SHOTS TO ESTABLISH THE ACTION ON THE BEACH

- A sign posted in the sand reads: WELCOME TO NORTH SHORE'S SAND SCULPTURE CONTEST!
- A dad and his kids are building a sculpture.
- Judges look at a sand sculpture of an American Flag.
- Another group is building something that looks like the White House.

END MONTAGE

EXT. NORTH SHORE BEACH - AT THE WATER'S EDGE

Brian, Freeman, Kline and Collins work on a sand sculpture of a naked man.

They put the finishing touches on the sculpture's huge penis.

A group of girls walks past.

FREEMAN  
Check it out ladies! Actual size,  
modeled after me!

A huge wave crashes the shore reducing the huge penis to a short little stub.

GIRL #1  
Yeah, that's what I've heard.

Everyone laughs. Even the guys.

EXT. NORTH SHORE BEACH CONCESSION STAND - NIGHT

Samantha, Brook and Shannon work the concession stand.

People buy refreshments for the fireworks display launched over the lake.

Kevin comes up to the counter and spots Sam, busy filling an order.

BROOKE

Hi, can I get you something?

KEVIN

Well, you can get me some one.

BROOKE

Oooh. Anyone I know?

KEVIN

Ah... Samantha?

Samantha hears her name, turns, sees Kevin, smiles and walks to the counter.

BROOKE

Some guy's trying to pick you up.

KEVIN

No...nothing like that. We have-kind-of a date.

(To Samantha)

So, can you go watch the fireworks?

SHANNON

Go ahead, Sam. The rest of us can handle this place. Just come back in time to close.

SAMANTHA

Thanks Shan...

(To Kevin)

Meet me at the back door.  
I'll be right out.

EXT. NORTH SHORE BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Among the crowd, Marcus prowls the beach shore with a big plastic travel COOLER strapped over his shoulder.

He approaches a beach blanket where Donna and her friend, MICHELLE, (20) tall, tan and pretty, await the fireworks show.

Marcus has had a beer or two already.

MARCUS

Ladies, ladies, let me introduce myself. I am Marcus, The Beach Doctor and inside my doctor's bag, are several tall cool friends looking for a party.

The girls confer. Donna turns to Marcus.

DONNA

Well, we were waiting for some guys to drive in from the city.

MARCUS

I'm here now! No driving necessary!

MICHELLE

Yeah, it kinda looks like they aren't coming.

DONNA

So, why don't you and your friends park it right here.

MARCUS

Cool! Maybe we can light some fireworks of our own later.

MICHELLE

Don't blast off just yet, rocket man.

EXT. NORTH SHORE BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Kevin and Samantha sit on the sand while the growing crowd around them spread beach blankets and settle in in anticipation of the fireworks.

SAMANTHA

Nice night.

KEVIN

Even nicer now. Being with you.

SAMANTHA

You make me feel so comfortable.

KEVIN

I'm so comfortable, I don't even want to throw up!

SAMANTHA

(taken aback)

What?

KEVIN

My nervous stomach: every major event in my life is either preceded or followed by me throwing up.

SAMANTHA

And this is a major event?

KEVIN

It's the most major event ever. And here I am, with a girl and I'm fine!

SAMANTHA

A lot of guys wouldn't tell a girl about their weaknesses. Your honesty. Makes me like you even more.

KEVIN

Then I need to tell you about...

Kevin's interrupted as fireworks light up the lake.

Samantha takes his hand and they watch the night sky.

The crowd gives each sparky shower an "oooh" or an "ahhh".

A huge explosion startles Samantha and she moves closer to Kevin.

SAMANTHA

Those things always scare me.

Kevin clumsily puts his arm around her and she snuggles closer.

KEVIN

Better?

SAM

Much.

After a few awkward moments, Kevin figures out which way his head should tilt, they kiss once, then again.

EXT. LATER ON THE BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Marcus, Donna and Michelle stumble around their blanket. They've been drinking and are all pretty sloshed.

DONNA

There's got to be some place we  
can go where I won't end  
up with sand in my ass.

MICHELLE

Yeah, Mr. Love Doctor.

MARCUS

That's 'Beach Doctor'; or 'Doctor  
Beach', or... son of a beach.  
Whatever.

DONNA

Hey, why don't you show us the  
radio station? Can we go party  
there?

Donna cautiously pulls a joint out of her pocket and shows Marcus.

DONNA (CONT'D)

I've got a little something we can  
all enjoy.

MARCUS

Wow! You are a magician!

Marcus gives Donna's idea some thought, breaking into a smile as he spots Kevin, happily walking toward him.

Marcus, waves and stumbles toward Kevin.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Dude! What is up?

(To the girls)

Ladies: this is none other than  
Mister Peter Wolf; the other  
weekend star of WNSR radio.

DONNA

Didn't I meet you at a party?

KEVIN

Ah--maybe. Could have. You know,  
I get around. I'm a D.J. for God  
sakes!

MARCUS

(to Kevin--hushed)

Dude, two hot Chicago chicks: one  
for me; one for you! They want to  
see the inside of a radio station.  
Inside, dude!

Kevin takes him aside, puts his arm around him.

KEVIN

(hushed)

Marcus: you know I don't want  
anyone to know about me and the  
radio station.

MARCUS

Dude, to these girls, you're 'The  
Wolf.' There is no Kevin! They  
want to party with the DJ's. They  
want a fucking tour! And, I got to  
tell you, I've got something to  
show them!

KEVIN

But tonight--with Samantha--it's  
going so well. I don't want to do  
anything to fuck that up. I'm  
going to pick her up after they  
close the stand.

MARCUS

Come on man, this is the reason we  
took the job; to play the hits and  
hit on chicks.

(MORE)



MARCUS (CONT'D)

Samantha can have Kevin later,  
these girls want Peter Wolf now! I  
can't handle both of them!  
Samantha will never know!

INT. WNSR RADIO STUDIO - NIGHT

Johnny Hinton, sits in the studio, tool kit open on the  
control board desk, feet propped up.

A cigarette hangs from his mouth. He has the phone to  
his ear.

JOHNNY

(on the phone)

You get home alright after the  
fireworks? Yeah, damn Chicago  
people really screw up the  
traffic. Yeah, I'm at the station.  
Well, it's after midnight;  
holiday's over for me... Yeah, but  
I always test the transmitter on  
Tuesday night. I'll be downstairs,  
so I won't hear the phone ring or  
anything. So...yeah, be home in a  
couple of hours. Yeah, love you  
too.

Johnny hangs up the phone, turns to the transmitter  
controls, clicks a few buttons to turn it on.

He turns to the microphone and clicks it on.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

(speaking into the  
microphone)

This is radio station WNSR, North  
Shore, Michigan, signing on for  
FCC approved transmitter  
maintenance.

Switching off the microphone, he turns to adjust the  
transmitter meters with a screwdriver, then puts it in  
the tool kit, picks it up and heads downstairs.

A moment after the heavy studio door closes, Kevin,  
Marcus, Donna and Michelle enter through the back door  
engulfed in a cloud of smoke.

The girls look around.

The guys pass the joint around.

MARCUS

This is it: "Big 9"--the mighty  
WNSR! The voice of the beach!

KEVIN

I wonder why the lights are on?

DONNA

Got any place where it's a little  
darker?

MARCUS

There's a light switch and a couch  
I was just about to show you in  
the lobby.

DONNA

Oooh! Let the tour continue.

Marcus and Donna stumble through the control room door  
toward the front of the building.

Kevin's a little afraid to be alone with Michelle as she  
puts her arms around him.

KEVIN

Marcus??

MARCUS

The Doctor needs to do an  
examination. Here, this will help.

As he leaves the control room, Marcus dims the studio  
lights.

The control board lights glow, as does the transmitter  
meters behind Kevin and Michelle, but they don't notice.

Michelle leans back on the desk that holds the control  
board and begins to unbutton her top.

KEVIN

(nervously)

And this is the control board. H-  
h-here's the microphone. And ...

She's all over him!

MICHELLE  
I've got something for you to  
control...

Michelle leans back as her shirt opens. Kevin is gone!

INSERT

As Michelle leans back, her body pushes the microphone  
control switch ON.

END INSERT

Above them, the ON THE AIR light over the door briefly  
flashes ON, but since it's never been fixed, it flashes  
back off again.

Michelle and Kevin are making out, not realizing they're  
broadcasting their passion over the air.

MICHELLE  
Oh Wolfie!

KEVIN  
(giving in to her)  
Oh yeah!

EXT. NORTH BEACH - NIGHT

A bunch of kids sit on a beach blanket. One is tuning his  
radio, looking for music, but stops when he hears the  
sounds of lovemaking being broadcast.

INT. WNSR RADIO STUDIO - NIGHT

The transmitter meters moving in time to the lovemaking.  
The ON THE AIR light flickers again.

INT. MR. PIKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mr. Pike is snuggled in bed, sleeping next to HIS WIFE.

EXT. NORTH BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Brian, Freeman, Kline and Collins are among the group listening to the radio and laughing.

MICHELLE (V.O. FROM THE RADIO)  
Oh Wolfie, yes, do it to me, you  
make me so hot.

FREEMAN  
Hey, maybe this station doesn't  
suck so bad after all!

INT. WNSR RADIO STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Montage of angles as Kevin and Michelle make out in the station's studio; faster and hotter with more ad lib talking.

The control board's VU meters move with the sounds.

INT. NORTH SHORE CONCESSION STAND - NIGHT

Samantha, Brooke and Shannon finish closing the concession stand.

They notice a crowd on the beach gathered around a radio, laughing.

One of the girls in the concession stand hears the love making on the radio and turns on the radio at the stand.

INSERT

The radio is tuned to WNSR as we hear Michelle.

MICHELLE (V.O.)  
Oh Peter...oh Wolfie, yes! Yes!

INT. WNSR RADIO STUDIO - NIGHT

The studio's ON THE AIR sign, flickers on again.

MICHELLE/KEVIN  
(both howl like a  
wolf)

INT. NORTH SHORE CONCESSION STAND - CONTINUOUS

Samantha and the girls listen to the radio. They're all laughing.

INT. WNSR RADIO STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Marcus and Donna enter the studio, disheveled, arm in arm.

Kevin and Michelle are putting their clothes on.

Michelle combs her hair.

Marcus has a look of concern.

MARCUS

Dude, like, why could I--like--  
hear you guys on the speaker in  
the lobby?

Kevin looks down to see the microphone switch is ON.

He quickly turns it off.

KEVIN

Oh fuck. Must have happened when  
we were...

MARCUS

Yeah, I know what you were doing--  
I heard it.

KEVIN

At least no one else knows.

They all laugh as they exit through the back door.

INSERT

The transmitter controls clearly show the station is ON  
THE AIR.

END INSERT

Johnny Hinton enters the studio and presses the OFF  
button on the transmitter controls.

He yawns, looks at the clock and leaves, clicking off the lights and slamming the door.

EXT. NORTH BEACH - NIGHT

The crowd around the radio disperses; laughing.

FREEMAN

Let's go back to the cottage and  
do our own version of what is now  
officially my favorite radio show!

EXT. NORTH SHORE BEACH CONCESSION STAND - CONTINUOUS

Samantha, Brooke and Shannon close and lock the doors of the concession stand.

Samantha looks around hoping to see Kevin, sees no one and leaves with the other girls.

INT. MR. PIKE'S OFFICE AT WNSR - DAY

Kevin and Marcus are seated across from Mr. Pike's desk, looking guilty, worried and tired.

KEVIN

(whispering)  
When did he call you?

MARCUS

About an hour ago. He just said  
'I need to talk to guys as soon as  
possible.'

KEVIN

Yeah. Me too. Didn't sound  
pissed or anything. How'd he find  
out?

MARCUS

You were fucking broadcasting it  
all through the building. I don't  
know!

KEVIN

I didn't know, but still, he  
couldn't have heard.

MARCUS

It was fun while it lasted. Told  
you: chicks like D.J.'s.

KEVIN

Yeah. Just not the one I want.

MARCUS

But a girl that wanted you! Come  
on: High five!

They forget, for a second, the seriousness of the moment.

Pike breezes in, and the boys are reserved and quiet  
again.

PIKE

... Damndest thing I've ever  
heard. Just got off the phone  
with an irate listener. She says  
we were broadcasting some  
'pornographic audio' last night.

KEVIN

(nervously)  
B-B-Broadcasting? P-p-porno?

MARCUS

(really nervous-yet  
almost yelling)  
On the air? Not on the air!  
We're not on the air after  
sundown... Right?  
How could they say 'on the air'?

PIKE

I don't know what she'd be talking  
about---except! Wait: Tuesday  
night! Johnny tests the  
transmitter. What the hell was  
that old bastard testing?

Pike stands and yells down the hall.

PIKE (CONT'D)

Johnny! Johnny! Where is that old coot?

Johnny sticks his head in the office doorway.

JOHNNY

Yes boss? Something burning?

PIKE

Yeah, your ass. Were you testing the transmitter on the air last night?

JOHNNY

Yeah. Tranny was on about 12:30 to 2 am. I was downstairs, doing some tests.

Kevin and Marcus look at each other--stunned-- and mouth "downstairs?" "On the air???" to each other; then slink lower in their chairs.

PIKE

What were you broadcasting?

JOHNNY

Well, nothing. I just needed to adjust electrical readings, not sound strength.

PIKE

You sure? I just had a call saying we were broadcasting 'pornographic audios.'

JOHNNY

Not me! They must have been listening to that Canadian station that you can hear when we're off. Those Canadians: beer, pretzels, sex--that's all they ever think about.

KEVIN

(nervously)

Yes, sir. I've heard that about the Canadians. From my dad. He won't even stock Canada Dry at the store.



PIKE

Well, that sounds reasonable.  
Carry on; I need to talk to my  
boys here!

Kevin and Marcus look at each other: confused, but  
relieved.

JOHNNY

One more thing boss.

Kevin and Marcus look to each other with renewed fear.

PIKE

What?

JOHNNY

I found this; inside the control  
board last night.

Johnny hands Pike something wrapped up in "Dairy Freeze"  
paper.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

It's a pie.

PIKE

I know it's a pie. I've seen pies  
before.

(He sniffs it,  
enamored by its  
aroma)

Mmmmm. Blueberry!

Marcus looks guilty.

PIKE (CONT'D)

(snapping out of his  
stupor)

Dammit! That's expensive  
broadcast equipment in there, not  
a toaster oven.

Pike takes another sniff, unwraps the pie and takes a  
bite.

PIKE (CONT'D)

(yelling with his  
mouth full)

Johnny: find out who did this!

MARCUS  
(whispering to Kevin)  
Dude, that was my lunch.

Johnny gives Pike a half-assed salute and leaves.

Pike wraps the pie up and puts it in his desk drawer.

PIKE  
Boys, I called you in to tell you  
about a great idea I had.

MARCUS  
You did? I mean, yeah, cool.  
What is it, sir?

PIKE  
WNSR is going to sponsor a "Battle  
of the Bands on the Beach" during  
North Shore Summer Fest. We'll do  
it live on the air, and you guys  
will host! The winning band will  
play at the Summer Fest Dance.

KEVIN  
Live? Hosts?

PIKE  
Peter Wolf and the Surgeon of the  
Sand live!

MARCUS  
That's the "Beach Doctor", sir.

PIKE  
Sure, sure. We'll line up some  
bands... listeners can call in to  
vote for their favorite! I'll get  
ballot boxes so the live audience  
can vote on the beach. I even got  
a recording studio in Chicago to  
trade some studio time for some  
commercials so the winning band  
can record a song. What do you  
think?

KEVIN  
Live? On the beach?  
In front of people? Me?

Marcus reaches for Pike's wastepaper basket.

MARCUS

You need this, dude?

PIKE

Wha---?

MARCUS

Not to worry, sir. Just the way  
The Wolf gets pumped for a gig!

EXT. NORTH SHORE BEACH STORE - DAY

Outside the store, Kevin is painting SUMMER FEST  
HEADQUARTERS on the window.

Samantha walks up behind him.

SAMANTHA

You sure that's how you spell  
'headquarters?'

KEVIN

Samantha! Hi! I--yeah--I mean--  
is it wrong?

SAMANTHA

Kidding. Hey, I thought you were  
going to come back last night.

KEVIN

Me too, but I had to -- help my  
Dad. We had a bunch of customers  
after the fireworks. It was  
ridiculous.

SAMANTHA

Well, I forgive you... this time!  
Hey, did you hear? That guy on  
WNSR was actually broadcasting  
himself making it with a girl on  
the air last night-- He's got to  
be the biggest asshole in the  
world.

KEVIN

No... Really? Couldn't have been  
him.

SAMANTHA

Yeah, well she was screaming his name; "Wolf, Wolf!" I would hate to be that girl. Never live it down.

KEVIN

Well, maybe it was just a joke; you know a fake recording... Or something...

SAMANTHA

Maybe. I'm sure he did it to show off. Probably some slutty Chicago girl.

KEVIN

Sure, sure. Radio stations pull those kind of stunts all the time!

SAMANTHA

Whatever. Well, I've got to get a couple of things inside. Really did miss you last night...

KEVIN

Well, how about a movie or something later?

SAMANTHA

How about both?

KEVIN

Both?

SAMANTHA

(smiling)

Yeah: a movie and something.

Samantha opens the door and enters the store leaving Kevin speechless.

But, here comes Marcus, a whirlwind of energy, as usual.

MARCUS

There he is:

(impersonating  
lovemaking)

"Oh Wolfie! You're so hot"

KEVIN

Shhh! Quiet, man! Samantha's in there. She heard the whole fucking thing! I can't believe we were screwing on the fucking air!

MARCUS

I can't believe you got away with it! You are my hero!

Marcus begins to bow at his feet.

KEVIN

Stop that, man! What am I going to do? I mean; Sam, the Battle of the Bands.... Peter Fucking Wolf in a live appearance! She's going to find out, and it's over!

MARCUS

I've still got the 'fro wigs-- my brotha!

KEVIN

Yeah! I mean no! I mean I really fucked up, Marcus. And for what?

MARCUS

For a hot Chicago chick.

KEVIN

Somehow I've got to tell her. She finds out on her own? I'm a dead man.

MARCUS

Dude, no, don't tell her. You'll lose her for sure. Look: the battle of the bands is going to be the biggest thing on the beach. She'll be swamped serving slurpies to the shitheads. She'll be too busy to see you. So she'll never know!

KEVIN

Yeah, yeah. Maybe you're right: she'll be busy, I do the show. Then Labor Day comes, summer's over and I'm off to school.

MARCUS

(a bit sad)

Kind of makes me want to throw up,  
dude.

Kevin reaches down and gives him the bucket of water he'd been using to mix the window paint.

KEVIN

Go for it dude. I think Peter  
Wolf is done with that shit.

INT. WNSR STUDIO - DAY

Kevin's on the air and his ever-growing ego is evident in the way he's acting: a little too cool.

The song on the radio fades out, he flips on his microphone.

KEVIN (ON THE MICROPHONE)

Oh yeah! This is WNSR, home of me,  
the one and only Peter Wolf, and I  
want to remind all my wolf cubs  
about the big Summer Fest Battle  
of the Bands on the beach, next  
Sunday at noon. If you've got a  
band-- be there! The Beach Doctor  
and me, the Wolf will be  
broadcasting live, so get ready  
to get it on!

Kevin hits a button and his signature WOLF HOWL plays.

Kevin starts his next record, turns off his microphone and relaxes in his chair.

He notices the phone lines are lit up. He smiles smugly to himself and he answers a call.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Yeah baby, this is The Wolf. Yeah  
I'll be there. Oh well, we'll see  
what I can do. Got it!

He hangs up the phone and presses the "talk" button on the intercom.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
(on the intercom)  
Marcus? Marcus! Come here, I've  
got an idea!

Marcus pushes open the heavy studio door and enters.

MARCUS  
You howled?

KEVIN  
Dude, I think you should go down  
to the beach and do a live report.

MARCUS  
That'd be fun: Check out the  
chicks, spread some good loving  
from "The Doctor"...

KEVIN  
(interrupting)  
Take a bunch of those shitty  
records from that pile over there.  
Go call in and I'll say 'if you're  
listening to The Wolf, we'll give  
you a free 45!"

MARCUS  
Yeah, then I'll troll the beach  
for our listeners.

Marcus takes a stack of records and begins to walk out.

KEVIN  
My listeners! And dude, take that  
broom over there with you.

MARCUS  
What the hell for?

KEVIN  
Pike told me to sweep the driveway  
between records. Can you handle  
that for me on your way out?  
I'm just too busy.

MARCUS  
Ah -- no. He asked you, dick-wad.

KEVIN

Hey, Peter Wolf doesn't sweep  
driveways.

MARCUS

Maybe Peter Wolf would rather have  
a broomstick up his ass.

Marcus exits, slamming the back door behind him.

EXT. NORTH SHORE BEACH - ESTABLISHING SHOTS

The beach is teeming with people, as usual.

INT. MARCUS' CAR - DAY

Marcus pulls into a parking space, listening to the music  
on WNSR.

He jumps out surveying the beach and can hear the station  
coming from various radios. It makes him smile.

Marcus approaches a 1970's style phone booth: fully  
enclosed in glass on three sides and the accordion glass  
door on the fourth.

He closes himself inside, inserts a DIME and dials the  
station.

MARCUS

(on the phone)

Dude--it's me. You won't believe  
it! I'm hearing the station all  
over the beach. It's like one big  
loudspeaker! We did it, man.  
Beach people are listening  
to WNSR!

INT. WNSR RADIO STUDIO - DAY

Kevin sits at the control board, like a king.

KEVIN

The Wolf rules!



EXT. NORTH SHORE BEACH - CONTINUOUS

From inside the phone booth, Marcus holds the receiver to his ear watching the action on the beach.

MARCUS  
(Under his breath)  
I've created a monster.

KEVIN (V.O.)  
(Over the phone)  
I'm going on the air. Standby.

In the phone booth, Marcus dances to the music.

INT. WNSR RADIO STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Kevin flips on the mic.

KEVIN  
(on the microphone)  
All right! It's time to go live  
to the Beach Doctor, who's got  
his toes in the sand! Doctor?

INT. PHONE BOOTH -- CONTINUOUS

MARCUS  
(on the phone)  
That's right, Wolf. I'm coming to  
you live from North Shore Beach  
and I've got a pile of hot 45's to  
give away. All you have to do is  
be listening to WNSR. If I come  
by your blanket and you're  
listening -- you're an instant  
winner!

On the beach, a group of FIPs are listening to the broadcast.

They spot Marcus in the phone booth and realize that's the guy they're listening to on the radio.

COLLINS  
Hey, there's that dick on the  
radio!

KLINE

Let's have a little fun.

The FIPs plot together then get up, walking toward the phone booth. Collins is holding a baseball bat.

INSIDE THE PHONE BOOTH

Marcus continues his on-air conversation with the WNSR studios.

MARCUS

So crank up your transistors and  
look out--because The Doctor could  
be visiting your blanket!

Worried, Marcus sees the FIPs approaching.

He tries to leave, but the FIPs hold the door closed as Collins wedges the baseball bat across the handles, effectively locking him in.

Marcus protests!

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Hey! Hey! Guys! No! Let me  
outta here! Come on! I'm the  
freaking Beach Doctor!

The FIPs walk away, laughing, leaving Marcus banging on the locked phone booth.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

(Pleading)

Hey! I've got free records!

INT. WNSR RADIO STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Kevin listens to the other end of the phone call, bewildered.

All he can hear is the sound of Marcus beating on the phone booth door.

KEVIN

(on the air)

Sounds like they're beating down  
the door to get those free  
records! Doctor?

MARCUS (V.O.)  
 (From the phone)  
 Let me out! Come on!

INT. PHONE BOOTH -- CONTINUOUS

Marcus looks out through the locked phone booth door trying to locate his captors.

MARCUS  
 Let me out of here! Assholes!  
 FIPs! Get off our beach!

There inside the phone booth, sitting on the top of The pay phone, a large bee sits ready to pounce on poor Marcus.

Marcus hears buzzing, turns to the phone and freezes!

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
 (under his breath)  
 Holy fuck. Not again!

Inside the phone booth, Marcus flails away, valiantly trying to defend himself from his little winged nemesis.

Using the records as weapons, he beats back at the tiny attacker, smashing some of the 45's, dropping others.

INT. WNSR RADIO STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

At the studio, cool Kevin puts the phone to his ear and turns on the microphone.

KEVIN  
 (on the microphone)  
 Well, lets check back with the  
 Beach Doctor to see who's  
 listening to WNSR. Doctor?

MARCUS (V.O.)  
 (from the phone)  
 Ahhhh! God damn it! Get the hell  
 away from me! For the love of God!  
 (screaming)

KEVIN  
 Sounds like the Doctor  
 is being mobbed by our fans.  
 (MORE)

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Time to call this contest a  
success!

EXT. NORTH SHORE BEACH - LATER THAT DAY

As the sun sets on another beautiful Michigan summer day, Marcus sits slumped inside the phone booth, dejected and defeated.

INSERT

A pair of female hands removes the baseball bat from the phone booth.

END INSERT

Marcus stands, brushes himself off. He's got a big red bee sting on his forehead.

He tries to shake off his embarrassment as he recognizes Amanda, his radio friend from North Shore Community College, who has released him from phone booth prison.

MARCUS

(nonchalant)

Hey Amanda. What's happening,  
babe?

AMANDA

I'm not even going to even ask...

Marcus stumbles from the phone booth, trying to look cool.

MARCUS

It was a radio promotion... gone  
to hell! Somehow I got trapped in  
there.

AMANDA

Radio?

MARCUS

Yeah, I'm working on the air  
at WNSR. Perhaps you've heard  
of "The Beach Doctor?"

AMANDA

You're him? You work with that guy  
who screwed the girl on the air?

MARCUS

The Wolf? Hell yeah. My best friend!

AMANDA

There's a friendship you can be proud of.

MARCUS

Yeah, well-- You know, I've been calling that asshole at the station for hours to get me outta that phone booth. The bastard wouldn't even answer the frickin phone.

AMANDA

Great friend.

MARCUS

Used to be.

(Changing subjects)

So what's up with you? Hanging out on the beach?

AMANDA

Just checking it out.

MARCUS

You should come to the battle of the bands on Saturday. We're going to broadcast it live!

A car with three girls pulls up and honks the horn.

AMANDA

Those are my friends. But, yeah, I might see you there.

MARCUS

That'd be cool.

Amanda opens the car door and jumps in.

AMANDA

See you Marcus. Or should I say Beach Doctor?

MARCUS

I'm just Marcus to you. Thanks  
again for getting me outta there.  
I mean really.

AMANDA

Stay away from wild phone booths,  
Marcus!

The car speeds off. Marcus waves and the girls wave  
back.

EXT. NORTH SHORE BEACH - DAY - ESTABLISHING

MONTAGE

- A sign: WNSR PRESENTS THE NORTH SHORE BATTLE OF THE  
BANDS TODAY!
- The stage area is being set up on the opposite side of  
the beach from the concession stand.
- The crowd gathers in front of the stage.
- Johnny Hinton makes final preparations with the  
equipment running microphone cables from the stage to a  
remote broadcasting set-up.
- Katie sets up several ballot boxes, each with a large  
number on it.
- The first band members tune up, getting ready to  
perform.

END MONTAGE

INT. BACKSTAGE - DAY

Kevin and Marcus primp in front of a mirror.

Kevin nervously combs his hair and puts on a pair of cool sunglasses to finish his look--and to hide his face.

Katie collects paperwork from the musicians.

Mr. Pike breezes in, upbeat as usual.

PIKE

Boys, boys! Looks like my idea is  
a big hit.

He's slapping Kevin and Marcus on the back.

MARCUS

Biggest hit of the summer, sir.

PIKE

(a little hushed)

Now boys, there's a band from  
Chicago here today that, well, I'm  
not saying they should win, but,  
you know, I could really sell a  
lot of ads to some pretty big  
sponsors if they knew our out of  
town guests like the result of  
this contest and they like our  
station even more. I mean, if you  
know what I mean....

KEVIN

You mean you want us to kiss their  
out of town asses?

PIKE

No no, nothing like that! Just  
give it some thought....when the  
time comes. You know, you boys  
might deserve a raise.

MARCUS

Well it's really not up to us  
anyway. It's up to the votes.

PIKE

Sure, sure. Just give it some  
thought. You guys are the stars.  
I'm just trying to run a business!

Pike slaps them on the back again and walks away.

KEVIN

Fucking Pike!

MARCUS

Yeah, and what about you, dude?

KEVIN

What? You're not still pissed at me are you?

MARCUS

Dude, I called you for two hours to get me out of that stupid phone booth. I mean, what the fuck, man? You're turning into a real asshole.

KEVIN

I told you, I was on the phone with a chick. Remember? The reason we took the job? Look: I got you some make-up from the store. Hide that bee sting. Looks like a third eye.

Kevin takes out a tube of blemish concealer and hands it to Marcus.

MARCUS

You're all heart, man. Whatever.

KEVIN

Cool. Come on, we go 'live' at the top of the hour; introduce ourselves, bring on the first band, and the rest is history!

MARCUS

It is going to be history when everyone out there sees that Peter Wolf and The Doctor are as cool in person as they are on the air.

KEVIN

Everyone but Samantha.

Kevin has a moment of nerves, then pulls himself together.



MARCUS

Need a wastebasket?

KEVIN

Only if I could put it over my head.

MARCUS

Come on dude. There's no way she's going to be able to come over here. So Remember: you're not Kevin Whitcome.

KEVIN

I'm The Wolf--one cool, confident son of a bitch!

EXT. FROM FRONT OF THE STATE - DAY

The crowd anticipates the show as loudspeakers blare.

PRE RECORDED ANNOUNCEMENT (V.O.)

Welcome to North Shore's 'Summer Fest' and the first ever WNSR Radio "Battle of the Bands on the Beach"

Kevin and Marcus give each other a thumbs up as they both check their hair.

PRE RECORDED ANNOUNCEMENT (V.O.)  
(CONT'D)

... And now, here's WNSR Radio's Peter Wolf and The Beach Doctor!

The crowd applauds.

Kevin and Marcus cautiously step onto the stage, a little nervous.

The applause gives the boys a confidence boost as they approach the microphones.

In the crowd, Brian and Freeman, point to them.

BRIAN

That's the assholes on the radio?

FREEMAN

They're those local dicks!

A group of girls in the crowd look at each other in disbelief, but then give a "what the hell" shrug and join in the growing applause.

On stage, Kevin and Marcus' smiles grow. They look to each other as the applause continues.

MARCUS

(To Kevin)

Best summer ever?

KEVIN

(To Marcus)

We're stars, man!

(To the crowd)

Are you ready for the bands to battle?

The crowd applauds and cheers.

MARCUS

They call me The Beach Doctor.

KEVIN

And I'm Peter Wolf.

MARCUS/KEVIN

And we're from WNSR!

A couple of people in the crowd react.

PERSON IN CROWD

(to someone else in crowd)

That's that guy who made it with the chick on the air!

PERSON #2

Yeah, he's cool.

On stage, Kevin and Marcus continue.

KEVIN

We're here to pick the best band in North Shore in a winner take all "Battle on the Beach!"

MARCUS

The winner headlines the  
Summer Fest dance tomorrow night,  
but, more importantly, get to  
record a song with Big Hit Records  
in Chicago!

KEVIN

And hey: we're live on the air  
so make some noise!

The crowd cheers again, and the boys confidence grows  
even more.

In the corner, Johnny Hinton, cigarette hanging from his  
lips, makes some adjustments to the broadcast equipment,  
impressed with the crowd and Kevin and Marcus'  
popularity.

MARCUS

Let's bring out our first band.  
They've got soul. They've got  
funk. They've got some pretty  
cool outfits!

KEVIN

From Gary, Indiana: Soul  
Destination!

SOUL DESTINATION band members run on stage, take their  
instruments and break into some funk/soul music.

INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Katie hands Kevin a clipboard.

KATIE

Here's the info on the other  
bands.

MARCUS

Thanks, Katie. How'd we do?

KATIE

You've come a long way from the  
first time I met you at the  
station.

KEVIN

So has your uncle's radio station.  
Thanks to us it doesn't suck  
anymore.

MARCUS

(kind of embarrassed  
at his friend)

Come on, Kev. We need to give Mr.  
Pike the credit. He gave us the  
chance to go on the air. Without  
him there's no Peter Wolf.

KEVIN

And without Peter Wolf, there'd be  
no crowd out there.

KATIE

Come on guys, quit fighting. Just  
enjoy the moment.

INT. NORTH SHORE CONCESSION STAND - DAY

Samantha, Shannon and Brook are mobbed with customers,  
but have their radio on to catch the Battle of the Bands  
broadcast, heard in the background.

SAMANTHA

What do you mean, Shan?

SHANNON

I mean, before I came over here, I  
saw the band contest start and  
that radio guy on stage is that  
guy you've been seeing.

SAMANTHA

Kevin? No way. Besides, he told  
me he had to work today. He's so  
shy he'd puke in front of a crowd.

SHANNON

Yeah, right. Look, maybe I'm  
wrong, but in a while, when the  
rush is over, you need to go check  
it out for yourself.

EXT. ON STAGE - DAY

The crowd watches Soul Destination finish their song.

Kevin and Marcus return to the stage, they high five the band and return to their microphones.

Cheers!

EXT. IN THE CROWD - CONTINUOUS

FREEMAN

Those guys were weak!

BRIAN

Yeah, bring on some real talent!

EXT. ON STAGE - CONTINUOUS

KEVIN

All right! If you want to vote  
for those guys, call and cast your  
vote at 677-WSNR. If you're here  
in the audience, put your ballot  
in the box marked Band Number 1.

Marcus points to a the row of ballot boxes at the end of  
the stage.

MARCUS

Okay! Our next band comes all the  
way from the Windy City to be here  
today, so for all you FIP--I mean--  
all our visitors from Chicago--  
here's "Brown Bag Weekend"...

BROWN BAG WEEKEND takes the stage to cheers from the  
crowd.

Their loudest supporters in the crowd: Brian and Freeman.

FREEMAN

All right! Collins' and Kline's  
band-- Fuckin' A!

BRIAN

They're going to blow these local  
dorks away!

FREEMAN

(shouting)  
Once again we're going to prove:

BRIAN/FREEMAN

Chicago Rules! Locals Loose!

(To the band, on  
stage)

Kick ass dudes!

On stage, Collins, Kline and their bandmates acknowledge  
their cohorts.

The band dives into some heavy metal 70's music.

The band is good.

The crowd is loving them.

INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Kevin, Marcus, and Katie watch the crowd's positive  
reaction.

KEVIN

They take over our beach, they  
seduce our women, now they're  
going to win our battle of the  
bands...

Marcus looks over the clipboard with band information.

MARCUS

It's not over yet. There's one  
more band and according to this,  
they're local. Maybe they won't  
suck.

KATIE

First, they've got to get here;  
and they're not here yet. You guys  
are going to have to stall.

KEVIN

Will do... The Wolf has got an idea.

The crowd cheers as Brown Bag Weekend finishes their set.

Kevin and Marcus return to their microphones.

MARCUS

That's 'Brown Bag Weekend'... What do you think?

Wild applause and cheering.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

If you like them, call 677-WSNR and vote or put your ballot in box number two!

KEVIN

...It's up to you to choose a winner! But before the last band, it's time for The Wolf to award a special prize! Now, what would this beach be without all the beautiful ladies?

Marcus is a bit bewildered, but goes along with the cheering crowd.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

But I'm looking for a special one! So right now, we're going to pick the girl in the audience with the teeniest bikini on the beach!

The guys in the audience cheer.

MARCUS

Yeah, cool idea, Wolf! If you think you're sportin the teeniest bikini, bring your body on stage!

Several girls in the crowd move forward and join Kevin and Marcus on stage.

KEVIN

The Wolf is liking this! Ah---  
ooooh!

The audience answers Kevin back with his "wolf call"

EXT. IN THE AUDIENCE - CONTINUOUS

Samantha pushes through the crowd to check out what's happening.

Recognizing Kevin on stage, she is stunned.

Her face turns serious; mad, then sad.

She turns to a girl standing next to her. It's Michelle!

SAMANTHA

That's Peter Wolf?

MICHELLE

Yeah, the cute one. Did you hear about the time he was making out with a girl on the air?

SAMANTHA

(sadly with some  
anger building)

I--remember...

MICHELLE

That was me!

(To the stage,  
yelling)

I love you Wolfie!!! Whooooo!

EXT. ON STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Kevin is giving a record album to the girl with the winning bikini.

He looks to see Michelle yelling to him in the crowd and spots Samantha.

Instantly, he goes from cool Peter Wolf to nervous Kevin, as he locks eyes with Samantha.

Looks like he's going to throw up.



EXT. IN THE CROWD - CONTINUOUS

Samantha begins to cry, pushing her way out through the hordes of people.

MICHELLE  
(to another crowd  
member)  
Like, what the fuck's wrong with  
her?

EXT. ON STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Kevin sees Samantha leave, and whispers to Marcus.

KEVIN  
I've-- I've got to go. Now! Here,  
take over.

Kevin runs off stage, handing Marcus his clipboard.

MARCUS  
(flustered)  
Okay girls. Thank you very much.

Marcus almost pushes the bikini girls off stage.

Composing himself, looks offstage to Katie.

From backstage, Katie gives Marcus a thumbs up -- the next band is ready!

Marcus looks to his clipboard for some direction.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Our last band today is from...  
right here in North Shore!

The crowd gets excited, but Brian, Freeman and some other FIPs in the audience roll their eyes at the thought of a local band being any good.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Please welcome 'Amanda and the  
Waves!'

As the crowd applauds, Marcus looks up from the clipboard as the band takes the stage.

He does a double take.

It's Amanda from school!

She's dressed in full rocker garb, the leader of an all-girl band.

Amanda winks at Marcus and he smiles, impressed.

The band begins to play and blows the audience away!

EXT. SIDE OF CONCESSION STAND BUILDING - DAY

Samantha hurries back to the concession stand, in tears.

Kevin comes up from behind, and grabs her by the arm.

KEVIN

Samantha, wait! Let me explain!

SAMANTHA

What: that you've had this secret identity you never bothered to tell me about? Or that you like to broadcast your conquests on the air for everyone to hear? Good thing we never got to my radio debut!

KEVIN

I-I was just acting -- playing a part -- it wasn't me. It was Peter Wolf -- he's not me.

SAMANTHA

Then who the hell are you? I thought I knew. I thought I liked who I thought you were.

KEVIN

I am that person. I just got carried away with it all. I tried to tell you. I wanted to. That's not me, it's just an act!

SAMANTHA

How am I supposed to know what part of you is acting and what part is real?

KEVIN

You've got to believe me! You're  
all I ever wanted! Since 5th  
grade. That's the truth, I swear.

SAMANTHA

Is that Kevin talking, or Peter  
Wolf?

Samantha breaks away to leave.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Goodbye Kevin-- or Peter Wolf, or  
whoever the fuck you really are...

She runs off leaving Kevin alone, and heartbroken.

EXT. ON STAGE - DAY

"Amanda and the Waves" end their song.

As the crowd cheers, Marcus, stunned by how good they  
are, and struck by Amanda's beauty -- approaches her.

MARCUS

You're incredible!

AMANDA

You hide behind your microphone--  
and I'll hide behind mine.

Marcus goes to the stage microphone.

MARCUS

Amanda and the Waves! Incredible!

More cheering from the crowd.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

You can vote for them by calling  
677-WSNR or putting your ballot in  
box number three!  
We're going to take a short break  
so you can vote and we can name  
a winner! Don't go anywhere!

Marcus goes backstage but catches Amanda's eye and gives  
her a thumbs up.

INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Kevin enters, angry, sad, frustrated.

MARCUS

Dude, what the hell happened to you?

KEVIN

Nothing. Fuck it! Let's just pick a winner and get this shit over with. I've had enough.

MARCUS

Calm down, man. You missed Amanda's band, they were awesome!

KEVIN

Just choose the God damn FIP's band like Pike and everyone else wants. Bend over and make the big city assholes happy.

MARCUS

Screw Pike and screw you, Kevin. They weren't the best. What's the matter with you, man?

KEVIN

Nothing. Local girls suck!

MARCUS

What the hell are you saying, man? For once, we got the FIPs beat.

Katie interrupts, clipboard in hand.

KATIE

I've added the votes from the station to the totals from the ballot boxes. Here's the results.

Katie hands Kevin the clipboard.

He takes a minute to look over the results, takes a deep breath to relax and looks up to Marcus.

KEVIN  
(Relaxed, composed)  
Come on, let's announce the  
winner.

EXT. ON STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Kevin and Marcus approach the microphones.

MARCUS  
We're back, and we've got a  
winner!

The crowd grows hushed.

Marcus looks to Kevin, hoping.

Kevin looks at the crowd. For a moment he's quiet,  
looking to Marcus, then back to the crowd, and down to  
the clipboard.

KEVIN  
Our winner; The band that's going  
to makes us proud to be from right  
here in North Shore, Michigan:  
"Amanda and the Waves!"

Marcus looks at Kevin, smiles and motions for the  
winners.

Amanda and the band run on stage. The crowd goes wild.

EXT. IN THE CROWD - CONTINUOUS

Freeman and Brian look at each other.

BRIAN  
The locals win? What the fuck,  
man?

FREEMAN  
Let's go kick their asses!

EXT. ON STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Marcus gives Amanda a hug.

MARCUS  
Wanna go celebrate?

AMANDA  
(shyly)  
Got to pack our stuff,  
but after... yeah.

Kevin, without any good-byes, leaves the stage and walks past a small crowd of young girls begging for his autograph.

Marcus spots Kevin and runs to him.

MARCUS  
Me and Amanda are going out! To celebrate! Want to come? You could ask Sam to go too.

KEVIN  
No, you guys go and have fun.  
I'll see you later.

MARCUS  
Awesome show, Wolf!

KEVIN  
Yeah, Wolf rocked. But Kevin needs some work.

INT. KEVIN'S CAR - DAY

Weeks have passed.

Kevin drives down to the beach passing trees with gold, red and brown leaves.

North Shore city workers on the beach put up FENCES to keep the sand from blowing during the cold winter ahead.

Beach lifeguards pack up their equipment.

On the nearly deserted beach, seagulls fly overhead.

A few peck at remnants of leftovers on the sand.

As Kevin drives, he sees the beach concession stand being boarded up for winter.

The waves on the lake seem bigger, darker.

EXT. WNSR/DAIRY FREEZE PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Kevin's car pulls in. He gets out of his car and walks to the back door of the studio.

In the background, the owners of the Dairy Freeze are storing tables and chairs for winter.

INT. WNSR STUDIOS - DAY

Marcus sits behind the controls, doing his show.

MARCUS

(on the microphone)

WNSR, the voice of the beach.  
Hard to believe, but it's Labor  
Day weekend. But it's cool--I've  
still got the music to keep you  
warm!

Marcus notices Kevin and stands up.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Dude! How goes it? Haven't seen  
you in weeks.

KEVIN

Didn't think you'd even want to  
hang with me, after the way I was  
acting.

MARCUS

You just let Peter Wolf take  
too much control over Kevin  
Whitcome.

KEVIN

Yeah, well after Pike fired me for  
that little late night broadcast,  
I think Peter Wolf has left town  
for good. So--you off soon?  
Maybe we can catch a movie?

MARCUS

Yeah--about 20 minutes. Pike's  
nephew comes in. He's okay--a  
little weird--get's off on  
shutting down the transmitter--  
dude really needs a girlfriend.

KEVIN

So, you think "Kevin Whitcome"  
could make an on-air dedication to  
someone special?

MARCUS

Sam? Hell yes. I'm sure Pike  
isn't listening. He hates rock &  
roll.

Kevin sits down in front of the controls, rifles through  
a stack of records, finds the one he was looking for,  
cues it up on the turntable and thinks for moment.

Marcus leaves the studio so Kevin can be "alone", looking  
back at his friend with empathy.

Kevin takes a deep breath and turns on the microphone.

KEVIN

(quietly, not as  
"Wolf")

This is WNSR with a dedication  
to someone very special from just  
me: Kevin. You know, sometimes  
you get carried away with an idea,  
a moment, a situation only  
to regret it later. Especially if  
that mistake meant you hurt  
someone you really cared about.  
Someone you almost got to love.  
I screwed up a good thing because  
I got carried away being on the  
radio. So, here I am on the radio,  
with everyone listening as my  
witness to say I'm sincerely  
sorry. You're all I ever wanted.  
And if you give me another chance,  
you'll be the only one I'll ever  
want again. Well, I guess that's  
it. Thought you'd like this song.

Kevin starts the turntable, turns off his microphone and  
slumps back in the chair.

A 1970 love song plays in the background. It's the same  
one that was playing during their first kiss on the  
fourth of July.

Kevin looks at the phone, hoping it will ring, but no.



Marcus bursts in, sniffing

MARCUS

Dude, I'd take you back right now!  
Can I--can I have a hug?

Marcus rushes over to Kevin.

They hug clumsily, then realize guys don't do that sort of thing and back away--Marcus almost bumping into the controls behind him.

Kevin looks back at the control board, in a moment of panic.

KEVIN

Marcus, please don't bump the  
microphone switch with your ass---  
that's how I got into trouble in  
the first place!

PIKE'S NEPHEW enters through the back door and  
freezes, unsure of what he's witnessing with the two guys.

NEPHEW

Ah--hi guys---you didn't turn off  
the transmitter yet, did you?

EXT. NORTH SHORE BEACH - DAY

Marcus and Kevin sit on picnic table at the beach,  
watching the waves crash the shore. The beach is  
deserted.

MARCUS

I fuckin' hate Labor Day weekend.  
Summer's over, no more parties,  
back to school. We'll be shoveling  
the God damn snow before  
you know it.

KEVIN

Yeah, but it was one hell of a  
summer, my friend. Thanks.

MARCUS

Gonna miss you.

KEVIN

I'm just gonna be a couple of hours away. If that piece of shit car will make it, you can come up, check it out.

MARCUS

Yeah, a couple more credits and maybe I'll transfer up there for spring.

KEVIN

That'd be sweet. But you and Amanda seem to be hitting it off. I'm sure you aren't gonna miss me that much.

MARCUS

It's funny. We tried so hard to impress the FIP chicks when what we really wanted was right here all along.

KEVIN

You sound like freakin' Dorothy from the Wizard of Oz.

MARCUS

You hear from Sam?

KEVIN

No. Probably didn't hear my radio apology but I'm not giving up!

Kevin proudly holds up a cassette tape with a hand made label.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I made her a tape with it and some other songs she likes. Gonna mail it to her before I leave.

MARCUS

Fuck it: make me a copy too. Since Pike's keeping me working this fall, I'll play that shit every weekend till she caves.

KEVIN

Yeah, and I'll be known as the  
biggest loser in North Shore.  
Thanks, but no thanks.

MARCUS

Once school starts I'll see her  
and tell her it was all my fault.

KEVIN

Nah, it was a great summer.  
Let's just leave it at that.

MARCUS

We did have some fun, huh? Rock  
and roll, dude. Rock and freaking  
roll...

INT. NORTH SHORE BEACH STORE - DAY

Kevin enters the store. Dad's behind the counter.

KEVIN

Hey dad! Ready to take off for  
school.

DAD

How did mom take it?

KEVIN

She's okay. I'm a little moist  
around the eyes, though.

DAD

Remember: you're not too far to  
come home on the weekends.

KEVIN

I know.

DAD

So grab yourself an R.C. and a bag  
of chips for the ride up.

KEVIN

I thought you'd never ask!

EXT. NORTH SHORE BEACH STORE - DAY

A mix of signs on store windows read: CLOSED FOR THE SEASON SEE YOU NEXT SUMMER and SHOW US YOUR OUT OF STATE LICENSE AND GET 10% OFF.

Kevin exits the store, turning around one more time.

KEVIN

Bye, Dad. Love you.

The door shuts and Kevin stands for a moment to look at the little downtown of stores and shops.

Kevin walks to his car, which is loaded with stuff for college. He opens the door and jumps in.

INT. KEVIN'S CAR - DAY

Kevin starts the car, turns on the radio, pops the top of his R.C. Cola and takes a drink.

He turns up the radio to hear Marcus' voice as he drives away.

MARCUS (V.O.)

This is WNSR on a beautiful Sunday afternoon with The Doctor and we have a special dedication, hello?

The radio broadcast continues with the sound of a girl phoning in to the radio program.

SAMANTHA (V.O.)

Yes, I'd like to dedicate a song to a friend who I hope is listening.

MARCUS (V.O.)

Special is he? Tell the Doctor all about it.

EXT. TWO LANE TREE-LINED HIGHWAY - DAY

Kevin's car speeds down the highway

SAMANTHA (V.O.)

Well I just wanted him to know that I think I understand what made him do what he did. You know, everyone wants to be popular. And maybe... we can start over knowing that being honest is one of the most important things a relationship can have...

(slight silence)

- And I wanna wish him luck cause he's leaving for college today.

INT. KEVIN'S CAR - DAY

A smile breaks out on Kevin's face.

MARCUS (V.O.)

Oh, a college boy, eh?

Through Kevin's windshield, the tree-lined countryside whizzes past.

SAMANTHA (V.O.)

Yeah, and one more thing.

MARCUS (V.O.)

What's that?

SAMANTHA (V.O.)

I... I think I'm going to miss him.

Kevin's face, smiling.

EXT. TWO LANE TREE-LINED HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The car drives the highway.

MARCUS (V.O.)

(Out of character)

Yeah. Me too. Whew--you're choking The Doctor up! Where's the wastepaper basket?

An upbeat song begin to play over the radio.

Kevin's car slows and pulls over.

He makes a U-turn, and peels out.

The car drives past a road sign that reads:

WELCOME TO NORTH SHORE

FADE OUT.