

WIPEOUT

by

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1 EXT. OCEAN - DAY (THE FUTURE)

1

The ocean is calm, quiet flat as concrete. It's hard to tell where we are. It could be near the beach or in the middle of the ocean. The water is dotted with oil-sludge, trash, and sewage.

TWO SURFERS drift slowly into the shot. Dozing, they lie belly-down on their surfboards. One is called RUDDER, the other, SKEEG. Both are 'ancients' (i.e. in their thirties). Their skin is tanned like leather, their hair, knotted and bleached chlorine-white. It is unclear whether they've been drifting for hours or days.

Skeeg looks up. Still no waves.

SKEEG

Bogue swell, brah.

Rudder is dozing.

RUDDER

Huh?

SKEEG

Swell's fully bogued.

Rudder turns on his back, licks his lips, takes his time.

RUDDER

You bailin' on me, Skeeg?

SKEEG

Nah. Shit's just got me agged.

RUDDER

Let it rest, brah.

They continue to drift. Rudder closes his eyes. Skeeg looks to his left.

2 EXT. OCEAN - SKEEG'S P.O.V. - DAY

2

About fifty yards away, SIX YOUNG SURFERS, in their teens, sit on their boards waiting for waves. Athletic and cocky, even from this distance they look like giants. The silver flash of something flopping in the water is the focus of their attention. The LEAD YOUTH thrusts his hand into the water and pulls out a large fish; he pounds its head against the surfboard.

3 EXT. OCEAN - DAY

3

ANGLE ON SKEEG. He looks away and spits.

SKEEG

Fuckin' kids, today.

1

(CONTINUED)

RUDDER lifts his head and looks in the direction.

RUDDER .

Times are fully changin', bud.
Won't be one lifer left out here.
All knobs, gremmers, wannabees.

SKEEG

Shit. They don't have one righteous
rider to match Speed Donaldson...Hojo
Himpson--

RUDDER

(remembering)

Mike Maddock, Bad Bruce--

SKEEG

You ask these gremmers, knobs--
you think they'll know who they
are? " Hojo who? "

RUDDER

Cuz they heavily don't have any
heros, brah.

4 EXT. OCEAN - YOUNG SURFERS - DAY

4

Their rowdy laughter drifts towards us as the slap each other
around playfully. One is building a pyramid of empty beer bottles on
the front of his board, which another shatters by throwing an empty.

SKEEG (O.C.)

Fully no culture.

RUDDER (O.C.)

No collective-fuckin-memory. No one
to look up to. Where are the Mike
Maddocks, Nick Rainwoods, Bad Bruces?

SKEEG (O.C.)

Yeah.

5 EXT. OCEAN - DAY

5

BACK TO SCENE. Skeeg turns and looks at Rudder.

SKEEG Cont.

Nick who?

RUDDER

Nick Rainwood. Heavily the best
surfer this beach has ever seen.

(CONTINUED)

SKEEG (O.C.)

Com'on, Rudder. Better'an jumpin'
Jay? Better'an...?

RUDDER

(dramatically)

The best surfer this beach has
ever seen!

SKEEG

How come I never heard of him?

RUDDER

(importantly)

Got a minute for a righteous story, bud?

Skeeg nods.

RUDDER

I'm talkin all-out, one-hundred percent
USDA, guaranteed righteous?

SKEEG

I'm here, man.

RUDDER

Okay. Late-eighties now, right?
'Member how it was?

6 OMIT

6 *

7 EXT. BEACH BREAKWATERS/WALKWAYS - DAY

7

We see various beach scenes: the pier, lifeguard towers, clogged beach parking. We get a sense of the crowds--the congestion, the claustrophobia of a weekend at the beach.

8 OMIT

8 *

OMIT 9 thru 11

12 EXT. THE YORPIN HOUSE - DAY

12

The house is small, run-down, in need of a coat of paint and some yardwork. It's one asset is that it's close to the beach --in fact, it's practically on the beach. The rock tune continues, but it's now a muted SOURCE CUE, coming from inside the house.

RUDDER (V.O.)

Anyway, all this shit came together on the last weekend of summer: the big surf compo. See, there was this babe--this tasty T.L.U.-- she lived in a raspy little house on the beach, with her brother and her mom.

13 INT. REEF'S BEDROOM - DAY

13

The room is small, uncluttered, and somewhat dark. The only thing unusual about it is the giant fish net that hangs from the ceiling, filled with a dozen surfboards. Surfing trophies and photos collect dust.

REEF (18), his shirt off, does one-armed push-ups on the floor, while the music plays. He is clearly handsome and muscular, but his features are very sharp and jugged, making him look hard, cocky.

RUDDER (V.O.)

Her brother's name was Reef...Reef Yorpin. And, brah, le'me tell ya, he was one mean muther. A righteous rider, but sketchy, y'know?

14 INT. BATHROOM/REEF'S BEDROOM - JOAN'S P.O.V. - DAY

14

SUBJECTIVE CAMERA is close to the bathroom door. It opens slightly and, "peeking" through, we see Reef working on the board.

15 INT. BATHROOM - DAY

15

CU JOAN secretly watches Reef. Joan is an attractive blonde with a cute So Cal figure. Not a great beauty, she has to work a bit at being noticed.

From behind Joan we hear Reef's sister, ALLIE, calling to her over the noise of the music.

ALLIE (V.O.)

Joan... What're you doing?

Joan quietly closes the door and leaves through the door at the opposite end of the bathroom.

16 INT. ALLIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

16

Joan enters. This room is identical in shape and size to Reef's, but it's bright and airy. The colors are warmer and there are artistic touches everywhere. She has decorated it attractively on no money.

ALLIE sits on her bed, drawing in a sketchbook with brightly-colored pens. She is a natural beauty--even prettier because she doesn't work at it--intelligent without being condescending, seems older than her seventeen years.

Joan sits down heavily on the bed.

JOAN

I'm gonna die... Allie, your brother's a hunk. A real hunk.

Allie, having heard all this before, continues to draw.

ALLIE

That's what he tells me.

JOAN

(gossipy)

You know he called Jackson out.

ALLIE

How nice.

JOAN

Jackson had to go to the emergency room. Twelve stitches!

CU THE SKETCHPAD

We see a small glimpse of her sketch: a person's fist done in a very bold cartoon-cubist manner. Even from this quick preview of her work, we are impressed by Allie's unique, primitive style.

ALLIE

(Contemplative, hypothetical.)
Do you think people talk like this in New York?

JOAN

Huh?

ALLIE

Or San Francisco? Do you think they talk about fights and surfers and compos...?

JOAN

(Shrugs.)
Who cares?...
Will Reef dance with me, y'think--?

Joan continues to talk about Reef in the background, while we concentrate on Allie and her sketch--we get brief glimpses of small detailed sections, such as a primitive foot..the ear of an African-looking tribal mask..a blue skyline..the point of a surfboard. Over this we hear...

RUDDER (V.O.)

Now Allie was a whoooole different wave from Reef. Fully smart - a rad artist, ya know. Not mershed-out like some zisked, New Porshe asshole with a fuckin beret.

JOAN

I mean... what if I ask him to dance, and he laughs or something?... Com'on, help me.

*
*

ALLIE

(Looks up from her drawing.)
You know what you need?

Joan shrugs.

ALLIE cont.

The perfect song.

OMIT 17

17 OMIT

18 INT. YORPIN HOUSE LIVINGROOM - DAY

18

MRS. YORPIN unlocks the front door and enters the house. Right behind her is ANDY HOWARD, her nephew, carrying groceries. Mrs. Yorpin is a young-looking forty--strong (from a messy divorce), active, middle-aged pretty. Hearing Reef's loud music, she yells...

MRS. YORPIN

Reef!

RUDDER (V.O.)

Then there was Mrs. Yorpin: fully spun, kinda sixties, but cool--for a mother.

No answer... She drops her shoes on the couch and glances at the mail lying on a coffee table.

We concentrate on Andy. When Mrs. Yorpin starts up the stairs toward Reef's room, Andy follows her closely, groceries in his hand. He is a timid, naive farm-boy, with a pleasant enough face, though it has 'victim' written all over it. Andy is out of his element here; he wears farmerish clothes, has a subtle okie-accent, and a military-haircut. To make up for his culture-shock, he sticks close to Mrs. Yorpin, never straying more than a few yards. Over this we hear...

RUDDER (V.O.)

Now, Andy was this raspy knob touring for the weekend from the farm somewhere. Allie and Reef's cousin. Going to join the Navy. Be some kinda Top Gonad.

18 CONTINUED:

18

Mrs. Yorpin notices Andy on her tail, and stops:

MRS. YORPIN
(Regarding groceries)
You can put those in the kitchen,
Andy. Thanks.

Andy follows orders.

19 INT. REEF'S BEDROOM - DAY

19

Reef is doing sit-ups and doesn't see his mother enter, and head straight toward the stereo.

She turns the volume-control down until it lines up with a label marked " Mom's level".

REEF

Hey!

MRS YORPIN
I don't wanna hear it!... I'm going
out tonight with Brad, so I want you to
take Andy--

REEF

Sorry, brah, got a party tonight.

MRS. YORPIN
I'm not your brah, I'm your ma
and you can party with Andy tonight.

REEF

The guys'd have a shit-fit if
they see Gomer!

At that moment, Andy peers in the door.

MRS. YORPIN
No arguments. Just do it

She quickly exits before Reef can respond.

CUT TO:

20 INT. LIVINGROOM - DAY

20

Mrs. Yorpin enters, quickly followed by Reef, and then Andy.

REEF
Can't you get Allie to take...!

Reef stops in mid-sentence, notices Andy behind him. He begins to tell Andy that this is private, but instead Reef picks up a rolled-up newspaper, opens the front door and throws it out.

REEF
 (To Andy, politely.)
 Could you get that?

MRS. YORPIN
 Reef!!

Dutifully, Andy goes after it. Reef speaks quickly before Andy returns.

REEF
 What's wrong with Allie?

MRS. YORPIN
 I wish you'd help me out a little more around here, Reef. It's not easy.

REEF
 The compo's tomorrow, man. I needta psych-up.

MRS. YORPIN
 Andy can help you.

NEW ANGLE as Andy sheepishly enters and hands the newspaper to Reef.

MRS. YORPIN (CONT.)
 Reef's offered to take you to a party tonight, Andy. How's that sound?

Andy nods, hesitantly. Reef slams the paper down and storms off toward his room.

Mrs. Yorpin gestures for Andy to follow him.

21 INT. REEF'S ROOM - DAY

21

Reef angrily does chin-ups on the bar in the doorway. Andy stands nervously outside the room, waiting for a chance to get around Reef's dangling body. Finally, while Reef's on his upswing, Andy rushes past.

He gravitates toward a surfboard--a jet-black one--on Reef's desk. Reef hops down from the bar.

REEF
 Don't touch that.

Andy backs off, looks at a picture taped on the wall.

INSERT PHOTOGRAPH

It is of Reef standing on a first place riser, trophy over his head, and two other surfers on second and third place risers.

(CONTINUED)

REEF (O.C.)

You're looking at the best goddammed surfer in So Cal, bud... Me. After I win the compo Sunday, I'm goin' pro, and bailin' this shit-hole.

ANGLE ON REEF as he points to a dozen slash marks on the rail of his surfboard.

REEF Cont.

Know what these are? That's how many riders I've put in the E-room. (Lets this sink in.) Le'me tell ya how it is. My buds are coming over in a minute. They don't take to knobs like I do. So you just stay in the bathroom 'til they leave. Comprende'?

22 INT. BATHROOM - DAY

22

Andy is literally pushed in by Reef, and the door is pulled closed. Andy looks around, then goes to the opposite door and peeks into Allie's room.

23 INT. ALLIE'S ROOM - ANDY'S P.O.V. - DAY

23

"Our Day Will Come" plays, while Joan slow-dances with a boogie-board, leash dangling from its end. Allie watches from her bed, sketchpad in lap.

24 INT. BATHROOM - DAY

24

Embarrassed, Andy backs away from the door before he is seen.

25 INT. ALLIE'S ROOM - DAY

25

JOAN

(Talking to the board.)
"Don't you just love this song?"
(Commenting on her line.)
Jeez, that's stupid!

ALLIE

Don't force it. Let him say something first.

JOAN

What if he doesn't?

ALLIE

Be patient... don't get nervous.

(CONTINUED)

JOAN

Great. It's only his boogie-board, and already I'm nervous.

Joan dumps the board, and picks up her things to go. Allie returns to her sketch.

JOAN (CONT.)

Why don't you go tonight, Allie?
You're good at this stuff. Bet you'd
get a guy just like that.

ALLIE

I don't want a guy just like that.

JOAN

You don't?...
What do you want?

ALLIE

(a beat)

I know what I don't want.

JOAN

What?

CU SMALL SECTION OF THE SKETCH

With a firm stroke Allie adds the last touch to her sketch. We PULL BACK and see the complete work. It is a colorful and angry rendition of two surfers, carrying boards and walking by the shore. Instead of faces they have frightening, primitive African-style masks.

ALLIE

Another surfer!

SMASH CUT TO:

26 INT. MIDAS' SURF SHOP (BACK ROOM) - DAY

26

NICK RAINWOOD (18) sands a surfboard in the backroom of the surf shop. He wears a mask to protect himself from the white dust spraying up. A loud rock and roll tune plays over the sanding. In the background, surfboards are everywhere: every type, color, and dimension. Beach and bikini posters cover every available space left on the walls and ceiling... Surfer's heaven. Over this, we hear...

RUDDER (V.O.)

Then there was Nick Rainwood--the
gnarliest-- and I use 'gnarly' sparingly--
the gnarliest board-banger this side of
North Shore.

Nick is handsome in a likable, unthreatening way; a leader-type, funny and serious in equal proportions, very athletic, and very, very unpredictable-- sometimes even to himself.

Suddenly, the sander and rock-and-roll are shut off in mid-beat. Nick looks up toward the archway leading to the shop's showroom... Midas stands there with the sander plug and a load of full beer bottles in his hands. MIDAS MURDOCH is a forty-five year old beatnik, owner of the surf shop. He's big, youthful, funny, emotional.

MIDAS

Think quick, man...

NICK

Midas!

But before Nick can say anymore, Midas throws him FOUR FULL BEER BOTTLES in quick succession; some he throws hard, others he tosses just out of Nick's reach. Used to this test, Nick retains his balance, grabs each bottle, without dropping the sander or the bottles.

MIDAS

(As he throws.)

Bend your knees, man!... Don't drop the sander!

In grabbing the last bottle, the sander slips out of Nick's grasp, but he catches the power line with his foot, keeping it from dropping to the floor.

MIDAS

Instinct and balance, man, the essentials of surfing.

NICK

Last time.

Midas turns toward the shop showroom, and yells...

26a INT- SURF SHOP (SHOW ROOM) - DAY.

26A

MIDAS

The ungrateful shit's leavin me alone
with the shop!

*
*
*

FOUR SHOPPERS

look toward Midas, uncertain how to react.

*
*

Nick joins Midas behind the register.

*

NICK

I told you to put the 'Help Wanted' sign
up.

MIDAS

You think this was business, man? No,
this wasn't business. This was a re-
lationship, man... a relationship! You
go to Stanford, what'll they teach you?
Huh? Art, ceramics, crochet...?

NICK

Liberal arts.

MIDAS

And what's that? Liberal shit, man.

The door jingles as the shoppers exit. Midas hugs Nick violently... *

MIDAS

I'll miss you, man. I'll fuckin
miss you.

NICK

(suffocating)

I'll miss you, Midas.

MIDAS

I mean it, man, stay on here, I'll make
you a fuckin surfing guru.

NICK

Midas...

MIDAS

What? Alright, fuck the shop. You wanna
make something of yourself?

(Nick nods.)

You and me... your scholarship money, man...
We'll buy two one-ways, --live like kings on
the north shore, ride friggen fifteen footers,
jump the local women, get crabs, die young...
huh? *

Nick glances over at a picture taped on the wall.

NICK'S POV

It is the same photograph that Andy looked at in Reef's room only
now we recognize that the second place surfer is Nick.

NICK

You think I could do it, Midas?

MIDAS

(Hesitant, knowing what's coming.)
Do what, man?

NICK

Win the compo?...
(Midas doesn't answer.)
Five thousand this year!... enough so I
could stay and surf... maybe draw a sponsor-
ship.

MIDAS

(Removes his arm from Nick's shoulder.)
What about school?

NICK

You were just tellin' me t'forget school!

Midas crosses to lock the front door... *

MIDAS

I don't know, man; compo's are bad news.
Board-banging's not about the money, the
girls, the fightin'--any of that...
'The Moment', man, that's what it's about.

NICK

What?

Midas pulls one of the beers from Nick's arms, opens it, takes a
long thoughtful sip... *

MIDAS

Last lesson...
(Slow, dramatic.)
There's a time, man... a moment--maybe a
split-second, maybe an hour--but it's just
you and the wave, man. Just you and the wave,
like...
(Slaps his hands together loudly.)
Like that! And there's nothing else...
That's what it's about, man. Not about
the shit, not about the money. Just the
moment. *

NICK

It's not so simple, Midas.

MIDAS

(Thinks.)
Com'here, man.

Midas leads Nick to a row of long glass cases along one wall of
the shop; each case contains a single surfboard, lit as if in a
museum. Midas takes a ring of keys from his pocket and unlocks the
biggest case. Inside is a nondescript board with a plate-size
emblem in the middle; the emblem reads "Death From Above" and has
a thunderbolt in the center.

MIDAS

'Member when you first started here, ,
man, I took this out for you?

NICK
(reverant)

The stick from "Apocalypse Now."

MIDAS

One of five, man. One of only five.
I never opened this case-- wanted
this stick to last. Never took it out.
Never touched it.

(a long breath.)

I want you t'have it, man.

NICK

No, Midas, that's--!

MIDAS

Man, it's just dying in here! A
stick's made to be rode...

Nick looks at Midas, then he looks at the board, golden with a decade of age. Carefully he reaches into the case and slowly pulls the board away from the velvet lining as though it were a fragile vase.

MIDAS Cont.

Now get out of here 'fore I give you
the whole fuckin store.

Nick looks at Midas, and then walks out of the store. Midas watches him go.

27 INT. REEF'S BEDROOM - DAY.

27

Reef is in his room with his Lowk buddies; TRIPPER AND BACKWASH. TRIPPER, is a wirey, fidgety, teen; BACKWASH is a joker who puts on a tough exterior for the gang, but is scared around girls.

BACKWASH

What a wheeze! Tripper didn't pull
shit!

TRIPPER

I did too! More than you, you fuckin'
zisker!

REEF

(authoritatively)

Then stop knobbing around and let's
see it!

Tripper reluctantly pulls a tiny plastic bag of grass out of his pocket.

ANGLE ON REEF as he takes it contemptuously.

(CONTINUED)

REEF

This is it?

BACKWASH AND TRIPPER

BACKWASH

I told you he haired.

REEF

Shut up, Backwash.

TRIPPER

(defensively)

That's all they had.

REEF

Brahs... this is fully bogue. Now on, you check your parents' stash mid-week; don't come trunkin to me with some piddly-shit half-O-zee. It fuckin' insults me. Now this is what I'm talkin' about.

He pauses dramatically, reaches into his jacket and withdraws a respectable bag of grass. The guys shout appreciatively.

28 INT. BATHROOM - DAY

28

Andy examines the numerous combs and hair-styling devices on the counter. They look strange. He tries them on his hair, experimentally, but his short-haircut is undisturbed by them.

Allie enters through her sliding door.

ALLIE

Going out tonight, Andy?

Surprised, Andy slaps the combs onto the counter, innocently.

ANDY

Uh, hi, Allie. Yeah, Reef is taking me to a beach party.

ALLIE

(surprised)

Reef?..

ANDY

Well.. I don't think he wants to.

More joyous outbursts come from Reef's room.

ALLIE
(lightly)
The animals are restless.

ANDY
Yeah.
(Careful, not wanting to offend.)
You understand... them?

Allie gestures, "so-so", then waves Andy toward Reef's sliding door. They both place their ears against it to listen in.

29 INT. REEF'S BEDROOM - DAY

29

REEF
..then he comes after me with a skeg,
right? So I roust him fully... and he
ends up in the E-room, selling Buicks off
the lot.

The lowks laugh at Reef's conclusion.

30 INT. BATHROOM - DAY

30

ALLIE
(whispering/translating)
He went after me with a knife, but I
beat him up, and he ended up in the
emergency room with the dry-heaves.

Andy looks queasy.

31 INT. REEF'S BEDROOM - DAY

31

Tripper reaches into Reef's bag of pot.

TRIPPER
Man, I am amped! Fully amped!

32 INT. BATHROOM - DAY

32

ALLIE
Excited.

BACKWASH (O.C.)
Well, let's book, bud--!

ALLIE
(to Andy)
Leave quickly.

REEF (O.C.)
(To Backwash)
Shut up, zisker!

(CONTINUED)

ALLIE
(to Andy)

Queer.

*

REEF (O.C.)
You pumpin to get roused by knobs? Huh?

ALLIE
Wanna get hassled by...uh...
(Shrugs.)
...knobs.

REEF (O.C.)
We trunk the pooh with Tripper--
you got your bag, brah?

ALLIE
Hide the pot with Tripper.

*

33 INT. REEF'S BEDROOM - DAY

33

Tripper stashes Reef's sizable stash into his army daypack. Backwash and Reef stand in the foreground. Backwash gestures towards Allie's room.

BACKWASH
(hopefully)
The T.L.U. goin' tonight?

34 INT. BATHROOM - DAY

34

Allie doesn't realize they're talking about her.

ALLIE
Sexy girl..Tight little unit.

35 INT. REEF'S BEDROOM - DAY

35

Reef finally acknowledges Backwash.

REEF
Huh?

Backwash again jerks a thumb in the direction of Allie's room.

REEF Cont.
Her? Fuck that noise. She's half-
guaced on her paint box. Be a March
rip-off moon before she parties.

36 INT. BATHROOM - DAY

36

Allie's reacts angrily--realizing they are speaking about her. Andy looks to her for a translation. She shakes her head, not worth translating.

There is only silence from the bedroom. After a moment...

ANDY
They're 'booking'?

ALLIE
Right.
(a beat)
Hey! Wasn't Reef taking you?

She runs out of the bathroom.

37 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

37

Allie opens the front door.

38 EXT. YORPIN FRONT DOOR - DAY

38

Standing there smiling at her nervously is Backwash.

BACKWASH
Hi Allie.

ALLIE
Where'd my brother go, Backwash?

BACKWASH
(nervously/trying to impress)
My Dad works in a missile silo.

ALLIE
Is Reef coming back?

BACKWASH
(Ignoring her question.)
He said I could bring anybody I
want to see them.

39 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

39

She turns back to Andy who is standing stranded in the living room.

ALLIE
I think he forgot you, Andy.
I'm sorry.

BACKWASH
(Still trying.)
He's the one who's s'posed to bush
the button.

Allie closes the door on Backwash, continues to talk to Andy...

ALLIE
How much do you wanna go?

ANDY
(Trying to hide his disappointment.)
It's okay.

ALLIE
(sighing)
Alright. Let me get dressed.

Andy smiles.

40 EXT. THE VALLEY - ESTABLISHER - LATE AFTERNOON. 40

We can barely make out the valley mansions and estates through a thick layer of smog. The setting sun turns everything orange.

41 EXT. THE LAPPS' MANSION - LATE AFTERNOON. 41

Nick's sputtering, on-its-last-leg stationwagon--three surfboards fastened to its roof-rack--is parked in the mansion's driveway between a mint-condition BMW and a polished Porsche.

Nick and the other Vals are loading their boards into the open rear window of the wagon. CAGE, the tough, stubborn, and muscular Val leader sits in the second-story window, dropping the boards down to LAPPS and MARONE, who then load them. LAPPS is a fast-talking deal-maker: funny and intimidating. Marone is a slow-talking philosophical sort, whose jokes always come from left field--deep left field.

CAGE
Thought you bailed on us, Rainwood.
Most important weekend of the year... half hour late.

NICK
Hadta work. Some people have to, y'know.

LAPPS
Yeah, I read about that--something the poor do.

Loading a board into the wagon, ^{LAPPS} Marone comments:

LAPPS
(Prissy.)
You've done wonders with the interior, Nicholas.

CAGE
(Regarding the car.)
'Bimini'--a classic, a fuckin classic.

NICK

We can always take one of your cars.

LAPPS

Uh-uh. Last time the Lowks totally shredded my tires.

MARONE

Turbo's out on my Porsche.

NICK

Yeah, breaking my heart.

All the surfboards handed down, Cage stands in the window like Tarzan.

CAGE

You fuckers ready for a weekend of killer surf, shit-faced drinking, and non-stop pussy?!

NICK

(Deadpan, to Marone, Lapps.)
Is that a trick question?

42 EXT- VALLEY ESTABLISHER - LATE AFTERNOON.

42

Nick's stationwagon speeds along in the fast lane, Lapps standing up through the roof hole.

43 INT- NICK'S STATIONWAGON - LATE AFTERNOON.

43*

A punk tune plays loudly on the radio as Nick drives. Lapps stands on the passenger seat--we see him only from the waist down--Cage and Marone are in the back seat.

CAGE

(To Nick.)
You're taking this all too seriously, bro. Think of your buds.

MARONE

(Deadpan.)
Breaking up is hard to do.

Cage punches Marone in the shoulder to shut him up.

LAPPS (O.C.)

(Yelling down.)
Babes, starboard.

Everybody looks in that direction--including Nick--but continue their conversation without interruption...

NICK
(Devil's advocate.)
I can't surf the rest of my life.

CAGE
Why not?

Nick has no ready answer for this. Lapps peers down into the car...

LAPPS
Do what I'm doing. My Dad's giving me a
thousand bucks for every movie idea I come
up with.

He holds up a blank stenographers pad.

NICK
Thanks, Lapps.

MARONE
(To Lapps.)
The perfect job for someone who doesn't
care about the future.

LAPPS
Bullshit! I bet I've seen Star Wars
ten times.

*The Alices so bright
I gotta wear
shades.*

Lapps stands back up through the hole. Marone points toward Lapps...

MARONE
See. Nick doesn't wanna end up losers,
like the rest of us.

NICK
I didn't say that.

LAPPS (O.C.)
Babes, port.

Again, everyone looks in the direction, while not interrupting their conversation.

CAGE
(To Nick.)
Do what makes you feel good, bro.
Someone drops the big one tomorrow,
we won't have a future.

NICK

And if they don't drop it?

LAPPS

(Leaning down into the car.)

Par-ty at my house!

OMIT 44 thru 54

44 thru 54 OMIT

55 EXT. HIGHWAY UNDERPASS - NIGHT.

55

The darkness is broken by only a few fluorescent lights--most have been vandalised--and fires in the distance. The walls are covered with grafitti. Puddles of oil and water dot the ground... A spooky sight. Rudder narrates.

RUDDER (V.O.)

There was always this heavily amped-out party on the beach, night before the compo, y'know? Full of raspy Vals, sketchy Lowks, bonafied board-busters. Definitely worth a wheeze or two.

Allie and Andy move toward the fires.

ALLIE

So why are you enlisting?

ANDY

(Shrugs.)

My brothers did... It's a family thing.

ALLIE

But do you want to?

Andy nods, and then pulls up his sleeve, revealing a Navy flying TATTOO on his forearm.

ALLIE

How old are you anyway?

ANDY

Eighteen... in three weeks.

56 EXT. PUNK NAZI HIGHWAY UNDERPASS BONFIRE - THEIR P.O.V. - NIGHT

56

Andy stops and stares at a congregation of Nazi-Punkers, a dozen crew-cutted (almost bald) teenagers, who dance violently to loud Polka-Punk music coming from a ghetto-blaster. They have several fires going in yellow beach garbage cans.

The dance is wild; beer bottles are thrown against the underpass walls; two dancers knock heads, happily, and one wipes his bloody nose with his hand and smears the blood onto his t-shirt, artistically.

SCUM and SPIKE, the most hardcore of the punk-nazis, appear from behind the underpass wall carrying the HATCH-DOOR to a Woodie. With various axes, they tear up the door, and throw it into the fires.

57 EXT. ALLIE AND ANDY - NIGHT
 She smiles faintly at them and pulls him along.

57

ALLIE
 I wouldn't stare too long. They're
 hostile to strangers... and Vals.

ANDY
 What are Vals?

ALLIE
 Vals are... They're...
 I'll point some out later.

They move on...

58 EXT- SURFERS FOR CHRIST BONFIRE - NIGHT.

58

A dozen clean-cut young men and women, looking like Republican
 business majors, sit in a neat circle on their blankets, singing "We
 Are The Family of God." Some hold Bibles, one is playing the guitar.
 In the background, we see their surfboards, with painted 'fish'
 symbols and bible verses on them.

Allie and Andy pass through the shot in foreground silhouette.

ALLIE
 (Explaining.)
 Surfers for Christ.

We begin to hear a 60's sounding SURFING TUNE fade in.

59 EXT. ANCIENT'S GATHERING - NIGHT

59

We PAN with Allie and Andy as they lead us past a group
 of older men and a few older women. All
 are in their late-thirties and early-forties. Several wax their
 longboards. They are a very mellow, laid-back bunch. TWO ANCIENTS
 sit in folding sand chairs and sip their beers... *

ANCIENT #2
 Bitchin! Oh, man! Did you see me
 hang-ten on that breaker?! That was
 some big fuckin' wave.

ANCIENT #1
 Uh-uh. That was no big fuckin wave.
 Now I caught me a bigg wave in Waiamea
 once... in '71. Broke so far up the
 beach, I was in the fuckin' parking lot--

NEW ANGLE Allie and Andy with the ancients in the B.G.

59 CONTINUED:

59

ALLIE
Ancients. They always talk like that.

Andy nods in understanding.

60 EXT. LOWK BONFIRE - NIGHT

60

The fire is blinding. A SONG is blaring from a ghetto blaster and the dancers' movements are overwhelming. There is an incredible energy and excitement to the scene. We've saved the best beach party for last.

ANDY AND ALLIE
stand on the periphery of the party, the movement of the flames and the dancers casts swirling shadows over their faces. We ZOOM IN slowly on Andy and see the wonder in his face. He looks left.

61 EXT. BONFIRE/BEACH BREAKWALL - ANDY'S P.O.V. - NIGHT

61

Reef sits leaning against the breakwall, haloed by graffiti. TWO GIRLS sit with him. Nearby sits Tripper and Backwash. Backwash sees Allie, and approaches.

62 EXT. LOWK BONFIRE - NIGHT

62

ANDY and Allie look off towards the water. *

63 EXT. BEACH - ANDY'S P.O.V. - NIGHT

63

A wet surfer walks out of the surf toward the bonfire. This is GITCH. She carries her surfboard.

64 EXT. LOWK BONFIRE - NIGHT

64

ANDY AND ALLIE
He tugs her arm and gestures towards the water.

ANDY
Who's that?

Allie looks.

65 EXT. BEACH NEAR BONFIRE - THEIR P.O.V. - NIGHT

65

GITCH comes closer and we see she is a very pretty girl with hair cropped close to her head. She has a beautifully defined physique; muscular, athletic and sexy all at the same time. Remarkably she doesn't wear a wet suit in the cold night water, only a black bikini.

ALLIE (O.C.)
That's Gitch.

(CONTINUED)

A LECHEROUS SURFER approaches her and attempts to flirt. She mutters something and intimidated, he backs off. She walks to her blanket and begins to dry off. No one else bothers her.

66 EXT. LOWK BONFIRE - NIGHT

66

ANDY AND ALLIE

ANDY
(curious)

Gitch?

ALLIE
I don't know her real name. The guys
call her that.

Meanwhile, Backwash comes up behind the two...

BACKWASH
Half-girl, half-bitch: Gitch.
(nervously to Allie)
So..uh..you wanna dance?

ALLIE
(stalling)
Uh...

JOAN (O.C.)
(excitedly)
Allie!

NEW ANGLE

Joan, all fixed up and looking cute, hurries up. With her is another beach girl, DONNA. Intimidated, Backwash wanders off.

JOAN
Allie! You're here!

ALLIE
Yeah. Did you--?

JOAN
Listen, I can't. Everything's wrong.

DONNA
She didn't even talk to him.

ALLIE
This is my cousin, Andy.

Andy smiles and shyly mouths, " hi ". No one really responds to him.

JOAN
I was going to. I swear, I was..

ALLIE
Just ask him to dance.

JOAN
The music's gotta be just right.

DONNA
(proudly)
I danced with Tripper.

JOAN
Big fucking deal, Don-na!

ALLIE
If I take care of the music, you'll ask him?

JOAN
Well...

DONNA
She won't.

JOAN
I will too!

Allie walks towards the sound system. Joan and Donna move off in Reef's direction, arguing. Andy realizes he is all alone and hurries off to re-join Allie.

67 EXT. BONFIRE/BEACH BREAKWALL - NIGHT

67

From his perch near the breakwall, Reef watches a boogie-board-balancing-contest in the background; the boards are balanced on medium-sized rocks, and the two combatants try to knock each other off the see-sawing boards. *

Joan and Donna nudge their way through the contest spectators to get closer to Reef. Tripper slips in behind them, and, unseen by Joan, he whispers into Donna's ear. Donna smiles despite herself, nods, and then moves off toward the ocean. Tripper prepares to follow. *

Glancing in Joan's direction, Reef gestures for her to come forward. *

Joan points to herself, not believing it. Then Tripper pushes past her, and Joan realizes that Reef was gesturing towards his friend.

ANGLE ON REEF AND TRIPPER

REEF
(Looking around.)
Too many knobs. You'd better book
with the stash.

TRIPPER

Done, Reef.

Grabbing the backpack, Tripper leaves the bonfire and moves toward the ocean.

*
*

68 EXT. BEACH PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Lapps, Cage, and Marone run down the beach stairs toward the party.

CAGE

Let's go, Rainwood!

Nick comes to the top of the stairs...

NICK

I gotta lock the sticks in.

The three other Vals continue on to the party.

69 EXT. BONFIRE/SOUND SYSTEM - NIGHT

Allie and Andy search through a crate of cassette tapes. Andy looks ups.

70 EXT. LOWK BONFIRE - ANDY'S P.O.V. - NIGHT

Cage, Lapps and Marone--in their polo shirts, ironed beach shorts, blown-dry hair and Ray-Ban sunglasses with colorful leashes--approach the party.

71 EXT. BONFIRE/SOUND SYSTEM - NIGHT

ANDY

Allie.

ALLIE

Huh?

ANDY

Are those Vals?

She looks up.

72 EXT. LOWK BONFIRE/PARKING LOT - ALLIE'S P.O.V. - NIGHT

We PAN off the trio and past them to Nick who is just coming down the stairs.

73 EXT. BONFIRE/SOUND SYSTEM - NIGHT

ALLIE can't take her eyes off him.

74 EXT. BEACH PARKING LOT - NIGHT 74
 Nick looks out to sea and deeply inhales the sea air. Sensing someone watching him he turns and looks towards the firelight until his eyes lock on Allie.

75 EXT. BONFIRE/SOUND SYSTEM - NICK'S P.O.V. - NIGHT 75
 Allie looks fabulous in the firelight. Neither smile or move, afraid it will break the moment.

RUDDER (V.O.)
 I'm talkin' full-on, radical, quantum-leap,
 nuclear-warp-seven love at first sight.

76 OMIT OMIT 76

77 EXT. BONFIRE/SOUND SYSTEM - NIGHT 77
 Andy whips a tape out of a crate.

ANDY
 (happily)
 Got it!

Distracted, Allie looks to Andy.

77A EXT. BEACH PARKING LOT - NIGHT 77A
 Cage comes back up the stairs and grabs Nick by the arm, breaking his stare.

CAGE
 Com'on, college-boy. Down here.

77B EXT- BONFIRE/SOUND SYSTEM - NIGHT. 77B
 Allie looks back up toward the stairs.

78 EXT- BEACH PARKING LOT (ALLIE'S POV) - NIGHT. 78
 Nick's stationwagon is still there, but Nick is gone.

79 EXT. BONFIRE/SOUND SYSTEM - NIGHT 79
 ALLIE
 (mechanically)
 I'll be right back.

She moves out of frame. Andy calls after her.

ANDY
 Should I play it?

80 EXT. THE WATER'S EDGE - NIGHT

80

Tripper waits there looking back towards the fire. Donna walks up to him. They smile at each other. The music from the sound system stops and is quickly replaced by "Our Day Will Come". We HEAR groans and complaints from several of the partiers. But it doesn't bother these two. They lunge at each other crashing together in a very inartistic but passionate kiss. Tripper drops the cumbersome dayback at his feet.

81 EXT. LOWK BONFIRE - NIGHT

81

We DOLLY with Allie as she moves around the fire looking for Nick. She comes to the spot where she last saw Nick. He's not there. Lapps is there trying to pick up a bikini-babe:

LAPPS

My Dad's a movie producer...

The babe is unimpressed.

A81 EXT. LOWK BONFIRE - NIGHT

A81 *

A hand touches Allie's shoulder. She turns expectantly, only to find Backwash there, smiling, arms out, wanting to dance.

Disappointed, Allie turns and runs smack into Nick.

ALLIE

Oh... Sorry.

NICK

My fault.

Pregnant pregnant pause.

NICK

Wanna dance?

ALLIE

(Shrugs, then...)
Sure.

82 EXT. LOWK BONFIRE - NIGHT

82 *

As they move off to dance, we see Cage and Marone flirting with three bikini-clad girls: one is merely cute, another is mousey, but the third is goddess material.

LAPPS

So what'a ya say?

GODDESS

(street wise)

Why should we? We don't know you guys.

CAGE

Sure you do. We're the guys you're gonna party with tonight.

GODDESS
Oh, yeah. Where?

CAGE
Where? Ahhh...

MARONE
(Prompting.)
The penthouse.

CAGE
Yeah... the penthouse... on the beach...
beautiful view of the sunrise.

82 OMIT

OMIT

82

83 EXT. THE WATER'S EDGE - NIGHT

83

Tripper and Donna are kneeling in the sand still kissing violently. The tide is coming in soaking their knees but they barely notice it. Tripper hastily tries to pull her top over her head.

DONNA
(Romantically, not even looking at Tripper.)
It's like a movie, huh?

TRIPPER
(Not even listening.)
Uh-huh.

DONNA
You're going off to the war, and I'm this nurse... and I say, "I'll wait for you, Tripper." But we know we'll never see each other again.

Tripper reaches around to untie her bikini top. She loses her balance and they fall onto the wet sand.

ANGLE ON THE DAYPACK
the tide catches it and starts to pull it out to sea.

84 EXT. BONFIRE - NIGHT

84

Nick and Allie dance slowly.. silently.. emotionally.. stealing furtive little glances at each other. Allie nervously breaks the silence.

ALLIE
I love this song.

Allie grimaces to herself at her repeat of Joan's mistake.

(CONTINUED)

NICK

Yeah...
(Beat.)
You look familiar, y'know?

ALLIE

I know. You too.

NICK

I'm Nick.

ALLIE

Allie.

NICK

Were you at the compo last year?

ALLIE

Yeah. Were you?

NICK

Last year... and the year before... and
the year before...

ALLIE

(Fishing.)
So, you must live near here?

NICK

(Intentionally vague.)
Not too far. You?

ALLIE

...Not too far.

They smile at their vagueness.

85 EXT - WATER'S EDGE - NIGHT.

85

Donna extricates her head from the shirt while Tripper hurriedly unzips his shorts.

DONNA

Tripper, d'ya have a rubbber...?

TRIPPER

(fevered)

Uh-uh..uh-uh...

His hand feels around next to him for the daypack. Panicked, he rolls over to find it's gone.

ANGLE ON THE DAYPACK

gently drifting out to sea. Standing up, Tripper doesn't see it.

85 CONTINUED:

85

TRIPPER
Reef's gonna kill me.

86 EXT. LOWK BONFIRE - NIGHT

86

Lapps is trying his line on another girl...

LAPPS
My Dad makes movies... hi.

"Boy, a guy can sure work up a thirst casting a MAJOR MOTION PICTURE"

Marone pulls him away from the girl--who doesn't look too enticed anyway--and points anxiously toward...

NICK AND ALLIE
Nick dances closer to Allie. They talk comfortably, smiling, laughing.

ALLIE
Now exhale.

Allie sniffs Nick's breath as he exhales.

ALLIE (CONT.)
Nothing.

NICK
Why-what?

ALLIE
Vals breath in air, breath out smog.

They laugh...

NICK
I got one. What's the difference between a Lowk and a trailer-full of bowling balls?

At that moment, a blinding bright SPOTLIGHT hits the bonfire and the partiers; and a blast of chopper-wash begins to blow hair and clothes.

Everyone looks up at the HELICOPTER directly over the party... The spotlight sweeps across their faces. A booming voice comes down from the loudspeaker...

VOICE
Beach fires are illegal. Clear the area at once.

PARTIERS
Get lost!/ Fuck off!

(CONTINUED)

*
*
*
*

As the yells continue around him, Reef looks down under the helicopter.

NICK AND ALLIE
continue to slow-dance, directly under the chopper spotlight.

REEF
begins to boil. He slowly approaches the couple, bumping partiers--
faces up-turned--out of the way. He takes a swallow of beer.

Meanwhile, Joan edges in next to him. Mustering all her courage.

JOAN
Hi, Reef. Uh, I was wondering if...

Tripper hurries in and pushes Joan aside. He whispers quickly into Reef's ear. Reef throws the bottle down and looks up angrily toward Nick and Allie. He walks threateningly toward them, passing...

LAPPS, MARONE, AND CAGE (WITH GODDESS BESIDE HIM)
who see the trouble starting.

CAGE
Marone, there's an extra key by the
right front tire. Get the car started.

NICK AND ALLIE
Reef enters, grabs Nick and pulls him away from his sister.

REEF
Where is it, asshole?!

NICK
Hey! Back off!

ALLIE
Don't Reef! I mean it!

Nick looks at Allie, startled by her familiarity with Reef.

REEF
I said, where is it?

He pushes Reef away from him. The Lowks and Vals filter in behind their respective leaders.

NICK
(confused)
Where's what?

REEF
The pack, man!

(CONTINUED)

Nick turns and looks towards Lapps and Cage; "Do you know what he's talking about?"

CAGE
(to Reef)

Pacman?

Lapps begins to mimic the Pacman's "eating" sound effect.

REEF
You think you can cross the line just like that, huh!

NICK
Listen, man. We didn't do anything.

MASTER Tripper pushes past Reef.

TRIPPER
Get the fuck off our beach!

Lapps edges forward.

LAPPS
It's a free country, fuck-face!

TRIPPER
(moving in)
Com'on, man!

Nick steps in to intervene between Lapps and Tripper. Reef mistakes this as an aggressive action. He swings, Nick ducks away getting struck on the side of the head. He grabs Reef and the two go down. The others jump in and a fight breaks out.

A tough PUNK SONG throbs onto the soundtrack.

OMIT 87 thru 91

92 EXT. PUNK NAZI BONFIRE - NIGHT

92

SCUM and SPIKE look up from the hatch-door--the only thing left is the license plate--hearing the shouts from the fight down the beach. Their eyes light up excitedly, and they run towards it. The other punkers follow, screaming.

93 EXT. SURFERS FOR CHRIST BONFIRE - NIGHT

93

Standing with his head bowed, Chris, the leader of the Christians, leads the group prayer.

On their way to the fight, Spike and Scum and the punkers run through the congregation.

(CONTINUED)

Out of the corner of his eye, Chris sees the fight developing, and rushes to end the prayer.

CHRIS

In Jesus' name we pray...
(To his followers.)
Let's go, everybody.

In a very neat and orderly fashion the Surfers-for-Christ follow Chris toward the fight.

94 EXT. ANCIENT'S GATHERING - NIGHT

94

Spike, Scum, and the tribe race by the two ancients we met earlier. Sand is kicked all over them as the rioters pass. Unruffled, they slowly brush it off. One looks down the beach.

ANCIENT #2

Pretty wild fight, man.

*

His friend stops brushing and looks down the beach.

ANCIENT #1

(unimpressed)

Huh? You call that a fight?! These gremmies
don't know fighting from a square dance.
Now in sixty-eight, we knew how to fight.
I remember--

*

*

*

*

95 EXT. LOWK BONFIRE - SUBJECTIVE CAMERA - NIGHT

95

HANDHELD we run with the punks as they reach the Lowk bonfire.

96 EXT. LOWK BONFIRE - NIGHT

96

With the chopper spotlight sweeping back and forth, THE FIGHT is a general free-for-all highlighted by the following;

- A) From a LOW ANGLE Nick and Reef wrestle and trade punches as they roll TOWARD CAMERA. (Their fight is basically even.)
- B) One surfer smashes a cooler over the head of another surfer. Water and ice fly everywhere.
- C) Scum and Spike arrive and throw themselves happily onto the first people they see.
- D) Gitch, unaware of the fight, sits in the middle of the melee, eyes closed, Walkman headphones clamped over her ears.
- E) A surfer swings a board at the head of a punker. The punker ducks under it and the board flies out of the suffer's hands and lands in the fire sending up a shower of sparks.

- F) Chris leads the Surfers-for-Christ in trying to save souls. Bibles open, they attempt to read to the fighters. This only makes things more chaotic.
- G) Joan runs to Allie who watches in horror.
- H) SIRENS are coming closer and the fighters stop and start running in all directions.

The MUSIC ENDS.

REEF AND NICK stand up panting. They exchange a long hateful stare then Reef moves off. Nick turns and look around for Allie. Cage, Lapps and the Goddess and her two friends rush by headed for the stationwagon. Lapps grabs Nick's arm.

LAPPS

Com'on, man. Let's get outta here!

Reluctantly, Nick allows himself to be pulled along.

THE BONFIRE

In a matter of seconds, the area is cleared. Everyone is gone except for Gitch, who sits as we last saw her, eyes closed listening to her Walkman. Behind her is a pile of junk--old lawn chair, coolers, broken surfboard, etc.

We hear cars skidding away, while the sirens get closer.

97 EXT. FURTHER DOWN THE BEACH - NIGHT

97

Joan and Allie hurry away, with Allie looking back for Nick.

OMIT 98 thru 99

100 EXT. LOWK BONFIRE - NIGHT

100

UNDER THE JUNKPILE

A scared Andy is huddled in a small clearing inside this mound. He listens a moment, hears nothing--not even the sirens--then cautiously sticks his head out. He is instantly caught in the white glare of several powerful flashlights.

ANDY'S POV of four cops, all with shotguns and pistols at ready.

COP

(menacingly)

Just try it, punk.

101 INT. POLICE HOLDING CELLS - NIGHT

101

Shot starts tight on Andy dialing on a wall payphone. Grafitti and phone numbers cover the wall. As we WIDEN OUT we see the phone is inside the cell. He is in it alone. OFF-CAMERA we hear the sound of A SCUFFLE and GITCH yelling.

101 CONTINUED

101

GITCH (O.C.)

You ass-wiping fascists! You zit-nosed,
red-necked, anal-retentive bigots!

*
*

Around the corner comes Gitch who is being hauled towards a holding cell by three sweating police.

GITCH

When're you gearheads gonna realize I
wasn't in on that fight?!!

*

One cop opens the door to the cell neighboring Andy's. The other two struggle to push her into it. Finally they succeed. As they leave, Gitch yells after them.

GITCH

Hey! Where's my stick? If there's one
scratch on it, it's your life. Fascists!

ANDY with the phone to his ear, mouth open in amazement, can't help staring at her. GITCH turns towards him.

GITCH

What are you staring at?

ANDY

Nothing.

GITCH

Well, stop it!

Andy turns away, still listening to the receiver. No one is answering.

102 INT. YORPIN LIVINGROOM - NIGHT.

102

The phone is ringing, but even this close we can barely hear it; a loud beach tune is playing full-blast.

A small "adorable" long haired DOG runs past the phone and across the livingroom. Following her, we see that the living room is filled with the bonfire partiers, dancing, necking, drinking. Bodies are literally jammed into the small dimly-lit room.

*

We finally see who the dog is running from: Spike and Scum chase with a large pair of scissors, blow-dryer, loud electric razor, steaming curling iron. Spike wears a hockey mask; Scum ties a barber's apron around his front; both have various cans of mousse and hair spray sticking out of their pockets like hand-grenades. No one pays them any attention, as they chase the dog out the front door.

A102

EXT- YORPIN HOUSE - NIGHT.

A102*

Scum and Spike blast out the front door, seeing the tail of the dog rounding the corner toward the backyard. They follow.

Meanwhile, we concentrate on the overflow partiers gathered in the front yard.

Allie moves angrily past them, not in the mood.

B102

INT- YORPIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

B102*

Allie enters, looks around at the party:

A) A skateboarder uses a ramp placed on the stairs to do a skateboarding stunt. He falls from the board, knocking several pictures from the stairwell on his way down.

B) Two partiers toss a frisbee between the livingroom and the kitchen. One throw takes out a shelf of bric-abrac.

C) Joan sits glumly in a corner. Allie follows her gaze through the partiers until she sees Reef lying on the couch necking with a topless redhead.

ANGLE ON THE COUCH

Reef kisses the redhead who lies across his chest.

ALLIE (O.C.)
(angrily)

Where's Andy?... Reef! Where's Andy!?

Reef breaks off the kiss and looks up.

ALLIE looks back angrily.

REEF

Shit. I dunno. Probably sleeping
in my room.

REDHEAD

Hi Allie.

ALLIE

Hi.

(To Reef, moving off.)

Keep the Punks away from Poodle, alright?

REEF AND THE REDHEAD

Reef watches her leave, then pushes the redhead aside and follows after Allie.

103 INT. REEF'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

103

It is dark as Allie opens the door and peeks in. An army cot stands in the middle of the room and we see some movement under the

blanket. Satisfied, Allie closes the door.

Tripper and Donna come out from under the blanket.

DONNA

I thought you locked the door?

104 INT. YORPIN HALLWAY - NIGHT

104

Reef grabs Allie's arm as she reaches for her door knob. She pulls away angrily.

REEF

Why were you dancin' with that guy?

ALLIE

None of your business!

REEF

First off, he's a Val. Second off, he's Nick Rainwood. That's like:... Regular-bug-eyed-shit-Vals are here...

(Indicates one level.)

... and Nick Rainwood is here.

(Indicates a much lower level.)

You think he came tonight just to drink our beer and fuck our women? No, he stole our pot, our--

ALLIE

That the same pot you stole from Mom's drawer?

REEF

(Ignores her comment.)

What I'm tellin' you is... start pissin' round with Vals, don't 'spect Lowks to wheeze on it. Your friends bail on you, whaddaya gonna do? Move to the valley?... I'm only tellin' you this 'cuz I'm your brother.

ALLIE

You sound more like my father.

REEF

The shit you pull, you need a father!

ALLIE

Reef... Fuck off.

Reef pushes her against the wall.

REEF

No, you fuck off. I'm sick of Mom and you giving me shit like I'm some animal... like you know somethin' I don't.

104 CONTINUED

104

ALLIE

(Pushing back.)
Don't touch me.

She walks past him and opens her bedroom door. Inside, a group of surfers are competing in a boogie-board-balancing contest. Allie slams the door, pushes past Reef, and exits down the hall.

REEF (O.C.)

Where you going?!

105 EXT. PIER - NIGHT

105

The dog runs along the deserted pier--beautiful and lonely at night. Scum and Spike have done quite a job on it: the dog has a bright green-dyed mohawk running up its back onto its head. The little fur balls on its tail are colored pink and purple.

The dog runs up to Allie, sitting on a bench on the pier. Without noticing the new hairstyle, she cuddles the dog, and stares out toward sea, thinking about Nick.

106 EXT. BEACH LIFE GUARD STAND - NIGHT

106

We start tight on a shot of Lapps and the Goddess looking through a window to the crashing surf below them. Music plays quietly, candles burn seductively and he mixes up a drink in two large plastic cups that he uses like a cocktail shaker.

GODDESS

(Not too angry.)
Beach penthouse, huh?

We WIDEN OUT and see that they are really in a lifeguard stand. Marone, Cage and the other girls are in there as well. Cage walks out the door and we CRANE DOWN with him as he walks to the end of the ramp where Nick sits looking up at the stars.

They sit together quietly for a moment.

CAGE

(concerned)
You really going Monday?

NICK

Guess so. Scholarship's use it or lose it.

CAGE

What's the problem, man? You like the beach, right? You like to surf, right? Do they have beach and surf at college? No. They have books and teachers. Is that a trade-off you wanna make?... I don't think so.

(A beat; Nick doesn't answer.)
Won't be the same without you.

*
*
*
*
*
*

Nick smiles sadly--Cage's sincerity is appreciated. Cage nods--he means it.

*
*

NICK

Hey, Cage, that girl I was dancing with..?

CAGE

Yeah?

NICK

She Reef's girlfriend?

CAGE

Nah.

NICK

You sure? The way she talked to him..?

CAGE

She's his sister.

Surprised, Nick turns and looks at him.

NICK

Oh shit.

They laugh.

CAGE

Too bad, huh? She's pretty.

NICK

Too bad?

CAGE

Too bad she's a Lowk.

Nick mulls it over. He gestures to the girls.

NICK

So are they.

CAGE

So? One boff, it's over. I saw you, bro.
That's not the way you were looking
at her. Forget it. Vals and Lowks..
it's fucked before it starts.

Cage stands up.

CAGE Cont.

Com'on up. The tall one thinks
you're cute.

NICK

Nah. Go ahead.

Cage moves off. Nick looks off into the ocean. We pan to it.

107 EXT. OCEAN - DAY (FUTURE)

107

The ocean is bright, calm, quiet but still polluted by sewage. No
sign of anyone; only gulls sweeping the horizon.

RUDDER (V.O.)

The next morning was fully check-it
out tasty, brah. Wind was low, surf was
up, knobs booked to Dizzeyland.
In a word - off the face.

A SURFER--one of the young giant surfers--paddles across the
frame, and we follow him. He passes Rudder and Skeeg, and we hold
on them. They're still drifting.

RUDDER Cont.

It was day one of the prelims. Back
then you got one chance to show your
stuff; it was shred or be shred, y'know.

The passing Surfer paddles back into the shot and listens in on
Rudder's story.

RUDDER Cont.

Thirty-minute heats... five of them--so
only five riders tripped to the finals.
Say you drew an amped rider in your heat;
you were fucked, right?

108 EXT. THE BEACH - DAWN (THE PRESENT)

108

The beach is spotless, clean, dazzling, and deserted.

Then an olive-skinned, bearded BUM with no shirt, no shoes, a ragged
pair of pants, and a soiled tarp thrown over his shoulders walks PAST
debris toward the loudly pounding waves. He stops at the edge of the
water, pauses, and throws his arms out toward it--like a conductor.

(CONTINUED)

RUDDER (V.O.)

Didn't matter how late you partied 'til,
how guaced your brain was, or if you were
selling Buicks by the pint; when the a.m.
came 'round, you'd be workin' greeners.

FOUR SURFERS jog past the BUM and crash into the surf; and, just as they do, a loud punk-rock song, featuring blaring guitars and breaking glass, screeches onto the soundtrack.

His moment over, the Bum turns and walks away.

109 EXT. BEACH PARKING LOT - DAY

109

Nick's stationwagon pulls into the empty lot. The song, playing on the car radio fades under a D.J.'s patter.

THE TORTOISE (V.O.)

...'The Abrasions' with their version of
"Morning Has Broken" and if that didn't
wake you up, sand fleas, news from the pier:
Seven-foot peaks--

The radio goes dead as the engine is shut off. Nick gets out and begins to untie the boards from the top of the car. We hear the grunts and groans of the other Vals waking up inside the car. They get out slowly.

Cage walks like a hungover zombie to the back of the car, where he tries to unload the boards sticking out through the rear window. Six legs also hang out the back--the legs of Goddess and her friends. Cage just stares at the legs.

Lapps joins Cage and follows his stare.

LAPPS

(hung-over)

Are they dead?

ANGLE ON FEET as Cages tickles Goddesses' feet. Her foot jerks away but she continues to sleep.

CAGE AND LAPPS

CAGE

(numbly)

No.

LAPPS

(emotionless)

Good.

MARONE joins them...

STUART

MARONE

I dreamed last night that we were surfing, all four of us. But surfing was something you did at bowling alleys...

LAPPS

Bowling alleys?

MARONE

Uh-huh... and like there were lanes of waves and you had to pay to use'em, and you had to rent shoes... and we all wore those bogus bowling shirts with our names on them... And I think, Cage, you were bald...

This is too much for them to take in the morning. They just stare at Marone.

MARONE cont.

Weird, huh?

Cage and Marone take their boards and move on. Lapps hesitates a moment, thinking about Marone's dream, takes out his stenographers pad, and begins to scribble...

At the front of the car, Cage and Marone carry their boards past Nick, who is looking around toward the other cars in the lot, searching for Allie.

CAGE

The water's that way.

NICK

Thanks.

MARONE

(Nodding toward the water.)
Lowks.

Marone and Lapps turn to look. Nick doesn't.

OMIT 110 thru 111

112 EXT. OCEAN/OUTSIDE THE IMPACT ZONE - DAY

112

Reef, Tripper and Backwash sit astride their boards, waiting for the next wave.

REEF

What'd you find out?

BACKWASH

You're in the second heat. Us too.

*

112 CONTINUED:

112

REEF

And Rainwood?

BACKWASH

First heat. But the other Vals are
in with us.

REEF

Anyone else?

BACKWASH

Gitch--in the third heat.

TRIPPER

(laughing)

From what I hear, she's fully out of it.

CUT TO:

113 INT. POLICE HOLDING CELLS - DAY

113

It's the same cells we saw before. A few derelicts and junkies are sleeping. Only Andy and Gitch are awake. They sit against the rear wall, only a few feet apart, though separated by bars. At first it looks like they are unhappy about their situation, staring straight ahead, frowning. But then...

ANDY

I don't know. Why did the surf-punk
cross the road?

GITCH

'Cuz he was stapled to a chicken.

Andy thinks about it, then begins to laugh. They've been going at this all night, and Andy has reached a state where he'd laugh at anything. Gitch laughs too, but more at Andy's laughing, which sounds like a pig's snort.

GITCH Cont.

Hey, Andy...buddy. You gotta work
on that laugh.

Laughing, he nods in agreement.

GITCH Cont.

Don't they have any jokes out there
in the sticks?

Andy stops, thinks about this.

ANDY

No.

(CONTINUED)

GITCH
(friendly)

What d'you do out there? You gotta do something for fun.

ANDY

Well..yuh..There's cow-tipping.

GITCH

Cow-what?

ANDY

Tipping. You go out into the fields, right? Out where the cows are. Where they're grazing-like..

GITCH

This better not be disgusting.

ANDY

Naaaaw. And you get 'bout a dozen guys and you tip the cows over.

Andy begins to laugh, snorting.

ANDY Cont.

Onto their backs.

Noticing that Gitch isn't laughing, Andy stops.

ANDY Cont.

Well, there's not a lot t'do.

One of the policeman enters, starts along the cells with a cart full of unappetizing-looking breakfast trays.

COP #2

Wake up call, gentlemen.

*

GITCH

Shit. I've gotta get going.
(standing.)

Hey, where's Track?... Are you deaf?
I said--

TRACK (O.C.)

He heard what you said.

CAPTAIN TRACK enters and comes to Gitch's cell. They face each other through the bars.

GITCH

Hey, Track. I gotta get outa here.
I've got a compo today.

TRACK
You should've though of that before
ya swung at Henderson.

GITCH
Aww, the guy's a dick.

TRACK
(firmly)
The man's a police officer.

GITCH
That's what I said.

Andy laughs at this. Track shoots a hard look in his direction.

ANDY quickly drops the smile off his face.

TRACK OVER GITCH'S SHOULDER starts to leave.

GITCH
(little girl)
Hey! Hey, Track! I swear it's my
last time here. Honest. I mean it.
Pleeeeeease!

TRACK stops and thinks a moment.

TRACK
(softening)
Apologize to Henderson and I'll think
about dropping the charges.

GITCH
(fast)
My friend too?

Track looks over at Andy.

CU ANDY wearing his most appealing puppy dog look.

114 EXT. BEACH/SURF CONTEST - DAY

114

A driving ROCK TUNE kicks in.

SEVERAL SHOTS OF CONTEST ACTIVITY (Candid shots from the OP Surf
Competition) Such as;

A) The beach and parking lot filling to capacity. Dogs and kids run
everywhere.

*
*
*
*

114 CONTINUED:

114
*
*

- B) Yellow garbage cans go ignored while trash piles up around them.
- C) Ambulance drivers sit in the open rear doorway of the ambulance, sunning themselves and watching the girls.
- D) The girls, of course.
- E) Hap Jordan rubs elbows with the surfers registering for the contest. Some greet him with surfer handshakes; others ask for his autograph. The Secretary talks into a mobile phone.

MUSIC ENDS.

115 EXT- BEACH BREAKWALL - DAY.

115 *

Joan and Donna sit on the breakwall, watching guys pass on the bike path. Donna sees Allie nearby.

DONNA
Allie! Hey, Allie!

Allie joins her friends on the wall...

DONNA cont.
You're turning into a regular beach bunny.

JOAN
When'd you get so interested in surfing?

DONNA
Maybe she's interested in someone who's interested in surfing. Hmmm?

JOAN
Oh no, she's sick of surfers.

ALLIE
(Light.)
Good morning to you too.

The screech of feedback interrupts them. They look toward...

116 EXT. THE JUDGE'S STAND - DAY

116

There, a flashy announcer, THE TORTOISE, is fiddling with the sound system.

TORTOISE
Alright chicks, dudes, sand-fleas...

(CONTINUED)

THE CROWD

interrupts him with their catcalls; The Tortoise is definitely uncool.

TORTOISE (O.C.)

(As if it were applause.)

Thank you. Your friend, The Tortoise,
here for the fourth annual--

Again the surf crowd yells him down--"Shove it, Tortoise", etc.

TORTOISE cont.

(Impatient.)

Alright. That's enough! We're ready
to go with the first heat.

117 EXT. BEACH/STARTING LINE - DAY

117

A path is cleared from the water to the starting line, about thirty yards up the beach. Five participants are lined up there. Nick is at one end, his red board in his hand; he glances around for Allie.

An OFFICIAL walks down the line studying the competitors' equipment. His eyes lower to their feet.

OFFICIAL'S POV

His eyes sweep the bare feet of the six. Each has a cord leash that connects their ankles to their boards--all except for the last one in the row, who wears a heavy chain as a leash. We PAN UP that one to see it is the menacing looking Scum.

THE OFFICIAL just shakes his head, takes out his stopwatch and starts it.

OFFICIAL

Alright, guys. Fifteen seconds.

THE CONTESTANTS are all intent on the start except for Nick who is still looking around for Allie.

AN AREA OF SPECTATORS Allie pushes through into the front row.

NICK sees her and a wide smile breaks across his face.

ALLIE half-smiles in return.

CU the Official's thumb presses down on the start horn.

WIDER ANGLE

the surfers rush into the water.

ALLIE follows him with her eyes, the smile still on her face.

118 EXT. OCEAN - DAY 118

As the surfers paddle out we hear...

TORTOISE (V.O.)

... Each dude is judged for number of successful waves, skill in handling waves, and length of rides. There can only be one winner in each heat, and only one rider will take home this five-thousand-dollar check... Gnarly! Look at them go!

119 EXT. THE FIRST HEAT - SURFING MONTAGE - DAY 119

A short series of SLO-MO and 24 frame rides focusing on wipeouts and near-misses involving Nick, Scum, an Ancient, Chris (Surfer for Christ) and a unknown Lowk.

There are a brief series of good rides, with the soundtrack music matching the riders: Scum is matched by thrashing punk piece; the Ancient rides to a Beach Boys-style tune; Chris surfs to the Hallelujah Chorus. The final sequence is:

120 EXT. OCEAN/SURFING - DAY 120

The LOWK catches a wave and wipes out in spectacular fashion.

121 EXT. ON THE BEACH - DAY 121

SEVERAL LOWKS register disappointment.

122 EXT. OCEAN/SURFING - DAY 122

The Beach Boys-style music climaxes as the ANCIENT tumbles from his board and is smothered by a wave.

123 EXT. ON THE BEACH - DAY 123

THE TWO ANCIENTS we met at the beach party, sit in their sand chairs, shake their heads knowingly and sip their beers.

124 EXT. OCEAN/SURFING - DAY 124

Chris looks like he may stay up, even though the wave is getting wild, and the Hallelujah Chorus is reaching its climax. There are a few false climaxes, but finally it crashes to a halt; and, with that, Chris is slapped off his board by a huge wave.

125 EXT. ON THE BEACH - DAY 125

The Surfers-for-Christ join hands in sympathy and bow their heads.

126 EXT. OCEAN/SURFING - DAY 126

The Punk music shatters to an ear-splitting finish, as Scum hits the lip of the wave, and goes flying. We don't see him land, but it can't be pretty.

127 EXT. ON THE BEACH - DAY 127

SPIKE, his pal, applauds enthusiastically. We hear the TIMER'S HORN BLOWS.

128 EXT. OCEAN/SURFING - DAY 128

TORTOISE (V.O.)
There's the signal for last wave; and it looks like that surfing-demon has humdinger.

Now... we hear only natural sound--the exhilarating sound of crashing water close-up--as Nick ride the largest wave we've seen so far. He takes it all the way in to shore.

129 EXT. THE BREAKWALL - DAY 129

Allie smiles to herself. Joan and Donna look at her, then look out toward what she's smiling about.

130 EXT. ON THE BEACH - DAY 130

Hap Jordan intently watches Nick. His Assistant snaps photos.

131 EXT. BEACH BREAK - DAY 131

Nick rides the wave into the shallows, where SEVERAL FANS pat him on the back.

Meanwhile, we see Scum being placed on a stretcher, screaming. A topless female SUNBATHER walks by. In unison, the stretcher-barers and Scum--who immediately stops screaming--turn their heads toward the sight. The stretcher-barer walking backwards runs into a garbage can; Scum and the two tumble to the ground, and Scum screams out in pain.

132 EXT. THE BREAKWALL - DAY 132

Coming up to the breakwall, Nick is congratulated by more spectators.

He moves toward her, but Marone interrupts his progress. *

MARONE
Alright, Nick! Great ride.

NICK
Rip it up, Marone.

MARONE
I'm on it, bro. Give you some competi-
tion tomorrow.

NICK
 (Looking past him toward Allie.)
 I'll be there.

Nick continues walking along the breakwall toward Allie.

Joan and Donna are getting bored and want to leave, but Allie, glancing toward Nick, grabs their arms and make them sit back down. *

NICK
 is interrupted again, this time by Hap Jordan's voice...

JORDAN (O.C.)
 Hello, Nick.

Nick turns toward Hap, who sits on the wall, legs crossed. He stands up and approaches Nick.

NICK
 Hi... uh...

JORDAN
 (Shaking his hand.)
 I'm Hap Jordan.

NICK
 (Impressed.)
 The surfer?

JORDAN
 Ancient history, Nick. Hap Jordan,
 president of Ocean Floor beachwear...
 Insane surfing

NICK
 Thanks.

JORDAN
 What size shirt do you wear?

NICK
 Large.

JORDAN
 Waist size?

NICK
 Thirty-three.

JORDAN
 Got a favorite color?

NICK
 Red.

(CONTINUED)

Jordan smiles, gestures; and his SECRETARY appears with a foot-high stack of plastic-wrapped clothes. Jordan hands them to Nick.

JORDAN

These are a gift, Nick. Wear them often-- alright? In fact, why not wear them to the Ocean Floor party tonight. Whole beach is going.

(Regarding the clothes.)
Will that be enough?

NICK

(Lost for words.)
Uhh...

The secretary hands Jordan a bigger stack of clothes and an Ocean Floor gym bag to put them in.

JORDAN

(Putting the clothes in the bag.)
There you go. Now phone me when you run out-- my number's in the bag.

NICK

(Unsure.)
O-kay.

JORDAN

Good. Be seeing you tonight.

Nick continues along the breakwall, balancing his load of shirts and his board. The Secretary hands Jordan the mobile phone receiver...

JORDAN

(Into phone.)
What's wrong with the band, Smitty?...
Then hire another one--anything you can get.

133 EXT. BREAKWALL - DAY

133*

FURTHER DOWN THE BREAKWALL:

Allie, Joan, and Donna watch Nick approach, and stop in front of them. Allie smiles; Joan and Donna frown slightly.

NICK

Hi.

ALLIE

Hi.

Joan and Donna just nod in reply. Nick shifts his load, uncomfortable in front of the two friends.

(CONTINUED)

NICK

About last night... I looked
for you.

ALLIE

It got a little hairy.

They laugh for no reason. Joan and Donna are stone-faced. Allie begins to feel uncomfortable between her two friends.

NICK

Hey, I missed breakfast this morning.
You wanna go get something?

ALLIE

Sure.

NICK

(Pointing.)
I have a car.

ALLIE

(Regarding the clothes.)
You want to change first?

NICK

Nah, I dry quick.

ALLIE

(To Joan, Donna.)
See you later.

Allie stands and follows Nick toward the parking lot. Joan and Donna watch them for several seconds. When they're out of earshot...

DONNA

Fuckin' Val.

Immediately, Gitch and Andy pass in front of the two girls, rushing toward the beach. Gitch wears the bikini from the night before, while he wears the clothes that Gitch had on over the bikini--baggy shorts and a t-shirt advertising a rock band. He looks pretty good in hip clothes. We follow them.

OMIT 134 thru 137

*

138 EXT. BEACH/OFFICIAL'S BOOTH - DAY.

138

While Gitch moves ahead, Andy becomes preoccupied with a line of surfboards leaning against the scaffolding--he touches the surface of one, intrigued.

GITCH

Hey, And'.

This draws the stares of numerous male surfers; they turn to see who Gitch is calling.

ANDY catches up with Gitch, who is arguing with one of the OFFICIALS. Meanwhile, the LECHEROUS SURFER who tried unsuccessfully to pick Gitch up at the Lowk party, sees Andy. His ego bruised, he moves toward Andy.

OFFICIAL
(to Gitch/politely)
But when we accepted your application,
you didn't say anything about...uh...

GITCH
Having tits?

OFFICIAL
Well,...yes.

She hands him the contest flyer.

GITCH
Show me the rule.

The Lecherous Surfer is nearing Andy, when, without turning, Gitch puts out an arm and stops him.

GITCH Cont.
(turning slowly)
Back off.

The Surfer looks at Gitch, intimidated by the seriousness of her voice, and decides to take her advice. He exits and she turns back to the now intimidated official.

OFFICIAL
(smiling)
I'll talk to the judges.. Miss.

139 EXT. HAMBURGER STAND - DAY

139 *

The stationwagon is parked next to a hamburger stand on the main street of town--the ocean offering a spectacular backdrop. Nick crosses from the stand, carrying two messy chiliburgers. Allie sits on the hood of the car, fidgeting with the objects attached to the sun roof. The mood is light, airy; they feel free to say anything...

ALLIE
(A bit of irony.)
Great car.

NICK
I've outgrown it.

ALLIE
I like it... It's sort of...

(CONTINUED)

NICK

(Smiling.)
Val-ish?

ALLIE

(Smiling too.)
Yeah.
(Notices the boards attached to the roof.)
Why three boards?

NICK

(Pointing.)
The middle one's for fun... That one's for
money... and...

The last is the D.F.A. board.

ALLIE

...And...?

NICK

That one a friend gave me.

ALLIE

You take it pretty seriously?

NICK

You surf?

ALLIE

(Over-insistent.)
Nooo.

NICK

What d'you mean, 'nooo'?

ALLIE

(Playing.)
I hate it, sort of.

NICK

'Sort of' or 'really'?

ALLIE

... Really.

NICK

(Playing along.)
Great.

ALLIE

That doesn't necessarily mean I hate
all surfers.

NICK

Thank you.

ALLIE

Y'know, it's like hating David Letterman.

Nick looks at her sideways.

ALLIE cont.

... And floppy disks... velcro in clothes... plastic watches...

NICK

(Thinks... joins in.)
Call-waiting?

ALLIE

I haaate call-waiting!

NICK

Those cardboard windsheild screens?

ALLIE

The worst...

NICK

But... generic food?

ALLIE

Love it.

NICK

(Agreeing.)
The look of it.

ALLIE

Right.

NICK

Creamed corn?

ALLIE

Mmmmm.

NICK

And ceramic toads on the lawn.

ALLIE

Chic... Paintings of clowns?

NICK

No, Elvis Presley. Black velvet!...
Favorite Beatle?

ALLIE

George Harrison.

(CONTINUED)

Nick gives Allie a high-five in agreement.

ALLIE
Favorite dead person?

NICK
Kerouac.

ALLIE
(Surprised.)
The writer?

NICK
No, the surfer.

ALLIE
(Falling for it.)
There's a surfer--?!

NICK
I'm joking.

ALLIE
Place you wanna travel to most?

NICK
Australia.

ALLIE
Predictable. Reef always talks...

Both frown at the mention of Reef. Allie fades out, realizing this is the wrong topic for discussion. To get the conversation back on track...

NICK
How 'bout you. Where d'you wanna go?

ALLIE
Paris.

NICK
Paris? What can you do in Paris?

She throws her half-eaten food in the trash and hops off the hood.

ALLIE cont.
Com'on. I wanna show you something.

Nick throws his burger into the trash too, and follows Allie down the hill toward the water.

- 140 EXT. OCEAN/SURFING - DAY 140
- THE SECOND HEAT Slo-mo and 24 frames shots paced by killer MUSIC.
The action is intense;
- Backwash has trouble handling a sharp cutback and belly-flops into
the break. *
- 141 EXT. OCEAN/SURFING - DAY 141
- Marone tries riding while sitting and flips over into the base
of the falls. *
- 142 EXT. OCEAN/SURFING - DAY 141
- Cage and Tripper go for the same wave. They accidentally
clash boards and both send each other sprawling into the water. *
- 143 EXT. OCEAN/SURFING - DAY 143
- Reef catches a good wave. He rides it close to the white-water,
knowing how to milk the most excitement from his hotdogging. He
comes as close to spilling as he can, and then pulls out at the
last second.
- 144 EXT. BEACH/SPECTATOR AREA - DAY 144
- The crowd cheers and applauds. Joan, standing with several other
beach girls, excitedly calls Reef's name. They look at her like
"don't you wish."
- 145 EXT. OCEAN/OUTSIDE IMPACT ZONE - DAY 145
- Paddling back out, Reef rams his board into Lapps.
- LAPPS
Fuck you, man!
- REEF
Eat shit, zwipe!
- They both fall into the water.
- 146 EXT. OCEAN/SURFING - DAY 146
- Marone and Backwash paddle for a wave. Just as Marone is about to
get up into it, Backwash, realizing that he's lost the wave, makes a
suicide cut into Marone's board. What makes this so dangerous is that
Marone was at the top of the lip. He falls from the board into the
path of the falls and smothered. His board rockets into the air.

147 EXT. JUDGE'S STAND - DAY

147

Nervously, the Official's binoculars sweep the water looking for Marone to surface.

148 EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY (SLO-MO)

148

There is no sound but the incredible roaring and pounding of the breaking wave as it tumbles Marone along. Twisting and turning he is held down longer and longer. IT FEELS LIKE AN ETERNITY. We feel our own lungs about to burst as Marone finally rights himself and pushes up to the surface. Just then his surfboard comes into frame and slams into him with terrible force. Air bubbles burst from his mouth and again he tumble underwater.

He's in the sand, and two hands grab his arms to pull him up for air.

149 EXT. THE SHORELINE - DAY

149

Marone screams horribly as two lifeguards lift him up--bone protruding from one of his arms.

150 EXT. BEACH BOARDWALK - DAY

150

Marone's SCREAM cross fades into the WAIL OF an ambulance siren. The ambulance crosses in front of a GIANT MURAL on the side of a building: it is a painting of a row of beach people, all sizes and types, wearing dark sunglasses and looking straight ahead, painted in Allie's cartoon-primitive style. *

The ambulance exits, and we see Nick and Allie standing in front of the mural. They look up at it. *

ALLIE
What d'you think?

NICK
(Unsure of his artistic opinion, but
willing to give it a shot.)
I like it. *

ALLIE
(Lets out her breath.)
Good... I did it. *

Nick practically double-takes at the mural--it's so big and so professional! *

NICK
You did it?! You're really good!... *

Allie shrugs, though she smiles at the approval. *

NICK
So that's what you do? Art? *

ALLIE

Yeah... I mean, I want to do it.

*
*

Nick looks at her, incredulous, turns back to the mural.

*

ALLIE cont.

(Explaining.)
Somewhere where it doesn't get painted
over by a suntan ad... I guess I gotta get
outa here, huh?

NICK

Why don't you?

ALLIE

My mother kinda needs me.

NICK

(Thinks about this.)
Yeah... it's hard to leave.
(New mood, takes her hand.)
Com'on. I wanna show you something.

They move off. We concentrate on the mural.

OMIT 151 thru 153

154 EXT. BEACH/PARKING LOT - DAY

*

The second heat is over. Reef and Backwash, carrying their boards,
are met by Tripper. A shy but eager Joan edges in. Reef and Backwash
share a surfer's handshake.

BACKWASH

No one was even close, brah!

REEF

I owe you one.
(To Tripper.)
The Val?

Tripper grins, pulls out a nasty looking knife and hands it to
Reef.

(CONTINUED)

TRIPPER

E-room.

Reef smiles and starts to cut another notch in his board. Joan steps in closer to him.

JOAN

(shyly)

You were great, Reef.

REEF

(brush-off)

Yeah... thanks.

TORTOISE (V.O.)

Two minutes into the third heat and already the only chick out there has taken command.

Reef turns, shades his eyes and looks out towards the water. Hurt, Joan quietly moves off.

155 EXT. OCEAN/SURFING - DAY

155

Gitch is having a great ride.

156 EXT. BEACH SPECTATOR AREA - DAY

156

Watching her, Andy is thrilled. He can't stop himself from smiling broadly. He's never seen anything so exciting.

157 EXT. BEACH/ BEHIND SCAFFOLDING - DAY

157

Reef watches Gitch. Tripper stands next to him.

REEF

(threatening)

I thought you said she was out of it, brah?

Before Tripper can reply Cage and Lapps enter. They are furious.

CAGE

You assholes!

REEF

What's your problem?

CAGE

You fuckin Lowks! Marone never--!

REEF

He got in the way, man. What you expect?

LAPPS

He didn't get in the way. It was his wave!

REEF

He got in the way!

CAGE

You muther--!

Cage goes after Reef, but Lapps grabs onto him...

LAPPS

Cage, it's three on two.

REEF

You Vals wanna settle this?

CAGE

You're fuckin right we wanna--

REEF

Garage, behind the surf club--tonight.

CAGE

You're on, asshole.

NEW ANGLE ON REEF

He watches the Vals leave. Hap Jordan's voice startles him.

JORDAN

Reef?

He turns quickly.

REEF'S POV

Hap Jordan approaches. Behind him, the assistant has an armload of plastic-wrapped clothing.

JORDAN

Hi, I'm Hap Jordan.

CAGE AND LAPPS

storming away from the Lowks...

CAGE

Where the hell's Nick?

158 EXT. WATER UNDER THE PIER - SUNSET.

158 *

Nick and Allie run up from the water's edge, and lean against the pilings under the pier, watching the sunset. Both are in swimsuits, dripping wet, breathing heavily from their recent swimming.

ALLIE

(Giggling.)
It's so silly.

NICK

What?

ALLIE

The sunset,... us standing here.
Like a landscape painting...

NICK

Like a car commercial.

ALLIE

Like a Rod McKuen poem.

NICK

No... like the Sears catalogue...

Nick stands in a stiff catalogue pose (a cheesy posture and gesture).
Laughing, Allie tries a different pose.

ALLIE

No... here...!

Allie stands in front of Nick, holding his shoulders--a parody of the perfect date. They look into each other's eyes, trying to be serious, but they can't keep from laughing.

ALLIE

(Looking down, composing herself.)
Com'on.

Allie and Nick stop laughing suddenly--it's the touching, and the looking into each others eyes, and the orange light and wetness on each of them... Nick moves his lips toward her only slightly, hesitates, unsure whether possibly he misread what she wanted; but then Allie moves forward slightly too to meet him. They kiss... lips touching only briefly... lingering... then again, but more passionately.

Nick presses his body against hers. Allie holds him tightly. They separate jarringly, a bit surprised by the passion. A whisper...

NICK

What're you doing tonight?

ALLIE

I don't know... There's a dance.

NICK

Wanna go?

ALLIE

Do we have to stay long?

NICK

No.

ALLIE

Then I'd love to go.

OMIT 159 -163

159-163 OMIT

164 INT. SURF CLUB - ESTABLISHER - NIGHT

The club is large, high-ceilinged, dark, and encircled with a balcony that gives it an arena look. Hanging from the ceiling and covering the walls are a variety of Ocean Floor promotional signs and products.

A shoulder-high stage is at one end of the floor, packed with speakers and instruments, and surrounded by WW1-like barbed-wire. The SURF PUNKS play "My Beach 2000".

165 INT. WAREHOUSE DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

The dance floor seems to vibrate with the beat.

THE TWO ANCIENTS
have set up their beach chairs in a corner of the club.

ANCIENT #1

Loud fuckin band...

ANCIENT #2

You think that's loud?! Uh-uh. We
used to have loud fuckin bands! Back in--

165a INT- SURF-MACHINE CORNER - NIGHT.

In one corner of the club, surfers take their turns riding a surf-machine, which is not unlike the mechanical-bronco in URBAN COWBOY.

AT THE CENTER OF THE DANCE FLOOR, Nick and Allie happily jump into the spirit of the song. They smile at each other as they're pushed and shoved by the slam-dancing dancers around them.

A pogo-dancer, bouncing violently, comes between the two.

ALLIE
(to the dancer)
Hey! Do you mind?!

The dancer turns around to look at her...it's Andy!

ALLIE
(stunned)
Andy!

ANDY
(casually)
Hey, Allie.

Allie stops dancing, astounded by the complete change in Andy and his clothes.

ANDY cont.
I think you know Gitch.

GITCH
(Shaking hands.)
You got a great cousin.

ALLIE
Thanks... Uhhh...this is Nick.

GITCH
(Shaking his hand.)
Yeah. We're in the finals together.

NICK
Oh yeah. Good luck.

GITCH
You too.

Nick goes to shake Andy's hand, but Andy turns it into a surfer's handshake.

ANDY
Hey, bro.

GITCH
(to Andy)
Brah.

ANDY
 (remembering)
 Right.. right.

The song comes to a crashing end. In the pause between songs:
 Allie still can't adapt to the new Andy...

ALLIE
 I think I need a beer.

NICK
 I'll go.

ANDY
 Me too.
 (to Gitch)
 Beer?

GITCH
 Heiny for me, And'.

Andy responds by making the nose gesture from THE STING. Andy and
 Nick move off together toward the bar.

GITCH
 (To Allie.)
 I love it when he does that.

The next song begins, and Gitch and Allie move off the dance
 floor. We DOLLY with them.

ALLIE
 How do you know Andy?

GITCH
 (conversationally)
 I met him this morning in jail.

166 INT. WAREHOUSE/NEAR STAIRS - NIGHT

166

We DOLLY with Nick and Andy as they circumvent the dance floor.

NICK
 Gitch seems nice.

ANDY
 Yeah, she's a good slut.

NICK
 (startled)
 What?

(CONTINUED)

ANDY
Uh, maybe I have that wrong. "Slut" is
a friend who's a girl, right?

NICK
You don't use it like that.

ANDY
Right.

NICK
You surf?

ANDY
No... I'd like to.

NICK
So?

ANDY
I don't have a lot of time. I'm
joining the Navy.

NICK
Oh... How old are you?

ANDY
Eighteen... in three weeks.

They are stopped by a stern-faced Hap Jordan.

JORDAN
Can we talk a moment, Nick? I'm
sure your friend will excuse us.

NICK
(to Andy)
I'll meet you at the bar.

Andy nods and moves off.

JORDAN
You didn't like the clothes?

NICK
They're fine.

JORDAN
Why aren't you wearing them?

NICK
I don't know. I'm wearing this.

Stuart

JORDAN
Come with me a minute.

Jordan leads Nick up a flight of stairs to the balcony.

166A INT- DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT.

166A*

Each searching, Joan and Donna bump into each other near the stage. Trying to act casual, they ask each other simultaneously...

JOAN
Have you--?

DONNA
Did ya--?

JOAN
Go ahead...

DONNA
No, you.

JOAN
Have you seen Reef?

DONNA
Did you see Tripper?

167 INT. WAREHOUSE STAGE - NIGHT

167

The band is bringing the song to an ear-shattering finish.

LEAD SINGER
Request time, assholes!

He picks up the only slip of paper in the request bowl, and reads it. He laughs insanely, shows the request to the other band members.

LEAD SINGER Cont.
(Yells to the crowd.)
The customer's always right.

The lead singer counts in the beat, and the band begins to play a very trashed-out, punk version of "Our Day Will Come".

OMIT 168 - 169

170 INT. DANCEFLOOR - NIGHT

170

JOAN AND DONNA
Joan looks at her feet, embarrassed. Donna smiles at her, knowingly.

*
*

THE PUNKERS
love it. Spike and Scum lead a contingent of slam-dancers onto the floor. The floor becomes an ocean of wild, gyrating arms and legs.

171 INT. WAREHOUSE BAR AREA - NIGHT

Andy waits for Nick by the bar bordering the dance floor. A Punk-Nazi, named DROID, dances frantically by, stops in front of Andy and

171 CONTINUED:

171

stares at him--unable to make out what 'type' he is. For the first time we realize that Andy's military haircut is very similiar to the punkers'. Droid screams at the top of his lungs, bares his forearm, exposing a terrifying dragon tattoo which he thrusts into Andy's face.

Andy stares back, unsure what to do. Then, after a healthy pause, Andy screams in reply, perfectly imitating Droid, and raises his arm revealing his navy tattoo. The punk smiles, and happily throws himself against the wall beside Andy. He rebounds, and falls to the ground, semi-conscious. Andy watches this, intrigued.

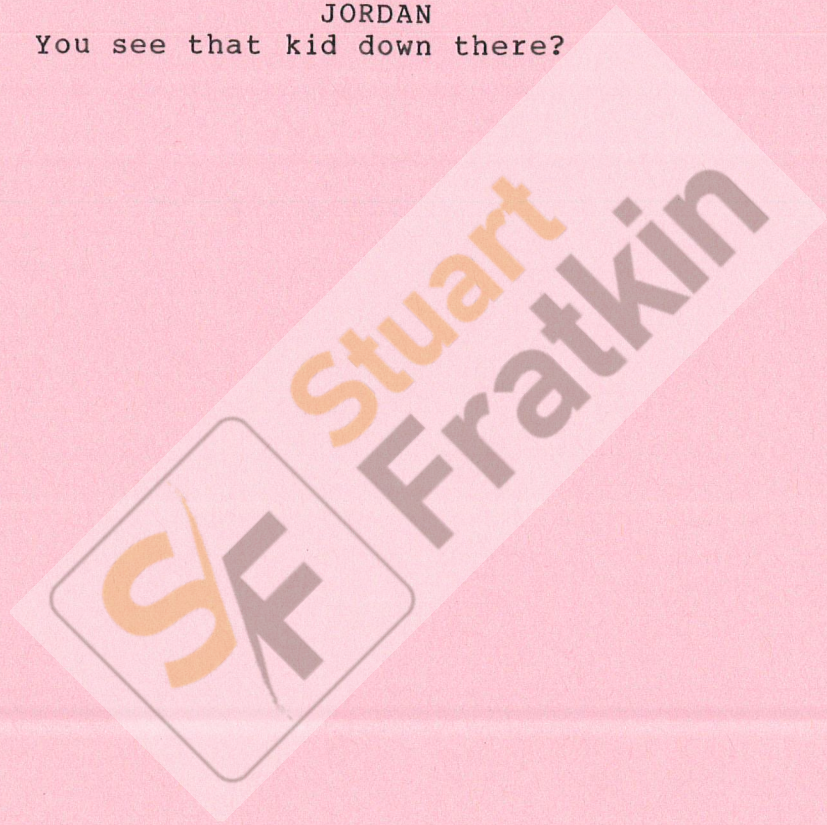
172 INT. WAREHOUSE BALCONY - NIGHT

172

Jordan and Nick stand looking down at the party below. Jordan points.

JORDAN

You see that kid down there?



173 INT. WAREHOUSE DANCE FLOOR - BALCONY P.O.V. - NIGHT

173

A drab-looking youth standing alone on the outskirts of the dance floor.

174 INT. WAREHOUSE BALCONY - DAY

175

JORDAN (O.C.)

That kid needs your help, Nick.
He wants excitement. He wants
to be accepted. You, Nick.
He wants to be you. But he can't
be you. Can't surf like you, can't
look like you. Still he can do the
next best thing.

(dramatically)

He can dress like you.

The secretary appears out of the shadows, handing Jordan another stack of plastic-wrapped clothes.

JORDAN

Give him guidance, Nick. He'll thank
you. I'll thank you.
(Holding the clothes out to Nick.)
So, what do you say? You'll wear the clothes?

NICK

I'll think about it--

JORDAN

(Suddenly all-business.)
Thirty-thou a year for every year you
surf... and win.

Nick is taken aback. This unexpected development is a bombshell. Jordan monitors Nick's reaction. He's pleased with what he see.

JORDAN Cont.

(Emphatic.)

You win tomorrow...
Anyway, let's not talk about it now.
(Hands him the clothes.)
Wear them, enjoy them... Have a good time.

Jordan and the secretary exit. Nick stares down at the dance floor, thinking.

175 INT. WAREHOUSE DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

175

Gitch and Allie sit watching the dancers. Beside Allie sits a pensive Backwash.

(CONTINUED)

BACKWASH

--Not many people get a chance to see
a twenty megaton... You sure you don't
wanna dance?...You danced with the Val!

*
*

Gitch leans forward and motions Backwash to lean forward in front of Allie. Gitch whispers something in Backwash's ear. Stone-faced, Backwash stand up and leaves.

ALLIE

Thanks.

GITCH

No problem.
(conversational)
Whose side are you on?

ALLIE

In what?

Allie doesn't understand.

GITCH

You're Reef's sister, right? And
that's Nick Rainwood you're with?

Allie nods.

GITCH Cont.

That fight.

Allie stares at Gitch.

176 INT. WAREHOUSE/BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS - NIGHT

176

Nick's so preoccupied that he doesn't see Cage, Lapps, and Marone waiting for him at the bottom step until they're right in front of him.

CAGE

(unfriendly)

Hey, bro.

NICK

(sensing tension)

Hey, guys.

CAGE

(to Nick)

Notice something different?

Nick shrugs. Marone steps forward and shows off the cast on his arm.

MARONE

We put it on my Dad's Visa.

BACKWASH

You sure you don't wanna dance?...
How come you danced with the Val?

Gitch leans forward and motions Backwash to lean forward in front of Allie. Gitch whispers something in Backwash's ear. Stone-faced, Backwash stand up and leaves.

ALLIE

Thanks.

GITCH

No problem.
(conversational)
Whose side are you on?

ALLIE

In what?

Allie doesn't understand.

GITCH

You're Reef's sister, right? And
that's Nick Rainwood you're with?

Allie nods.

GITCH Cont.

That fight.

Allie stares at Gitch.

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CAGE

(unfriendly)

Hey, bro.

NICK

(sensing tension)

Hey, guys.

CAGE

(to Nick)

Notice something different?

Nick shrugs. Marone steps forward and shows off the cast on his arm.

MARONE

We put it on my Dad's Visa.

NICK
Jesus! Who?

CAGE
Lowks. Who else?

LAPPS
We thought maybe you left for college early.

NICK
Fuck that.

CAGE
We got an appointment tonight. Out back. Think you can make it?

Nick looks across the dance floor towards Allie.

NICK
I've been thinking--

*WHAT A MATTER WITH YOU
WAIT A MINUTE*

LAPPS
You gotta ask?

*(TO CAGE)
REF. TO NICK*

NICK
Piss off, Lapps.

CAGE
Well...?

NICK
(hard to say)
I don't think we should fight.

*REACTION = SHOCK-PANIC
ANGER*

CAGE
(to Lapps, Marone)
Let's go.

LAPPS
If you manage to drop the Lowk-bitch,
meet us in the garage.

ELBOWED

They move off. Concerned, Nick watches them go.

PISSED

177 INT- DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT.

177

"Our Day Will Come" continues as an instrumental, while the Punk-Nazis, led by Scum and Spike, take over the dance floor with their violence. Everybody else moves toward the walls. Bottles are thrown left and right, smashing against far walls..

(CONTINUED)

We see...

A). Two Punk-nazis stand near the bar area, a row of tumbler glasses lined up in front of them. Ceremoniously, they take turns lifting up a glass, pausing a second, and then slamming the glass against their foreheads, shattering it. Under both their chairs is a pile of shattered glass.

B). In a crowd of dancers, we suddenly see Andy's head rise above them, as he pogos. Several yards away from where Andy's head disappeared, Spike's head rises above the crowd as he pogos too. The next pogo, the two see each other. They begin to try to out-jump each other in their pogos, jumping higher and higher each time.

177A INT. JUST OFF THE DANCEFLOOR -NIGHT.

177A

Allie is alone as Nick enters with a beer. Her mood is different, slightly hesitant and suspicious.

ALLIE

(Taking the beer.)
Thanks... A long wait?

NICK

(Preoccupied.)
Not bad.

An awkward moment.

NICK cont.

Look, Allie, I have to.. to take care of something. But I won't be...

The disappointment and annoyance shows on her face. He can tell she is about to walk away.

NICK

What's wrong?

ALLIE

What's wrong is this.. whatever it is.. war between 'Lowks' and 'Vals'. I'm really sick of it!

NICK

You think I like it?!

ALLIE

You tell me. Reef likes it.

NICK

I don't! But they're my friends. I can't just let it happen.

A BEAT. She'd like to believe him but she's having a difficult time. He tries to lighten his exit.

NICK Cont.
I'll be less than ten minutes.

He smiles reassuringly and leaves. She watches him, troubled.
178 INT- MULTI-LEVELLED GARAGE - NIGHT

178

A gloved fist shatters a wing car window.

Another car window is shattered by someone's foot.

ESTABLISHER

The garage is vast, poorly-lit, sloped for cars to get up to the next level. There are only a few cars parked. Cage and Lapps stand by two of them, their hands reaching through the shattered windows to turn on the headlights.

The headlight beams criss-cross the sloped fight area, where Marone stands, waiting. He squints: someone is approaching up the slope.

It's Nick.

LAPPS
(happily)
Alright!

MARONE
Yeah, Nick!

CAGE
I knew you'd make it, man.

Nick joins them.

NICK
You got it wrong, Cage. I only came
out here--

The garage is suddenly filled with the blasting sound of approaching cars. The Vals look toward the bottom end of the slope.

But the TWO LOWK CARS come from the upper level, speeding around the corner, and skidding to a stop right behind the Vals.

Reef gets out of one car. Backwash and Tripper get out of the other. They approach, leaving the headlights shining on the fight area.

REEF
You ready to settle this, Vals?

(CONTINUED)

CAGE
We're ready to kick the shit outa
some Lowks.

REEF
(Laughs.)
I'm here for you, man. Right here.

Cage moves forward, but Nick steps in front of him.

NICK
(To Cage.)
No. This is stupid.

CAGE
You want out of it? Fine. Get out
of it!

REEF
(sarcastic)
Something wrong?

Cage tries to move past Nick. Nick grabs him. Meanwhile, the Lowks slowly move forward, following Reef's lead.

NICK
(to Cage)
You know this is stupid. You hurt them,
then what?

TRIPPER
You'll be the ones hurting, asshole!

CAGE
(to Nick)
Look at Marone. They did that!

NICK
This isn't gonna help!

REEF
Jesus Christ!
(poking Nick)
Whatta we got, Ghandi here?

NICK
(Pushing Reef's hand away.)
Don't Reef.

CAGE
Do it, Nick. He wants it. He's
asking for it!

REEF
(mimicing)
Do it, Nick. I'm asking for it, Nick.

Cage throws a punch at Reef. Nick sees it coming at the last second and tries to prevent the confrontation by tackling Cage away from his target. Still, the punch grazes Reef's face, before Nick and Cage go down.

Angry at the punch, Reef pulls out the knife from the beach, and moves toward Cage. Hoping to stop the violence, Nick meets him halfway, grabs his knife arm, and swings him away. They struggle over the knife.

Meanwhile, Cage pulls out his own knife, and moves toward the two; but Tripper grabs a FIRE EXTINGUISHER from the wall of the garage, and swings it at Cage. The two keep each other occupied.

Backwash reaches into the frontseat of his car to grab a jack, but Lapps comes from behind and pulls him away. They fight across the hood of the car.

The fight continues:

A) Reef and Nick tumble to the concrete ground, and Reef tries to plunge the knife into him; but Nick's hand is also on the knife, and he forces the knife into the tire by his head. The tire begins to deflate. Unfortunately, Nick's head is half under the lowering car. The two realize this at the same time; and Reef fights to keep Nick's head there. Nick finally manages to roll away just as the car reaches crushing level.

B) Tripper tries to kick Cage in the balls, but Cage pivots just in time, and Tripper's foot shatters the headlight behind Cage.

C) Backwash manages to get the car door open to grab the jack, but, seeing this, Marone helps Lapps by kicking the door closed on Backwash's arm. Backwash screams out.

D) Reef has control of the knife. He swings it at Nick. Nick dodges, but the knife slashes through his shirt, cutting a gash in his armpit. Nick is furious. He kicks the knife from Reef's hand and begins to punch him furiously. Reef falls back against a car trunk, setting off a LOUD CAR ALARM.

Nick is out of control. His punches connect with Reef's face with a powerful machine-like force, as the car alarm screams. The blood from Reef's nose is smearing everywhere. Reef--completely exhausted--makes no effort to protect himself.

There's a scream:

ALLIE
(An unthinking scream.)
NICK!!

Nick spins around, breathing heavily, his eyes clearing.

NICK'S POV

Allie stands further down the slope, watching the fight above her. She is horrified by Nick. She turns and runs down the slope.

NICK

watches her go, still trying to bring himself back to reality. Completely destroyed, Reef falls to the ground behind him.

NICK

(A whisper.)

Allie...

But before he can go after her, Backwash hits him in the stomach with the fire extinguisher dropped by Tripper...

BACKWASH

You stupid fuckin' Val. Lay off her!

Recovering from the punch, Nick points the fire extinguisher nozzle in Backwash's hand up toward Backwash's face, spraying white foam all over him. Backwash falls back, temporarily blinded.

A metal door slams closed at the bottom of the slope--Allie leaving. Nick turns, walks down the slope toward the door.

BACKWASH

rubs the foam from his eyes, watches Nick, angrily. He hops into the driver seat of his car, revs the engine.

NICK

continues to walk down the slope.

The car skids off. Backwash gets it up to speed, begins to zero in on Nick.

Seeing the car coming at him, Nick runs. He tries to lose the car by running along the garage walls, but Backwash stays right on his tail, sparks jumping up from the fenders.

Nick jumps up and grabs an overhanging water-pipe, his hands barely holding on, just as the car rushes by underneath him. Nick doesn't bring up his foot in time--it cracks the front windshield.

The car rams full-speed into the wall at the bottom of the slope.

Nick drops from the pipe, sees Backwash roll out of the totaled car, uninjured. Nick turns, looks up the slope, and sees the other fighters looking down at him and the accident.

Without a word, Nick leaves... the metal door slamming behind him.

178 CONTINUED

178

Sirens are heard approaching. The fighters collect themselves, and begin to run and speed off. Tripper pulls Reef into the other Val car, picks up Tripper at the bottom of the slope, and skids off, leaving the wreck behind.

The sirens are very close; the garage is empty.

Then the metal door opens, and Andy, a little tipsy, beer bottle in hand, enters. Making sure no one's around, and double-taking at the wreck, Andy unzips his pants and begins to relieve himself in the garage corner.

In a split-second, two patrol cars skid to a stop surrounding Andy, and several cops jump out, guns drawn.

COP

Hold it right there, punk!

Andy peers over his shoulder at them.

179 EXT- PIER ESTABLISHER - NIGHT.

179

Plastic shopping bags blow across the empty pier.

180 EXT- BEACH BOARDWALK (ALLIE'S MURAL) - NIGHT.

180

The mural looks just as beautiful at night--a ghostly image with a single naked lightbulb hanging above. A silhouetted head is in the foreground--it's Nick.

181 EXT- BEACH - NIGHT.

181

The beach is deserted, quiet, and different. The night sky is bright, giving the ocean and sand an unreal appearance.

Nick enters the frame, the D.F.A. board under his arm.

At the water's edge, he removes his wetsuit, and pushes out into the surf in his shorts. Expressionless, he paddles toward a building wave.

181A EXT- PIER/WATER/BEACH - NIGHT.

181A

We see his dark silhouette as he rides. We recognize a difference in * his surfing now: more serious, less showy. *

We examine Nick's face; there's no emotion--no pleasure, no sadness. *

Yet there's something peaceful about the controlled and calm way he * rides it:--the surfer's equivalent to wisdom. *

181B EXT- BEACH - NIGHT.

181B

He rides the wave all the way in, and then pauses on the beach to stare back at the churning water.

181B CONTINUED:

181B

In the shallows, caught in the sand, is an old merry-go-round horse--
ortherwordly and strange.

Nick is startled by a voice from behind him...

BUM

That's Mr. Ed.

The Bum is sitting in the sand, his tarp draped over his shoulders. He
doesn't look at Nick, only at the toy and the ocean. Nick stares at
him, waiting for something--some explanation. Nothing comes.

Nick sits down beside him. They both stare out at the water.

THE BEACH AND THE OCEAN

with the Bum and Nick only dots on the horizon.

*
*

BUM (V.O.)

A lot of water...

*
*

A BEAT.

*

BUM cont.

...And that's just what's on top.

*
*

The Bum begins to hum a show-tune--slow and mournfully.

182 EXT. OCEAN - DAY (THE FUTURE)

182

No sign of land; the green water meets the blue sky in a straight
line.

RUDDER (V.O.)

...They say God bailed on Sunday...

We PAN OVER to Rudder, still sitting astride his board, continuing
the story. Skeeg is there, and three of the YOUNGER SURFERS have
joined them, listening intently.

RUDDER Cont.

...Maybe...

(Spits.)

But on that Sunday, God was shredding
overtime...

183 EXT. BEACH - DAY (THE PRESENT)

183

The sun is just beginning to touch the empty announcer's platform;
but attention is drawn beyond it to the ocean where an amazingly
large wave is rising majestically into the air.

RUDDER (V.O.)

From Zuma to New Porsche, no lowk'd
seen a swell like this. This was no
mersh So' Cal' bogue breaker.

183 CONTINUED:

183

SLO MO ANGLE

RUDDER (V.O.)

This was a royal time-space fuck-up;
this was north shore beamed-up and
hand-delivered to the compo...
They called it Suicide Swell.

The wave crashes with the force of a megaton bomb.

184 INT. NICK'S STATIONWAGON - DAY

184

Nick sleeps on his side in the front seat of the car. He doesn't look good; the blood has dried up in his arm pit; his shirt and shorts are dirty and bloody. The car shakes, and Nick opens his eyes. Looking up, he slowly realizes where he is. Painfully, he sits up and looks out the windshield.

Like a giant hood-ornament, the Bum sits on the hood of the car, gazing peacefully toward the ocean.

185 EXT. BEACH PARKING LOT - DAY

185

Nick gets out of the car and walks to where the bum sits. The Bum looks at Nick, and then returns his appreciative gaze toward the surf. Nick looks at the waves too, impressed.

BUM

You like it?

Nick nods.

BUM Cont.

(accommodating)

I can make it smaller.

186 INT. POLICE HOLDING CELLS - DAY

186

Andy and Gitch are in the same cells and in the exact same positions as the morning before. They even have the same intent looks on their faces.

ANDY

I don't know. Which one?

GITCH

The one with the biggest breasts.

Andy laughs his snorting laugh; and Gitch laughs with him.

ANDY

Tell another one.

GITCH

That's all I know. Really this time!

ANDY

Tell me the pig one again.

GITCH

Augh, no.

ANDY

(Threatening.)
I'll sing.

GITCH

No!

ANDY

The ants go marching two-by-two,
hurrah, hurrah...

The Cop #2 comes by, with the breakfast trays. *

COP

Wake up call.

GITCH

(Standing.)
Hey! What time is it?... Hey!

ANDY

You shouldn't have punched those officers.

GITCH

They were about to kick the shit out of you.

ANDY

That's their job.

GITCH

Well, next time I won't.
(Yelling toward the front.)
Hey! I gotta get outa here!

Captain Track enters. He moves directly to Gitch's cell.

TRACK

I lost a pool because of you.

Gitch points to herself, innocently.

TRACK Cont.

We timed it. Less than twenty-four
hours between arrests...

GITCH

You shouldn't be betting anyway.

TRACK

My bet was for less than twelve.

GITCH

Sorry.

TRACK

You'll need a lawyer on this one.

GITCH

Aw, com'on. Can't you...?

TRACK

No. Can't help on this.

GITCH

Awww, Track. Please.

TRACK

I can suggest a lawyer.

GITCH

Please-please-pleeeeeease.

TRACK

No.

GITCH

Just this once. I won't do it again ever. I promise... Please, Daddy!

TRACK

Once?!

CU ANDY'S surprise.

187 INT. ALLIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

187

Another bright and primitive PAINTING lies on Allie's bed--this one is even more negative than the previous ones: two African-masked surfers pound each other over the head with surfboards... blotches of red spilled paint dot the painting as if it were blood. The work is striking and sad...

We pan to Allie, curled up on her bed, staring at the wall. Her eyes are red--she's been crying a great deal. In the hallway we see Mrs. Yorpin straighten a painting, pick up the beer cans, and other trash from the party.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. YORPIN
 (Regarding the mess.)
 I'm being remarkably good about this.
 Most mothers... Well, just be glad I'm
 not most mothers.

Seeing that Allie is in a state, Mrs. Yorpin enters the room,
 concerned.

MRS. YORPIN
 What's wrong?

ALLIE
 Nothing.

MRS. YORPIN
 Uh-huh. Reef comes in with blood
 all over him; he says 'nothing' too.

Allie begins to cry at the mention of Reef. Mrs. Yorpin sits on the
 bed beside her.

MRS. YORPIN
 (More a statement than a question.)
 Some guy, huh?
 (No answer.)
 Just forget him--listen to your mother.
 (Beat)
 Last night, Brad told me he's going
 back to his wife.

ALLIE
 (Sisterly... touches her arm.)
 I'm sorry.

MRS. YORPIN
 Don't be. It was worth it to see the look
 on his face when I shoved the spaghetti in
 his lap.

As bad as she feels, Allie can't help but laugh at this.

MRS. YORPIN Cont.
 (brightening)
 And look at me. Do I look any worse
 for it? No! I'm going to the beach,
 and I'm gonna have a good time.
 (Tries to pull her along.)
 Com'on.

ALLIE
 (serious)
 Mom, I have to leave here.

MRS. YORPIN
 (Used to hearing this.)
 I know dear.

ALLIE
 I mean it.

Realizing that Allie's very serious, Mrs. Yorpin looks at her...
 nods. Without a word, mother and daughter understand each other.

MRS. YORPIN
 I always knew it'd be you before Reef.
 (Changing the mood.)
 Now, come to the beach with your mother.
 I feel silly going alone.

Allie smiles.

CUT TO:

188 INT. BEACH RESTROOM - DAY

188

The restroom is small and dirty. Standing bare-chested at the sink,
 Nick washes out the cut on his side and dries it gently with a stack
 of paper towels.

He reaches over to the other sink where his grimy shirt is draped. He
 hesitates; the fresh, plastic-wrapped shirt, from Hap Jordan, is right
 next to it. He looks in the mirror, questioning himself... the choice
 is important.

He finally tears open the plastic and puts the new shirt on. The
 shirt is extremely commercial hip--slashes of color criss-cross it.
 He stares at it in the mirror.

The Bum comes out of the toilet stall. He is also wearing a new hip
 Hap Jordan outfit; his shirt has little windsurfers checkered all over
 it, and his shorts are dissected with red, purple and green stripes.

The two stare at each other stone-faced.

BUM
 Clothes make the man.

Without waiting for a response, the Bum exits.

In the distance we hear SOUND SYSTEM FEEDBACK.

189 EXT. JUDGE'S STAND - DAY

189

The Tortoise talks into the mike.

TORTOISE
 Would the five finalists please make
 their way to the start line for the finals?

(CONTINUED)

REEF

There's no protection on the water!

The Bum, still sitting on the hood, comments to no one in particular:

BUM

There's protection everywhere.

After glancing curiously at the Bum, Midas turns to Nick, smiling:

MIDAS

Man, you start World War Three out here or what?

NICK

(Warmly shaking his hand.)
What're you doing here?

MIDAS

Gotta get my picture taken with the hot riders of '68...
Shit, are you glad or what?

NICK

(Smiling.)
I'm glad.

They look at each other. Midas notices a difference in Nick--a peacefulness. Midas grabs him and hugs him.

MIDAS

(After a moment.)
Don't take this wrong or anything, man,
but what the fuck are you wearing?

192 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY (CHANGE IN ORDER, # WILL NOT CHANGE) 192 *

Gitch and Andy get off her motorcycle. Running late, Gitch grabs her surfboard from him, and runs off toward the start line. She stops, returns, and gives Andy a brief, embarrassed hug; then she runs off again.

191 EXT. BEACH BREAK WALL - DAY (CHANGE IN ORDER, # WILL NOT CHANGE) 191 *

Mrs. Yorpin and Allie, towels and beach chairs in hand, move along the crowded breakwall, looking for a space. Allie looks around cautiously for Nick.

They pass CHRIS, standing on the wall--his Surfer-for-Christ cohorts hand out tracts to the various beach goers...

CHRIS

Jesus is the swell that doesn't die.
God won't hair-out when you feel like bailin'.

191 CONTINUED

191

Scum--his leg in a thigh-length cast from the earlier wipe-out--and Spike cross in front of the Surfers-for-Christ, and accept their tracts; but without missing a beat, the two punkers crumble the pamphlets into their mouths and begin to eat them (not to spite the Christians, but as if this were the proper thing to do with tracts).

A192 EXT. STAGING AREA - DAY.

A192

Nick comes up beside Andy.

NICK
(anxious)

Andy!



(CONTINUED)

A 192 CONTINUED:

A192

ANDY

Hey, Nick.

NICK

You know where Allie is?

ANDY

Uh-uh. Haven't seen her since last night. Hey, Nick, y'know when we were talkin about me surfing--?

Hap Jordan enters, putting a fatherly arm around Nick's shoulders.

JORDAN

Walk with me, Nick.
(To Andy.)
Sorry to interrupt.

Jordan walks Nick toward the start line, leaving Andy behind.

JORDAN

Know you gotta rush. Just wanted to say: talked to my team this morning... Showed them your look. They loved it-- very positive. Bottom line: we need an Ocean Floor figurehead... Someone we can count on, not just for three years... For like, Nick... for life...

Nick looks to his left (Hap continues to talk, though inaudibly):

193 EXT. BEACH - NICK'S P.O.V. - DAY

193

Across the way, Nick sees Midas getting his picture taken with THREE OLDER MEN. They're all in their late-thirties and early forties. One is BALDING, one very OVERWEIGHT, the other OLD AND WRINKLED LOOKING. The PHOTOGRAPHER positions a sign in front of them, "The Best of '68". Midas subtly pulls in his stomach for the shot.

194 EXT- STAGING AREA - DAY.

194

Nick turns back to Hap...

HAP JORDAN (V.O.)

...Someone like you, Nick. You're what's happening today. Sound exciting? You bet.. Great, all we need now is for you to win. We can talk digits afterwards.
(Notices his hair.)
You always part your hair on that side?
Forget it. Just be--

Joan and Donna pass Nick, moving in the opposite direction. Recognizing them, Nick tears himself away from a surprised Hap and heads off after the two.

195 EXT. BEACH/CONTEST STARTING LINE - DAY

195

There are only four competitors at the starting line...

THE TORTOISE (V.O.)

We're still waiting for our fifth rider.
Sixty seconds...

OMIT 196 - 205

206 EXT. BEACH BREAK WALL - DAY.

206

Joan and Donna arrives at Allie and Mrs. Yorpin's side. But before they can greet each other, Nick rushes up.

NICK

Allie--!

ALLIE

No, Nick.

NICK

Listen first.

Sunbathing, Mrs. Yorpin takes a magazine off her face, looks up at the arguing couple, sighs, replaces the magazine on her face.

Nick kneels down beside Allie...

NICK

Last night... what I did... it's not what you thought.

ALLIE

I don't wanna hear it. It's over.

NICK

Why?

ALLIE

'Cuz we're different. 'Cuz I thought you were different than the jerks around here. I thought you were smarter. But you're not. You're the same jerk, just from the other side of the hill!

THE TORTOISE (V.O.)

Thirty seconds...

NICK

(angry)

Because I own a surfboard!?

(CONTINUED)

206 CONTINUED:

206

ALLIE

No! There's nothing wrong with surfing!
Surf all your life! Just don't be a
surfer all your life!

Nick has no answer. He stands up, just staring at her. Hap Jordan enters.

JORDAN

(coldly)

You're throwing away a lot more than
this contest, Rainwood.

A206 EXT. BACK OF BLEACHERS - DAY

A206*

Cage, Lapps, and Marone join the crowd gathering around Nick at the breakwall...

CAGE

Rainwood! What're you doing?

LAPPS

Dump her, bro!

THE TORTOISE (V.O.)

Fifteen seconds...

B206 EXT. BREAKWALL - DAY

B206*

Nick's eyes never leave Allie. She turns away from him.

Nick stands up... looks toward the water. Midas appears beside him, smiling.

MIDAS

Tough spot, man.

Nick turns to his friend. Midas steps aside, revealing the D.F.A. board standing in the sand.

MIDAS cont.

Try this one.

Nick takes the board, takes one last look at Allie, turns and runs off towards the start line.

207 EXT- BEACH/START LINE - DAY.

207

The horn blows for the start of the heat. Reef and Gitch lead the two other competitors into the water.

A second later, Nick pushes through the crowd and rushes past the start line, following the others.

207A EXT. OCEAN/SURFING - DAY

207?

THE SURF FINAL - A series of SLO-MO and 24 frame sequences.

207A	CONTINUED:	207A
	MUSIC paces the action as Nick is in the water paddling furiously out to the waves.	
208	EXT. OCEAN/SURFING - DAY	208
	Reef and another surfer struggle for a wave. Reef pulls in front of the less experienced rider who falls leaving Reef to pull an impressive ride.	
209	EXT. OCEAN/SURFING - DAY	209
	Gitch catches a wave and handles it smoothly.	
210	EXT. CROWDED BEACH - DAY	210
	Andy bites his tongue and watches her. Like a bowler sympathising with the bowling ball, Andy squirms and tilts with Gitch's ride. It's like he's out there with her.	
	We cross-cut quickly between them. Andy anticipates her moves in his miming. She cuts back; he cuts back. She crouches through the tube; he crouches also.	
211	EXT. OCEAN/SURFING - DAY	211
	Nick positions himself for his first wave when Reef comes paddling up behind him.	
	Reef sees the wave building behind. Nick sees it also and starts paddling to catch it. Reef isn't in a good position to pursue and he drops back.	
A211	EXT. BOTTOM OF BLEACHERS - DAY	A211*
	Vals cheer.	
212	EXT. OCEAN/SURFING - DAY	212
	Nick has an excellent ride.	
213	EXT. OFFICIAL'S STAND - DAY	213
	Standing near the officials, Jordan smiles at the impressive showing. Hearing loud whistling behind him, Jordan turns and sees the Bum sitting on the stand scaffolding, picking his toenails. The Bum looks up and smiles at him.	
	Jordan doubletakes at the Bum's familiar clothes.	
A214	EXT. BOTTOM OF BLEACHERS - DAY	A214*
	Lowks cheer.	
214	EXT. OCEAN/SURFING - DAY	214
	Reef has a great ride.	
215	EXT. OCEAN/SURFING - DAY	215
	Gitch catches a wave and rides beautifully.	

216 EXT. BREAKWALL - DAY 216 *

Allie comes up to Andy and stands behind him.

217 EXT. OCEAN/SURFING - DAY 217

In a QUICK MONTAGE of shots we see Nick and Reef surf some competitive waves. Then...

THE TORTOISE (V.O.)
We're nearing last wave...

218 EXT. OCEAN/SURFING - DAY 218

Nick waits for another wave. There's a lull. Returning from a ride, Reef paddles toward him.

NICK
(Not to be messed with.)
Back off, Reef!

REEF
(Paddling closer.)
No more backing off, Val. No more--

NICK
What d'you want? Want more of last night?!

REEF
I want your balls... Or has my sister already got'em?

NICK
Fuck off.

Reef punches Nick, hitting him in the shoulder. Nick grabs onto the other fist, pulling Reef and his board into Nick's board. They clash and kick at each other, still trying to maintain balance.

The clash is very short because the horn is blasted for last wave.

219 EXT. THE JUDGE'S STAND - DAY 219

TORTOISE
From a look at the judging, whoever gets this last wave might go home five thousand dollars richer. It is that close!

220 EXT CROWD - DAY - THEY GO NUTS.. 220 *

221 EXT. OCEAN/SURFING - DAY 221

The last wave is building.

(CONTINUED)

221 CONTINUED: 221

Literally neck and neck, Reef and Nick begin paddling. Side by side, arms furiously scraping, they look behind them, trying to judge the break.

222 EXT. BREAKWALL DAY 222 *

Midas watches, anxiously.

223 EXT. OFFICIAL'S STAND - DAY 223

Watching intently, the Bum moves up beside Hap Jordan.

224 EXT. BREAKWALL - DAY 224 *

Allie and Andy watch, breath held.

225 EXT. OCEAN/SURFING - DAY 225

Reef and Nick have reached the moment when the wave just begins to break, where the surfer either drops into the ride or drops off on the back side of the wave. They are both up on their knuckles, ready to stand. Nudging each other, each trying to pull in front. Both show the strain on their faces. Both are about to go for it, when...

Nick's grimace relaxes. The tension goes out of his face. His fists untighten, and he turns the nose of his board away, letting Reef have the wave. Reef, surprised, takes the gift gladly.

Nick drops behind the wave, and we lose sight of him.

226 EXT. OCEAN - DAY (THE FUTURE) 226

Rudder is surrounded by all the YOUNG SURFERS who have been listening to his story. Now they're all expressing their disapproval of the newest twist.

SURFER #1
What a loser!

SURFER #2
He should've fucked him up!

SURFER #3
I would've sent that muther to his grave!

RUDDER
Hey! Hold your raspin' till I'm finished!

The dissension is immediately cut off and the surfers eagerly await the end of Rudder's tale.

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- 227 EXT. OCEAN/SURFING - DAY (THE PRESENT) 227
 Again we see Nick slide behind the wave, giving it to Reef.
- 228 EXT. BEACH - DAY 228
 Allie's eyes widen at this turn of events. Over this we hear...
- A228 EXT. BOTTOM OF BLEACHERS - DAY - VALS A228
- 229 EXT. ON THE BEACH - DAY 229
 Tripper and Backwash CHEER.
- 230 EXT. OCEAN/SURFING - DAY 230
 Reef is having a great ride--a winning ride... but all of a sudden, out of nowhere, a rider streaks in behind him. It's Gitch! She drives past Reef and knocks him off his board and into the wall of water.
- 231 EXT. BLEACHERS - DAY 231
 Andy's mouth drops open.
- 232 EXT. BEACH SPECTATOR AREA - DAY 232
 Angle on the crowd as they go crazy.
- A232 EXT. SPECTATOR AREA - DAY A232
 Lowks boo..
- 233 EXT. OCEAN/SURFING - DAY 233
 Gitch's ride is stupendous. She outdoes herself; she outsurfs Reef; she outsurfs Nick.
- 234 EXT. BEACH SHORELINE - DAY 234
 Gitch rides into the beach. Andy runs out, splashing through the surf, and grabs her up in a wild hug.
- 235 EXT. BEACH BREAK - DAY 235
 Nick walks slowly out of the surf. Allie meets him there, her feet getting wet. The two stand apart, looking at each other.

NICK

Guess I lost.

ALLIE

No, you didn't.

She hugs him tightly. Nick drops the board and holds her. In the background, a crowd of spectators and a photographer greet Gitch at the water, cheering her on, and surrounding her...

CAGE, LAPPS, AND MARONE
 peel away from this group, and stare impassively at Nick and Allie hugging.

LAPPS
Fuckin' Rainwood.

Cage hits Lapps in the shoulder to shut him up...

CAGE
Hey!... Nick's o-kay.

As they move up the beach, we hear Marone...

MARONE
How're we getting home?

NICK AND ALLIE
move up out of the surf. Midas, carrying a board toward the water,
comes up to them.

MIDAS
Long as you did what y'had to, man,
I got no questions.

NICK
Thanks, Midas.

Midas points to his board.

MIDAS
Thought I'd take in a little board-banging
myself.

They nod their good-byes. Midas heads out into the surf, while, arm-
in-arm, Allie and Nick head up the beach.

236 EXT. FURTHER ALONG THE BEACH BREAK - DAY 236

Tight-lipped, Reef comes to shore. No one goes to meet him. He looks around.

237 EXT. BEACH - REEF'S P.O.V. - DAY 237

A little ways away, Joan smiles and talks with a CUTE-LOOKING SURFER. She glances in Reef's general direction once, but doesn't notice him.

238 EXT. BEACH BREAK - DAY 238

Reef tries to adjust to this loss of celebrity as Tripper and Backwash enter.

REEF

Don't say it!

TRIPPER

No, man. Nothing. It's cool.

Backwash can't help himself; he snickers... *

REEF

(Threatening.)

What?!

BACKWASH

(No longer able to hold it in... laughs:)
You lost to a girl! *

Tripper almost laughs too, but he holds it in. Reef looks at them angrily--even his own gang... *

239 EXT. THE JUDGE'S STAND - DAY 239

Allie and Nick walk past the platform where the Officials are awarding the check to Gitch. Nick stops Allie and walks over to Andy who is on the fringe of the applauding spectators.

NICK

Andy.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

Hey, Nick. Sorry 'bout the contest.

Nick hands Andy the DFA board.

NICK

Here. Learn to surf.

ANDY

Geez, I can't...

NICK

Take care of it. It's important.

Nick returns to Allie. Andy stares at the board, touches the insignia.

OMIT 240

OMIT 240

241 EXT. BEACH PARKING LOT - DAY

241

Nick and Allie cross the parking lot, and stop in front of the station wagon, where the Bum sits on the hood. *

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BUM

I know, I know. The sun's up here, but it's night in Europe. No one gets no rest.

He departs, whistling a show tune.

They both lean back against the car looking straight ahead. Neither one wanting this to be good-bye.

NICK
(reluctant)

Well...

ALLIE

Well...

NICK

I can't stay.

A BEAT

ALLIE

I know.

(convinced)

I can't either.

He looks at her.

NICK
(spontaneous)

Then come with me!

ALLIE

What?

Nick begins to say "I Love you", but Allie covers his mouth with her hand...

ALLIE

I know.

He nods toward the car, smiling: "Come on."

Allie looks at him seriously, then begins to smile too. She nods.

They get in the car.

242 EXT. ON THE BEACH - DAY

242

Gitch and Andy kiss. An oversized prize CHECK is grasped in her hand.

Hap Jordan and his secretary, clothes at ready, approach.

JORDAN

Gitch? Hi. Hap Jordan. Insane surfing.

242 CONTINUED:

242

She breaks the kiss, looks Hap up and down.

GITCH

Fuck off.

243 EXT. BEACH PARKING LOT - DAY

243

Nick's car pulls out and as they drive off a huge stack of Hap Jordan's Ocean Floor Beachwear comes flying out the car window, into a dumpster.

OMIT 244.

OMIT 244

245 EXT. OCEAN - DAY (THE FUTURE)

245

The young surfers are heatedly debating Rudder's tale.

SURFER #1

So what? He was an idiot for passing up the bucks!

SURFER #2

It was heroic, man. It wasn't just --

SURFER #3

You don't just wanker 'cuz some babe's got you in a vise!

SURFER #2

He didn't do it for her! He did it for himself!

SURFER #1

Buds are more important than babes!

SURFER #2

But they were using him!

SURFER #3

And she wasn't?

SURFER #1

Everyone uses each other. You gotta set your priorities.

WE PAN OVER TO Rudder and Skeeg who watch the commotion around them. Skeeg chuckles, leans over and punches Rudder playfully.

SKEEG

What a wheez!

RUDDER

What?

(CONTINUED)

SKEEG

The story -- fully bogue, brah.

RUDDER

Bogue?

SKEEG

Com'on, Rudder. You were workin' that shit up.

(Laughing)

The raddest surfer around bookin' to Stanford with some slut in heat, 'stead of making the beau coup dollars?

RUDDER

All true.

SKEEG

(laughing)

You got an O-Z of pooh on the brain, brah.

Skeeg lies back on his board.

NEW ANGLE ON RUDDER

He looks out to sea, where a single wave is disturbing the flat surface of the water. The other surfers are too busy arguing to see it, or to see Rudder paddling away to catch it.

NEW ANGLE

He catches the wave and rides it easily.

ANGLE ON THE BOARD

Under his feet, on the surface of the board, is the DFA insigna.

Rudder waves to someone on the beach.

246 OMIT

OMIT

246

247 EXT. ON THE BEACH - DAY

247

An older GITCH, in full police uniform, a 3-year-old BABY on her hip, waves back to Rudder.

248 EXT. THE SHORELINE - DAY

As Rudder surfs the wave into the beach, he smiles, and we recognize the outline of Andy's smile. He carries his board out of frame, up onto the beach, and we concentrate on the endless ocean.

THE END