

BIG WEDNESDAY

BY JOHN MILIUS AND DENNIS AABERG

A-Team Productions

PART I
THE SOUTH SWELL
SUMMER 1963

"The sea of the past was like a beautiful and unscrupulous woman -- strong men, with childlike hearts were faithful to her, were content to live by her grace -- to die by her will"

-- Joseph Conrad
"An Outcast of the Islands"

"When boards were made of wood and men were made of iron"

-- Some old surfer

BIG WEDNESDAY

1 OCEAN - DAWN

The endless dark sea stretching west into infinite blackness. The ocean gently undulates, rolls in its slumber and a wave is faintly outlined in the first rays of dawn. The wave rises in its silence, steepens and wind blows up its face, spinning a silvery mist behind. As it towers and begins to topple forward, its sensuous form is broken by the dark appearance of a man on a surfboard -- stroking up and through the concave crest, bursting free with an explosion of glittering light and finally falling slowly out of sight behind.

2 SHORELINE

The shadowy figure of a lean young man lopes seemingly in slow motion towards a point. A sleek surfboard is held under his arm. His face is tight and aggressive in expression, his breath, measured. His muscles ripple with each stride.

3 BEACH

Wind blows paper across the darkened sand, the lights of the city sparkle in the distance. Dark objects begin to move on the beach as surfers wake up -- crawl out of their sleeping bags -- lean up on one arm and look out at the morning waves.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In the old days I remember a wind that would blow down through the canyons before dawn. It was a hot wind and carried with it the smell of warm places. It blew strongest before dawn across The Point. My friends and I would sleep in our cars --

4 HIGHWAY

A few cars lined up along the Pacific Coast Highway. Lights of trucks pass by with a roar. Softer lights appear in the cars as the surfers get out and stretch.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And the smell of the offshore wind would often wake us and each day we knew that this would be a special day, a special morning --

Some surfers pull shiny long boards from a panel truck and enter the beach through a narrow gate in the torn cyclone fence. They make hooting sounds as they disappear into the dawn.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(continuing)

And we often rode the long clean walls
before it was light, before we could see
-- it was the ocean that really had us
back then. More than anything in the
world -- we needed a wave.

5 THE WAVES

Black, rising out of the darkness, their crests turning white
and peeling over into spiralling cylinders -- suddenly we are
racing along the smooth black glass -- the wall looming up
before us curling, falling, seeing the lights of the city be-
yond the darkness that passes over us.

The curling wave detonates in a shower of silver and gold as
the spray is lit by the rising sun.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

We were young then -- and we didn't care.
It was summer and the south swell, the
summer swell, the summer swell was strong
and the water was warm.

6 FULL SHOT - CARS

JACK BARLOW and MITCH THE MASOCHIST, supporting what appears
to be a dead BODY, stagger along the dirt path toward the
gate. They carry surfboards with their outside arms. Jack is
a tall, good-looking, strong kid and Mitch is a powerfully
built kid with a savage, crazy face. The Body is dressed in
a ragged Hawaiian shirt and torn pants -- he is a silhouette
-- faceless.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

I remember the three friends best.
It was really their place, their time.
They were the ones who had started it
all -- They were the Big Names, the
Kings -- our own royalty -- and it was
their last great summer.

They walk further into the soft morning light.

JACK

(singing)

'And I believe the magic of your sighs
-- Will you still love me tomorrow.'

MITCH

She had thighs hand-shaped by God, man,
thighs by God -- I gotta do it.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

'You say that I'm the only one --
but will my heart be broken when the
night meets the morning sun.'

MITCH

Hey, Jack. You ever been in love?

JACK

Nope... but I've sure been stoked.

They come to the gate in the cyclone fence. It is a narrow opening and only one of them can fit through at a time. Every surfer must pass through this gate. Below, the beach drops away to the sea and this small corner is called The Pit. Later in the day, The Pit will be filled by The Big Names and everyone who passes will undergo their scrutiny. But now in the dawn light only the sand blows in the morning wind. They pause at the gate.

JACK

(continuing)

Hold it. Stop.

They stop -- Jack lets go of his half of the Body. It lands limp on Mitch.

JACK

(continuing; to Body)

You wanta go through that gate, you're
going have to do it on your own... let
him go, Mitch.

Mitch lets go of the Body and he wavers on his own two feet. He staggers through the narrow gate and Mitch and Jack follow behind carrying their boards.

JACK

(continuing)

Where's your board?

BODY

~~In my car...~~

JACK

Where's your car?

BODY

~~I don't know.~~

Mitch and Jack support the Body again with their inside arms and start down the sandy hill.

BODY

(continuing)

~~I got the whirlies.~~

7 BEACH WALL - BARBED WIRE FENCE

Two GREMMIES stand by their boards that are propped up against an old barbed wire fence at the bottom of the pit. Both of them are dripping wet and they shiver in the early morning cold. One kid is tall and dorky looking and his mouth is hung open in a kind of dumb stare. His hair is bleached out white on top from peroxide and he has on baggy trunks with beer labels on them. His surfboard is new and shining. Next to him is the other gremmie, a younger kid with an innocent expression.

TALL KID

(in a dorky voice)

The waves are so good. I got sooo many good rides out there. Did you see that bitchen nose ride I got? It was sooo good. I hung ten over just like Lance Johnson.

LITTLE KID

I'm stoked.

Jack and Mitch walk up, still supporting the Body.

MITCH

(to Tall Kid)

Hey, man, like can we borrow your board? My friend really needs to get in the water bad.

The Tall Kid pretends he doesn't hear. There's a long uneasy silence. Finally the Kid looks up arrogantly. His little friend tries to mimic him.

TALL KID

Well, look, uh, I don't know who you are. I don't lend my stick to people, you know... I'm a team rider for Gordon and Smith...

MITCH

You're probably a Big Name or something. Like I'm sorry that I didn't recognize you, man, but my friend still needs a board.

The Kid gives the Body an appraising look.

TALL KID

Well, man, ask somebody else. I can't lend my stick to some ho-dad.

MITCH

He's no ho-dad, fella, you're talking about Lance Johnson.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

The Kid smiles laconically and looks down, chewing on an imaginary piece of gum. He flips his peroxide hair out of his eyes.

TALL KID

Hey, man, don't try to put me on.
I mean, who do you think I am, some
valley kook, man?

Mitch lets go of his half of the Body, puts down his board and stands in front of the Tall Kid, pointing into his bony chest.

MITCH

Look you little pencil-neck geek --
we own this beach. What do you think
you're doing here anyway?

The Tall Kid backs away. The Little Kid grabs his board off the fence and hands it to Mitch. It's an old waterlogged board with a broken-off nose and rotted yellow foam.

LITTLE KID

You can use my board. I don't care
'cause it's wrecked.

MITCH

(genuine)

Thank you -- Thank you very much.

8 SHOREBREAK

Mitch and Jack push the Body out to sea on the Kid's board. He drifts out past the shorebreak and his limp arms paddle occasionally. Mitch and Jack paddle out after him and escort him out to the point.

9 OCEAN

BODY

~~How big is it?~~

JACK

It's about six with sets of seven.

BODY

~~I don't think I can do it like this.~~
~~I'll just drown.~~

JACK

Well, man, you do whatever you have to.
I gotta get some waves.

Mitch and Jack begin to paddle away.

(CONTINUED)

9

CONTINUED:

BODY

~~You guys aren't going to leave me here like this, are you? Mitch? Jack? If I roll over I'll drown. I'll drown and drift over to the pier and the sharks will eat me with the garbage. All you'll find is this shitty board.~~

Mitch and Jack turn and start for a peak building outside the point. In a moment they are gone. The Body rubs his aching head.

BODY

(continuing)

~~Shit.~~

10

POINT

The kids walk up the beach towards the point.

TALL KID

You shoulda never let that kook leech your board.

LITTLE KID

I had to or the other guy would've pounded you... Besides, it's their beach.

TALL KID

Yeah, well, how were we 'sposed to know?

LITTLE KID

(pointing)

Look, he's in the lineup.

11

OCEAN

The Body doesn't paddle really. He just sort of raises his arms out of the water and lets them fall in again. But somehow he has drifted into the center of the peak near some other surfers and a good set is coming. The first wave passes under him and he is almost run down by TWO SURFERS taking off.

FIRST SURFER

Coming down...

The second wave is bigger and starts to rise ominously behind him. He flops his arms.

12

CLOSE SHOT - KIDS

TALL KID

Wow. He's gonna get sucked over. Geez, he'll probably drown. Look, he's even got the board pointed left. Oh wow!

13 OCEAN

The waves suck the back of the board up. His arms flop again. Suddenly, the board slips forward and starts to careen down the wave left, right towards the gaping jaws of the Tube. The body pulls himself teetering to his knees, and then one foot, and finally the other. He is all bent over at the bottom of the wave with eight feet of water about to fold on him. Suddenly it happens! The legs in a crouch straighten. The hands flash around, the head held erect, the whole body tensed with power. The board goes past the Tube down into the flat in front of the wave and leans over on its side so that the fin is almost showing. The legs flex and the board and rider rocket through the blasting hook and up into the face.

The arms turn again and the board blazes up across the concave lip holding on only with its inside edge and cutting a solid arc that breaks the wave in half. Then down, down with incredible speed and into another searing forty-foot bottom turn with the back arched and one hand out casually seeming to hold up the onrushing section. The wave steepens suddenly and the toes are extended over the tip of the board. The section comes over and the feet deftly back-pedal to the middle of the board giving such tremendous momentum that board and rider literally blow the white water apart and emerge onto the clean face again. At this point the rider holds his stomach and belches loudly.

Then he shuffles the board out under his feet smoothly and starts to turn swiftly up and down the wave in a smooth but violent roller-coaster motion. Weaving with the curl, gaining speed with each arching turn. Another surfer is encountered here and the rider slips his board over the top of the wave. He stands there for a moment, casually gliding in the flat water -- And then falls off head first into the ocean.

14 CLOSE SHOT - KIDS

The Tall Kid's mouth hangs open more than usual.

TALL KID

That is Lance Johnson.

LITTLE KID

Yeah, and he's riding my board!

TITLES: OVER MONTAGE of black-and-white photos, showing characters, waves, boards and spirit of the surfing life -- Circa 1963 -- The last great summer.

15 CLOSE SHOT - KIDS

A SHOT we will see again -- an expression we will come to know -- two kids, young gremlins about fourteen or fifteen, their eyes glued on something far away, something they want, but can't yet have --

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

-- a special feeling for more than just the wave or the surfer they are watching. A sense of awe and promise. A sense of pure unabashed enthusiasm and respect. Stoked. Stoked out of their minds.

16 FULL SHOT - PIER

The kids stand on the end of the long and rickety pier down from the point. It is black with age and most of the small shacks that were once on it have been removed. Soon it will be condemned.

17 FULL SHOT - BEAR'S SHACK

At the end of the pier across from the rusted boat-launching hoist is Bear's Shop, a ramshackle edifice of rotting wood and tin. Everything is darkened or rusted from the weather, except some newly painted signs -- BEAR CAGE -- SURFBOARDS AND BAIT. ASK FOR BEAR. THIS IS NOT A DRESSING ROOM. SEE IF YOU CAN GET THIS BEAR DRUNK. BEER BY THE BOTTLE INSIDE.

18 DIFFERENT ANGLE - BEAR

Silhouetted against the morning sun is BEAR. He is about 32, stocky, dark and bearded. His clothes are covered with fish scales and resin stains. He has a darkly commanding presence about him as he watches the distant point with field glasses. The two young surfers (gremlins), DENNY and FLEA, stand near him. They, like the generation of surfers who came before them, see everything in the Bear.

Bear seems to smile.

BEAR

Go on, Lance -- stay high in the section -- that's right, bottom turn out, blast through. Keep your speed. Stay in trim. Now give me a cut-back.

Denny and Flea watch intently.

DENNY

He's got such a boss cut-back.

BEAR

Do it!

He sighs with satisfaction and hands the glasses to Flea.

FLEA

Jesus. He's gonna get back on the nose.

Bear walks back towards a wooden surfboard on a sawhorse.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

BEAR

The whole ride was the cut-back --
-- the rest was just to get there.

DENNY

How do you mean?

BEAR

When you can cut-back like Lance,
you'll know what I mean.

He looks down the sleek shape of a raw balsa wood board,
feels the sun with his open hand.

He pulls a long piece of fiberglass over the board and starts
to cut it.

DENNY

Was Lance always hot? I mean when
he was my age?

BEAR

You think he's really great don't you?

DENNY

Yeah -- I -- I'd like to surf like
that when I get hot.

BEAR

He's good, so is Jack and Mitch in
his own way. They need more --
experience -- something extra to be
great -- Being a great surfer is
more than a good cut-back. Lance will
be great some day. They could all do
it if they keep on surfing.

DENNY

Whataya mean? Those guys are so stoked.
They'll surf forever.

Bear looks up from his work. The board is draped in a neat
fiberglass shroud.

BEAR

Nobody surfs forever.

Denny and Flea look stunned. They watch as Bear walks over
to a pile of buckets and starts opening some resin.

DENNY

You still do it... don't you, Bear?

BEAR

Only when it's necessary.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

He stirs up the resin.

BEAR
(continuing)

Look, I know what it means to be stoked. I know what it's like to have the bug... but I know what can happen. I know how things can change.

19 CLOSE SHOT - RESIN

He pours it on his board in a large, thick pool. The gremmies look down at it as Bear spreads it out over the board with his brush -- he uses measured, even strokes, lapping up the viscous liquid here and moving it there. Only his hands show.

BEAR
Hell, one time I lived in my car a whole year and ate only cottage cheese because it was more efficient... I did nothing but travel up and down the coast looking for waves. I didn't think about anything else.

DENNY
Not even chicks?

Bear laughs to himself.

BEAR
I'd fall in love now and then... but they could never take me for very long. Just like now -- I can get 'em here -- I just can't keep 'em here.

The gremmies listen. They've heard the stories before from others perhaps, but this time will be burned into their minds forever.

FLEA
When was that, Bear?

BEAR
After World War II. There was only about four or five of us around here then -- guys like Joe Quigg, Woodie Barnes, Bob Simmons... They were real gentlemen. They were solid guys... We had The Point all to ourselves.

FLEA
What happened?

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

BEAR

Korea stopped us short... I learned a lot in Korea -- I walked out of Chosin Reservoir -- I wanted the Commies to shoot me so I wouldn't have to be cold anymore -- I only thought about one thing then -- that if I lived I'd come back here -- and never want for anything more.

He starts tucking the fiberglass around the rails with his brush.

BEAR

(continuing)

I came back here with the others -- those that were left... It was devotion, like seeing a girl again. We swore we would never leave, but I'm the only one that's still here.

DENNY

What happened to those guys?

BEAR

Got married. Settled down. Went on to something else. I never see them anymore.

A WOMAN and two small KIDS wander up with fishing poles.

WOMAN

You have fresh bait?

BEAR

Sure thing -- same as yesterday. Denny. Wrap up some chopped mussel.

Denny digs into a bucket and comes up with the chopped mussel. It smells foul. Bear trims the wet fiber down around the board. Denny wraps the bait quickly in some newspaper and hands it to the woman, taking her money. It is obvious he has done this many times before and others have done it before him. There are prerogatives and glassing surfboards and telling stories should never be interfered with.

FLEA

What kind of a board is that. I've never seen a shape like that.

BEAR

My board -- it's a big wave board -- a gun -- I rode it in the islands -- One time I rode it alone in Point surf at Makaha at 20 feet --

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

DENNY

You rode twenty feet alone?

FLEA

That's so hairy.

BEAR

You're always alone anyway if you think about it -- That's the test of a surfer... to ride alone. You shouldn't have to depend on anybody but yourself. That's when you can appreciate your friends.

He finishes his board and stands up to admire his handiwork. The board is long and sleek and the balsa well matched in grain and weight. There is much more work to be done but already there is something about this board.

FLEA

You ever gonna ride this board again, Bear?

DENNY

You'd have to go back to the islands to get anything big enough for it to work. Wouldn't you?

BEAR

No.

He starts clearing up around the area.

BEAR

(continuing)

You'll here talk every now and then of a big day -- it's true -- a big day -- no explanation -- no known storm fronts -- just a big day. A day when the ocean surprises you -- makes you remember what's out there. Makes you draw the line.

He walks to the edge of the pier -- the gremmies look wide-eyed.

BEAR

(continuing)

It'll happen here -- if you wait long enough -- It happened in '53 -- ten years ago -- the swells were far apart -- 20 to the set -- it kept building -- building just coming across the horizon in tremendous black lines -- Few rode -- a guy was killed --

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (3)

He looks into the water.

BEAR

(continuing)

Never more than a few ride -- It's going to happen again -- It'll be a swell so big and so strong that it'll wipe clean everything that went before it -- and everything that follows will never be the same. That's when this board'll be ridden.

DENNY

Did you ride in '53?

BEAR

Yeah, but I didn't distinguish myself -- my day came in '56 -- in the islands -- The same thing -- a big day -- Bigger than anyone could ever imagine -- a day when you draw the line. That's the last time I rode this board -- It'll come again -- and that's when Lance, Jack and Mitch could distinguish themselves -- that's when they could draw the line.

20 OCEAN

Jack and Lance, high up on their knees, paddle their boards out through the glinting inside cove. They have stoked expressions. The bubbling surf, the sun on their backs, the power pulsating through their youthful bodies. They are carefree, feeling the exhilaration of the moment.

Lance is towing another surfboard with his foot and it trails behind him. He paddles up to a KID swimming in through the waves and shoves him the board.

KID

(to Lance)

Hey, wow, you're Lance Johnson, aren't you?

The Kid scrambles onto his board. Lance and Jack continue paddling out.

They paddle up to Mitch who is sitting on his board waiting for a wave. He grins. There is a cut on his forehead. Blood trickles down his face.

JACK

Mitch, you're bleeding.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

MITCH
I don't give a shit.

A wave looms up and Mitch swings his board around and starts to take off. The wave steepens and begins to topple over. Mitch snaps his board around and takes two jerky hops toward the nose.

LANCE
~~Whooo-hoo!~~ Go, Masochist!

Mitch jerks his hips mambo fashion, weaving his way through the bowl. He rises high in the wave, defying the sucking tube. Suddenly, his board drops out beneath him. Mitch flails his arms, trying to gain balance. His board catches an edge, pearls into the wave, then comes knifing up between Mitch's legs. CRACK. THUD. He is twirled over in the explosion of foam. Lance and Jack watch intently.

JACK
Oh, Jesus.

LANCE
~~Right between the legs.~~

About ten yards down the line, Mitch comes to the surface with a pained but triumphant expression.

MITCH
(yelling)
Rail sandwich!

21 ANOTHER ANGLE

Jack and Lance come paddling up to a bunch of surfers, straddling their boards in the kelp beds. There's a big, tough-looking guy in cut-off Levis -- ENFORCER. And a thick guy with a mean face -- CRUSHER. And there's FLY, OSTRICH and PANHEAD, dorky-looking surfers that resemble their names. And there's a blonde, cocky-looking surfer -- MICKEY THE CAT. All of them have strong builds, dark tan and faded trunks.

A good five-foot wave peaks up just off the point. Jack whips his board around and paddles over into position.

LANCE
(to Jack)
~~It's get your name on it.~~

Jack makes a late take-off as a thin veil of water peels across his chest. He arches his back, then takes two quick agile steps to the nose, holding his hands close to his side -- typical of his intense, classical style. Jack zooms by on the wave. Everybody looks back over their shoulders and watches.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

He squeaks through section after section, making it through at the last possible second. Jack is clearly ripping the wave apart.

ENFORCER

(yelling)

Go Scoota.

FLY

(yelling)

Rip it, Barlow.

OSTRICH

Go, Jack.

Jack bursts through the back of the wave and glides into the flat water on his board. He gets down and starts to paddle back out, satisfied grin on his face.

LANCE

(yelling to Jack)

Good one.

Lance paddles up farther and sits with the crew straddling their boards in the kelp beds.

LANCE

(continuing)

Enforcer, how's it cracking?

ENFORCER

Great, Lance baby. I just ran over three kooks.

FLY

Wish you'd get Porkchops.

ENFORCER

(to Lance)

Jack got a nice ride -- he's getting hot on the tip -- like you.

LANCE

(smiles)

Thanks.

FLY

... Hey, what are we going to do about all these valley cowboys?

ENFORCER

Run them over. Survival of the fittest --

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

He turns and strokes powerfully for a wave, gritting his teeth maniacally. Formidable!

ENFORCER

(continuing)

-- Natural selection -- Coming down, assholes!

He catches the wave, disappears momentarily from sight as he drops in and comes searing up in a good turn.

ENFORCER

(continuing)

My wave, punks!

No one dares take off -- he turns casually up and down looking mean and takes two steps to trim his board through an oncoming section.

ENFORCER

(continuing)

Hey! -- Coming down!

The surfer at the end of the section obviously doesn't hear or doesn't need to. It's a young girl about 16, a beginner -- out of control with a sweet innocent expression on her face. She has negotiated the take-off -- somehow turned and is getting the ride of her life -- stoked. Enforcer comes steaming up from behind, shrugs his shoulders -- embarrassed -- and takes the wet axe in the next section -- the girl slides through.

22 CLOSE - ENFORCER

He stands in the rocks watching his board wash in and then looks off wistfully towards the girl.

23 FULL SHOT - THE GROUP

They laugh.

CRUSHER

Rock dance.

PANHEAD

Get her number, Enforcer -- she's your type.

FLY

Yeah, man -- utilize it.

Mickey shrugs -- turns to Lance.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

MICKEY

It's an invasion -- I mean these valley barbarians are even using women in the front ranks -- They depend on our chivalry -- they know we're the last of our kind and can't help ourselves --

(he puts his hands up)

-- Your wave, Lance baby.

A hollow four-footer looms up and Lance is in position. He glides easily into the wave with one stroke. He fades his board left and swings it around right with the grace and power that has made him famous. Everyone watches as the wave lines up and Lance takes four casual steps and stands with his hands to his side and his toes curled over the tip of his board.

24 LANCE'S POV

An unforgettable moment -- a peak, an essence. A wave stretches out in front and builds into a rising emerald wall -- surfers paddle up and over as if in slow motion, their boards forming a myriad of colors against the greens of the sea, the kelp and rocks passing below and the crisp white of the curl. It is a summer tapestry framed in golden light -- the wave -- the surfer -- the rocks -- the coast -- the sky -- all held for eternity and rushing by in an instant. Friends pass by waving.

BREATHMAN

Go, Lance -- hot!

OSTRICH

Hoot! -- Hoooot! All-time hooter --

Kids look up and smile.

25 CLOSE SHOT - LANCE

He smiles with an innocent joy -- the height of freedom -- the pride of being good at what you do -- the last vestige of a carefree adolescence -- a golden moment.

26 LANCE'S POV

Enforcer paddles below with the young girl -- they smile up as we PASS.

ENFORCER

Do it, Lance -- Crack it!

He smiles at the girl and is gone -- then suddenly Mitch is SEEN in the oncoming wall -- he spins around, takes off -- his board smoking white spray in front of us -- laughing back over his shoulder.

27 DIFFERENT ANGLE

Jack strokes into the wave, turns smoothly and all three ride abreast laughing and pushing one another.

LANCE

~~My wave~~ my wave.

MITCH

Go back to the valley.

JACK

Get on Mitch's board -- come on!

Lance steps to Mitch's board -- Jack steps back on it -- their own boards bounce away after battering at their knees and then, for a brief second, all three friends are on the same board yelling and clowning as they ride into the steep shore-break and the wave collapses on them, sending them sprawling end over end.

28 DIFFERENT ANGLE

Mitch ends up on the sand in a contorted position -- Lance and Jack wash up on the rocks -- they all howl with laughter.

DISSOLVE TO:

29 THE PIT

The Pit is the dirty rugged part of the beach that commands a view of the entire point -- the chosen place of the Big Names. There are clumps of seaweed here and there, swarming with kelp flies. An old barbed-wire fence runs along the steep incline of sand and an array of different colored long boards are propped up against it. Behind the fence is a sea of rusty tin cans and broken bottles and then a tall crumbling white brick wall, covered with graffiti: PORKCHOPS IS A KOOK -- LONG LIVE KING LANCE -- TODAY THE POINT TOMORROW THE WORLD.

Scattered around the Pit are more of The Point regulars. Some lounge on old, beat-up couches and others lie stomach-first in the sand. There's CHUBBY and BOOGIE, the Hawaiians, strumming their guitars. There's STORK and Breathman. They drink wine and glare at the kooks walking down through the Pit, carrying their boards.

Jack walks up out of the water and sets his board carefully against the fence. WAXER (short for The Midnight Waxer), a wild-looking youth with flowing red hair, walks over wearing his ragged, ankle-length Luftwaffe officer's coat.

WAXER

Hey, Jack -- gonna be a hooter -- I just scored a keg for your party, man.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

Jack
What party?

WAXER
Lance said you're having another
hooter tonight.

Jack looks over and glares at Lance, who walks up.

LANCE
~~Come on, Jack -- Let's get radical.~~
Summer's almost over.

JACK
No more destructos.

LANCE
~~Would I let that happen?~~

30 ANOTHER ANGLE

Sitting at the bottom of the Pit are Mitch and CRAZY KATE, 20, noble-breasted, tanned and sexy. She radiates feminine warmth. Mitch leans over closer to Kate and puts his hand on her thigh.

MITCH
Come on, Kate. Let's get radical.

Kate smiles and shakes her head.

KATE
I'm trying to quit.

Lance comes up carrying his board. Kate jumps to her feet and kisses him on the cheek.

KATE
(continuing)
Oooh. You were great. You're hot.

Lance casually sets his board against the old barbed-wire fence and belches loudly.

LANCE
~~Thanks...~~

Denny trots up carrying a new, shining yellow surfboard. He plops the board in the sand in front of Lance, Kate and Mitch and stands back to admire it.

DENNY
Bitchen, huh?

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

LANCE

New? --- It's a beautiful board.

DENNY

Think I can hang ten on this one?

LANCE

~~Just do what the wave calls for...~~
you'll get it.

Mitch picks up Denny's board and looks it over.

MITCH

Yeah, this is a nice little stick,
just my style. I love the way Bear
finishes a board. I think I'll nose
ride it through that shallow section
near the rocks.

Jack walks up, looks over at Mitch and grins. He takes some
wax from his wax pocket.

JACK

(tossing the wax
to Mitch)

Here, Mitch, you're gonna need some wax.

DENNY

(to Mitch)

Come on, give it to me.

Mitch throws the board back down on the sand and begins to
wax it up.

MITCH

This board needs to be blooded, kid.

DENNY

Come on, it's brand new.

Mitch stands up and hands the board to Denny.

MITCH

Get out of here before we pants you.

Kate looks disturbed as she watches Denny scurry away carry-
ing his new yellow board.

KATE

You guys are really mean.

LANCE

~~Aw, hell, Kate...~~ We all had to go
through that shit. You have to earn
your way.

30 CONTINUED: (2)

JACK

When we were gremmies they would
have grabbed that board and ripped
the skeg off.

Mitch looks over in the Pit and sees two GIRLS sitting on
their towels soaking rays. They have well-shaped, hard
bodies.

MITCH

Boss clam.

31 GIRLS

One of the girls spots Mitch walking towards her.

FIRST GIRL

(to her friend)

Oh, no. Here comes that Masochist
guy again.

SECOND GIRL

Oogh. He looks dangerous.

Mitch walks up.

MITCH

(to First Girl)

Hey, like there's a party tonight.
I mean like it's gonna be an all-time
hooter. Wanna go with me?

FIRST GIRL

But I don't even know you.

MITCH

I told you. I'm Mitch the Masochist.
You're gonna like me. I'm really an
animal.

32 EXT. STARBURGER CAFE

Starburger Cafe is a down-home hash house across the street
from the pier. A large neon star, now in disrepair, marks
the spot. Tanned young girls with bleached blonde hair sit
beneath the star and watch their boyfriends twirl around the
sidewalk on skateboards.

33 INT. STARBURGER

Inside the cafe there are a few tables and a counter for
eating. Along the counter are selectors for the jukebox --
five cents a song. Framed photos of old-time movie stars
line the walls.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

LUCY, a loud, rough, kind-hearted old bat, stands behind the counter with SALLY, the new waitress. Sally is a beautiful girl. Blonde hair, blue eyes, long and lean. She has a sort of wholesomeness. Sally is wiping the tops of some ketchup bottles and Lucy is busying herself behind the grill.

Sally looks out through the windows and sees Jack, Lance, and Mitch walking towards the cafe. She focuses on Jack.

LUCY

And as far as the scrambled eggs
go, there ain't nothing to it...
Just heat up the pan, throw in the
eggs and beat the shit out of them.

The boys walk into the cafe. Sally catches herself, turns to Lucy, and smiles politely. The boys walk up and sit down at the counter.

LUCY

(continuing; in a
routine voice)

I told you all about coming in here
with bare feet...

LANCE

What's the special today, Lucy?

LUCY

Spaghetti.

(she turns to Sally)

Three spaghettis, honey.

Sally starts to dish up the spaghetti.

LUCY

(continuing; to Jack)

Have you decided where you're going
to college?

JACK

(defiantly)

Nope. Mitch and I are going to
the Islands instead.

Sally looks over and listens in as she scoops up the spaghetti.

LUCY

What the hell are you gonna do
over there?

LANCE

Ride 20-foot waves.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (2)

MITCH

(grinning)

All we'll need is an old car to
sleep in and a 50-pound bag of rice.
It'll last us the winter.

LUCY

(to Jack)

I thought you were going to college.

JACK

I've changed my mind.

LUCY

You're gonna need an education.

JACK

I'll get a good one...

LUCY

How the hell are you going to make
a living?

JACK

I'm not afraid to work. I work.

LUCY

Why don't you make something
respectable out of yourself?

JACK

I'm a well-respected surfer.

LUCY

(angry)

That's not a sport -- it's a disease.

Sally turns around holding two plates of spaghetti and cracks
up at Lucy's comment. They all turn and look at her.

SALLY

It just struck me funny -- that's all.

Everyone looks stunned. The boys stare at Sally. Lucy goes
back to her grill and slams down a couple of hamburgers.

LUCY

Boys, this is Sally. She's just out
of Chicago. She's a nice girl. Don't
give her no trouble.

The boys smile and nod. Jack follows Sally with his eyes as
she puts the spaghetti down in front of Lance and Mitch.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (3)

JACK
(to Sally)
You don't look like you're from
Chicago.

Sally laughs.

JACK
(continuing)
How long you've been out here?

Mitch takes a noodle up on his fork and flicks it over at
Lance. The noodle drapes across Lance's nose. Lance casually
keeps eating. Sally looks surprised.

SALLY
(to Jack)
About three weeks.

Lance scoops up a few strands of spaghetti and flings it over
at Mitch. The noodles cling to his forehead. Sally can't
believe it.

JACK
How do you like it?

Mitch nonchalantly takes another forkload of spaghetti and
flicks it back at Lance. The noodles stick in his hair.
Sally is wide-eyed.

SALLY
(looking at Lance and Mitch)
I like... it a lot.

Simultaneously, Lance and Mitch dig into their bowls and
start heaving clumps of spaghetti at each other. Lucy slams
down her spatula, stomps over and plants herself in front of
Lance and Mitch, their faces caked with spaghetti.

LUCY
You boys are getting a little old
for that, don't you think?

She picks up a dish towel and tosses it at Lance. Lance
takes the dish towel and starts cleaning up his mess.

LANCE
~~Sorry, Lucy. I guess we got carried~~
~~away.~~

LUCY
Well, get carried away somewhere else.
Come on, out. And don't come back till
you learn some manners.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (4)

Lance sets down the dish towel and he and Mitch start for the door. Jack gets up from the counter and turns to Sally, looking embarrassed.

JACK
Well... nice to meet you.

He turns and follows Lance and Mitch out the door.

34 EXT. STARBURGER

The boys walk along the sidewalk outside the cafe. Lance and Mitch brush spaghetti from their hair. Jack clenches his fist and slams it against his leg.

JACK
Damn, she's pretty.
(he looks over and eyes
Lance)
The timing wasn't right.

DISSOLVE TO:

35 INT. STARBURGER - EVENING

Lucy is behind the counter with her back to Sally, scrubbing the grill. Sally is out sweeping the floor. Most of the chairs are set up on top of the tables. MUSIC PLAYS OVER THE JUKEBOX. The front door opens and Jack pokes his head into the cafe. Sally tries to ignore him and Lucy keeps scrubbing.

LUCY
All they do is hang around the beach
with those waves flopping in and out
all day --

Jack walks slowly over towards Sally with his hands in his pockets. He takes a chair and sets it up on the table. Sally looks up for a moment and then goes back to her sweeping. Lucy continues unaware.

LUCY
(continuing)
They're good kids -- You can't help
liking them -- but they're worthless --
they're lazy good-for-nothings. They
could care less.

Sally and Jack look at each other. Their eyes begin to smile.

LUCY
(continuing)
If you ever go out with one of
them -- I'll fire you.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

Lucy turns around and sees Jack and Sally absorbed in each other.

SALLY

You're the guy that rides the red board, aren't you?

Jack smiles and nods his head.

DISSOLVE TO:

36 EXT. BARLOW HOUSE - NIGHT

Pacific Palisades is a respectable upper-middle-class neighborhood inhabited by young executives and wives dedicated to PTA and Cub Scouts.

It is a neighborhood of ranch-style homes with manicured lawns and trimmed hedges.

The Barlow house is distinguished from its counterparts by its unkept yard, a driveway jammed with derelict cars and the droves of Jack's friends wandering in and out of the house.

Tonight the Barlow house is bursting at its seams. Lights blaze from every room. The outrageous SOUNDS of a PARTY shake the house and flood the streets -- BLARING MUSIC, LAUGHTER, SHOUTING, HOOTING, and GIRLISH SHRIEKS. Red lights glow from the garage. Girls climb in and out of a side window. Neighbors on either side of the Barlow house nervously pace the sidewalks.

ENGINES REV, TIRES SCREECH, headlights appear out of the darkness. '57 Chevy Bel Aires, Nomads, panel trucks, '57 Ford station wagons and '50 Olds Fastbacks with surfboards hanging out of the trunk. They scoot into parking spots, filling both sides of the street.

Denny and Flea sit on the fence in the front yard, smoking cigarettes, trying to look tough. Bear, Chubby and Boogie stagger towards the front door arm-in-arm, carrying their guitars.

Combed and clean, Ostrich, Stork, Panhead, Breathman and Fly walk into the party with their dates. Mitch and Masochist zooms into the driveway and parks his Porsche speedster behind Jack's woodie. A surfboard occupies the passenger seat. Mitch heads into the party wearing only a pair of dripping wet trunks.

Lance hisses down the street in his '40 Ford, jumps the curb and parks on the front lawn. Girls squeal and giggle and spill out of his car. With them is Crazy Kate. Lance pulls a keg of beer from his trunk. The girls start toward the house. Lance struggles with the keg and then powers into the party alone.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

DENNY

(to Flea)

Is that guy casual or what?

37 INT. BARLOW HOUSE - JACK'S PARTY ROOM

The party room is a converted garage that looks like a cross between a Tahitian bar and a whorehouse -- red lights overhead, painted egg cartons on the ceiling, a hatch cover bar and classic surfing photos framed in bamboo.

A pyramid of beer cans stands in the corner. Album covers are plastered to the walls -- Chuck Berry, Little Richard, Fats Domino, The Shirelles, Four Seasons, Coasters, and Elvis Presley.

MUSIC STILL BLARES OVER the HI-FI. Jack and Sally, absorbed in each other, dance in the midst of a room packed solid with sweat-covered steaming bodies. Sally looks bewildered and fascinated. She has never been to a party like this before. They are all there. The Big Names from the South Bay. DEWY SMITH, PHIL MILLER, RUSTY ERICKSON, MALCOMB McCASSEY, MIKE DOYLE, BOBBY McTAVISH and, of course, the Crew from The Point -- Enforcer, Crusher, Waxer, Mickey Miles, RUDE RUDY, Ostrich, Fly, Stork, Panhead, Breathman and Mitch the Masochist.

Everyone sways in unison to the ROCK AND ROLL. The girls wear sexy sweaters and tight skirts. They do the Jerk, the Stomp, the Mashed Potatoes and the Watusi. Waxer fiendishly shuffles through a large stack of 45's sitting next to the record player.

38 ANOTHER ANGLE

Crazy Kate walks into the room followed by six tanned girls. Kate stands out from the rest with her broad smile, noble breasts, and her tightly-fitted, multi-colored 1920's hooker dress. She looks smashing. Kate throws her arms around Jack and gives him a big lipstick kiss. Sally watches.

KATE

(giggling)

We brought some extra chicks.
Thought you could use 'em.

JACK

Boss... Kate, I want you to meet
Sally. Sally, this is Crazy Kate.

SALLY

(straining to be
heard over the music)

Hi, Crazy Kate.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

KATE

Hi.

The girls standing behind Kate start to squeal and giggle. Lance comes busting through them carrying the keg.

LANCE

(in his Elvis
Presley voice)

~~You go through 'em... Not around 'em,~~

Lance sets the keg down and Waxer, Crusher and Enforcer gather around.

WAXER

Ole. It's a big one.

LANCE

~~Let's tap the sonovabitch.~~

Crusher holds the keg. Lance leans into it with the spigot. Immediately beer starts squirting up from the keg, spraying the dancers. Jack takes Sally by the hand and starts for the door.

JACK

(to Sally)

Let's get out of here.

39 EXT. PATIO

Jack and Sally walk out onto a small patio just outside the party room. They sit down in a lounge chair. In the f.g. Boogie plays his guitar and Bear, Chubby, Denny and Flea huddle around a barbecue.

SALLY

Who are all these people?

JACK

They're my friends.

SALLY

Who's that guy that looks like
John Wayne?

JACK

(laughing)

That's Enforcer... He keeps law and
order.

(pointing)

That's Bear over there.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

SALLY

What's he do?

JACK

He's always been sort of the Big Daddy around here.

Another RECORD, even LOUDER than before, comes BLARING from the party room -- the hypnotic throb of Chuck Berry. Lance races across the patio with Crazy Kate by the hand.

SALLY

I've never been to a party like this ... Don't the neighbors mind?

JACK

They're used to it. I just tell them to turn down their hearing aids.

40 INT. MRS. BARLOW'S BEDROOM

It's a small, tastefully-furnished bedroom. MRS. BARLOW, a small, middle-aged woman with a cheerful face, sits in an easy chair reading a book. The undulating SOUNDS of the PARTY filter into her room -- Mrs. Barlow has been through this a hundred times or more and she has learned to resign herself and let come what may. Her door swings open and a couple of GIRLS rush in.

FIRST GIRL

Whoops. 'Scuse us, Mrs. Barlow. We thought this was the bathroom.

Mrs. Barlow shrugs and returns to her book. The Girls leave giggling. Jack walks in.

JACK

Look. We're just having a little get-together. I only invited a few friends.

Just outside the bedroom window comes the SOUND of someone violently THROWING UP. Mrs. Barlow squirms with each retch.

MRS. BARLOW

The music's too loud.

JACK

We'll turn it down.

MRS. BARLOW

And keep Crusher off my coffee table.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

Outside the bedroom window comes more SOUNDS -- the RUSTLING OF BUSHES and the POUNDING OF FLESH.

CRAZY KATE (O.S.)

Oh, Lance. Oh.

Mrs. Barlow tries to ignore the SOUNDS.

MRS. BARLOW

How many kegs?

JACK

Just one.

MRS. BARLOW

I don't believe it...

41 EXT. PATIO

Bear, Chubby and Boogie are sitting cross-legged around the patio along with Sally, Mitch, Denny and Flea. Boogie plays his guitar and Chubby and Bear stuff themselves with hamburger. Mitch, in a drunken stupor, sits in a deck chair near the barbecue. Denny, Flea and Sally gather around Bear.

SALLY

How big do waves get? They said you'd know.

Bear's mellow expression changes.

BEAR

They've seen death waves 60 feet high.

SALLY

Wow.

CHUBBY

Eh, Bear. Tell her the story about Big Wednesday.

BEAR

Naw... You know, this reminds me of the first dinner for the Big Wave Riders, remember, Chubby? Thanksgiving, 1956.

CHUBBY

Yeah, I remember. We thanked Christ that the waves didn't eat us alive.

Jack walks up and sits down next to Sally.

(CONTINUED)

SALLY

(to Bear)

I'd really like to hear your story.

Bear softens.

BEAR

What story? -- I don't know.

JACK

Tell it, Bear, I want Sally to hear.

Bear sits back against the fence.

BEAR

Boogie, give me another beer. It may not be the same -- it changes each time I tell it.

Boogie hands Bear a beer and everyone becomes quiet. Bear looks over at Jack and Sally as if wanting to communicate the story to them.

BEAR

(continuing)

Well, back in the Islands there was a small group of us that first used to ride big waves on the north shore -- We were a crazy bunch of bastards -- fools. We rode places no one had ever ridden before -- Sometimes things got really hairy -- We were a strange breed -- When we rode Waimea the first time, Simmons was quoting Shakespeare in the lineup.

(he seems to be far away, trying to remember the quote)

Anyway -- the day you wanta hear about was in '58.

He takes a long pull on the beer and looks out over everyone and begins.

BEAR

(continuing)

It was Woody Brown and another guy -- they were best friends -- a friend meant a lot to you then -- especially when it was only the two of you in big water.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (2)

BEAR (CONT'D)

Woody and his friend were riding Sunset Beach -- nobody knew much about Sunset then -- It was getting late and the waves were running about 10 to 12. The sun was almost down when it started to happen.

More surfers move in quietly, sit down on their haunches and begin to listen to the story.

BEAR

(continuing)

A huge set -- coming from the horizon -- the lines long and black -- must have been 18 to 20 feet -- they paddled for their lives.

Denny and Flea look at each other wide-eyed.

BEAR

(continuing)

Up -- up the first waves -- they cleared easily but the next waves were bigger -- they paddled over these and from the tops of them they could see no end to the set -- just towering black walls shutting out the horizon.

Bear's expression is deep -- fanatical -- a mixture of awe and remembered fears -- but his voice is measured -- forced to control.

BEAR

(continuing)

They paddled over sets of 25 raging -- or 30 -- Waves bigger than anyone had ever been in -- out past the lineup -- the whole coast was closed out -- the water churned with black rivers from the riptides -- They had no choice but to paddle down to Waimea where there might be a chance to get in. Waves were hitting the cliff and splashing a hundred feet high.

(he motions with his hands)

They were tired when that set came -- I don't know how big it was -- they paddled up over wave after wave -- 35 to 40 feet high.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (3)

BEAR (CONT'D)

Death waves. Woody couldn't take it anymore -- his arms had turned to rope -- He turned to his friend and said, 'Fuck it, let's drown.'

(he hesitates; his
voice grows quieter)

His friend was tired, too -- he didn't care if he died either and so he didn't stop Woody when he spun around and took off -- The friend paddled out to sea in the middle of the night -- It was pitch black and he was paddling over 60-foot waves and could hear them break behind. The Coast Guard found him the next morning -- two miles off shore -- out of his mind.

He stops, drinks.

SALLY

What about the other one -- the one that rode?

BEAR

He should have made him go on -- They never found Woody -- never found his body -- just pieces of his board.

CHUBBY

Big Wednesday, 1958.

BEAR

Yeah -- well -- it always happens on a Wednesday.

Sally looks at him and then at Jack.

BEAR

(continuing)

Come on, Boogie -- play another song.

Boogie picks up his guitar and starts playing slack key music, soft and tropical.

42 ANOTHER ANGLE

Chubby waddles over to Mitch who still sits in a drunken stupor. Chubby picks up a brush and starts basting Mitch with barbecue sauce.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

Sally turns around and looks at them curiously.

SALLY
(to Jack)
What's he doing?

JACK
His ancestors used to be cannibals.

Chubby brushes a thick coat of barbecue sauce onto Mitch's bare chest and then stuffs the brush into his ear.

CHUBBY
Eh, Boogie. How do you want him, brodda?

BOOGIE
I like hoalies medium rare.

SALLY
(laughing)
Me, too.

She stands up and starts sprinkling Mitch with salt and pepper.

CHUBBY
Eh, Mitch, we're gonna cook you medium rare.

MITCH
I don't give a shit.

43 INT. BATHROOM

A gang of GIRLS are in the bathroom -- they jabber, giggle, gossip, smoke cigarettes, comb their hair, pop bubble gum and take turns squatting on the pot.

FIRST GIRL
I've been trying to get away from Lance Johnson all night.

THIRD GIRL
I think Waxer likes you.

FIFTH GIRL
Did you see that blond guy? He's so cute.

SECOND GIRL
I know. He's really an animal.

FOURTH GIRL
'Fraid not.

SIXTH GIRL
Which one? They're all blond.

FIRST GIRL
How do you know?

THIRD GIRL
'Fraid so. I only know.

FIFTH GIRL
I want to meet him.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

SECOND GIRL FOURTH GIRL
I did it with him Sure now.
last night.

SIXTH GIRL
Ask him for a
cigarette.

FIRST GIRL
You did?

FIFTH GIRL
I don't smoke.

SECOND GIRL
Yeah, why?

SIXTH GIRL
Well, it's time to
start.

FIRST GIRL
I did it with him,
too.

Sally and Kate squeeze into the crowded bathroom. Kate lights up a cigarette. Sally looks hot and her face is flushed. She loosens her blouse and starts splashing cool water around her neck.

Kate holds out her pack of cigarettes.

KATE
Cigarette?

SALLY
No thanks.

She looks in the mirror and adjusts her bra.

KATE
You like Jack, don't you?

SALLY
Sort of.

KATE
He's a great guy. He likes you...
I'm in love with Lance.

Sally nods.

KATE
(continuing)
I'm in love with him... but he's
always with somebody else. People
think he's just a drunkard. I
don't care. I love him.

SALLY
I heard he was the best surfer in
the world.

KATE
That doesn't matter, either.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2)

KATE (CONT'D)

I don't care about any of it -- I love him -- he's the finest guy I know.

44 EXT. BATHROOM WINDOW

Lance stands outside the bathroom window holding the garden hose and grinning fiendishly. Behind him, Waxer rolls around on the ground, doubled over with laughter.

45 INT. BATHROOM

A garden hose snakes in through the bathroom window. A Girl spots the hose and starts to back away.

GIRL

Oh, no.

Suddenly, water comes blasting from the nozzle. The garden hose wiggles around the room like a cobra, soaking every Girl in sight. The Girls scream and swear and try to fight off the spray. Sally and Kate struggle in the tangle of Girls.

46 KATE

fights to grab the hose as it whips around the room of screaming Girls. She reaches out and gets hold of the hose and pinches it to shut off. The water stops. She looks out and sees Lance's beaming face. Kate's angry expression changes to a smile. And then she begins to laugh.

47 INT. JACK'S BEDROOM

It is a small room with a single bed and a desk. Bookcases are jammed with magazines and books and a collage of surfing pictures cover a wall.

Jack fishes through his chest of drawers and Sally stands beside him, soaking wet in her white cotton dress. Jack pulls out an old beat-up pair of Levis. He looks at Sally, then at the Levis. He shakes his head and puts the Levis back in the drawer and starts fishing again.

SALLY

Why do you suppose Lance does things like that?

JACK

I don't know... I guess he likes to make people laugh.

He pulls a new pair of Levis and a fresh T-shirt from his drawer.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

JACK
(continuing)
Here, put these on.

Sally begins to change behind the closet door and Jack sits down on his bed. He reaches into a guitar case, pulls out a Spanish guitar and starts to play. Sally peeks around the closet door and watches. Jack plays a wistful little classical piece. The melody is soft and delicate. Sally looks pleased. She comes out from behind the closet door, transformed by the Levis and T-shirt. On the front of the T-shirt is printed -- SURFBOARDS BY BEAR. She sits down on the bed beside Jack.

SALLY
I didn't know you played.

JACK
I fool around.

He takes the guitar and places it in the open case. He picks up a bottle of wine and starts to pour out a glass.

SALLY
Don't stop... play me another.

JACK
I will... Here, have some wine.

He hands the glass of wine to Sally. Her face is flushed and she already looks a little tipsy. She spills some wine as she takes the glass.

SALLY
Thanks.

Jack starts to pour himself a glass of wine.

She stares at the collage of surfing pictures on the wall.

SALLY
(continuing)
You really love it, don't you?

They sit in silence for a few moments.

JACK
What did you do in Chicago, anyway?

SALLY
Well, I went to school most of the time --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (2)

SALLY (CONT'D)

-- and I worked at the swimming pool in the summer and swam in the water ballet -- I wanted to run away with the boy next door -- He had a motorcycle.

JACK

What happened?

SALLY

He stayed there... I had to get out.

She takes another sip of wine and looks around the room.

SALLY

(continuing)

You guys are really different.

JACK

How do you mean?

Sally shrugs her shoulders and smiles coyly. She takes another sip.

SALLY

I think I'm getting drunk.

Jack revels in the sight of Sally, this fine creature sitting on the edge of his bed -- the soft curves of her breasts in his T-shirt. The fine lines of her long thighs filling his jeans. He is overwhelmed.

JACK

(softly)

I like the way you look.

Sally blushes.

SALLY

You do?

Jack leans over and kisses Sally tenderly on the lips. They embrace and roll back on the bed, kissing, hugging, rubbing.

48 INT. PARTY ROOM

Back in the party room, the red lights, the keg beer and the ROCK-AND-ROLL MUSIC have everyone in a rich, romantic mood. Mitch, Waxer, Crusher, Enforcer, Stork, Ostrich, Fly and Pan-head are up on the floor dancing slow, pressing as tight as they can against their dates.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

PORKCHOPS, looking obnoxious, appears in the doorway with some of his dorky friends. Mitch spots them and walks over.

MITCH

(in a soft voice)

Hey, like this is a closed party.

PORKCHOPS

It doesn't look closed to me.

MITCH

You better split. Like we don't want any crashers.

PORKCHOPS

Fuck you. First you think you own the waves, now you think you own the party.

Mitch slams Porkchops in the mouth. One of Porkchops' dorky friends sneak-tees on Mitch. Crusher and Enforcer jump over and join battle. The fight rages through the room, knocking over the bar and everything else that is standing. Girls stand on the couch and scream. Crazy Kate takes off a shoe and clips a crasher on the head.

Mitch flies in the air and knocks Porkchops cold with a karate kick. Crusher sends one dork flying through the pyramid of beer cans.

Enforcer picks up a dork and throws him out the window. The fight is over. Crusher, Enforcer and Mitch stand in the middle of the floor, beaming and comparing their glorious cuts and bruises.

Lance staggers into the room swinging a beer-soaked T-shirt. His eyes are bloodshot and beady. Everybody moves up against the walls and watches in silence.

Lance's wet T-shirt connects with a lamp and sweeps it to the floor, making a horrible crash. Lance passes out in the rubble.

Jack and Sally come squeezing into the room.

CRUSHER

Boss party, Jack.

MITCH

All-time hooter, Jack. I'm really polluted.

ENFORCER

If you see any crashers, Jack, just let me know.

49 DIFFERENT ANGLE

Empty beer bottles and overturned ashtrays cover the carpet. Boogie is passed out on the couch. A couple makes out in the corner. Fly sits down on an antique end table and squashes it to the floor. Crusher is up on the coffee table executing some slow-motion surfing movements for his friends.

The party drifts into another mood. Fly and Ostrich turn the keg upside down trying to extract the last of the beer. Enforcer passes out in the disrupted pyramid of beer cans. Kate leans over Lance trying to revive him with a wet dish towel. The Big Names from the South Bay and the remaining Crew from The Point prop themselves up for one last dance with their girls.

Jack and Sally dance slowly around the room, holding each other tight.

DISSOLVE TO:

50 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The shadow of the Makeshift with the boards on top moves along the ground. There's a feeling of excitement and adventure in the air. Jack, Sally, Lance, Mitch and Kate are heading south in search of the Big Ones.

51 ANOTHER ANGLE

The Makeshift rounds a bend in the Coast Highway. They pass by a small cove. The ocean glints in the sunlight. There is clean white sand and crystal-clear water. Large beach waves suck out and crash on the shore.

52 INT. MAKESHIFT

Jack and Sally and Mitch sit in the front seat and Lance and Kate fuck beneath a blanket in the back. Jack is at the wheel with Sally close at his side. Mitch sits next to them with a six-pack of beer on his lap and a pump shotgun between his legs. Lance and Kate squirm around on the back seat making loud animal noises.

Mitch polishes off a beer, crumples the can and throws it out the window. He starts fondling the shotgun between his legs.

MITCH
(in a heavy Mexican
accent)

Surfboards -- women -- guns.

JACK
Hey, man. Don't wave that thing
around like that.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

Mitch lowers the gun.

MITCH

We will take Mexico. Have fiesta.
Drink Cervasa.

Sally turns to Jack:

SALLY

We're going to be okay, aren't we?

Mitch raises the gun again.

MITCH

If there's any trouble... We will
shoot our way out.

JACK

Cool it.

Mitch lowers the gun again and opens up another beer with a
can opener. Beer sprays over the dashboard.

MITCH

We are the conquistadores. We shall
take Mexico. Tear it in half. Ride
waves no man has seen before.

The SOUNDS from beneath the blanket in the back seat become
more intense. Lance and Kate rise off the seat in exaggerated
pumps and grinds. Sally turns around to watch. Jack gently
pulls her back around.

The Makeshift rounds another bend on the outskirts of Laguna
Beach. Jack twists his head to look out at the waves.

JACK

Look at that, Mitch, there's a swell.

Immediately the pumping and grinding in the back seat stops.
The blanket comes down. Lance and Kate pop their heads out.

LANCE

~~How~~ big?

Jack looks back at Lance and Kate and smiles.

JACK

It's about five and six. Mexico's
gonna be good.

KATE

Where are we?

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: (2)

Lance lifts his head up and looks out the window.

LANCE

~~Laguna. Mitch, give me another beer.~~

Mitch opens another foamy beer and hands it back to Lance.

MITCH

We fight for gold and honor.

Sally stares at the shotgun propped up between Mitch's legs.

SALLY

Is that thing loaded?

MITCH

This is a 12-gauge, riot gun and,
senorita... it is loaded.

Jack pulls the Makeshift up to a red light and stops. It is the crowded section of Laguna Beach. Endless shops crowd both sides of the street. Hordes of tourists stroll on the sidewalks.

The Greeter, rosy-cheeked and grey-bearded, stands on the corner and waves enthusiastically at every tourist that drives by.

JACK

(to Sally)

That's the Greeter. He's always there.

The group sits in the Makeshift and waves to the Greeter over and over again. The Greeter waves back as if he knows them. Rows of tourists file by on the crosswalk. The red light seems to go on forever. Mitch looks impatient. He grabs hold of his SHOTGUN, leans out the window and aims. BAM. He blows the stoplight out. The RED LIGHT EXPLODES in a shower of glass. Tourists scream. Cars screech to a halt.

MITCH

You can go now. Nothing stands in the way of Francisco Villa.

Jack throws the Makeshift in first and peels rubber through the intersection, nearly smashing into cars.

53 EXT. HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON

Tourists and the Greeter stand on the corner with shocked expressions. They watch the Makeshift disappear in a cloud of black smoke.

DISSOLVE TO:

54 INT. MAKESHIFT

Everyone looks tired and road-worn. They wear bathing suits and their hair is disheveled as if they had been in the water. Jack is still at the driver's seat. Sally rests her head on his shoulder. Mitch, Kate and Lance sit in the back, looking bored. Mitch turns his head and watches Kate's huge bosom jiggle out of control in her bikini top. Mitch turns away, then looks again.

MITCH

(still in a heavy
Mexican accent)

You are a noble-breasted woman.

Kate looks over at Mitch and smiles.

KATE

I ought to be. I'm pregnant.

Everyone is stunned. Jack nearly swerves off the road. Lance turns white. Mitch shakes his head.

KATE

(continuing)

Yeah, I'm really stoked. I'm gonna
have a baby.

JACK

I can't believe it.

MITCH

That's radical.

LANCE

~~Whose is it?~~

Kate searches for an answer and then smiles.

KATE

Well, I guess it's all of ours.

Lance looks embarrassed. They all look at each other.

LANCE

~~Well, he has good breeding.~~

MITCH

He'll be the best surfer ever to
surf The Point.

Lance reaches out and shakes Kate's hand.

LANCE

~~Congratulations, Kate.~~

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

He shakes Mitch's hand.

LANCE
(continuing)
Congratulations, Mitch.

He reaches up to the front seat and shakes Jack's hand.

LANCE
(continuing)
~~Congratulations, Jack.~~

He shakes Sally's hand.

LANCE
(continuing)
~~Sally.~~

SALLY
Congratulations.

DISSOLVE TO:

55 EXT. STREETS OF TIJUANA - LATE AFTERNOON

The Makeshift is parked down at the end of a bumpy dirt side street. The doors are wide open. The group gathers around. Jack is playing the guitar. The SOUNDS of his FLAMENCO MUSIC ECHO from the Makeshift.

It is a neighborhood of clapboard houses, some rundown, others freshly painted in garish colors. The general mood is that of a lazy afternoon in Mexico -- plump women in black shawls visit in their yards, young dirty-faced boys take leisurely leaks in the gutter, mangy dogs nose into garbage cans. It is the kind of afternoon in Mexico that seems to last forever.

JACK
Let's get going. We still have time
to get in the water.

Lance swats a fly from his leg and looks up at Jack.

LANCE
~~Screw it. Let's go back to the~~
~~Long Bar.~~

56 EXT. LONG BAR - NIGHT

Jack, Sally, Lance, Kate and Mitch punch out of the swinging doors of the Long Bar, looking drunker than before.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

Jack puts his arm around Sally. They turn and start walking up the sidewalk.

The lights of the nightclubs flash in bright colors -- The Tropicana, The Pink Pussy, 77 Sunset Strip and The Blue Fox. Gangs of brown-skinned kids scurry along the sidewalks, selling Mexican newspapers and paper flowers. There are taco stands, open plazas and curio shops. Swarming the sidewalks are sailors and Marines and tourists carrying piggy banks and sequined sombreros. Taxis race up and down the main drag in a confusion of traffic. Pimps and pushers in dark sunglasses and seedy suits hang in front of the curio shops and hustle the passersby.

Jack and Sally walk ahead of the others. Sally seems to sparkle and glow. The street-corner Romeos look her over. A good-looking KID, about 18, comes out of the crowd carrying flowers. He smiles at Sally and holds up a bouquet of roses for her to smell.

KID

Te gusta?

Sally is intoxicated by the smell of the fresh roses.

JACK

Sorry. No dinero.

The Kid takes a single pink rose from his bouquet and hands it to Sally. He bows gracefully and walks on. Sally looks pleased. She takes the flower and puts it in her hair.

Young KIDS surround Jack and Sally with their shoeshine boxes.

KIDS

Senor. Shoeshine. Shoeshine.

Jack laughs and looks down at his bare feet.

JACK

Sure. Go ahead.

A young Mexican MAN walks over from his taxi parked at the curb.

MAN

(to Kids)

Andele. Andele. Vamos ustedes.

The Kids scatter.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: (2)

MAN

(continuing: to Jack
and Sally)Marriage, divorce, divorce, marriage
... Twenty minutes to my office. I
have a...(makes a typing
gesture)

... tickey, tickey, tickey.

Jack and Sally walk on, trying to ignore the Man. He races
to catch up. He puts his arm around Jack.

MAN

(continuing: to Jack)

I have a woman for you and a man
for her.Jack laughs, waves his hand and keeps walking. Jack and Sally
stop again in front of a donkey cart picture booth parked
along the curb. The donkey is painted black and white to
look like a zebra. Two KIDS rush up, carrying big sombreros
with "CISCO KID" painted on the front.

FIRST KID

Take your picture?

JACK

Maybe later.

The Kids try to push the big sombreros onto Jack's head.

FIRST KID

Now, Cisco Kid, now.

SECOND KID

Picture for you and su novia.

VOICE

Amigo. Amigo. Over here, amigo.

Jack and Sally turn around and see an older, decadent-looking
Mexican MAN standing in front of a curio shop.

MAN

Free joints with every bargain.

Jack and Sally walk over closer.

JACK

What?

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: (3)

MAN
 (fiendishly)
Mar-i-juana.

Sally nervously pulls at Jack's shirt-sleeve. The Man comes closer.

MAN
 (continuing; to Sally)
 Everything that is against the law
 is more exciting and more desirable.

A familiar WHISTLE RINGS OUT from behind Jack. He spins around and looks.

Mitch hangs his body halfway out of a Tijuana taxi. The taxi zooms away from the curb. Mitch waves his arms wildly and whistles some more.

MITCH
 Hey, Jack. He's gonna sell me his
 sister.

57 EXT. THE BLUE FOX

Jack and Sally, Lance and Kate stand by the entrance to the Blue Fox -- a gaudy nightclub with photos of nude women posted out front. They are all looking at a baby parrot in a birdcage that Sally is holding in her hands.

SALLY
 I'm gonna smuggle him across the
 border in my blouse.

An eager-looking CLUB OWNER, carrying a flashlight, walks up to the group and waves his flashlight, begging for them to go inside the Blue Fox.

CLUB OWNER
 Take a look. Take a look.

Jack and Lance look at each other knowingly, shrug their shoulders and start into the nightclub with Kate and Sally. A worn-out-looking MAN sits by the door in a folding chair. He stares out into space with a blank expression.

LANCE
 (to Man)
~~Do they take it off?~~

The Man continues staring into space.

MAN
 (in a dead tone)
 All the way.

58 INT. BLUE FOX

It is a typical Tijuana nightclub with metal-flake walls, a seedy bar, dim lights and a square stage in the middle of the floor.

A blonde-haired, white-skinned GIRL with a well-toned body dances around the square stage. She wears only spiked heels, fringed bikini bottoms and a pink see-through scarf. Sun-burned surfers, drunk sailors and Marines hang over the railings surrounding the stage and grab for the Girl. The Girl rotates her body in exotic bumps and grinds. The surfers, sailors and Marines hoot and drool. A funky Tijuana brass band plays a Follies beat in the corner. An ANNOUNCER with a Mexican accent talks rapidly over a tinny-sounding microphone.

ANNOUNCER

Okay, Teresa... take it off. Take it off. Let's hear it for Teresa.

The Girl spins around and throws off her pink see-through scarf, unveiling her supple white breasts. The surfers, sailors and Marines hoot and drool some more.

59 JACK, SALLY, LANCE AND KATE

sit at a table near the stage. Sally is hypnotized by the floor show.

SALLY

I can't believe it.

At the table next to the group, a WOMAN in a low-cut dress, thick makeup and strong perfume, reaches under the table and fondles a sailor.

WOMAN

(to sailor)

Fucky-sucky?

Sally looks over at the Woman, rolls her eyes around and then looks back at the floor show.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

Okay, Teresa. All the way. Let's hear it for Teresa.

60 ANOTHER ANGLE

The Marines and sailors and surfers beat on the railing and clap their hands. The Girl rotates her hips in big exotic circles and then squeezes out of her fringed bikini bottoms. The drummer does a DRUM ROLL and she dances over closer to the railing, wearing only her spiked heels.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

ANNOUNCER

Okay, who's going to eat it? Who's going to eat it? Let's hear it for Teresa.

A drunk sailor hangs his head over the railing as far as it will go. Teresa moves in closer. She starts moving her bare hips in tight little circles. The BAND PICKS UP VOLUME. Teresa moves closer. She throws her arms in the air and arches her back. She presses forward a little more, and the drunk sailor buries his head in her muff. Teresa groans. The audience shrieks with excitement.

61 ANOTHER ANGLE

Sally turns her head away from the stage.

SALLY

(to Jack)

I can't look... Maybe I should see it. I don't know.

A tall blond SURFER stands up from another table and walks over to the group. He wears a San Diego Surf Club sweat shirt.

SURFER

(to Lance)

Hey, you're Lance Johnson, huh?

LANCE

~~What of it?~~

SURFER

I've seen you rip-ass at The Point. You really turn on, man.

The Surfer leans over closer towards Lance.

SURFER

(continuing)

Hey, that's Crazy Kate with you, huh? I hear she really, ah, pulls a lot of trains.

Lance pushes the Surfer away with his hand.

LANCE

You got the wrong girl, asshole.

The Surfer recovers and moves back towards Lance.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

SURFER

Hey, Lance... I'm just looking for
a good time, man.

Lance hops to his feet, grabs the tall Surfer by the front of his shirt and shoves him backwards into a table full of drunk Marines. The Marines' drinks fly off the table and crash to the floor. The Surfer crunches the table into a pile of splinters. The Marines jump up trying to brush the spilt drinks off their laps. They pick the Surfer up by the seat of his pants and launch him into the group's table. More drinks crash and the bird cage with the baby parrot tumbles off to the floor.

The parrot starts SQUAWKING. Sally and Kate are knocked off their seats. A burly Marine muscles over to the overturned table and starts smashing Lance in the face.

Jack reaches across the table and grabs the Marine by the hair. Another Marine races over and cracks Jack on the head with a beer bottle. Jack is knocked to the floor, his head gushes with blood.

The Mexican bartender runs over to the Marines' table with a billy club. A drunk Marine grinds a broken beer bottle into his face. The bartender runs away screaming holding his slashed face. More Mexicans jump in and start slugging it out with the Marines. Suddenly, a squad of Mexican police storm into the nightclub, blowing their loud, piercing whistles and yelling in Spanish. One of the POLICEMEN pulls out a gun and aims it at a MARINE.

The band stops. A WOMAN SHRIEKS. Terror ripples through the crowd.

MARINE

Don't shoot. Don't shoot.

The Policeman pulls the trigger and BLOWS a gaping hole in the Marine's kneecap. The Marine bunches over in pain, clinging to his bloody appendage.

MARINE

(continuing;
screaming)

Oh, God. Oh, God. Don't kill me.
Oh, God.

The Policeman aims his gun again. People scatter for the doors. Jack, Sally and Kate rush out the front. Lance, lost in the panic, crashes out the window.

DISSOLVE TO:

62 EXT. ALLEY

Lance staggers bloody and alone down a dark, sinister alley. He stumbles over something and he jumps back startled. He kneels down and sees that it is a sailor, cut to pieces with knives. Lance looks shocked. He shakes the body and sees that the cold, clammy, white figure is dead.

LANCE

~~Don't be dead.~~ Jesus. ~~Oh, God.~~
~~Don't be dead.~~

He leans back against the alley wall.

LANCE

(continuing)

~~Don't be dead.~~

The SOUND of FOOTSTEPS comes from out of the darkness. Lance fearfully darts his eyes. The FOOTSTEPS become LOUDER. Lance gets up and runs down the alley. The FOOTSTEPS become LOUDER and LOUDER behind him. Lance comes to an opening in the alley. He spins around and sees a gang of KIDS coming after him with switchblade knives and pieces of tin can and broken glass. Lance faces them and snarls. He reaches in his pocket and grabs a handful of change. He throws it at the kids.

LANCE

(continuing; yelling)

~~Is that what you want? Chicken shit.~~
~~bastards.~~

The Kids scramble for the money. Lance chases after them. The Kids scatter. Lance reaches out and tackles one Kid and the others run on. Lance jerks the Kid up by his neck and looks into his face. It is about a nine-year-old boy. He whimpers like a baby.

LANCE

(continuing; tearfully)

~~You're just a little kid. What are~~
~~you doing?~~

The little Boy starts crying like the child that he is.

LANCE

(continuing; crying)

~~Jesus Christ... You're just a little kid.~~

63 EXT. STREET

Down the empty dark side street, Jack, Sally and Kate lean with their backs against the Makeshift. Jack is bloody. The Makeshift is almost destroyed. The headlights are smashed. The windows are broken. The surfboards are gone. The car has been gutted.

Sally quietly sobs. Jack puts his arm around her and tries to comfort her. Lance deliriously staggers up to the car. Kate reaches out and hugs him.

64 MAIN STREET - DAWN

The morning light slowly begins to fill the dark, deserted main street. It is the gray time after the light has come and before the sun has risen. The main street is empty and silent of business. No taxis, no tourists, no hustlers. Mangy dogs quietly nose into garbage cans searching for new leftovers from the night before. The air is cool and fresh. It is the time between day and night when time stops and examines itself.

Mitch and a pretty young Mexican GIRL walk out of an all-night bar and wave goodbye to the bouncer. They turn and stroll easily along the street. They look tired and very happy.

The Mexican Girl is strong and buxom and very pretty. Her dark hair is in slight disarray. She wears an embroidered white flowered dress, wrinkled now and clinging to her tight curves.

Mitch has a happy, grubby afterglow. His old T-shirt and Levis are more grubby than usual. He wears the Girl's funny straw hat with flowers on the crown.

Mitch and the Girl walk along holding hands, swinging their hands rhythmically. Mitch, with his outside hand, carries a brown paper bag filled with a cold can of beer. Mitch and the Girl smile like weary children after a party. They stroll down past the empty curio shops and deserted nightclubs. They swing their hands and scuffle their huarache sandals. They come to the end of the main street and turn down the side street where the Makeshift is parked.

Mitch stops and punches holes through the cold can of beer. He takes a refreshing swallow and looks into the Girl's face. They smile at each other, exchanging a tired, peaceful and wonderful secret.

Mitch looks down the empty side street and sees his friends leaning up against the Makeshift. In a lovesick mood, Mitch is oblivious to the destruction.

MITCH

(yelling)

Hey, everybody. I want you to meet
Mrs. Masochist.

His VOICE ECHOES in the morning light. There's no answer. Mitch and the Girl come closer. He sees the broken car and his despondent friends. Mitch's happy expression changes.

JACK

Don't be an asshole. Can't you see
we've been fucked over.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

Jack opens the door to the Makeshift and gets in behind the wheel. Sally, Lance and Kate get in behind him. Jack starts up the car and backs out. Mitch turns to the Girl.

MITCH

I have to go. My friends are in trouble.

Mitch looks at the Girl tenderly and then hugs her. She sobs on his shoulder.

Mitch turns and hops in the car with the others. The Girl stands on the curb waving and wiping her tears. The Makeshift limps away down the bumpy, broken dirt street.

DISSOLVE TO:

65 THE PIT - DUSK

Gathered around a keg of beer in the middle of the Pit are Lance, Mitch, Kate and some of the other Point regulars -- Boogie, Chubby, Enforcer, Crusher and Panhead. Lance, Mitch and Kate, looking dejected, stare out to sea and watch the waves. Waxer walks up grinning as usual.

WAXER

How was Mexico?

LANCE

(in a dead tone)

Boss.

WAXER

Must have been radical.

MITCH

(despondently)

Yeah, radical.

Lance pulls on the tap and fills his cup again with more keg beer.

LANCE

(to Kate)

Aren't you gonna have some?

KATE

No, but I'll be here when you're done.

66 SHORELINE

Jack and Sally are walking up the shoreline, towards the point.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

The evening shadows are starting to creep along the beach. A cold north wind is whipping down the coast and blowing side-shore to the waves. Seagulls are frozen in mid-air, suspended by the wind. Sally and Jack walk along barefooted. Little waves lick their way up the curved beach and circle around their ankles.

SALLY

(shivering)

I thought this was supposed to be summer. I'm freezing.

Jack puts his arm around Sally as they walk along.

JACK

Summer is over. There's always a day when you know it's dead. Then you have to face the winter.

SALLY

I thought winters were warm here.

JACK

They are... but the water gets cold.

He looks out at the waves breaking off the point.

JACK

(continuing)

Hey, that's Bear out there.

67 OCEAN

The dark figure of Bear on a surfboard glides smoothly across a glassy evening wave. The wave breaks softly and reflects the crimson sky. Bear maneuvers easily through each section. There is mastery in his style.

68 SHORELINE

JACK

I haven't seen him ride in a long time.

SALLY

He's really good, isn't he?

Jack nods. He cups his hands over his mouth.

JACK

(shouting)

Hey, Bear.

69 OCEAN

Bear glides out of a small wave, gets down on his board and starts paddling towards the old pier. The lights from the pier shimmer on the darkening water. Bear's dark figure blends with the shadows and in a moment he is gone.

70 SHORELINE

Jack shrugs, puts his arm around Sally, and they start walking up the shoreline again. They walk past the little curving point, across the beach toward a clump of little sand dunes.

The sun begins to disappear in the west. The purple mountains in the f.g. cast long, cold shadows across the beach. The ocean glistens orange with the last rays of light. Sally and Jack come to a flat spot in the dunes. Jack spreads out the blanket and they sit down, looking out at the sunset.

SALLY

I feel like I've grown up and gotten old in twenty-four hours.

JACK

We've been through a lot.

SALLY

Too bad about Mexico. I'm sorry you didn't get what you wanted.

JACK

I got what I wanted.

SALLY

How's that?

Jack looks into her eyes.

JACK

I got you.

Sally looks away, gathers her courage and then looks back at Jack.

SALLY

Is this what it's like?

Jack looks deeply.

JACK

Why not?

He leans over and kisses Sally, and they roll back on the blanket.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

Jack kisses her tenderly and rubs her long even thighs. Sally groans and spreads her legs. Jack kisses her on the neck and she starts breathing harder. He unbuttons her blouse and begins to fondle her fine, soft breasts. He reaches down and unzips her Levis and feels her gently. Sally wiggles to get her Levis free and then kicks them off into the sand. Jack pulls his shirt off over his head and slips off his pants. Sally takes off her bra and blouse, and they hold each other tightly.

The sand dunes are lonely and desolate. The wind is cold and unrelenting. Sally and Jack grab on to each other like it is all they have.

VOICES can be HEARD drifting on the wind. They are desperate, lonely, faraway voices reaching out for one last carefree moment. The world seems to be slipping away with the evening light. All that was home is now plunging aimlessly into the unknown. An era is dead. Darkness and cold are coming in.

WAXER'S VOICE

Lance is king of The Point.

MITCH'S VOICE

Porkchops is a kook.

LANCE'S VOICE

Let's get some more beer.

The LAUGHTER ROARS for a moment, then begins to DIE DOWN. The VOICES of Lance, Mitch, Crazy Kate, Waxer, Chubby, Boogie, Crusher, Enforcer and Panhead. They become a distant CHUCKLE, then a MURMUR, and then they are gone --

Forever.

Jack rolls over gently on top of Sally and begins to make love. He rolls his hips easily and makes a gently but firm stroke deep into Sally. Sally flinches. A pained expression takes over. Jack stops and looks at her curiously, asking questions with his eyes.

SALLY

(whispering)

It's all right.

Sally clenches her fist and bites her lip. Jack does it again. Then again and again.

71 SHORELINE - NIGHT

Jack walks down the water's edge, carrying Sally in his arms.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

The rush and drag of the WAVES can be HEARD SPLASHING up on the beach. There are the lonely SQUAWKS of unseen SEAGULLS circling in the air. The moonbeams cast a silvery light across the water.

Jack walks out in the ocean till it's up to his chest. He lets Sally down and she clings to him in the cold. He comforts her. A wave rolls in and splashes their naked bodies. Sally's cheeks are flushed. There is a new, deep look in her eyes.

SALLY
I'm glad it was you.

DISSOLVE TO:

72 PIER

HAMMERING SOUNDS come from the end of the old rickety pier. WAVES SPLASH and GURGLE around the pilings. The flickering light from a small fire reflects on the water.

73 ANOTHER ANGLE

Bear is alone and drunk. He glares into the small fire in his barbeque and takes a drink. He picks up a hammer and starts to pry a sign from his bait shack: "SURFBOARDS 'N BAIT."

BEAR
(struggling)
It was my empire... It was something
I built... I can tear it down.

He rips the sign free and hurls it off the pier. And then he rips into another sign.

BEAR
(continuing;
struggling)
I'm in for it now...
(grunt)
Move inland... live under a roof...
(grunt)
... walls, windows...
(grunt)
I started it -- I can end it...
(grunt)
Taxes... marriage...
(grunt)
Divorce.
(grunt)
The whole damn mess.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

Bear tears another board free. Jack and Sally walk up. Bear turns around and looks at them strangely. His face looks awesome in the firelight.

BEAR
(continuing; to Jack)
I heard you lost the boards.

Jack nods.

BEAR
(continuing)
Goddammit. Those were good boards.

Jack nods again.

JACK
What the shit are you doing?

BEAR
They condemned the pier. Lifeguards are taking over The Point...

He grabs a bottle of wine resting on his surfboard and takes a gulp.

BEAR
(continuing)
Sonofabitch... we're living under the jack-booted foot of the lifeguard state.
(he hands the bottle to Jack)
I can't make your boards anymore.
Got to start living like inlanders.

Jack looks shaken. Bear picks up the hammer and starts to pry another board from his shack. Sally watches him curiously.

SALLY
(to Bear)
You were the guy in that story, weren't you?

Bear turns around.

BEAR
What are you talking about?

SALLY
You know.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: (2)

SALLY (CONT'D)

The story about Big Wednesday. - You
were the one who lost his friend.

BEAR

What gives you that idea?

SALLY

I could tell.

BEAR

What if I was? What difference
would it make?

JACK

Was it... was it you, Bear?

Bear takes the wine bottle from Jack and takes a long swallow.
Jack and Sally hold hands and watch as he turns and starts
ripping and tearing more pieces from his shack.

FADE OUT.

PART II

FALL 1965 WEST SWELL

"I saw then, that my topmost glory
was also my topmost grief"

Herman Melville
Moby Dick

"Surfing's a disease, not a sport."

Mrs. Starburger

74 EXT. BEACH

The waves are gray and monotonous -- they come from out of the fog and a slate gray sea. There is no horizon mist and chill clings to the trashcans on the empty beach. A few cars and trucks whine by on the highway with their lights still on. A lonely gull picks at the trash in the f.g.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The summer passed -- I don't seem to remember them anymore -- I remembered the fall and the coming of winter -- the west swell began to strengthen -- it was a smell of change -- borne of local winds and gales -- Sometimes it was a good swell and broke many places, but it was a swell you usually rode alone.

PAN TO REVEAL the gaunt shape of a lifeguard tower in the early fog -- the highway behind it. A lifeguard truck below it and the Lifeguard Captain waits huddled in a heavy jacket. A car drives up -- an older car, but much more respectable than the Makeshift. Jack gets out -- he wears the county lifeguard jacket. He goes around to the window and kisses Sally -- she drives back onto the highway. Jack chats with his Captain and takes some papers from him. He climbs up the ladder and opens his tower as the Captain drives off. Barely discernible in the cold fog -- the Point stretches before him.

DISSOLVE TO:

75 FULL SHOT - THE POINT - DAY

From the lifeguard tower the whole Point can be SEEN. Jack sits in the tower, reading a notice -- across the top, it reads -- "U.S. ARMY DRAFT NOTICE." Jack slowly turns from the notice and looks down on the crowded beach below. The beach is different -- crowded with hordes of the new surfers -- scruffy hair and blank expressions. They all look the same. The Pit itself is changed -- it's mostly empty -- a few of the old crew sit and talk -- Stork, Ostrich, Panhead, Crusher -- but little kids and tourists sit there, too -- it's no longer their domain. Hundreds of foam surfboards line the old barbed wire fence. RADIOS BLARE -- The Beach Boys and The Beatles. Jack folds up the notice and looks down the ladder to see Kate washing the sand off her feet -- she holds her little baby girl, MELISSA. Jack smiles at Melissa, who smiles back. He starts down the ladder.

JACK

Hi, Melissa.

KATE

Uncle Jack -- Uncle Jack.

Melissa turns away, teasing.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

KATE
(continuing)
Where's Lance?

JACK
I thought he was with you.

KATE
No -- he wandered off last night --
he was pretty polluted -- I'm
worried about him, Jack.

JACK
He's a big boy -- someday he's
gonna find that out.

He turns and sees a group of angry surfers following Mitch up
through the Pit. Mitch's face is bloodied -- his hands are
bloodied.

JACK
(continuing)
Oh -- shit -- not again.

Mitch turns around and glares at the surfers following him.

SURFER
You better not show up at County Line,
man.

MITCH
You want some, too?

The KID backs off. Jack runs down between them.

KID
That asshole ran my friend down and
then beat the shit out of him.

The group walks up the Pit -- helping a bloodied friend.

JACK
Keep going.

They leave -- Jack looks at Mitch -- Mitch shrugs.

JACK
(continuing)
You're gonna need some stitches.

Kate carries over the first-aid kit -- Jack takes some gauze
out and starts to wrap it around Mitch's head.

JACK
(continuing)
I don't like to be the one to tell you,
Mitch, but you can't keep fighting
these guys, you know. Someday the
fucking police are gonna be down here.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (2)

Mitch just looks out at the ocean.

JACK

(continuing)

Shit -- I can't tell you what to do
-- just be easy 'cause it's my beach
and my ass. Tell you the truth, it's
Lance that's bugging me.

Mitch holds up his hand and looks at his knuckles.

MITCH

I really screwed up my knuckles.

JACK

He's getting raspy, Mitch -- he's
going too far -- Pissed in Bear's
shop the other day -- it's not funny
anymore.

MITCH

He's drunk. He's a fucking drunk at
twenty-one -- Fuck it -- fuck it,
Jack -- there's nothing we can do.

76 EXT. HIGHWAY

Lance is standing out in front of the traffic, holding a
bright red beach towel. He sags and reels in a drunken stu-
por. A few cars pass; Lance holds out the beach towel and
arches his back like a bullfighter. A sports car whizzes be-
neath the towel, missing Lance by inches. A cheer comes from
a crowd of surfers sitting at the curb. "Ole!" they cry.
Lance waves to the spectators and then holds out the beach
towel for another pass.

77 ANOTHER ANGLE

A GREMMIE whispers to his FRIEND on the curb.

GREMMIE

(pointing)

Hey, that guy used to be the hottest
surfer here.

FRIEND

You're putting me on.

78 INT. OLD PEOPLE'S CAR

An old couple drives along, pulling a travel trailer. The
OLD MAN at the wheel suddenly spots Lance arching into
another pass.

OLD MAN

My God, honey, look.

79 EXT. HIGHWAY

Lance lets out with his crude animal noises and throws the towel up in the air. The towel comes down and completely covers the windshield of the old people's car. The Old Man swerves up and over the curb, and the travel trailer jack-knifes behind him.

80 INT. LIFEGUARD TOWER

Jack hears the SCREECHING of BRAKES and comes flying out of his tower.

81 EXT. HIGHWAY

Jack fights his way through the crowd and helps the old couple from the car. The old couple are badly shaken up. They cling to each other and the OLD WOMAN sobs.

OLD WOMAN
We could have been killed.

The Old Man holds her closer and starts to dry her tears.

OLD WOMAN
(continuing)
We could have been killed.

OLD MAN
(looking at trailer)
Look what they did -- Oh, God, look
what they did --

82 CLOSE - JACK

He just stares through the people at the old couple.

JACK
Everybody -- stay back.

The police are arriving -- SIRENS -- The Lifeguard Captain pushes through -- Kate rushes up.

KATE
Jack -- where's Lance?

Jack's eyes go cold; he turns back into the crowd.

83 EXT. THE FENCE

Lance is slumped against the fence in a state of shock. Jack walks down through the Pit -- his eyes pinned on Lance -- people get out of his way. Lance tries to ignore him. Jack walks up and stands in front of him. They just stare at each other for a long moment and then just the trace of a grin crosses Jack's face. Jack smiles, more relaxed.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

Lance smiles back -- Jack laughs -- Lance laughs and then Jack slugs him full in the teeth -- Lance reels back into the barbed wire -- Jack hits him again and he goes down. Jack stares at him -- Lance holds his mouth -- he feels shattered -- and disgraced.

JACK

(cold)

You're ruining it for us all, asshole.

Lance looks away -- kids start to gather around.

JACK

(continuing)

Get off this beach.

Lance looks up at him, bewildered. Jack grabs Lance's board off the fence and throws it down in the sand in front of him.

So Lance Johnson, the greatest surfer to ride The Point, picks up his board in front of all the beach and leaves in shame.

84 INT. STARBURGER

Jack bashes through the door; he's dressed in jeans and his lifeguard jacket -- has a wetsuit over his arm. He looks around, sees Sally taking an order -- walks over and interrupts her.

JACK

I'm going north -- you'll have to get a ride home.

SALLY

Jack! -- How'd you get off?

JACK

Good swell up there -- Ventura -- maybe Rivermouth or Overhead.

SALLY

What's wrong?

JACK

Can't stay here -- that's all.

He turns his face from her -- he's really disturbed -- goes for the door.

JACK

(continuing)

Can't stay here anymore.

The door slams -- he's gone. But he dropped something, a paper -- Sally picks it up -- it's his draft notice.

85 EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

Jack drives along a deserted frontage road next to the beach. He slows and pulls up next to a sign that reads: "WARNING -- DANGEROUS RIP TIDES -- NO LIFEGUARD ON DUTY." He gets out of the car, goes and pulls his surfboard from the back angrily.

86 BEACH

Jack comes to the top of the sand dune and stops. He looks down on a lonely beach. He has come many times before, each time seeking solace. But never has the turmoil been so strong. The hurt, the anger, the confusion eat away at his soul like a tide. And now to confront it all. He looks to the sea for an answer.

He watches the churning ocean boil up the berm and rip and tear at the beach. Butterflies swarm in his stomach. An icy fear shakes him at the roots. The ROAR of the OCEAN, like the echoing sea of his own mind, a haunting unknown mystery. Bear had said it. "To ride alone -- do it alone."

Jack takes off his coat almost without knowing. He pulls a bar of wax from his pocket, kneels down and begins to rub it slowly, methodically onto the deck of his board.

He stands up, rubbing his shoulders, trying to ward off the chill. He looks out and sees a wave gather its strength, slowly, building, building and then toppling forward with tremendous force.

87 OCEAN

Jack kneels on his board and struggles to paddle out through the grinding shorebreak. Riptides boil beneath him. The current sweeps him south. He punches through a breaking wave and is shocked by its icy sting. His head aches from the cold.

There is a place over the reef where the waves focus. They are thick, powerful waves that form into wedging peaks, peeling off quickly both left and right. They roll out of the fog in rhythmic sets, each one a little bigger than the one before it. But now there's a lull. A miracle hush has fallen on the ocean. Jack paddles over to the reef and waits.

A huge set of waves begins to creep out of the fog. He hops back up on his knees and begins to paddle. The wave looks mean and unforgiving. Jack strokes up its face, barely making it over.

The next wave approaches and Jack jockeys for position. He tries for it. He stares down a steepening face. The wave hits a reef and stands up vertical. Jack freezes. He sits back on his board and lets the wave go by. It peels off without him and Jack sinks deeper into his depression.

DISSOLVE TO:

88 ANOTHER ANGLE

Another wave moves in across the milky surface. He waits for it, resigned. He grits his teeth and whips his board around. He's got to do it. Two strokes and he's hurtling down the face, and drives to the bottom. He rides stiffly, awkwardly but survives the drop. He's blown out a hole that spits and grinds overhead.

DISSOLVE TO:

89 OCEAN

Jack scratches back out to the lineup. The next wave, an undulating mass, rolls through the water toward Jack. He slithers into position.

The take-off is late. He fades left. Purposely, he plunges himself into jeopardy, waiting until the last possible moment. He hops to his feet and stands in the face of danger. He defies the ocean, rips his way through the gnarl. There's style and grace and flow and timing. Total concentration. Jack flies out of a turn and then leans into another. He explodes through chunks of wave and hisses down a cavern.

The next wave is his, he feels connected. One last ride. He grabs it and powers to the bottom. The energy surges beneath his board. The wave hovers above him. He squeezes off his turn and races back up the face. His hair flies in the wind.

Jack works the inside. Each turn blends into the next. There's strength and aggression. He streaks across a section just before it closes. He's up and down skidding through the soup. The wave folds.

DISSOLVE TO:

90 BEACH

A dark figure is making its way down the sand dunes. Jack leaves -- alone.

91 FULL SHOT - BEAR'S SHOP

A huge, expensive neon sign proclaims "SURFBOARDS" -- below it, smaller -- "BY BEAR." The shop -- or store -- is beautiful -- glass-fronted to ceiling height -- twice the size of surrounding stores -- a nice beach neighborhood -- quiet but prosperous. The street in front of the shop is lined with vans -- a few old woodies and Bear's own new Porsche -- without surfboard racks. A gremmie washes the Porsche reverently while others skateboard in front of the glass, watching their head dips and nose tweeks in the reflection.

92 INT. SHOP

Down long rows of beautifully colored boards -- gleaming, with prices grease-penciled on -- 9'2" Speed-tail \$150.00. On the walls over the boards are enormous black-and-white photomurals of the Bear's "stars." Lance in a smashing cut-back. Jack on the nose -- Mitch in the huge thunder-crusher that he obviously won't make -- others, newer stars. Small framed pictures of the old days decorate the area behind the great order desk -- photos from the Bear's wayward youth in Hawaii -- his Purple Heart from Korea, etc. Young surfers sit in the corners, breathing through their mouths and staring into space -- others wander down the rows of boards, generally stoked out of all sensibility. The SOUNDS of ELECTRIC SANDERS from the back room compete with the RADIO playing "Green Onions" by Booker T and the MG's. Bear, the tycoon, stands by racks of wetsuits and swimming trunks, smoking a Cuban cigar. He wears a tuxedo jacket and an old TAILOR is making alterations.

BEAR

Sometimes I think getting married is more trouble than it's worth -- all the rigamarole with tuxedos -- wedding rehearsals -- the cake -- What the hell -- it makes her mother happy --

TAILOR

Would you lift your arm, please?

Bear lifts his arm -- puffs on the cigar. The SOUND of a SANDER STOPS and Stork walks out, covered from head to foot in fiberglass dust.

STORK

Hey, Bear -- can I take a break?

BEAR

You've been taking breaks all morning.

He points, and Stork, looking discouraged, walks back to his labors.

BEAR

(continuing; to
Tailor)

Lazy bastard -- every time the waves come up, he disappears. That's what I get for hiring surfer labor.

Bear turns around and suddenly notices Lance standing at the door. He looks bad, but he's made an effort to clean himself up -- his hair is combed -- his shirt tucked in -- none of the little grems that sit against the wall recognize him -- a kid kicks -- turns a skateboard down between the rows of boards.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

BEAR
(continuing; to
Tailor)

Excuse me a second, uh?

The Tailor nods -- Bear walks off towards Lance, leaving his right sleeve with the Tailor. The kid skateboards by him on the smooth floor.

BEAR
(continuing)
Hey, you little cretin -- cool it.

The kid stops -- Zeus has spoken.

BEAR
(continuing)
Get out on the sidewalk and run down shoppers.

He walks up to Lance -- who looks down.

BEAR
(continuing)
Lance -- my boy -- you look terrible.

Lance doesn't answer.

BEAR
(continuing)
Your team board is ready -- I want you to ride it at Oceanside Invitational -- all grey with two big stickers -- eight-inch square tail.

Kids start to gather in the b.g., whispering the name -- "Lance Johnson."

BEAR
(continuing)
What's wrong -- you look like you got slugged.

LANCE
I did.

BEAR
Who, some ho-dad?

LANCE
Jack.

BEAR
What?

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED: (2)

LANCE

I was drunk -- I caused a car wreck
-- Jack slugged me -- I guess I
deserved it.

BEAR

That's no way for a friend to be.

LANCE

I was wrong.

BEAR

That's when you need a friend -- when
you're wrong -- when you're right you
don't need shit.

The gremmies have moved closer.

BEAR

(continuing)

C'mon, I'll show you the contest
boards.

They walk away from the grems.

BEAR

(continuing)

I'm thinking about a Lance Johnson
model -- long -- pin tail -- classic.

LANCE

I don't want that.

BEAR

Whatta you mean?

LANCE

I don't -- I don't want a contest
board -- I don't wanta surf in a
contest in front of a bunch of dorky
judges -- I don't want it, Bear --
I'll give you back my board and pay
for 'em from now on -- I don't wanta
be a star.

They walk over to a corner where old pictures of Hawaii sur-
round a rack of old boards -- the wooden one -- it gleams
with a quiet elegance.

LANCE

(continuing)

I don't want my pictures in the
magazines or kids to look up to me
-- I'm a drunk, Bear, and a fuck-up.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED: (3)

LANCE (CONT'D)
I just surf 'cause it's good to go
out and ride with your friends -- and
now I don't even have that anymore.

Bear looks at the sleek wood board -- Lance feels the rails.

BEAR
Feel those rails -- you ever feel
rails like that?

LANCE
You oughta know what I mean, Bear.

Bear looks up the board, then back at Lance.

BEAR
Keep your board and your new one --
it'll always be an honor to make you
a board, Lance.

He puts one hand on his shoulder -- the other on the great
wooden board.

BEAR
(continuing)
I guess we forget a little all the
time --

LANCE
Some day -- I'd like to ride this
board, Bear.

BEAR
Someday, you will.

93 CLOSE - THE BOARD

It seems to glow with an essence of its own -- it is more
than the sum of its parts.

DISSOLVE TO:

94 EXT. PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH - DAY

The old brick church is covered with ivy -- the wedding
guests meander around the entrance. Old people dressed in
their best -- relatives who haven't seen each other in a long
time. Beyond the church is the parking lot, the SOUND of the
church ORGAN drifts across it. Many familiar cars can be
SEEN: Jack's Makeshift, Crazy Kate's Cadillac hearse,
Lance's '40 Ford and Mitch's decaying Porsche Speedster.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

The old crew from the Pit and Big Names from all over the coast have been activated for the grand occasion -- Boogie, Chubby, Panhead, Stork, Breathman, Enforcer, Crusher, Fly and the Ostrich -- Mike Dole, Bobby McCavish, Rusty Smith -- they are all dressed in their Sunday best. Gremmies skateboard across the open asphalt admiring their heros as each arrives with his date. The bride's guests, dressed conservatively and driving family cars, arrive, looking slightly shocked at the festivities, but the air of warmth and geniality is so strong that they are all at ease.

95 PARKING LOT

Lance, Mitch and Kate stand around an old station wagon admiring Bear. He looks fantastic, well-groomed, meticulously attired -- confident. He sits on the running board and drinks cheap wine from the bottle. Lance wears a tuxedo and Mitch a clean T-shirt under a sports jacket.

BEAR

Okay, let's go over it again. You walk out from the side and stand behind me after the music changes -- What about the ring --

LANCE

I know -- I know -- you've told me twenty times -- relax.

KATE

Bear -- you're so nervous.

BEAR

Hell, yes, I'm nervous.

KATE

It's very becoming.

He grunts and takes some wine -- Jack, Sally and Mrs. Barlow walk by the back of the car.

BEAR

Well, it's about time -- come here and have a drink.

Jack hesitates -- looks at Lance and then at his mother and Sally.

BEAR

(continuing)

Come over here -- drink with us.

He looks at Sally -- his mother nods to him -- she and Sally continue on and Jack walks slowly over.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

BEAR
(continuing)
Have a drink of wine.

Jack glares down at Lance.

JACK
No, thanks.

BEAR
For God's sake, man -- it's my
wedding day.

Jack starts to turn, but Bear reaches out and puts his arm around Jack's shoulder and pulls him close. He hands him the bottle.

JACK
What -- are we drinking to?

Bear looks at him and over to Lance and Mitch.

BEAR
Your friends are the most important
thing you have.

Jack looks at Lance, then to Mitch -- they smile -- Jack turns red and returns the smile -- they laugh.

JACK
What are we drinking to?

BEAR
To your friends -- come hell or high
water.

They drink.

96 INT. CHURCH

The congregation is gathered -- Bear and his wife-to-be -- a cute little dark-haired girl -- stand at the altar -- she smiles adoringly at Bear -- Lance stands at Bear's side, looking noble. The MINISTER reads from the service -- light beams down from the windows in shafts, giving the scene a warmly medieval tone. Lance and Bear stand like barons caught up in an ancient ritual -- a passage of powers.

97 THE CONGREGATION

(The words are spoken over a MONTAGE of the wedding guests.)

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

The bride's family, mother, father, sister, brother, sit in the front pews, dressed in conservative suits and flowered dresses. Behind them is a slew of little old ladies in hair nets and oversized bridge party hats. There are men dressed in dark suits and conservative ties as to be expected.

A restless murmur comes from the adjacent pews. The groom's wedding guests crack jokes and squirm around on the hard wood seats. Sally sits between Jack and Mrs. Barlow. Chubby and Boogie rest back comfortably with their ukuleles in their laps. Denny, Flea, Panhead, Stork, Fly, Enforcer and Crusher sit in a row, wearing baggy pants and unironed shirts. Crazy Kate sits next to Lucy with Melissa in her lap. Both of them wear brightly colored dresses.

Waxer looks drunk and is nearly falling off the pew. He wears his ragged German officer's coat and nips from a bottle concealed in a brown paper bag. He takes another drink and an old lady spots him. He belches loudly and the old lady gasps and nudges her neighbor.

98 ALTAR

The Minister closes his book as the last meaningful words are spoken.

MINISTER

May we have the ring, please.

Lance fumbles through his pockets, turning each one inside out. Bear looks around impatiently.

LANCE

(to Bear)

Oh, shit. I forgot. I gave it to Waxer, he...

Bear twitches around uncomfortably under his tight collar. He looks at Lance and tries to fake a smile, hoping the wedding guests won't take notice.

BEAR

Get him up here.

Lance turns around and calls for Waxer in a loud, throaty whisper.

LANCE

Waxer.

Waxer spots Lance, waves happily and starts up the aisle.

The old ladies are bug-eyed. The surfers snicker. The mother of the bride begins to faint.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

Waxer stops at the altar, reaches in his pocket and pulls out the ring.

WAXER

Boss wedding, you guys.

Lance grabs the ring and hands it to Bear. The Minister continues.

MINISTER

I now pronounce you man and wife.

Bear kisses the bride. The ORGAN MUSIC starts. Lance and Waxer beam.

99 PEWS

The wedding guests are smiling and wiping their tears with handkerchiefs. Sally, touched by it all, rests her head on Jack's shoulder.

DISSOLVE TO:

100 DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - MORNING

The sun rises over the downtown slums and the empty streets. Trash blows in the cold morning wind -- a few people wander about.

101 LANCE'S CAR

Lance drives his '40 Ford. Mitch, Waxer and Mickey are with him; they drive through the dark shadows imposed by the tall buildings -- past bums and drunks who stumble about or sleep against alley walls. Trash and filth are abundant, the air is thick and heavy -- cars begin to fill the streets as people come to work. Stop-lights flash -- carloads of Mexican families trundle by -- poor black children stand on street corners jeering at passersby. This is inland, most people live here -- Lance and the others do not, it's like a foreign country to them. The drive slowly by the U.S. Army Induction Center, looking it over carefully. All kinds of kids their own age are lined up outside or spill out of long green buses. They drive by, looking the situation over. Their faces are grim and resolved.

102 DIFFERENT ANGLE - DOWNTOWN STREET

They pull up on a crowded cross street about a block away. The street is narrow and unusually filthy and crowded with derelicts and young punks and poor children. They park and all get out. Lance opens the trunk.

103 CLOSE SHOT - TRUNK

Lance takes out clothing and paper bags and hands them to the others.

104 CLOSE SHOT - LANCE

He pulls his pants leg up and begins strapping on a shiny metal brace.

105 CLOSE SHOT - MITCH

He has a three or four-day growth -- he rubs motor oil and dirt into his beard and hair, then wipes his hands on his tattered shirt. He puts on a pair of the worst looking rotten old bum's shoes that are imaginable -- he has been cultivating the socks for a month.

106 CLOSE SHOT - WAXER

He begins combing his hair in a bouffant pompadour. Mickey hands him rouge with which he carefully shadows his cheeks. All of these actions are done with clipped military precision -- like a squad of commandos checking their battle gear and weapons.

107 BACK TO LANCE

He finishes tightening the polio brace -- pulls his pants leg down over it in brisk motion -- stands up.

108 CLOSE SHOT - MITCH

He pulls on a rotted-out old suit coat soiled with dark spots of sweat and grease. Carefully he extracts a ripening dead fish from an oily paper bag -- puts it in his pocket -- Mickey carefully rubs a bag full of rotten garbage across his back -- he leans over -- takes a wine bottle from the ground -- pours the meager contents in his hands and slaps his face with it like after-shave lotion.

109 CLOSE SHOT - WAXER

He checks his skin-tight orange pants and high-heeled boots, looks up -- his lips have been slightly colored. He is aided by Mickey in pulling on a short no-collar purple jacket -- he unbuttons his shirt.

110 BACK TO LANCE

He looks at the others -- grim -- cold -- efficient.

LANCE

You ready?

111 CLOSE SHOT - MITCH

He nods -- his eyes cold through the filth.

112 CLOSE SHOT - WAXER

His face drawn and hard despite his ridiculous outfit.

WAXER

Let's go.

113 FULL SHOT - THE GROUP

They walk three abreast down the street -- Lance carrying a cane, tapping the end of it in his hand. They walk with purpose. Mickey follows carrying a clipboard and stop-watch. Mexican punks look them over, laughing and making comments in Spanish to each other, but get out of their way.

114 DIFFERENT ANGLE

They pass bums, black and white -- children who look up to them as they pass -- fat women stare at them from the stoops of their tenements -- no one dares say a word -- they go on -- three abreast -- turn the corner and walk up to the induction center -- Lance begins limping, using the cane -- they disperse into the crowd and are soon inside -- Mickey leans against the outside wall with his clipboard.

MICKEY

Looks like we're in for a record today.

115 INT. APPLICATION ROOM

Lance, Mitch, Waxer, the Mexicans, Negroes and inland whites sit in a crowded, drab-colored room, filling out applications. A mean-looking SERGEANT paces back and forth.

SERGEANT

(in a Southern accent)

Okay, men, this is your induction physical. If you pass today, you will be a member of the United States Army. Hope you brought your tooth brushes. On your applications, make sure to include any and all physical defects you may have. Include histories of operations, diseases or mental illness. From here, you will follow the yellow line.

Lance makes some adjustments on his leg brace. Mitch tears his application into small pieces, rolls the pieces into little balls and then pops them into his mouth. Waxer reaches into his little red purse, pulls out some makeup, and begins to powder his face. The mean-looking Sergeant walks over and stands in front of Waxer.

SERGEANT

(continuing; to Waxer)

What's your story?

115 CONTINUED:

WAXER

(in a fag voice)

Oh, well... I'm just living with some
guy. He pays all the bills.

116 EXAMINATION ROOM

Lance is sitting up on an examination table, dangling his
braced leg. A DOCTOR in a white coat stands next to him,
reading from a letter. Stork and Fly watch in the b.g.

DOCTOR

It says here you have complete loss
of motion in the right ankle. Is
that correct?

LANCE

Yes, sir... that's right.

The Doctor starts to unlace Lance's leg brace.

DOCTOR

How long have you been wearing this
brace?

LANCE

Two years.

The Doctor pulls off Lance's brace, unveiling his tan muscular
legs. His leg hairs are bleached out white from the sun.
Below his knee cap is a large surf-knot. The Doctor eyes the
leg suspiciously. He gives Lance's ankle a slight twist.
Lance winces. The Doctor writes on his notepad.

DOCTOR

Okay, Johnson, step down here for me.

Lance steps down on his bad ankle and it starts to quiver.
He puts more weight on the ankle and he collapses to the
floor, writhing with pain.

LANCE

I can't make it.

117 ANOTHER ROOM

The Mexicans, Negroes and inland whites line up behind a
scale, wearing dirty underwear. Crusher rushes through the
room, wearing an S.S. German officer's greatcoat and hat.
He is pursued by two burly OFFICIALS.

CRUSHER

(in a German accent)

It is the Jews that are the root of
the problem. The Jews and the niggers.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

CRUSHER (CONT'D)

The niggers are their lackeys!

The burly Officials grab Crusher by the arms and drag him out a door.

CRUSHER

(continuing; yelling)

It's a conspiracy!

Waxer wiggles through the room, acting more swish than before. Another OFFICIAL walks up and confronts him.

OFFICIAL

Look, pal. We told everybody to strip.

WAXER

(in a fag voice)

Well, Jesus. You don't have to be so abrupt...

OFFICIAL

All right, this line step forward.

He motions and a line that includes Waxer and Panhead step forward -- Panhead starts to shake.

OFFICIAL

(continuing)

Now drop your drawers and bend over --

They do -- a medical ORDERLY walks up the line, looking up their asses.

WAXER

Oh -- it's cold.

ORDERLY

Shut up.

PANHEAD

Ohhh --

He utters an animal noise and falls forward on his face, holding his butt and twitching and gagging.

ORDERLY

Another one.

118 ANOTHER ROOM

The same two burly Officials that had Crusher now have Mitch in their grasp. Mitch's pants are down around his ankles.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

He trembles and drools and fights to get away. The Officials drag him toward an office. The sign out front reads: "ROOM 10 - PSYCHOLOGIST."

119 INT. PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE

The Officials shove Mitch into the office and close the door. He stands there, looks paranoid with his pants still down around his ankles. A VOICE startles him.

VOICE

Pull up your pants and sit down.

Mitch pulls up his pants and sits down. He looks across a desk and sees the PSYCHOLOGIST staring at him. He has a glass eye which pins Mitch. The other eye roves freely about the room. Mitch becomes more nervous.

MITCH

Do you mind if I smoke?

PSYCHOLOGIST

Not at all.

Mitch takes a pack of cigarettes from his coat pocket. His hand shakes and he is barely able to light one. He takes one drag and puts the cigarette in the ashtray.

MITCH

Hey, man, like, do you mind if I smoke?

The Psychologist eyes him.

PSYCHOLOGIST

No.

Mitch fumbles with his pack and gets out another cigarette. He manages to light up. He takes one drag and puts the cigarette in the ashtray.

MITCH

Hey, man, like I really need a smoke.
Do you mind if I...

PSYCHOLOGIST

(looking at Mitch's
application)

I see here that they call you
Masochist.

MITCH

Yeah, well, like, you know. I dig
on pain.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

MITCH (CONT'D)

I like to get up at five in the morning and go swimming in the freezing cold ocean in the middle of winter. I like being dragged across the rocks. I like fist fights and blood and sharks and I like guns. And I'll tell you something else, man. If you put me in your Army, I'm liable to start shooting your own people.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Have you ever been in therapy before -- of any kind?

MITCH

You're trying to pick on me, aren't you?

PSYCHOLOGIST

Just answer me -- cut the dramatics.

Mitch gets up and starts clawing the walls.

MITCH

I don't want you picking on me.

The Psychologist stands up and walks over toward Mitch. His glass eye pinning him against the wall.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Now calm down, damn you --

Mitch wheels and explodes through the opposite wall, leaving a man-shaped hole.

PSYCHOLOGIST

(continui:g)

Orderly! -- Apprehend him!

120 EXT. ENTRANCE

Lance limps out the double doors of the front entrance, wearing his double-bar ankle brace. Mickey looks up and clicks his stop-watch.

MICKEY

Eek. A walking success story.

LANCE

How did I do?

MICKEY

You're a genius. You beat the record by ten minutes.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

An ambulance pulls up at the curb behind a grey military bus. Two paramedics get out. The double doors of the front entrance burst wide open and the burly Officials walk out, carrying Mitch in a straitjacket. They begin to load him into the back of the ambulance and Mitch fights to get free.

MITCH

(yelling)

Mickey. Lance. Tell them I'm not crazy. Tell them I'm not... This whole thing is a -- mistake --

An Official gags Mitch, shoves him into the ambulance and slams the door. The paramedics jump in the front and speed away with their SIREN on.

MICKEY

(shrugging his shoulders)

Who knows? Maybe he is cuu cuu.

LANCE

Out of the frying pan -- into the fire.

The doors to the entrance burst open again. A line of new recruits, led by the mean-looking Sergeant, march over to the grey military bus parked at the curb. Lance and Mickey spot Waxer walking onto the bus.

LANCE

(continuing)

Waxer?

WAXER

(in a fag voice)

They didn't believe me.

Waxer disappears onto the bus. Another group of new recruits march out of the double doors. This time Jack is among them.

LANCE

Jack. What the hell. What are you doing? What happened?

Jack walks up the steps of the grey military bus and waves.

JACK

See you after boot camp.

The bus drives away down the street. Lance and Mickey stand on the sidewalk, stunned. A skinny, scroungy HIPPIE in beat-up Levis walks up and tries to hand a flyer to Lance.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED: (2)

HIPPIE

You guys don't have to take this draft scene, man. Like, do a Canada thing, man. Tell them you're not into their childish, capitalistic oppression, man -- opposition, man.

Lance hauls off and smashes the Hippie in the face. He starts beating him into the sidewalk.

LANCE

Haul ass, you little cretin. Don't you have any respect for your country?

DISSOLVE TO:

121 INT. BARLOW HOUSE - SIX MONTHS LATER

CLOSEUP of TV -- a newscast of the 1966 Watts riots comes over a television set. Looters are fleeing down the streets. Tanks move in. National Guard units set up roadblocks. The newscaster rambles on. "In the dawn hours, the city still glows..." etc.

122 LANCE AND KATE

sit watching a small television set -- Mitch lies sprawled at their feet and Jack sits on the old torn couch with Melissa asleep on his shoulder. He wears a military uniform -- paratrooper wings and his hair is short. Breathman, Panhead and Crusher shuffle about the house with some girls -- the remains of a small party. The TV BLARES on about how the riots have taken a tremendous toll, etc. Lance leans drunkenly towards Jack.

LANCE

Jack -- Jack.

Jack smiles -- deep in thought.

LANCE

(continuing)

You don't have to go all the way to Viet Nam -- there's a war right here -- Let's go down and burn the city.

MITCH

Take guns and shoot the hell out of 'em.

LANCE

You're wasting your time over there --

He looks at Jack urgently.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

JACK

I guess I had to do something.

LANCE

Damn you -- you didn't have to go in.

He falls back on Kate's shoulder. Melissa stirs and Jack rocks her. He looks out the window -- it's starting to get light.

LANCE

(continuing)

What time, Jack?

JACK

Seven o'clock -- I guess I haven't got much time left.

LANCE

C'mon, Kate -- Mitch -- get up -- it's time to go.

He stands up awkwardly -- Mitch gets out -- the others follow -- Kate takes Melissa -- They walk towards the door.

LANCE

(continuing)

I guess -- I guess I'll leave now -- I don't wanta say goodbye.

Kate throws her arms around Jack and cries softly. Melissa wakes.

MELISSA

Uncle Jack?

Kate leaves.

CRUSHER

Jack -- take it easy.

They shake hands.

PANHEAD

Say hello to Waxer if you see him.

JACK

I will.

BREATHMAN

You come back.

Jack nods. They leave -- Mitch and Lance stand there.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED: (2)

MITCH

Like I don't know what to say, Jack.

JACK

It's all right, Mitch.

He hugs him and leaves. Lance looks at him -- they laugh, but it's almost a cry.

LANCE

Goodbye, old buddy --

He puts his arm around him briefly, then walks away with his head down.

LANCE

(continuing)

-- it was a hell of a party.

Jack closes the door and leans against it -- tears in his eyes. He looks up and sees the parrot cage -- empty. He looks around the room -- Sally is gone, too.

JACK

Sally?

123 BACK YARD - DAWN

Jack walks down the creaky stairs leading to the back yard, looks around -- hears something -- Sally crying -- he sees her kneeling down. He walks slowly over to her -- she cries in great, wracking sobs -- a cry of deep, tortured anguish and loss. Jack walks up and sees Sally putting a mound of dirt in front of her. He kneels down beside her.

JACK

(softly)

Your... parrot?

Sally nods and then turns and grabs Jack and cries hysterically.

SALLY

He's dead -- dead -- and gone -- gone.

Jack holds her and stares at the light coming up over the ocean -- its surface combed back evenly by the offshore wind.

JACK

Sometimes we just have to go on. Put one foot in front of the other and go on.

124 INT. JACK'S PARTY ROOM

Jack and Sally walk hand in hand into the old party room, now in disrepair. The remaining egg cartons hang loosely from the ceiling. The grass mat is gone, leaving a cold bare floor. Only a few of the rock and roll album covers are still on the walls. The room is empty except for Jack's surfboard. The party room looks like it was abandoned years ago.

Jack sits down on an orange crate with Sally standing in front of him.

JACK

You have to do something for me. I don't want you to ask me about it. Just do it.

Sally begins to cry.

JACK

(continuing)

Now straighten up... stop crying.

Sally stops crying.

JACK

(continuing)

I want you to take off your clothes.

Sally unbuttons her blouse and takes it off.

JACK

(continuing)

All of them.

Sally takes off all of her clothes and stands naked in front of Jack.

SALLY

Why?

Jack pauses.

JACK

I just want to remember what you look like.

He grabs her, kisses her stomach. She holds his head and runs her fingers through his hair. He pulls her close and hugs her body.

FADE OUT.

PART III

WINTER 1968 NORTH SWELL

"I balance all, brought all to mind,
The years to come seemed waste of breath,
A waste of breath the years behind
In balance with this life, this death."

William Butler Yeats

"I don't really give a shit."

Mitch the Masochist

FADE IN:

125 EXT. OCEAN - LATE AFTERNOON

A winter's day at the Point. A shadowy figure of a man on a surfboard rides deep in the pocket of a wave. A long dark wall on the verge of oblivion stretches out before him. The wave's fringe is ripped away by an icy wind.

NARRATOR

The north swell was cold and lonely and dangerous. It was a powerful swell that marched down the coast in the dead of winter. Only the real surfers dared to ride it back then.

126 ANOTHER ANGLE

A bay full of waves. The long dark lines roll in from far around the Point. The sky is grey and puffy. The water is steel-blue turning to green as the waves break. Wetsuit-clad surfers carve tracks down the cascading walls of water.

NARRATOR

We used to ditch school and go down to The Point and watch it break. I remember, late in the evening, hovering over a fire, waiting for the last waves. And before it was dark we would go out and ride. We were like dancing silhouettes framed by the evening waves.

127 EXT. BEACH

Young men huddle around a small fire, shivering as they try to warm their naked shins. Japanese fishermen dig through the tide pools. A lone surfer scampers over the rocks, chasing his lost board.

NARRATOR

I remember the light ocean breezes and the crisp winter days and the low tide afternoons... But now, it all seemed to be behind us. The change wasn't in the beach or the rocks or the waves, it was in the people. And it was a change we couldn't control. People went away and came back changed. Some got married, some moved inland, and some searched for a new spot. Some died. Ostrich went to jail and God knows what happened to Crusher.

128 EXT. STARBURGER

The old Starburger looks lonely and sad. Windows are boarded up and the outside paint is chipped. Newspapers and trash have blown in and collected against the side of the building. A loose shutter flaps noisily in the wind. Through a crack in the boards: a dust-covered counter, empty shelves and a dirty floor. Lugubrious reminders of an era, like the graffiti hand-printed on the outside wall: "SURFERS RULE -- PRAY FOR SURF."

A big semi zooms by the abandoned cafe. A friendly truck driver who would have stopped in for coffee. Beyond the broken neon sign, the contour of The Point, a gift of nature, sucking in waves and causing them to peel off down the cove. Parked along the highway are many cars and many surfers -- they have long, wild hair and psychedelic designs on their surfboards. They are the cosmic children of the new era.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

With the change in times, even Lucy had changed. The old crew scattered and she lost her role as counselor and mother confessor. She sold the Starburger to some hippies and headed north for a resting place. As for the three friends, nobody knew much about them. They just didn't come down to the beach anymore.

DISSOLVE TO:

129 EXT. VETERANS' ADMINISTRATION CEMETERY - DAY

Some cemeteries have a friendly, down-home feeling, like the Southern graveyards with the slanting tombstones and the sentimental inscriptions, but this one is strictly military. Row after row of identical white grave markers stretch out into the grass-covered hills, converging into geometric shapes. The grey overcast sky and the little old lady, placing flowers on a lost one's grave, make for a stark, lonely setting.

A volley of RIFLE SHOTS REVERBERATES across the cemetery. Three times they CRACK, breaking the doleful silence.

130 PEOPLE AT GRAVESITE

A squadron of military personnel stand straight and stern beside an open grave and a flag-covered casket. Their expressions, cold and impersonal. The firing squad stands with their rifles still aimed in the air. They drop their rifles in unison and an unseen bugler plays a heart-breaking TAPS.

Across the grave is a minister, head bowed and holding a Bible.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

Beside him are a MAN and woman dressed in dark clothes. They watch helplessly as two pallbearers remove the flag from the casket and begin to fold it military-style. The pallbearers hand the flag to the woman and she breaks down in tears.

Off to the side, by himself, is Lance. He looks as though he has been through his own war and it has left its mark on him. He stands with his arms folded and stares despairingly into the open grave.

131 ANOTHER ANGLE

The couple walks slowly away from the grave. The woman clutches the flag and sobs. Lance catches up with them.

LANCE

I'm sorry... Waxer was one of my best friends.

The couple stops and looks mournfully at Lance.

MAN

You knew Jim?

Lance nods slowly.

LANCE

We were friends from the beach.

DISSOLVE TO:

132 EXT. STREET --DAY

Lance is driving his old '40 Ford. Wired to the car door is a faded sign: "LANCE'S SWIMMING POOL SERVICE." A skimmer, a hose and other pool-cleaning equipment hang out the windows. Lance pulls up in front of a seedy ghetto-type apartment. The screens are rotted out. Laundry flaps from the windows. Snotty-nosed kids play in an overgrown front yard. Lance gets out of the car and starts in towards the apartment.

133 INT. LANCE'S APARTMENT

Lance swings open the refrigerator door and stares inside. The refrigerator is empty except for a can of beans, some dried-up tortillas and a single can of beer. He grabs the can of beer, rips it open and starts across the room.

134 ANOTHER ANGLE

Lance sits at a table, thumbing through his mail. Hanging lopsided on the wall behind him is an old picture of himself cutting back at the Point.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

Suspended from the ceiling is his surfboard, covered with dust. Lance picks up the pile of letters. Tossing the envelopes over his shoulder, one at a time:

LANCE
General Telephone -- Pacific Finance
-- Municipal Court.

He picks up another letter and rips it open.

LANCE
(continuing; reading)
'Dear Lance. You are cordially invited
to a premiere showing of my new surfing
movie, Liquid Dreams.'
(he makes a face)
Liquid Dreams...? For Christ's sake.

DISSOLVE TO:

135 EXT. COSMIC CAFE - FORMERLY STARBURGER CAFE - DAY

Lance pulls his old car up in front of the "COSMIC CAFE," formerly Lucy's "STARBURGER" located across the highway from the old pier. The large neon sign still stands but the word "Starburger" has been painted over and replaced by the word "Cosmic." Hippie types with long matted hair, tattered velvet dresses and shabby Levis with embroidered patches hang around out front.

136 INT. COSMIC CAFE

The decor of the Cosmic Cafe is early hash house mixed with psychedelia. There are still the tables and the counter and the pictures of old-time movie stars hanging on the wall behind the grill. But now the old pictures are accompanied by posters of Meher Baba and Jimi Hendrix. A health food menu is handpainted on a chalk board. More hippies sit at the counter and twitch in time to the cosmic SOUNDS of RAVI SHANKAR.

Crazy Kate sits alone at a table near the door. She looks like the same Kate but more pulled together. She wears a straight but sharp-looking outfit. Incense smoke billows from a small burner in the middle of her table. She looks around impatiently and fans the smoke from her face.

The old BELLS RING and Lance drags into the cafe, carrying the letter in his hand. He sits down at the table with Kate. For a moment they just look at each other.

LANCE
Waxer had so many friends.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED:

LANCE (CONT'D)

I can't understand it. I'm the only one that showed up.

Kate looks down and sighs.

KATE

I know, honey. I know.

Kate nods. They sit in silence for a few moments. Kate sits up and throws back her head, trying to shake off the mood.

KATE

(continuing)

Guess what? Jack's old beach house is up for rent. We could move in right away.

LANCE

That's great. That's really great, but...

KATE

(impatiently)

But what?

LANCE

That place probably costs eighty-five dollars a month now. I don't have that kind of money.

KATE

We can make it somehow.

A hippie WAITER walks up to the table. Lance looks up at him as if resenting the intrusion.

LANCE

(to Waiter)

Two cheeseburgers and two Cokes.

WAITER

We're off that trip.

LANCE

What do you mean?

WAITER

We don't serve animal hostilities.

LANCE

Don't start that shit.

(CONTINUED)

WAITER

It's bad karma, brother.

LANCE

I'm not your brother. Just bring us the Cokes and turn down that crappy music. We're trying to talk.

The Waiter turns and starts to walk away.

WAITER

Peace, brother.

Lance grimaces and fans the incense smoke from his face. Kate looks over and stares at the letter he is still holding in his hand.

KATE

What do you have there?

Lance hands her the letter.

LANCE

Take a look.

Kate opens the letter and starts to read.

KATE

(mumbling to herself)

'Dear Lance --

(aloud)

I think this is my best film yet. We are featuring a sequence on old-timers and there's some good footage of you. Lance, I remember you as one of the best of the hotdoggers and will be looking forward to seeing you at the showing. Sincerely yours, Bruce.'

(then)

That's wonderful, Lance.

LANCE

Yeah, isn't that something. They actually remembered me.

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED: (3)

KATE

Of course they remembered you. I don't want to hear you talk like that... Why don't we go?

LANCE

I don't have any clothes. I don't know any of those people.

KATE

I got an old suit of my grandfather's. You could wear that. It's really a classic.

LANCE

I don't know. Why don't we just forget it.

KATE

Aw, come on.

LANCE

You really want to go, don't you?

Kate beams at him.

DISSOLVE TO:

137 EXT. BEVERLY HILLS CREST THEATER

Lance, Kate and Melissa walk proudly in towards the entrance of the theater. Lance is clean-shaven and looks handsome in the classic old suit. Kate wears an elegant evening dress and an upswept hairdo. She holds Lance's arm. This is a special occasion for both of them. They radiate excitement and anticipation. Melissa, who is now five years old, marches along beside Lance, looking up at him admiringly.

They come to the front entrance where a man is dressed in a formal usher's uniform. Beside him is a big poster propped up on an easel: "BRUCE BAYNE'S LIQUID DREAMS, PREMIERE SHOWING."

Lance gracefully pulls the tickets from his top pocket, hands them to the usher and walks inside.

138 INT. THEATER - LANCE'S POV

The plush lobby is jammed with surfers wearing long hair, tie-dyed tank shirts, bead chokers and fuzzy Fu Manchu growths on their chins. They stand around in little groups, haunched over, putting on an air of super-cool. Their eyes are glazed and expressionless.

Sprinkled among the crowd are the new Big Names. There are David Nuuiwa, Mike Purpose, Jay Riddle and Gerry Lopez. They look more like rock stars than they do surfers. Their followers huddle around them, hanging on their every word.

139 ANOTHER ANGLE

Lance searches through the crowd, trying to spot a familiar face. Ostrich? Fly? Crusher? Enforcer? His proud expression changes. He looks uncomfortable and strangely out of place.

The surfers look at him, but then dart their eyes away. They are cold and indifferent.

VOICE

Lance.

Lance spins around and sees BRUCE BAYNE, about thirty and prosperous-looking, standing beside him. Bruce reaches out and shakes Lance's hand.

BRUCE

(continuing; in a
hearty voice)

How you doing, old boy? Glad you
made it... Come on, I'll find you
all a seat.

140 ANOTHER ANGLE

Bruce walks down the aisle of the theater with Lance, Kate and Melissa.

The theater is already filled with surfers and their foxy girls.

BRUCE

Yeah, boy, those were the days.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED:

BRUCE (CONT'D)

You guys used to really rip it up...
What have you been doing with yourself,
anyway?

LANCE

I got a pool-cleaning business now
and...

BRUCE

Terrific. How about Jack and Mitch?

LANCE

Well, Mitch is in the islands and Jack
went to Nam, you know.

Bruce stops near some empty seats. He checks his watch.

BRUCE

Sorry they can't be here... Listen,
old buddy. Got to run. Hope you
enjoy the flick.

141 ANOTHER ANGLE

Lance, Kate and Melissa, on Lance's lap, sit wide-eyed,
watching the movie. ROCK MUSIC BLARES. Wave after wave
flashes across the screen.

142 ON THE SCREEN

Gerry Lopez, tall and slinky, drops gracefully down the face
of a treacherous Hawaiian wave.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(Bayne's voice)

Gerry Lopez thunders down another
pipeline bone-crusher.

Gerry skitters to the bottom and leans into a beautiful sweep-
ing turn. The ocean caves in behind him. A magnificent tube
grinds before him. Like a cat, Gerry slinks into position,
finding the perfect blend of man and wave. He streaks
across the translucent face, extracting speed and power.
Savagely he claws at the explosion of mist and spray.

143 ANOTHER ANGLE

The surfers in the audience stand up and bellow at the top of
their lungs. They wave their arms and stamp their feet as
they watch their hero narrowly escape the gaping jaws of
another tube.

Melissa squirms around excitedly on Lance's lap. She looks
amazed.

144 ON THE SCREEN

An airplane flies over the clouds. And then a MONTAGE SHOWING beach activity down at the Point. The crowd calms down.

NARRATOR

After the north shore season, Gerry and I flew to California to catch some summer waves at the Point. The Point has always been a training ground for great surfers. It is the place where hotdogging was innovated by guys like Lance Johnson, Jack Barlow and Mitch Smith. They were the pioneers. The first ones to develop the modern style. We bring you the great Lance Johnson.

On the screen, Lance rides along on a four-foot wave at The Point. The section builds in front of him and he walks casually up to the nose and hangs ten.

NARRATOR

(continuing)

Lance was famous for his casual style. He made walking the board look as easy as walking down the sidewalk.

145 ANOTHER ANGLE

Kate looks over at Lance and smiles proudly. Melissa squirms some more.

MELISSA

(squealing)

Is that you, Daddy? Is that you?

Lance looks around self-consciously. The surfers surrounding him look bored. Nobody cheers.

146 ON THE SCREEN

Lance fades into another wave. He swings his board around right and locks into perfect trim.

NARRATOR

Lance was one of the best. Here he is getting another unbelievable nose ride.

On the screen, Lance stands casually on the nose. He walks back and glides easily over the top of the wave. Nobody cheers.

147 ANOTHER ANGLE

Lance looks embarrassed. The surfers around him twitch restlessly in their seats. A surfer takes a long drag off a smoldering joint.

148 ON THE SCREEN

Gerry Lopez takes off on a nicely-formed Point wave. The loud ROCK MUSIC BEGINS TO BLARE. Pandemonium breaks out in the audience.

NARRATOR

And now, back to the present. Gerry Lopez tries his luck at The Point.

On the screen, Gerry whips his board around in a series of fast turns. He squats down and powers through the soup.

149 ANOTHER ANGLE

The surfers sitting behind Lance whistle and cheer. Melissa hops up and down on his lap, her eyes glued to the screen.

MELISSA

Look, Daddy, look.

Lance is overwhelmed by sadness and hurt. "I was a king. That was our place. What do they know...? What do they care?" Kate looks at Lance. He has a pained expression. He looks back at Kate and tries to fake a smile. Kate reaches out and squeezes his hand.

DISSOLVE TO:

150 EXT. THE POINT - DAY

It is a cold, blustery day. The wind howls from out of the north. There's a moderate swell running, but the wind blows across the waves and ruffles their edges. The sky is overcast and the ocean is grey and uninviting. Surfers pull up in their cars, check the surf for a moment and then drive away. It is the kind of day where you can still find solitude down at the beach.

Kate sits down near the bottom of the Pit, wrapped in a blanket. Melissa runs up, giggles happily and hands her a handful of seashells. Melissa runs back down to the water's edge where she has a partially-built sand castle. She picks up her shovel and starts to pack on sand. A wave hisses up the berm and flattens her creation. The sand castle dissolves into the sea. Melissa giggles and starts scooping up more sand. She looks up and suddenly her expression changes. She sees something coming in the distance.

151 MELISSA'S POV

A dark figure, a MAN in an overcoat, is walking along the shoreline towards Melissa. He comes closer. Closer. The Man is dressed in a military uniform. His thick shiny boots leave deep impressions in the wet sand.

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED:

The Man comes closer and stops, casting a cold shadow over Melissa. She stares at his boots, then at his knees. Slowly she looks up his body until finally she reaches his face. The Man looks dark and weathered. But beneath the shadows there is a kindly expression.

MAN

You're Melissa, aren't you? Don't you remember me? I'm your Uncle Jack.

152 ANOTHER ANGLE

Melissa drops her shovel and nods, open-mouthed. Kate comes running up and throws her arms around Jack. Tears stream down her face. Melissa watches.

153 ANOTHER ANGLE

Jack takes off his shirt and hands it to Kate. He pulls a Farmer John wetsuit up over his pale shoulders. Kate folds his shirt and places it on a neat pile with the rest of his clothes. Jack grabs a surfboard off the old barbed wire fence. He hesitates for a moment, then puts the board back down.

JACK

Melissa. I almost forgot. I have something for you.

He goes to the pile of clothes and searches through a shirt pocket. He pulls out a shiny medal and hands it to Melissa. She stares at the medal sparkling in her hand.

MELISSA

Thank you, Uncle Jack.

Jack smiles, picks up the board again and starts for the water. Kate watches him and then her expression begins to darken.

KATE

Jack.

Jack turns around.

KATE

(continuing)

Waxer didn't make it.

Jack looks down at the sand.

JACK

I know... A lot of them didn't.

154 EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Jack knee-paddles out through the inside cove. He reaches forward and digs his hands deep into the water, taking long rhythmic strokes. There is the familiar SOUND of little ripples slapping the bottom of his board. So good to be in the water again. His face lights up.

155 ANOTHER ANGLE

Lance is out at the Point, straddling his board and watching for a set. Jack paddles up to him and nonchalantly sits down on his board, trying to hide his stoked expression. Lance looks over at him and then looks back out at sea.

JACK

Good swell.

Lance looks embarrassed.

JACK

(continuing)

How big are the sets?

LANCE

Oh, four, maybe five. Should be better at low tide.

Jack smiles and splashes water toward Lance. Lance returns the splash.

LANCE

(continuing)

First swell in a long time.

JACK

Yep. It's been a long time.

Simultaneously, Lance and Jack burst into smiles. They reach out and vigorously shake hands. They slap each other on the back and fall off into the water.

LANCE

God damn, it's great to see you.

JACK

Ha. It's great to see you.

156 ANOTHER ANGLE

A wave comes and Jack and Lance start to take off.

JACK

I hope I can still do this.

(CONTINUED)

156 CONTINUED:

LANCE
I'm right behind you.

Together they swoop down the wave and bank their turn. Jack looks stiff and slightly awkward.

LANCE
(continuing)
Go behind. Keep low. That's it.
Here I come.

Lance speeds up behind Jack. He trims high in the wave, and passes him by.

JACK
Yeah.

Jack, now behind Lance, turns up high in the wave. Lance drops down low, and Jack trims by in the lip.

LANCE
Haul ass. Haul ass.

JACK
Whoo hoo.

157 ANOTHER ANGLE

Lance and Jack paddle into another five-foot wave with plenty of shoulder. Lance casually turns up behind Jack. Jack drops low again and Lance zooms by.

LANCE
How long you been gone?

Jack takes two steps and presses tight to the wave. Lance drops low. Jack hisses by.

JACK
Three years.

Lance comes up for another go-behind.

LANCE
How was the war?

Jack catches up and goes behind Lance on the wave.

JACK
Boss war. Press builds it up a lot.

158 ANOTHER ANGLE

Lance and Jack knee-paddle side by side back out towards the Point. They hyperventilate and take deep, hard strokes. Jack turns his head and looks over at Lance.

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED:

JACK
(catching his breath) -
You're ripping, Lance. You been
surfing a lot?

LANCE
Only when it's necessary.

They straddle their boards and wait for a set.

LANCE
(continuing)
Kate and I got your old beach house
now.

JACK
Yeah, she told me. That's great.

LANCE
There's room on the floor if you want
it.

JACK
Well, I wouldn't want to stay long,
but... thanks. I'd like that.

Lance nods.

LANCE
Hear about Mitch?

JACK
What happened?

LANCE
He rode outside Pipeline at twenty
feet. He's still an animal, Jack. He
really showed some guts over there.
You'd of been proud of him.

JACK
Damn. I knew he'd be the one to do it.

LANCE
Have you seen Sally yet?

Jack has a serious expression.

JACK
No. Not yet. I came straight here.

Mickey paddles up to Jack and Lance. He has a black eye and
a big smile.

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED: (2)

MICKEY

(to Jack)

Eek. Back from the dead...

(he shakes his hand)

... Glad you're still kicking, old boy.

JACK

(laughing)

Good to see you, Mickey. What happened to your eye?

MICKEY

I went drinking with Bear last night.

A small set of waves start rolling in off the Point. They paddle over the waves, avoiding the surfers that ride by. There is another lull and they straddle their boards again.

JACK

(to Mickey)

How is Bear?

LANCE

He's all fucked up, Jack.

JACK

How do you mean?

LANCE

He lost everything. His wife left him. He drank up all his money. He's all fucked up.

Jack shakes his head.

JACK

I thought about -- a lot -- over there.

(to Mickey)

What have you been up to?

Mickey looks around suspiciously from side to side.

MICKEY

Who, me...? I sell contraband to the kids.

JACK

Huh?

MICKEY

Chemicals, man. I have the finest LSD-25. It keeps you high for days. The kids eat it like candy.

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED: (3)

Jack and Lance look at each other and shrug their shoulders. A small wave rolls in and they turn and take off.

DISSOLVE TO:

159 EXT. STREET - DAY

Jack, driving Lance's car, pulls up in front of some newly-built condominium-type apartments. His expression is anxious. He pulls a letter from his back pocket and matches the address. Jack gets out of the car and starts walking slowly towards the apartment building. He is wearing his old civilian clothes now, a T-shirt and Levis. In his right hand he carries a small bird cage containing a baby parrot.

160 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Jack stops at the walkway to the apartment building and checks the address. He looks preoccupied. His juices stir. His heart begins to pump. He starts toward the apartment then hesitates. His hands begin to sweat. He paces back and forth for a moment then musters up his courage and marches towards a bottom floor apartment. He stands at the door and knocks. A MAN, about 28, answers. He is tall, dark, good-looking and wears a business suit.

JACK

I'm looking for Sally Jacobson.

MAN

Well, uh... Sally's my wife. What do you want?

Jack's heart drops. His being is shocked. His face turns white. His body trembles. He braces himself at the door, looking faint. The husband watches. He looks at Jack, curiously, then to the parrot and then back to Jack.

MAN

(continuing)

I know, you're Jack.

Jack looks through the husband, oblivious to everything. He tries to see into the house.

JACK

I want to see her.

MAN

Look, uh, Jack, it's really not a good idea, you know, to just drop by like this. You should have called first.

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED:

JACK

It's important that I see her.

MAN

(coldly)

I'll tell her you came by.

The husband doesn't slam the door, but he shuts it so that Jack is left there staring at the door that has just been closed in his face. His first reaction is rage. He gets ready to tear down the door, but he catches himself. He jerks around. The parrot squawks. He marches away from the apartment, looking stunned.

161 STREET

Jack stumbles up to Lance's car and gets in. He sets the parrot down on the seat and then doubles over, as if a burning knife had been driven into his stomach. He clenches his fist and slams the dashboard. The parrot squeals. Jack looks up and helplessly stares at the apartment building.

162 JACK'S POV - APARTMENT

The apartment door opens and Sally and her husband walk out. They are both well-dressed and they smile happily as they walk hand-in-hand up the walkway. Sally looks mature and even more beautiful than before. Jack watches as they walk up to a new shiny car parked at the curb. The husband opens the door for Sally and she gets in. He goes around to the driver's side, gets in and they drive away.

163 INT. LANCE'S CAR

Jack turns his head slowly and stares at the baby parrot. Tears fill his eyes. He starts the car and peels rubber down the street.

164 INT. THE BAR

The bar, a sleazy beer joint with a long bar and a pool table, is the hang-out for the survivors from the old Point crew. Ostrich and Fly are playing pool and Enforcer, Crusher and Panhead stand at the bar telling back-slapping dirty jokes. There is something pathetic about them. It is obvious that, for them, this is a nightly routine.

165 ANOTHER ANGLE

Lance and Jack sit at the bar working on a pitcher of beer. The bird cage with the parrot rests on the bar.

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED:

LANCE
Screw it, old buddy... tomorrow's
another day --

Jack takes a slug of beer and props his head on his elbow.

LANCE
(continuing)
You're still alive -- you get to see
the sun come up tomorrow -- isn't
that what counts?

Jack rubs his face and looks at Lance.

LANCE
(continuing)
I can't understand women -- you know
what the ancient Greek word for pussy
was?

JACK
No.

LANCE
Hysteria -- hysteria -- shit, they
don't even know what to do with it.

Jack gets off the bar stool.

JACK
Watch my bird, will you?

166 ANOTHER ANGLE

Jack stands at the pay phone near the pool table, dialing
rapidly. He hears a ring.

JACK
Sally... it's Jack.

Silence.

JACK
(continuing)
I want to see you. You know I have
to see you.

The SOUND of SALLY CRYING comes over the receiver. Jack
looks over his shoulder to see if anyone is listening.

DISSOLVE TO:

167 EXT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY

Sally drives her VW down the old road that runs behind the row of dingy beach houses. Some surfers cross in front of her, carrying their surfboards. She looks at them curiously, as if she might know them. She pulls up near the gate to the old beach house and gets out of her car. She looks apprehensive, but very pretty. She is dressed in some casual clothes. She starts for the gate but suddenly it opens. Out walks Crazy Kate and Melissa.

KATE
(enthusiastic)
Sally, how are you?

She walks up to Sally and gives her a friendly hug.

SALLY
Hi, Kate. It's good to see you.

She squats down and looks at Melissa.

SALLY
(continuing)
Your little girl is just beautiful.

MELISSA
Are you the lady that got married?

Sally's face darkens. She stands up and looks at Kate.

168 INT. JACK'S OLD BEACH HOUSE

Jack paces back and forth inside the old beach house. It is the same cubby hole but now it has Crazy Kate's feminine touch.

There is a KNOCK on the DOOR. Jack hurries to answer. Sally stands there. Their eyes lock. Tears well up, they embrace. Sally pulls herself away and walks inside.

SALLY
I can't stay long.

Jack stands there uncomfortably looking at Sally. He puts his hands in his pockets and fumbles with some change. She walks over to the open window, takes a deep breath and looks out at the ocean.

SALLY
(continuing)
I really miss the ocean.

Jack nods.

(CONTINUED)

168 CONTINUED:

JACK

I did, too.

Sally turns and sees the bird cage with the parrot propped up on Jack's suitcase in the corner.

SALLY

You got another parrot.

JACK

He was for you.

Sally looks back out at the ocean.

SALLY

I should have written and told you... but I didn't know how -- In your letters -- you -- never gave me any hope.

JACK

The war made me crazy, Sally -- the war made me crazy.

SALLY

Why didn't you tell me?

JACK

I tried in that last letter... but I guess I was too late. For a while I didn't think I could ever come home again -- I'd done things over there that I didn't want to face back here -- then all I wanted was to stay alive and come back to see you and this place again.

Sally turns her head, trying to hide her tears.

JACK

(continuing)

Are you happy?

Sally slowly nods her head. Jack walks over and stands beside Sally. He stares out to sea, the tears welling up inside of him. Sally turns and throws her arms around Jack, crying hysterically.

SALLY

Oh, God, Jack. Sometimes I needed you so much... I couldn't stand it.

169 BED

Jack and Sally lie naked beneath the sheets. They cling to each other as if trying to grasp an intangible fantasy that evaporates before them like a mirage. Wet kisses, soft breasts and hard thighs. They pump and grind trying desperately to bring to life an already dying orgasm. Sally clenches her fist and bites her lip, hopelessly reaching for what went before. Jack leans into deep hard strokes, sweating athletically like it was his last great ride.

170 ANOTHER ANGLE

Silently, despondently, Sally and Jack stand near the bed putting on their clothes. Each one in their own dark sadness, avoiding glances, searching for the right words. Sally buttons up her blouse and starts to comb her hair. Her face begins to harden. Jack slips on his pants and tucks in his shirt. The darkness hangs onto them like a weight. Their mood is softened only by the SOUND of CRASHING WAVES and the CHIRP of the baby PARROT.

171 EXT. BEACH HOUSE

Jack and Sally walk slowly down the flight of creaky stairs. Jack opens the old gate for her and she slowly walks through. They walk across the road to where Sally's car is parked. He opens her car door and Sally gets in. Jack stands outside looking at her through the open car door. Both of them fight to hold back their tears. Sally and Jack look deep into each other's eyes. Their eyes are red with sorrow. Sally breaks down and starts to cry. She pulls herself back up.

SALLY

I don't want it to be over. Say it isn't over.

He won't say it, he knows it's over. He leans over and kisses her. He stands up and gently closes her car door. He looks at her through the open car window.

JACK

You're the best thing that ever happened to me.

Sally bites her lip.

SALLY

Maybe five years, maybe longer... but I know, somewhere, sometime -- I'll have you again.

Tears stream down her face. Jack watches with hands in his pockets, as Sally swings her car around and drives off down the road.

DISSOLVE TO:

172 EXT. VETERAN'S ADMINISTRATION CEMETERY - NIGHT

The stark, lonely cemetery has become even more macabre by night. A haunting mist clings to the grave markers. They cast eerie moon shadows against the dark hills.

173 MAIN GATE

Lance, Jack and Mitch take a running start and slam into an iron rod gate. It breaks open and they let out with a cheer. They stagger into the graveyard.

LANCE

(drunkenly)

We don't have to go over that fence now. You can walk right through.

JACK

Just leave it to me. I know all about the military. Careful. This whole place could be mined.

174 GRAVESITES

Lance, Mitch and Jack stagger across the cemetery, tripping over gravesites in the darkness. Lance lights a match and holds it up to a tombstone, trying to read the epitaph.

LANCE

Who's in here? Waxer?

JACK

Waxer. Where are you, Waxer? Mitch has come all the way from the Islands to see you, Waxer.

MITCH

Yeah, Waxer. All the way from Hawaii ... Oh, shit, I got the whirlies.

Mitch trips over a gravesite, falls to the ground and breaks a wine bottle.

LANCE

Radical. Let's get radical. Let's destroy this place.

JACK

We're really polluted, Waxer.

175 ANOTHER ANGLE

Lance, Jack and Mitch stagger over some more gravesites.

MITCH

Waxer, where are you?

(CONTINUED)

175 CONTINUED:

LANCE

I can't find it. I can't remember
which one it is.

Jack stops beside a tombstone.

JACK

Screw it. This one will do.

They sit down cross-legged around the gravesites. Lance
lights another match, leans over to read the epitaph.

LANCE

(reading)

J.E. Johnson. 1810-1898... Hey, this
could have been me.

MITCH

I never thought Waxer would end up in
the boneyard.

JACK

I guess we all do eventually.

LANCE

Hey, Mitch. Give me some wine.

Mitch hands Lance the bottle of wine and he takes a drink.

LANCE

(continuing)

Waxer always liked wine.

JACK

Yep. There's not one of us he
couldn't drink under the table either.

MITCH

Waxer was the most radical guy I ever
knew.

LANCE

Yeah, remember the time at Winchell's
Donut House.

MITCH

Yeah, yeah, you mean the time...

LANCE

I'm telling it... Remember, Jack? We
all stopped off to get some donuts and
when we came back to the car... Waxer,
fucking Waxer, was up on the hood
completely naked.

(CONTINUED)

175 CONTINUED: (2)

He stretches his arms out to the side indicating Waxer's position.

LANCE

(continuing)

With his arms out like this -- posing like he was some kind of hood ornament.

JACK

Yeah, and we got in the car and drove around the parking lot like that... with Waxer on the front. It cracked everybody up. Girls were screaming... guys were hooting. 'Radical! Radical!'

Everyone laughs, except for Mitch.

MITCH

You forgot something.

LANCE

What's that?

MITCH

There was a glazed donut around his oolie.

Everyone doubles over with more laughter. Mitch's beaming face begins to change into a more serious expression. He stares into the grave.

MITCH

(continuing)

Damn it, Waxer. Damn it.

Everyone quiets down. They realize Waxer is never coming back.

LANCE

(reverently)

We, we might as well get on with what we came here for. Mitch, do you have the Bible?

Mitch pulls a small Bible out of his pocket and hands it to Lance. Everyone bows his head.

LANCE

(continuing)

We are gathered here to say a few words for our friend Jim King.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

175 CONTINUED: (3)

LANCE (CONT'D)

We called him Waxer... I would like to say that he was a bitchen guy and a good surfer. He rode the nose well, and he had a nice cut-back. He was kind of screwed up the way he handled women, but he got the ones he wanted. I guess that doesn't matter. He was a good person all the way around.

He looks up and clears his throat. He takes the wine bottle from Jack and has another drink.

LANCE
(continuing)

He always gave people waves, just gave people waves. He never took off in front of anybody that didn't deserve it. He always stuck up for his friends in a fight. He wasn't much good, but he'd always jump in... and there wasn't a big day I can remember that he wouldn't have gone out with his friends. We're all going to miss Waxer and I just hope someone can say the same of me someday.

Jack, Lance and Mitch wipe their tears and stand up. They turn and start walking slowly away from the grave.

176 GATE

The three friends walk slowly out the rod gate. They turn and start down the sidewalk, their figures barely visible in the thick fog.

JACK

Hey, Lance.

LANCE

Yeah.

JACK

I won't be staying with you and Kate tonight.

LANCE

Where you going?

JACK

I don't know. I just think it's time I should go.

(CONTINUED)

176 CONTINUED:

MITCH

Hey, Jack... Lance, if either of you
guys ever need a place to crash...
you know where you can find me.

JACK

Still going up north, eh?

MITCH

Yep... It's cold -- but I hear there's
waves up there a man has never seen.

They walk off into the fog and no two of them walk together.

FADE OUT.

BIG WEDNESDAY

SPRING 1973

"It'll come again -- here -- and
it'll be a day like no other --
a day when you can draw the line."

Bear, 1963

FADE IN:

SUNDAY

177 FULL SHOT - OPEN OCEAN

Somewhere in the vast enchanted wastes of the Pacific the water was still and then a breath of wind broke its surface -- the heat and cold of the currents -- the play of the tradewinds swirled and the breeze built and mounted and became a squall.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Who knows where the wind comes from
-- is it the breath of God? Who
knows what really makes the clouds.

178 FULL SHOT - STORM

The squall built and fed on itself and became a full-blown storm at sea -- a hurricane -- a typhoon.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Where does the typhoon blow? --
Why does the hurricane move? --
Is it fate or luck or an act of
the devil? --

The wind and storm whip up the open ocean into a great frenzy of tumult and chaos.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(continuing)

Where do the great swells come from
and for what?

DISSOLVE TO:

MONDAY

179 FULL SHOT - SEA

Huge lines march across the open ocean -- swells so vast and powerful that all things -- the clouds, the sky, the wind -- are subordinate.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Only that it was time --

The great waves pushing towards some distant shore.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(continuing)

-- and we had only to sit on the
beach and wait --

DISSOLVE TO:

180 FULL SHOT - WAVE

A massive dark line forms in the gray wastes of the sea. It draws all that is around it up and into its being and sweeps forward building, rising and defining itself until it is a wave. Not just any wave but a strong swell of power, a great black wall that sweeps into the point and shore curling and thundering as it hits. Great plumes blow from its crest and it cascades over in the sections like a waterfall. Surfers, small and insignificant, scramble up its face on multicolored boards like so many insects.

181 FULL SHOT - POINT

From the Pit --- through the gate -- the point as we've never seen it. Great dark lines form on the horizon and march in towards the shore. They peel across the point with relentless force trying to tear at the very continent itself. The old pier is shaken and jostles by each massive set. The beach itself is filled with people --- for the first time in years -- they gather at the ripped edge of the sand where a great cliff is being eroded. They watch the drama of the many surfers who rise for the biggest waves -- a chance to perform -- a chance to distinguish themselves.

182 MED. SHOT - LIFEGUARD TOWER

In the f.g. a young surfer is carried on a stretcher being given oxygen by two lifeguards. An AMBULANCE'S mournful WAIL can be HEARD in the distance. Another surfer's arm has been broken by his board. It is twisted and turning grey-blue -- save the bright blood that runs down out of his wetsuit. He staggers to the lifeguard tower still carrying his board.

183 DIFFERENT ANGLE

The lifeguards are frantic -- our VIEW PULLS BACK to the CAPTAIN talking on his radio.

LIFEGUARD CAPTAIN

Yeah, you better get someone from City then because no one's stupid enough to go in down there -- These kids are gonna go in no matter how big it gets -- Yeah -- I think Burnside is looking into a Police order to keep 'em out if it keeps on building.

Our VIEW PULLS BACK FURTHER as other surfers and young kids gather around the lifeguard station looking wide-eyed at their wounded comrades or listening for any further exciting bits of news.

(CONTINUED)

183 CONTINUED:

Behind all these sits a lone KID leaned back against the fence watching the drama below. A large set is rolling in and some terrific surfing is being done. The Kid stands up and stares as the set pours through. He hardly notices that next to him the County GARBAGE COLLECTOR has stopped what he's doing and stares at the set.

KID

All-fucking time.

The Garbage Collector keeps watching but pulls the full plastic bag from the trash can -- sets it on the ground and starts putting a new bag in.

KID

(continuing)

All time -- Jesus. All fucking time!

GARBAGE COLLECTOR

That's the lemon next to the pie.

The Kid turns suddenly and looks at a grizzled man bordering on middle age but still a vital gleam in his eyes -- Bear.

KID

What?

BEAR (GARBAGE COLLECTOR)

That's nothing -- it's gonna get bigger.

The Kid is suddenly fascinated -- doesn't know what to make of a garbage collector giving him a surf report.

KID

Why you say that, man -- that's hot -- I mean it don't get any bigger than that around here.

Bear smoothes out the plastic liner -- pulls the edges around the top of the can.

BEAR

You been out there?

KID

I was out this morning, man -- it was sooo hot -- but it's hairy.

Bear finishes and stands up -- looks out across the vast expanse of sea -- the set is over.

(CONTINUED)

183 CONTINUED: (2)

BEAR

How big was it yesterday?

KID

It was four, maybe five -- it came up this morning -- just started pumping, man -- sets of six and eight -- it's gotta be ten now!

BEAR

The waves were -- real far apart.

KID

Yeah, it's kinda strange --

BEAR

-- and the sets -- they were long sets -- ten -- twelve waves to a set -- now there's more -- maybe fifteen waves in it -- And the water is cold -- cold, deep water -- stirred up.

KID

You know about it -- Hey, man -- you a surfer?

Bear slings the bag of rotting trash over his shoulder.

BEAR

I've seen this before -- You gonna be here tomorrow? You gonna go out?

KID

Yeah, sure.

BEAR

You may be crying for your mother in the lineup.

He turns and starts back towards the garbage truck -- The kid turns -- he must have an answer.

KID

You a surfer, man? You surf?

BEAR

No -- I'm just a garbage collector -- I don't give a shit.

184 EXT. BARLOW HOUSE - FULL SHOT - AFTERNOON

Lance drives his used El Camino up in front of the old Barlow house, where they had so many parties so long ago.

(CONTINUED)

184 CONTINUED:

The house is worn-looking, the grass is long. Lance gets out and walks up to a "For Sale" sign in the grass. He moves it slightly -- it's solidly implanted. Lance has aged -- his hair is shorter -- he's put on a few pounds but he's still Lance Johnson. He goes to the door and rings the bell -- There is a long wait and finally Mrs. Barlow answers it. They look at each other for a second -- she's aged, too.

MRS. BARLOW
(softly)

Lance.

LANCE
I sort of thought you might know
where Jack is -- I mean how I
could call him this afternoon.

MRS. BARLOW
You don't have his number, Lance?

LANCE
Well -- they changed him around so
much. I guess I have an old number.

MRS. BARLOW
Well -- he's up on a fire tower now
-- He stays there five days a week
-- You just call Ranger headquarters --
they'll put you through -- You can
use the phone here --

LANCE
No -- it's okay -- I'll call him
from home -- I'd rather do that.

MRS. BARLOW
You still with Kate?

LANCE
Yeah -- we're married now.

MRS. BARLOW
She's a great girl -- how's Melissa?

LANCE
Growing up.

MRS. BARLOW
I remember when you kids were growing
up. You didn't have a care in the
world. It seems like such a short
time... to be kids.

(CONTINUED)

184 CONTINUED:

LANCE

Yeah.

She hesitates.

MRS. BARLOW

Anything important -- you wanting
to find Jack?

LANCE

A swell -- good swell.

MRS. BARLOW

Must be a big one.

LANCE

Yeah --- looks like the best I can
remember -- Bear wants us to ride
it -- He called me.

MRS. BARLOW

Bear -- I haven't seem him in so --

LANCE

Mrs. Barlow -- there's one thing
I'd like to straighten out.

She pulls herself up.

MRS. BARLOW

Yes, Lance?

He kicks the ground -- looks off and around.

LANCE

Well, Mrs. Barlow -- I did a lot of
things around here that I'm sort of
ashamed of -- I tore up your lawn
with my '40 Ford -- I took my pants
off in front of your friends -- threw
up all over your kitchen.

MRS. BARLOW

Many times.

LANCE

-- Many times -- I wrecked your stove
trying to cook Mitch -- I raped
strange girls in your bed -- Passed
out in your closet -- I don't know --
but, well -- I never -- and I don't
know who did -- 'cause I'm the only
one who would have -- but I never
-- I repeat, I never ever pissed
in your steam iron.

(CONTINUED)

184 CONTINUED: (2)

She smiles at him --- he turns red.

MRS. BARLOW

Say hello to my son for me, Lance.

He nods.

LANCE

Thank you, Mrs. Barlow.

He turns and goes.

DISSOLVE TO:

185 CLOSE SHOT - PICTURE

A picture of Sally -- tan, laughing, surfboards leaning against a fence behind her -- long ago and far away. The picture is grainy and old but it has a frame around it.

JACK (O.S.)

Huge waves batter south shore --
Oahu -- Biggest waves in 20 years
-- expected to hit California beaches
early Tuesday.

Our VIEW WIDENS TO INCLUDE another picture of a large dark wave with a rider streaking across it -- simple things on a desk -- pencils -- field glasses -- a State Forest Ranger's hat -- maps on the walls -- a telescope and finally Jack, reading a newspaper. On the front page is a photo of a huge wave battering the Hawaiian coast. Jack leans back in his chair looking out a window over endless brush-covered hills. He wears his uniform -- starched and neat -- his hair is short -- his face older and more weather-beaten. The PHONE RINGS. He picks it up.

JACK

(continuing; into
phone)

Lance. I was just going to call
you -- Yeah -- So this is it --
Bear never said it would be a south
-- sort of a little west in it, I
bet --

He leans back and puts his feet up on his desk.

JACK

(continuing)

-- You know what the funny thing is?
It's Tuesday -- Tuesday --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

185 CONTINUED:

JACK (CONT'D)

-- we'll ride tomorrow morning --
 I guess he was right all along --
 Big Wednesday -- Mitch on his way?
 -- Yeah -- I got my board up here
 -- what's left of it.

(he pauses)

I guess we go tomorrow -- let's
 just meet in the Pit at eight
 and get it done early.

He looks out over the endless expanse of dry scrubby hills,
 in the distance is the vague haze of the city and little dots
 represent the limit to which it has pushed.

JACK

(continuing)

Okay -- see you then.

He hangs up the phone and just stares out the window for
 a while, his hand rests next to the picture of the wave and
 Sally.

DISSOLVE TO:

186 BIG SUR - EVENING

A lonely stretch of road. Lights wind around a bend and
 grow -- Finally the car can be DISCERNED -- a white 1955
 Porsche Speedster, by no means restored, rattles by.

187 CLOSE - CAR

Mitch is at the wheel bundled up, a scarf around his neck
 like an aviator -- a mad gleam in his eyes, his surfboard,
 old and yellow, in the seat next to him. His face is lined
 and leathery -- his hair beginning to recede but his eyes
 are the same. He drives into the turns with recklessness --
 drifting and screeching, smiling to himself as he flirts
 with the edge of a cliff.

188 DIFFERENT ANGLE

He sees a figure ahead hitchhiking. The figure grows in his
 lights -- a young GIRL in a heavy coat. He pulls over and
 slides to a stop in the gravel -- dust rises. She is a young
 innocent-looking girl with dark hair and dark eyes.

MITCH

You need a ride?

GIRL

Los Angeles? I'm going to Los
 Angeles.

(CONTINUED)

188 CONTINUED:

Mitch opens the door -- she looks at the surfboard. He looks at her -- finally she climbs in on top of it uncomfortably and closes the door. He accelerates violently.

MITCH

You don't look like a hitchhiker.

GIRL

I'm going to L.A. to find somebody I knew.

He looks over at her.

MITCH

Yeah -- so am I.

She looks uncomfortable.

MITCH

Lean back.

She leans back against the surfboard -- her hair blows in the wind. He stares straight ahead and drives through the night.

DISSOLVE TO:

189 THE PIER - NIGHT

Lance walks along the highway -- there is a thick mist in the air -- churned up ocean from the pounding swells, their ROAR can be HEARD over the traffic. Lance comes to the entrance of the old pier -- boarded up and barb wired with signs proclaiming danger -- condemned structure. For some reason all these years they let it stand.

190 DIFFERENT ANGLE

Lance looks out into the darkness and even the shadows can discern a giant wall moving towards him -- its crest touching the bottom of the pier. He gasps at such a sight -- as if he were seeing a tidal wave. The shadowy silent wall towers, shaking the pier and cracks viscerously at its crest and thunders over. The ground seems to shake and the air is thick. Lance hesitates and looks into the night for another monster -- nothing but blackness. He climbs over the barbed wire and barricade and starts down the pier.

191 CLOSE SHOT - LANCE

He walks carefully looking around. A haze hangs over everything -- as if out here there is no more land -- no more city -- no more air -- no more life -- just ocean.

(CONTINUED)

191 CONTINUED:

The wood CREAKS under him -- the whole pier sways and shifts with each passing wave. All these years, they left it here and now the ocean will finish the job. Not yet anyway. The farther he goes into the foggy blackness the more he feels he can never get back. Finally he comes near the end -- where the Bear's shop once was. He stops.

VOICE

You showed up.

He turns -- squints -- in the shadows is a figure leaning against the burned pilings. He steps closer -- it's Bear.

LANCE

You're drunk.

BEAR

So what.

A huge wave passes underneath them almost lifting the pier.

BEAR

(continuing)

Can you feel it -- it's wonderful --
so clean and pure -- a great swell
-- like nothing anyone's ever seen.

-- Feel it!

The pier shakes as the waves crash.

BEAR

(continuing)

It feels so good out here -- almost
like a girl -- one after another --
orgasms -- no one ever comes out
here anymore -- It was mine -- all
mine.

LANCE

How long have you been here --
like this?

BEAR

Did you call them?

LANCE

I called them.

BEAR

They'll be here tomorrow?

LANCE

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

191 CONTINUED: (2)

Bear drinks from a bottle of wine.

BEAR

You can do it tomorrow, Lance --
all these years were for tomorrow --
you can distinguish yourself --
You've got the potential --
Greatness! -- That's what I'm
talking about! Not just another
-- but greatness!

He pulls himself into another position.

LANCE

What're you doing, Bear? Why are
you here -- like this?

BEAR

I brought it for you Lance --
there behind you -- next to the
pilings.

Lance looks around.

BEAR

(continuing)

I brought it for you.

Lance sees it -- the long sleek wooden board -- Bear's
own board -- reshaped, honed and perfected -- waiting.

BEAR

(continuing)

It's yours now.

Lance goes and picks it up.

BEAR

(continuing)

All these years -- only a few things
mattered -- the thing that mattered
most was knowing how you three felt
about me -- that you respected me
-- that I'd given something to you.

He points to the board.

BEAR

(continuing)

It's yours now -- I taught you to
turn and to trim -- to cut back and
stay high in the sections --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

191 CONTINUED: (3)

BEAR (CONT'D)

I can't teach you any more about surfing -- but I can tell you, Lance -- the most important thing is that you give something to them -- something more than surfing -- that you pass something to those that are following no matter what you think of 'em -- that's how you draw the line.

He feels it under his arm -- sleek and smooth, heavy but well balanced. The same as all the times he picked it up in the shop or ran his hands down its rails. The pier buffets and shakes underneath them as another crashing wall of water explodes. He turns sharply to the figure in the shadows.

LANCE

What're you doing, Bear? What're you doing like this -- Come on back with me, Bear -- Kate's at home with hot food and Melissa wants to see you -- Come on back with --

BEAR

No!

Lance is quiet.

BEAR

(continuing)

Take the board and get out of here -- Leave me alone now --

Lance turns.

BEAR

(continuing)

Take it and get out of here! This is mine!

Lance walks away into the haze, back towards the lights of the highway. The pier shakes repeatedly underneath him.

192 LANCE'S CAR

Lance puts the board carefully in the back of his old El Camino. He hears a great RUMBLING and looks up as a tremendous set pours through -- he can't see -- just hears it -- and he thinks -- just barely that he can hear Bear laughing.

DISSOLVE TO:

193 LANCE'S APARTMENT - DARKNESS

It is the hour before dawn, when the sky turns a deep blue in the east -- the loneliest hour -- the hour when most births take place -- and most deaths. A light is on in Lance's apartment -- we SEE him briefly at the window -- then the light goes off -- he opens the door, walks to the garage.

194 CLOSER - GARAGE

He opens the door -- the thin blue light of dawn barely illuminates a few objects -- one gleams on the ground -- the board. He walks over to it -- stands and looks at its dimly outlined shape for a while. It's cold this morning and he rubs his arms. He looks, shifts his weight but can't take his eyes from the board. Finally he kneels down next to it.

195 CLOSER STILL - LANCE

He runs his hand over the gleaming deck -- it'll have to be waxed carefully so its rough and sure -- so that there's no way his feet could slip on its surface. Then his hand goes to the bottom, polished bright -- no imperfection -- and finally lightly he caresses the rail the same way one might run their hand over a beautifully-shaped girl's thigh -- lightly and then firmly as if to generate a sexual response. Suddenly he senses something and looks up.

196 DIFFERENT ANGLE

There, standing silhouetted against the dawn, is Kate in a robe -- Melissa leans against her, sleepy. Lance looks into Kate's eyes -- she looks back into him.

197 FIRE TOWER

The faint glow of dawn silhouettes Jack's tower. He turns the lights off.

198 CLOSE SHOT - BOARD

His two hands withdraw the long old board from its resting place under the tower and carry it to a truck and slides it in.

199 INT. TOWER

In the f.g. is the picture of Sally and the dark wave barely discernible in the dim light. Through the glass Jack's Forest Service truck can be SEEN. It starts and the lights come on and he drives it off towards the dark and the sea.

200 CLOWE SHOT - MITCH'S CAR

Parked alone along the side of the highway. Mitch is asleep, slumped behind the wheel -- the little dark-haired Girl is asleep on his shoulder -- the board is laying across the hood. He stirs and his eyes open. He hears the SOUND -- sees the mist on his windshield -- feels the dampness in their clothes. She stirs and opens her eyes looking at him. His head turns and he sees what he heard. Great swells rise out of the sea and crash violently on the rocky cliffs -- dark lines stretch to the horizon.

MITCH

We better get going.

GIRL

You're -- you're going out there?

MITCH

Yes -- my friends are waiting for me.

He starts the car then he turns to her.

MITCH

(continuing)

I don't know how long I'll be --
but when it's over -- if you want --

GIRL

It's all right. Don't worry --
I'll be all right.

He drives away.

DISSOLVE TO:

201 DAWN

The sun hasn't risen but the first rays of light filter over the highway -- the point -- the massive grey sea.

202 FULL SHOT - WAVE

An enormous wall of water -- drawing up -- rising -- rising -- towering until it FILLS the entire FRAME. It is dark blue, almost black, menacing and all powerful pulling strands of white up with it. It finally turns over on itself cascading down with the texture of wet cement and explodes into white chaos.

BIG WEDNESDAY

203 FULL SHOT - BEACH

The kids lined up along the shoreline.

(CONTINUED)

203 CONTINUED:

Some jump up and down to stay warm, others sit huddled together. Girls hold on to their guys -- staring, rubbing each other disconcertedly -- trying to stay warm -- trying to keep in touch with themselves, their bodies, the land, all that they've known -- trying to stay warm.

204 CLOSER

Their faces are drawn almost impassive in the early light. Their eyes are blank, the jaws slack -- No one wants to show too much emotion -- Decisions are being made -- inside -- deep inside where nobody goes -- Do I want to ride? Do I have to ride? It's too big for me -- I've been in bigger but something is different here -- Something is loose -- uncontrolled -- No -- I don't have to ride -- I'm no coward but I'm no fool.

205 FULL SHOT - THE LINE-UP

Huge walls move towards the land and the few surfers out there scramble over them. A rider drops in -- the crowd gasps -- it's huge. He carves off the bottom in a series of long turns but the face of the wave is choppy and closing fast -- He doesn't make the inside sections and tries vainly to straighten out but the onrushing mountain of soup crushes over him -- explodes on. Only a few will ride today -- on days such as these it is never really more than a few.

206 THE BEACH

And these few will be special. A tall lean dark-haired young man walks quietly with his small purple board with a yellow lightning bolt across it. Several others follow him -- an entourage -- the crowd mumbles as he passes.

KID

It's Lopez.

OTHER KID

That ain't him --

ANOTHER

Yeah, it is -- I've seen him in the islands -- that's Gerry Lopez.

Lopez passes -- walking towards the shorebreak -- It's so big today that he'll have to sprint out along the pier. Lifeguard trucks roar up, SIRENS WAILING -- the lifeguards get out and run down towards the pier -- somebody is drowning or has already drowned -- many of the crowd follow -- they've made their decisions -- they'll not leave their warm girls and beach today -- let others provide the sport -- They don't mind blood.

207 CLOSE SHOT - LIFEGUARD TOWER

A young lifeguard, like Jack used to be, is on the phone -- he is drawn and serious -- he's wet and his shoulder has been injured.

208 MED. SHOT - CROWD

A crowd has surrounded the lifeguard truck. The guards are moving somebody to the truck -- the crowds are thick -- they don't know whether to see the victims or watch the battle at sea.

LIFEGUARD CAPTAIN

All right -- let's have some room here!

OTHER LIFEGUARD

Get out of the way.

They carry a young girl on a stretcher -- her mouth covered with an oxygen mask -- her eyes dull -- her face blue.

SURFER

Just a chick, man.

OTHER SURFER

Hey, she got swept off the point.

OTHER

Is she alive?

209 THE POINT - JACK, LANCE, MITCH

Sitting on the point rocks are the three friends. They watch the most awesome and varied of nature's expressions! The great outer ocean throwing its force against the land. Huge waves tower and crash over before them -- wrapping around the point where the surfers wait.

LANCE

Well -- Bear said stay high through that first section -- turn up into the second and try and trim through it, too -- Not too much turning.

JACK

Where is he?

Lance turns his head.

210 LANCE'S POV

The pier has been destroyed by the waves during the night -- the whole end of it is gone.

(CONTINUED)

210 CONTINUED:

LANCE (O.S.)
I don't know...

211 CLOSE - THE FRIENDS

They look at each other. The time has come. Action. Lance nods his head in the direction of the waves.

JACK
Stoked?

MITCH
Why not?

212 MONTAGE

Clothes are being stripped off revealing pale skin still well muscled and the old faded surfing trunks -- boards are waxed. SHOTS of each of their faces. Finally the water rushing up the beach cascading around their legs -- cold -- dangerous -- they leap in one at a time -- the long boards hit the flat water -- powerful arms churn down -- sending off little whirlpools at the end of the stroke. The nose chatters through the minute chop towards the onrushing shorebreak.

213 BEACH

Across the faces of the beach -- the young kids who've grown up and never seen anything like this -- the older ones -- some of whom have been there and remember -- maybe in the islands -- maybe down south -- "a day so big -- so grand -- "

KID
Longboards.

214 FULL SHOT - SHOREBREAK

One by one they battle through to torn up shorebreak along the pier. It's a lull but the waves are still six feet. Jack bashes through -- the cold water immersing him for a second then letting him go.

215 DIFFERENT ANGLE - THE CHANNEL

They are free of the shorebreak into the clean blue water of the outer ocean. Paddling rhythmically feeling tight muscles loosen. The pier behind them -- heading for the point. Their faces are determined, almost grim. Jack looks over at Mitch, he smiles -- Jack smiles back for a brief instant they crack up -- they can't believe it -- here they are -- again.

(CONTINUED)

216 CONTINUED:

Lance cracks up, too -- They pull abreast of each other paddling almost in unison -- their arms strong as they ever were -- giggling and laughing -- finally Mitch looks out to sea.

MITCH

Outside!

217 ANOTHER ANGLE

We SEE an enormous wall building -- building across the horizon -- moving towards us; sleek, dark and glassy, rising in its greatness as if an animated thing -- more than animal. It draws closer relentlessly shuttering out all else -- suddenly the three pass AROUND US -- Jack on one side -- Mitch and Lance on the other -- paddling rhythmic and undisturbed right for the great wall -- together three abreast they start up its immensity as it starts to crack as its top.

218 THE WAVE

From behind the wave -- all three surfers break through the crest in quick succession -- bursting through in a shower of silvery spray and vaulting through open space for a second then crashing down into the f.g. and continuing their stroke. The wave hisses over behind them and explodes.

219 CLOSE SHOT - LANCE

He looks down the lineup to the point as another horrendous wall folds towards them. Mitch and Jack are inside of him and beyond he can see a surfer on the wall -- insignificantly small but streaming a sinuous vapor trail of spray as he shakes through the sections. The rider is good. Lance looks across the others as they start up the massive face turning concave -- watching the surfer on his small purple board in the gaping mouth of the tube -- rising and falling -- the sledgehammer lip just missing him. Lopez. Then they go up and burst through again in another shower of silver. The wave and Lopez are gone behind.

220 FULL SHOT - POINT

They paddle into the final lineup on the point -- It's been war here and this is a battleground but now the set has passed and everything is smooth and calm. The sky is slate grey and the sea almost black -- lesser swells undulate beneath them. Twenty or so surfers sit here in this rarified atmosphere. They bob up and down -- eager eyes scan the horizon waiting -- waiting. The surfers are all older than kids -- at least in their early 20's mostly -- a few younger -- their faces are drawn and pale from the cold water -- most wear wetsuits of some kind. They don't talk or gesture -- it's as if each one were here alone.

The three friends stop -- they are here -- now, soon it will come -- the battle will begin again. But here and now it's peaceful -- a serene peace that each of them has never known. The sky seems blue above them for a second. The sun seems to briefly shine -- seagulls by the hundreds circle and swirl above the Point -- their cries are plaintive and haunting. The air becomes crisp -- a breath of offshore wind -- sweet scented from the land. It is peaceful -- so peaceful -- at this moment they all know in their hearts why this ocean -- this "great tide beating heart of the earth" is called Pacific.

JACK

Let's kinda keep an eye on each other.

MITCH

If -- anyone's in trouble -- well, fuck it -- who'll know?

JACK

We'll try.

Suddenly a SURFER starts to paddle, ANOTHER turns his board sharply then others.

SURFER

Outside!

ANOTHER

Oh, Jesus!

STILL ANOTHER

Outside! Look at that mother!

The three turn their long boards expertly -- arms dig in -- water streams from the nose as the boards surge ahead. A giant set is building -- it seems as if the whole horizon has lifted and is coming towards them and beyond that a greater horizon. It's as if the set before was nothing compared to this one.

221 MONTAGE - FACES

The faces of the surfers -- their eyes widen as they dig in -- one chatters to himself uncontrollably -- another breathes furiously -- a few are calm, resolute -- most are awed and terrified in equal measure. They churn furiously on their small boards -- scratching for the onrushing mountains.

222 CLOSE SHOT - LANCE

Lance is different -- he has come alive -- his eyes gleam -- he's scared but he knows what this is -- how long he's waited -- the big wood board surges ahead of the others -- he'll have plenty of time to clear the first waves -- pick his -- be in the right place.

223 CLOSE - MITCH AND JACK

Jack is breathless -- awed -- Mitch, the savage, is exhilarated beyond belief. The wave looms over them -- it's going to be close -- Lance is ahead already clearing the crest.

MITCH

Wow -- Jack! Real waves!

He churns up the face and crashes the cracking crest with Jack close behind.

224 CLOSE - OTHER SURFERS

Some are not so lucky -- the big boards paddle faster and glide further than the new small ones -- A few are not going to make it. Either this wave or the next will clean them. A young surfer starts paddling up the concave face -- halfway up he abandons the board to swim through. Another strokes desperately but knows he can't clear it. He screams in fear as he is sucked up into the crest and back over the falls. The wave explodes -- tons of water pour over.

225 FULL SHOT - LINEUP

This is it -- what surfers call the lineup that no man's land between safety and disaster where you make the choice -- draw the line and go for it. A battleground like in a war. Surfers yell to their friends about outside waves -- others sprint towards the channel. Decision must be made quickly -- this one -- the next one? Is it bigger outside? Is he going on that one? Once a wave has been picked and committed to, there's no turning back. If the surfer fails to catch the wave, the one behind will get him. Consequently, in this scramble, many times two or even three surfers catch the wave at once -- Only one has a chance of making it on a day like today. They scream at each other.

SURFER

Coming down! -- Coming down!

The wave passes -- the fate unknown -- another and another come past. Jack, Lance and Mitch know the strategy well -- they maneuver -- wait -- sprint -- twenty years of surfing pays off as much here as on the wave. Finally it looks clear.

226 CLOSE - THE GROUP

An ominous wall -- a mountain of water is bearing down on them.

MITCH

This is it! -- Mine!

Jack paddles by.

JACK

Go -- Go! Ride!

Mitch spins around as he's being sucked up the face -- the board drops away as he comes to his feet in the vertical drop and hurtles down the wave crouching at the bottom and banking into a smoking turn as the wave pitches out.

227 DIFFERENT ANGLES - OTHERS

Now it's contagious -- Jack wheels around -- strokes, driving his arms in deep -- he surges ahead, the board flying out into seeming space and down the great rising wall -- Stay high after the initial turn. Trim. The first sections are thick and heavy -- they loom over and are gone in an instant. His feet feel sure again.

228 FULL - LANCE

Now it's Lance's turn -- the great wall -- the best of the set -- smooth and green builds behind him. He looks over his shoulder at it -- almost saluting it arrogantly -- turns the board -- strokes hard -- moving now -- faster -- faster -- the wall surges him up -- drawing him towards the crest and then the board's speed takes over -- He rockets ahead, white plumes of vapor being left behind -- down -- down to the left -- a flagrant display of daring -- the better to bring off his turn -- he arches his back -- his legs wide apart -- banked at the flat bottom as he hears the thunderous CRACK overhead -- Not for an instant does he flinch or duck -- he rides with the same proud dignity he always had -- as if the waves were five foot instead of fifteen or eighteen. He rockets out of the turn tucks into the hook and drives high into the first section -- It starts to come over -- heavy and fast -- he trims up staying high -- the curl gains on him -- he stays high still until it seems as if the whole wall is going to come over and at the last moment he drops, gaining the ultimate in speed and tucks slightly -- the onrushing curl almost covers him from sight -- he executes a searing turn at the bottom and comes back into the light. A few more driving sections -- staying high -- the board holding and the wave is all but over -- one more massive unmakeable section ahead and then the pier -- He's gone the limit and so he smoothly rockets off over the top.

229 CLOSE - LANCE

He comes screaming over the wave and rides the big board down the trough and into still water. He's made it. He's done it. He screams in joy and his legs buckle under him and he falls unceremoniously into the water -- He surfaces and pulls himself back on the board -- Now the long paddle back -- more -- the day is his.

230 MONTAGE - SURFING

Surfing like we've never seen it -- Mitch drives through the sections slightly out of control -- savagely attacking -- making it -- Jack is the strategist -- careful perfect placement -- incredible situations he seems to be lucky to get out of -- using his head wherever he can. But no one -- no one at all rides like Lance. All that he ever was comes back -- he just doesn't ride these waves -- he makes love to them. Every move is sure and graceful -- every position classically executed -- The timing is more than exact -- he is riding on that very edge where he is so close to disaster, so thoroughly committed to his position that he can only achieve greatness or die. He is definitely the best rider to ever dominate the Point.

231 CLOSE SHOT - LANCE

He paddles back to the Point -- watches Jack as he carves across the top and disappears as the wave goes by. He smiles to himself and paddles smoothly.

232 DIFFERENT ANGLE

He gets to the Point at the end of a set. The last wave towers before him -- a scared KID sits in the channel and watches as a crazy surfer spins around in the impact area and makes a spectacular late takeoff -- Mitch.

KID

Radical -- that guy's so radical!

LANCE

Having fun?

KID

I'm scared shitless -- but I'm never gonna forget that I was out here.

LANCE

(smiles)

Go for it.

(CONTINUED)

232 CONTINUED:

He paddles on farther out on the Point long past the safety of the channel and to the place where the steep ride begins -- It is strangely empty and quiet -- the last set has cleared the Point -- only one surfer remains -- tall, dark, lean, on a purple board with a yellow lightning bolt. Lance paddles up; they look at each other and smile. The seagulls wheel around above them. They don't bother to look outside. They know when the waves are coming. These two are relaxed, calm, they belong here.

LOPEZ

You're Lance Johnson, aren't you?

LANCE

Yeah ---

LOPEZ

Gerry Lopez.

LANCE

I've seen you in the surfing movies.

Lopez drifts closer.

LOPEZ

You don't ever surf much anymore, do you?

LANCE

Not very often -- couldn't let this one go by, though --

LOPEZ

Good swell --

He looks out to sea -- a huge set is forming --

LOPEZ

(continuing)

You know -- you're as great as they said you were, Lance -- maybe even better.

They turn together and start paddling for the best lineup.

LANCE

Thank you -- You're no punk yourself -- It's an honor to ride with you.

A massive wall threatens them.

(CONTINUED)

232 CONTINUED: (2)

LANCE
(continuing)
You want it?

LOPEZ
Thanks.

He spins his board smoothly and takes off with effortless grace.

233 FULL SHOT - BEACH

The spectacle in the water has all eyes upon it. The crowds of surfers stare breathlessly out at the lineup. The lifeguards run up and down the beach, or patrol in their trucks doing all they can to keep people out of the water and help those who are being washed in. The last set has taken its toll -- broken boards wash up on the rocks -- a surfer limps from the water, coughing -- his friends cluster around him -- another surfer is helped to the lifeguards, holding his head.

234 DIFFERENT ANGLE

They all watch Lopez ride -- he is magnificent -- flowing, smooth -- all that the new style can give but never breaking the traditions of the old. He is a complete surfer -- he rides on the edge, like Lance, and it looks easy. The crowd mumbles and begins to hoot as he goes through a particularly fine section.

235 THE LINEUP - LANCE

Suddenly Lance is alone. He paddles over an enormous wave and finds that he is alone -- totally divorced from the land and all those who live there. There is no recognizable time or space -- only the huge green back of the wave that passed -- the yawning black face of the wave approaching -- the mists that hang over them -- and the hundreds of seagulls wheeling above. It is a world unlike any other -- chaos and beauty -- a desperate loneliness and an intoxicating solitude. Lance looks down the lineup and sees no one -- The inside is too far away -- perhaps a few down there -- but right now the point waves are his.

236 CLOSE - LANCE

He paddles with purpose -- as if being drawn by his own particular destiny -- up -- up over the great green wall and on the other side he sees his wave. A wave perhaps like the others but a perfect wave -- enormous, arrogant in its beauty, and dangerous. He knows it the instant he sees it -- it's his wave. His holy grail that he's looked for all these years.

237 DIFFERENT ANGLE - WAVE

Sunlight seems to break through for an instant and turns the monster into a mountain of deep blue -- gathering itself up -- hurling itself forward -- its top cracking and blowing back white, like a mane. Lance spins around and strokes -- deep and hard -- he is gathered up in the great wave's immensity -- carried up higher and higher as the huge wall sucks out beneath him. The off-shore wind holds him high -- impedes his rush down the face until the last minute and by then the face is vertical, almost concave. He leaps to his feet -- claws at the side of the wave -- knows he must rip out a turn on the way down. It's already coming over -- shutting out the sun -- he falls -- falls -- will the fin hold? Will it spin out? It holds! He has his turn -- barely scraping the bottom -- banking up -- a half step -- trim -- trim the board -- tuck in -- get higher in the section -- the sun is gone -- the curl is breaking off over his head -- there is a tremendous CRACKING SOUND as the wave detonates behind him.

238 CLOSE - LANCE

He tucks into trim -- his speed is unbelievable -- his expression is mixed with fear -- awe -- anxiety -- and grandeur. He tucks in farther, urging everything from his board -- the first section is hollowing the wall ahead -- shadow passes over him -- the lip of the curl narrowly missing his shoulder. It's so big -- he's never been in so big a wave -- this far back.

239 LANCE'S POV

The wall rushes up ahead -- the land visible beyond -- The wall rushes up and curls over our heads and shuts out the sun and the arc of the curl gets tighter and tighter until a span of green water is peeling off over our heads. This is called being in the "green room," an experience that happens only a few times in a surfer's life and never in such a big wave. Inside the curl -- no longer visible from the beach -- covered up by the immense roof of water -- the light of the land still visible ahead -- the outrushing wall curling -- curling. The sound silent and all consumed by the roar of the ocean -- Time is stretched and twisted here -- it can never be the same. Seconds seem to take hours and repeat themselves -- Have I done this before -- I just went by -- I see myself -- I'll never be here again -- I'll never get out -- The onrushing wall curls overhead. On the beach hundreds of people are holding their breath -- are screaming -- are hooting -- they don't believe it -- but here it is strangely serene -- the people, the land -- the sun -- the wave -- are all gone -- only the green light and the freedom of speed. Finally the eye of the wave opens -- light begins to flood in. The shadow passes.

240 DIFFERENT ANGLE

Lance arches out of the tube in full trim using a hard rail turn to gain the edge -- The board arches smoothly to the top of the wave and he brings it around and down into another turn -- the vapor spray smoking behind him. Ahead is the final unmakeable section -- blocked by the pier -- the wave fattens here and grows tamer for an instant -- The right time to get out -- He's gone farther than any man can go today.

241 CLOSE SHOT - LANCE

He turns smoothly to the top of the great wave. A change in his expression. He has made the wave -- there is nothing more. Or is there -- nothing for a man but what of a god? In all of surfing one of the most beautiful and symbolic maneuvers is the cut-back -- a searing turn back from the safety of the shoulder into the depths of the wave once again. It is an arrogant and dangerous move, once more hurling yourself into danger, committing yourself to the edge. No one in all of surfing ever cut-back any better than Lance and now his expression changes -- his foot drops to the tail-block -- his arms wheel -- the board banks into the face and back around down again into the blackness. He drives to the bottom.

242 CLOSE SHOT - JACK

He looks for Lance -- sees him go back -- turns his board.

243 CLOSE SHOT - MITCH

He knows, too -- he looks back as he approaches the lineup -- Looks back down the long expanse of the inside at the back of the great green wall.

244 LANCE - THE WAVE

It throws out dark and black over him -- he drives into his turn -- his trim -- hurtles across the wall in a suicidal rush that can end only at the torn and jagged pilings of the pier. The wave won't let him even get that far -- it buckles and throws out along its length. He has one chance -- all of his force into one final turn -- one turn to hurl him through the roof of the wave as it comes over. Up he drives -- up -- up -- at the last instant kicking the board up so that it pierces the collapsing crest. It stabs through clean and bursts into the air -- but he is hit flat by the full force of the wave and driven down with the tons of water into the pier.

245 FULL SHOT - WAVE - BOARD

All time is slowed -- the board breaks free into the light and spins upward leaving a sparkling silver trail -- finally it falls back into the flat water beyond the wave.

246 CLOSE SHOTS - JACK AND MITCH

They both see the board -- they know what it means -- that Lance didn't make it. They turn --

247 LANCE'S POV

He is hurled down by the wave to its bottom, but just before the impact an ugly black piling thrusts up -- The wave detonates and all is gone in its violence.

248 FULL SHOT - MITCH

He scratches hard into a late takeoff on a lesser wave -- turns high -- drives through the end of the last section.

249 CLOSE SHOT - JACK

He sees Mitch coming down -- turns and takes off in front of him. He drops straight down because the section is so steep -- Mitch has the speed and expertly goes behind him. Jack turns off the bottom -- trims and comes out right behind Mitch -- they now ride across the flat part of the wave waiting for the pier section -- It builds into a wall -- Jack straightens off wisely and proves out towards the pier before the wave can break violently, but Mitch just rides straight at it -- going to the nose, driving as far as he can and diving off towards it as the wave folds and explodes.

250 FULL SHOT - WATER

Now they are all at the mercy of the sea -- Jack has the farthest to swim.

251 CLOSE SHOT - JACK

He swims -- seemingly getting nowhere -- he can see Mitch and Lance -- mere specks being dashed around the pier. Suddenly he enters the rip current which is the result of all that water coming off the point -- it's like a great fast river and it carries him to the pier -- More waves come -- walls of white water twelve feet high.

252 THE PIER

Lance is barely afloat -- being swept past the pilings through the pier by the rip tide -- a massive wall of white water covers him -- finally he emerges again -- Mitch is maybe twenty yards away -- battering in the pilings -- Jack has let the white water carry him and is almost even with Mitch --

253 CLOSE SHOT - JACK AND MITCH

They swim and claw their way towards Lance -- the river carrying all of them. Tons of white water thunder over them but like corks they re-emerge -- closer.

254 CLOSE SHOT - LANCE

He sees his friends and tries pulling himself with his arms against the current -- he is obviously injured. His efforts succeed -- Jack draws closer -- closer -- Mitch behind. Finally he reaches out -- Jack grabs his hand -- They are swept along that way -- Mitch following.

JACK

Hold on to him!

Another wall of white water -- they come up still holding on -- Mitch is close now --

JACK

(continuing)

Can you swim?

LANCE

My legs -- don't work.

Another massive churning of a secondary wave -- they separate.

255 CLOSE SHOT - LANCE

He looks at Jack.

LANCE

Jack! Let's just drown!

256 CLOSE SHOT - JACK

He reaches out -- grabs him by the hair.

JACK

Fuck you!

Mitch has him now, too -- expert lifeguard training and years in the water pay off -- they tumble in the white water -- Mitch pulls Jack -- Jack has hold of Lance who is sputtering and gasping.

DISSOLVE TO:

257 THE BEACH

The three friends, like we first saw them -- holding up Lance in the middle -- he can barely walk on one leg -- the other is bloody and blue -- twisted. He is cut in several places as is Mitch -- they all look tired and strangely old. They are for the first time no longer young.

(CONTINUED)

257 CONTINUED:

They walk alone under the pier -- The lifeguard trucks -- the crowds -- are all up ahead -- on the point where the action still goes on. Great sets are pouring through and riders like Gerry Lopez are riding them. Lance's ride, his perfect wave, his moment in the green room, has already passed into the realm of myth and is just so much foam on the shore.

DISSOLVE TO:

258 CLOSE SHOT - KIDS

Kids -- punks -- gremmies -- a timeless expression of youth -- the hair longer -- the board smaller -- the jacket down-filled instead of a surplus trenchcoat, but unchanged. The expression on their faces is the same -- a sense of awe and promise -- wanting something they can't yet have. These moments are burned into their minds forever, are part of an eternal youth, an unspoiled and innocent time. Lance's ride, Lopez' ride -- like the men themselves will grow old and fade with the mist of legend, just like the great swell itself. But these kids and their timeless expression will always be here -- always be the same.

259 CLOSE SHOT - KID

One of these kids -- a classic gremmie, like Denny or Flea years ago, walks up the beach to the three friends -- under his arm is Bear's board -- the great sleek wooden spear that survived two Big Wednesdays. His friends follow behind, timid and awed as he approaches Lance. They look over.

KID

You Lance Johnson?

Lance looks over.

KID

(continuing)

I think this is your board, man.

Lance doesn't know what to say -- just looks at him.

KID

(continuing)

That was the hottest ride I've ever seen in my life -- I -- I just wanted to say that.

He starts to hand it to them -- Lance just leans on his friends -- his broken leg throbs -- he blinks.

(CONTINUED)

259 CONTINUED:

LANCE

You keep it --

The Kid stops.

LANCE

(continuing)

You'd like it, wouldn't you?

The Kid is speechless -- he just nods.

LANCE

(continuing)

You keep it -- it's yours now --
someday maybe if the waves get
big again -- you'll ride it.

He smiles at the Kid who just stands there in shock. They move on. The Kid beams -- his friends gather around him -- they stare at the board.

260 THE PIT - THE THREE FRIENDS

Slowly, painfully, they climb the pit towards the gate -- kids gather around.

KID

Hey, man, what happened to him?

OTHER KID

Did he break his leg -- looks like
it's broken --

ANOTHER

He broke his leg.

STILL ANOTHER

Asshole -- that's Lance Johnson!

They all mumble and stare.

KID

No one'll ever be like he was -- or
Lopez.

ANOTHER

Hot, man -- hot. I never seen
nothing like that.

A LIFEGUARD runs over.

LIFEGUARD

Lay him down -- we'll get a stretcher
over here.

He turns.

(CONTINUED)

260 CONTINUED:

LIFEGUARD CAPTAIN

Get a stretcher -- this guy's
busted his leg! -- Jack?

JACK

I guarded here -- I know how to
take care of him -- We'll take care
of him!

The Lifeguard doesn't know what to say -- he's younger than
they are. The Captain goes on -- there'll be other things
on a day like this.

They continue on -- the Lifeguard truck roars by -- SIREN
GOING -- Everybody loses interest -- a huge set is coming
in. They approach the gate -- a few surfers and tourists
stand there.

Lance holds up his hand and they stop. Mitch and Jack let
him go and everybody watches as Lance hobbles through the
gate alone.

261 CLOSE - YOUNG SURFERS

In their eyes there is a look of admiration as they watch
Lance walk through the gate. Lance's ride, his perfect
wave, his moment in the green room, has already become a
legend.

262 JACK AND MITCH

They follow Lance through the gate carrying their boards.
Lance turns sharply and looks out to sea.

263 GATE

Jack and Mitch aid Lance again and the three friends start
to walk away -- down the new sidewalk next to the cars.
We SEE only their backs and their voices become dimmer as
they get further away.

LANCE

(to Mitch)

You going back up north?

MITCH

Yeah.

LANCE

Good swell, wasn't it?

MITCH

Yeah -- Boss swell.

(CONTINUED)

LANCE

We drew the line.

JACK

You sure you can drive like this?

LANCE

I'll be all right -- Kate'll take care of me. Hey, you guys, keep in touch now -- okay?

MITCH

You, too, old man -- keep in touch --

264 LONG SHOT - GROUP

They part -- each one going his separate way -- Mitch to his car where the little dark-haired Girl waits -- Jack to his Forestry truck -- and Lance on down the highway.

265 CLOSE SHOT - LANCE

He drives along, looking out at the waves between the houses and he sees them as he always wanted.

266 FULL SHOT - WAVES

Breaking full from a thousand points, untouched by man or board, haughty, arrogant, superb.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Bear had said it. 'A day will come that is like no other -- a day that is so big -- so grand an event of nature that it cleans everything that went before it. And nothing that happens after it will ever be the same.'

FADE OUT.

THE END