

LORDS OF DOGTOWN

by
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305
Lexus

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Double Goldenrod
June 22, 2004
Double Green
May 23, 2004
Double Yellow Revision
May 12, 2004
Double Pink Revision
May 11, 2004
Double Blue Revision
May 3, 2004
Double White Revision
April 30, 2004
Tan Revision
April 29, 2004
Cherry Revision
April 28, 2004
Salmon Revision
April 5, 2004
Buff Revision
March 29, 2004
Goldenrod Revision
March 19, 2004
Green Undistributed Revision
March 15, 2004
Yellow Revision
March 7, 2004
Pink Revision
Feb. 10, 2004
Blue Revision
Feb. 3, 2004

LORDS OF DOGTOWN

1

CREDITS ROLL OVER:

1

The Doobie Brothers croon "Listen to the Music" as

Six clean-cut blonde KIDS skateboard down a street...Smiling, they perform handstands, nosewalks, and handspring finishes -- it's a very gymnastic, clean-cut corporate version of skateboarding... Colorful Ocean Pacific shirts, Hang Ten shorts. Preppy haircuts, rosy faces.

PULL BACK to reveal that we're watching a MOVIE TRAILER in the Santa Monica Auditorium on Surf Night.

Rowdy late-comers find their seats, wading through a hovering cloud of smoke.

The Trailer ends and "Super Sessions" blasts onto the screen. It's the legendary

LARRY BERTLEMANN surfing a beautiful wave. He's hanging low, skimming the water with his hand, feeling the wave...

The audience gasps at the pure style of this new move.

STONER KID

Larry Bertlemann is the MAN!!!

FADE TO BLACK AS CREDITS END

2

IN THE DARKNESS

2

An outline of a SLEEPING FIGURE is silhouetted against a window. Somewhere outside a ROOSTER crows.

Muttering, the Figure sits up and flicks open a rusted window blind. Pre-dawn light slices into the room and we barely make out a TEENAGE BOY lying on a futon in the living room of a small apartment. He sticks his feet in the air and pulls on a wetsuit, half-way up, then springs to his feet.

Follow him tiptoeing across the room, cracking open a bedroom door, where we see the shapes of a sleeping MAN and WOMAN.

He sneaks inside, stepping over piles of clothes, past a TV left on all night (playing static). He tries to slip an old surfboard, patched with duct tape, out of the room without waking anyone. He's almost made it to the door when the Man bolts upright.

DONNIE (30's), is tanned and weathered, and he's pissed -- like he's being ambushed in 'Nam. He grabs a billy club.

*

DONNIE
I'M GONNA RIP YOUR HEAD OFF AND
SHIT IN IT!!!

TEENAGER
(whispering)
Donnie...

Donnie recognizes the Teenager and softens immediately.

DONNIE
Man, you scared the shit outta
me... Yeah, take my board...

Chuckling, Donnie sinks back down, quieting the Woman next to him as the Teenager slips out.

Dashing past the kitchen table, the Teenager scoops up a soggy paper plate encrusted with last night's macaroni & cheese, rolls it up like a taco, and sucks the contents into his mouth. *

He stares out the window: spill from a security light illuminates that FACE: when God created the archetypal California kid, *THE ORIGINAL VIRUS*, he said "let there be JAY ADAMS." He's 15 years old, wiry, sun-scorched hair that's never seen shampoo, fire in his eyes, scrapes on his nose -- he's equal parts devil and angel. *

Down below, the neighbor's Rooster struts in the chicken hutch. Jay crunches his plate into a ball and bombs it out the window at the wire cage. Feathers fly, chickens squawk, dogs bark, neighbors yell. *

Jay grabs his handmade skateboard, tucks the surfboard under his arm and makes his getaway skating out onto the rickety porch. *

3 EXT. JAY'S APARTMENT - NITE FOG - JUNE GLOOM 3

CLAY WHEELS clack on makeshift boards as Jay jumps across to the roof of the neighbor's garage, drops onto a lean-to shed, acid-drops to the alley and skates into the night. A kid on a mission. *

4 EXT. PERALTA HOUSE - NITE 4

A window creaks open. A surfboard slides out and hits a dead lawn, followed by a second Teenager, shivering in a wet-suit.

He's STACY PERALTA, 16. Long blond hair, sunburnt nose: he's a surr rat who combs his hair, maybe even conditions it.

His house is a small brick tract home, his yard is scorched and brown, but at least he has a yard.

Stacy tucks his surfboard under his arm and pushes off on his 3-speed Schwinn.

CUT TO:

5 INT. ALVA APARTMENT - KID'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

5

Light filters through thin Sears Roebuck curtains as another teenager, TONY ALVA (16) tiptoes past his sleeping sister KATHY (14), tucked into a tiny twin bed.

Kathy cuddles with SPUNKY, a scruffy terrier. She's got a dog breed chart mixed in with her Shaun Cassidy magazine collage above her bed.

Kathy opens her eyes as Tony walks past, but he signals for her to be quiet. She smiles as her brother slips into the

LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN

Too many people share too small a space: there's a bed in the corner partitioned off by an Oaxacan blanket, a pile of dirty dishes, bins of laundry, and a rabbit crouched in a wire cage by the window.

Tony steps out in his boxers, cracks open the fridge, and reaches for the last Malt Liquor in a six-pac. In the refrigerator glow, we see a striking Hispanic kid with long, frizzy, sun-streaked hair, and fresh road rash on his elbow.

He pops the top, but quickly returns it when his father's rumbling Chevy pulls up out front. Tony glances at the clock: 5:47.

TONY

Shit.

He pulls on his wetsuit, grabs his boards and walks outside.

6 EXT. ALVA APARTMENT - NITE

6

His father, SALVADOR ALVA, is a hard-working airline mechanic coming home from the night shift, lunchbox clutched in his thick, stained hands.

MR. ALVA

Tony -- you're going to school today, right?

TONY

'Course. I'm just gonna get wet.

Tony tries to duck past, but Mr. Alva grabs his collar.

MR. ALVA

I don't want my son to be a ditchdigger.

TONY
(cutting him off)
Don't worry about it, Dad.

Tony tries to jerk away. His father glares menacingly, squeezes his neck, then finally lets him go.

Tony bites his tongue, then jumps on his skateboard and pushes away, rubbing his neck.

Kathy's little dog has escaped and runs outside. She dashes out the door in her pajamas, chasing Spunky. Mr. Alva starts to grab the dog. Kathy is terrified -- she seems to over-react as she scoops up the dog and runs back inside.

7 INT. ALVA APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM 7

Mr. Alva follows her inside.

KATHY
Dad! I got him. Okay?!

MR. ALVA
Don't ever go outside dressed like that again.

Kathy hugs the dog up against her thin nightshirt, then runs into her room and shuts the door.

Exhausted, Mr. Alva starts to sit in his armchair -- but there's a spatula smeared in surfboard wax and fiberglass cloth scraps scattered on the seat.

Cussing, he knocks the shit off -- the spatula flies across the room and CLANGS against the counter.

8 EXT. OCEAN PARK STREET - NITE * 8

Tony skates around a corner at the top of a long hill. He glances at the traffic light, then starts counting silently as he turns to look down the hill. *

His POV is a TRAFFIC SIGNAL at the corner. It turns red and our boy pumps his skateboard. Hard and fast. He tucks into a ball. 15 mph now. 20 mph and gaining. His CLAY WHEELS rattling wildly and his eyes affixed to: *

THE RED TRAFFIC LIGHT *

He's approaching quickly. The light is red. Ten feet away. The light is red. He touches the white line. The light switches and he blows by in a blur, barely missing a speeding truck. *

Safely across the intersection, Tony's clay wheels hit a date palm seed and he WIPES OUT hard. SLAM!

Shoulder and pavement collide -- smearing blood and skin on the asphalt. But Tony jumps right back on his board and skates off, holding his right arm in pain.

9 EXT. SPEEDWAY ALLEY - NITE

9

Tony shoots down the alley, alone in the fog.

10 EXT. SPEEDWAY ALLEY - NITE

10

Jay shoots out of a walk street and skates down the alley, heading straight for an overflowing dumpster. At the last second, he tucks into a ball and skates under the overhanging refrigerator boxes, getting a 10-foot long "TUBE RIDE," skimming the cardboard Bertlemann-style with his free hand.

When he pops out of the "tube", he scares the shit out of a WOMAN jogging with her Collie. He laughs and turns right onto Rose.

11 EXT. SPEEDWAY ALLEY - NITE

11

Stacy pedals down the alley when suddenly a metallic blue 1964 CHEVY IMPALA turns onto the alley, McKinley Mitchell's "The Town I Live In" blazing. Stacy ducks behind a derelict car, watching until the low-rider cruises past. He pedals out and rides down the alley.

12 EXT. BEACH BOARDWALK - DAWN

12

Jay shoots around the corner onto the deserted boardwalk. Now we see where he's headed: PACIFIC OCEAN PARK -- the skeleton of an abandoned amusement park, built on two parallel piers, looming in the distance, barely visible through the fog. *

13 EXT. P.O.P. RUINS - DAWN

13

Jay skates up to the pier ruins: a ferris wheel carcass has tipped off its axis and smashed through the deck -- a Haunted House tram track starts nowhere and goes nowhere -- shadowy figures stoke fires with scavenged timbers. Rusted rebar rods protrude from a sagging billboard, graffitied with fucked-up gang-style "DoGTOWN - DeaTh to InVaDERS".

Jay takes a deep breath, then skates under the pier -- into the shadowy No Man's Land.

Jay skates around the ferris wheel carcass towards TONY, who's extracting his surfboard from a hiding place in an old House of Mirrors Arcade. Jay makes a weird "gargoyle face" in a shattered mirror.

JAY

T.A.

TONY

(preening at his
reflection)

Man, I timed it perfect! I hit the
light and just shot right through.

They walk past a DRUNK passed out on a filthy sheet of cardboard. Jay kicks the guy's shoes into a drainpipe.

TONY

Cars were all looking at me going:
"wow, look at that dude." So I-

BAM! Loud, rattling crash of broken glass behind the guys. Startled, Tony and Jay whip around to see Stacy laughing -- he's just ridden up on his Schwinn. They flip him off -- Jay cracks a smile. *

JAY

Hey, asshole...

Stacy stashes his bike, starts to pull up his wetsuit when he notices Tony adjusting his crotch, then assuming a very relaxed expression. He's relieving himself. *

STACY

What the --?!

TONY

Check it out, my stitching is so tight I can fill my wet-suit.

STACY

You're swimming in your own piss.

TONY

Just keepin' Alva warm.

STACY

That's sick...

14

The three scramble over a pile of rubble to the shoreline, passing various broken surfboards impaled on the pilings. They suddenly stop dead in their tracks. *

* 14

*

*

STACY
Whoa. It's big today.

JAY
Oh my god...

*
*

WHIP PAN to their POV:

Through the pylons, we see that THE COVE is GOING OFF.

Enclosed within a jail cell of broken pilings is this secret SURF SPOT. Furious sets roll in like horizontal tornadoes -- 8 foot swells charge into the Cove, causing hundreds of loosened pilings to sway like dislodged buoys. Atop the pier, rusted rides shift with each passing wave -- creating a low creaking moan. Two ROUGH-LOOKING SURFERS catch a wave -- they eat shit -- tumbling into the pilings.

The Boyz exchange looks. WHOA. *

The two ROUGH-LOOKING SURFERS head for shore, chasing their boards. A knot of surfers are visible near the take-off spot. Stacy squints through the haze.

STACY

Are they there? *

JAY

Yep.

STACY

All of them? Is Skip Engblom there?

JAY

Yeah, Skip Engblom's here.

MOVE IN closer to the line-up to see four tough surfers (late 20's), jockeying for position: BILLY Z, a stocky square-faced charger, MONTOYA, a muscular, ripped Latino, and STECYK, a gangly outlaw Montgomery Clift on a surf mat. At the top of the pecking order, taking off deepest, is SKIP ENGBLOM. This thick red-head looks like the spawn of Poseidon and Margaret Thatcher as raised by the Hell's Angels and set loose in the Pacific Ocean. *

A macking set rolls in and Skip turns his board, paddling like an angry ox.

TONY

That's Skip charging-

15 Skip grunts, digging as hard as he can. He pops up, then shifts his weight to the tail and tucks into the grinding barrel. He's heading straight through the pier, weaving in and out of crusty pilings. Skip reconnects on the shoulder, arches back like a rock star, and kicks out. FUCK. 15

16 The Boyz exchange looks. Stacy points under the pier: the two ROUGH-LOOKING SURFERS are climbing out of the water. One of them helps the other, a BIG GUY who is limping bad -- blood trailing off his shin, his board smashed. 16

Jay, Stacy and Tony have second thoughts as the pier emits a loud, mocking creak. The boyz know that if they've got the balls to paddle out today, this could make their reputations.

STACY

I think I have a math test first period today...

TONY

No. It's Judgement Day, boys. Let's paddle.

Gathering courage, Tony zips his suit and reaches for his board. Jay and Stacy suck it up and reach for their boards when a raspy voice barks from the shadows behind them.

VOICE (O.S.)

You broads aren't surfing now.

They turn to see CHINO (31), a mixed-race surfer with the face of an angry pit bull and a mop of long black hair.

TONY

I ain't surfing no sloppy seconds!

Tony drops his board into the water but Chino grabs him by his neoprene collar and jams him against a piling.

CHINO

You're working Rat Patrol, mop-top.

Tony doesn't move. Furious, Chino leans in close and growls.

CHINO

Now.

Tony jerks away and hoists himself up to the upper deck level. Chino's already up in Jay's face.

CHINO

Jay, you're on Parking Lot Detail. Keep it local. And you, Peralta -- the Boneyard. Our boards better not hit any pilings -- I don't want one ding. POW.

Chino cackles maniacally, cracking himself up, as

- 17 EXT. THE BONEYARD - UNDER THE PIER 17
- Stacy swims through surging polluted water, surrounded by a maze of barnacle-infested pylons. A whitish BLOB slaps him in the face. He peels it off and flings it away, disgusted.
- STACY
Ugggh....Diapers...
- Stacy plunges through the pilings, alert as a goalie, his EYES fixated on the TAKE-OFF SPOT as:
- 18 A mighty set rolls in and Montoya picks off the first wave. 18
He's up -- side-slipping down the sucking wall, building momentum, heading for the pier. *
- STACY swims forward, ready to catch Montoya's board if he falls, but Montoya deftly tucks through the piling and soul-surfs down the face of the wave like an elegant gazelle in chase. Stacy relaxes for a moment and looks up to Tony. *
- 19 TOP OF THE PIER 19
- Tony scrounges among the debris with a rusted bucket, collecting broken glass while squirming and adjusting his piss-soaked wet-suit. He looks over to Jay. *
- 20 ABOVE THE PIER PARKING LOT 20
- Jay is humping a plaster Seahorse, clowning for the Boyz. Jay turns when he hears a car approach in the Parking Lot below. He crosses to the railing and spies two tough VALLEY SURFERS climbing out of a blue '67 Camaro. When they exit, Jay climbs down the ladder toward their car. *
- A21 PIER PARKING LOT A21
- Jay jimmies up the hood of the Val's car.
- 21 THE COVE - THE TAKE OFF SPOT 21
- Chino, now in the line-up, grabs a set wave. Hops to his feet, shoots the pier and slams right into a piling. BLAM! *
- His board, unattached to his feet (1974, pre-surf leashes) rockets through the Boneyard. Stacy catches the board -- preventing it from being sliced. Chino swims through the gushing spume. Stacy shoots Chino his board. *
- STACY
DUDE, YOU SHOULD GET OUT.

Chino touches the bloody gash on his cheek, then mad-dogs Stacy. He climbs on his board and paddles back out.

22 ON TOP OF THE PIER, TONY SEES THE TWO VALS NOW PADDLING INTO THE COVER. 22

TONY
GO BACK TO THE VALLEY, KOOKS!

Determined, the Vals head toward the line-up.

Tony runs down the pier and yells a warning to the older guys on the North side. *

TONY
Vals! *

SOUTH OF THE PIER, Skip surfs through the pylons and notices the Vals paddling toward him. *

SKIP
Go home, ladies. *

Skip turns and whistles to his Calvary -- Montoya, Chino, Billy 2 and Stecyk charge through the pier to back Skip. *

The Vals won't leave. JAY paddles up behind them with a CARBURETOR sitting atop his surfboard. *

JAY
Do you guys have a baby blue '67 Camaro? *

The Vals turn to Jay. *

JAY
Do carburetors float? *

Jay feebly tosses the carburetor toward Skip. The Vals lunge for it, but it plunks into the ocean. SPLASH! *

SKIP
(grinning proudly)
JayBoy. *

Chino and Montoya laugh their asses off but the Vals don't back down -- they paddle toward the pier. *

SKIP
Leave. Now.

The Vals look around at the hostile faces.

CHINO

You hear what he said, girls?

Chino sneers, blood dripping down his face.

VAL #1

No, I didn't.

Suddenly a five pound chunk of CONCRETE shoots from the sky and BLASTS away the entire nose of his surfboard. KA-BOOM!

SKIP

Well, did you hear that?!

The Vals look up to see Tony, on TOP OF THE PIER, dropping another huge concrete chunk.

WHOP! WHOP! WHOP! The water surrounding the Vals explodes with concrete chunks and beer bottles. Tony's got a good arm.

The Vals paddle furiously for shore as Tony bombards them with a bucket of glass shards and broken beer bottles.

Dodging the debris, Val #2 loses his board. It's caught by a wave and heads toward the pier. Stacy does a Matador's Ole and steps out of the way. The board is smacked into the pilings, smashing in half. The Val glares at Stacy, who could have stopped it. Stacy shrugs, laughing with the Boyz. *

23 EXT. P.O.P. RUINS - 20 MINUTES LATER

23

Billy Z warms his hands over a trash-can fire. Stecyk spray-paints the Vals' broken boards. Montoya reaches for Chino's joint, but Chino stops him.

CHINO

What's that in your hair, bro?

MONTOYA

(pulling a joint out of his mop)

That's my back-up joint.

Skip smokes a Kool and watches the Boyz.

IN THE LINE-UP, Jay, Tony, and Stacy sit on their boards. A monster set rolls in and they shoot looks at each other. A set-wave approaches -- Tony's in the perfect position. Stacy nods -- Tony paddles like hell into the wave.

He drops in, then destroys the glassy surface with a series of deep angle turns. He surfaces, grinning huge.

TONY

Were they watching!?!

Stacy glances back toward Skip and the crew.

STACY

Yeah, they were watching.

JAY

Look at you guys: "are they watching?"

Sneering, Jay turns and paddles for the next set wave. He attacks it like a two-legged tornado. His surfing is strikingly different than the OLDER SURFERS -- aggressive and full of fury.

IN THE RUINS Montoya turns away.

MONTOYA

He's not flowing...

But Stecyk seems to see something else. He rises up to his "tall giraffe" posture.

STECYK
It's evolution.

Skip looks at Stecyk, then out at Jay, blasting air on the kick out ... something interesting is happening here.

IN THE COVE, Stacy's chomping at the bit to prove himself. He angles for the third wave, a massive A-FRAME. He takes off too deep and gets sucked over the falls.

ON TOP OF THE PIER, as soon as Stacy's head pops out of the water, Skip stands and bellows.

SKIP
BACK TO THE BONEYARD FOR YOU, PAL.

MONTOYA
What a kook.

Stecyk looks over at Skip.

STECYK
Those three groms live for the day
Skip Engblom acknowledges them.

SKIP
Tough titty.

Skip turns away.

IN THE COVE, Stacy sinks down into the foam.

STACY
I can't believe I did that.

24 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - MID-MORNING

24

We're passing small, identical post WW II tract homes resting on dead lawns as Stacy pedals past in his wetsuit. He's pumping hard, shaking his head, upset with himself. *

He tries to duck into his window, but his MOTHER, dressed in a business suit, is hurrying out to the car, carrying OPEN HOUSE real estate signs on stakes. She looks upset, and even more so when she spots Stacy with his surfboard. She double-checks her watch. *

MRS. PERALTA
Stacy! Look what time it is!

STACY
I know, Mom, I know. I'm going in
for third period-

MRS. PERALTA
You're barely a C student as it is.

This stings. Stacy hangs his head. He turns to walk inside.

MRS. PERALTA
And guess what? Your father was
laid off again. Three days ago. I
just found out. *

Mrs. Peralta climbs into the car and starts the engine.

MRS. PERALTA
It'll be all right, honey. *

Stacy takes a deep breath, then steps inside.

25

INT. PERALTA HOME - LIVING ROOM/BEDROOM - MID-MORNING

25

As Stacy enters, Mr. Peralta, watches "Get Smart". A commercial for the News drones on about how Los Angeles faces the second DROUGHT year in a row -- water rationing forces homeowners to leave swimming pools dry -- News At Eleven.

Stacy notices the bottle of Bourbon on the coffee table. His Dad raises the glass, toasting Stacy.

MR. PERALTA
Hey, they told us to conserve
water.

His Dad cracks himself up. Stacy half-smiles and enters his bedroom/pigsty. Wall-to-wall surf posters, a homemade skateboard shelf in the window filled with spider plants.

Stacy slams his door and cranks up the Allman Brother's "One Way Out" on his stereo as he rips off his wet-suit.

He throws it across the room, yanks on jeans and a t-shirt, then rifles through a pile of dirty clothes to find a semi-clean bus-boy apron. He throws the apron into his backpack, then stands in front of the mirror and tucks in his shirt. He combs his hair -- slowly, methodically -- with each stroke of the comb, he composes himself -- then grabs his backpack and heads out the door.

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MRS. PERALTA (CONT'D)

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MRS. PERALTA (CONT'D)

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26 EXT. VENICE HIGH SCHOOL - NOON * 26

Other kids are in class as Stacy parks his bike, looks around, then slips into school. *

27 EXT. LAFAYETTE BURGERS - VENICE BEACH - AFTERNOON * 27

A cream-colored Cadillac El Dorado passes shabby beach-front shops tagged with gang graffiti. Peacenik vendors line the boardwalk in the background. Lost souls chant and preach. *

In the driver's seat is MR. GIANETTI, in a meticulous three-piece suit. Next to him is MRS. GIANETTI, a stylish blonde with pricey turquoise rocks around her neck.

In the back is their son SID: 16, goofy long hair, backwards hat, loose jacket, his eyes flaming-red from puffing. When the car stops at the corner, Sid bails out.

MRS. GIANETTI

Wait!

She leans out the window. We think she's going to offer him a kiss, but instead, she hands him money. Mr. Gianetti shakes his head disapprovingly.

After his parents drive off, Sid pulls out his shirt and roughs up his appearance. He pulls a leather glove onto his right hand and jumps onto his clay-wheeled skateboard, ducking down the alley.

28 SANTA CRUZ ALLEY * 28

Sid concentrates hard as he skates past group of tough LOCALS, leaning against walls tagged three layers deep. He occasionally drags his right hand along the wall for balance.

29 INT./EXT. ZEPHYR SHOP 29

Sid heads toward the ZEPHYR SURFBOARD SHOP -- a spectacular surf mural painted across one end of the store. Sid skates inside.

SKIP (O.S.)

.. It's these Australian cats who are ruining surfing. They think it's a sport like Cricket.

The shop has the unwelcome feeling of an underworld surf hideout: Endless Summer collides with Mean Streets.

Corrugated metal walls covered with surf posters. A crude cement floor, a pyramid of Red Mountain wine bottles, a Jumpin' Jack pinball machine. A row of performance surfboards, spray-painted in wild graffiti/Vato style, and the elevated display counter where we meet up again with:

SKIP, mixing Vodka and Papaya Juice in a blender. Now dressed in a purple Hawaiian shirt and fluffed-out blond porkchop sideburns, he's surfing's original pimp-daddy.

A roll-up Garage door in the back opens to the ALLEY where Stecyk, straw-sipping a Tall-boy, spray paints a fade-out on a low-rider. In the BACK ROOM, surrounded by half-finished surfboards, Billy Z slices radial incisions into a keel-type fin, concentrating intensely.

Lounging around the shop are Montoya and Chino wearing navy blue ZEPHYR COMPETITION SURF TEAM shirts. Perched on Chino's lap is his Vata girlfriend AMELIA (24) -- teased black hair, arched eyebrows, ruby lips, super-luscious body.

Sid enters and greets them coolly.

SID

What's up?

He opens his jacket and pulls out a pint of expensive Vodka for Skip, who sniffs it approvingly and stashes it away.

The Guys barely grunt acknowledgment -- Amelia ignores him completely -- Skip shoves a broom into Sid's gut.

SKIP

This place is a shithole.

Sid sweeps. Disgusted, Amelia coughs at the dust.

AMELIA

I wanna go now.

Chino leads Amelia out as Skip secretly chucks cigarette butts in Sid's wake. He then continues his rant, punctuated by the occasional BELCH.

SKIP

... I mean, surfing isn't something you practice, you know? You earn your way up the chain by trespassing, stealing waves, by protecting your break and by breaking the heads of those who are stupid enough to drop in on you.

(MORE)

SKIP (cont'd)
(abruptly)
Is there a problem, SID?!!

Sid jerks, startled, wobbling, dropping the broom. His hands shoot out, surfer-stance-style, as he regains his balance. Everybody laughs hard. Skip feels bad, but it is funny.

SKIP
Your equilibrium shit messing with you again, Sid?

SID
Not too bad. Why?

Skip frowns and points down to the floor at the trail of butts behind Sid.

SKIP
Why do I pay you when I should have you arrested for loitering?

SID
You don't pay me.

SKIP
Now you know why, Sid.

Sid scoops up the butts as a HIPPIE SURFER with a BROWN BAG enters the shop and approaches Skip. They whisper.

Skip turns a serious eye to the back of the shop where a LONG- *
HAired GUY has been browsing haphazardly. *

SKIP
Hey man, this ain't a library.
It's ten bucks an hour to browse.

LONG-HAired GUY *
I-I-I didn't bring any money.

SKIP
Why'd you come into my STORE then, asshole?

The Guy knows this is the best scene in town and he's blown it -- the entire crew glares at him. He ducks out.

With the browser gone, Skip turns his attention to the Hippie Surfer holding the PAPER BAG.

SKIP
You got cash?

HIPPIE SURFER
I got something better.

The Hippie Surfer dumps four BRIGHT YELLOW TRANSLUCENT
SKATEBOARD WHEELS on the counter. They bounce down onto the floor. *

SID
Shit! What are those?!

HIPPIE SURFER
Urethane skateboard wheels-

SKIP
Hey man, who do you think you're
dealing with? Take your bullshit
up the street.

SID
Wait...

Sid has picked up a wheel and he's staring at it the way a
PRIMITIVE stares at a metal tool for the first time. Stecyk
slides inside, watching Sid. The Hippie Surfer sees Sid's
reaction and he's sensing what we're sensing: that Sid sees
something the others don't. He turns to Sid. *

HIPPIE SURFER
You can do the same hard turns you
do on your surfboard. You can even
ride up walls 'cause they grip.

SID
They grip?

HIPPIE SURFER
They grip. They're made of
urethane -- it comes from oil.

SID
Wow.

Sid drops a wheel -- Stecyk picks it up, staring at it. The
Hippie Surfer snatches all four wheels and bags them. *

HIPPIE SURFER
Maybe these aren't for you guys-

SKIP
How many you got?

HIPPIE SURFER
How much product you got?

SKIP slips out the back door to his Candy -- the door trunk and pulls out a carved wooden box holding a WEED. The Hippie Surfer touches it -- it's so strong it clings to his finger -- he cracks a huge grin. He turns the four wheels and grabs the brick. Skip salutes.

SKIP:

Easy, Flower Power. You get your
as soon as I get a dozen ash.

HIPPIE SURFER:

Hey man, I'm the only guy on the
West Coast who has urethane wheels.

SKIP:

Hey man, I'm the only guy in LA
County who has that stick.

SKIP breaks off a bud -- hands it to the Hippie Surfer. The Surfer snags the bud of wheels before he snags the weed. But Skip clumps his hand.

SKIP:

Man, for the three little hippies.

TO THE BANNING STREET, BIG BLUE BUS -- MOVING SLOWLY.

ANGLE ON the rear bumper where Ray, Tony, Stab and a trouper, white knuckled on the chrome bumper.

The DRIVER spots the three in the rear view mirror. Clearly a shared history here as he tries to get away from them. With speed up and Stabby turn.

Ray, on adrenaline, the boy, releases them. The boy, on adrenaline, Horns honk and cars slide in.

On the sidewalk they station terrified pedestrians. One removes an old man's SEVORA and drops it out of his hand.

Horns bell and the foot is pure, pure, pure.

TO STANDARD TROOP, STONE.

That state to the STANDARD TROOP, STONE. The skate race is over. The boy, on adrenaline, Horns honk and cars slide in. The boy, on adrenaline, Horns honk and cars slide in. The boy, on adrenaline, Horns honk and cars slide in.

Tony plows right into the center of the kids, mowing them down like bowling pins. They shove him, howling, and skate away toward the shop.

Tony hangs back when he spots a super-cute Latina, BLANCA SUAREZ, 16, red lips, long raven hair, and a tight SANTANA T-shirt, sitting on the window ledge, sipping a Slurpee. Her two little BROTHERS (4 and 6) kick a ratty soccer ball on the sidewalk.

Tony skids up behind Blanca and swipes her Slurpee.

BLANCA

Wenso, don't do me like that!

TONY

Blanca, I gotta show you something in the "oink room"...

Tony slides his arm around her waist, purring in her ear. He pulls her toward the shop -- she resists.

BLANCA

(motioning toward her brothers)

I've got the monsters.

TONY

So? They can guard the door.

Blanca slaps Tony's ass and chases after her brothers.

32 INT. ZEPHYR SHOP - SHOW ROOM

32

Chaos as Jay, Stacy, Tony and the gang burst into the shop.

TONY

You should have seen us! The bus driver was all trying to shake us loose, it was insane, man, we deprived that dude-

SID

Check these out.

*

Tony's scrounging up some tools -- starting to fit the wheels onto his skateboard.

SKIP (O.S.)

Who's got bad Karma?

33 EXT. MAR VISTA JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

* 33

The back of the school's retaining walls are actually sloped asphalt banks -- a skater's dream. Climbing over the fence are the Boyz, Billy Z, Stecyk (with a cheap Nikon), the Boyz, Peggy, and Blanca and her little brothers. *

SKIP

I said: Who's got BAD KARMA?

Skip holds up the board with the new yellow urethane wheels. Everybody jostles and raises their hands, but Tony pushes forward, too excited to wait. *

TONY

It's my board, hotos.

Tony grabs his board from Skip and tries out the new urethane wheels. He races along the bank, performing a wicked turn. He grins ear to ear. Blanca's little brothers watch wide-eyed.

TONY

Insane grip.

Skip sucks in air. It's clear the wheels are going to provide an evolutionary leap.

Red Dog jumps on the board and carves the bank as Kathy rides up next to Blanca on an old pink Stingray bike. She looks hot in a Mexican peasant blouse, long hair parted in the middle. The local Venice girls have a cool thrift-store style -- necessity being the mother of invention.

Stacy glances at Kathy. *

STACY

(to Tony)

Is that your little sister?

KATHY

I grew up, Stacy!

Stacy smiles at her -- she smiles back.

JAY

No shit.

Jay snatches the board and pushes off -- he lays one arm down -- then the other -- until his board slides around into a double 180 slide.

STACY

He's doing a Bertlemann.

Stacy's STUNNED -- he looks to Tony for his reaction. Tony's blown away but won't acknowledge it. Skip is stupefied.

Jay thinks little of it. He does it again, playing with it -- improvising on the move. Hyper-extending, Jay wipes out and shoots off the board. *

Stacy sprints for the board and tries the Bertlemann -- he lands it -- right in front of Kathy. *

Kathy can't take her eyes off of him as he carves down the bank. Blanca laughs -- Kathy shoves her. *

KATHY

I can't help it -- I love long hair... *

Timing it perfectly, Kathy jumps on a spare skateboard and tries to "Walk the Dog" just as Stacy walks back. He smiles at her trick. *

KATHY

Should my weight be on my back foot? *

Stacy takes her hand and shows her how he shifts his weight. *

STACY

I mean, that's how I do it... It might be different for girls... I mean, you know -- center of gravity... *

Stacy jokes -- Kathy smiles back. It's a cool moment -- but Tony blasts between them, carving down the bank into the parking lot, laying out a beautiful low turn... yellow urethane wheels gripping the bank... *

34 TIME CUT TO THE SAME PLACE, TWO DAYS LATER:

34

A session in progress. Skip and Billy Z have moved a picnic table into the corner -- they're holding court over a cooler of beer. Now all the Boyz have urethane wheels and they're trying to impress Skip as they carve the banks, skate under picnic tables. Stecyk crouches, clicks off a low-angle shot. *

Jay nails a beautiful Bert -- Sid follows suit. Tony pumps an S-turn carving the bank.

SKIP

Fingers together, TA, chop, chop...

Stacy attempts a ROCK WALK -- a double 180 slide -- but he didn't have the speed to nail it. Skip is not smiling.

SKIP

Stacy! It takes more speed if you
wanna pull something like that.

Tony flares his nostrils and pushes off Mad Dog-style, nailing the Rock Walk right in front of Skip.

TONY

Get out your pad and take notes,
Peralta!

Bummed, Stacy tries the Rock Walk again. It's much better this time. Skip shrugs. Jay skates past Skip doing something goofy, but as he skates away, we see him pull an innovative move. Kids are spilling out of surrounding houses and climbing the fence to get a look at the Boyz.

SKIP

(to Billy Z)
We could rake it in if we made a
decent skateboard.

BILLY Z

I don't make toys.

SKIP

We gotta do something -- I'm
selling creenie to pay the rent.

BILLY Z

You were selling creenie -- before
you started trading it.

SKIP

You know what -- I think we should
put together a skateboard team.

Sid's been eavesdropping -- now his eyes light up.

SKIP

Out of here, Sid!

Sid scrams. Skip looks at Stacy.

SKIP

What'd you think?

STECYK

I think there's more concrete in
the world than good surf breaks.

Peggy skates past, crouching low, wiping out hard on the pavement. She bounces right back up and skates away, blood dripping down her elbow.

Skip looks over at Stacy, who's grabbed his backpack now and is climbing on his bike. Skip takes a swig of his beer and turns away, disgusted. He turns to Stecyk.

SKIP

(re: Stacy)

Ever seen his wrist?

Stecyk glances at Stacy, now pedalling away. He shrugs.

SKIP

How many 16-year-old surfers wear a
watch?

STECYK

He's got a job.

SKIP

My point exactly... He's not a
pirate.

35 INT. VENICE NOODLE COMPANY - LATE AFTERNOON

35

A leftover hippie restaurant populated with Dead-Heads, students, and immigrants. A new sign reads: "Sorry, but due to the drought, we can't serve water unless you request it."

Stacy enters in his apron toting a tray of food -- he finds Sid, Jay and Jay's super-skinny mother FELANE (33). She's attractive, but looks like she's done too many all-nighters at the Rainbow Room.

STACY

Little more grub?

He drops plates of vegetarian spaghetti on the table, then slips Felane a couple of plastic bags.

FELANE

(gravelly truck-driver
voice)

You're a doll, Stacy.

Stacy smiles and exits. Felane sneaks the food into the take-out bags as Jay lifts his straw and shoots a spit wad at a SMALL BOY three tables away where he's eating lime jello with his mom. Jay nails him between the eyes -- the Boy bursts into tears.

Jay and Sid hunch over, their backs shaking from laughter. The MOTHER spots Felane and glares.

FELANE

Stop screwing around, you two!

Jay and Sid straighten up as Stacy drops the check. Felane looks at the total, does a double-take. Stacy shrugs.

FELANE

You cut the check, sweetie. THANKS.

Stacy looks around, tries to quiet Felane. She starts digging into her purse for the money.

SID

Stacy, they all agreed.

STACY

They all agreed?!

JAY

(to Felane)

Skip's putting together a skate team.

Stacy's waiting to take the money -- but Felane can't come up with enough cash. She's got six dollars, food stamps, and a handful of Qualludes. Sid hands Stacy a credit card.

FELANE

Sid! I can't let you do that.

JAY

Check it out, Mom, it has Sid's name on it.

Felane looks at the card -- it does have Sid's name on it. She breaks into a big smile and kisses Sid's cheek.

FELANE

I love you boys.

STACY

Who do you think they're going to put on the team?

SID
All of us, I guess.

STACY
You think so?

SID
Who else is there?

Stacy is consumed by this. He swings the bus-tray onto his shoulder and departs.

36 EXT. BLANCA'S APARTMENT - DUSK 36

Tony throws a rock up at a tiny window on the second floor.

37 INT. BLANCA'S APARTMENT - DUSK 37

The one bedroom apartment is packed with kids sleeping on bunks and floors. Blanca has made her single bed as private as possible with a gauzy curtain, but her brother, JUNIOR SUAREZ, (18), with V-13 gang tattoos, sits smoking in the bed next to her, cleaning his shoes spotless.

Junior and Blanca both jump up and look out the window when they hear the rock hit. Blanca grabs her purse.

JUNIOR SUAREZ
Chale, you're not going anywhere.
You're babysitting. I'm going out.

Blanca signals to Tony, waving good-bye, and sinks back down on her bed. Bummed.

38 EXT. BLANCA'S APARTMENT - DUSK 38

Tony skates away, bummed.

39 EXT. BEACH PARKING LOT - BANKS - DUSK * 39

Tony skates down an alley and sees Stacy skating the bank, alone. Performing the Rock Walk like a ball player shooting free throws. The same trick over and over. Then again.

TONY
(quietly)
You better practice.

40 EXT. BEACH PARKING LOT - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER 40

Tony skates the lot, practicing his tricks. Over and over.

41 EXT. SPEEDWAY ALLEY - NIGHT

* 41

Jay skates fast down the alley, hits a makeshift trash ramp, and rides up a low concrete wall for ten feet -- then pulls his board off and MAKES IT. A pretty crazy maneuver never to be duplicated.

42 INT. DOGTOWN SHOP - DAY

42

Skip and Stecyk stand behind the counter. Billy Z, Chino, and Montoya are perched around the shop. The older guys are focused on the younger Boyz: Jay, Tony, Sid, Peggy, Biniak, Red Dog, and Shogo, standing in the center. (Stacy is nowhere to be seen.)

It's clear by the posturing that something is going down.

SKIP

When you ride for one of the faggot
surf shops around town you're
allowed to have off-days.

Stecyk tosses brand new ZEPHYR TEAM SHIRTS at the skaters.

STECYK

You have an off-day riding for our
shop and it's treason.

SKIP

You gotta approach everyday like
it's your last... You got a problem
with that?

The skaters shout a chorus of "no way, dudes", etc., as they try on the t-shirts. Jay rocks back and forth like a ticking time-bomb as if waiting for the school bell to announce recess.

SKIP

Wear 'em with pride.

JAY

(obnoxiously imitating
Skip)

Wear 'em with pride.

Chino steps up into Jay's face.

CHINO

Or we'll rip 'em off your bony
little backs.

...away. Tony looks at Chino and the others
knowing it's only a matter of time before he unsh...
...this is the best thing that's happened to him
...years of being a stone-out rich kid...
...Surfer Magazine opens to a page with
...SKATEBOARD CONTEST IN SAN DIEGO

...one seen this

...Jay puts duct tape on
...the magazine's title

...month to prepare
...team practice every
...four. They get
...hundreds of skaters from all over
...and we need to shut
...down

...skateboarders with the best
...displayed...
...these are local things compared to the
...the skaters jostle for
...he doesn't see any
...to stop

43 INT./EXT. - ZEPHYR SHOP

43

Deep Purple's "Space Truckin'" cranks up over the following scenes as Billy Z watches the Boyz race away on the new boards, slaloming around homeless men. Billy Z raises an eyebrow at Skip.

SKIP
(shrugging)
It's supposed to keep 'em outta trouble.

Jay picks up a stray bottle and sidearms it toward a parked car. CRASH!

SKIP
Hey! I'm not bailing your ass outta jail!

44 INT./EXT. ALVA APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

* 44

Kathy carries her rabbit in its smashed-up cage OUT of the house. Her mother, LOTJE, tall blond with a thick Dutch accent and perfect nails, wearing a hair salon apron, carries two full grocery bags INTO the house. They're moving fast, looking back down the street, watching for Dad's Chevy.

LOTJE
(pointing to the broccoli)
...you just steam it, honey... You kids need your green vegetables...

Lotje's new boyfriend, a stout GUY in aviator shades, sits in the driver's seat of a Pinto, reading the newspaper, waiting.

Tony, Sid, Jay and Biniak skate up the sidewalk, flashing their new Zephyr shirts, showing off.

KATHY
Are those real?! You guys made the Zephyr team!!!

Jay swipes the rabbit cage from Kathy and skates past, swinging the bunny around full circle like a Ferris Wheel.

JAY
E-ticket to Disneyland! Whee!!

KATHY
(chasing after Jay)
Jay! Give me that back!

JAY

This bunny already looks messed up.

KATHY

No shit! That's why they're going to my Mom's house.

TONY

(embarrassed, changing the subject)

You guys want something to eat?

BINIAK

Kitchen privileges -- all right!

Jay drops the cage and blasts into the house after the other guys. Tony tries to follow, but his Mother grabs his arm. She sees bruises on his neck and jaw. He pulls away.

LOTJE

(glancing toward her boyfriend)

Why don't you kids come live with me? Please. Rod has a three bedroom. He's really nice-

KATHY

We're never gonna live in the Valley, Mom. You know that.
(glancing down the street)
Dad's hardly ever here.

Tony steps up, puts his arm around his little sister.

TONY

I'm taking care of Kathy.

Lotje sees Tony's strength -- her son is already a man. A car turns down the street -- everyone jumps. Lotje checks her watch, then quickly hugs her kids, holding back tears.

LOTJE

Any time you want to come.
Anytime.

Lotje climbs in the car, turns the key. Kathy looks at Tony, then down at her dog, paws bandaged. She grabs Spunky and chases after her Mom.

KATHY

Take him too, Mom.

Kathy deposits him in the backseat. They drive away. She tries to look tough as Jay and the boys blast outside, scarfing rolled-up tortillas stuffed with Fritos and hot dogs. The groceries didn't last long.

Tony looks at Kathy.

TONY

Don't worry. I'm gonna get us an apartment. As soon as I'm eighteen.

Kathy squeezes Tony's arm, feeling better. Jay intentionally slams into them as he skates past.

JAY

We're going to show my Mom!

KATHY

Hey Tony, where's Stacy? Is he on the team?

Tony shrugs, then jumps on his board and follows the Boyz skating through the neighborhood. They carve every curb, corner, and driveway as "Space Truckin" rises. "C'MON!"

45 DOWN THE STREET - THE "BAR-B-QUE PATIO"

45

The Boyz run up the stairs and skate through a Bar-b-que in progress. A bunch of homies check out the Boyz' shirts, hand them fajitas, etc.

Sid wobbles as he skates off. Tony grabs Jay.

TONY

So, where was Stacy? Working?

A slight pause as they skate out to

46 SANTA CRUZ ALLEY

46

JAY

Skip didn't think he was ready.

TONY

Well, I'm not gonna tell Stacy...

Jay nods, he knows that it's his job to tell him. Tony looks at Sid -- everyone knows Stacy is way better than Sid. Sid shrugs, skates across Santa Cruz Street, following the guys through light traffic, but Biniak skates up behind.

BINIAK

Sid, SPEED WOBBLES!!!

Sid spazzes out -- waving his arms, trying to keep his balance. He smacks into a tree and flips Biniak the bird.

JAY

Dude, he's got the inner ear problem.

BINIAK

Suck my inner ear, JayBoy!

And Biniak chases Jay down the alley. Jay and the Boyz "tube ride" under the bouganvillea and disappear around a corner onto First Street.

47 JAY'S ALLEY

47

the Boyz skate up. A beat-up SURF VAN is open, garbage bags full of stuff are piled in the back. *

JAY

Hey, Donnie!

Jay waves at Donnie, his "stepdad", who's heading around the corner toward Jay's apartment. Donnie doesn't seem to hear him.

The Boyz follow him, skating around the corner to see MARK, a huge weathered surfer, hauling Donnie's TV set down the back stair. Puzzled, the Boyz nod to Mark and climb up the front stair.

48 INT. JAY'S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

* 48

Pink Floyd's "Dogs" wails from the stereo. The tiny apartment is completely thrashed -- albums, surfboards are strewn all over. Felane smokes in the corner, red-faced, wearing a macrame bikini top and an Indian print skirt.

She quickly shuts off the haunting melody, flips on a disco radio station, and smiles when the Boyz pile into the place, showing off their Zephyr shirts.

FELANE

You guys look bad as shit!
C'mere...

Felane bearhugs her son, lifting him up off the ground.

JAY

(smiling but embarrassed)
Get off me, lady!

Jay is upset at the mess, but none of the Boyz say anything as they step over crap on their way to the kitchen. It's the "Plague of the Locusts" as every cabinet is opened, every chip devoured.

JAY
(low, whispering to Felane)
What's going on, Mom?

She shakes her head and nods toward the bedroom. Jay walks back into the bedroom and shuts the door after himself.

49 INT. JAY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

49

Donnie is packing his clothes into an Army duffel bag. He looks up at Jay, apologetic, as Mark hauls some grow-lites out of the room.

DONNIE
She's crazy, Jay.

JAY
(smiling, optimistic)
But that's why you love her, right?

Donnie doesn't answer. He loves this kid, but he can't lie.

Jay starts tugging on the lightswitch plate. Carrying his bag, Donnie walks toward the door. He touches the sleeve of Jay's Zephyr shirt.

DONNIE
You look good... You're my boy,
don't worry about that.
(he grabs an almost-brand-new surfboard)
Dude, I want you to have this.

Jay looks at the board -- it's orange with a long blue stripe -- really beautiful. He mumbles a thank you.

Donnie nods, then disappears down the hall. The front door slams. Jay rips the lightswitch plate off the wall and flings it out the window.

Hearing his friends laughing with his Mom, Jay opens a drawer, reaches into the back and pulls out a carved Tiki box full of pills. He dumps half the contents into his jeans pocket and returns the box.

He climbs onto the dresser and ACID DROPS out the back door with his skateboard, landing on a low roof and skating off. *

50 EXT. BEACH - PARKING LOT - THE NEXT MORNING

50

The sun hangs like a dirty beach ball against the smog. Stacy unstraps his surfboard -- there's a second board on the VW's rack. Stacy looks around -- then breaks into a grin.

STACY

I didn't think you'd show.

Kathy rides up on her Stingray, wearing a baggy, hand-me-down wetsuit, her hair in a ponytail. She hops off her bike and hugs Stacy. Surprised, he hugs her back. This is cool.

KATHY

I've been practicing -- watch this!

Kathy lays down on the pavement, "paddles", then pops up to her feet in a classic surfer stance -- arms out, crouched low. Enthusiastic/spastic/funny. Stacy cracks up.

Jay skates up from behind and tips Kathy forward -- she loses her balance and sprawls on the ground, cracking up.

STACY

(laughing, helping Kathy
up)

What's happening, Jay?

Jay looks out to the waves, then back to Stacy.

JAY

It's not looking so good, man.

STACY

(thinking the waves)
There's an occasional set.

Jay can see Stacy isn't getting his drift. Kathy turns away, gets busy waxing the board.

JAY

We were up at the Zephyr shop with
Skip and everybody yesterday.

Stacy freezes. Kathy glances at Jay.

JAY

Tony got on the team. So did Sid.
And Peggy and Biniak and Red Dog
and Shogo.

STACY

What about you?

JAY

Yeah, I got on.

An explosion of silence.

JAY

I'm sorry, man.

STACY

(hiding emotions)

Hey, it's cool.

JAY

Cool.

Jay gives him a friendly pat on the shoulder and skates off.
Stacy falls into the car.

STACY

Sid made it and I didn't?!

KATHY

The only reason he made the team is
cuz he's Jay's best friend and he's
got money.

STACY

You already knew, didn't you?

Kathy hangs her head, then she puts her arm around his
shoulder.

KATHY

It's not the end of the world.

STACY

It is where I'm sitting.

KATHY

Skip Engblom will give you a second
chance.

STACY

Skip Engblom doesn't give second
chances.

KATHY

There are other teams, aren't
there? What about Blue Cheer?

*
*

STACY

Valley's!?! Their boards suck --
you know that.

*

KATHY

I'll talk to Tony, maybe he-

STACY

No! Kathy, don't do that. Really.

Hold on Stacy's face as it starts to sink in. *

51 EXT. FREEWAYS - NORTH SAN DIEGO COUNTY - EARLY MORNING 51

"The Ghost", Skip's 1949 Cadillac, barrels off the freeway belching plumes of leaded gasoline. Stecyk's strange battered VAN filled with Peggy and more of the Z-boyz trails the Caddy, sputtering to keep up.

52 EXT. THE DEL MAR FAIR GROUNDS - PARKING LOT 52

INSIDE THE CADDY, Skip and Jay sit up front -- Tony, Sid, Red Dog in the back. Nazareth blasts from the car stereo. Skip sings along, loud and off-key, psyching everybody up.

SKIP

Now you're messing with a SON of a BITCH...

Skip dodges the ENTRANCE GATE, joyrides up the curb, and wheels past the logjam of cars paying to gain entry. Horns honk and curses roar in protest.

SKIP

We didn't come here to make friends. Think about it.

He parks abruptly, Stecyk's van nearly ramming into the back. Doors open -- Peggy and the Boyz pile out in blue Zephyr T-shirts, jeans and navy-blue Vans. Stretches and yawns. Skip pops the trunk and the Boyz grab their boards.

SKIP

Get inside their HEADS!

And on that they slam their skates onto the pavement and head toward the entrance.

A thick redheaded jock-skater, REEF RYAN (19), jerks his neck as the Dogtown Boyz rush by in their slipshod Levis, shredded back pockets, gardening gloves, and skinned elbows. *

REEF RYAN

Who are those dudes? *

Peggy whips an aggro 360 on her board.

PEGGY
I ain't a dude, dude!!!

53 EXT. DEL MAR FAIR GROUNDS - REGISTRATION DESK

53

Skip and the Boyz stand restless and agitated at the back of a two hour line. Jay now wears a grotesquely realistic "Old Man" mask with the mouth cut open so his real tongue can stick through. He's trying to French kiss a skater's mother.

CHAD, a tough little blond kid, rolls past doing a handstand on his skateboard. Tony 's eyes bug out. *

Losing patience, Skip moves forward through the line, shoving parents and contest officials out of his way. He reaches the registration desk and throws down a wad of cash.

SKIP
There's our entry fees.
(a beat)
Now had over our trophies!

Scores of people shout and curse. The Boyz surround Skip. Back him. A SECURITY GUARD rushes in.

SECURITY GUARD
Go to the end of the line.

Skip doesn't move. *

SECURITY GUARD
Go to the end of the line.

SKIP
(leans in to the guy)
I don't think you get it. *

SECURITY GUARD
I don't think you get it. *

An awkward standoff.

Skip whips out a hundred dollar bill. Displays it. The Guard likes what he sees. With a swift sleight-of-hand, Skip sneaks the bill into the Guard's hand and closes his fist.

SKIP
And you have a great day.

Skip and the Boyz enter the Fairgrounds as the Guard peeks into his hand and is suddenly confused. He's staring at a one dollar bill.

SECURITY GUARD
Son-of-a-bitch!

54 EXT. DEL MAR EVENT - FREESTYLE COMPETITION

54

The Boyz push through the FAIRGROUNDS: BAHNE-CADILLAC banner, wooden bleachers -- bales of hay forming make-shift barricades -- a plywood FREESTYLE PLATFORM -- a SLALOM COURSE dotted with orange cones -- and hard-bodied surfer-babes checking out the SKATEBOARDERS. Hundreds of them, rolling, twirling and gliding. Each one a Xerox copy of Brian Wilson: corporate surfing's poster child. All the big skate companies have teams here: Bahne, G & S, etc. RUSS HOWELL (30's) completes his "red-faced" routine with a round-off back hand spring.

SID
Man, check out all these skaters.

The EVENT ANNOUNCER calls the next skater to the competition platform: the clean-cut TY PAGE -- bell-bottoms and blond ringlets. His coach turns up Jan and Deans' "Sidewalk Surfer". The crowd cheers as he serves up a fun, choreographed routine of hand-stands, head-stands, and L-Sits.

TONY
They call that skateboarding?

RED DOG
What're we supposed to do on that tabletop?!

If this were the beginning of rock'n'roll, then TY PAGE would be PAT BOONE. He exits his routine with sky-high scores and makes way for LITTLE RICHARD in the rodent form of JAY ADAMS.

Jay's the first DOGTOWN SKATER to ride in the competition and the audience has no idea what they're about to see.

The BELL SOUNDS, Skip cranks up Black Sabbath's "Iron Man" and on the sinister, ear-splitting opening chords, Jay thunderbolts across the platform like a force of nature, laying into a bold cut-back turn: dragging his body into a fierce rotational arc.

Sublime and majestic in form. Villainous in execution.

The crowd SCREAMS in amazement as Jay re-works the physics of the universe.

SID
Shit! He's never done that before!

Stecyk, crouched off to the side, snaps photos as Jay BOMBARDS the platform with aerial bunny-Hops. BANG! BOOM! No regard for etiquette as he leaves blood, skin, and shreds of his jeans everywhere.

Two well-dressed Malibu surf chicks eye Jay. VICKIE is dark and curvy, GABRIELLE is a 16-yr-old Farrah Fawcett. She pushes up close to Jay, flips her "wings", and flashes him an amazing smile. Tony notices this. The Judges don't know how to score Jay. Moments of hushed talk and confusion.

JUDGE #1

He didn't do a handstand, an L-Sit, or a single wheelie... hell, he didn't do a single compulsory trick.

Out of a high of TEN, the panel of judges hold up EIGHTS, putting him under Ty Page. The crowd reacts with shouts of "Fixed", "Wank", "Bogus."

Gabrielle whispers in Jay's ear.

GABRIELLE

You blew me away...

JAY

What? YOU WANNA BLOW ME?

Biniak and Red Dog turn and stare at Gabrielle. Vamping it up, she gives Jay a sly wink.

GABRIELLE

Maybe...

The guys bust out hooting and shoving Jay.

RED DOG

Jayboy! Jay!

Jay skates off, pulling a double-handed nut-grab.

ANGLE ON THE ON-DECK CIRCLE:

Tony stands silent, self-contained, with a single-minded obsession -- he's clearly calculated a plan of action.

The bell sounds and Tony pushes into a series of turns. He jams a hard backside and walks the length of his board with the intensity of a prize-fighter. Ty Page and Russ Howell turn away, bummed, but the young girls in the audience moan. Vickie and Gabrielle take notice.

Where Jay's innovative spirit caused him to fall on as many moves as he made, Tony -- with his eyes on the prize-- pulls everything.

His scores are the highest yet. Nines and tens. The crowd showers Tony with appreciation. And he SOAKS it all in. Tony winks at Vickie and Gabrielle, then takes another lap around the platform. Jay and the other Boyz join in, blowing the crowd's mind with their raucous energy.

The Dogtown Boyz congratulate each other. They suddenly look up. What?

Standing in the ON-DECK is STACY PERALTA. Hair combed, wearing his watch, looking confident. Determined. *

TONY
The dude showed. *

New arrivals Kathy and Blanca (dressed in crazy vintage platforms) push to the front of the crowd and cheer him on. Kathy gives Stacy the "thumbs up."

The Bell sounds -- Stacy charges across the platform into a series of perfectly executed Rock Walks. He works all angles of the platform, spinning 360s and four wheel thrusters.

Skip watches as Stacy's competitive skills ripen before his very eyes. He stares at Stecyk -- Stecyk cracks a smile. *

Stacy makes every trick and finishes with high scores that tie him with Tony and Ty Page.

Kathy and Blanca hug Stacy. Gabrielle and Vickie check out the colorful thrift-store chic Venice local girls, sizing up the competition.

Tony is shocked -- he double-takes on Stacy -- who's beaming ear-to-ear. Peggy, Biniak, Sid, Red Dog -- everyone starts hooting. Tony puffs up -- rising to the challenge. He mock-punches Stacy.

TONY
Yeah, let's do it, Peralta! I'll see you in the finals!!

Suddenly an overweight OFFICIAL with a pocked-marked face runs up to Stacy.

CONTEST OFFICIAL
Disqualified! You're disqualified!

Stacy looks at the official. Stunned. This must be a joke.

CONTEST OFFICIAL
You touched the course with your
hand.

STACY
What? Everybody was-

CONTEST OFFICIAL
You're disqualified!

The OFFICIAL physically jerks Stacy off the course.

TONY
Hey man, the dude tied me.

The OFFICIAL, fed up, turns face to face with Tony.

CONTEST OFFICIAL
You got a problem, man?

Tony CLOCKS the guy in the jaw and knocks him out cold.
Kathy and Blanca rush up, try to break things up. A crowd
gathers as officials try to control the situation.

Event organizer, BILL BAHNE (35), a Tom Selleck-look alike,
walks calmly up to Tony.

BILL BAHNE
OFF THE FAIRGROUNDS.

Tony looks ready to punch Bahne as Skip bulldozes forward.

SKIP
Bahne, why don't you cut these kids
some slack?

BILL BAHNE
Slack?! Who do you guys think you
are, coming down to our contest and
pulling this shit?

SKIP
Pulling what shit? My boys are
kicking your girls' asses?
(getting more serious)
Every judge on the panel is on your
payroll. What kind of shit is
that?

Bahne and his Monkeys surround Skip. Ready to throw. Skip
whips off his belt and wraps it around his fist.

SKIP
Will it be all of you?

There is a collective hush as Bahne and his Monkeys contemplate the brass buckle wrapped around Skip's fist.

SKIP
(calmly to Bahne)
Look man, these kids are at a tender age. They tense easily.

BILL BAHNE
Your boy who broke my official's jaw is out. No concessions!

Reef, Ty Page and Russ Howell express a sigh of relief --
Tony, the best competitor, is out. *

And he's on the verge of tears as his lifelong dream of being number one is obliterated. Kathy tries to comfort him. He waves her away.

TONY
I just wanted Dad to see the stupid trophy.

KATHY
Who gives a shit about Dad!?!

Skip slips in front of Kathy and takes Tony off to the side.

SKIP
You stood up for your friend, TA.
We're proud of you. Besides,
someone needed to deck that whiny-ass contest official.

TONY
This contest don't mean shit to me anyway.

SKIP
You did the right thing, bro.

55 EXT. DEL MAR EVENT - TROPHY CEREMONY - AFTERNOON

55

Trophies, handshakes, applause, winners posing for pictures. Peggy is beaming big, holding the Women's Division Trophy.

Stacy receives his 1st PLACE FREESTYLE TROPHY from a TROPHY BABE. Jay, Peggy, and Biniak cheer. With mixed emotions, Kathy stands beside Tony, clapping. Blanca wraps her arm around Tony, whispers in his ear. He's stone-faced.

Stacy steps down and is approached by LARRY GORDON (28), a handsome surfer with piercing blue eyes and a "Christian" fish symbol around his neck. He shakes Stacy's hand.

LARRY GORDON

Larry Gordon. You're a smart kid,
Stacy. You don't drink, you don't
party -- you're a real athlete.

(off Stacy's quizzical
look)

I've done my research, and I like
your attitude. You deserve to have
a smart company like G & S behind
you... So when you're ready, we
should get together and talk.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

Skip watches Gordon drop his card into Stacy's hand and depart. Kathy walks up and checks out the trophy.

KATHY

Hey, what did Larry want?

*

STACY

I think he asked me to ride for G &
S.

*
*

KATHY

Wow.

*

56 EXT. WINNERS CIRCLE - SLALOM AWARDS

56

The Trophy Babe hands Reef Ryan his 3rd Place trophy. They pose for photos. 2nd Place position is empty, so she moves to 1st Place and hands Ty Page his trophy. They pose for photos, polite and professional.

*

Suddenly there's commotion as Jay appears with Gabrielle and Vickie, giggling. His hair is sticking up all over and he's weaving. He jumps onto the second place position, takes his trophy.

The Trophy Babe reaches out to shake Jay's hand when he grabs her, plants a wet kiss right on her mouth, then starts tonguing. The Z-boyz cheer him on. Skip reacts to the clamor with a father's pride.

STACY finds Tony staring at the winner's circle, heartsick. Hell, Tony would have taken it. Stacy holds out his trophy.

STACY

Take it, Tony. This belongs to
you.

Tony stares at Stacy, then walks away.

57 EXT. THE DEL MAR FAIR GROUNDS - PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

57

The sun sinks over a log-jam of exiting American cars. Skip threads the crowd. Looking. Searching. Finally spots Stacy getting into his VW Squareback next to Kathy. Skip checks out the car -- he taps the door.

SKIP

Nice car...

(he takes a deep breath)

You look hungry, bro. We're getting something to eat. Follow us.

STACY

I don't think so, Skip. I've got other plans.

Skip does a double-take, then shrugs.

SKIP

Suit yourself.

Stacy taps the car door, smiling.

STACY

One of the benefits of having a job...

Skip looks at Stacy, shakes his head.

SKIP

You got me there.

Skip bails. Stacy ducks into the car.

STACY

We're going home.

KATHY

Okay.

Stacy drives through the parking lot, passing the other clean-cut skaters, including Larry Gordon, standing with his crew in front of the G & S van. After a minute, Stacy stops and bangs on his steering wheel. He laughs, enjoying the moment.

STACY

Skip called me "bro".

KATHY
Skip called you "bro?"

STACY
Yeah, he said: "Bro."

KATHY
How'd he say it?

STACY
He said: "you look hungry, bro."

KATHY
He said: "you look hungry, bro?"

STACY
Totally.

Stacy and Kathy mull over the implications.

KATHY
Skip Engblom doesn't call anybody
bro.

Kathy looks at Stacy -- he's beaming.

58 ON ANOTHER AISLE

Skip fires up the engine when his car is suddenly GANG-RUSHED by teenagers. Hands reach through the windows with pens and markers pleading for the Boyz's autographs.

Walking up, Blanca watches Tony sign Vickie's T-shirt. She catches his eye and makes the two-fingered "I'm watching you" sign. He laughs and whispers in Blanca's ear.

TONY
These broads got nothing on you, baby!

He picks Blanca up like a newlywed and spins her around as the fans clamor and snap pictures.

BACK TO SKIP and STECYR watching the mayhem with growing interest. They're thinking what we're thinking: that skateboarding is about to go BIG.

INT. DENNY'S RESTAURANT - LATE AFTERNOON

Stacy and Kathy walk inside. Stacy's POV. In the bar corner, Skip sits with Stacyk, Bianca, and the team eating a messy victory meal. Stacy sets his jaw and starts.

Stacy and Kathy approach the table. The Boys congratulate him with "right on, dude!" "you played!" etc. happily. The Boys are so sure Stacy's He looks at Kathy and nods to Stacy.

Skip

Take a seat. I have some food.

Kathy sits uncomfortably as Stacy and his sister

Tom

(absolutely)

You guys see me deck that dude?

Man, I popped him once and he went down hard.

Stacyk tosses a Zephyr Team Shirt at Stacy.

Skip

You earned it, bro.

Stacy looks to Kathy as if to say, he said "bro". Excited, Stacy unfolds the shirt. He looks back to Jay and the Boys.

Tom

Dude, you're one of us now.

Skip

That man's always been one of

Skip

Wear it with pride, man.

Stacy

You know I will.

Stacy holds up the new shirt. Thrilled.

For a moment Skip is stunned.

SKIP

Yeah. I'm Skip Engblom.

Skip looks at Stecyk like: "dumb little brat. *

59 INT. DENNY'S RESTAURANT - LATE AFTERNOON * 59

Stacy and Kathy walk inside. Stacy's POV: in the back *
corner, Skip sits with Stecyk, Blanca, and the team eating a *
messy victory meal. Stacy sets his jaw and steps forward. *

Stacy and Kathy approach the table. The Boyz congratulate *
him with "right on, dude!", "you blazed", etc. Skip sees how *
happy the Boyz are to see Stacy. He looks at Stecyk, then *
nods to Stacy. *

SKIP

Take a seat. Have some food. *

Tony shifts uncomfortably as Stacy and his sister sit down. *

TONY

(abruptly)

You guys see me deck that dude?
Man, I popped him once and he went
down hard.

Stecyk tosses a Zephyr Team Shirt at Stacy. *

SKIP

You earned it, bro.

Stacy looks to Kathy as if to say: he said "bro" again.
Excited, Stacy unfolds the shirt. He looks back to Skip, then
to Jay and the Boyz.

SID

Dude, you're one of us now.

JAY

That maggot's always been one of
us.

SKIP

Wear it with pride, man.

STACY

You know I will.

Stacy holds up the new shirt. Thrilled. *

SKIP

That shirt will get you more titty
than you ever dreamed of ... uh...

Skip looks at Kathy and affects an apology.

KATHY

I got my boy covered, Skip!

Stacy's eyes pop out of his head. The Boyz (except for Tony) cheer Kathy. Peggy and Blanca slap her "five". Kathy laughs and kisses Stacy. He's pretty embarrassed.

Skip stands up and looks at all the bright young faces around the table.

SKIP

You guys made a MESS today at the
contest.

Everybody cheers, swigs their drinks.

SKIP

They look at you as the enemy.

STECYK

It's good to have enemies.

(raising his beer)

To the Boy Kings! You're all a
bunch of filthy pillow-biters!

He pours his beer on Stacy. And the Boyz explode into a massive food fight. Families run for cover as the restaurant becomes a fireworks display of flying food.

JAY

It's like the Nam!!! INCOMING!

Jay fires breadrolls machine-gun style as the OUTRAGED
MANAGER approaches in a frenzy.

MANAGER

STOP! STOP! STOP!

The food fight skids to a halt. The boys look up with food falling off their faces.

MANAGER

You can't act like that here. This
is Orange County!

Oops! Wrong thing to say to this crowd. Sid hurls a baked potato at the Manager and nails him in the face. The Boyz let out a whoop.

Enraged, The Manager yanks Sid up, and wipes the table with his legs. Skip tackles him and all hell breaks loose. *

60 EXT. FREEWAY - 10PM - NIGHT * 60

The Cadillac and Stecyk's van whiz past a lonely stretch of freeway.

61 EXT. VENICE WAREHOUSE - MIDNIGHT 61

Skip, sporting a nice big shiner on his left eye, pulls up to a warehouse -- Jay crawls out with his trophy. Skip squeezes his shoulder. *

SKIP

You kicked ass today.

Jay almost smiles.

62 INT. WAREHOUSE - SWEAT SHOP 62

Women, mostly Hispanic, sit at wooden tables assembling elegant wrought iron light fixtures. Felane spots Jay holding something behind his back. She drops her needle-nose pliers. *

FELANE

Over here, baby.

Jay winds through the women to Felane. He whips his trophy out from behind his back.

JAY

I got second place. You woulda been stoked, Mom.

FELANE

I wish I could have been there to see you.

She hugs him. Almost mauls him -- she loves him so much. The Supervisor glances over at Felane. She picks up her pliers.

JAY

When do you get off, Mom?

FELANE

Three more hours. There's fish sticks in the freezer, baby...

JAY

I'm gonna make some cash and get you outta this place.

FELANE

You're my best friend, honey.

Jay lights up. He sets the trophy on the edge of her table.

JAY

Wanna keep this here?

FELANE

Baby, I'll just knock it over... Put it on my bedside table, okay?

Jay nods, shuffles out into the night. Felane scowls at the worker next to her, who is mad-dogging her.

FELANE

Gimme a break already..

63 INT. JAY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

63

Jay enters and flips on the light. Drops the trophy on his futon/bed. He checks the fridge -- nearly bare. Pulls out the fish sticks package -- it's half-open and covered in frost. He hears the neighbors yelling through the wall.

Jay looks at the shiny orange surfboard Donnie gave him.

He stares at it for a long time, then picks up a kitchen knife and starts hacking away at it. Stab. Stab. Stab. Over and over until it's a mess of foam and fiberglass.

He grabs his skateboard and heads out the back door.

64 EXT. TONY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - A FEW MINUTES LATER

64

Stacy's VW pulls up -- Kathy jumps out -- Stacy hangs back. Through the windows, they can see the gang inside partying: Tony, Blanca, Biniak, Shogo and Jay are sitting in a cloud of smoke, scarfing spaghetti, grooving to Hendrix's "Fire."

KATHY

Come on in, Dad doesn't get home til six in the morning.

STACY

(popping a tape in the car stereo)

Maybe we could just hang out here-

KATHY

(laughing, pulling him out)

Oh, come on, Mr. Champion!

STACY
I'm pretty wiped out-

KATHY
Stacy, don't be lame...

Kathy touches his hair -- Stacy doesn't respond. Kathy is getting more revved up, dancing, trying to win him over.

KATHY
Look at the moon! I love it!

Stacy tries to shush her, but Kathy shimmies into a backbend, crashing on her back, landing on the grass laughing. Stacy tries to pull her up -- she tries to pull him down.

KATHY
Come down here with me!

Kathy starts to unbutton her shirt. She's pretty wild.

JAY has walked up to the apartment window -- watching.

STACY
(whispering, trying to
quiet her)
Kathy, come on...

She jerks him to the ground. He gets up, flustered, tense.

STACY
I gotta go, Kathy, seriously. I'll
call you tomorrow.

Stacy rushes into his car and drives off. Kathy is laying on the grass in hysterics when suddenly, from inside the apartment, Hendrix is cranked up loud. Jay bursts outside, flying off the steps, landing next to Kathy.

JAY
(singing along with Jimi)
Move over, Rover, let Jayboy take
over... Yeah, you know what I'm
talking about...

Kathy pops up into her "surf stance".

KATHY
(belting out the lyrics)
Let me stand next to your fire!

And they're off, chasing each other around the neighborhood. Jay swipes a grapefruit off a neighbor's tree -- slings it at a passing car -- tackles Kathy to the grass. They're rolling around, tickling and laughing.

65 INT. STACY'S CAR - A FEW BLOCKS AWAY

65

The Allman Brother's "One Way Out" plays on the stereo. Stacy pulls over and ejects the tape. He stares at the cassette: he'd made a special label with fancy hand-drawn letters -- reading "Songs for Kathy." Kathy never noticed -- they were on two different wavelengths...

Stacy stares out at the night.

66 INT. ALVA KIDS BEDROOM - FORTY FIVE MINUTES LATER

66

A hippie "drip" candle glows as Tony and Blanca are going at it on Tony's bed. Beer cans, matches, and a roach litter the nightstand. Giggling, Kathy leads Jay inside.

BLANCA

Hey, chica...

Blanca smiles at Kathy. Tony cranks up the music as his sister and Jay fall onto Kathy's bed. Kathy dives under the covers and pulls off her shirt. She throws it at Jay.

KATHY

(whispering)

Take off your boxers!

JAY

No!

KATHY

Yes!

Tony looks up laughing.

TONY

What's the matter, Jay -- you don't got no hair on your inch worm yet?

Jay slams a pillow at Tony, turns back to Kathy.

JAY

It still works girl, believe it!
... Now, gimme kitty...

And Jay dives on top of Kathy, starts to get busy... Blankets are bobbing, music is throbbing, when suddenly the front door creaks open.

It's like a fire drill: Blanca DASHES into the closet -- Jay DIVES naked out the window -- Kathy KICKS beer cans under the bed -- Tony SWATS smoke out the window.

Kathy and Tony dive under their covers, staring across the room at each other, listening to the approaching footsteps.

CRASH! The bedroom door flies open and Mr. Alva charges in with a big wooden cooking spoon, flicking on the light.

MR. ALVA

What's that smell?

TONY

Cherry cigars, Dad. Our P.E. teacher passed them out 'cause he had a baby girl.

MR. ALVA

BULLSHIT. Lemme see the goddamn cigar!

Tony grabs a cigar butt off his nightstand and triumphantly holds it out for his Dad.

TONY

Smell it, Dad.

Mr. Alva's eyes narrow -- he raises his arm -- Kathy gasps -- Mr. Alva KNOCKS the cigar out of Tony's hand. HARD. It hits a picture on the nightstand, SLAMS it over. Mr. Alva glares at Tony for a long beat, then storms out and SLAMS the door.

Kathy and Tony stare at each other -- hearts still beating a mile a minute. The closet door slowly opens -- Blanca is white as a ghost, standing there in her underwear.

BLANCA

Shit.

67

EXT. BEACH PARKING LOT - DAWN - ONE WEEK LATER

* 67

Jay, Sid, Tony and Stacy stare at the ocean. It's flat as a duck pond. Barely a ripple.

*
*

JAY

Still flat... Three weeks in a row.

*
*

HONK! Suddenly Stacy's VW pulls up to the curb.

*

TONY

Get in.

*
*

JAY

Why?

TONY

Just get in.

68 EXT. PACIFIC PALISADES RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - EARLY AM

68

Stacy's VW rounds the corner as the morning sun cracks. Half a block up is a MOM, DAD, (MR. & MRS. CHAMBERS), their 12-year old skaterat SON and their SHAPELY DARK-HAIRED DAUGHTER packing ice-skates into a 72 Dodge van.

Tony stops Stacy - he parks three houses away. The Boyz look to Tony for clues. He watches the family climb into the van.

STACY

Isn't that the girl from Del Mar?

Tony knowingly cocks an eyebrow. It is Vickie.

SID

What are we doing here?

TONY

Shut up, dork.

Everyone's getting restless now as Jay starts cranking the window. Up. Down. Up. Down. Faster and faster until it breaks and falls inside the door.

STACY

Dammit, Jay! You know how much that's gonna cost me?

The Dodge van drives off.

TONY

Grab your skates. Let's roll.

Tony opens the car door and starts walking with purpose.

69 EXT. CHAMBERS HOME - SIDE WALKWAY - MORNING

69

The Boyz chase Tony down the narrow corridor through sticky banana trees. Jay pulls out an old switchblade.

JAY

Are we gonna rob this place?

Tony reaches under a rock and pulls out a key on a heart-shaped keychain. He kisses the heart and unlocks a gate.

The Boyz follow Tony into the backyard and see a bone-dry swimming pool. They rush forward.

*
*

TONY

This wave breaks 24 hours a day,
everyday... and we're gonna be the
first to ride it, bros!

The Boyz stare at the steep wave-like walls of the pool.
Sid's eyes bug out of his head. They all jump in.

*
*

SID

Shit. That's genius, dude!

And on that Tony gives his board a swift kick and studies its
line as it travels ten feet up the vertical wall, turns 180,
and comes crashing down onto the drain. LOUD.

STACY

Gnarly transition...

TONY

Not if you've got the balls.

The massive deep-end stares them down. This is hazardous
terrain here, hit-or-miss, do or die.

*
*

They examine the harsh transition to vertical and G-force-
curve, acutely aware that this is new territory.

Then with the gravitational pull of his destiny, Tony takes
three rapid-fire pushes.

He leaves the shallow end, passes through the deepest point
of the pool, then begins his ascent straight up the vertical.

But the pool will have nothing of it. Tony's ejected like a
used space capsule. He free-falls upside down from eight
feet and slams onto the floor.

He gets up with a new-found respect for cement.

STACY

Hey man, this ain't surfing.

Thinking it requires more speed, Stacy pushes furiously
across the pool and begins the vertical climb.

He's dismissed. He crashes onto the concrete shouting in
pain.

Jay skates up the wall, becomes unglued from his board, and
slams on the metal drain cover. Cusses.

The Boyz make repeated attempts. All futile.

Tony scrutinizes the steep curves like a monkey to a tree branch. Somehow it's beginning to make sense.

He takes three pushes. Ascends the vertical wall -- two feet, four feet, six feet, and then just inches under the Pool Light. He arcs his board into a carving motion.

Suddenly he's skating horizontal on a vertical plane, glued to the wall like a fly, violating all known laws of gravity. Up, around, and down.

BOYZ

Yeah! Shit, yeah!

AND THE WORLD'S FIRST REAL POOL SESSION BEGINS

STACY

We can make it over the light.

Jay pushes hard and climbs the wall above and over the light just inches from the blue tiles.

He comes back down and whips into the shallow end as if he's just seen a ghost.

SID

You were so far over it, dude!

Stacy follows Jay's line. He rockets into the deep-end up and over the light, around and down. Drops back into the shallow end looking like he just escaped death.

STACY

Wow! I can't believe I did that.

Tony does it. Makes it.

TONY

You guys see that? I hit the TILE!

Sid decides to chance it. He tears blindly into the deep end -- climbs straight up the wall and comes unglued from his board. He face-plants the drain.

JAY

He's dead.

Sid's lying still. He finally cracks an eye.

SID

Is my head bleeding?

Jay nods no.

SID

Feels like it is... I can't feel my feet.

Sid reaches into his pocket -- pulls out a crushed joint, sets it on his lips. Smiles.

SID

But I can never feel my feet.

MUSIC UP: TED NUGENT'S MOTORCITY MADHOUSE as the POOL MONTAGE BEGINS.

70 EXT. BACKYARD - EMPTY POOL - "MODERN" DEVEREAUX - DAY

70

Stacy, Jay, Sid, and Shogo await their turn in the shallow end as Tony enters the deep-end. He skates up the wall, arches his back like the finest Hawaiian surfer, and carves across the crisp blue tiles. CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!

Kathy and Blanca arrive with Dorritos and bean dip... Jay and Kathy kid each other. Stacy notices and edges a one-wheel rim shot along the coping.

It's an evolutionary LEAP as the moves get more DANGEROUS and move HIGH up the vertical walls. The girls scream at Stacy -- but Tony can't be outdone -- he bombs the pool and kicks it up a notch.

TILT UP TO THE BALCONY where Sid is gesturing wildly.

SID'S POV of the house next door: there's another great pool! This one's a quarter-filled.

Jay, Tony, and the Boyz rush over the wall.

71 EXT. BACKYARD POOL - "POOL PUMP" WILSON - DAY

71

Red Dog carves the pool, avoiding the water in the bottom, but Jay skates it, misses, and belly-flops into the green slime. SPLASH!!!

Everyone hoots -- the party has moved over here.

Follow Stacy and Biniak out the back gate to the pool pump. They twist a valve and WHOOOSH!!! Water floods out the back to a round of CHEERS and HOOTS.

Red Dog's pushing a big pool broom, kids are partying and skating as the water drains out.

Suddenly an irate well-dressed HUSBAND and WIFE walk out through the sliding glass doors.

The Boyz fly out the back yard, rushing down a huge hill. The Couple chases them down, yelling, but the kids escape. Steaming, the Husband turns back toward the house and sees Sid and Shogo, crouching like guilty little mice in the pool pump shed, giggling in a cloud of smoke. Water floods out the valve. BUSTED.

SID

Oops.

72 EXT. LAFAYETTE'S BURGERS - PATIO - LATE THAT AFTERNOON

72

Jay, Tony, Stacy, and Red Dog scarf burgers after the session. They're rubbing sore hips, washing gravel out of scabs. Tony "skates" a tortilla chip around an empty bowl.

TONY

...and I twisted my board like this-

HONK!! The Boyz turn their heads to see Skip and Billy Z, stopped at the light in Skip's Caddy. He can tell they've been skating.

SKIP

Hey, where've you been?! Did you forget about practice?! You think I like sitting on my ass waiting for you clowns?

BILLY Z

Let me tell you -- he doesn't.

Oops. The Boyz look at each other sheepishly as Skip climbs out of the car and grabs some fries, scarfing them down in one gulp. Tony laughs -- Skip snatches his burger.

SKIP

This is serious -- You assholes gotta keeping pushing-

Skip pulls the meat out and slaps Tony's face with it, then eats the rest of the burger. He jumps back in his car and peels out.

STACY

Maybe we should take Skip to the pool tomorrow-

TONY
(shrugging)
He's gotta run the shop.

Jay looks at the greasy blotch on Tony's cheek.

JAY
Dude, you got patty-slapped.

73 EXT. BEL AIR - "CHAMBERS" HILLTOP - DAY

73

BINOCULAR POV: Panning by hundreds of homes from high above. We spot a BRIGHT WHITE POOL lying empty.

Jay, Sid, and Stacy surround Tony as he drops the binoculars.

TONY
I love the drought!

74 EXT. BEL AIR - "BAR-B-QUE/SCARLETT POOL" - DAY

74

The rim of the pool is jam-filled with teenagers and wannabees and it's clear that pool riding is becoming the mosh-pit of 70's counter-culture. Kathy and Blanca hold court with a cooler of Cokes and Baby Ruths. Stecyk snaps photos.

Sid urinates in the bushes. Jay sneaks his hand through a window and swipes bananas from a bowl in the kitchen as a group of new GIRLS enters the yard. One of them, CAROLINE (16), has long curly brown hair, a curvaceous body, colorful clothes, and a little sketchbook in her hand.

The NEW GIRLS position themselves at the deep end, and all of a sudden, Center Stage in the pool mayhem shifts. Tony, Stacy, and Biniak trade moves, pushing each other higher, hitting their tricks directly in front of the New Girls. On a dramatic backside carve, Stacy 50-50 grinds, poses with his hands behind his back, and makes EYE CONTACT with Caroline as he flies past. Her friends elbow her -- she blushes.

Suddenly SIRENS! The LOOKOUT BOY jumps down from the roof. *

LOOKOUT BOY
The pigs!!!

It's a mad dash for the BACK WALL but two blood-thirsty ROTTWEILERS lunge at the kids -- barking like they haven't eaten in weeks. An IRATE OWNER watches from the porch, yelling into his phone. Kids reverse course and head back toward the *

SIDE YARD. A frenzy of skateboards and bodies fly down the walkway -- and rush toward the street where they're met by

Two COP CARS with red cherries in full bloom.

Tony and Jay look at each other: there's nothing to do but CHARGE!!! The kids stampede past the confused Cops.

Red Dog ushers the New Girls to their car. Stecyk rushes Kathy and Blanca and some of the little kids into his van.

SWISH PAN to find our Boyz sprinting down the block barrelling for Stacy's VW. Jay yells back at the Cop Car.

JAY

You must be high if you think you
can catch us!

Jay and Stacy make it to Stacy's VW as a yellow '74 Corvette convertible whips down the street -- Gabrielle at the wheel. She's stunning in a tie-dye bikini, Ray Bans, gold jewelry.

GABRIELLE

Is the pool session over?!
(she sees the cop cars)
Holy Shit! Get in!

Tony slides into the front seat -- Sid starts to hop in, but Tony grabs Gabrielle's arm.

TONY

PUNCH IT!

Sid chases after Stacy's car as the Cops bear down on him.

Gabrielle peels out down the street, roaring past Stecyk's van.

INSIDE THE VAN

Blanca's radar is up -- she whips around in time to catch a glimpse of Tony whizzing past with Gabrielle.

BLANCA

(flipping him the bird)
Chingatumadre!

Kathy laughs until she looks over at Blanca. Tears stream down her face. Kathy puts her arm around Blanca.

INT. CHAMBER'S WALKER COLONY HOUSE - LATER THAT DAY

Gabrielle leads Tony into a chic beach pad. The
place is airy, huge oak-branch trees, sculpted, covered
grand piano, backed with gold-framed photos of celebrities.

Tony's eyes pop. Damn.

Gabrielle opens the bar door and pulls out bottles.

GABRIELLE

You like smoked salmon? New York
cheese cake? Help yourself.

Gabrielle selects an expensive bottle of wine from
the racks around the dining room. Tony gobbles caviar.
Gabrielle's gold DMZ on his head.

She opens the door and runs out to the balcony. Tony
the door, looking up and back for a moment.
The door is closed.

GABRIELLE

Not bad for a first crash.

EXT. MONTAGE: WILSON POOL PUMP POOL - NEW ANGLE - VIETNAM

Ext. Dog House. Tony is seen. Pool pump valve. Whose
hand is out.

She is seen from the back as she moves. Her
progressively more like threatening. Violent and
the center. She is snapping bones and scrambling
around and around the apartment in a state of panic.

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She is seen from the back as she moves. Her
progressively more like threatening. Violent and
the center. She is snapping bones and scrambling
around and around the apartment in a state of panic.

CHAMBER'S HOUSE

In the kitchen, Tony applies the medicine. Tony
prescription drugs and Jay applies on his face.

Cherry revision

80 Sid stands on the bar crooning "Downtown" along with the 80
 player piano as Vickie and Red Dog dance. The Chambers' Son
 admiringly serves the Boyz food. Tony massages Mrs. Chambers'
 shoulders while she sips a Martini and sings along. Through
 the window we see Stacy and the other Boyz tearing up the *
 pool.

Time stops when Mr. Chambers enters, dressed in pastel golf
 attire, and takes in the scene. He stares at his wife.

MR. CHAMBERS

Marie!!!!

He grabs a nine iron and chases the kids out of the house,
 out of the pool, and tumbling down the hill. Popping out of
 the underbrush, Jay beans him with a grapefruit, then
 disappears down the hill.

The Boyz always stay one step ahead of the law.

81 INT. ZEPHYR SHOP - SHAPING ROOM - DAY 81

Billy Z pours hot resin into clamshell-like cavities.
 Closes. Holds. Montoya lifts revealing complete injection-
 molded Zephyr skateboards.

He hands them off to Skip who sands them. One by one.

He walks over and hands them to Stecyk, who spray paints Z's
 and crosses on them in a jury-rigged spray booth.

He's interrupted by a harried SID. *

SID *

Uh, the delivery guy is here with
 the resin but he says you owe them
 \$575 from last month. What should I
 tell him? *

Stecyk and Billy Z look to Skip, covered in fiberglass dust
 like a snowman.

SKIP

Sid, go find the damn checkbook. *

Frustrated, Skip gets up, cleans off the dust, heads into the
 front.

82 EXT. ALLEY / INT. SHAPING ROOM - TEN MINUTES LATER 82

Skip blasts back into the shaping room.

SKIP

How many boards are done? I gotta peddle this shit at Huntington to cover that check-

he stops when he sees that Billy Z and Stecyk are not at work -- in fact, the garage door is open and they're climbing into a beat-up van full of SURFERS and boards.

SKIP

Where are you going?

BILLY Z

Rincon. It's firing.

Skip stares at Stecyk. Stecyk shrugs, puts on a hockey mask.

STECYK

I'm not a business man.

Billy Z climbs in the van.

BILLY Z

This shop is about surfing when we want to and working when we want to. That was the deal, dude.

SKIP

(yelling after the van)
That deal worked great until we started getting orders from Brazil and Australia, dude.

83 EXT. SID'S MANSION - LATE MORNING

83

Scarfing down French chocolates, the Boyz stand on the manicured grounds of a spectacular estate. They're staring GA-GA at a filled swimming pool, the biggest we've seen yet.

TONY

Shit. A perfect right-handed kidney...

The front doors to the home open wide and out walks Sid. Two red-nosed Pit Bulls chase after him, greeting Jay with tail-wagging and slobbery kisses. Jay goofs with them.

JAY

What'd your dad say?

SID
(weird "Dad" accent)
"Are you high, Sid? The pool is
for swimming."

JAY
Tell him we'll fill it back up when
we're done.

SID
He said you'll sue him if you get
hurt.

JAY
We won't sue him.

SID
He said your parents will.

STACY
Our parents can't afford lawyers.

TONY
Let me talk to your Dad.

SID
(laughing, punching Tony)
Hey man, the only Mexicans my Dad
talks to push lawn mowers.

Tony flips him the bird as a loud car HONKS! They hurry
towards the front gates.

84 INT. SKIP'S CAR - MOVING - OCEAN DRIVE

84

Skip is stressed-out, stuffing a chili cheeseburger in his
face, driving the Boyz.

JAY
We should drain it when he goes on
his next business trip.

SID
He'd have all of you killed.

The Boyz exchange looks -- is he serious?

As they pass a couple of ELDERLY LADIES with walkers and fur
coats, strolling out of the Senior Center, Jay suddenly
thrusts his head out the window.

JAY

Kiss me, granny... Love to get me
some of that gray beaver!

85 EXT. HUNTINGTON BEACH - FISHERMAN'S WHARF - DAY

85

Skip's Caddy glides past a sign for "Skatefest" and parks
next to Peggy's car, where the other Z-Boyz are waiting.
Jay, Tony and Stacy are spotted as they climb out of the car.
A mass of teens rush them. Blocking sunshine.

The Boyz are STUNNED by the hysteria. Jay's almost
disgusted, but Tony loves it, working the crowd as they pass
through the demo area.

TONY

Baby, I'm gonna blow your mind...

Skip puts his hand on Stacy's shoulder.

SKIP

I think you should end with the
900. You've got that trick down.

Stacy looks up at Skip: a compliment. Wow. He skates off
after Jay and Tony, smiling big.

Ty Page and the other teams (all performing routines in the
parking lot) are virtually ignored -- it's the Z-Boyz who are
getting mobbed. Journalists, photographers, and BUSINESS
TYPES are on the scene. Men in suits with fancy cars.

And contrasted against these types is our boy Skip starting
to look *small time*.

Larry Gordon, owner of G&S skateboards, appears.

LARRY GORDON

Man, they've been swarming my shop
for a week talking about you guys.

SKIP

What'd you expect?

86 EXT. HUNTINGTON BEACH - DEMONSTRATION IN PROGRESS

* 86

Tony is performing a bad-ass floor routine, Sid leads the
crowd in a frenzy of WHOOS as Jay hits a ramp and does a
"boneless".

Stacy blurs into a sweeping 540 slide -- his body spinning
and contorting. A mass of rowdy kids surround him.

Tony sees the response the others are getting. He won't be outdone. Can't be outdone by Jay. By Stacy. By anyone. *

He climbs up the rock wall of the "Lighthouse" and surveys the crowd. He takes a breath, then blasts down ten aerial feet and lands in the center of the crowd. His eyes are huge -- he's lit up like a Christmas tree -- thrilled out of his mind.

TONY

I AM ALVA!!!

Whoa... Stacy shoots a look at Jay -- Jay shrugs it off, disappears into the crowd.

Impresario Larry Gordon watches with dollar signs as these tattered kids from Dogtown hold his crowd hostage. He approaches Skip who is selling Zephyr Skateboards from the tailgate of his car.

LARRY GORDON

You could make a lot of money off that Tony Alva. How big a pain is he?

SKIP

Impossible.

LARRY GORDON

Really.

SKIP

Really.

LARRY GORDON

You don't pay him, do you?

SKIP

Of course I pay him. Money, cars, expenses, you name it.

Skip stuff wads of cash into his pocket as new boards leave his hands like pancakes at a homeless breakfast.

SKIP

Larry, my boys are professionals.

(a beat)

And I'm a professional.

87

EXT. HUNTINGTON BEACH - FISHERMAN'S WHARF - AFTERNOON

87

Stacy coaches a handful of novice skaters on the Rock-Walk -- he's handling it like a charismatic politician. The kids tug at him with needs, wants, advice.

He answers each one individually, especially one little TOW-HAIRED BOY.

TOW HAIRED BOY

Can I take a picture with you?

After a moment, we see why: the Boy's sister is Caroline, the artsy "New Girl" from the pool session. And she's smiling at Stacy, snapping the photo. She holds out a book.

STACY

(embarrassed)

You want my autograph?

CAROLINE

No, I want your phone number...

She flips past some drawings -- Stacy is intrigued.

STACY

These are pretty cool.

DOWN THE BOARDWALK

A crowd of fans rush over to Jay, eager to indulge in his presence. Jay snatches a kid's hat, tries it on, and keeps it. That just makes more kids want to give him stuff.

FARTHER DOWN

Tony is surrounded by a sea of girls, strutting like a rock star. Reef Ryan watches as his girlfriend, a BABE in high-cut shorts bends over. Tony signs her butt-cheek: whole lotta love, Tony Alva.

Larry Gordon steps in and pulls Tony away from his fantasy-turned-reality.

LARRY GORDON

You know, Tony, you play your cards right and you could be famous.

TONY

I am famous.

Larry moves closer to Tony.

LARRY GORDON

You might be the best skater in the
world someday. Fact is, I think
you are the best..

TONY

What do you want, dude?

LARRY GORDON

Tony, I'll match whatever Skip's
paying you and I'll throw in a car.

Tony is momentarily stunned.

TONY

What kind of car?

LARRY GORDON

How about a brand new Pontiac
Firebird muscled up with a 455
engine?

TONY

Pft. I'll believe it when I see it.

Skip watches the two of them from across the pier. Clearly
hip to what's going down.

LARRY GORDON

Tony, I'm the biggest skateboard
manufacturer in the country.

Larry gives Tony a look, then heads out.

LARRY GORDON

You know where to call me...

88 INT. MINIMART & GAS STATION - NITE

88

A GAS STATION ATTENDANT with a crew-cut fills up the Caddy.

JAY

Don't skip the back window, buddy.

As the Attendant moves to the back, Jay pushes on the glass
face of the gas pump. The ticking numbers come to a complete
stop at 75 cents, but the gas keeps pumping as Jay heads
INSIDE.

Stacy chats with the Cashier, Tony's at the condiment
counter, pumping relish on his hot dog. Skip slips open a
package of Dorritos and stealthily pumps melted cheese inside
the bag. Tony looks at the concoction.

SKIP
 "Ghetto nachos."... So tell me
 about Larry.

TONY
 What about him?

SKIP
 You tell me.

Jay now joins them with a bag of Dorritos and starts pumping cheese and hot chili inside. Tony thinks about the conversation, starts to puff up.

TONY
 Well, Larry said I-

JAY
 That dude told me some shit about
 how great I am:
 (mock imitation)
 "You may be the best skater in the
 world someday. Fact is, I think
 you are the best."

Tony narrows his eyes at Jay. He's pretty fucking jealous.

TONY
 That kook's messing with our heads.

The Boyz just learned the first lesson of business: don't trust anyone. Stacy silently cracks up as the Boyz exit the store and grab their skates. Skip inhales his "nachos."

SKIP
 What did he say to you, Peralta?

STACY
 I guess we're ALL the best skaters
 in the world!

Everyone bursts out laughing -- Tony doesn't appreciate the humor quite as much. Skip relaxes a bit -- smiles.

SKIP
 Boyz, the world is now your ocean.

They like what they hear. Suddenly Jay calls from the roof.

JAY
 You know what I'm thinking, bros?
 We're gonna be on summer vacation
 for the next twenty years...

Jay ACID-DROPS down to the pavement, landing on his Ghetto Nachos -- exploding chili all over a Lincoln Continental whose burly PIMP DADDY owner is gassing up at the pump.

IN AN OVERCRANKED BLUR, Skip's in the Caddy -- pedal to the metal -- Boyz hauling ass after him -- jumping in the car.

Pimp Daddy chases after the Caddy. There's a loud squeal of girlish laughter as

CHER'S "HALF-BREED", cranks up FULL VOLUME. And we're in

89

BLANCA'S KITCHEN -- Blanca's Grandmother sings along with the Sonny and Cher show on TV where Cher sits on a Pinto in skimpy "Squaw" outfit and full white headdress.

89

Kathy and Blanca, in curlers and slips, laugh with Blanca's cousin, THUNDER MONKEY. She's 18, big energy, baby fat, with enormous picture-perfect tits.

The kitchen is a wreck -- cake pans, measuring cups, flour strewn all over the counter... little brothers running in and out sneaking licks of icing. Kathy teases Thunder Monkey's hair, getting her primed.

KATHY

(to Thunder Monkey)

...Sid's house is bigger than the
Playboy Mansion, but he's not
snotty... Right, Blanca?

Blanca's squeezing hot pink icing from a tube, giggling as she decorates a large sheet cake with a wobbly version of a Skateboarder Magazine cover.

DISSOLVE INTO the real SKATEBOARDER MAGAZINE COVER:

Tony, Jay and Stacy pose under the title: Skateboarding's Wonder Boys. *Pretty fucking hot.*

PRE-PARTY MINI-MONTAGE:

Skip places the magazine in front of a Tiki statue, dumps a bag of generic potato chips into a bowl.

Stecyk pops open a tin of Vienna sausages and spreads them out on a paper plate.

Montoya empties styrofoam shavings from a stack of plastic cups, then sets them next to a keg.

Pull back to reveal Skip waving the mag in front of a crowd of PARTYGOERS. It's nighttime and we're inside the:

90 ZEPHYR SHOP

90

The place is bursting with bodies -- the atmosphere is pure jailhouse: grab-ass, XL egos, and macho surf posturing. Magazines are everywhere -- people are stoked.

Skip, decked out in a blue elkskin shirt, hangs with Chico and Amelia, his Playmate girlfriend, who's dazzled by the photos in SKATEBOARDER MAGAZINE.

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IN FRONT OF THE SHOP

A '36 Ford Coupe with a 509" big block revs at the curb. Two Bad Ass VALS in street racer jackets shows off their ride to the Venice crowd.

SKIP

This ain't Van Nuys Boulevard,
Harper.

He mad-dogs the Vals -- they jump in the Hot Rod and peel out -- LOUD. Skip yells after them.

SKIP

This party is for LOCALS ONLY.

Skip turns to see Gabrielle, Vickie and another Malibu Babe climb out of a white Caddy convertible, dressed to party.

VICKIE

Would you make an exception in our
case, Skip?

SKIP

Let's just say I'm willing to
negotiate, ladies...

Skip wraps an arm around two of the Babes and waltzes inside.

Gabrielle bee-lines to Tony, in the back. She removes a wad of gauze from her mouth and displays a bottle of Codeine.

GABRIELLE

I took what the dentist told me to
take but I don't feel anything.

TONY

That's the point, babe.

Tony opens his mouth as she drops two onto his tongue. He pulls her into the "Oink Room."

A CLEAN CUT SURFER DUDE stands with Jay, discussing the magazine, shaking Jay's hand. A SURFER CHICK butts in and asks for Jay's number. *

Sid arrives with Wentzel. The Boyz gas on his outfit. *

CAMERA PANS to a commotion at the door as Kathy, Blanca, and Thunder Monkey enter, carrying their cake. They are all dolled up low-rider Chicana style -- big hair, red lips. They've already had a couple of drinks and they're in a great mood, belting out a Cher song. *

Jay, Sid, Biniak, Red Dog all cheer -- the girls crack themselves up.

Blanca notices Vickie and the Malibu babes staring at the homemade cake. She yanks it away and marches outside to the

91

BACK PATIO

91

Blanca sets the cake on a surfboard rack. Jay's friend, a young Vato with a bandana, whips out a huge buckknife and carves it up.

Jay scarfs a big bite and kisses Kathy.

Stacy ducks away from TWO CLEAN CUT SURFERS who are hustling him for a helmet deal.

STACY

Yeah, I'd have to see a design for it, I guess...

He walks up to the table to get a drink and stumbles into Jay and Kathy, intertwined, mid-conversation.

KATHY

Don't ever wear underwear when you're around me...

Oops. Stacy's stomach does a belly-flop. Kathy looks up to see Stacy staring.

KATHY

Hi Stacy, I... made you a cake... uh...

Kathy awkwardly exits toward Thunder Monkey, leaving Jay face to face with Stacy.

STACY

You're an asshole. You couldn't even tell me-

JAY

I was going to-

STACY

When? You were my friend-

JAY

You couldn't handle her.

STACY

Oh? And you can?!

JAY
Apparently so.

Jay shrugs and exits.

Stacy slams the magazine down by the cake and walks away from the crowd, emotions washing over his face.

The Clean Cut Surfers try to close in on him, but Stacy waves them away. He steps behind the building and sinks against the wall.

IN THE LOCKER ROOM

Kathy pushes Thunder Monkey toward Sid, then slips back inside the party.

Sid is standing by the TEAM LOCKERS, coughing over a joint. Thunder Monkey grabs two cups and offers one to Sid.

THUNDER MONKEY
Thirsty, Sid?

Startled, he burns himself on the roach.

SID

Hey, what's happening, Thunder Monkey?

THUNDER MONKEY

You are.

He starts swaying, catching his balance.

THUNDER MONKEY

Everyone at school is talking about you.

Her enormous breasts are now touching his chest. He sneaks a peek. Wow. Life is suddenly good. *

92 LOUD WHOOPS come from Tony and Gabrielle, now looped on Codeine, playing PINBALL. Gabrielle is missing her shoes and a few articles of clothing. 92

GABRIELLE

Is it your turn again?

Tony deliberately shoots the ball into the hole.

TONY

I missed it. You lose again.

Taunting shouts come from the surrounding group.

GABRIELLE

I don't understand the rules.

TONY

That's why you keep losing.

(laughing)

Remove the ARTICLE.

Gabrielle sees all the eyes on her. She likes the attention, especially from Tony. She plays along.

AT THE DOOR Blanca hands out cake slices to appreciative stoners, making her way back inside.

Blanca stops DEAD IN HER TRACKS as she watches Gabrielle unbutton her paisley skirt and throw it at Tony. She's wearing black lingerie, complete with stockings and garters. Guys swoon.

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TONY

Round seven, Rock 'n' Roll-

BLANCA

I worked two weeks at Market
Basket, just to pay for this skirt!
My brother's gonna scratch that
neck, puta!

Blanca lunges at Gabrielle -- Shogo and Peggy pull her off.
Everyone hoots, yelling "girl fight!" "psycho chick", etc.
It's ugly.

Kathy leaves Jay and dashes over to Blanca. She hurries her
outside, hugging Blanca as she bursts into angry tears.

Noticing that Jay is free, Amelia sends Chino away.

AMELIA

Go get me a beer.

SKIP is across the room when he sees who's entering the
party. He makes a mad dash towards TOPPER BURKS (26) -- a
white Sly Stone with a wicked TROPHY BAE attached to his
splashy 70's outfit. Skip tries to block his entrance.

SKIP

Topper Burks, what brings you all
the way to this side of town?

TOPPER

I heard there was a party in my
favorite surf ghetto.

(a beat)

Where's the famous Tony Alva? I
want to congratulate him.

SKIP

I'll congratulate him for you.

Topper slips away as Amelia steps between them -- heading for
Jay.

AMELIA

Hey, Jay. I saw your cover shot.
(casually moving in
closer)

That was bitchen.

Jay checks her out: mini skirt, skimpy leather halter top.

JAY

Chi-chis Christ, girl! Aren't you Chino's old lady?

AMELIA

No. He won't leave me alone.

JAY

I wouldn't either... Can I suck on your panties?

This boy is soooo bad, but Amelia can't stop smiling. *

CAMERA PANS to the back window of the shop where we see Skip's Cadillac parked in the rear.

93

INT. PAINT ROOM

93

Sid and Thunder Monkey stumble onto the couch, ripped and kissing. She dives on top of him, caressing his chest. In stoned out ecstasy, he says:

SID

Tell me I'm a great skater.

THUNDER MONKEY

You're a great skater, Sid. You're the best skater on the team.

Sid starts unzipping her shirt without her protest. And wow! Out pops a sexy, bondage-inspired purple bra overflowing with two luscious orbs.

Sid's a five year old boy staring at his first bicycle.

SID

Gnarly!

THUNDER MONKEY

They're all yours, Sid.

Sid grabs her breasts with both hands and squeezes, just as Biniak pops his head in the window.

BINIAK

SPEED WOBBLES!!!

Sid freaks out and starts trying to juggle the breasts. Biniak cracks up.

JAY

Chi-chis Christ, girl! Aren't you Chino's old lady?

AMELIA

No. He won't leave me alone.

JAY

I wouldn't either... Can I suck on your panties?

He reaches up under her skirt and pinches her butt. This boy is soooo bad, but Amelia can't stop smiling.

CAMERA PANS to the back window of the shop where we see Skip's Cadillac parked in the rear.

93 INT. SKIP'S CADDY - PARKED - BACK SEAT

93

The floor is littered with empty red plastic cups. Sid and Thunder Monkey are ripped and kissing. He starts unbuttoning her shirt without her protest. Seven buttons later he opens it. And wow!

He's a five year old boy staring at his first bicycle.

SID

Gnarly!

THUNDER MONKEY

They're all yours, Sid.

She grabs his long blonde hair and slaps him in the face with her red swollen nipples. In stoned out ecstasy, he says:

SID

Tell me I'm a great skater.

THUNDER MONKEY

You're a great skater, Sid. You're the best skater on the team.

Sid grabs her breasts with both hands and squeezes, just as Biniak pops his head in the car window.

BINIAK

SPEED WOBBLES!!!

Sid freaks out and starts trying to juggle the breasts. Thunder Monkey and Biniak crack up.

94 BACK INSIDE THE PARTY

94

Topper, chewing crushed ice, heads straight for Tony.

TOPPER

Hey, Tony -- I'm Topper Burks.

TONY

I know who you are. Skip warned me about you, dude.

Topper hands Tony a drink. Tony's surprised by his show of respect. Hell, Topper's older and looks "MONEY."

TOPPER

You're blowing it, Tony.

TONY

Look asshole, I'm not blowing anything.

TOPPER

Look asshole, I like Skip. He's a real Eagle Scout.

Tony stares as if he's about to punch Topper out.

TOPPER

But Tony, you got talent -- real talent.

(a beat)

Would you expect Jimi Hendrix to play in Jimmy Page's band?

TONY

No.

TOPPER

I wouldn't either. Just like I wouldn't expect Tony Alva to play in Jay Adams' band or Stacy Peralta's band.

(a beat)

Do you have any idea how many skateboards Skip is selling because of you?

Tony finally starts to listen to Topper.

TOPPER

With your talent and my unlimited expense account, I can make you a star.

TONY

Bullshit.

TOPPER

Come hang out with me, man. I've got a place on Mulholland.

ANGLE ON Stecyk eyeing the encounter. He steps behind the counter and talks to Skip, who's making drinks and staring out at the party.

*
*
*

STECYK

I think your boy Topper is doing business.

Freaked, Skip turns on the blender, grinding ice.

*

MUSIC CHANGE: Brigit Bardot's "L 'Appareil A' Sous"

95 Sid enters the showroom with a mile-wide-grin. Whispers to Jay.

* 95

SID

I got laid. Thunder Monkey is all over my shit.

Sid motions to Thunder Monkey, who's giggling with Kathy and Blanca on the bench.

*
*

Tony crosses to Stacy, now cornered by a Short-Haired Surfer Guy who is talking animatedly to him. He grabs Stacy by the arm and drags him toward Jay and Sid.

*
*
*

TONY

You know how many boards Skip is
selling because of us?

*
*
*

Tony points to the mountain of skateboards on the east wall.
Stacy and Jay keep their distance. Biniak and Red Dog
gravitate closer, start to listen in.

*
*

TONY

If they ain't gonna flow us, then
I'm bailing.

STACY

We can't bail on Skip. We're
family, man-

TONY

I ain't hanging around this shop
like Chino and Montoya. Skip could
have flown them to the islands to
be photographed for Surfer magazine
but he didn't.

STACY

We're Z-Boys, man-

TONY

This is our time, dudes.

JAY

(walking away)

Bullshit. We surf and skate every
day. We get to do whatever we want.

TONY

You guys gotta think bigger... I wanna make money. I wanna travel around the fuckin' world. I wanna get laid every fuckin' night and I wanna do it all right fucking now!

As a couple of Babes pass by, Tony joins them.

96

IN THE SHAPING ROOM

96

Skip has dragged Stecyk, Billy Z and Montoya into an impromptu "conference." Skip pulls from a bottle of Wild Turkey.

SKIP

The boys are getting offers-

BILLY Z

So? Cut 'em in on the profits.

Billy Z exits, followed by Montoya.

SKIP

(frustrated as hell)

What profits, dickhead ??? This is a surf shop.

STECYK

You're missing the point. You want money? Go pimp yourself. This isn't about money or fame-

Stecyk scoops up his camera, heads out the back.

SKIP

Until YOU put those kids in the MAGAZINE, they didn't think about either one, GENIUS.

STECYK

Well, they do now.

*
*

97

INT. DOGTOWN SHOP - SHOW ROOM

97

Skip charges out of the Shaping Room and sees Stacy, Sid, Biniak, Red Dog and Shogo huddled together talking. In another corner, he sees Tony laughing with Topper and his entourage.

Skip rushes past, walks up to the surfboard rack. He eyes all the boards bearing the Zephyr name. Partiers start to clear away from him.

A98 EXT. BACK PATIO

A98

Chino, walking with an intoxicated step, finds Amelia pressed against Jay. A wasted Wentzel and Peggy are trying to catamaran on a skateboard in the background.

CHINO

What'd you think you're doing?

JAY

What's up, Chino?

Chino shoots Amelia a threatening glance to stay out.

AMELIA

What's your problem?

CHINO

Jay's the one with the problem.

Jay looks at Chino looking at Amelia.

JAY

I'm just waiting for my girl. It's cool, man.

Chino is ripped. Embarrassingly so. Jay gets up. He doesn't want any part of this. Amelia stands behind him.

CHINO

Oh, it's cool, man. It's cool for Jay to do whatever the hell he wants, huh? Jay, you're a FAMOUS skateboarder.

Amelia, Peggy and Wentzel back up.

Chino takes a monster swing at Jay. Connects with his jaw. Jay goes down. Chino charges at him -- kneeing him in the gut, kicking him hard. His full fury unleashed on Jay.

AMELIA

You're gonna kill him.

Amelia screams -- Chino turns -- and in the split second he looks away, Jay grabs Wentzel's skateboard and SLAMS Chino -- bone-crunching hard. The MIGHTY CHINO goes down -- David knocks out Goliath. Peggy and Wentzel cheer.

And Jay stands above Chino, his heart beating rapid-fire. *

The party-goers have come to a dead standstill. Frozen stiff. Including Kathy. Including Stacy. Including Tony -- all gathered at the shop door.

JAY

I didn't mean to do that shit.

He backs away, but something has changed. He's not a little kid anymore.

Jay runs down the alley, disappearing into blackness.

Amelia kneels beside Chino, who tries to sit up, but sinks back down.

SHOUTS come from the front of the shop -- Tony, Stacy, Kathy - everyone races inside.

98

EXT. DOGTOWN SHOP - ROOF TOP

98

A NEW SURFBOARD lands on the street and EXPLODES as partiers file outside like they're running from a basement fire.

Skip stands on the roof, holding a new surfboard over his head.

SKIP

You want me to give away the shop?
Fine, I'll give away the shop.

Skip tosses the surfboard into the night sky and watches it spin like a paper airplane until it crashes violently onto the street. He picks up another board.

SKIP

Here's your share of the profits.

He throws the board nose first and laughs as it explodes on the pavement. The crowd screams with stoned-out pleasure as Skip obliterates a lineup of new surfboards: beautifully crafted pin-tails, colorful swallow-tails, and twin-fins.

TOPPER

These Dogtown parties are great!

Billy Z ducks out of the shop with an army duffel bag.

BILLY Z

I'm outta here... you don't see
this crap on the North Shore...

A board explodes inches from Billy Z. He looks up at Skip, then disappears into the night.

Skip heaves another pin-tail off the roof. It shatters with an earsplitting screech -- splinters of fiberglass blowing through the night like snow flakes.

Stacy exchanges looks with Tony.

FADE OUT:

SUBTITLE: THREE WEEKS LATER

99

INT. DOGTOWN SHOP - LOCKER ROOM/SHOW ROOM - DAY

+ 99

Red Dog is emptying out his locker as Stacy enters. They pass each other, avoiding eye contact. Stacy is surprised to see that the other Z-Boyz lockers have been cleaned out.

Distressed, Stacy looks around: the shop is clearly in a state of neglect. There are a few surfboards and an empty skateboard rack. Skip, looking red-nosed and heavier, is digging through some paperwork.

SKIP

Stacy! It's not about a team
anymore. It's about you.
(gestures around the shop)
This is all going to be about you.

STACY

You didn't want me on the team.
Remember, I'm not a pirate.

SKIP

I was pushing you, man.

STACY

Skip. I'm sorry, but I've already
been talking to Larry-

Skip picks up a blueprint.

SKIP

This is an injection molding
cavity. I'm going to hire night
workers and run this shop like a
factory.

STACY

Is anybody else involved?

SKIP

I can't worry about what other
people are doing. I'm focused on
what I'm doing and I'm going to
build hundreds of skateboards a
month all with the name "Stacy
Peralta" next to "Zephyr".

(a long silent beat)

So what do you say, bro?

100 OMITTED

*100

101 EXT. STANDARD LIQUOR - LATE AFTERNOON

101

Jay skates toward us. He's wearing a blue bandana, a Pendleton, khakis. His surfer looks are hidden under a V-13 gang style.

He stops at the intersection as a PORSCHE pulls up -- Topper's in the passenger seat, Tony's behind the wheel.

TONY
Hey, what's up, man?

JAY
Not much.

TONY
Topper, this is Jay Adams.

They nod. Topper studies Jay.

TOPPER
Jay, Tony's making a lot of money.

Jay looks to Tony. And Tony looks back as if to say he's making a lot of money.

TOPPER
Jay, maybe you want to come hang out with us?

JAY
Maybe.

Tony and Jay exchange confused looks. We think Jay is about to hop in when Tony roars the engine.

TONY
Hey man, we'll talk soon.

JAY
Later.

The COUNTER-GUY hands Jay two sixers and a backdoor
Jesky. Jay tucks it in his pocket.

COUNTER-CT

can't take your money

100

6. 7. 2015 15:00 16:00

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

GARY THE AIR FILMMAKER IS ON THE SUB-ROSE
 TRAINED MEN WITH AIRCRAFT AND WOMEN IN A
 1947 ON A GOLF COURSE THE 1947 "THE AIR FILMMAKER"

Plane Sponges of the Wilson, Telford and Anderson

1

1. The Commission is not moving the deadline for the submission of the 2004-2005 annual reports to the Commission.

附註：

References

Now that dude looks like a cop

NO ONE ACROSS THE GULF OF GUANAJUATO CAN
 SEE THE PROGRAM MUSTARD.

2474

1. The most common unit of time

The Heat of the Day: Stand up - Jay looks at him

TABLE 1

My Mom Peter Darling with Young
and Robert and Advertisers and what else

He says that the courts are overburdened and that many children are in the foster care system.

REF ID: A69146

Has anyone ever told you that you have a "California" look?

No. JAY

PETER DARLING
Well, you do. Would you mind
removing that thing on your head?

It's clear that the bandana is staying.

PETER DARLING
Okay, well, with the current "skate
craze", we at the firm feel that
you would be the perfect spokesman
for our new client: "Slinky".

JAY
Uh huh.

PETER DARLING
I heard you do a really bitchen
"bert," right? ... Do you wanna try
singing a little tune for us?

JAY
I'm not a singer.

PETER DARLING
We're not looking for a singer.
We're looking for someone "real."

Jay glares at his mother, then at the guy.

JAY
Who are you, man, really?

PETER DARLING
I'm offering you a lot of money.

JAY
For doing what?

Peter takes a measured breath, then re-approaches Jay with
the determined patience of an animal trainer.

PETER DARLING
Jay, I'll sing the tune to show you
how simple it is.
"Slinky, Slinky, for fun it's a
wonderful toy. Slinky, Slinky,
it's fun for a girl and a boy."

Felane moves in close -- she's watching Jay for his reaction.

JAY
 (ripping open a package of
 chips)
 You want me to sing that?

PETER DARLING
 We're prepared to pay you 2500
 dollars for one day's work.

Felane nearly swoons. She tries to stay cool.

FELANE
 Why don't you give it a shot, baby?
 Jay looks at his mom, then cracks a half-smile.

JAY
*"Slinky, Slinky, for fun it's a
 wonderful toy. Slinky, Slinky,
 it's fun for a girl and a boy."*

*
 *
 *

But it doesn't work and he starts to exit, embarrassed.

PETER DARLING
 No, no, Jay, that's good. You just
 have to go UP on the last "boy".

*

Peter sings it again and goes up on the word. Jay repeats
 the jingle -- no effort at all. Peter gulps.

*

PETER DARLING
 Jay, the part is yours.

JAY
 I'm not what you're looking for,
 man.

Jay grabs his skateboard and drops out the window. Felane
 shoots daggers at Peter Darling.

FELANE
 You blew it, dude... "Bitchen
 bert!"

Peter Darling walks out -- Felane collapses in an old bamboo
 chair and downs her drink, listening to the music. She
 starts to cry.

FELANE
 Jim Morrison sat in this chair...

103 EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE MANSION - POOLSIDE - DAY

*103

Crystal blue swimming pool. Panoramic views. Animal skins
on lounge chairs. Protein Powders and Vitamins spread across
the outdoor bar. Deep Purple's "Highway Star" rocks from
sports-car-sized speakers.

Topper, in a Karate outfit, works out with his
trainer/bodyguard. Topper's two beautiful blond girlfriends
swim in the pool.

*
*
*

*
*
*

SANDRA MIRO, late 20's, dyed black hair, dressed in black, sits off to the side with a note pad while

Tony stands in the center on a two foot riser. He's being measured for a RACING SUIT by a middle-aged man, NUDIE, who's dressed like Liberace.

NUDIE

My nephew doesn't care that I make suits for Elvis or Jagger. But when he found out I'm making a suit for Tony Alva, he goes crazy.

A GRAPHIC DESIGNER GUY with psychedelic clothes walks in.

TOPPER

Julian, show it to Tony.

As Nudie moves up and down Tony's body, Julian shows him a number of sketches. Tony rifles through them.

TONY

I dig that one.

It's a free-hand, free-flowing autograph of his name: Alva.

TOPPER

(to Julian)

You heard it from the boss's mouth.

All the attention is on Tony who's standing like a trophy, sipping white wine and making big decisions. In one year, this cool and cocksure 17 year old has gone from Dogtown gutter rat to mainstream celebrity.

NUDIE

So you're a great roller skater?

TONY

No way, dude. I'm a skateboarder.

TOPPER

Nudie, we're going to sell fifteen thousand skateboards this month all bearing Tony's name.

TONY

And I'm making two bucks off every board.

NUDIE

What are going to do with all that moolah, Tony?

TONY

Buy my Mom a Lincoln Mark IV.
(turning to Sandra)
Put that in Rolling Stone!

NUDIE

Can I get your inseam?

Nudie moves the tape measure towards Tony's crotch -- he jumps down, horrified. Seizing the moment, Sandra steps up.

SANDRA

Let's start the interview...
Do you consider yourself a professional?

TONY

Damn straight -- I don't do anything for free.
(joking, to Topper)
How much am I getting for this?

SANDRA

You're from Dogtown. What does that mean?

TONY

It means you're nobody until you prove you're somebody.

Tony strips his shirt off, showing off his abs. Sandra smiles -- she flirts back.

SANDRA

You've been accused of having a big... ego.

TONY

It's not ego when you can do what I can do.

SANDRA

Most people look at empty pools and all they see is a bowl of cement. What do you see?

Tony moves in close.

TONY

A virgin.

*

104 EXT. GONZALES HOME - LATE AFTERNOON

104

Peggy stands on a roof, watching the street.

The CAMERA dollies down the driveway along fifty feet of INDUSTRIAL HOSE past a POOL PUMP. We start to hear Ted Nugent pounding from a portable tape deck.

Further down we see loose bolts, a discarded diving board and a pool ladder lying on the lawn.

Moving closer, we hear anarchic skateboarders raging inside an empty pool.

This is the highest form of outlaw skateboarding. Relaxed and low-key. Illegal and grass-roots. No pads. No helmets.

Jay, (in his blue bandana), his Vato friend, Sid, Biniak, Red Dog, and Marty Grimes (rad African-American skater) -- are all trading moves and stories. *

Jay pushes off into a beautiful line of figure-eight carves -- coping to coping -- sparks blasting from his trucks as he grinds over the death box.

The other skaters watch him as if seated front row at a Zeppelin concert. It's all improvisation. It's all soul.

PEGGY

Someone's coming!

Everyone looks up. Ready to bail.

PEGGY

Oh, it's cool. It's Alva.

All heads turn as Tony enters and walks to the shallow end.

TONY

What's happening? How's the pool?

JAY

Kinda fast... a lot of vert.

There's no bad vibes between them but they're no longer teammates either. They're competitors.

Jay and Sid look over to see a trail of people entering: Sandra, Topper, a photographer, and a bunch of groupies.

JAY

What the-

TONY

Rolling Stone magazine. They want
to get a few shots of me.
(gesturing to Sandra)
This is the heart of skateboarding.

*
*

Sandra looks around at the riotous ensemble. The pool pump,
the dislodged ladder and diving board.

*
*

SANDRA

Who's house is this?

TONY

Pools are public domain like the
Grand Canyon.

Jay and Sid watch as Tony, Sandra Miro, and the photographer
barge the pool.

SANDRA

Tony, can I get a shot of you in
the deep end holding your board?

Tony walks through the other skaters and crosses into the
deep end. Holds up his board. Poses. Pictures snap!

Sandra directs the Photographer to lie on the drain,
preventing the other skaters from dropping in.

SANDRA

Tony, let me get a shot of you
skating above us.

Tony begins tearing up the deep end above the photographer.
Hitting the same wall over and over, for different shutter
speeds.

SANDRA

(Calling to the waiting
skaters)
Would you guys mind rooting as he
skateboards?

SID

Are you high?

SANDRA

Come on, give me one big reaction.

Sid looks at Jay, then to the others. He's clearly got something up his sleeve. Tony hits the wall and the SKATERS act out an over-the-top Horror Movie reaction!

SID
How was that?

SANDRA
How about one that's not so big.

PEGGY
But that's how people react when Tony skates.

SANDRA
Who would you compare Tony to? If you were to compare him to someone?

BINIAK
Skating a pool with him is like being on stage with Mick Jagger.

JAY
Or God.

Sid and Jay hold back laughs as Sandra transcribes all this.

SANDRA
Do all skaters feel this way?

THE SKATERS
(dripping with sarcasm)
TOTALLY! I wanna lick his bo-bos!

Tony re-enters the shallow-end like a Prize Fighter who's knocked out his opponent.

Jay pushes off for the deep end, but has to avoid hitting the Photographer -- he turns and crashes into the lip. He grabs his fallen skate and turns to Sid.

JAY
Let's bail.

They hop out of the pool.

TONY
Jay, you're not leaving, are you?

JAY
Pool got a little busy.

Biniak, Red Dog, Peggy, and Marty grab their boards and exit.

SANDRA
Is that Jay Adams?
(calling to Jay)
Jay, do you want to be in a picture
with Tony?

Jay just keeps on walking.

105 INT. LONG BEACH AUDITORIUM PRESS AREA - DAY - 4 MONTHS LATER 105

Unlike the Little League atmosphere of the Del Mar contest, this is an EVENT on an altogether different scale: hundreds of spectators -- uniformed officials with walkie-talkies -- corporate banners for miles. AND former Z-Boyz Peggy, Red Dog, Shogo, and Biniak now skating for different teams. *

At the center of attention is STACY wearing a bright polyester outfit and a G & S LOGO splashed across his chest. He's morphed from a skate rat to a professional athlete and is currently being interviewed for TV by a SLICK REPORTER. *

STACY
We all wanted to be pro surfers-

SLICK REPORTER
But then skateboarding came along-

STACY
Now we surf wherever there's concrete.

SLICK REPORTER
That seems to be just about everywhere these days. Stacy, thanks for speaking with us.

Stacy moves on through the fans, signing autographs. Shadowing him are Larry Gordon and his Team, all wearing fish symbols, watching Stacy's every move. Kathy appears behind them -- she waves. *

KATHY
Wow! You're famous, Stace.
(looking at his G & S shirt)
The God Squad.

STACY
(laughing)
I know... Larry is born-again, but they let me do my own thing.

KATHY
Yeah.

SANDRA

Is that Jay Adams?

(calling to Jay)

Jay, do you want to be in a picture
with Tony?

Jay just keeps on walking.

105 INT. LONG BEACH AUDITORIUM PRESS AREA - DAY - 4 MONTHS LATER 105

Unlike the Little League atmosphere of the Del Mar contest,
this is an EVENT on an altogether different scale: hundreds
of spectators -- uniformed officials with walkie-talkies --
corporate banners for miles. Huge gold trophies. *

At the center of attention is STACY wearing a bright
polyester outfit and a G & S LOGO splashed across his chest.
He's morphed from a skate rat to a professional athlete and
is currently being interviewed for TV by a SLICK REPORTER. *

STACY

We all wanted to be pro surfers-

SLICK REPORTER *

But then skateboarding came along-

STACY

Now we surf wherever there's
concrete.

SLICK REPORTER *

That seems to be just about
everywhere these days. Stacy,
thanks for speaking with us.

Stacy moves on through the fans, posing for shots and signing
autographs. Shadowing him are Larry Gordon and his Team, all
wearing gold fish symbols, watching Stacy's every move.
Kathy appears behind them -- she waves.

KATHY

Wow! You're famous, Stace.

(looking at his G & S
shirt)

The God Squad.

STACY

(laughing)

I know... Larry is born-again, but
they let me do my own thing.

KATHY

Yeah.

STACY

They're coming through with everything they said they would.

KATHY

I thought they were Vals.

STACY

Kathy, I was the last guy on the Zephyr team. Jay and your brother left without even talking to Skip. Kathy, this is my girlfriend, Caroline.

Caroline has joined Stacy. She looks arty & cool, sporting a brand-new Nikon. She greets Kathy nervously.

KATHY

Nice to meet you, Caroline... Everybody sees it their own way, I guess, Stacy... Good luck.

Kathy waves goodbye when Jay and Sid arrive. Stacy watches stiffly as Kathy and Jay embrace. Jay's wearing his Fedora pulled low, baggy pants and a shirt reading "Landon Skateboards." *

The Slick Reporter holds out his mike, tries to talk to Jay. Jay shrugs him off. *

JAY

Just show shots of me skating.

Jay walks away from the TV crew, sees Stacy. Caroline backs away, giving the guys space. Both have visually grown miles apart: Stacy, professional and Jay, even more gang-like. He's now got "Menace to Society" tattooed on his neck. *

SID

How was Australia? How was the surf?

STACY

I couldn't surf. They had me travelling all over doing demos.

JAY

(disgusted)

You went to Australia and you didn't surf?

SID

He's a working man... Hey Stace,
your boards are everywhere. Are you
making bucks, dude, or what?

STACY

G & S is treating me good.

Stacy keeps adjusting his shirt as if the polyester is
strangling him. Still shadowing him are Larry Gordon & Co.

STACY

How's your sponsor?

SID

They're a front! I keep telling
Jay we should bail them.

Stacy looks to Jay. Is this true? Jay shrugs.

JAY

They helped me pay the rent for my
Mom and they got me out of school.

STACY

What?

JAY

They bought me a diploma.

Jay and Stacy laugh. Sid doesn't.

SID

They were supposed to have his
signature model board ready three
months ago.

Heads turn as Tony exits a Rolls Royce LIMO looking like
Bowie -- decked out in his Nudie outfit with bright red lips
stitched around his crotch and a Nazi Helmet. Topper looks
at the crowd, then whispers to Tony. *

TOPPER

Remember, class before gruel...

Tony nods, and cranks up the attitude.

TONY

What's up, boys?

JAY

You look like a bad Elvis.

Tony ignores him -- he's exuberant.

TONY

I just got back from the Alva European tour. I skated for two thousand people under the Eiffel Tower. It was gnarly. Now there's a million kids running around Europe with the Alva virus. Isn't that crazy?

The Boyz can't match Tony's enthusiasm. Tony sees the G & S logo splashed across Stacy's chest and whispers to Topper.

TONY

Poor guy is so straight, he doesn't even cast a shadow.

Tony moves on, laughing. A PUNKY PHOTOGRAPHER in a mini-skirt and other Cameramen motor-drive his raucous rock-star moves.

STACY

Check out Tony, man ... You guys skate with him anymore?

JAY

The dude's competing with the sun for the center of the universe.

Sid bursts out laughing. Suddenly Stacy's name is broadcast over the loudspeaker. He finds Caroline and they hurry off.

JAY

Man, Stacy looks like a stock car.

AARON and DRAKE LANDON, late 20s, beady-eyes and beards, weave through the crowd to Jay.

AARON LANDON

Jay, your model is bionic, bro.

Drake hands Jay his brand new MODEL. Jay looks it over.

JAY

This isn't the board I designed.
It's too thin.

*
*

The EMCEE calls out Jay's name for practice.

DRAKE LANDON

Jay, we're trying to make you a big chunk of change but the board you want is a tad too wide to sell.

JAY

How do you know until you sell it?

Jay grabs his board and exits. Aaron turns to Sid.

AARON LANDON

Hey Sid, Jay doesn't understand business. So we made a couple of changes. Wide boards are expensive to build. No big deal.

SID

You guys aren't living up to your word, man.

Aaron's smooth reptilian behavior suddenly becomes menacing.

AARON LANDON

Hey man, in the world I deal in, your word is all you got.

SID

Same with mine.

Drake goes chest to chest with Sid.

DRAKE LANDON

Cut the agent crap. You're a little rich-boy who can't skate for shit. You wouldn't even exist if it weren't for Jay.

They move on him like they're gonna roll him.

SID

Okay, dudes, fine. I know where your shit's at.

Sid walks away, touching the wall for support.

SID

Coke-head freaks...

106 INT. LONG BEACH AUDITORIUM - THE COMPETITION

106

Dim lights, low fog. A huge follow-spot picks out ramps splashed with "Free Former" logos, jump sticks. *

Ty Page and Co. complete their patented red-faced freestyle routines. The floor is cleared for the final event - a plywood quarter-pipe with a 10 FOOT TALL VERT WALL painted with "Professional Skateboard Association" and a rainbow "Free Former" wave. *

Reef Ryan, and other team skaters in colorful jerseys try to skate up the Wall -- most barely make it to the Vert section. The Emcee calls out the next heat. Jay enters the Contest Floor -- a gang of Jay clones rush up. *

JAY CLONE

Yeah, Jay, blow their minds!

Jay looks at this board as if to say: Are you up for this? The whistle blows and Jay charges across the floor. He rides up the wall and as he flies past the top of the ramp, he grabs his board with one hand, going upside down, balancing precariously on the other hand.

JAY CLONE

I heard about that trick!

The crowd goes ballistic! They're loving Jay the way a concert-crowd loves a rock guitarist who breaks form and throws down a vicious lead.

But coming back in, Jay hangs on the top of the ramp and falls. The crowd shouts for more as Jay launches into a one foot high backside air. He almost pulls it but falls again.

JUDGE #1

He didn't do the compulsory kick-turn...

But the other competitors are captivated by his free-spirited boldness. It's clear that Jay's a Formula One Racer in a Model T world. The crowd cheers as he exits towards Sid. As he passes Stacy and Tony, they avoid eye contact. Peggy, Shogo, Red Dog and Biniak all seem to be preoccupied. *

SID

You killed it, man!

(refers to the noise)

Listen to that shit, bro. They love you.

Jay's scores come up. Quite low. He rolls his eyes. So what. The Landon boys blast past Sid and approach Jay, trying to appear nonchalant, smooth.

AARON LANDON

Jay, dude, just give them a couple of kick-turns next time and you'll destroy everybody.

DRAKE LANDON

And we could all cash in, brother. You know what I mean?

Jay's eyes flash red: he snaps his board over his leg, tosses the pieces into the crowd and walks out the door. The Emcee calls up Stacy as we CUT TO:

107 INT. STORAGE AREA

107

Visible above a stack of chairs is the Punky Photographer -- her eyes are sucked into her forehead in ecstasy. We tilt down to see Tony's feet poking out from behind the chairs.

PUNKY PHOTOGRAPHER

Mmm--hmm... now frontside, TA...

TONY

Wait til I go to revert-

PUNKY PHOTOGRAPHER

Just don't switch stance...ahh...

108 BACK AT THE CONTEST, Stacy steps up to the Floor but unlike Jay, he's silent and focused. The buzzer sounds and he takes off like a seasoned pro at the top of his game, hitting the Vert Wall with stylish frontside and backside kick-turns.

108

*

The judges hold up the highest scores we've seen yet. Tony and Jay look away. Caroline slides her arm around his waist and kisses his neck.

*

*

EMCEE (V.O.)

Will the next heat of competitors step forward?

A rush of skaters begin vying for valuable practice time.

109 INT. STORAGE AREA

109

The PUNKY PHOTOGRAPHER is moaning as "Tony Alva" blares over the loud speakers.

TONY

Oh, shit, sorry!

Tony's head pops up above the chairs. He grabs his outfit, kisses Photographer, and rushes out.

PUNKY PHOTOGRAPHER

That's cool, you can drop in anytime... Mad Doggie...

110 INT. LONG BEACH AUDITORIUM - CONTEST FLOOR

110

Tony runs though the entrance as Shogo spots him.

*

SHOGO

They want you on the Contest Floor!

Tony runs down the aisle -- clothes hanging off and making adjustments -- popping on his helmet.

He reaches the Contest Floor and shoves to the head of the line, pushing lesser skaters out of his way.

Next to the Trophy Stand, Tony sees the SCORE BOARD -- Stacy's way ahead of the others. Stacy sees Tony eyeing the scores. Stacy grins.

STACY

Hey, Tony. Looks like it's gonna be you or me.

TONY

Oh no, it's not.
(turning toward the Vert
Wall)
It's ME.

Stacy rocks back, stunned.

Laughing, Tony pushes off and, like a one-man Panzer division, attacks the Wall as if his very life depended on each move. The other competitors are mesmerized.

Tony returns from a run, gets his breath, and then snakes the NEXT SKATER. He turns to face us -- it's the redheaded Reef Ryan. Fed up, Reef crashes into Tony, knocking him down.

Tony picks himself up and confronts Reef.

TONY

You stupid Valley!

If Tony's a Doberman, then Reef's a pit-bull. He's small but wide like a hockey player and he confronts Tony. Tony wastes no time. He throws a punch to silence him, but Reef absorbs it.

REEF

Is that the best the Almighty Alva can come up with?

Pissed, Tony throws another, but Reef blocks it.

And here it comes.

Reef cocks his arm and with the weight of his entire body, he blasts his FIST into Tony's face. Tony collapses. It's mayhem as competitors and officials shove to get a view.

But something's wrong. As he rises up and tries to get his balance, Tony's eye bulges out of the socket, the cornea detached.

111 INT. HOSPITAL - TONY'S ROOM

111

Lotje, Tony's mom, paces outside, talking with a Doctor. She carries an old beat-up stuffed elephant, missing its eyes.

DR. GAMBOA

The force of the blow was so severe that the muscle controlling his eye got wedged between multiple cracks in the orbital cavity bone and-

LOTJE

What does that mean?

DR. GAMBOA

He could have long standing double vision, and problems-

LOTJE

Will he be able to skateboard again?

DR. GAMBOA

We don't know yet.

Dr. Gamboa opens the door to Tony's room. Kathy, Gabrielle, and Vickie sit awkwardly beside the bed, where Tony lies with a massive bandage over his left eye. They're all fixated on the wall-mount TV: P.O.P. is engulfed in a raging fire. The room feels like a funeral parlor, or worse.

Kathy stands up and turns off the TV when Lotje enters.

KATHY

Enough of that.

Lotje approaches Tony. She touches him -- Tony can feel his connection to her. He signals for the girls to bail. As they file out, Tony grabs the old elephant, hugs it to his chest.

TONY

Sidney. He's blind like me, huh?

LOTJE

We're all praying for you, baby.

TONY

They won't tell me anything.

He wants to gauge her reaction. He pulls his bandages back. His left eye is bulging, cyclops-like -- it's not moving in unison with his right eye.

His Mother swallows. Holds back her emotions, then changes the subject. She runs her hands through his wild hair.

LOTJE

I got a call from a London newspaper today. They asked if you've heard of a new bowl that was just built there?

Tony shakes his head.

LOTJE

They named it the "Tony Alva bowl."

TONY

London, England?

His Mother smiles.

OUTSIDE IN THE HALL

The door is open, the girls overhear the conversation.

VICKIE

I got this watch in London last Christmas... Carnaby Street-

GABRIELLE

My dad wants me to go to Oxford like he did, but I always dreamed I'd be like, an interior designer.

(remembering her manners)

What about you, Kathy? What do you wanna be?

Vickie glances over at Kathy's cheap Mexican sandals. Kathy looks at her brother, lying in the hospital bed. She stands up straight and looks Gabrielle straight in the eye.

KATHY

I don't know... I guess it's a little bit harder for us to dream, you know?

112 INT. PERALTA HOME - AFTERNOON

112

Mrs. Peralta refills her husband's Bourbon glass -- the air is tense. She sees Stacy getting out of his car -- she shoots a glance at her husband. Mr. Peralta is dressed in a business suit, tie loosened, briefcase and papers spread out on the table. He turns back to the News -- still the P.O.P. fire -- gesturing for her to do the "deed."

Stacy enters and finds his Mother standing near the door with an ENVELOPE.

MRS. PERALTA

This arrived today and it was open.

(a beat)

Were you expecting it?

He takes a look at the envelope and nods yes.

MRS. PERALTA

There's a check made out to you for fifteen thousand dollars.

STACY

Yeah.

MRS. PERALTA

You're involved in something, aren't you? Tell us what it is.

STACY

I've been telling you, I'm a professional skateboarder.

MR. PERALTA

(turning away from the TV)

Since when can a kid be paid fifteen thousand dollars to ride a toy?

STACY

Nobody gets it. It's a job. I'm really good at my job and I'm paid good money for it. Maybe you guys would wanna come watch me sometime?

Stacy waits a beat for an answer -- none comes. He enters his room and slams the door.

SCREECHING GUITAR CHORDS well up and we're at the

113 EXT. CLUB "CAFE DE GRANDE" - HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

113

Walking tough, looking like they're headed for the OK Corral, are Jay, his Vato friend and another Vato with a shaved head.

They're cruising down Argyle Street, following the guitar chords of an early So-Cal punk band. Jay starts to light up in anticipation.

JAY

People have been telling me about
this club...

As they round the corner, a GUY is thrown out the window in an explosion of glass, while the LEAD SINGER screeches into the mike. *

A knot of PUNKERS in black leather spill out of the club, pouncing on the GUY, beating the shit out of each other.

Jay looks at his Vato friends: his eyes flare. They dive into the anarchy and starts pummeling. Jay's in his element - he's found his tribe. *

114 EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN PARK - BEACH LEVEL - 4 AM

114

A bruised Jay stands alone at the shoreline staring at the smoldering, charred remains of the P.O.P.

SKIP (O.C.)

Bastards didn't send firetrucks for
six hours. They wanted it gone.

Jay turns and finds Skip tugging a bottle of Night Train. It's been a long time since they've seen each other. Jay nods at Skip.

SKIP

Pier was here over forty years...
This is where I learned to surf.
(looking around)
Remember how it used to break when
it was really low tide coming up --
and it would hook around those
broken pilings -- we had to learn
to turn -- we had no choice...
That's the thing -- to everyone
else, the Cove was a shithole --
and Thank God -- 'cuz in the
winter, this place goes off.

JAY

And we had it all to ourselves.

SKIP

No reason to come here anymore.

The two seem uncomfortable with the thought. Jay reaches for the bottle, takes a swig.

JAY

I know what you mean, Skipper... I
had to help pay the rent.

A brief silence between them. Skips looks to Jay.

SKIP

Dude, your mom's gotta eat.

He flashes a bittersweet smile at Jay. A six foot wave
explodes, knocking a charred group of pilings free like
bowling pins. *

A115 INT. JAY'S BATHROOM - EARLY MORNING - ONE HOUR LATER

A115

Jay walks into his bathroom, flips on the light and throws a
quick fierce look at the mirror. He digs through a cabinet
filled with junk to find an old electric shaver. *

Then he does it. Blade to foreground -- he pulls straight
back. His blond locks drop into the filthy sink. *

115 EXT. TONY & KATHY'S NEW APARTMENT - DAY

115

A Limo HONKS outside a small guest cottage on a Venice alley. Tony, wearing his eyepatch, hobbles outside. Inside the cottage, Kathy plays with her dog.

Topper, his trophy Girlfriend, and a voluptuous TRANSVESTITE spill out of a Limo. Super-wasted. Topper rips off Tony's EYEPATCH and hands him his expensive Ray-Bans.

TOPPER

Just wear these, man, so nobody'll
barf looking at your nasty mug.

Topper tries to force the sunglasses over Tony's bruised and blackened eye, oblivious to the pain he's causing Tony.

TONY

No man, it's cool...

Tony disentangles himself from Topper and gets his eyepatch back in place. But Topper's not having it.

TOPPER

Get in the Limo, asshole. We've
got all the meds you need -- we're
not going to Maui without you!!!

TONY

(pointing to his eye)
I told you they're operating again
on Wednesday-

TOPPER

You're really BLOWING IT, T.A.

Topper climbs back into the Limo. The Transvestite whispers in Tony's ear.

TRANNNY

Are you a good pirate or a bad
pirate?

Freaked out, Tony stuffs the Tranny back in the Limo. He waves good-bye to the fucked-up group and heads back inside.

116 INT. TONY & KATHY'S APARTMENT

116

Kathy's eating some last scraps off a paper plate.

KATHY
Want a burrito?

Tony shakes his head. Kathy follows him. *

KATHY
Maybe I should go over to Dad's
while he's at work, snag some
food...

TONY
Kathy, I told you I'm getting a
check this week... At least we've
got our own place, right?

KATHY
Yeah, it's really cool, Tony.

Bummed, Tony shuffles into his room and shuts the door. He
stares at himself in a full-length mirror, adjusting his
eyepatch. He's surrounded by his press clippings, trophies,
and his Rolling Stone pictorial: "Tony Alva,
Skateboarding's Muhammad Ali."

Tony looks over at his skateboard -- unused in the corner.
He stares at it for a long beat, then grabs it.

117 EXT. TONY & KATHY'S APARTMENT

117

Tony walks out -- stares down the street -- drops his skate. *

He puts one foot on the board. Rocks it back and forth,
gently feeling the motion. He starts pushing his board.
He gets speed and hops both feet on. Starts gliding, feeling
it out, adjusting his balance.

A sense of relief crosses his face -- like a drug -- the
accelerating motion of the board begins to transform him.

Kathy watches from the fence as his father, Mr. Alva,
suddenly drives up in his car. A bird-like WOMAN in a knit
hat sits in the passenger seat next to him, holding a grocery
bag full of kitchen items. *

MR. ALVA
I brought you a blender... It still
works good... How you doing?

TONY
I feel like shit but the doctor
says I'm getting better.

Tony looks at his skateboard, then around the neighborhood.

MR. ALVA
You'll get back on top again.

Tony attempts a Rock-Walk. Fails and kicks his board in frustration.

TONY
I'll probably end up a ditch digger.

MR. ALVA
Not you, hijo. Remember, you're an ALVA.

Tony watches his Father drive away. He looks at him as if he's finally made a connection.

118 EXT. SANTA MONICA BEACH - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

118

Seagulls pick through garbage cans as a shiny new Volvo cruises into the near-empty lot. Stacy and Caroline get out and walk toward the wind-blown surf. It's an eerie night -- Caroline is inspired.

CAROLINE
I wanna get my tripod, shoot some shots of you nude, in the moonlight-

STACY
What?! You know you're going first-

Screeching guitar chords cut through the stillness as Black Flag's punk anthem "Rise Above" pounds from the speakers of:

The metallic blue 1964 IMPALA skidding into the lot on the passenger's side of Stacy's Volvo. CRASH! A bottle smashes against a stop sign. Stacy whips around and sees a bunch of heads in silhouette. Partying. A Vato with a shaved head rolls out of the far door, takes a wicked piss.

Alarmed, Stacy escorts Caroline back to the Volvo and opens her door as she slides in. He starts to walk around to his side when the Impala driver's door opens.

Blanca's brother JUNIOR steps out. He's got his blue bandana pulled down so low you can barely see his eyes. Stacy motions for Caroline to lock her door.

JUNIOR SUAREZ
What're you looking at, homes?

Junior pushes Stacy. Stacy catches his balance and holds his ground when two other homeboy PUNKS hop out. The three surround Stacy, looking ready to throw.

Caroline honks the horn -- the Impala's back door opens.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, Junior. Stall him out -- he's cool.

Junior drops his fists. The other Homeboys back off. Caroline lays off the horn.

A guy with a shaved head climbs out and approaches: it's JAY -- he's got a long ZIPPER tattooed on his SKULL.

Stacy is taken aback by Jay's punk look.

JAY

You okay, man?

STACY

Yeah.

They're pretty fucking uncomfortable.

STACY

Uh... I didn't see you at the Cow Palace or the Arizona contest.

JAY

I don't skate at malls for money, dude.

Kathy and Blanca are climbing out of the car. Blanca's wearing a graffitied leather jacket and ripped fishnets, Kathy's got short spiked hair and a dog collar.

KATHY

Hey, Stacy... Jay, did you tell him about Sid?

BLANCA

He's sick.

STACY

He's always been sick.

KATHY

No, he's real sick. That equilibrium thing turned out to be a tumor-

BLANCA
Brain cancer.

STACY
What!? Are you serious?!

BLANCA
It's bad -- they operated already.
He's going back home this weekend-

KATHY
We're all going over -- why don't
you come hang out?

JAY
WRONG. I ain't gonna see him like
that-

Kathy gives Jay a look like: you're an asshole.

STACY
They're sending me to Florida -- I
heard Tony's going too -- for the
Kona Bowl. Maybe in a couple of
weeks.
(glancing at Caroline)
I gotta split...

Kathy shakes her head as Stacy climbs back into his car.

Jay stares at Stacy as he drives off. He looks at Junior and
the HARD ASSES he's now hanging with.

He turns around and walks to the abandoned Pizza stand, grabs
a loose brick, and blasts out the windows.

JAY
Let's get outta here.

He grabs Kathy and they head off down the dark boardwalk.

119 INT. DOGTOWN SURFBOARD SHOP - DAY

119

Painted walls, plush carpeting, organized rows of surfboards.
Much time has passed and there is virtually no resemblance to
this shop's former incarnation as the Zephyr Shop.

It now reeks of success.

A SCRAWNY YOUNG SURFER and his blond family walk in and begin
ogling the twin-fin thrusters and multi-colored wet-suits.

They approach the Owner at the cash register -- we recognize him as the same LONG-HAIRED GUY that Skip threw out of the shop for browsing. Long-Haired Guy is all business -- wearing a bright new "West Coast Wave" t-shirt with a palm tree logo. *

SCRAWNY YOUNG SURFER

Do you know when my board'll be ready? *

LONG-HAIRED GUY

Hang on -- I know he's started it.

Long-Haired Guy heads toward the back.

LONG-HAIRED GUY

You got an E.T.A. On the 6'7" twin-fin? *

As Long-Haired Guy walks into the back room, we see Skip in his overalls, shaping a board. With precision and care. He looks up.

SKIP

Tell the kid he'll be surfing on Saturday.

And Skip closes one eye, looking down the length of the board, checking for imperfections. It looks good. He smiles, rocking with the music.

120 EXT. ESTATE HOME - NORTH SANTA MONICA - DAY

120

A '59 El Camino rolls up to the gate. Jay drives, Felane rides shotgun. Jay doesn't move, so Felane leans across him and opens the door, gently urging him out.

FELANE

Give him a squeeze for me...

Jay half-nods to his Mom as she slides behind the wheel and drives off. He looks out of place: a hard-core punk in an affluent neighborhood.

The DOGS rush at Jay, licking him like a lollipop as they escort him up the winding driveway, past a gardener hauling grass cuttings. *

He approaches a vine-covered gazebo.

VOICE (O.C.)

Dude.

Someone rolls out of the shadows in a wheelchair. It's Sid. A portion of his head is shaved -- a stapled scar cuts across his eyebrow. Jay is taken aback.

SID

You look like shit.

Jay laughs nervously -- looking at Sid's scar. *

JAY

That's pretty punk rock, bro. *

Sid references the DOMESTIC who appears with a tray of sodas.

SID

I don't have to lift a finger anymore. Don't have to take out the trash, don't have to clean up after myself, don't even have to brush my teeth. Am I King Tut or what?

Sid plops a joint in his mouth. Lights up.

SID

My doctor prescribes it now... I heard you were sick, too.

Sid passes the joint to Jay.

JAY

Hell, yeah.

SID

Hey, did you get a hold of Tony?

JAY

He and Stacy are off making their millions. Sorry, dude.

SID

No big thing.

JAY

Hey, if you croak, will you give your house to my mom?

SID

Only if she lets me see her titties.

Sid laughs... they turn when they see Stacy walking up the driveway. The Alpha is parked behind him.

SID

Wow. Awfully nice of you to bequeath your star-athlete-like presence on us lower life forms.

Stacy looks at Sid's scar -- he hugs him tight.

JAY

What happened to Florida -- the Kona Bowl?

STACY

Guess I missed my flight.

JAY

Won't Larry crucify you for that?

Stacy stares daggers at Jay. He turns to Sid.

STACY

I'm leaving G & S. I'm starting my own company... I already got a logo...

JAY

You got a logo -- screw the team -- he's got a logo.

Stacy turns to leave.

STACY

Sid, I'll be back later.

SID

Stacy -- wait -- I gotta show you
something by the pool.

*
*
*

Sid pulls a skull cap on, covering his scar.

*

Stacy reluctantly pushes Sid's wheelchair into the backyard.
Jay follows along -- his eyes widening when he sees the pool.

*
*

It's EMPTY and HUGE as if an asteroid blew a hole in the ground, clearly a skater's wet-dream.

SID

Dudes, look in the deep end.

They move to the edge, look down and notice someone crouched down, applying duct-tape to the drain.

SID

There's a Mexican in my pool and he ain't pushing a lawn mower.

MEXICAN

You're talking tough for a baby
Frankenstein. Don't make me come
up and kick your ass, Sid.

It's Tony. He looks at Stacy. Up and down.

TONY

Dude, you got your shadow back.

Stacy shrugs. Tony stares at Jay's bare-skinned head.

TONY

What's up, Chrome-dome? What's the
zipper for?

JAY

For easy access.

SID

He doesn't have to inhale anymore.
He just unzips and pours.

Sid laughs -- Jay half-smiles.

SID

What are you guys waiting for? My
Dad told me to trash it.

Jay pulls off his Pendleton -- he's wearing an old t-shirt underneath. He looks a little more like the old Jay. In fact, all three boys seem to be less about style, more about essence.

Tony and Jay grab their skates, Stacy picks up Sid's board. They all climb into the shallow end. Tony takes off first. Sid wheels up near the pool's edge.

SID

This is the first pool session
where we don't have to worry about
getting busted.

TONY

Sid!!!

Then off goes Jay blasting a four wheel edge-carve across the curved ribbon of coping. He makes eye contact with Sid as he whizzes past.

SID

Yeah!!

Tony takes off -- Stacy drops in with him, skating doubles, backside over the light, tearing an edge-carve inches from Tony. Tony looks at Stacy with respect: that was a balls-out move that transcends daring and danger in any era. Jay drops in behind them, skating TRIPLES -- front side in the deep end, hitting the shallow pocket.

It's getting gnarly -- Tony flips off the face and out of the pool, avoiding a collision. Stacy slides out in the shallow, Jay ends the run grinding coping OVER THE STAIRS.

The Boyz are charged -- they look at each other with some serious respect. Jay notices Sid alone on the edge of the pool.

JAY

Guys, he's gotta get in here.

Stacy and Tony help Jay carry Sid in his wheelchair down the steps into the deep end. Tony and Stacy carve over him -- Jay skates past and hands him a joint.

Sid watches his friends like he did in days past, vigorously, with great affection.

The dogs lean into the pool, fascinated by the motion. Jay barks at the dogs -- they bark back. *

The Boyz are doing what they love doing most. Free spirited skateboarding. No judges. No spectators. Just four friends together for no other reason than the pure love of skateboarding and friendship...

Tony smacks into the wheel of Sid's chair -- Stacy's worried at first, but then Tony starts pushing the wheelchair up the wall... carving... laughing

CREDITS ROLL AS