

POINT BREAK INDO

**The sequel
to his
original screenplay**

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PRODUCERS: Chris Taylor, John Morgan**

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FADE IN:

EXT. REMOTE BEACH - DAY

Moving low and fast along a remote shoreline. We find the ruins of a cement wall where long boards are waiting. Push in on faded graffiti. *"Ex-Presidents Rule!" "We show them the human spirit is still alive!" "We stand for something!"*

Tight on the back of a SURFER who steps into frame. He reaches behind his back. Fits a .9mm Glock into a Velcro pouch on his wet-suit. Speaks in a voice we know.

JOHNNY UTAH

You've had long enough. Let's finish this...

EXT. OFFSHORE OCEAN WAVE - DAY

Tight two-shot of a JET SKI towing a SURFER along a gentle blue descent. The jet-ski turns into camera, then out of frame to the left, as we follow the surfer, dropping his rope, and streaking right. His descent grows a bit more steep, but nothing out of the ordinary. The camera begins to pull out. We see this wave is big. Maybe a 20-footer.

We keep pulling. All becomes eerie quiet, only an occasional gust of wind. The surfer is now a spec on the lip of the largest, thickest, heaviest wave of his life. We continue pulling out. This wave is over 70 feet tall. It is a seven-story building. And now it is chasing the surfer, who charges straight down the steep vertical drop. As he reaches the bottom, the wave starts to break, shattering the silence. The surfer cannot out run the barrel. He is tubed. Locked in a ferocious foam ball!

Inside the green-room, on the surfer's face -- this is JOHNNY UTAH -- and he is after us. Fiercely determined. He reaches behind his back, and returns clutching the .9mm! Utah opens fire! Shoots at camera, the monster wave curling over him, time slowing, surreal now, as Utah's feet leave his board, body twisting in mid-air, still firing at us. Johnny is hell-bent to get off every last shot in his clip before the barrel crashes down, obliterating him in white-water!

INT. HUT - NIGHT

BODHI rises spooked from his nightmare. His deep tan, muscled back to us, we never squarely catch his face. He is now early 50's. Still ruggedly handsome. We are inside a hut on stilts overlooking a moonlit cove in a primitive locale. He rises from bed, where he sleeps alone.

The room has an elegant minimalism. Books, art, a Mac laptop. PHOTO of young surfers ROACH, GROMMET, & NATHANIEL.

EXT. HUT, VILLAGE - NIGHT

Bodhi steps out to the deck. He is still obscured in darkness. He regards a Buddha shrine, then stares out at the water. Simple fishing boats are moored. Jet-skis up on racks. There are many huts. This village is on the shore of a rain forest. We see a monkey. A gecko. Pan to a SHAMAN in traditional dress who smokes a pipe in the pale moonlight.

SHAMAN

Was it the same dream?

BODHI

Always the same... but I know
it's not him.

SHAMAN

The intellect can only see details,
intuition sees the whole.

EXT. GULF, NAVY DESTROYER - DAY

Somewhere in the Persian Gulf.

The Destroyer USS Benfold patrols the sector, approaching all vessels on her grid.

TOMMY ANGEL (V.O.)

Mavericks is just gnarly, violent,
and hateful.

INT. DESTROYER, ENGINE ROOM - DAY

Engineman 3rd Class TOMMY ANGEL, 24, does maintenance on the ship's steering system, as he talks story to SEAMAN MORGAN.

TOMMY ANGEL

Jumped in wearing a 5mm wet-suit
and I had the worst ice cream
headache and within 30 seconds I
couldn't feel my hands or feet.

Tommy cranks down a bolt with a wrench, his arms filthy with sweat and grease, exposing tattoos from a rough upbringing on the gangland streets of Oxnard, CA.

TOMMY ANGEL (CONT'D)

Screw that. I'm going for warm
water. Indo. The last frontier.

He stashes the wrench in his tool belt, and walks backwards down a corridor, talking back at Morgan--

TOMMY ANGEL (CONT'D)
Over 17 thousand islands full of
secret spots firing perfect
barrels. It would--

SEAMAN MORGAN
--take 35 years to spend a single
night on each one. Shit, Angel, do
you ever shut up about it?

Tommy grins, uses his key to the "Fan Room," pushes it open--

TOMMY ANGEL
Not until I'm out there knocking
'em down one by one. Or maybe I
get myself sponsored--

INT. DESTROYER, FAN ROOM - DAY

--and sees one of his SURFBOARDS has been taken down from a storage spot up on the bulkhead, SEAMAN FELDMAN using it as a workbench, his toolbox set on it, as he fixes an alternator.

TOMMY ANGEL
--What the fuck?

FELDMAN
(glib)
I needed a workbench.

Tommy shoves Feldman, removing the toolbox from his board, and sweeping everything else to the floor. Feldman is farm boy strong and born to brawl. They go at each other! What Tommy lacks in size, he makes up with sheer rage

THE CHIEF breaks it up. Senior Chief Gleeson, 40's, E8 rate, is a big stout bear of a man, with a likeable Gary Busey style, who doesn't have to prove how tough he is because of his rank,... and the fact he's so damn big.

THE CHIEF
That's enough! Angel, back off!

TOMMY ANGEL
Feldman was dickin' with my board!

THE CHIEF
Both of you know fighting is a
serious offense on my ship.
(to Feldman)
(MORE)

THE CHIEF (CONT'D)

But what's worse is you never -
and I mean *not ever* -- mess with
another man's board!

It turns out the Chief is an old school long boarder with
endless surfing tales from his Hermosa Beach youth.

THE CHIEF (CONT'D)

I had one board that went 3 years
before I finally snapped it. You
never get over that break-up.
You'd rather lose your favorite
girlfriend than your best board.

But enough reminiscing, he dishes out the discipline.

THE CHIEF (CONT'D)

Both of you be ready tomorrow at
0500 hours. Gonna have you clean
guns, then PMS the caving ladders.
That's it. Get out of here.

He holds Tommy back, clearly fond of this young seaman.

THE CHIEF (CONT'D)

Kid, don't give the bastards the
pleasure of seeing you lose your
cool. That temper only hurts you.

INT. DESTROYER, THE BRIDGE - DAY

The Destroyer sights a large Dhow, fishing vessel, Sambuq
class, about 75 feet long. Begins a radio query.

1ST MATE

Motor vessel in position 065 north,
180 west, this is coalition warship
USS Benfold two nautical miles off
your starboard bow hailing you.

Over the radio comes back a scratchy Arab reply.

1ST MATE (CONT'D)

Sir, the Dhow is from Yemen.

THE COMMANDER

Set MIO Condition one. Get me
boots on deck!

EXT. DESTROYER, DECK - DAY

As the Destroyer closes upon the Dhow, a RHIB (rigid hull
inflatable boat) is lowered.

TOMMY, FELDMAN, and THE CHIEF, are among the 7-man "boarding team" strapping on tactical vests, floaties, repelling gear, shotguns, and .9mm's. The summer heat is overwhelming.

THE CHIEF

I gotta use a pot-holder to
scratch my ass. Don't keep me
waitin' in this, Breacher.

Tommy is a "breacher," securing his arsenal that includes a small chain-saw, welding torch, and heavy cutting tools. He nods, and a YOUNG ENSIGN waves them--

--hurrying over the side of the destroyer, and down the ladders, dropping into the waiting craft.

EXT. THE RHIB, WATER - DAY

The RHIB speeds away, smacking airborne over swells and thudding back down. The Rubber Raiders keep the Destroyer between it and the Dhow, until she closes to 400 meters--

THE ENSIGN

On my mark... full throttle!

--the RHIB accelerates around the stern, performing a "horseshoe maneuver," as it inspects the Dhow. Her foreign crew waves, very friendly. But this heat has the Seaman pretty geeked-up. Feldman's eyes flash unfinished business with Tommy as the RHIB pulls alongside the Dhow, the Destroyer behind them, her deck guns trained and ready.

THE ENSIGN (CONT'D)

Boarding team, Go!

Caving ladders are quickly secured. Five Rubber Raiders hustle up to the deck--

EXT. DHOW - DAY

--as the RHIB backs off, two Seaman staying behind, providing cover. The old wooden fishing vessel has a crew of five. Her Pakistani captain is educated, speaks half-English. The engineer is Arab, the rest of the crew Indian.

ENSIGN

Captain, I need your vessel at a
full stop. See to it, Chief.

The Pakistani Captain speaks to the Arab Engineer, who descends below deck to the engine. The Chief waves Tommy and Feldman to follow him below.

THE CHIEF

Feldman, Angel, with me. Let's
sound those fuel tanks.

INT. DHOW, BELOW DECK - DAY

This is the worst place on Earth; spilled fuel, rotting food,
rats, and indescribable filth. Feldman nearly pukes.

FELDMAN

This is hard-core. Fuck. I never
get used to this.

THE CHIEF

Focus on the job, Seaman. You,
stop the engine. Shut it down!

The Arab engineer doesn't fully understand and has trouble
with the ancient engine that fails to fully respond. The
rudder is loose. Steering is bad.

EXT. DHOW - DAY

The Dhow keeps drifting closer to the Destroyer. As the
Ensign questions the Dhow Captain, a Seaman offers bags of
fresh fruit as a gift, along with gloves, aspirin, and Pepto-
Bismol tablets. The Dhow crew produce passports, hold them
up, as the Seaman takes digital photos.

INT. DHOW, BELOW DECK - DAY

Tommy is looking around as he proceeds to "sound" the tanks.

TOMMY ANGEL

Crew's light, maybe two men short.

FELDMAN

Just sound the tanks, so we can get
outta here before I throw up.

Tommy drops a sounding tape, small weight fixed to the end,
into a fuel tank to check for contraband... the distance
doesn't match the sound when he taps the tank.

TOMMY ANGEL

Hear that? I dunno, man.

FELDMAN

Leave it. It's fine. I'm pretty
sure we already checked this stank-
bucket a few weeks ago.

TOMMY ANGEL
Doesn't sound right.

Tommy notices the screws.

TOMMY ANGEL (CONT'D)
These screws don't match the
normal wear 'n tear.

FELDMAN
The screws are fine. Leave it.

TOMMY ANGEL
(conflicted)
Naw. I'm breeching it.

Against protests, Tommy removes a portable WET-SAW from his pack, begins to cut into the fuel tank...

THE CHIEF
What the hell, Angel?

The Arab Engineer becomes agitated over Tommy's actions, starts talking loudly in Arabic, still neglecting to fully halt the engine. The Chief physically shakes the Arab.

THE CHIEF (CONT'D)
Stop this engine! Stop it now!

Tommy finds the fuel tank contains EXPLOSIVES.

TOMMY ANGEL
Chief! Take a look at this!

EXT. DHOW - DAY

An Indian Dhow crewman pushes away from the Seaman photographing his passport, and reveals an ASSAULT RIFLE hidden under a tarp. This terrorist SPRAYS THE ENSIGN AND SEAMAN! Both are cut down--

--along with one of the Dhow's unsuspecting crew.

The terrorist's Indian accomplice produces an AK-47 and fires at the RHIB. Both Seaman aboard the craft are killed!

INT. DHOW, BELOW DECK - DAY

Hearing gunfire and the screams, the Chief draws his .9mm, but the Arab Engineer attacks him with a wrench. The Chief staggers, loses his pistol.

The engineer revs the engine, jams the red lever on top of the diesel, bringing the Dhow up to full speed, and charges at the Destroyer!

Feldman unfolds the stock on his collapsible shotgun, and takes a position at the ladder--

--as Tommy discovers wires leading from the fuel tank... connected to wires from all the tanks.

TOMMY ANGEL

This thing is rigged to detonate!
They're goin' for the ship!

EXT. DHOW - DAY

The Dhow rushes at the Destroyer! Her Pakistani Captain knows nothing of terrorism, and is shot by his own crewman.

These two terrorists turn their attention to the The Chief, Feldman, and Tommy Angel below deck.

INT. DESTROYER, THE BRIDGE - DAY

Alarms sound! But the Destroyer cannot get away fast enough to evade the charging Dhow!

THE COMMANDER

Back us away from that Dhow!

INT. DHOW, BELOW DECK - DAY

The Chief is in a fight to the death with the Arab Engineer, both of them mad bulls, punching, biting, crashing around!

Tommy hurries over to help the Chief, but is struck with the wrench, and goes down, sliding across the filthy deck.

A terrorist extends his assault rifle pointing down into the ladder opening, and fires blindly!

Feldman TAKES A FEW ROUNDS in the gut below his vest, and as he collapses in agony, he fires off a round--

--that errantly destroys the throttle mechanism.

Tommy rolls toward Feldman, grabs his fallen shotgun, and pops up firing. He PUMPS A BLAST into the Terrorist coming down the ladder.

Tommy spins, sights the Arab Engineer, but he's too close to the Chief for a clean shot...

TOMMY ANGEL

He's in too close! Get 'em off
you so I can take 'm out!

The Chief knees the Engineer in the balls, shoving him back just far enough, for Tommy to PUMP A BLAST and cut him down!

BULLETS pepper down through the wood ceiling as the other terrorist fires his assault rifle at them!

The Chief finds his fallen .9mm, and returns fire, taking blind shots up into the wood ceiling, trying to cover Tommy, who examines the detonator. 1:19 and counting down...

TOMMY ANGEL (CONT'D)

I dunno how to defuse it!

THE CHIEF

Foul the engine anyway you can!

INT. DESTROYER, THE BRIDGE - DAY

Full blown evasive maneuvers are executed!

THE COMMANDER

Light up that Dhow the moment she
closes within 100 meters!

INT. DHOW, BELOW DECK - DAY

Tommy gets an idea. He removes his Kevlar vest. Rips fabric from the lining. Feeds it into the rotor shaft. This fouls the engine, chokes it to a STOP. It spews BLACK ACRID SMOKE, obscuring vision, leaving Tommy and the Chief coughing, as the last Terrorist keeps shooting down at them!

TOMMY ANGEL

Get outta here! Get in the water!

The black smoke acts like a strobe light allowing only moments of visual clarity.

The Chief takes a round in his Kevlar vest, which slams him to the floor, badly stunned, and he isn't getting up.

Tommy empties his .9mm returning fire. Isn't sure if he hit anything. He can't find other weapons in the smoke. They are trapped. Tommy grabs his CHAIN SAW. Revs it up! CUTS A CRUDE HOLE in the side of the wood hull.

He struggles to grab the semi-conscious Chief. Feeds him out the hole and drops him down into the ocean.

His floatation device keeps the Chief afloat. Tommy goes back for Feldman. Drags the moaning Seaman, gets him out the hole, and into the water. As Tommy moves to follow him out--

--the TERRORIST EMERGES IN THE SMOKE! Tommy spins, sees this crazy bastard waving a pistol!

We push on Tommy, who realizes he forgot to put his Kevlar vest back on!

The Terrorist OPENS FIRE! Blam - blam - blam - blam - blam - blam! Keeps clicking empty.

Tommy stands frozen. Not sure what happened. He isn't hurt. The bullets missed him. All of them. Behind Tommy, spokes of light shine through the hull where the rounds penetrated. Tommy is profoundly confused at this miracle.

So is the Terrorist, who can't believe his eyes. This act of God takes the fight out of him. Tommy snaps to his senses, throws himself out the hole--

EXT. DHOW, IN THE WATER - DAY

--and splashes into the water. Bobbing in the heavy chop, Tommy leads his two injured mates away from the doomed Dhow, kicking his strong legs, pulling both Seamen, getting as much distance as he can.

The Terrorist appears on deck, oddly staring at Tommy--

--as the Dhow BLOWS!

EXT. DESTROYER, DECK - DAY

We move across Navy dress whites as the USS Benfold's crew stands at attention--

WING COMMANDER (V.O.)

There is no greater love than to act without regard for personal safety, while fighting to save the lives of friends.

--we find the WING COMMANDER, who officiates the Silver Star presentation to TOMMY ANGEL in a formal ceremony.

WING COMMANDER (CONT'D)

Thomas Jonathan Angel distinguished himself with extraordinary gallantry in action against an enemy of the United States.

Tommy glances at THE CHIEF, who stands the proudest. Even FELDMAN, seated in a wheelchair, nods his heartfelt admiration, which Tommy Angel accepts with a wink.

WING COMMANDER (CONT'D)
Seaman Angel not only defended his ship, he defended freedom.

White gloves open a thin black box revealing a red, white, & blue ribbon fixed to a SILVER MEDALLION with a gold star.

WING COMMANDER (CONT'D)
I am deeply honored to present you the Silver Star, our Nation's third highest honor for valor.

The Wing Commander pins the Silver Star to Tommy's chest.

WING COMMANDER (CONT'D)
Your character and courage leave a lasting impression on each of us.

INT. DESTROYER, ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

The Chief cuts a CIGAR, pops it into Tommy's mouth, and fires up a lighter, until Tommy gets a good glow going. They are alone, hidden in a private alcove amongst the machinery.

THE CHIEF
The big dogs are very upset with you declining to re-enlist. You know they pressed me to talk some sense into you, doncha?

Tommy puffs at his cigar.

TOMMY ANGEL
Are you the kind that sees signs, sees miracles? Was it luck or are there no coincidences? That guy emptied a full clip into me and missed. Make sense of that.

THE CHIEF
So the plan is take your Silver Star to Kuta Beach, get barreled at Uluwatu all day, and stinko on Bintang beer all night?

TOMMY ANGEL
Naw..., you're keeping it.

Tommy presses his SILVER STAR into The Chief's hand.

TOMMY ANGEL (CONT'D)
We're tribe, Chief. The things
this stands for... You taught me.

These two share a powerful bound. The Chief is touched.

TOMMY ANGEL (CONT'D)
Besides I'd lose it. You know how
hard they party on the pro tour.

THE CHIEF
Don't tell me?

TOMMY ANGEL
Quiksilver digs the war hero thing.
Gave me a sponsors exemption to
compete at Bells Beach!

The Chief howls, gives Tommy a bear-hug, twirls him around!

EXT. BELLS BEACH - DAY

Bells is firing! Fast music matches fast edits as the best surfers in the world rip and thrash. Banners tell us we are at the *Rip Curl Pro Bells Beach*. This is the *World Championship Tour of Pro Surfers*. SPECTATORS line the beach watching the heats. GIRLS in bikinis. JUDGES watch from top of the scaffold. TOMMY is interviewed.

WEB-CAM ANNOUNCER
Howdiya feel going up against
the legend Kelly Slater?

TOMMY ANGEL
Please-- (he grins) Has he got
an AK-47?

IN THE WATER

Tommy waits for his wave! He looks confident. Swings his board around. Keeps letting them go by. Not yet...

WEB CAM ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
War hero Tommy Angel had the
highest heat score coming into the
semi. Now the rookie needs a high--

WEB-CAM ON THE INTERNET

Over the shoulder as BODHI watches on a laptop in his hut.

WEB CAM ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
--scoring wave to qualify for the
final heat as time is fast running
out! If Tommy doesn't go now,
he's... Wait, he's paddling!

IN THE WATER

Tommy takes off as the BUZZER SOUNDS. Has a spectacular ride. He kicks out, showcasing his surfing signature - an inverted 360 rodeo fly-away. He raises his hands in victory, knowing he's easily scored a 9.0 plus to earn a berth in the finals.

EXT. BELL'S BEACH - DAY

Hero shot as Tommy steps out of the water, humbly accepting congrats from the world champ Kelly Slater, when--

QUIKSILVER REP
Tommy, the ride was disqualified.
The Judges ruled your hands didn't
leave the board until the buzzer
sounded.

Tommy loses his cool, flies into a rage.

TOMMY ANGEL
This is going to cost me at least
\$18 grand!

QUIKSILVER REP
Cool down, Tommy. You did great.
We've got Pipeline coming up--

Tommy ignores his Sponsor's advice and storms the Judge's scaffold, screaming up at the officials!

TOMMY ANGEL
Sound takes time to travel! By
the time I heard that buzzer I was
already up!

JUDGE
Not the way we saw it.

The CONTEST DIRECTOR refuses to hear Tommy's argument.

TOMMY ANGEL
Brah, come on? I was up. Hey,
I'm talking to you! What, I don't
deserve to be heard? Get down here
and look me in the eye!

Big AUSSIE BODYGUARDS try to back Tommy off.

AUSSIE BODYGUARD
Back off, rook. No room on the
tour for a head-case.

TOMMY ANGEL
Push me again.

AUSSIE BODYGUARD
Piss off, hero.

Tommy PUNCHES OUT the asshole. His burly mates rush to back him up. A brawl erupts. Tommy takes a few punches, and is restrained, but breaks loose, gets in a few more licks, then angrily KICKS OUT THE SUPPORT BEAM of the scaffold--

--CAUSING IT TO TOPPLE OVER! Judges fall, crashing into the sand. Angry chaos. The Quiksilver rep pulls Tommy off.

QUIKSILVER REP
Dammit, Angel!

INT. OCEAN - NIGHT

Somewhere in the Straits of Malacca.

A BUOY blips in moonlight. It strobes a green glow on a FAST BOAT tied off of it. This gunmetal armored smuggler's craft has five Chrysler 350 h.p. out-boards. FIVE RAIDERS wear wetsuits with tactical vests. Faces are obscured by helmets, visors equipped with windshield wipers. The Radar Man monitors an array of scopes and dials.

RADAR MAN
She's five miles out.

The lights of an enormous CONTAINER SHIP comes into view. Night-vision binos confirm her flag and colors. "*Terrence Woo Shipping, Ltd.*" The Throttle Man lowers his binos. We only catch a glimpse of his face in the darkness. It's BODHI.

BODHI
Terrence Woo Shipping. Gotta pay
to play.

EXT. CONTAINER SHIP - NIGHT

The mega-ship steams at over 20 knots, putting up a massive wake. She is out of Singapore, navigating the narrow shipping lane outlined by buoys. The camera pushes atop her nine-story superstructure to the bridge.

INT. CONTAINER SHIP, BRIDGE - NIGHT

Two crewmen work this graveyard shift. An ABLE SEAMAN, Filipino, steers the ship. The 2ND MATE, Chinese, is navigating. He examines his screen. Sees a buoy come into radar range. One blip. He speaks Mandarin.

2ND MATE

One blip at five miles out.
Channel buoy. Leave it at 200
meters to starboard.

EXT. FAST BOAT, OCEAN - NIGHT

The Fast Boat leaves the buoy, and glides up quietly behind container ship's stern as she passes, taking advantage of a blind spot in her radar. It carefully closes in, negotiating the enormous wake.

Out come RUBBER MASKS. *President George W. Bush. Cheney. Rumsfeld. Condolezza Rice.* On Bodhi's back as he pulls on his Bush mask, then turns, gathers in his raiders. All stand close, raising an arm, touching hands--

PRESIDENT BUSH / BODHI

We've seen the terror experienced
by victims at sea. Use that fear.
Control them. Everybody goes home.

CHENEY

Peace through superior firepower.

Tapping out hands, their ritual complete, the pirates get to work. The Radar Man works the controls to maintain the craft's position alongside this fast moving Mega ship!

CONDOLEZZA

Closer... Closer! Keep her steady!

Cheney fires a grappling hook device, which catches and sparks on the electrified barb wire over the stern's rail.

CHENEY

She's electrified. Gloves on!

RUMSFELD

The little hand says it's time to
rock 'n roll.

Pulling on neoprene gloves, and assembling mountaineering gear, these athletes quickly and expertly start to make the long vertical climb up the stern to the deck high above.

EXT. CONTAINER SHIP, DECK - NIGHT

The pirates hoist themselves up to the deck rail, and roll over the electrified barb wire. SHOTGUNS come out. The adrenaline rush begins! This is a high velocity smash 'n grab. The team moves fast, camera following over their shoulders, amping up the visceral, subjective POV thrill!

A surprised CREWMAN is swiftly overwhelmed, gagged, secured with plastic flexi-cuffs, and left behind uninjured.

A 2ND CREWMAN defends with a FIREHOSE, a powerful stream of water knocking Rumsfeld on his ass!

But Cheney sidesteps to avoid it, rolls, and comes up hard, subduing the crewman without lethal force. As gag and flexi-cuffs are quickly applied, lights start coming on!

PRESIDENT BUSH / BODHI
Keep going for the bridge! Go!

The Bush Administration races for the Superstructure!
Smashes through the door!

INT. CONTAINER SHIP, STAIRCASE - NIGHT

They charge up the staircase! These are athletes in top condition, taking steps two at a time!

INT. CONTAINER SHIP, BRIDGE - NIGHT

Closed circuit VIDEO shows the pirates coming! The Able Seaman panics, hits the alarm, frighteningly loud, and locks the bridge door! The 2nd Mate radios "Mayday!"

EXT. FAST BOAT, CONTAINER SHIP - NIGHT

The Radar Man intercepts the distress call going out!
Spotlights come on, lighting him up!

We rise up to the ship's rail, where a CREWMAN thinks to take a CELLPHONE PHOTO.

INT. CONTAINER SHIP, STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Rumsfeld removes a POWER-SAW from his pack, and slices through the door to the bridge in seconds--

INT. CONTAINER SHIP, BRIDGE - NIGHT

We move with the pirates crashing inside! The 2nd Mate and Able Seaman put up no resistance, hands high in the air!

INT. CONTAINER SHIP, CAPTAIN'S CABIN - NIGHT

They find the CAPTAIN emerging from his adjacent cabin, and force him back inside. He has a Filipino GIRLFRIEND in his bed. Condolezza grabs her. Raises a .9mm.

CONDOLEZZA

Open the safe! Don't think. Do it!

The Captain obliges, nervous, no tricks. Inside the safe the pirates find over \$100,000 dollars in cash. They take it.

CHENEY

Give me that manifest!
(flips thru pages)
There's a container holding diamonds. Another with Semi conductors. Another with currency scheduled for destruction.

PRESIDENT BUSH / BODHI

Forget it. Greed is for amateurs.

Bush tips the Captain \$1,000 dollars, bows to the Filipina.

PRESIDENT BUSH / BODHI (CONT'D)

With our apologies to the lady.

INT. CONTAINER SHIP, MINI-HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Hurrying out, the raiders ransack the mini-hospital of medicine and supplies. Sweep the cabinets empty, all of it!

INT. CONTAINER SHIP, KITCHEN - NIGHT

They hit the galley's walk-in freezer, taking delicacies. Rumsfeld is ecstatic over--

RUMSFELD

Maui Chips!

EXT. CONTAINER SHIP, DECK - NIGHT

Charging out of the superstructure, the raiders give cash

to any crew they encounter, who eagerly accept the tips, and offer safe passage.

The Bush Administration quickly climb over the stern rail's barb wire. Fast-rope down to the Fast Boat waiting below.

EXT. FAST BOAT, OCEAN - NIGHT

Rumsfeld tries to flip free the grappling hook, but it is lodged. He can't get it loose!

PRESIDENT BUSH / BODHI
Forget the hook. Leave it! Take
the wheel! We gotta go! Hold on!

Rumsfeld puts his thick arms on the wheel. The grappling hook is left behind, as President Bush throws all five throttles. Outboards howling, the craft takes off like a shot, her bow lifting out of the water! It quickly gets up to 60 knots! Out of sight in the dark night.

INT. KUTA BEACH, BALI - DAY

Tommy Angel cruises a MOTORCYCLE in flip flops.

The roads are swarming with scooters. This is ground zero of Indo surf pop culture. A Ronald McDonald statue is poised on a board. Soccer on the sand. Surf lessons. Tattoo artists inking skin. An army of board-short clad societal drop-outs, meander through the shops and bars, waiting for the swell. Glitzy surf billboards everywhere. Tommy passes a bombed-out cafe. He pulls over and parks outside a surf shop.

INT. KUTA SURF SHOP - DAY

Tommy cruises the racks looking to buy a new stick, when he is recognized.

KUTA DUDE
Tommy fuckin' Angel! It is you.
Way to go at Bells! Look--
(to everybody)
--it's the war hero who got himself
banned from the pro tour. That
judge still wearin' a neck brace?

KUTA CHICK
He may be cute, but I'm so over
dumb guys. What're you gonna do
now, killer? Re-enlist?

TOMMY ANGEL

Shut up. I came to Bali to chill.
Not take a bunch of shit.

Tommy drifts into the back where a BOARD-SHAPER is sanding down a fiberglass blank.

BOARD-SHAPER

You can't be back here.

TOMMY ANGEL

I'm looking for something--
(he sees it)
Yeah, definitely.

Tommy inspects a TOW-IN BOARD with foot-straps in the corner.

TOMMY ANGEL (CONT'D)

Where do they use this board?
(the shaper won't say)
Oh c'mon. All the best spots can't
be kept secret forever.

BOARD-SHAPER

They certainly won't if I tell
every fool that walks in. Besides,
you don't wanna be on the same wave
where that's going.

EXT. KUTA BEACH, BAR - SUNSET

Tommy drinks Bintang beer in an open-air bar across the street. He sits alone, relaxed, and waves for a fresh bottle, as his eye is drawn by--

--A beautiful Eurasian woman, SINTA, 20, arriving on a SCOOTER with an empty surf-rack. She walks into the shop.

Tommy can't help but watch her -- obscured by passing traffic -- through the surf shop window, as she heads into the back. He is served another beer, when suddenly Sinta re-emerges with the Shaper, who carries the TOW-IN BOARD for her. They walk outside to her scooter.

Dumbfounded Tommy rises up, throwing money on the bar!

The Shaper helps stow the board on the surf rack of her scooter. She hands him a folded wad of cash, waves a polite goodbye, kick-starts her bike, and she is gone!

Tommy straddles his big motorcycle. Revs it hard, nudging into the street, blocked by incessant traffic, but refusing to let that tow-in board get away!

DRIVING THRU KUTA BEACH - SUNSET

Tommy zips thru traffic trying to reacquire Sinta. Having lost her, he brakes, rubbernecking. Catches a glimpse of her down an ALLEY zipping past on a parallel street.

Tommy veers into the alley, accelerates past LOCALS carrying food in baskets balanced on their heads. He exits onto the street, glimpses Sinta buzzing along a block ahead.

Finally Tommy gets squarely on her tail, laying back a safe distance, not to be seen. She heads for the waterfront.

EXT. KUTA DOCK, SEAPLANE - SUNSET

Tommy stops to watch as Sinta pulls up to a dock where a SEAPLANE is docked.

Tommy squints into the setting sun that obscures THE MAN inside the plane who accepts the TOW-IN BOARD. She gives him a kiss on the cheek. She kick-starts her scooter, waves goodbye, and takes off.

Pushing on Tommy, making his choice. Follow the board or the girl? After a beat... Tommy follows the girl.

EXT. CLUB DOUBLE SIX - NIGHT

Sinta parks amongst rows of scooters parked on the cul de sac lane leading to this nightclub across from the beach.

Tommy pulls into this wild scene. Club music is pumping. People drinking in the street. Drug dealers & pimps sit on bikes whispering offers. *"Hey, Bule, cari apa? What're you looking for?"* Tommy ignores them as he follows Sinta--

INT. CLUB DOUBLE SIX - NIGHT

--into this party palace built around a large SWIMMING POOL, with a BUNGEE TOWER looming high above it. The club is going off. Tommy elbows through the dancers to catch up to Sinta. He spots her speaking to the BARTENDER, who nods, and walks off, as Tommy makes his approach.

TOMMY ANGEL

I'm Tommy. I was gonna buy a beer.
Let me get you something.

Sinta looks Tommy over. Wary of strangers. The bartender returns with DALI, 25, an Asian Laird Hamilton, not somebody to mess with. He pulls Sinta close.

DALI

You bothering my girl, Bule?

SINTA

He followed me from Kuta Beach.

DALI

(hardens)

What's up with that?

Tommy finds himself surrounded by menacing people mad-dogging him. There's a big Hawaiian Moke nick-named TINY BRAIN. A heavily tattooed American female jet pilot named WYLIE. And an older Caucasian male, very fit, despite a prosthetic foot. This is TONE (Anthony Kiedis of the Red Hot Chili Peppers.)

TOMMY ANGEL

Actually I was following the board. That sweet tow-in job. The Shaper wouldn't say where I might use a board like that. Next thing I know she shows up. But when she dished it off, I thought hell with the board, and followed the girl.

(looks at Sinta)

Who wouldn't? You're beautiful. ...And you smell good.

Sinta looks Tommy over, nobody's buying this crap.

WYLIE

That's fucking creepy.

TINY BRAIN

Lemme pound on dis mofo's head.

DALI

Think you know about big waves?

TOMMY ANGEL

It's the elimination of bull-shit.

TONE

We gonna eliminate you.

DALI

So the Bule thinks he knows his way around Jaws or Teahupoo?

Everybody laughs at Tommy, who takes it, stays confident.

TOMMY ANGEL

It almost doesn't help knowing too much, it intimidates you.

(MORE)

TOMMY ANGEL (CONT'D)

Kills the imagination, 'cause you gotta get outside the box on a wave like that. You're riding down that mountain, and the mountain's chasing you. Your heart's on fire, endorphins are busting out of your brain, and the only way to outrun it is to discover what you're made of.

Dali hadn't expected an answer like this. Sees Sinta is impressed. Dali flashes a hint of his undeniable charm.

DALI

You like thumbing the devil's ass so much, prove it.
(he points up at the bungee tower)
Then you can dance with my sister.

Tommy looks up... way up... oh shit.

EXT/INT. BUNGEE TOWER - NIGHT

Sinta accompanies the condemned man up the elevator cage to the tower platform. She lightens up, whistles at the crazy height, and starts humming a funeral death march.

TOMMY ANGEL

You better be a seriously good dancer. I mean like "Dancing with the Stars" good.

SINTA

So you're saying that you'd make the jump for a shot at Jerry Springer?

TOMMY ANGEL

That's gross. You're not mental, are you? 'Cause the beautiful ones often have, you know... issues.

SINTA

No diagnosis for what I've got.

She makes a funny face. They are goofing, having fun. We pull to reveal the enormity of this tower.

On top of the platform, wind howling, the ocean beyond, employees fasten bungee gear. As a photo is taken, Sinta moves in close beside Tommy, playfully holding up two fairy fingers behind his head. Big smiles. Flash!

Standing on the ledge, Tommy looks down, then back at Sinta.

TOMMY ANGEL

Tell me you don't have a boyfriend.

SINTA

Haven't found one who can hold on to me.

So Tommy whips Sinta into his strong arms--

TOMMY ANGEL

I got you.

--and THEY FALL TOGETHER! Pressed together in a powerful embrace, Sinta howling, they plummet!

The bungee snaps tight, and they bounce, then swing upside-down over the swimming pool. The crowd roars it's approval. The employees are freaked! Sinta's shock eases into a sexy come-hither grin. Tommy leans in to kiss her--

--but Sinta plays hard to get, lets go, and splashes into the pool. She climbs out, pulls off her wet frock, revealing a hot bikini, and looks confident and fabulous.

As upsidedown Tommy is hoisted up, he hears a ROAR--

--sees DALI RIDING HIS MOTORCYCLE up on the platform, revving, making a spectacle, the crowd pointing! Dali bungee jumps off the ledge sitting on his motorcycle. He and the bike bounce, swing, then hang upsidedown -- it's crazy, Dali gunning the engine, swinging inches above the pool. The crowd roars. Sinta applauds her maniac brother.

Back up on the platform, Tommy regards Dali coolly. Game on.

INT. KUTA BEACH, BALI - NIGHT

Walking the beach, sipping beers, Sinta holds the PHOTO of them - which Tommy had to buy -- taken on top of the bungee tower. She laughs at the fairy fingers behind his head.

TOMMY ANGEL

Three thousand Rupiah for this of you mocking my near death experience with fairy fingers?

SINTA

You had a bungee cord. I was hijacked. If that's your idea of being sexy, that was *unprotected* sexy. Probably gave me some virus.

TOMMY ANGEL

No, that's just you diggin' on me.
Definitely incurable.

SINTA

And is a 5 second free-fall your
idea of holding onto a woman?

TOMMY ANGEL

Whoa, I was fine starting this out
with a cold beer, but your brother--
(whistles)
That guy's a trip.

SINTA

Dali has always been... protective,
impossibly so since the tsunami.
(off his look)
We were living on the northern tip
of Sumatra when it hit. A little
island off Banda Aceh. The waves
took my mother. I was lucky. My
father always says God spared me
for a purpose yet to be revealed.

That phrase resonates with Tommy. She notes his reaction,
asking him why with her beautiful, penetrating eyes.

TOMMY ANGEL

I had a close call... back in the
Navy... makes you think, huh?

SINTA

I was taught to believe God takes
those who have lost the ability to
learn and evolve. But, I'm not so
sure anymore.

Time cut to further down the beach, a wave surprising them,
causing them to dance to avoid the froth.

TOMMY ANGEL

Most of my friends were Mexican
and into gangs, living a different
life. Sometimes I'd find myself on
the other side of town, looking for
trouble. But it never occurred to
get jumped into a gang, I was
always active, doing other stuff.
One day I was duck-diving at
Leadbetter, and I popped up
underneath a surfer. We became
friends. The guy was a sailor.

(MORE)

TOMMY ANGEL (CONT'D)
We'd sneak into the restricted
break outside Pt. Magu. The Navy
became my way out. Oxnard's no
home. My family's scattered. But
the Navy's no home either.

SINTA
You just haven't found your true
purpose.

They lean in for that first kiss--

--when headlights charge down the beach. Four motorcycles.
DALI, TONE, WYLIE, & TINY BRAIN.

The Moke is the practical-joking "jackass" of the group,
standing on his seat, pulling a fully upright wheelie,
turning donuts, spraying water & sand. He wipes out with
gusto! Dali disregards the nonsense, rides up to Sinta.

DALI
Time to go, little sister.

SINTA
Right now?

Dali nods, and no further discussion is necessary.

TOMMY ANGEL
Just like that? When can I see
you again? Where do you live?

Sinta writes "*From Mentawai with Love*" on the back of the
photo and hands it back to Tommy.

TOMMY ANGEL (CONT'D)
Oh c'mon? The Mentawai Islands?
What are you, a witch doctor?

SINTA
I had a wonderful time, Tommy.
If you're ever in the neighborhood.

She dutifully climbs on the back of Dali's motorcycle

DALI
Later, brah.

And just like that they are gone, roaring down the beach.

INT. KUTA BEACH HOTEL - NIGHT

Tommy parks his motorcycle at this inexpensive Kuta Hotel.
He's beat, his head tripping over the girl.

He walks around the pool, where three characters sit drinking -- a gut-over-his-belt Aussie loudmouth, a sexy European fashionista, and a short & silent Nepalese - DINGO, ALEKSANDRA, & THE GHURKA.

DINGO

Have a drink, mate. Tonight
I'm pouring Johnnie Walker, ice
cold Bintang, and maybe you help me
get Aleksandra drunk enough, we'll
coax her into a skinny dip.

TOMMY ANGEL

I'm beat, gonna hit the rack.
Thanks. (he nods) Ma'am.

Tommy continues past. The lady speaks so he can hear her.

ALEKSANDRA

Is Sailor a shy boy? Guess he
never developed suitable social
skills finger-banging Oxnard girls
and frisking Dhow fisherman.

DINGO

His daddy can't hold a job,
big brother's doing 42 months
at Lompoc for trafficking. God
knows who his mama is with?

Tommy comes at Dingo, prompting The Ghurka to rise up.

TOMMY ANGEL

What's your problem? How do you
know me?

DINGO

You think that Silver Star means
you still ain't ignorant white
trash who barely made it out of
high school? Too high 'n mighty to
roll with your homies, and now you
too good for the Navy?

TOMMY THROWS A PUNCH, just what Dingo was hoping for.
He easily deflects the blow, as the Ghurka hammers Tommy's
kidneys. They give Tommy a vigorous fight, repelling his
best punches and kicks, as if toying with him... testing him.

Aleksandra puts a headlock on Tommy, as the men close in,
for some body work. They pepper him with a good beating--

--But Tommy breaks her grip, stuns both men, then spins,
and shows no hesitation punching out a lady. Aleksandra
takes a few in the face.

DINGO (CONT'D)

Now you done it!

This makes Dingo crazy. He immediately smacks Tommy with the butt of a .9mm pistol, and puts the surfer down on his back. Tommy lays there seeing stars. Suddenly THE CHIEF looms in his POV, standing over him, and offering a hand--

THE CHIEF

Looks like you failed the audition.

He pulls a dumbfounded Tommy to his feet.

THE CHIEF (CONT'D)

And you're gonna keep getting' your ass kicked until you learn to control that temper. Congrats on Bells Beach. Nice work with the Judge's scaffold. Guess the pro tour's not gonna work out. But don't worry, we're still gonna make you stupid rich.

TOMMY ANGEL

What's going on? Why're you here?

THE CHIEF

I took retirement and now I'm making serious jack working for a private military contractor.

Dingo offers a cold beer and a handshake.

DINGO

No hard feeling's, mate?

TOMMY ANGEL

Fuck you.

Dingo laughs, not concerned. The Ghurka gives a sly grin. Aleksandra offers a come-hither wink as she dabs Tommy's bloody nose with a moist towelette from her Prada purse.

ALEKSANDRA

Don't you wanna kiss and make up?
Hold still. Let me get this.

The whumpa-whumpa of a helicopter is heard, as the air stirs, and a HELO swoops down and lands on the hotel grounds. The Chief gestures Tommy to get in.

THE CHIEF

We've already packed up your room
and picked up your tab.

(MORE)

THE CHIEF (CONT'D)
We're due in Singapore in a few
hours. Going to a lavish party.

TOMMY ANGEL
Whose?

THE CHIEF
Yours, Tommy.

The Chief hands him back his Silver Star.

THE CHIEF (CONT'D)
This little trinket makes you a
very valuable commodity.

INT/EXT. HELICOPTER IN FLIGHT OVER SINGAPORE - NIGHT

Establishing shots of this glamorous city as the helo soars
past various sites. The gigantic SINGAPORE FLYER Ferris
Wheel. The towering new Casino Resort.

Tommy looks down at a huge construction project along the
water, sees a SAND-SPRAYING SHIP shooting a large arc of
sand, building a new peninsula.

They continue toward the new Marina. The Helo puts down on
the top deck of a spectacular 120-foot yacht "The Bigelow."

EXT. THE BIGELOW - NIGHT

Tommy steps out onto the yacht. He has never seen such
luxury. Two stunning ASIAN HOSTESSES welcome him.

ASIAN HOSTESS
And you must be Mr. Angel. Welcome
to Singapore, sir. Champagne?

THE CHIEF
It don't get any sweeter, hot shot.
Check out these babes. I don't
mind saying The Chief has already
popped his little blue pill.

Servants overwhelm Tommy with food & drinks. The party is
crowded with oil traders, art forgers, journalists, and arms
dealers. Making a grand entrance is COLONEL BRACKEY, 55,
extremely fit, elegantly casual attire.

COLONEL BRACKEY
Where's the man of the hour? There
you are! Colonel Simon Brackey.
It's an honor to have you aboard.
(makes an announcement)
(MORE)

COLONEL BRACKEY (CONT'D)
Everybody, excuse me, may I present
Silver Star winner Tommy Angel?
(they give APPLAUSE)
Do you even like champagne? Toss
that piss and let's get you a drink
with hair on it.

INT. THE BIGELOW, LOUNGE - NIGHT

Colonel Brackey has the bartender mix Tommy a strong Mai Tai.

COLONEL BRACKEY
The bulk of my work is providing
security for construction projects
in Iraq and Afghanistan. This
yacht is my latest toy.

TOMMY ANGEL
Mercenaries can make this much?

COLONEL BRACKEY
(he bristles)
We're adventurers, fighting on the
side of civilization. People
disparage men like ourselves,
people who have never seen a shot
fired in anger - I am talking about
the gutless, the boring, and the
useless who pontificate and cower.
They've never been to the edge and
looked over. I brought you here
because you understand. I don't
want school house-trained, I want
the real deal. C'mere--

He leads Tommy to a window and points to the SINGAPORE FLYER.
The biggest Ferris Wheel on Earth looms over the skyline.

COLONEL BRACKEY (CONT'D)
That's the Singapore Flyer. I'm
told you're okay with heights.

On Tommy, curious.

INT. SINGAPORE FLYER, CAPSULE - NIGHT

Riding inside a comfy glass capsule, the sparkling lights of
Singapore beyond, Colonel Brackey rides alone with Tommy.

TOMMY ANGEL
What's in that box?

There is a mysterious large BOX on the floor.

COLONEL BRACKEY

We'll get to that in a moment. My firm's been contracted to stop Pirates working the Straits of Malacca. This crew always picks on the same line. Lloyds of London wants it stopped or they will pull coverage. And without insurance, these ships aren't going anywhere. We're off the card. Our employer wants this to end. We're going to find where the pirates live, make them go away, and not get caught doing it.

TOMMY ANGEL

Why aren't the governments taking care of this?

COLONEL BRACKEY

Too many legal issues to circumvent. Money gets it done. I'll pay you \$200K a year, one hundred days of leave, kidnapping insurance, health insurance, life insurance. Those who come home split up an \$500K bonus once the job is done. I assure you this is the going rate for a Silver Star.

TOMMY ANGEL

Who's paying this kind of money?

Colonel Brackey points out the window.

COLONEL BRACKEY

See those lights? They're busy expanding the port. Sand sucking ships blow 24 hours a day to create new land to build on. Terrence Woo owns the shipping line, but his big ticket is land reclamation. Island construction. Dredging sand from the bottom of the ocean and then spraying that sand to create a new land mass. Mr. Woo can afford us.

TOMMY ANGEL

Then make it an even quarter mil.

COLONEL BRACKEY

A smart man never accepts the first offer. I was hoping we'd haggle over price.

(MORE)

COLONEL BRACKEY (CONT'D)

I understand you've had high-altitude jump training in the service? So you like to flock?

Tommy looks suspiciously at the box. Brackey stands, slices the seal with a pocket knife--

TOMMY ANGEL

Tell me those aren't--

COLONEL BRACKEY

Wing Suits. The Chief gave us your measurements. These will fly us fast and flat.

The Colonel tosses Tommy his WING SUIT.

COLONEL BRACKEY (CONT'D)

Get to my yacht and raise a Mai Tai before I do, it's worth an extra \$25 grand. Not a penny more.

Tommy looks tenuously at the yacht now steaming in the harbor, then sucks up his fear, and stands tall.

TOMMY ANGEL

For \$25 grand? Why live on the edge when you can jump off?

Colonel Brackey slams his elbow in the fire alarm glass, which automatically pops a roof escape hatch.

EXT. CAPSULE, SINGAPORE FLYER - NIGHT

Tommy and Brackey climb out the hatch wearing the wing suits. They stand on top of the capsule. Position themselves.

COLONEL BRACKEY

(into a radio)

This is Brackey. We're on our way. Light us up. The guests need to see this.

Suddenly SEARCHLIGHTS illuminate them. Brackey looks to Tommy and gives the challenge!

COLONEL BRACKEY (CONT'D)

Burn a line across the sky!

BASE-JUMPING SEQUENCE

Brackey leaps, soaring like a vampire. He rides the wind, the wings of his suit extended, as he glides for his yacht.

Tommy goes for it! Searchlights track their flight paths. We follow Tommy and the Colonel riding the night breeze, human missiles, hurtling at full speed, descending like birds of prey over the harbor, silent save for the whistling wind.

Both wing pilots exchange competitive looks as they nose each other for the lead. The yacht is coming up fast. Too fast!

COLONEL BRACKEY

Pull your chute!

TOMMY ANGEL

You pull yours!

Tommy dares the Colonel to ride it out... Neither flinch, flying side-by-side, glaring at each other. Both are stubborn, reckless fools... Finally Brackey pulls his chute! Tommy soars ahead, waits one last beat, and pulls it!

Tommy's chute billows out, and he uses the cables to make a controlled descent. The Silver Star glides into a perfect trajectory, about to land cleanly on the deck--

--when Colonel Brackey purposely BUMPS him! Sends Tommy careening into the water! Tommy slaps hard. Gets the breath knocked out of him. He swallows water.

THE BIGELOW - NIGHT

Brackey lands gracefully on the rear deck of the luxury yacht, to the roaring applause of his guests. He bows gallantly and plays up his performance.

Cut to the Colonel passing a Mai Tai and a towel to the soaking wet Tommy as he climbs aboard.

COLONEL BRACKEY

I believe we've settled on a fee.

Tommy only glares -- having a clearer understanding of the kind of man Colonel Brackey is.

Brackey matches Tommy's eyes, not backing down.

On the Chief, who sees Tommy is about to blow, and quickly steps between them, his back to Brackey, addressing Tommy in a quiet, but firm voice.

THE CHIEF

Tommy, easy... Okay, so these may be some crazy mother-fuckers we're throwing in with, but hear me out.

THE CHIEF (CONT'D)

You need the money. You just blew
your bread 'n butter at Bells.

On Tommy, looking past the Chief, his eyes fixed on Brackey.

TOMMY ANGEL

I don't need *his* money.

Dingo hardens, always at the ready to defend his meal ticket.

THE CHIEF

Did he tell you where we're going?

TOMMY ANGEL

I couldn't care less because I'm
not going.

THE CHIEF

These Pirates originate somewhere
in the Mentawai's. Some of the
sweetest surf on the planet. Huge
swells this time of year. We're
posing as a Surf Charter. Are you
getting' me, Angel? This crazy
Merc is gonna pay us to surf.

Tommy considers this. Sees Brackey awaiting a response.
After a beat, Tommy steps up.

TOMMY ANGEL

I'm in... for two fifty.

Brackey slowly eases into a grin. He and Colonel Brackey
shake on it. The Colonel wraps an arm around Tommy--

COLONEL BRACKEY

I apologize for the bump. My
manners will one day be the death
of me. Yours as well, Tommy.

(hails his hostesses)

Help Tommy off with his wet gear.
Get this party started!

Dingo grabs two Kamikaze shots off a waiter's tray,

DINGO

Down the hatch, mate.

Sexy Aleksandra holds Tommy's gaze, kisses her fingertip,
then shoots Tommy in the head with her finger. Pan to the
Ghurka, cross-legged on a high perch, sipping whiskey from
a bottle, and scrutinizing Tommy's every move.

EXT. THE BIGELOW - DAY

Somewhere in the Straits of Malacca.

We rush at the Bigelow, making 25 knots, disguised as a surf charter. We push in and move with MERCS stowing supplies; Surf boards & sex wax. Guns & ammo. We find Dingo handling Cuban cigars & Jack Daniels, and oozing charm to Tommy.

DINGO

Take advantage of these Cuban torpedoes, mate. And also the drinking of bourbon before, after, and if need be during meals, and in the intervals between.

Walking up is CAMERON, a shoulder-bumping, knuckle-banging yahoo who exhibits enthusiasm that borders on annoying.

CAMERON

Just wanted to say I'm excited about working with soldiers who show as much enthusiasm about getting boots on deck as I do.

Dingo rolls his eyes, as Cameron asks about a megaphone-looking device hanging by a strap to a hook.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Don't think I know what that is?

DINGO

Stand back a few steps.

Cameron obliges, and Dingo fires the 'SOUND GUN' at the bright-eyed Merc. THE LOUD BLAST IS SO PARALYZING IT MAKES CAMERON COLLAPSE AND PUKE.

Dingo laughs his ass off.

DINGO (CONT'D)

It's a barf gun, bright eyes.

Tommy helps Cameron up, who tries to wrestle free, wanting to charge Dingo.

DINGO (CONT'D)

Come 'n get a second helpin', mate.

The Chief storms up, grabs the Sound Gun.

THE CHIEF

I WON'T stand for that on my ship!

DINGO

Answered his question, didn't I?
We do things a little differently
in the private sector, Chief. Ask
the Colonel.

THE CHIEF PUTS DINGO IN A HEADLOCK. Teaches respect.

THE CHIEF

Colonel isn't here. We do things
the way I tell you to do 'em.

ALEKSANDRA

You're breaking his neck! He's
just blowing off steam. Divorced
and paying alimony, child support,
and mortgage on a house he doesn't
live in. Same as you, Chief.

This sad insight softens the Chief, who releases Dingo.

THE CHIEF

Mop that up. (turns to Tommy)
Angel, step in behind me.

As the Chief & Tommy walk off, Dingo gives Cameron a shove.
Dares him with his eyes to say something.

TOMMY ANGEL

Glad somebody backed down that
jackass.

THE CHIEF

You may wanna think these mercs
are your pals, but they'll fuck
your best girl, steal what's on the
bed-stand, and smile back at you.

They come upon the Gurka sharpening his KHUKRIS KNIFE.
Tommy approaches, looking at this unusual blade, curved,
18 inches long. The Gurka observes Tommy's fascination,
and presents it for him to hold. It's heavy.

THE GHURKA

Ghurka warriors still hand make
their own Khukris, a skill passed
from father to son. It is said no
Khukris has ever been broken in
battle.

TOMMY ANGEL

It's beautiful.

Tommy returns the knife. He follows the Chief--

THE CHIEF

On the list of things never to forget is *do not* fuck with a Ghurka. Ask the British. Lost so many soldiers in Nepal to those Khukris knives, they had no choice but to make a peace treaty.

INT. THE BIGELOW, LOUNGE - NIGHT

The flatscreen plays closed circuit VIDEO SNIPPETS from various container ships, cut together showing the pirates in action. Grainy, poorly lit images of President Bush, Cheney, Rumsfeld, and Condoleeza dashing along the decks. Crashing into the superstructure. Charging up the bridge.

THE CHIEF (V.O.)

There's something about those rubber masks... Can't put my finger on it...

The Chief pours a cup of coffee, as Tommy woofs a sandwich.

TOMMY ANGEL

Why always the Terrence Woo line? What's he done to them?

THE CHIEF

I dunno. Hold on, it's coming up. There, the Maui Chips.

Rumsfeld in the galley, his goofy excitement over Maui Chips.

TOMMY ANGEL

They are pretty tasty.

The bandits tip crewmen they pass on their way out.

TOMMY ANGEL (CONT'D)

And they never hurt anybody?

THE CHIEF

Rough 'em up, scare 'em pretty bad, but not once in over a dozen raids.

TOMMY ANGEL

So why're we starting with the Mentawai Islands?

The Chief shows a GRAPPLING HOOK, as the video keeps playing.

THE CHIEF

They left this behind last time.
It was purchased in Padang.

TOMMY ANGEL

That's where you catch that God
awful 8-hour ferry to the islands.
Okay, but that's a long ways from
the Straits of Malacca.

The Chief points out the northern tip of Sumatra on a map.

THE CHIEF

Fisherman out of Banda Aceh have
seen a fast boat with five
outboards doing 60 knots coming
'n going out of the west coast.

Handheld video of the Radar Man waiting down in the Dai Fei.

THE CHIEF (CONT'D)

Count 'em. Five Chrysler 225's.

TOMMY ANGEL

You've got GAM rebels out of that
area who are notorious.

THE CHIEF

Not so much since the tsunami.
It's the Maui Chips that got me
thinking. All Indonesians know are
Doritos and Betel nuts. What if
our pirates are foreigners? Maybe
they wear these wetsuits, gloves,
and aqua socks to hide their skin?
The water is 80 degrees for
Chrissake. The Mentawais are a
haven for criminals. Off the grid,
no hotels, malaria, it's totally
lawless. You buying any of this?

TOMMY ANGEL

No. But let's surf it anyway.

INT. THE BIGELOW, TOMMY'S BUNK - NIGHT

Tommy lies on his bunk looking at the PHOTO of Sinta from
their bungee jump. *"From Mentawai, With Love."*

He is surprised by a half-naked ALEKSANDRA, wearing only bra
& panties, leaning over him, reaching for a storage locker.

TOMMY ANGEL

Uh... excuse me?

She grabs a MED KIT from the locker, then drops down, and straddles Tommy, taking control.

ALEKSANDRA

I need to stick you, Tommy.

TOMMY ANGEL

I'm the one supposed to be doing the sticking.

She opens the kit and lays out syringes and vaccines for tropic diseases. As she preps, she regards the photo.

ALEKSANDRA

She's pretty. Think I'm pretty?

Not appreciating his pause, she jabs him. Tommy yelps, to which she sensuously works her lower body, grinding him.

ALEKSANDRA (CONT'D)

Concentrate on me, not the needle.

DINGO is seen at the open hatch, watching with a sex vibe that makes Tommy uncomfortable. Dingo enters, stands close to Aleksandra, who welcomes his touch. Tommy pushes her off.

ALEKSANDRA (CONT'D)

It's not his thing.

TOMMY ANGEL

Throw in the midget, a jug of red wine, then maybe.

ALARMS sound! Tommy grabs his shirt & boots and takes off!

INT. BIGELOW CORRIDORS - NIGHT

We move with Tommy scrambling up to the deck!

EXT. THE BIGELOW - NIGHT

Tommy emerges, looks over the rail, sees they have come alongside a CONTAINER SHIP dead in the water. A spotlight sweeps her decks. No crew in sight. The Chief runs up.

THE CHIEF

She's dead in the water, not responding to radio calls. Angel, get a boarding team together.

EXT. RHIB, ALONGSIDE THE LARGO - NIGHT

Dingo pilots the RHIB alongside the mega-ship. The stern reads "The Largo." Tommy fires a grappling gun, sending up a line, which he secures to a rope ladder.

Tommy leads Dingo, Alexandra, Cameron, & the Gurka climbing. The Mercs quickly swing over the rail and onto--

EXT. CONTAINER SHIP, DECK - NIGHT

--the dead vessel. No crewmen. No bodies. This is a ghost ship. Silent, eerie. The Gurka pulls his KHUKRIS KNIFE, preferring it to a gun. Tommy leads the Mercs moving combat ready across the decks, fast, efficient. They discover signs of a deadly struggle. Spilled blood. Bullet holes.

ALEKSANDRA

Blood. And lots of it.

We push into the PIN-CAMERA mounted to Tommy's Kelvar.

TOMMY ANGEL

You getting this, Chief?

INT. THE BIGELOW, THE BRIDGE - NIGHT

The Chief watches via headset cameras relayed to monitors.

THE CHIEF

The pirates could still be onboard.
Make your way to the bridge.

INT. CONTAINER SHIP, STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Tommy kicks into the Superstructure. He gestures they climb, make their way up to the bridge. Discover more blood. They pause so the Chief can see it. Tommy waves them onward!

INT. CONTAINER SHIP, BRIDGE - NIGHT

The bridge door has been cut open with a power saw. The Mercs enter, find gruesome indicators that men died here. Blood splatter on the windows. Bloody hand prints on the consoles. Boot prints. Bullet hits. Still no bodies.

TOMMY ANGEL

Jesus. They got butchered.

Gunfire has destroyed the digital video recorders.

ALEKSANDRA

They shot up the closed circuit
video pretty good. Didn't want us
playing it back.

Tommy leads them into the--

INT. CONTAINER SHIP, CAPTAIN'S CABIN - NIGHT

The safe has been left open.

DINGO

Cleaned out the cash. Left the
manifest. Looks like our pirates.

More spilled blood the floor. Big red smears where bodies
have been dragged. Tommy turns, can't find the Ghurka?

TOMMY ANGEL

Where's the Ghurka?

DINGO

He's a tracker. Probably pottering
about on those stubby little legs.

TOMMY ANGEL

(gets on his radio)
Rai, where are you?

THE GHURKA (RADIO)

Come down to the galley.

INT. CONTAINER SHIP, GALLEY - NIGHT

We move with Tommy inside, finding the Ghurka standing by
the WALK-IN FREEZER. He swings open the door. Tommy stares
inside the freezer, horrified. A DOZEN CREWMEN BODIES are
stacked inside. Executed. Wrists bound with plastic ties.
Tommy recoils, as Dingo steps up, staring impassively.

DINGO

They were particularly brutal
with the Captain. By the tattoo
on what's left of his arm, he looks
to be U.S. Navy retired.

INT. THE BIGELOW, BRIDGE - NIGHT

The Chief reacts, then spots something on the monitors.

THE CHIEF

What's that in the corner?

INT. CONTAINER SHIP, GALLEY - NIGHT

Aleksandra picks up a RUBBER MASK of President George Bush.

ALEKSANDRA

I'd say the Bush Administration got bored with being so polite.

EXT. THE MENTAWAIS, THE SURF - DAY

Transition shot running across shimmering aqua marine ocean. Picture-perfect waves and nobody is in the water.

TOMMY ANGEL (V.O.)

That's just sick.

EXT. THE BIGELOW, MENTAWAI SURF - DAY

Tommy Angel sets his eyes on the last frontier of surfing, as the Bigelow puts into these pristine tropical waters. He howls, grabs his board, and is first into the water!

Tommy paddles like a damn fish. Nails the first wave that rolls past. Gets barreled. Does his signature inverted 360 rodeo fly away. Makes it all look painfully easy.

The Chief appears on deck in colorful trunks, his big 'ol belly quite a sight. His board is a 10' foot rhino chaser. But the ol' man couldn't care less about first impressions.

THE CHIEF

Gangway for the big Geese! Gettin' me some of that! Fire in the hole!

The Chief does a messy cannonball with his board. You have to laugh. But once in the water this old guy rules! Catches a wave and damn if he's not pretty. Walks the board, hangs ten, pulls all the old school tricks. He's "da kine."

Tommy howls, loving the show!

The Mercs all break out the boards and jump in the ocean!

BEGIN MERC SURF MONTAGE:

Hilarious sequence as the Mercs attempt to ride these powerful waves rolling in. Macho cut-throats snaking each other, only to get pounded in the ferocious surf.

The Ghurka eats it.

Aleksandra is in the tiniest bikini imaginable, completely impractical for surfing, and quickly loses it in a wipeout.

Dingo, Cameron, and the others are all pathetic in these big overhead waves.

The Chief laughs his butt off watching from the lineup.

Some INDIGENOUS LOCALS start gathering onshore and in boats, watching, pointing, and laughing. But when they see Tommy take a wave, they are seriously impressed. The frustrated Mercs watch Tommy in envy. Their minds are blown. They are not in his league. Not even close.

MERC SURF MONTAGE ENDS:

Tommy paddles to the Chief, shakes his head.

TOMMY ANGEL

These kooks are blowing our cover.

The Chief watches the wipeouts with a fiendish grin.

THE CHIEF

Yeah, they're taking gas. We'll shut it down... after Aleksandra loses her top again.

TOMMY ANGEL

You don't catch pirates at sea. We catch them at their village. The local chief knows who the pirates are. He drinks with the pirates. Let me go surf alone, get to know some people.

EXT. RHIB, DOCK MARKETPLACE - DAY

The Mercs motor in on a RHIB. Dhows are moored in this downscale Islamic fishing village that sees few visitors.

THE CHIEF

We're only here to buy perishable foods, and drop off Tommy.

Fish are on display in metal tubs for sale. The local Muslim FISHERMEN are unfriendly. Don't like strangers eyeing the cut hardwood LOGS sent down the river to be sold here.

TOMMY ANGEL

They're selling off the forests.

ISLAMIC FISHERMAN

Tuan dari mana?

THE CHIEF

Surf charter.

The Chief speaks Indonesian to these locals. The chief points to the fruit & vegetables, obviously not happy with the price being asked. The Chief walks over to Tommy.

THE CHIEF (CONT'D)

They're overcharging. And they're pretty much telling us we better like it 'cause we can't get it anywhere else.

Tommy's instinct is to tell these fishermen to fuck off.

THE CHIEF (CONT'D)

Just go. Find some big waves. Go get barreled for me.

Tommy grabs his surfboard and drifts off alone.

EXT. SCOOTER, VARIOUS SHOTS, MENTAWAI TOWNSHIP - DAY

Cut to Tommy on the back of a SCOOTER, surfboard under his arm, pleading with the SCOOTER DRIVER to slow down! But it's no use. These bad roads are crowded with scooters. Muslim women sit crosswise behind drivers, riding without helmets, many holding babies. Tommy witnesses Third World poverty and Tsunami damage amongst all this natural beauty. Concrete slabs where houses once stood. A rusting BOAT is up in a big hardwood tree, and some locals have made a home of it. Villagers wave from open air ramshackle "coffee shops." Suddenly the paved road ends.

EXT. MIDDLE-OF-NOWHERE BLUFF OVER THE SHORE - DAY

The Scooter Driver delivers an exhausted Tommy to a remote cliff looking down to a beach. Tommy cannot get off this scooter fast enough. But there is no big wave.

TOMMY ANGEL

Where the hell are we? I said big waves? (uses Indo word) Besar waves. There's no waves here?

SCOOTER DRIVER

This place good. I no lie. You pay. Good for me, good for you.

TOMMY ANGEL

What's good for me? I hired you
to take me to big besar waves.

SCOOTER DRIVER

You pay!

The Driver points beyond the rocky point. But it's the flash
of a GEM that catches Tommy's eye. The driver is wearing an
elegant man's RING. Tommy instantly recognizes it as a cadet
ring from the ANNAPOLIS NAVAL ACADEMY.

TOMMY ANGEL

(grabs his wrist)

Where did you get this ring?

Tommy frightens the driver, who zooms away on his scooter.
Tommy runs after him, but quickly falls behind.

TOMMY ANGEL (CONT'D)

Fuck!

Now he's alone in the middle of nowhere. High on a rocky
bluff, with no discernible path down to the beach below. He
dials his SATELLITE PHONE, starts walking the small cove...

TOMMY ANGEL (CONT'D)

Chief..., yeah, I'm in the middle
of fucking nowhere. Got dumped off
by this maniac scooter driver. But
the thing is, he had this ring--

EXT. RHIB, DOCK MARKETPLACE - DAY

The Mercs are loading the perishables they bought.

THE CHIEF

(into his phone)

You sure it was an Academy Ring?

EXT. MIDDLE-OF-NOWHERE BLUFF OVER THE SHORE - DAY

Cut to Tommy reaching a cliff.

TOMMY ANGEL

--just check if that dead Captain
came through Annapolis as a cadet.

THE CHIEF (PHONE)

Okay, I'm on it, need me to send
somebody to fetch you? Tommy?

That's when Tommy HEARS the SOUND... Deep. Cataclysmic. He steps around a large rock to take his first look. The modest waves along the shore can't be responsible for this. He looks out further. A mist obscures the horizon. Tommy keeps looking, suddenly the mist clears--

--revealing an offshore break unlike anything Tommy could have imagined. Maverick's size waves with 40-foot faces!

Tommy's jaw drops in absolute awe. He hangs up on the Chief. Sees what he has to climb down. Starts picking his way down a gnarly cliff...

EXT. BIG WAVES - DAY

Tommy paddles out. Finds a keyhole to punch out past the enormous break. He's undaunted. However, he's never encountered a wave like this before. Outrageously steep and fast pitching viciously over a dangerously shallow reef.

Tommy takes off. Stands. No fear. His face is calm. Silence. Cut to his board. Loud! Fierce chatter. This wave IS a monster. Tommy's expression changes. His big board's design cannot handle a wave this size and speed. The nose flips up off the lip and SENDS TOMMY FLYING!

HE SKITTERS DOWN THE DROP as the lightning-fast break bitch-slaps him underneath the foam ball. He gets obliterated!

THE HOLD DOWN - UNDERWATER

Tommy smacks against the coral in the eerie darkness. His head is bleeding. Underwater BOULDERS the size of small cars are clacking against each other. Tommy follows his leash upward, as a boulder nearly crushes him. Claws to the surface, lungs about to explode!

EXT. BIG WAVES, IMPACT ZONE - DAY

Tommy pops up, gets to his board, and scratches like a madman to get out of the impact zone. But the next set wave is looming up like a mountain in front of him. Without a jet-ski assist, he's too late... The monster stuffs him back down into the pit!

THE HOLD DOWN - UNDERWATER

Hitting bottom again, his board "tomb-stones" along the surface, dragging Tommy along until his leash wraps on a rock. He can't surface!

He hears the clacking of underwater boulders coming closer! Tommy struggles to free himself. Somehow reaches his ankle-strap and quick-releases the leash.

But without a leash, no longer can he simply follow his board to the surface. He is lost in the darkness. Which way is up? His lungs are about to explode! Finally he sees light. Swims for it. About to black out he pops up--

EXT. BIG WAVES, IMPACT ZONE - DAY

--and beholds a magnificent vision. DALI charges into the treacherous impact zone on a jet-ski and grabs Tommy! The near dead surfer flops himself on the sled and is driven away as the next set rolls through.

DALI
(looks back and yells)
Man you are dumber than you look!

Tommy is dazed, still recovering as Dali drives him into shore. The Asian surfer turns around and yells some more.

DALI (CONT'D)
When things go wrong, they go in a hurry! Gotta have eyes in the back of your head out here, and I got four eyes!

Zooming up sharing a jet ski are WYLIE & TINY BRAIN.

TINY BRAIN
Dat was a big frothy juicy one.
Do dat again, bruddah!

EXT. BIG WAVE BEACH - DAY

Dali impatiently off-loads Tommy, who collapses on the wet sand, his head bleeding badly.

DALI
Go back to L.A.

TOMMY ANGEL
(all fucked up)
How's your sister?

Dali jets back out to the line-up.

Watching this is TONE, who is strumming an old beach guitar. He gets up, and tends to Tommy's head, while spewing his trademark verbal diarrhea.

TONE

That was vintage, brah. That was the total iron cross Jay Moriarty wipeout ala Mavericks back in '94! I still got that Surfer Mag cover. It's like a shrine. Hold still, I gotta Superglue your head.

He moves on his prosthetic foot, reaching for his pack.

TONE (CONT'D)

Some days for surfing and some not. This one not. Here, drink a cold Bintang. I fix you up and then you get off our beach.

Tone squeezes ointment into the gash.

TONE (CONT'D)

Besides, those waves are a freak of hydrodynamics. Just too far beyond the realm of human comprehension.

TOMMY ANGEL

No, I just got the wrong board. It can't take the speed.

Super Glues the skin together.

TONE

And maybe you also enjoy yourself while falling down a mine-shaft. Me, I can't fully express myself when I'm puckered up with sheer terror.

Wraps it with duct tape.

TONE (CONT'D)

I'd rather sandpaper the asshole of an alligator inside a phone booth than surf that shit.

Tommy stands up.

TOMMY ANGEL

Yeah, well, you have one foot, brah.

He heads back to the water. Tone can't believe it. Follows. Tommy is about to paddle out again, when Tone catches up, firmly grabs his shoulder. Pulls Tommy back around--

--and gestures to a JET-SKI.

EXT. BIG WAVES - DAY

Dali releases into a monster wave. The spectacular athlete is like a prize colt trotting the track. He makes it look effortless as he drops in and gets barreled. Kicks out and settles back onto his board.

Dali climbs on Tiny Brain's jet-ski, as Tone races up on another engine, doing donuts around them, with Tommy on the back, bandage around his head from his horrendous wipeout.

TINY BRAIN

Eh Dali, dat dum haole boy
wants mo! Dis brah malolo.

Everyone is impressed Tommy's back in the line up.

DALI

Bule, what're you doing here?

TOMMY ANGEL

Told you I was going to find it.
So I got myself a job on board a
surf charter.

DALI

No one is that crazy. You're after
my sister.

Tommy shrugs. Acts like he's caught.

TOMMY ANGEL

Your sister is hot. I had to see
her again.

DALI

I suppose you expect me to take you
to her?

Tommy looks at the punishing surf.

TOMMY ANGEL

Not just yet...

EXT. BIG WAVES - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Tommy zips up a FLAK JACKET. Dali sits on a jet-ski ready to tow him out. Wylie hands him the TOW-IN BOARD from Kuta.

WYLIE

Seeing as you followed this all the
way here..., break it, you buy it.

DALI

This isn't one of those Surfer magazine waves. This is heavy.

Tommy nods, born ready. Dali tosses him the tow-rope. He accelerates, and Tommy is up, gliding behind him as a big set rolls in. Dali shakes Tommy off from taking this one--

DALI (CONT'D)

Too big, let this one go--

--but upon looking back, he sees Tommy has already let go of the rope! Tommy drops in. Charges straight down the face, makes the bottom turn, as the mountain crashes down, and barrels him!

Inside the green room, Tommy rides a ferocious foam ball! Flying along with the wave breaking around as we OVER-CRANK TO SLO-MO. Show the sensation of what it's like to be inside the tube of a 40-foot wave. He cannot fight, cannot run, his senses at red alert in an altered, hyper-sensitive state of mind and body. He is being carried along by this blast of super-compressed air. All is silent and smooth--

--until the board drops back down on water. We ZOOM TO FULL SPEED, overcome by the loud roar and heavy chatter of the board, as Tommy comes flying out of the barrel into daylight!

He drifts over the shoulder and looks back to the explosion of white-water! He carves up the face and explodes off the top of the wave and does his trademark inverted 360 rodeo fly-away. Howls at the top of his lungs from the adrenalin rush.

Dali motors up.

DALI (CONT'D)

Still wanna go see my sister?

TOMMY ANGEL

She can wait!

Dali tosses him the tow rope and guns it for the lineup. Tommy howls the surfer's war cry.

EXT. JETSKI, VILLAGE COVE - LATE AFTERNOON

Tommy rides on the back of Dali's jet-ski in a gentle cove leading to a small village.

TOMMY ANGEL

What made you charge out there to save me?

DALI

When we sleep at night, we don't
lie there thinking I shoulda, I
coulda, why didn't I? We do it.
Out here we put ourselves on the
line for people we don't even know,
(turns back and winks)
--or guys we might not even like.

EXT. VILLAGE - SUNSET

Dali beaches his jetski in a Robinson Crusoe paradise. Tiny Brain and Wylie buzz in beside them. The shoreline is marked by simple huts up on stilts. Fisherman tend to the day's catch. There is a small TEMPLE for worship on a rock bluff.

TOMMY ANGEL

This is beautiful. No, I mean it.

WYLIE

Welcome. This is home. Even for
big dumb tiny-brained Mokes!

She swats Tiny Brain's butt, and runs, as he chases her!

Dali leads Tommy past simple open-air cafes run by locals serving sodas, fruit smoothies, and grilled fish. Dali is slapped by a woman for nibbling on pork cooking in a solar oven. INDIGENOUS LOCALS from the rain forest in tribal apparel mix with peace loving MUSLIMS, and EX-PATRIOTS from all over the globe who have made this their home. The villagers are very friendly. Tommy waves back at a child.

TOMMY ANGEL

Everybody seems really cool.

DALI

Currency in Indo is a smile.
All depends on an attitude. If a
newcomer is gentle and sensitive
then he is welcomed.
(a woman is SHOUTING)
Not everybody gets it--

Dali shakes his head at his sister. SINTA is in a heated argument with the REP from an Aid Relief Organization.

SINTA

If he had half a brain and half
a heart, your relief aid chairman
would come to the villages and talk
to the people!

(MORE)

SINTA (CONT'D)

He thinks if he gives A, he will
get B! That's not how it works!

Sinta kicks a huge donation of BABY FORMULA. Tommy watches
her, quite impressed. This is his kind of woman.

SINTA (CONT'D)

This promotes mothers to stop
breast feeding, which deprives
these babies of much-needed
nature's protection for disease!
Plus without running water these
people can't wash. The cans
promote bacteria! Get them out
of here! I can't use 'em!

On Dali, clearly pained by his sister's hot temper.

DALI

Good luck.

Sinta stops upon seeing Tommy. A wonderful, dumbfounded
smile crosses her face.

SINTA

Bule!

Sinta runs up and gives Tommy the most wonderful bear hug
he has ever had--

--The moment is interrupted as a MONKEY drops down from a
tree. Steals his phone. Scares the hell out of Tommy.

TOMMY ANGEL

That monkey stole my phone!

The monkey taunts him. Sinta tries to help.

SINTA

I'm sorry. They're awful,
hateful creatures. They steal
anything that isn't nailed down.
Usually they trade it back for
food. Give me that back, you!
(holds Tommy back)
Careful, they're not nice.

TOMMY ANGEL

Yeah, that part I figured out.
I really need that phone!

Laughing CHILDREN, accustomed to this daily nuisance, hurry
up waving bananas. They try to trade for the phone. Sinta
leads the negotiation, edging closer to the big male.

SINTA

I used to feel bad about
experiments on monkeys... remember
that scene in Temple of Doom when
they eat the monkey brains? Now
we eat monkey brains too.

Sinta finally gets the phone back in exchange for a banana.
Everybody dashes from the evil monkeys, laughing, having fun,
the couple sharing a natural fondness for each other.

EXT. VILLAGE - NIGHT

Tone plays guitar. Villagers get into his groove. Tiny
Brain sneaks up, puts lighter fluid in his mouth, and torches
it off, SPITTING FLAME at Tone. His weaved sun hat catches
fire. Tone screams at the big Moke numbskull!

Laughing at this is Wylie, who shapes surfboards, laying
fiberglass sheet over the shaped blank. The SHAMAN dances in
circles as CHILDREN run around, crawling into the laps of
loving ELDERS. Camera pushes to the end of a--

LONG, SKINNY, RICKETY PIER

where a small table is illuminated by tiki lamps. Tommy &
Sinta enjoy a romantic dinner. Good wine, fresh lobster.
She is stunning in a simple dress.

SINTA

I'm really touched that you came
all this way.

TOMMY ANGEL

Glad I did. I love it here.

SINTA

This has been our home since the
Tsunami devastated Banda Aceh. It
hit here, but not nearly as hard as
further north. Aceh got too crazy
with mobs of NGO's arriving and
screwing up the relief effort.
The money went into the pockets
of corrupt fat-cats, instead of
the people it was promised for.
We can do more for people here.
(she grins)
That, and the surfing's better.

Dali approaches up the long rickety pier. We milk the
protective big brother humor as he snoops on his sister.

DALI

How are you two doing out here
all alone? Need some company?

Tries to pull up a chair, but Sinta firmly gestures he leave.
Instead Dali picks up the near empty wine bottle.

DALI (CONT'D)

Trying to get my sister drunk?

SINTA

Go... GO!

Dali mumbles in frustration and obeys...

EXT. VILLAGE, LONG RICKETY PIER - LATER

Tommy & Sinta stroll back along the pier.

TOMMY ANGEL

Howdaya beat off all the 80 year
old shaman with monkey teeth
necklaces putting moves on you?

SINTA

(grins)

It's not like that. The women in
the Mentawais are treated with
respect. They have spirit, very
cheeky, a glint in their eye,
haven't been kept down like the
Muslim women. Casual sex is a big
no-no. A young man must talk to a
girl's parents, get their blessing.

TOMMY ANGEL

That's cool. Is everybody in the
islands cool?

SINTA

Some people in Mentawai's are
lying, cheating bastards. Crazy,
dangerous, running from the law,
and there's nobody to stop 'em.

In the distance we hear the SHRIEKS of Dali and the others.

EXT. VILLAGE, SKATE PARK - NIGHT

They come upon a SKATE-PARK with RAMPS, RAILS, all sorts of
diabolical stuff, built where the tsunami left only a cement
foundation.

Tone is on his back shooting video as Dali, Tiny Brain, and Wylie fly overhead, destroying themselves. Local kids join in, rail-sliding, bombing-in, getting radical.

SINTA

Dali is such a nut, he's psycho.
Was a holy terror as a kid. God,
I would never even think to do
half the things he pulls. When
the ocean isn't making waves, it's
like (big sad breath)... Dali gets
so depressed, grouchy to the point
of you wanting to slap him...,
except you don't, because he'd
beat the shit out of you.

Dali wipes out hard. Lays stunned.

SINTA (CONT'D)

Dali, take a break.

But Dali gets up, and winks at Tommy, as he climbs back up the ramp to do it again.

DALI

Today Tommy knew if called it
quits, he might hesitate during
his next take-off, and his worst
nightmares would come true.

TONE

I Superglued the brah's head and
he paddled right back out to regain
the natural balance 'n flow. It
was a beautiful thing.

DALI

The knowledge you did not give up
on yourself and take the easy way
out, will carry you the next time
you come up against the bear.

Dali bombs the ramp nicely. Kicks the board to Tommy, who takes it, and climbs up the ramp.

TOMMY ANGEL

Saw this gnarly documentary about
these scientists who went to live
with bears... They got eaten.

Tommy takes the drop, loses it, and LANDS WITH A THUD.
Everybody is laughing. Tommy laughs at himself. Sinta
goes to help him, but Tommy pulls her down on top of him.
Rolling together on the ground, they both feel a VIBRATION
in Tommy's pocket. His phone is RINGING.

INT. THE BIGELOW, LOUNGE - NIGHT

On the Chief talking into his satellite phone.

THE CHIEF

Tommy, I need you back here
straight away.

Rack focus to b.g., where Dingo has the SCOOTER DRIVER tied
down, and is making him talk.

THE CHIEF (CONT'D)

We've IDed our pirates.

EXT. ZODIAC AT SEA - NIGHT

Dali is at the tiller, running two Chrysler outboards, as
Sinta sits up with Tommy, the Bigelow coming into view.

SINTA

She's a beauty. You weren't
kidding. Even got a helicopter?
These rich people have everything.

Tommy regards the HELICOPTER now atop the roof deck pad.
It wasn't there before.

TOMMY ANGEL

Must've flown in new parts for
the engine. I'll probably be up
all night fixing it.

EXT. THE BIGELOW - NIGHT

Tommy steps up out of a Zodiac, looks back at them.

TOMMY ANGEL

Thanks for the ride. Today was
great. Really. I better get
started on those repairs.

Dali pulls Sinta aboard without being invited.

DALI

Let us just take a quick peek?

Tommy grows tense, as Dali steps past, stopping short upon
seeing the Ghurka sitting quietly on the roof.

DALI (CONT'D)

Is that a Ghurka?

TOMMY ANGEL
He's security against pirates.

INT. THE BIGELOW, LOUNGE - NIGHT

Dingo & Aleksandra step out, not too friendly.

DINGO
A little late for visitors, mate?

Tommy notices BLOOD on the floor. He looks up and sees COLONEL BRACKEY appear from below deck. Tommy swallows his surprise, the Colonel's eyes brushing past him, as he steps past to greet the guests.

COLONEL BRACKEY
I'm Simon, owner of the charter.
Welcome aboard.
(beams over Sinta)
My goodness, is the sun coming up,
or is that just this young lady
lighting up my world?

SINTA
I'm Sinta, this is my brother,
Dali.

DALI
Gorgeous boat, sir. Do you mind
if we take a look around?

The Ghurka, who follows behind them, gives a curt head shake.

COLONEL BRACKEY
I'd love to entertain you--
(to Tommy)
--But the clients are sleeping.
Perhaps it's best your new friends
come back tomorrow?

Dali notices the blood.

COLONEL BRACKEY (CONT'D)
Afraid one suffered a nasty gash on
some coral.

EXT. THE BIGELOW - NIGHT

Tommy waves goodbye as they speed off. Hearing a loud BUMP behind him, he turns, seeing the Ghurka drop a bloody corpse onto the deck. Recognition crosses Tommy's face. It is the SCOOTER DRIVER. The Ghurka zips him into a body bag.

TOMMY ANGEL

You killed the scooter driver?

The Chief approaches Tommy with a firm, but consoling tone, aware the others are watching. Hands him the ANNAPOLIS RING.

THE CHIEF

Tommy, you know it doesn't always go down neat 'n easy. We may need to do what we need to do.

EXT. RAIN FOREST - NIGHT

We hustle with the Mercs going stealth through the jungle. These are battle painted storm troopers. Killing machines carrying M-16s and submachine guns. Creatures of the night watch them pass.

Tommy hefts a battle shotgun and his Breacher's gear. The Ghurka carries only his Khukris. Gung-ho Cameron can't wait to "get wet." A bloodlust stirs. The Chief tries to slow down this charge--

THE CHIEF

(harsh whisper)
Slow it down!

--but the Ghurka is out ahead, quickening the pace, used to taking care of business his way. He signals to stop.

The team takes positions. Colonel Brackey crouches down beside Tommy. He is very hands on when it comes to a fire-fight ala Kilgore in Apocalypse Now. Gives Tommy a wink. They look out at--

EXT. SUMATRA PIRATES ENCLAVE - NIGHT

--a village built along a secluded river inlet. Home of hard-core Sumatra PIRATES and their conscripted WHORES. A PIRATE SENTRY patrols by a STEEL CONTAINER set on a dock.

The Ghurka materializes out of the darkness and cleanly kills the sentry with his Khukris.

Tommy moves out into the open. Crosses to the container. He fires up his MINI-TORCH, quickly burns a pathway inside. He shines his Maglight over stolen VALUABLES. A ROSEWOOD BOX is etched with "MSS Largo." Tommy gives the thumbs up.

The Mercs emerge, swift, and deadly. Silenced bursts. Sumatra Pirates drop never knowing what hit them. When a dying scream alerts the others, the fight is on!

Pirates scramble out of huts, firing heavy weapons.

Colonel Brackey leads his Mercs, confident as bullets zip past, standing tall and never getting a scratch on him.

The Ghurka rushes a Pirate, who raises his rifle, cleanly sighting him for the kill, when suddenly the Ghurka crouches down, drives under the pirate's barrel, and strikes upward with his knife, ripping him open in a single blow.

Tommy bravely rolls with his team. He assists Cameron, who is wrestling with a pirate, and brutally drops the assailant with the stock of his shotgun.

Dingo & Aleksandra cover each other's backs, coupled up in an undefined kinky way. They back each other's play, firing off synchronized bursts with a hedonistic swagger, the type of couple who get off together after a car crash.

Cameron takes a slug in the neck. Collapses bloody, gurgling a cry for help. The Chief kneels down, heedless of his own safety, holding the young man's hand as he expires.

INT. SUMATRA PIRATES, MECHANIC'S SHED - NIGHT

Tommy turns into a mechanic's shed full of outboards being serviced. Encounters a PIRATE MECHANIC. Tommy hesitates. Doesn't want to kill. This act of mercy allows the Pirate to swat away Tommy's shotgun, which splashes into the water.

The Pirate Mechanic grabs an OUTBOARD ENGINE lying across a saw horse, yanks the cord, and starts it up! The rotor blade whirls! He brandishes it as a weapon!

Tommy draws his .9mm sidearm, but the Mechanic thrusts the outboard, rotors catching the muzzle, and ripping the gun from Tommy's grip!

Tommy rolls to escape, and comes up holding his BREACHER'S TORCH. He sparks it! The two combatants circle each other inside this shed. Searing white flame versus the outboard's rotor. Fires start breaking out as Tommy sweeps his torch in threatening arcs.

The rotor blades SLICE Tommy's arm. He stumbles backward, pinned against a wall, with the Mechanic advancing for the kill. Tommy desperately raises the torch sideways as a brace against the outboard's blades about to chew up his face!

Colonel Brackey SHOOTS THE MECHANIC, who splashes into the water. The outboard pulls his bloody corpse underneath the dock. The Colonel yanks Tommy to his feet.

COLONEL BRACKEY

If you have to think about pulling the trigger, you probably shouldn't be pulling one. How did you ever win a Silver Star?

Tommy twists away.

TOMMY ANGEL

They give it for valor. Not murder.

EXT. SUMATRA PIRATE ENCLAVE, AFTERMATH - NIGHT

Exhausted Dingo takes a pull off a flask, makes a toast.

DINGO

My blood-sucking hell-queen of an ex-wife thanks each and all of you for her share of my bonus.

Dingo takes another pull, then goes back to interrogating a Wounded Pirate.

DINGO (CONT'D)

I'll make this bastard talk--

On Tommy, as Aleksandra STITCHES HIS ARM WOUND CLOSED. He takes the pain of the needle, exhausted and deeply conflicted over what he has gotten himself into. He tightens as the pirate screams, begging for mercy at the hands of Dingo. Tommy snaps, twists away from Aleksandra.

TOMMY ANGEL

Fucking leave him!

The Ghurka pulls his pistol, and we zoom into his cold eyes, as he EXECUTES the poor bastard off-screen.

DINGO

What you do that for?

THE CHIEF

I said detain him, I didn't say kill him!

The Ghurka calmly looks to Colonel Brackey.

COLONEL BRACKEY

No survivors. Can't have our presence revealed. We are still a surf charter.

TOMMY ANGEL

This is fucking insane! You
killed everybody!

THE CHIEF

Shut up, Tommy! Let me handle
this.

TOMMY ANGEL

Then handle it! What're we doing?
Maybe these pirates got what they
deserved, but no way were they the
Bush Administration!

ALEKSANDRA

The hell they aren't.

TOMMY ANGEL

That crew never harmed anybody in
over a dozen raids. The Largo
wasn't even the same shipping line.
None of it matches. You see a
fast-boat around here with five
Chrysler 225's?

DINGO

Screw you. We're done. Time to
split up our bonus and go home.

The bubble is burst as Colonel Brackey speaks up.

COLONEL BRACKEY

Of course these are the wrong
pirates. Copy Cats who tried to
fool us by leaving a rubber mask.
A satellite photo shows they
brought up two fast boats. Laid a
cable across the shipping channel,
and when the Largo's bow steamed
into it, both craft were pulled
silently alongside. An old pirate
trick, but unfortunately not one
used by the Bush Administration.

Tempers flare. The Chief steps toward the Colonel--

THE CHIEF

You sonofabitch!

The Ghurka steps between them, hand upon his blade.

THE CHIEF (CONT'D)

I'll break that blade off in your
ass, little man.

COLONEL BRACKEY

This was team building. A warm-up to test the cohesion of the team under fire. These were no innocents. Justice was served.

THE CHIEF

We lost a good man tonight!

COLONEL BRACKEY

Cameron knew the deal. So do you. Now move these men out!

EXT. VILLAGE COVE - DAWN

As the sun rises, a powerful SWIMMER reaches a buoy in the cove. We do not see his face. Taking a big breath, the swimmer dives down--

UNDERWATER

--following a rope line... down to the ocean floor... where a BUDDHA STATUE is set amongst the rocks, sand, and vegetation. The swimmer lifts a lava rock onto his lap, sits cross-legged on the ocean floor, and meditates with Buddha. Holds his breath... conserves his oxygen...

We reveal his face. This is BODHI. Weathered by time, but still incredibly fit and handsome. We are amazed at how long he can hold his breath...

EXT. EXOTIC MENTAWAI BREAK - DAWN

The majestic sunrise helps to soothe the souls of Tommy & the Chief who have gone off alone to surf. Tommy wears a waterproof BANDAGE over his arm wound. Both men have fresh BRUISES as they ride the waves. There is little joy today. Even perfect swells cannot quite restore their spirit.

As they step out of the water onto the beach--

THE CHIEF

Oh come on, Tommy?

TOMMY ANGEL

What?

THE CHIEF

Don't tell me what? I know you. I realize last night was bad. But who else was gonna stop those guys? Keep your mind on the job.

TOMMY ANGEL

For all my problems with the Navy,
at least there was a code, there
was honor. Last night when the
Ghurka shot that prisoner? Where's
the honor in that?

THE CHIEF

Son, you be mighty careful about
taking an attitude out here in
the middle of fucking nowhere with
these people. Bank the money and
build yourself a life. I'm doing
this until I can fund a little
beach house, then I'm out. Time
you start thinking about a home.

A ROAR distracts them. Zooming into the cove comes a Zodiac.
It's DALI, TINY BRAIN, & WYLIE. They bounce the craft up on
the sand, and hop out, throwing menacing looks, scanning the
beach as if to verify they are alone.

TOMMY ANGEL

What's wrong?

Wylie draws a .9mm. Tommy stands dumbfounded as she fires!
A green SNAKE takes the bullet.

WYLIE

Don't you know this break is called
Ular Laut Ijo? (she translates)
Green Snake Beach?

DALI

Never want to surf here. Sangat
Berbahaya. Fucking dangerous.
Lucky we saw you.
(regards Tommy's bandage)
What happened?

TOMMY ANGEL

Bumped into a sharp edge last night
fixing the turbine.

DALI

Let's get the hell outta here--

EXT. VILLAGE COVE/BEACH - DAY

We move with Tiny Brain zooming full-tilt on a jet-ski!
He guns it headlong into a net, that yanks the ski out from
under him, and launches the big Moke tumbling ass over heels
toward a series of floating buoys! Big ugly splash.

Tone chalks a score on the back of his beach guitar, and lifts it overhead for everybody to see.

TONE

I score that an 8.2 for style
and distance.

Dali whooshes past Tone on a skim-board and eats it in the wet sand. Everybody is back at the village, having fun on the beach, cheering goofy wipeouts. Wylie is trying to stand up on a boogie board in the beach break and ride the leash!

Sinta looks fabulous in a bikini standing on a paddle-board, using an oar to catch a small wave. She raises an eyebrow at Tommy checking out her ass, as he bobs along on ridiculous blow-up banana. She playfully waves her finger at this naughty boy, before shrieking, as Dali tips her over!

The Chief has happily settled right in, sipping a beer, as he lays flat under an umbrella, enjoying a massage from THREE INDIGENOUS VILLAGE LADIES. He is purring in a boozy bliss, when Tommy approaches with a wolf's grin.

TOMMY ANGEL

Can hear you moaning all the way
over there.

THE CHIEF

Oooh yes, Tommy, I need a favor,
Arrugh, right there - right there.
Tommy, grab me two Bintangs from
that cooler? Really dig your hand
down into that ice and find me a
couple cold ones.
(as Tommy goes)
Angel, gimme two!

Tommy kneels at the cooler, fishing for the beers, when he senses something, and looks up. The glare obscures a MAN on the deck of a hut on stilts looking back at him. Tommy rises up, curious... the man drifts back inside his hut.

INT. BODHI'S HUT - DAY

Over BODHI's shoulder in the dark of his hut, watching Tommy deliver the beers to the other stranger on the beach.

EXT. VILLAGE COVE/BEACH - DAY

Dali & Wylie drag HUGE SEALED BOXS onto the sand. Cut them open and pull out loads of brand new KITE BOARDING GEAR.

DALI

Bought all this gear in Kuta.
About time we check it out. Ever
kite-boarded?

TOMMY ANGEL

Not really. You?

None of them have really tried it before.

DALI

How hard can it be?

KITE SURFING MONTAGE:

Cut to a SERIES OF MISERABLE WIPE-OUTS in the cove. Dali on his back being dragged through the water by a kite. Wylie crossing lines with Tiny Brain and both eating it.

Tommy joins in with this bunch of cool, great athletes trying to figure it out, playing around with the kites. Tommy holds Sinta as they dump together in the small surf.

Soon everybody is jumping little waves. Sweeping in circles, graduating to tight twirls, sending up spray. Zooming at surprising speed, catching air. Trying to stay in control.

Sinta watches from the beach. She brightens as Tommy whips into the shallows, then screams as he splashes her!

Dali finds a way to make things competitive. He jumps a few buoys. Gives Tommy that look.

Tommy takes to the challenge. He jumps a little farther. Now it's on.

Dali refuses to be outdone. He races at the RICKETY PIER, too fast, committing himself, finally catches air, and barely clears it, his board knocking out a length of the railing.

Sinta stands, worried.

Tommy takes a run. He picks up speed, coming straight at the rickety pier, muscles the cables, and catches big air only to be FREAKISHLY CAUGHT IN A VIOLENT UPDRAFT as Tommy is taken high above the beach, way high, yanked up into some gnarly low-hanging dark clouds!

Everybody points, hurrying after Tommy being carried away! The Chief rises up from the massage table.

THE CHIEF

Tommy! Whoa! Jesus! Tommy!

Tommy's POV looking down past his legs. The kite board falls away, as Tommy rises higher and higher!

SINTA

Jump! Jump!
(changing her mind)
DON'T jump! DON'T jump!

Suddenly wind dies, the bottom drops out, and TOMMY PLUMMETS!

On Sinta running as Tommy falls out-of-sight over a dune.

Tommy's POV of THE GROUND RUSHING UP AT HIM as he hits!

BLACKNESS. Unconsciousness. After a beat, dim voices are heard, growing louder, as a crowd gathers around him.

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

I think he's really hurt.
That updraft took him way up.

Tommy opens his eyes. Sees BODHI kneeling over him, expertly checking his limbs, ribs, and spine for injuries.

BODHI

Don't move, brah, just lay still
a bit while I check you out. Do
you feel my hands? That hurt?

TOMMY ANGEL

Everything hurts.

A corner of Tommy's bandage has been torn up. Bodhi inspects the FRESH STITCHES, but Tommy rises up on his elbows.

TOMMY

I'm okay... sort of... let's see
Dali top that bomb run.

The Chief, Dali, Tiny Brain, Wylie, & Tone all start laughing, as Tommy is helped to his feet by Sinta & Bodhi.

SINTA

If you could have seen how far you
fell! I thought you were dead!

The Chief takes a good look at Bodhi, who suddenly grows apprehensive. Sinta comforts Bodhi.

SINTA (CONT'D)

Oh stop it, they're friends.
Tommy, I want to introduce my
father.

Bodhi eases into a grin.

BODHI

You are one radical sonofabitch.

INT/EXT. BAJA BUGGY, DIRT ROADS - DAY

Engine noise! Bodhi drives a four-seater BAJA BUGGY at frightening speed along a dirt road through the rain forest. The modified suspension eats up the deep ruts. White-knuckling it is Tommy, who glances back at Sinta & Tone in the rear, his eyes begging for a rescue.

A WIDE RIVER appears before them. And Bodhi isn't slowing. He floors it! Tommy tries to stay calm as Bodhi guns for the water, and drives onto a FLOATING PLATFORM, then slams on the brakes, so the inertia carries them across the river...

TOMMY ANGEL

... A lazy drive through the country is just what I needed.

Bodhi grins. This adrenaline cowboy still has it. As they float across the river, Bodhi winks at Tommy.

BODHI

You worry well.

(Tommy doesn't get it)

We say the villagers here are worried well. They're the most un-neurotic people I've ever met. Beautiful people. Laughing at their misfortunes. There's lots of suffering, but little worrying. These are the unworried sick.

EXT. RAIN FOREST VILLAGE, HUT - DAY

In a remote tribal village, Bodhi drops RUSTY NAILS into a glass of water, adds a slice of lemon. Tommy stands at the door with Sinta & Tone, watching as Bodhi gives the glass to a PREGNANT INDIGENOUS MOTHER to drink.

SINTA

It's a simple cure for anemia. The lemon strips the ferric oxide off the rusty nails, provides iron for the mothers.

TONE

He's a great-great man. Bodhi won't be satisfied until we

(MORE)

TONE (CONT'D)
get a 75% percent reduction in
infant mortality.

SINTA
It's about creating behavior
change. Babies are dying because
mothers cut their cords with dirty
knives... contracting tetanus.

Bodhi gets up, leads Tommy walking outside--

BODHI
Sinta mentioned you learned some
engineering skills in the Navy.

Accidentally touches Tommy's bandage, which causes him pain.

BODHI (CONT'D)
Sorry. That looked pretty deep.

TOMMY ANGEL
Sliced it open on a fin.

BODHI
Keep an eye on it, infections
spread like crazy out here.

Bodhi gestures to an old broken ELECTRICAL GENERATOR.

BODHI (CONT'D)
Think you can save it?

EXT. RAIN FOREST VILLAGE, GENERATOR - LATER

Tommy is in a sweat fixing it, as Tone talks his ear off.

TONE
Bodhi does it by 'ground truthing.'
Talking to the people. Start with
what they know. He's sensitive.
He teaches us to be exhilarated
where we're wrong. Fantastic, he
says, teach me something. Do you
see the power of this? Tommy, it's
huge. Bodhi is melding cultures.
Brah, these are people who believe
everything has a soul; the trees,
rocks, concrete, whatever... They
believe sickness comes from not
taking care of the soul.

The generator comes to life, powering up a REFRIGERATOR.
Bodhi hears it, approaches with a big smile.

BODHI

Nice job. Knew you'd work faster
if I left Tone looming over you,
yammering on 'n on like he does.

EXT. RAIN FOREST VILLAGE, BAJA BUGGY - DAY

Tommy helps Sinta pull BAGS OF RICE from the buggy, and hand them to Bodhi, who is giving them to the indigenous people.

TOMMY ANGEL

How do you afford to do all this
charity work?

SINTA

My father's got money.

A VILLAGE CHIEF stomps up to Bodhi. Pushes the villagers away. Shouts in Indonesian. He is furious about the food. Tries to cajole Bodhi into a fight. Tommy steps forward to help Bodhi, who curtly gestures him to stay back.

TOMMY ANGEL

What's going on?

SINTA

The village chief insists the food
should go to him. Says he will
disperse it. That's because he's a
corrupt bastard and wants to sell
it to the highest bidder.

Bodhi speaks calmly but firmly to the enraged Village Chief, who shouts, very near violence. But Bodhi resists a fight. Walks away. Bodhi waves everybody into the Buggy.

BODHI

Time to go.

He hops behind the wheel, and drives away.

INT/EXT. BAJA BUGGY, DIRT ROADS - DAY

Driving back, Tommy looks to Bodhi curiously.

TOMMY ANGEL

Why did you back down?

BODHI

Anger is sign of weakness in Indo.
He blew it. He lost power. And I
didn't want to shame him.

TOMMY ANGEL

Sooner or later certain most fights
are inevitable.

BODHI

I hope not. I hate violence. One
must learn to pause when agitated.
(he shrugs)
This was not a lesson that came
easily to me.

Bodhi sees something ahead. He brakes, pops his seat-belt,
and stands, looking at the distant sky. SMOKE is rising.

EXT. SUMATRA PIRATE ENCLAVE - DAY

The BODIES ARE BEING BURNED in a funeral pyre. The village
is in ruins, devastated. WOMAN & CHILDREN are crying.
Bodhi, Sinta, & Tone step from the Buggy in quiet horror as
another DEAD PIRATE is dragged out of the water and thrown
onto the pile. It's the Mechanic who Tommy fought with.

We push on Tommy, who tries to play this the best he can,
hoping his shame doesn't betray him. DALI hurries over.

DALI

Soldiers swept through just
before dawn. Massacred everybody.
All except him--

He points to a PIRATE sitting not far from Tommy, talking in
Indonesian to local people.

DALI (CONT'D)

Said he hid himself under a canoe.

BODHI

What soldiers?

DALI

Says they bore no emblems. They
were multi-national. Most were
Caucasian. Had to be mercenaries.

Tommy fights growing anxiety, but the Pirate doesn't seem to
recognize him yet.

TOMMY ANGEL

Did you know these villagers?

Bodhi looks into Tommy's eyes, who appears uncomfortable, and
doesn't meet his gaze. Bodhi regards the bandage on Tommy's
arm, then looks to Dali, who is thinking the same thing.

DALI

How's that arm, Tommy? Need to be more careful around those engines.

On Bodhi, whom Tommy told a different lie.

DALI (CONT'D)

They give a purple heart to go with that Silver Star you won in the Gulf? You being the soldier's soldier and all?

SINTA

(to Dali)

What are you doing?

DALI

I googled our new best friend.

BODHI

There's nothing wrong with serving your country with honor.

DALI

Just seems funny a decorated hero fixing engines on a surf charter I never heard of, full of rich guys who can't surf.

SINTA

Stop it, Dali!

TOMMY ANGEL

I didn't kill any fishermen. You think I'm a murderer?

DALI

These weren't fisherman, Tommy. They were pirates. You come looking for pirates?

Bodhi shuts up his son with a stern look.

BODHI

Only need be worried around Tommy if you're a judge at a surf meet.

TOMMY ANGEL

You saw that?

BODHI

Contests aren't what surfing is supposed to be about, but it's a guilty pleasure....

(MORE)

BODHI (CONT'D)

(a beat)

Nothing we can do here. Let these people grieve. I need to get in the water.

EXT. ZODIAC AT SEA - DAY

The ZODIAC bounces hard across the water, loaded with SURFBOARDS, circling around a point. Tommy sits beside Bodhi, when Dali rises up, horrified by what he sees!

DALI

Aw FUCK... tell me this isn't happening. It's fucking gone!

Bodhi holds back his son, both full of anger. Tommy sees a SAND-SPRAYING SHIP busy sucking up the reef.

BODHI

One pulls out with her belly full, and another pulls right in.

DALI

This is a fantastic surf break. Three lines of perfect barrels. Now it's wasteland.

BODHI

These sand-suckers sell to cement factories in China and for island building in Dubai. Corrupt officials pocket the money at the expense of their countrymen who get nothing for the rape of their natural resources. It's the same with the hardwoods. And with the fish they reef-bomb to fill the world's aquariums.

They come up closer, circling the Sand-Spraying Ship, the crew warning them off. SECURITY appear with rifles.

DALI

We should be doing something about this. Sink that fucker!

BODHI

You don't want to bring the war home with you. Get family and innocents killed? A surfer never paddles into the impact zone.

DALI

Life isn't always a neat haiku!

BODHI

This may be a world of instant gratification, but surfers wait. We go the long way around.

Father and son glare at each other. Tommy senses this argument is a festering sore spot between them.

TOMMY ANGEL

You didn't bring me here to surf, you wanted me to see this. What's going on?

BODHI

The reef is Mother Ocean where all life originated. The life blood of the planet.

Tommy has no reply. He is reading the name of the shipping line on the sand ship. *Terrence Woo Shipping, Ltd.* The tycoon Tommy is working for. It's like he's seen a ghost.

BODHI (CONT'D)

You're a surfer, Tommy. Don't tell us you don't give a shit.

EXT. VILLAGE COVE, SHAMAN CEREMONY - NIGHT

Indigenous music plays. Drums beat. The fire burns. The Shaman dances in full ceremonial garb. The VILLAGERS watch as he spins, twirls, his movements becoming more frenetic. Tone, Wylie, Tiny Brain, Sinta, & Dali pass the MUSHROOMS.

TOMMY ANGEL

Shrooms?

THE SHAMAN

To unlock the past to make room for the future.

DALI

We may die young, but it's like kissing God.

SINTA

This is how we welcome people. Cleanse their spirit.

Looking into her eyes, Tommy bravely eats his dose. They taste awful. He wants to puke, but keeps it down. Everybody cheers Tommy on. The Shaman dances, performing his drug induced whirling-dervish dance, until finally passing out..., then suddenly rises up with visions!

EXT. RAIN FOREST, TREELINE - NIGHT

The GHURKA crouches in the jungle brush. Unseen. Watching.

EXT. VILLAGE COVE, SHAMAN CEREMONY - LATER

THE CHIEF wanders over, sobered up, but hung-over. He finds Tommy. Waves him out of the circle.

THE CHIEF

Tommy... c'mere a sec.

Tommy gets up, his coordination going fast, and wearing a big dopey smile, as he comes onto the shrooms.

THE CHIEF (CONT'D)

You didn't eat those shrooms?

Tommy burps, then laughs.

TOMMY ANGEL

Your head is *really* big. But I love you, Chief. You 'n me, surfers joined by one ocean.

THE CHIEF

Goddammit, Tommy. Stop touching me. Listen up. I'm pretty sure I recognize this cat Bodhi. Twenty years ago, back in Malibu, these surfers were robbing banks to support their endless summer or some shit. They called themselves the Ex-Presidents. They used rubber masks. What if these are our guys? Tommy, you know what's gonna happen if Colonel Brackey sweeps through here with his guns.

TOMMY ANGEL

The Colonel is not in fit spiritual condition.

Tommy giggles, coming onto the shrooms, fast becoming useless.

THE CHIEF

Jesus, Tommmy? You're all fucked up on that shit. I can fix things with Brackey. Smooth all this out. But we gotta go back. They'll be looking for us.

Sinta interrupts, cozies up with her boyfriend.

SINTA
Isn't he beautiful?

Sinta pulls them into a loving three-way embrace, The Chief not feeling so lovey-dovey, and trying to push them away.

EXT. RAIN FOREST, TREELINE - NIGHT

The Ghurka sees the Chief slip away into the shadows. He lets him go. Remains where he is, watching Tommy.

EXT. VILLAGE COVE, SHAMAN CEREMONY - NIGHT

Sinta stays close as Tommy embarks on a spiritual journey. We find him with Tiny Brain, Tone, and Dali, on his back like a turtle, and hilariously LAUGHING for no apparent reason.

On Tommy & Sinta, silently hunched over a BEETLE crawling in the dirt, intently staring, this insect the most fascinating thing they've ever seen.

With wild abandon Tommy DANCES with the Shaman!

Tommy's head on Sinta lap, examining the GEM on a chain hanging from her neck, against the fire's flames.

TOMMY ANGEL
Wow... this is so... purple.

On Tommy CRYING, deep and sorrowful.

On Tommy, sitting quietly, looking at the others. While in the hallucinogenic state, Tommy visualizes THE CREW WEARING THEIR BUSH ADMINISTRATION RUBBER MASKS. He looks at Bodhi, President Bush suddenly morphing into a RONALD REAGAN MASK. Sinta pulls Tommy close, shines her lovely smile.

SINTA
Everything's alright, Tommy.
You're with me.

Sinta looks after Tommy as he starts coming down from the drug. Caring for him. They retire to Sinta's hut--

INT. SINTA'S HUT - NIGHT

--where they begin to make love. Slow, gentle, and profound. A new life is beginning for Tommy. Sinta lowers a curtain.

EXT. VILLAGE COVE, SHAMAN CEREMONY - NIGHT

Bodhi watches Sinta's curtain go down. We push into his eyes-

EXT. OFFSHORE OCEAN WAVE - DAY

The jet ski tows a SURFER along a gentle blue descent. We follow the surfer, dropping the rope. His descent grows steep, the camera begins to pull out. We see this wave is big. We keep pulling. The surfer is now a spec on the lip of the largest, thickest, heaviest wave of his life. It is over 70 feet tall. And now it is chasing the surfer, who charges straight down the steep vertical drop. As he reaches the bottom, the wave starts to break, shattering the silence. He is tubed.

Inside the green-room, on the surfer's face. This time it is **TOMMY ANGEL**. The dream has changed. Tommy is after us. He reaches behind his back, digs into the Velcro pouch, and returns clutching the .9mm! Tommy opens fire! Tommy is hell-bent to get off every last shot of his clip before the barrel crashes down, obliterating him!

EXT. VILLAGE COVE, SHAMAN CEREMONY - NIGHT

Pull from Bodhi's eyes. Déjà vu with a twist. Bodhi looks very sad. Dali joins him, agitated, staring off at the hut.

DALI

He's in there with her. He's a mercenary. We gotta do something.

BODHI

I know exactly how to handle this guy.

EXT. RAIN FOREST, TREELINE - NIGHT

The Ghurka remains hidden, watching Bodhi & Dali speak.

EXT. VILLAGE COVE - SUNRISE

Dawn rises over the cove.

INT. SINTA'S HUT - SUNRISE

Tommy wakes up in Sinta's arms. She smells wonderful. The morning light is romantic. What could be better than this?

But something heavy is on Tommy's mind. He rises up. Leaves her sleeping. Crosses to a MAC LAPTOP on a simple desk. Sits down. Finds it is connected to the internet. With a glance to confirm she is still sleeping--

--he starts Safari. Clicks Private Browsing. Googles "Ex-Presidents" Finds FBI MOST WANTED INFO ON BODHI.

"Led a crew on a series of armed bank robberies throughout Los Angeles from '88 - '91. Wanted for murder. Presumed drowned at Bells Beach."

Info and photo on JOHNNY UTAH, FBI agent, retired.

Sinta stirs. Tommy immediately exits Safari. He is spooked. She smiles warmly, then notices something is wrong.

SINTA

Checking e-mail? Everything okay?

There is a knock. BODHI surprises them. He walks in, very much a father, waiting for an explanation. Tommy puts on his trunks, returns to Sinta, who sits up, holding the sheets against her, taking Tommy's hand in hers.

TOMMY ANGEL

(looks at Sinta)

I forgot--

(turns to Bodhi)

--to ask your permission.

Bodhi pauses to gather himself, starts speaking slowly...

BODHI

When I came to Sumatra, Dali was a little boy. We met bodysurfing. It was love at first sight, this physical, spiritual connection. And we were just partners. I'd let him hold my neck as we took the waves. Then Dali dragged me home to meet his mom. And there was this beautiful woman, who would become my wife, and together we had Sinta. She's my blood, Tommy. And with her mother gone, Sinta's become a mother to all of us. To people all across these islands.

TOMMY ANGEL

I love her, sir.

(looks at Sinta)

I do.

She wraps her arms around him. Bodhi sees this, not doubting their feelings as genuine.

BODHI
Then we must celebrate.

Bodhi tosses Tommy his shirt. Walking in behind him come Dali, Tone, Wylie, & Tiny Brain.

BODHI (CONT'D)
Get dressed. Taking you away
on an amazing adventure. You're
really gonna love it.

SINTA
(sweetly apologetic)
He does this.

TOMMY ANGEL
I have to get back.

TINY BRAIN
Forget da job, braddah.

DALI
You're one of us now.

EXT. VILLAGE COVE, SINTA'S HUT - SUNRISE

They hustle Tommy outside where he sees a SEA PLANE floating by the dock. He hesitates, leery he's being set up.

BODHI
Surrender to it, Tommy. Does
it look like we're gonna take
no for an answer?

They all look so happy and excited. Tone fits a SNOW PARKA on Tommy, and hurries him along.

TONE
Gonna be cold, brah.

EXT. K2 MOUNTAIN RIDGE - DAY

Transition shot sweeping across the majestic glory of the snow-covered Himalayas.

Bodhi scales a mountain wearing quasi-Monk garb and worn satchel. We reveal the crew climbing behind him, carrying SNOWBOARDS on their backs.

They climb a summit using mountaineering gear. Much of the same gear used to scale up the side of a container ship.

Clearing a ledge, Bodhi helps Tommy up, who is struggling at this altitude. They stop to rest, sharing hits off an OXYGEN TANK.

BODHI

Big wave riders like us do little more than march to chemically dispatched orders from our DNA. It's the D4DR gene, located on chromosome eleven, we're programmed to release a pleasure producing brain-chemical called dopamine after every dangerous experience.

TOMMY ANGEL

Screwed from birth.

Bodhi matches Tommy's smile.

BODHI

Want the ultimate thrill, gotta be willing to pay the ultimate price.

They tap knuckles, Tommy relaxing, one with the group.

EXT. K2 MOUNTAIN TOP - DAY

Bodhi steps into a SNOWBOARD. He looks down. The drop is simply insane. Bodhi squints back at the others.

BODHI

Thou shall take the drop with commitment.

He fits a WATER SNORKEL to his lips--

--and DROPS OFF A VERTICAL CLIFF! Gets nearly buried in powder. Pull way back and see Bodhi as a speck on a HUGE vertical cliff face, carving! The powder flies up so thick he needs his snorkel to breathe!

Wylie and Tiny Brain approach the edge.

TINY BRAIN

If you be immune to dis shit, you gotta see da doctor!

WYLIE

Outta my way, Moke!

Together they take the drop!

Dali remains on the precipice with Tommy. These two were born to challenge each other.

DALI

Do I gotta push you, Bule?

TOMMY ANGEL

What the hell, it's always the little chicken-shit deal that's gonna get you.

Tommy fits his snorkel and drops in! Dali follows! Carves down the vertical face! They race each other down!

On their faces, determined to outrun each other, the snow flying up so thick we barely see them, mostly their snorkels, as these competitors make fresh tracks!

We capture GORGEOUS FOOTAGE OF THE SNOW-BOARDERS descending through pristine and treacherous territory. The feeling is exhilarating. They charge through virgin deep powder. Laughing, shouting, dueling each other all the way down!

EXT. K2 BASE CAMP, LAKE - DAY

The SEA PLANE waits by a dock on a glassy lake mirroring the snow-peaked mountains. The crew stands around a fire, as Bodhi pours brandy shots into cups nailed to a LONG CEREMONIAL BOARD. He makes a toast.

BODHI

Believe those who are seeking the truth. Doubt those who find it.

Together they tilt the board and drink as one!

TINY BRAIN

Is anyone dead yet?

TONE

Just your tiny brain. Check out my footage, whoa, no grabbing!

Tone guards his CAMCORDER, as he plays them back footage he shot today of the snow-boarders. Everybody pushes together to see it. Tommy uses this moment to take Bodhi aside.

TOMMY ANGEL

Can I talk to you? Today helped me process through some stuff I've been holding onto..., like the Ex-Presidents. You're wanted for murder. Drowned at Bells.

Dali walks up, listening as Tommy quietly confronts his father. Bodhi looks at his son, not afraid to tell it.

BODHI

...Things went real bad. People
trusted me and they died.

EXT. BELL'S BEACH - DAY

Footage from original film.

1991, Bells Beach. The 50-year storm. YOUNGER BODHI, handcuffed, pleads with JOHNNY UTAH to allow him an honorable alternative -- to commit suicide by big wave.

YOUNGER BODHI

Okay, man... okay. I'm screwed.
I'll go jail. I'll pay. But
look at it, Johnny! Look at it!
This is a once in a lifetime
opportunity. Just let me go out
there. Let me get one wave before
you take me. One wave! Where am I
gonna go, man? Cliffs on both
sides. I'm not gonna paddle to New
Zealand. My whole life has been
about this moment, Johnny. C'mon,
compadre. C'mon... C'MON!

Slowly, Johnny Utah gets it... he un-cuffs Bodhi.

JOHNNY UTAH

Vayos con dias.

Bodhi acknowledges this act of friendship. Then grabs his board and runs into the surf as POLICE swarm the beach.

AUSSIE POLICE

What the fuck, Utah? You let
him go?

Johnny Utah walks away.

JOHNNY UTAH

(over his shoulder)
No, I didn't...

EXT. K2 BASE CAMP, LAKE - DAY

On Dali, this is nothing he didn't already know. But Tommy's knowledge of this sends chills up his spine.

DALI

You think you're gonna expose my
father to bounty hunters?

Dali lunges at Tommy. Bodhi cuts him off, and braces himself
between them, but Dali is strong, and he wants blood!

BODHI

Dali, easy. Back off! Get your
ass on that plane!

The others hurry over, helping to pull Dali away, get him
stepping toward the plane.

BODHI (CONT'D)

Pack it up! We're going.

TOMMY ANGEL

The Straits of Malacca?

BODHI

Brah, either get on the plane or
see how much you enjoy the night
out here in the fucking cold.

INT. SEA PLANE, FLYING OVER OCEAN - DAY

Wylie pilots as the crew sits in uncomfortable silence.

WYLIE

We've got some weather. A storm's
coming in. A big one.

TINY BRAIN

Big swells. It's gonna be firing!

This makes Tommy think to ask. He turns to Bodhi.

TOMMY ANGEL

How did you survive Bells?

Slowly moving on Bodhi as he tells it.

BODHI

The wave hit me and took me down
deep, too deep to see. I kept
thinking I gotta get further down.
Energy dissipates down deeper.
Don't let panic motivate me to try
and surface. It's emotional
persons who get themselves killed.
Be calculated. Think. Take my
time.

(MORE)

BODHI (CONT'D)

I know I can go three minutes
without taking a breath. Relax.
Slow my heart rate. Find the Zen
state. Struggling is energy.
Energy is oxygen. So I let go and
let God. And where he led me..., I
survived for hours in pitch
blackness.

Tommy is profoundly drawn to Bodhi's miracle.

BODHI (CONT'D)

In big waves, bubbles get pushed
down into lava tubes and sea caves.
I had submitted myself for ultimate
judgment. But there inside that
air pocket, I knew God spared me--

TOMMY ANGEL

--for a purpose yet to be revealed.

They look into each other's eyes with new understanding.

BODHI

It was transformation.

TOMMY ANGEL

Or just luck.

BODHI

No such thing, Tommy. The Universe
has a plan for us. Accept it. Let
it soften the hard corners of your
life. Dedicate yourself to being
of service to others.

TOMMY ANGEL

Piracy on the high seas?

DALI

Pay to play tax.

TOMMY ANGEL

You're still a criminal.

BODHI

That shipping company rapes the
Indonesian people and gives nothing
back. So we give it back.

DALI

Better than being a goddamn
mercenary. Who's the criminal?

The Sea Plane begins to descend over Sumatra.

BODHI

Time for you to make a choice.

EXT. SUMATRA DOCK, THE BOATHOUSE - DAY

The landing skis hit the water. The Sea Plane pulls up to a DOCK along an poorly developed waterfront used mostly by fisherman. Everybody gets out. They approach what appears to be an abandoned BOATHOUSE. But upon closer inspection it is heavily fortified, no windows, and very secure. They unlock large bay doors and swing them open.

INT. THE BOATHOUSE - DAY

They approach a davit. Pull back tarps and reveal the armored FAST BOAT with five Chrysler 225 outboards. Serious muscle. Not pretty. But plenty nasty.

BODHI

The Chinese call these Dai Fei, big fly boats. Smugglers run these out of Hong Kong past patrol boats for the 45 minute burn to China.

TINY BRAIN

Dis rocket's bettah than sex!

WYLIE

That's because maybe you don't do it right.

Tone tosses Tommy a RUBBER MASK. Karl Rove.

STONE

White House Deputy Chief of Staff, the Minister of Un-Truth. We also have Scooter Libby?

BODHI

Making a mistake's only an error in judgment, but adhering to it once it's discovered shows lack of character. So you coming or not?

This is Tommy's moment of truth to decide.

Suddenly he notices a PATCH OF GLARE wavering upon the concrete. Tommy sees a REFLECTION IN THE WATER--

--revealing the GHURKA hiding above them in the rafters! The glint coming off his Khukris blade.

Tommy doesn't make any sudden moves. His eyes wash over the ASSAULT RIFLES & SHOTGUNS stashed in the Fast Boat.

Bodhi senses something is terribly wrong.

At the last second, Tommy shoves Bodhi into the boat. His sudden move--

--provokes DINGO, straddled over a rafter beam, who fires a burst of gunfire--

--which STITCHES WYLIE ACROSS THE CHEST! The young woman collapses bloody.

Tiny Brain screams!

The Ghurka drops to the floor.

The Mercs pop out of hiding! DINGO, ALEKSANDRA, AND THE CHIEF - who is screaming at them to stop firing!

THE CHIEF
Cease fire! Stop! Stop shooting!

The surfers scramble. Dali grabs Tiny Brain, forcing him along, as they all dive into the armored Dai Fei for cover. Bodhi, Dali, Tone, and Tiny Brain quickly rise up holding weapons. Take positions at the rail and RETURN FIRE!

Tommy throws himself flat to the floor.

The Chief exposes himself, waving his arms.

THE CHIEF (CONT'D)
Everybody fucking cease fire!
This wasn't the deal!

Tommy sees that the Chief is going to get himself killed, and bravely rises up, waving his hands, helping his stop this madness. The gunfire stops. But it's crazy. Everybody is yelling. Making threats! Tommy is screaming at the Chief!

TOMMY ANGEL
What the fuck have you done?

THE CHIEF
Goddammit, who started shooting?
I had this worked out with Brackey!

Tiny Brain runs to Wylie side, BLOOD pooling around her.

TINY BRAIN
Baby, I'm pressing on it, somebody
help, can't stop this bleeding!

Bodhi hurries over, seeing it's hopeless.

TOMMY ANGEL

We're going to get her to a doctor!

BODHI

Tell me where, Tommy? No hospitals here. We have to fly her all the way across to Padang!

DINGO

Nobody's flying nowhere!

Tommy spins to confront the Aussie, when Bodhi grabs him, gesturing at Wylie, who has expired. The big Moke is reduced to tears. Bodhi looks back at Dali & Tone, who are covering them with assault rifles, and sadly shakes his head.

A beat to let the emotions play--

--when a ROAR is heard outside the boathouse doors, as COLONEL BRACKEY drives up in the BAJA BUGGY. The Mercs have commandeered Bodhi's souped-up four-seater from the village.

Brackey pulls SINTA from the buggy. She is gagged, her wrists bound, thrashing to get free.

Tommy runs for her, but Dingo raises his sub-machine gun, jabbing the muzzle painfully into his chest.

TOMMY ANGEL

Let her go!

The Colonel calmly points at Bodhi.

COLONEL BRACKEY

You, Bodhi. Here's how it works. Come quietly. The others go free. Your village remains untouched.

The Chief tries to explain himself to Tommy.

THE CHIEF

This is the deal I got Brackey to agree to. It's the only way.

TOMMY ANGEL

You sold 'em out!

THE CHIEF

Bodhi is a wanted fugitive for the murder of an off-duty cop he shot in a bank. Wrap your head around it. He's going down.

COLONEL BRACKEY

You're the prize, sir. A big star.
Our employer, Mr. Terence Woo, is
at this very moment flaunting the
apprehension of the famous Malibu
killer to the world media.

THE CHIEF

Where's Bodhi gonna run?

Sinta is thrashing!

SINTA

Don't you do this for me! Don't
you do that!

Dali is on the verge of opening fire! The big Moke has
picked up his rifle, scary intense with Wylie's blood on
his hands. They both glare at Dingo looking for an excuse.
And Tone is amped, talking non-stop shit!

TONE

You lousy merc-mother-fuckers
don't think I'm okay with mutual
annihilation, just give the nod.
Double-fucking dare me!

You know the Ghurka is game.

Tommy stands in the middle of this. Unarmed. Knowing this
can go bad at any second. Glares at the Chief.

TOMMY ANGEL

You're an asshole.

THE CHIEF

Shut up, Tommy. Play it smart.
They were gonna find Bodhi with
or without us. This had to end.

Pushing in on Bodhi, who has his weapon firmly sighted. But
his resolve is wavering. Finally... BODHI LOWERS HIS GUN.

DALI

Dad, NO!

BODHI

(softly)
Dali.

TINY BRAIN

I ain't lowerin' dis. Blaze a
glory, braddah, dat's da only way I
go out.

TONE

I let 'em take my foot back in
Santa Monica and Goddammit these
greasy rat bastards gotta come over
here if they want the other one!

Bodhi turns his penetrating eyes on Tone & Tiny Brain.

BODHI

This was never about us. Dali may
still have some innocence left,
but the three of us, we were damned
a long time ago. This was always
about learning to be of service to
others.

The big Moke acquiesces with a sigh. Tone lowers his rifle.

TONE

Followed you to the edge of the
world, I'll follow you now.

Finally, reluctantly, Dali lowers his weapon. Bodhi wraps an
arm around his son, as he acknowledges these proud watermen
with a silent, but heartfelt goodbye.

Tommy watches sadly as the surfer's guns are collected.
Bodhi is led by Aleksandra to the Baja Buggy. He shares a
deep and loving look with Sinta as his hands are secured
behind his back with flexi-cuffs.

BODHI

Release my daughter.

Aleksandra ignores Bodhi, roughly placing him inside the
backseat of the Buggy beside Sinta.

THE CHIEF

What're you doing? Release her!

He storms over to the Colonel and gets in his face.

THE CHIEF (CONT'D)

Colonel, you gave me your word.
Give me the girl.

INSTEAD BRACKEY SHOOTS THE CHIEF! The big man drops in
dumb surprise, clutching his chest.

Tommy lunges! Dingo drives his gun into Tommy's gut, who
doubles over, dropping to the ground.

Colonel Brackey regards Tommy, writhing in pain, then looks
at the other surfers.

COLONEL BRACKEY
(flatly)
Shoot them.

Bodhi thrashes. Aleksandra knocks him cold. Sits in the Buggy in the seat in front of him. Brackey climbs behind the wheel and buckles up!

COLONEL BRACKEY (CONT'D)
And kill Mr. Silver Surfer too.

The Ghurka hesitates, raises an eyebrow, while dirty Aussie raises his weapon at Dali, Tiny Brain, & Tone, who stand waiting to be executed.

Dali's POV glances at the Davit lever... the quick release.

But it takes more than one bullet to kill the Chief!
Showing iron will, THIS BULL OF A LONG-BOARDER RISES UP BLOODY AND FIRES HIS PISTOL AT BRACKEY!

He misses. Brackey steps on the gas! THE BUGGY DRIVES OFF AT HIGH SPEED with Bodhi & Sinta captive in the backseat.

The Chief turns on Dingo, staggering forward, emptying his pistol at the Aussie!

THE CHIEF
Goddamnit run, Tommy!

But Tommy is frozen, watching the Chief's last gasp!

Dali lunges, drops the Davit lever, sending the Fast Boat dropping hard into the water! The surfers jump in!

Dingo staggers, taking multiple rounds into his Kevlar vest, but FIRES A BURST AT THE CHIEF, who keeps coming--

--until the Ghurka draws his Khukris blade and FINISHES THE LONG BOARDER IN A SINGLE STROKE.

Finally TOMMY turns from the horror..., he springs up, RUNS out the boathouse, and after the Baja Buggy!

Dali starts the Fast Boat engines, slams all five throttles forward, and CRASHES OUT of the boathouse into the harbor! Wood and debris fly in her wake!

EXT. SUMATRA WATERFRONT CHASE - DAY

Tommy sprints for all he's worth after the Baja Buggy, which is far ahead, driving along the waterfront road parallel to the water.

BAJA BUGGY, WATERFRONT

The Baja Buggy honks angrily, slowed by SCOOTERS, PEOPLE walking, and CHILDREN playing.

TOMMY FREE-RUNNING

He displays FREE-RUNNING moves as he navigates obstacles in this industrial wharf area. Tommy swings himself through the open window of a wall left free-standing from the tsunami, never breaking stride.

He sprints hard up an alley toward a GATE. Tommy never slows, and runs himself up the wall to the side of it, high enough to easily leap over the gate, drops on the other side, and keeps going!

EXT. BOATHOUSE, DINGO & THE GHURKA

They run around the side of the boathouse, pull up a tarp, and reveal MOTORCYCLES stolen from the village. They kick start the engines, and ROAR OUT IN PURSUIT OF TOMMY!

FAST BOAT, WATERFRONT

Dali, Tiny Brain, & Tone race hell-bent to the rescue, kicking up an enormous wake, swamping FISHERMEN as they roar past at unbelievable speed!

Charging at a JETTY, the Fast Boat POWER-SLIDES UP A BOAT RAMP, her hull sparking on the concrete then SOARS AIRBORNE OVER THE ROAD, just clears it, and drops back into the water!

BAJA BUGGY, WATERFRONT

Brackey whips his head back around, having seen the Fast Boat's crazy leap! He steps on the gas!

DINGO ON MOTORCYCLE

He zig-zags his riceburner roaring through obstacles and Muslim fisherman, fast gaining ground on Tommy on foot!

SINGLE-STORY BUILDING, WATERFRONT

Tommy sees Dingo coming. He dashes vertically up the wall, grabs the ledge, and twists sideways up on the roof!

Tommy springs to his feet, and uses this higher vantage point to sight the Buggy driving away the distance!

Down below, Dingo circles the building, looking up for Tommy, suddenly blinded by the glare...

Tommy is backlit by the glaring sun as HE LEAPS, DROPPING ON DINGO, AND BRUTALLY SLAMMING HIM TO THE DIRT! TOMMY COMMANDEERS THE BIKE! Leaves Dingo on his ass. Races away on the motorcycle, now with the Ghurka in pursuit!

FAST BOAT CHASING BUGGY, WATERFRONT

It catches up to the Buggy racing along on the waterfront road. Brackey exchanges a look with Dali, who veers hard on the wheel, sending a WAKE OF WATER UP OVER THE ROAD!

BAJA BUGGY, WATERFRONT, COFFEE SHOP

This drenches the Buggy, blinding Brackey, who spins out and CRASHES INTO A RAMSHACKLE COFFEE SHOP. Indos run clear!

Brackey & Aleksandra slam their heads on the dash. They lay here dazed and bleeding. Sinta is restrained by her seat-belt. Bodhi flops unconscious, held in his belt. An OLD INDO LADY is screaming and pounding on their crashed vehicle.

FAST BOAT, WATERFRONT

Tiny Brain pumps his fist, then looks ahead, seeing a half-submerged FISHING DHOW straight ahead!

The big Moke veers, but clips the Dhow, and THE FAST BOAT FLIPS! It tumbles ugly on the water, her engines torn from the stern rail!

Dali lies stunned in the water. He comes around, gets his wits, and sees Tiny Brain helping Tone. Dali begins swimming to shore, climbs out of the water, and runs for the Buggy!

BAJA BUGGY, WATERFRONT, COFFEE SHOP

Brackey starts to come around. In the REARVIEW MIRROR he suddenly sees Dali running at him!

Brackey throws the gear shift in reverse, burns rubber, clears out of the wreckage, then accelerates away! He fishtails, then turns inland, leaving the harbor behind.

TOMMY ON MOTORCYCLE

He races his motorcycle past Dali! He nearly loses it on the wet spot making the turn, but keeps the bike upright, and continues after Brackey!

THE GHURKA ON MOTORCYCLE

Comes racing up, not so lucky on the wet spot, and lays down his bike! The fierce little Nepalese suffers through a wicked slide and plunges headlong into BASKETS OF FISH along the market place!

DALI, COFFEE SHOP

He takes fiendish pleasure in this mishap, as he picks up the Ghurka's fallen motorcycle. Dali kick starts it, roars off doing a wheelie, then sets down his front tire, and pours on the speed! He accelerates crazy fast, his POV melting away!

TOMMY & DALI RACING MOTORCYCLES THRU TOWNSHIP

Tommy is at full throttle! Dali pulls into frame, both acknowledging each other with a look, and turning their full attention to catching the Baja Buggy.

We follow these riders BLAZING THROUGH THE SUMATRA STREETS crowded with buzzing scooters. Full tilt mayhem as Tommy & Dali weave past them, pushing each other to take bigger and bigger risks. No end to their competitive instincts.

They follow the Buggy taking THE ROAD OUT OF TOWN! Both motorcycles redline the RPM!

BAJA BUGGY, DRIVING OUT OF TOWN

Colonel Brackey sees he can't outrun these rice-burners on the open asphalt. Aleksandra is recovering from her bump, and doesn't seem to notice Sinta screaming!

COLONEL BRACKEY

Shut her up! Smack her!

Bodhi starts regaining consciousness, and finds his hands are bound behind him.

Brackey veers onto a DIRT ROAD. The baja suspension easily handles the ruts at speed.

TOMMY & DALI RACING MOTORCYCLES

Both lean hard into the turn, and quickly reduce speed on this terrible rained-out road! They fight to hang on in the bumps, still dueling each other to catch the Buggy!

BAJA BUGGY, RIVER CROSSING

Brackey sees a wide lazy RIVER coming. No bridge. Just one of those FLOATING PLATFORMS. He ignores it.

COLONEL BRACKEY

Hold on!

He steers the Baja Buggy STRAIGHT INTO THE RIVER! Water washes up over the all-terrain vehicle, as it plows through the shallow river, which is deepening fast.

DALI ON MOTORCYCLE, RIVER CROSSING

Dali hesitates!

TOMMY ON MOTORCYCLE, RIVER CROSSING, PLATFORM

Tommy never slows! HE HITS THE PLATFORM AT FULL SPEED AND LAYS DOWN HIS BIKE, the force pushing the platform moving across the river. Tommy scrambles to stop himself, grabbing hold, as the bike keeps sliding off, and into the river!

BAJA BUGGY, IN THE RIVER

Brackey turns his head, seeing the platform suddenly carry past him, as TOMMY LEAPS ONTO THE BAJA BUGGY! Tommy scrambles over the roof and attacks Brackey.

He punches him, yanking Brackey out the window! They both splash backward into the river, thrashing at each other.

The driverless Buggy veers into deeper water, getting swept up in the current.

FLOODING BUGGY IN RIVER

The interior floods, Aleksandra gasping for air, and struggling to unbuckle her seat-belt.

Sinta isn't able to catch a last breath, and swallows water, as her head goes under.

Bodhi raises knees to his chest, pulls his bound wrists down under his feet, and succeeds getting them in front of him. He undoes his belt, then lunges forward over the front seat. BODHI WRAPS HIS WRISTS AROUND ALEKSANDRA'S NECK, pulls her into the backseat, and underwater with him.

Bodhi holds his breath while choking Aleksandra out, as the fashionista mercenary thrashes violently, bubbles exploding out of her mouth! Bodhi fights, helpless to assist--

--Sinta next to them, trapped in her belt underwater, watching this horror - when suddenly her eyes roll upward. She is drowning...

DALI ON MOTORCYCLE, RIVER BANK

Dali grows frantic, revving his motorcycle, following the shoreline as the Buggy picks up speed in the strong current.

IN THE RIVER

Tommy & Brackey thrash at each other! The Colonel is an expert fighter and less polished Tommy is holding his own, when he sees the Buggy go underwater. Tommy has to make a choice! Keep at Brackey? Or save Sinta? Tommy swims away!

DALI ON MOTORCYCLE, RIVER BANK

Dali rolls his motorcycle along a high bank. He circles back from the water, gets distance..., then guns his bike! He LAUNCHES OUT OVER THE RIVER, and throws himself clear over the handlebars! He splashes hard, but pops up, and starts swimming to the rescue!

UNDERWATER BUGGY IN RIVER

Tommy swims into the submerged Buggy. He opens the door on Bodhi's side. Sees him trying to conserve energy and oxygen as he chokes out the desperate Aleksandra! Bodhi looks to Tommy, his eyes indicating that Sinta is in big trouble. Tommy looks to the next seat and sees Sinta unconscious.

He scrambles out and around the Buggy, opens her door, and pulls Sinta into his arms!

IN THE RIVER

Dali swims up as Tommy rises with Sinta to the surface.

DALI

Sinta!

TOMMY ANGEL

I got her! Help your father!

Dali fits a KNIFE between his teeth and submerges. We hold on the water... which turns bloody... as Dali pops back to the surface with Bodhi.

EXT. RAIN FOREST, RIVER BANK - DAY

Tommy pulls Sinta to shore. Throws off exhaustion and starts performing CPR. He knows what he is doing. As Dali & Bodhi arrive Tommy is steadfastly working to save her. Bodhi steps in to take over, but Tommy pushes him away.

TOMMY ANGEL

I got this! Gimme space! I'm not losing her!

Dali puts a hand on his father, both watching as Tommy breathes life back into her, alternating between cardiac massage, and more forced breathing!

TOMMY ANGEL (CONT'D)

Come back, Sinta! You fight!

Sinta spits up water. She opens her eyes. Tommy breaks down into a genuine feeling of thanks. She throws her arms weakly around him.

Bodhi watches this, seeing how much his daughter loves him, and knowing this man will never give up on her.

DALI

Where's that jar-head weasel?

Tommy looks up, meeting Bodhi's eyes, all of them realizing Brackey's vanished into the rain forest.

EXT. THE OCEAN - DUSK

The sun is setting. A storm is coming. The seas are heavy.

EXT. RAIN FOREST - DUSK

Transition shot whipping through dense foliage, coming upon the surfers -- BODHI, TOMMY, SINTA, DALI, TINY BRAIN, & TONE - - hurrying along a dirt path. There is tension as they trek through the rain forest.

Nobody speaks as they approach the village. Bodhi raises an arm, halts them at the edge of the tree-line, fearful of mercenaries laying in wait.

EXT. VILLAGE COVE - DUSK

They see the SHAMAN. Bodhi tosses a stone. Gets his attention. The Shaman sees Bodhi. Gestures it is safe. The surfers cautiously emerge. The Shaman is very relieved to see Sinta and hugs her.

The surfers survey the wreckage left by the soldiers. Several burned huts are still smoldering.

DALI

They torched our huts.

Villagers are sifting through the wreckage of a kitchen hut, trying to salvage the solar oven.

TOMMY ANGEL

Brackey's coming back the moment
it's dark. He's posted eyes
somewhere--

(Tommy scans the trees)
--watching us.

The Shaman turns to Bodhi, who is tired, hungry, and angry.

THE SHAMAN

Your dream is now reality.

BODHI

I need to think.

THE SHAMAN

When you long to be enlightened,
how do you know what you're looking
for? Look for the enlightenment
you have already.

Bodhi nods to his old friend. Turns to the others with renewed iron in his voice.

BODHI

Collect whatever personal
possessions the soldiers didn't
destroy and be ready to travel in
10 minutes.

DALI

We're running?

BODHI

First we lead these villagers
up into the forest. Once they're
safe, nobody sees us again. Dali,
you heard me. Time to go.

EXT. VILLAGE COVE - MOMENTS LATER

But the villagers do not want to leave their homes. We watch
from a distance, watching Sinta and Bodhi plead with them.

Tone stands with Tommy, watching this.

TONE

Look at them. They won't listen.
Despite how much respect they have
for him. It is not the Indonesian
way to do anything quickly.

Dali and Tiny Brain join them.

DALI

Right here, right now! Make an
example of what we stand for.

He pulls out a DRY-BAG from a locker. Inside are PLASTIC
EXPLOSIVE AND BLASTING CAPS.

TOMMY ANGEL

Careful with that. Those munitions
DO NOT like to be handled.

DALI

We sink that sand sucker. Return
it to the reef. Do what we've been
wanting to do from the start.

TONE

No, Dali. We don't bring the war
home. Listen to your father.

DALI

A little late for that.

Bodhi steps up, snatches away the dry-bag, and puts a firm
stop to this foolishness.

BODHI

Let me tell you all about rage,
greed, and the tragedy it brings.

DALI

That ship's gotta go down!

BODHI

Not tonight. We're going. I've been here before, Dali. I burned too much time going for that vault. I got emotional. Refused to leave without the big score. Making a mistake is only an error in judgement, but adhering to it--

DALI

(cuts him off)

I'VE HAD IT with your Buddha pep talks! I'm doing this.

Dali has never gone up against Bodhi like this, who looks him dead in the eye, and speaks soft yet firm.

BODHI

Patience is needed most when you are about to lose it.

DALI

There you go again. I choose my destiny. Not you.

TINY BRAIN

Offshore!

As a blazing sun sets into the ocean, the glare softens, exposing the BIGELOW offshore. We hear the whumpa-whump as the HELO swoops down.

TOMMY ANGEL

Incoming!

INT. HELICOPTER IN FLIGHT, OVER VILLAGE - DUSK

Colonel Brackey pilots the craft, trusting nobody but himself. Dingo and The Ghurka look down.

EXT. VILLAGE COVE - DUSK

Mercenaries emerge from the foliage! Maybe half a dozen of them, carrying overwhelming fire-power. Villagers scramble! Parents gather up babies and hurry uphill for the trees. Children cry out in confusion.

On Bodhi, as GUNFIRE is heard.

BODHI

Get up into the rain forest!
Now! Run!

EXT. VILLAGE COVE, RAIN FOREST - DUSK

We move with Dali leading the surfers running uphill into the dense rain forest! It is hard going, exhausting, hustling up the steep and narrow trail!

Tommy protects Sinta, hustling her along. But Sinta realizes that her father has not joined them. Bodhi is nowhere to be seen. She stops, tugging at Tommy, but he muscles her along!

SINTA

Dad!

TOMMY ANGEL

Keep going! Don't stop!

EXT. VILLAGE COVE, RAIN FOREST, BLUFF - DUSK

Taking a momentary breather on a high bluff, the surfers look out, and see Bodhi way down on the beach.

DALI

He's got the dry-bag!

TOMMY ANGEL

He's taking the war to Brackey.

EXT. VILLAGE COVE, BEACH / HEAVY SURF - DUSK

With the DRY-BAG slung across his back, Bodhi dives into the heavy surf, and starts swimming out into the harbor!

EXT. VILLAGE COVE, HELO - DUSK

The Helo touches down. Colonel Brackey steps out with carrying a sub-machine gun. He is here to level this village. He walks flanked by Dingo and the Gurka. Scans the scene, barking orders to the fresh recruits. Then freezes at the craziest damn sight--

EXT. VILLAGE COVE, HEAVY SURF - DUSK

--Bodhi out in the heavy surf, waving his arms over his head. Making sure everybody sees him.

EXT. VILLAGE COVE, RAIN FOREST, BLUFF - DUSK

On Sinta, horrified. But Dali understands.

DALI

My father's drawing them away.

The villagers climbing the hillside stop to watch Bodhi, who is clearly taunting the invaders, risking his life to protect them all.

EXT. VILLAGE COVE, BEACH - DUSK

The Mercs start pointing, some heading back for the beach. But the swell is up outside the breakwater. Two Mercs jump into a ZODIAC, and power it out, only to be immediately CAPSIZED BY OVERHEAD WAVES.

EXT. VILLAGE COVE, HELO - DUSK

The Colonel orders Dingo to--

COLONEL BRACKEY

Command the search for the others.
I've got the old man.

Brackey waves the Ghurka back into the Helo, and immediately takes it up!

EXT. VILLAGE COVE, RAIN FOREST, BLUFF - DUSK

Sinta is beside herself with worry, while Dali stands proud, as they watch Bodhi drawing away Colonel Brackey.

DALI

Every time I want to punch him out
he completely blows my mind.

SINTA

Because you're fucking crazy just
like he is!

EXT. VILLAGE COVE - DUSK

The mercenaries searching the village stop at the sight of Brackey flying off. They are confused by his retreat, and gives villagers more time to get away. Dingo storms past the flow of people leaving, screaming at his men!

DINGO

Focus on your mission! Bring
me those surfers!

EXT. HEAVY SURF - DUSK

Bodhi sees the helicopter coming over his shoulder. He takes a deep breath, and dives down.

UNDERWATER

Reaching the cove bottom, it is dark, but clear enough for Bodhi to see a LAVA ROCK. He picks it up. Plants his feet.

Bodhi starts walking along the harbor floor, carrying the rock, using it to weigh him down. A classic surfer breath holding exercise. And Bodhi is very practiced at it.

EXT. VILLAGE COVE, RAIN FOREST, BLUFF - DUSK

Dali grabs Tommy.

DALI

If Brackey can bring the war to our home, we sure can take it to his precious yacht.

TOMMY ANGEL

Definitely.

Looks to Tiny Brain and Tone.

DALI

Take my sister and keep these people moving.

TINY BRAIN

Brah, lemme fight. Dey took Wylie. I owe dem. I got nothin' but anger, I'm no good for anythin' else.

DALI

Then you won't let them take my sister. You're the biggest and the strongest. Do this thing.

The big Moke acquiesces. Tone doesn't argue, knowing his place with only one foot. Sinta swallows her objections. Instead she lovingly tells them both--

SINTA

I know I can't talk either of you out of this... So go kill that bastard.

She goes to hold them, but Dali looks to Tiny Brain, who pulls Sinta away up into the rain forest.

UNDERWATER

Bodhi walks across the ocean floor holding the lava rock. He sets it down, then rises to the surface.

EXT. HEAVY SURF - DUSK

Bodhi pops up, fills his lungs.

EXT/INT. HELO, FLYING OVER HEAVY SURF - DAY

The Helo hovers above the white-caps, searching.

EXT. HEAVY SURF - DUSK

Bodhi dives back down into the darkness.

EXT. VILLAGE, HUTS - DUSK

Dingo leads the Mercenaries sweeping the deserted village.

EXT. RAIN FOREST - DUSK

Dali leads Tommy the long way around to the beach. They run the trail, darting through open gaps, keeping out of sight.

UNDERWATER

Submerged Bodhi keeps walking out to sea.

EXT/INT. HELO, FLYING OVER HEAVY SURF - DUSK

Brackey can't see shit as the sunset expires into darkness. He begins sweeping the sea with a SEARCH-LIGHT.

EXT/INT. VILLAGE COVE, BEACH - DUSK

Dali & Tommy reach the sand. Dali leads Tommy behind a shed where the KITE BOARDS are kept. The sails hang over beams.

They quickly strap on the harness belts, dragging the kites, as they carry the boards into the shallow water--

--when Mercs come running. DALI IS CAPTURED. As he goes down, he shouts out at Tommy out ahead of him!

DALI
Keep going, Tommy!

Tommy is just able to slip his feet into the foot-straps, and toss the kite up into the wind, which catches, and PULLS HIM AWAY FROM THE BEACH--

--as the Mercs open FIRE!

UNDERWATER

Bodhi sees the RUNNING LIGHTS of the Bigelow looming above. He drops the lava rock and starts up.

EXT. HEAVY SEAS, BIGELOW - NIGHT

Popping up in the heavy seas, Bodhi fills his lungs. Makes his way around the vessel. Grabs the anchor. Hoists himself out of the water. Climbs the chain. Bodhi hoists himself up to the ship's railing, and climbs over--

EXT. THE BIGELOW, DECK, HEAVY SEAS - NIGHT

--Bodhi drops down on the deck. He shakes off the cold, suddenly drifting into shadow--

--as a MERCENARY steps out of the cabin, shining a FLASHLIGHT toward the surf, as he talks into a HAND-HELD RADIO.

MERCENARY #1
I don't see anybody out there.
Who's crazy enough to be in this.

A WAVE swamps the bow, staggering the Mercenary. He finds himself looking at Bodhi. The Merc clumsily raises his weapon, as Bodhi unleashes a martial arts fury. Making it look effortless, Bodhi THROWS THE MERC INTO HEAVY SEAS.

Bodhi sets into meditative fight stance, expecting more attackers, when a SECOND MERCENARY appears, and HE WHIP-KICKS THE 2ND MERC TUMBLING OVERBOARD.

EXT. VILLAGE, HUTS - NIGHT

Dali is beaten down to his knees, and brought before Dingo. He struggles, but is restrained with flexi-cuffs.

DINGO
I want the others, mate.

DALI
Go yank yourself.

Dali glares fiercely at the Aussie. The gut-over-his-belt Aussie enjoys a challenge. He strikes Dali, hurting him.

DINGO
Oh you'll talk, mate. Everybody
talks to me.
(radios Brackey)
Colonel, I've got his kid.

EXT/INT. HELO, FLYING OVER HEAVY SEAS - NIGHT

Brackey searches the heavy swells. The search-lights pick up nothing in the sudden pitch blackness.

DINGO (RADIO)
But Silver Surfer's out there on
a fucking kite-board!

EXT. HEAVY SEAS - NIGHT

Tommy is like a ghost as he kite-boards through the darkness. He fights the cables, catching air, slapping back down on big swells, doing his best to stay upright in the heavy seas.

EXT. THE BIGELOW, DECK, HEAVY SEAS - NIGHT

Bodhi opens the dry-bag. Removes the PLASTIC EXPLOSIVE compound. Sees a GAS LINE. Fixes the glob of C-4 against it. Sets the DETONATOR CAP and is about to stick it into the glob of C-4 when--

--a SPOTLIGHT washes over Bodhi.

EXT/INT. HELO, FLYING OVER BIGELOW - NIGHT

The Ghurka leans out with his submachine gun and SHOTS! Bullets chew up the deck at Bodhi's heels as he ducks into the cabin. Brackey is furious!

COLONEL BRACKEY
Stop shooting! Are you insane?
Any idea what that deck costs?

The Ghurka don't give a fuck.

EXT. THE BIGELOW, DECK, HEAVY SEAS - NIGHT

Bodhi collapses in agony. He is gut shot. The bullet went through his lower back and out. Blood spurts between the fingers he uses to hold his side in.

EXT/INT. FLYING OVER BIGELOW - NIGHT

Brackey puts the Helo down on the Bigelow's pad--

COLONEL BRACKEY
(into radio)
Dingo, stand-by, we've found Bodhi
onboard the Bigelow.

--as he dashes out the chopper with The Ghurka.

EXT. THE BIGELOW, DECK, HEAVY SEAS - NIGHT

Bodhi crawls..., summons his strength to jab the detonator into the plastic explosive... but it slips from his bloody hands. Bodhi picks it up.... raises his hand to try again--

--when BRACKEY GRABS HIS WRIST. The Colonel stands over Bodhi, wrestles away the detonator, and tosses it overboard. Tosses the explosive too.

The Ghurka turns his head, looking out to sea.

EXT. HEAVY SEAS - NIGHT

Tommy fights the heavy seas as he fast approaches the Bigelow. A ghost in this darkness, HE JUMPS A BIG WAVE, SOARS AIRBORNE--

EXT. THE BIGELOW, DECK, HEAVY SEAS - NIGHT

--AND LANDS ON HER DECK!

HIS BOARD COMES CRASHING DOWN ON THE GHURKA at 40 miles per hour and flattens the little fucker. Tommy tumbles, smacking hard against the fiberglass, tangled up in his cables, with the heavy wind thrashing his kite around.

As Tommy struggles to free himself from the harness cables, Brackey takes advantage, and clubs the Silver Star with his sub-machine gun. Throws him dazed and shivering down beside Bodhi, and starts kicking the shit out of Tommy.

Tommy struggles to unlatch his harness as Brackey keeps striking him. He frees himself, and rolls clear, rising up, but Brackey is fast and attacks, never giving Tommy a chance to set himself. Tommy back-pedals into the cabin.

INT. THE BIGELOW, LOUNGE, HEAVY SEAS - NIGHT

The Colonel sends Tommy crashing headfirst into a teak cabinet. Tommy lies stunned, finished.

EXT. VILLAGE, HUTS - NIGHT

Dingo stands over Dali.

DINGO
Colonel? Waiting instructions in
regard to the prisoner? Over?

INT. THE BIGELOW, LOUNGE, HEAVY SEAS - NIGHT

Brackey pauses to radio back Dingo. Relishes in letting both Tommy and Bodhi hear his order.

COLONEL BRACKEY
Dingo, this is Brackey. Cut his
throat. Repeat. No prisoners.

Injured Bodhi looks up in horror.

EXT. VILLAGE, HUTS - NIGHT

Dingo relishes what he is about to do to Dali, doomed, helpless, held down on his knees by Mercenaries. Dingo pulls his COMBAT KNIFE.

DINGO
Stand him up.

Dali is raised to his feet. The surfer bravely accepts his fate as the Aussie steps up--

INT. THE BIGELOW, LOUNGE, HEAVY SEAS - NIGHT

That's when Tommy sees it. Laying on the floor, having fallen off the smashed cabinet is an odd looking megaphone, or as Dingo calls it, the "BARF GUN." Tommy lunges for it, rolls, and points--

--The SOUND overwhelms and incapacitates Colonel Brackey. He collapses and hurls.

Tommy grabs the radio! Screams into it!

TOMMY ANGEL

Dingo! This is Angel. I've got Brackey. You hearing me? I've got the sonofabitch. You touch Dali and no more meal ticket. I'll kill him right now!

Nothing. Bodhi squeezes his eyes shut in horror.

EXT. VILLAGE, HUTS - NIGHT

Dingo pauses, holding his combat knife at Dali's throat--

--as a primitive ARROW thuds into his Kevlar tactical vest. It bounces off harmlessly.

DINGO

Are they fucking joking?

A second wave of arrows penetrate his thighs and shoulders. Then an arrow finds his thick, sunburned neck. The surprised Aussie drops like a stone, choking on his blood.

Out of the shadows step VILLAGE WARRIORS come back to fight. They hold hand-crafted BOWS, KNIVES, & SPEARS. Monkey skulls and Tiger teeth dangle from necklaces. These are men who think nothing of hunting wild boar. Maybe 50 of them. It is an awesome sight.

Stepping forward are Tone, Tiny Brain, the Shaman, and even the VILLAGE CHIEF who days earlier wanted to fight Bodhi over rice. They free Dali from his bounds.

INT. THE BIGELOW, LOUNGE, HEAVY SEAS - NIGHT

Suddenly comes Dali's voice.

DALI (RADIO)

Dad, I'm okay... got some help.

TINY BRAIN (RADIO)

All clear to fucking OFF that pile of monkey-shit Brackey!

Sighs of relief. Bodhi waves Tommy to hand him the radio. The fallen surfer takes it in his bloody hand.

INTERCUTTING:

BODHI
Dali..., thank you, God.

DALI
You don't sound good.

The blood coming from his gut is black.

BODHI
Must have gotten my liver. The
blood looks black.

DALI
Oh God. no..., dad, listen to me.
Use Brackey's helo, have Tommy get
you in it. Fly to Padang.

Tommy gestures he has no idea how to pilot it.

BODHI
Even if I convinced our pilot with
a gun to his head, the nearest ER's
at least an hour. I won't last
five minutes.

On Dali, hand to his face..., turning to Sinta, who is
breaking down...

EXT. THE BIGELOW, HEAVY SEAS - NIGHT

The swells are growing larger, pitching the 100 foot luxury
craft about like a toy boat.

EXT. VILLAGE COVE - NIGHT

Mercenary soldiers pause in shock and awe as VILLAGERS KEEP
ARRIVING down from the rain forest. Mothers cradle their
infants. Chains of children hold each other's hands. ENTIRE
VILLAGES FULL OF THANKFUL SOULS have journeyed down from the
high country to show their support.

This takes the fight out of the mercenaries, who lay down
their weapons.

INT. THE BIGELOW, THE BRIDGE, HEAVY SEAS - NIGHT

Brackey is coming around, as Tommy flexi-cuffs him to a seat
on the bridge. The Silver Star makes sure the Colonel has a
damn good look at what's coming.

COLONEL BRACKEY

Where are you taking my yacht,
pirate? Selling it? How noble.

Bodhi is slumped at the helm, his life-energy ebbing, as he navigates the Bigelow into position. He doesn't answer the Colonel. Instead looks out the forward windows.

THE STORM BREAK - NIGHT

The moonlight paints the stormy seas. The heavy mist lifts. Reveals the monster OFFSHORE BREAK SENDING 70-FOOT HIGH FACES INTO THE BONEYARD.

INT. THE BIGELOW, THE BRIDGE, HEAVY SEAS - NIGHT

Brackey's face goes slack, realizing Bodhi intends to take his yacht over the falls.

BODHI

Tommy... time you get going.

Tommy stands to go.

BODHI (CONT'D)

Were you coming from the heart when
you said you love my daughter?

TOMMY ANGEL

With everything I've got, sir.

BODHI

Let her know every day. Off you
go, compadre. Go claim your life.

They share a last look. Behind them Brackey is thrashing.

COLONEL BRACKEY

We can negotiate this? This is
nonsense. Make me an offer? You
wanna be Robin Hood, fantastic,
I'll bank roll your charity. I
need tax write-offs! We'll feed
all your barefoot little friends!

Bodhi and Tommy look only at each other, ignoring Brackey.

BODHI

Vayos con dias.

Tommy nods, then is gone.

EXT. THE BIGELOW, DECK, HEAVY SEAS - NIGHT

Tommy hurries to the deck to prepare the kite board. He struggles in these fierce winds to gather up the kite--

--when he is ATTACKED BY THE GHURKA who swings the long Khukris blade. Tommy is suddenly in the fight of his life on this wet and slippery deck rolling in high seas.

Tommy holds his board in front of him to defend himself. The Ghurka hacks with the heavy blade, slashing deeply into the fiberglass. Soon Tommy will have nothing to ride even if he survives the fight.

INT. THE BIGELOW, THE BRIDGE, HEAVY SEAS - NIGHT

Bodhi sees something on shore. Fires are breaking out everywhere. On the radio comes Dali's voice.

DALI

Dad, look to shore! It's the most amazing thing I've ever seen.

Bodhi strains to stand higher. He sees them now.... TORCHES... hundreds upon hundreds of individual fires--

EXT. VILLAGE COVE, BEACH - NIGHT

--Held proudly in the hands of over 1,000 INDIGENOUS PEOPLE standing on the beaches... all here to support Bodhi.

INT. THE BIGELOW, THE BRIDGE, HEAVY SEAS - NIGHT

Bodhi's face eases into a peaceful serenity. Everything makes sense now. He understands why God spared him all those years ago. He was brought here to help ease their suffering.

EXT. THE BIGELOW, DECK, HEAVY SEAS - NIGHT

Tommy is in trouble. He's got to get off this doomed ship. The thunderous roar of the monster break gets louder. The Ghurka doesn't get it even as waves crash over the rails. Tommy yells at his opponent as the fight rages.

TOMMY ANGEL

Look where we are! Stop! We have to get off! Listen to it! *He's taking her over the falls you stupid fucking Ghurka!*

Tommy is LOSING HIS TEMPER! Forgetting every lesson he has been taught... the voices in his head... the Chief's voice...

THE CHIEF (V.O.)
*And you're gonna keep getting
your ass kicked until you learn
to control that temper.*

Suddenly Tommy stands back and stops.

The Ghurka has a wide open shot at his neck, which makes this killer pause, perhaps unable to comprehend why Tommy would so easily surrender?

Tommy crouches down over his board, BOTH HANDS FIRMLY GRASPING THE RAIL, and lowers his head--

--as the Ghurka raises his Khukris to sever it!

The ROGUE WAVE Tommy is looking at strikes the Bigelow, smashing directly into Tommy's face--

--and crashing over him, slamming the Ghurka into a wall. He loses his Khukris struggling to take hold of something, anything so as not to be swept into the sea.

As the water clears from the decks, Tommy rises up, grabs his board, takes a vicious home-run swing, and sends the Ghurka OVERBOARD.

On Tommy's face. That one was for the Chief.

INT. THE BIGELOW, THE BRIDGE, HEAVY SEAS - NIGHT

As dying Bodhi steers the Bigelow into his secret spot, he weakly clicks the radio, telling his children--

BODHI
Dali, Sinta... We aren't human
beings on a spiritual journey--

EXT. VILLAGE COVE - NIGHT

Sinta and Dali both holding the radio, fighting tears, as they listen to their beloved father say goodbye.

BODHI (RADIO)
--we're spiritual beings on a human
journey. And our love lives on.
It has been my honor and privilege
to be your father.

EXT. THE BIGELOW, THE BRIDGE, HEAVY SEAS - NIGHT

Bodhi finishes with a simple.

BODHI

I will see you in the next life.

He clicks off. Looks up at Colonel Brackey, who is thrashing, running his mouth.

COLONEL BRACKEY

Fuck you and your Bodhisattva sign-off 'cause I'll see you in hell!

EXT. THE BIGELOW, DECK, HEAVY SEAS - NIGHT

Tommy struggles into his harness. He can hear the thunderous EXPLOSION of monster waves!

INT. THE BIGELOW, THE BRIDGE, HEAVY SEAS - NIGHT

Bodhi serenely regards Brackey.

BODHI

(weakly)

How much has any of it counted for?
What have money and status and the
lives taken done for you, Colonel?
It's at death's door that we know
who we really are.

EXT. THE BIGELOW, DECK, HEAVY SEAS - NIGHT

Tommy struggles to gather up his kite. Everything is a nightmarish rush of thunderous roar and spray as the yacht stars being swept forward faster and faster. Tommy feels the wave building--

INT. THE BIGELOW, THE BRIDGE, HEAVY SEAS - NIGHT

Bodhi's life energy expires. Suddenly everything zooms as the wave pitches them forward!

On Brackey, tied up, looking out the forward windows, as they take the drop over the lip of a 70-foot wave!

EXT. THE BIGELOW, DECK, GOING OVER THE FALLS - NIGHT

At the last instant, Tommy throws the kite up to the wind. It catches! HE IS WHISKED UPWARD AND CLEAR AS THE BIGELOW DROPS OVER THE FALLS BELOW HIM!

TOMMY

navigates the kite, soaring clear of the Monster!

THE BIGELOW

drops nose down, FLIPPING, TUMBLING, AND BREAKING UP in the white-water, as the Monster crashes down upon it! An EXPLOSION sends FLAME & DEBRIS FLYING UP IN A RED-HOT GEYSER coming directly at the heels of--

TOMMY

--soaring past the inferno, concentrating on how he is going to land this thing in heavy seas.

He is dropping fast... too fast... gotta get the board up into position... water rushing up at him... here it comes... on the board... silent... Tommy lands it!

Violent chatter! Loud! The board skips across the waves. Tommy leans hard, and works the cables. We rush past camera as Tommy takes it into the beach!

EXT. VILLAGE COVE, BEACH / HEAVY SURF - NIGHT

The torches illuminate Tommy as he steps out of the surf. Sinta runs to him. Dali joins them. Together they look out at the GASOLINE FIRE burning at sea.

Sinta cries in Tommy's arms.

But Dali looks out to sea more stalwart. Proud of his father. Honoring him by showing strength. We sense the enormous emotional power in Dali NOT crying. Not saying anything. It's his look. So heart-breaking and painful.

Tone appears with Tiny Brain.

TONE

He didn't believe in politics,
just an end to opinions.

(MORE)

TONE (CONT'D)

Bodhi always said blessed are those who give without remembering, and take without forgetting... He was a great-great man...

Tommy hears the words. Sees the emotion. Scans the beach at the THOUSANDS OF TORCHES held high. He is humbled by this, the most beautiful display of love he has ever witnessed. He keeps holding Sinta close and allows her to grieve.

EXT. VILLAGE COVE - SUNRISE

Beautiful sunrise over Indonesia.

A SEAPLANE circles overhead, then puts down in the cove.

Over the shoulders of DALI, TOMMY, SINTA, TONE, & TINY BRAIN, the men holding guns down by their sides, as they cautiously approach the dock, where the plane is pulling up to.

The hatch opens. Into the glare emerges a man. This silhouette calmly walks toward us. Finally we recognize JOHNNY UTAH. Many years older. Still ruggedly handsome. Long hair. Surfer tan. Plain clothed. No badge. No weapons. He approaches slowly... Looks them over.

JOHNNY UTAH

I'm looking for Bodhi.

Tommy squeezes Sinta's hand, drifting protectively in front of her. After a beat, Dali gives a terse shake of his head, indicating he's dead.

JOHNNY UTAH (CONT'D)

No..., really. I'm an old friend.

DALI

I know who you are.

TINY BRAIN

You git da fuck gone, ey?

Johnny doesn't scare. He sees the TEAR rolling down Sinta's cheek. He needs a moment to process that fact he is too late. He looks off at the village. Then focuses on Sinta.

JOHNNY UTAH

I can see him in you.

On Sinta, nodding, unafraid of Johnny.

JOHNNY UTAH (CONT'D)

We have to get you out of here. Others will be coming.

Dali looks at Tommy.

 TOMMY ANGEL
Not just yet...

EXT. MENTAWAI SHORE - DAY

We are moving over perfect waves and nobody is riding them. Camera finds DALI & TOMMY swimming out to sea. Racing each other. DRY-BAGS slung over their shoulders.

We keep pulling back to reveal they are headed for the SAND SPRAYER SHIP. Music cue builds--

FADE TO BLACK

--an aggressive Red Hot Chili Peppers cover of "*Nobody Rides For Free!*"