

SURFING GRANDPA

FADE IN:

FLASHBACK BEGINS:

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

The bright red deck of a longboard. Beyond its rounded nose: the endless ocean horizon.

CORKY (V.O.)
There are those odd times in life,
when everything is perfect ...

The deck of the surfboard shifts sharply to the left. The same endless horizon.

CORKY (V.O.)
... and then -- in the flip of a
switch ...

Same sharp turn to the right. Only ocean.

CORKY (V.O.)
... suddenly, you have no idea
where you are.

A violent, extreme turn around. More ocean, nothing more.

RAQUEL (V.O.)
Do you know what time it is?!

FLASHBACK ENDS.

EXT. SHORELINE - MEXICO RIVIERA - DAY

The last-gasp of a wave sweeps up a sandy beach and swirls around the bare feet of...

CORKY CARROLL (60s) who stands in the wet sand staring out at the waves breaking. He leans against an upright, squatty looking white SURFBOARD with big, air-brushed black spots. He is a worn-out man with long hair more gray than blonde, wears a tropical surf T-shirt and shorts and a kind but weathered face.

SUPER

Based upon 100% true surf stories

RAQUEL (50s) -- sweet and demur, but with a face that reveals she knows more than she lets on -- tromps down to the shoreline, calls out to Corky again.

RAQUEL

I said: Do you know what time it is?!

Corky snaps out of it.

CORKY

Yeah, I know.

RAQUEL

Well, don't you think you need to get going? You should've been there by now.

Corky grabs hold of the black spotted surfboard, puts it under his arm, trudges toward the shoreline.

CORKY

Cowabunga! The flight doesn't get in for another four hours.

RAQUEL

Three hours!

CORKY

All right, three hours.

RAQUEL

Aren't you worried? He's only fifteen.

CORKY

Fourteen.

RAQUEL

Fourteen! All the more reason then to get going. What's going to happen to him if he gets through customs and you're not there?

Corky shuffles up to Raquel.

CORKY

Listen, from what I've heard, this kid can take care of himself.

Raquel looks at him, puts her hands on her hips.

RAQUEL

So tell me, Mr. Over-the-hill-surf-champion: How is a twelve-year-old boy supposed to take care of himself in a busy airport in a foreign country?

Corky chews on that for a moment, then turns and makes his way down the shoreline. Raquel watches him exasperated, then catches up.

CORKY

Are you kidding? He's probably one of those shortboard teenage mutant ninja buttheads. He won't have any problem.

RAQUEL

Oh, I see -- having problems with the shortboard thing again, are we?

CORKY

The last thing I need is to be stuck with some prepubescent ungrateful gremmie.

The look on Raquel's face shows she's not buying it.

EXT. BLUFF

Raquel follows Corky up a dirt path to a casa on the bluff above -- a mango-colored two storied house with gigantic white columns facing the ocean.

RAQUEL

Is this any way to be acting with your first client?

CORKY

Client?! He's not my client. He's--

RAQUEL

He is if you want to start your coaching business.

CORKY

Cowabunga.

The stress on Corky's face is obvious.

CORKY (cont'd)

I've got this feeling in my gut and it's telling me: the last time this kid smiled was probably in kindergarten... you know, when he last got to do the things he really enjoyed, like... finger painting monsters... and eating paste.

RAQUEL

But you agreed to this. You wanted to help Dean out, remember?

Corky ignores her, keeps walking.

RAQUEL (cont'd)

You're going to have to face this sooner or later. You can't escape it forever.

That stops Corky in his tracks. He turns, stares out at the ocean waves, surrenders an involuntary sigh.

CORKY

I had him checked out.

Raquel puts a hand on his shoulder, pulls him around to face her.

RAQUEL

You -- what... ?

CORKY

The little dingbat got into a fist fight right in the middle of a heat.

RAQUEL

I don't believe that. I've never heard--

CORKY

The other guy was winning, I guess. And then I heard he got into it with Conan, the judge, and when Conan shoved him away, the little Grom turned around and smashed his face in.

RAQUEL

Fifteen? Fourteen, maybe? Against Conan, the big surfer dude judge? Think about it.

CORKY

Look, it's going to be a long holiday break. With a kid like him in the house, how am I supposed to get any sleep?

Raquel puts her arm around him, leans against his chest.

RAQUEL

Maybe this is all too much for you? Are you sure you can hold up your end of the bargain?

Corky doesn't say anything.

RAQUEL (cont'd)

It's only for the break. What can happen in a holiday break?

CORKY

I don't know. But I'm not looking forward to finding out.

EXT. CORKY'S CASA - DAY

Corky gets in his old PICKUP, starts it up, heads out to the dirt road that runs parallel along the beach.

NOAH (50s) walks across the road in front of him. He has long gray hair, wears combat boots and a humongous straw hat with a turned-up brim where a toy horn has been attached. His little dogs, Misha and Niko, follow dutifully behind him.

Corky pulls over, stops, leans out the window.

CORKY

Hey, Noah.

NOAH

Today's the big day, eh?

CORKY

Right. The big day.

NOAH

So you'll be taking it easy for the holidays... babysitting, is it?

CORKY

Babysitting. I'm trying to figure out how I got myself into this mess.

NOAH

Hey, I just want to say that,
well... I admire you for what
you're doing.

CORKY

Give me a break, Noah.

NOAH

No, I really mean it. Not many guys
in your situation would--

Corky runs his fingers through his hair, struggles with the
stress.

CORKY

Look, Noah... if things get kind
of... you know, like, if I can't...
if this kid is too much for me...
well, can I count on your help, if
it gets, you know... ?

NOAH

You want me to do the animal
therapy thing?

CORKY

Yeah, that would be good.

NOAH

You don't have anything to worry
about. Kids and animals. Works
every time.

CORKY

But that's the problem. Where this
kid comes from, they don't have any
animals. He's probably never seen
an animal in his life.

NOAH

Asphalt jungle, huh?

CORKY

Something like that. Probably packs
a machete though...

Corky goes silent on the thought.

NOAH

You're making way too much out of
this. Why can't you just accept
what's happened?

CORKY

You know why...

NOAH

No I don't. It's not normal.

CORKY

Normal? And what would be normal, given the absurdity of the situation?

NOAH

You haven't even met the kid. Give him a chance. That would be normal.

CORKY

I -- I just don't know if I can... I don't know what's going to happen.

NOAH

Will you get going! Once you lay your eyes on the kid all your fears will fade away. Instantly. By the time the break's over, you're gonna love this kid. Believe me.

Corky shrugs reluctantly, nods goodbye and drives off. Noah, Misha and Niko watch the pickup go down the road. All three of them look worried.

EXT. ROADS - DAY

Corky's old pickup drives through lush, tropical roads way off the beaten track of Mexico's paradise coast. Everywhere you look, exotic birds and flowers burst with color. But then the dirt road turns into a highway and then into a modern freeway where everything is asphalt and cement.

INT. ZIHUATANEJO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - CORRIDOR - DAY

Corky makes his way down a busy airport corridor while talking on his cell phone to DEAN, who sounds like a man in his mid-thirties.

DEAN (ON PHONE)

Hello.

CORKY

I'm at the airport now.

DEAN (ON PHONE)
I can't tell you how much I appreciate what you're doing.

CORKY
It's nothing. Don't even think about it.

DEAN (ON PHONE)
Conan. He's pretty upset about his nose. You can't even talk to him.

CORKY
Conan's a good man. How do you expect him to feel?

DEAN (ON PHONE)
At first he wouldn't let Angel register for the Huntington Beach Open. But I convinced him my boy will be fine -- after you knock some sense into him.

CORKY
Like I knocked some sense into you?

Corky stops walking, waits for a response.

DEAN (ON PHONE)
You don't have to be that way, you know.

CORKY
I'm sorry it didn't work out for you. Maybe it will work out for him.

DEAN (ON PHONE)
Maybe...

CORKY
You could have been the best, you could have been -- out of all my students, there was no one like you.

Corky waits for a response but there is none. He starts walking again.

CORKY (cont'd)
Listen to me, Dean. I tried my best to make you a good surfer, a great surfer. And, well, I'm sorry that--

DEAN (ON PHONE)

Just give him a chance. He's a good kid. Don't listen to the rumors.

INT. ZIHUATANEJO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - CUSTOMS - DAY

CUSTOMS OFFICIALS check passports and luggage. Standing among a waiting CROWD, Corky checks out the line of PASSENGERS just beyond the customs gate. He spots a scrawny and gangly BOY (14) who stands out from the other Passengers, with his wraparound sunglasses, a black cell phone with white, waterproof earbuds, a Killer Dana T-shirt, Volcom surf trunks, several thin gold necklaces, a small pirate's earring and a face full of anger. This is SLASH. Corky grins at the sight of this Gremmie -- a young and inexperienced surfer.

CORKY

I'll give him the same chances I gave you. No more. No less.

DEAN (ON PHONE)

That's all I'm asking.

Corky watches Slash peruse the waiting Crowd.

CORKY

I'm not making any promises. After all, I haven't even met the kid.

Corky raises his hand, smiles, goes to call out to Slash.

DEAN (ON PHONE)

You met him. That one time.

Corky remembers, his smile fades. He lowers his hand slowly, hangs back in the waiting Crowd.

Corky watches Slash look down at an old surf magazine he's holding.

DEAN (ON PHONE) (cont'd)

You know, when I pull together all you taught me, what I come up with is this: my boy is better, way better than I ever was.

The MAGAZINE PHOTO SPREAD features a twenty something Corky Carroll as a young and vibrant Golden Boy Surfer with strawberry-blond hair. The last rays of the day bounce off the sand and cliffs in a way that makes his sculptured body glow. Holding his surfboard under his arm, his massive biceps bulge. He stares off over the water like a Greek God. It's magical.

CORKY

I promise you this: I will teach him everything I know, everything I taught you -- I just hope he doesn't throw it all away.

Slash holds up the magazine for a closer look: the smiling portrait of Young Corky, the handsome Golden Boy Surfer.

DEAN (ON PHONE)

You mean... like I threw it all away?

CORKY

I'm still not over it.

Slash scans the waiting Crowd, checks each of them against the magazine photograph. No matches.

CORKY (cont'd)

Dean?

DEAN (ON PHONE)

Yeah.

CORKY

I really meant it when I said I was sorry about it not--

DEAN (ON PHONE)

He's my everything. I'll do anything you ask to make this work.

CORKY

I'm here. Am I not?

Corky watches Slash, waits for a response from Dean.

DEAN (ON PHONE)

I -- I hope he can help make up for your... lost expectations.

A MEXICAN CUSTOMS OFFICER checks Slash's backpack, surfboard case and papers, then walks over to the customs gate.

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL

(calls out)

Carroll. Corky Carroll.

CORKY

I think I see him now.

DEAN (ON PHONE)

Good luck.

Corky hangs up the phone, steps forward, makes eye contact with Slash. Slash looks shocked. He double checks the photograph in the magazine and then stares back at Corky as though he can't believe this is the same guy. Corky shows ID, signs a release for the Customs Official, then walks up to Slash and smiles. Slash just looks at him astonished.

SLASH

What happened to you, dude?

CORKY

What do you mean?

Slash again does a double take on the photograph.

SLASH

(under his breath)

Life's been cruel, huh?

Corky shrugs it off. He's heard it before.

CORKY

(extends his hand)

You must be Angel.

Slash stiffens at the sound of his name. He stares at Corky's extended hand -- doesn't take it.

SLASH

Nobody calls me that. My name's
Slash.

CORKY

Slash? What kind of name's that?

SLASH

You know, like in... rip... tear...
shred and lacerate.

Slash lifts his chin with a smirk.

SLASH (cont'd)

It's what I do.

Corky tries to smile, but it falls apart into a grimace.

CORKY

(indicating Slash's
shortboard case)

Need some help?

SLASH

I don't need any help.

Corky takes this in, shrugs.

CORKY

I'm glad I could squeeze you in. My schedule is pretty packed.

SLASH

Don't give me that. I know I'm your first client.

CORKY

Who told you that?

SLASH

Munoz.

Corky waves his hand toward the exit with a little mock ceremony.

CORKY

After you -- Slash.

Slash breezes past him lugging his cases. Corky looks after him with a this-kid-is-some-piece-of-work expression.

EXT. ZIHUATANEJO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - PARKING LOT - DAY

Slash tosses his bags into the bed of Corky's pickup. Corky clamps Slash's surfboard onto the mounts on the surfboard roof rack, which extends over the bed of the pickup. Slash climbs in, closes the passenger door. Corky opens the driver's door, pauses, doesn't get in. He gives Slash a look.

CORKY

There's something I have to ask you first.

SLASH

What?

CORKY

Do you have any weapons of any kind?

SLASH

Huh?

CORKY

You heard me. Are you carrying any weapons? Anything in your bags? We're not going anywhere until you answer this question.

SLASH

What kind of weapons?

CORKY

I don't know. Guns... a machete,
maybe?

Slash yanks the passenger door open and gets out of the pickup, walks to the front fender, stares over the hood at Corky in disbelief. The doors of the pickup hang open.

SLASH

You are one sick dude.

CORKY

It's not exactly like you came down here with a clean slate, you know. You broke Conan's nose. How do I know you won't break mine?

SLASH

That was an accident.

CORKY

An accident!

SLASH

I wasn't trying to break his nose. I just wanted to punch him.

CORKY

Answer my question!

SLASH

I don't need to tell you anything. I don't owe you anything.

Corky slams his hand down on the hood in frustration.

CORKY

You want me to put you on the return flight to LA? Because I will, you know. If that's what you really want.

Slash doesn't say anything. They stand there glaring at each other over the hood.

CORKY (cont'd)

Course, you'll be missing out on the best left in the world. But what does that matter to a gremmie like you?

Slash looks at Corky sideways with suspicion.

SLASH
You're a goofy foot?

CORKY
Yeah... so what?

SLASH
I'm a goofy foot.

This seems to hit Corky from left field. He didn't see it coming.

SLASH (cont'd)
This left... this is really the
best left in the world?

CORKY
It's a goofy foot's dream. Complete
paradise.

Slash chews on that for a moment, then lifts his chin.

SLASH
You better not be making this up.

CORKY
Why would I make it up? I'm trying
to send you home.

EXT. TWO LANE ROAD - DAY

Corky's pickup drives by with Slash's surfboard case mounted on the roof rack.

INT. CORKY'S PICKUP (MOVING) - DAY

Corky drives. Slash leans against the passenger door, tired, coughs lightly. The road rumbles by. Another little post flight cough.

CORKY
Ever compete sick before?

SLASH
What?

CORKY
You know, competed when you were
sick, like -- half dead?

SLASH
You are crazy.

Slash stares out the window shaking his head.

SLASH (cont'd)
I suppose you have?

CORKY
Have what?

SLASH
What do you mean "what?" You having
memory loss or something? Competed
while you were sick... That's what
we're talking about, isn't it?

Corky stares off.

CORKY
When I was your age, I won a lot of
contests feeling really bad...

A smile comes to Corky's face.

CORKY (cont'd)
I remember one year at the East
Coast Championship, a lifeguard
gave me oxygen before I paddled
out. Course it didn't stop me from
getting sick in front of everybody.
(grins)
But I still won.

SLASH
Yeah, right... Grandpa.

An awkward moment.

CORKY
Let's get one thing straight, Kid.
One thing. Are you ready?

SLASH
Yeah... I guess.

CORKY
You shouldn't be going around
calling someone you just met your
grandpa. It's not right.

Corky waits for a response, but none comes, then

SLASH
Okay... so tell me...

CORKY
Tell you what?

SLASH
About a time when you were sick,
like really, really sick -- and you
competed anyway.

CORKY
Why should I tell a little surf
brat like you anything?

No response. Corky looks off.

CORKY (cont'd)
Just this one time I'll tell you a
story about what it's really like
to compete at a professional level
and then, that's it. One story and
no more. Got it?

SLASH
Yeah, sure... like, what do I care?

The road rumbles by. Slash crosses his arms, looks at Corky
sideways, waits.

CORKY
Peru. 1967. The Peru International
Big Wave Contest. Ever hear of it?

SLASH
No.

CORKY
I surfed where I wasn't supposed
to. A public beach. Got so sick the
Peruvians had to rush me to the
hospital. Tubes stuck in me all
over the place. After three days,
the doctors weren't going to let me
compete. But then Mickey Dora came
to visit me.

SLASH
Who?

CORKY
Dora. Mickey Dora. The Black Night
of Surfing... ? Don't you know
anything?

Slash stares out the window, sighs impatiently.

CORKY (cont'd)

Well, anyway... Dora distracts the doctors while I pull out all the stuff they got stuck in me. Then out down the elevator I make the mad escape in a hospital gown that only comes down to my belly button. I end up in the cafeteria where I have to dive out a window past screaming nurses into a getaway car. I was so weak I couldn't carry my surfboard to the beach.

Corky looks over at Slash, grins.

CORKY (cont'd)

But I still won.

Slash chews on that, stares out the window.

SLASH

You want to know what I think?

Corky stares at the road ahead, sighs.

CORKY

Not really.

SLASH

I don't think you ever competed sick at all. I think you just made it up.

Corky burns, gives him a hard look as though he's trying to figure out if the kid is for real. Slash just stares out the window totally bored. The pavement ends abruptly and suddenly it's a dirt road. As Slash bounces on his seat, he gives Corky a confused look. A bouncing, grinning Corky flashes Slash a mock, crazed look with wide eyes and wild hair flying about.

CORKY

Welcome to the jungle!

The jungle foliage swallows up the pickup as tropical birds SCREAM and CACKLE.

EXT. CORKY'S CASA - DAY

The pickup pulls up to Corky's casa, the mango-colored two storied house with gigantic white columns facing the ocean.

Corky and Slash get out. Slash looks around in wonder. Colorful birds and butterflies and flowers are all over the place. Corky watches Slash curiously as he takes off chasing a butterfly.

EXT. CORKY'S CASA - PORCH - TWILIGHT

Corky and Slash walk out onto a porch and look out over the ocean. A perfect wave peels to the left.

SLASH

Wow. That's the most beautiful left I've ever seen.

CORKY

Told you. A goofy foot's dream.

SLASH

It must be great to have a set of waves like this right outside your door.

CORKY

I've been lucky. It's been that way all my life.

Slash stares intently at the ocean waves in the distance. A pack of wild horses gallops by.

SLASH

Are those your horses?

CORKY

No, they're wild. Things are different down here.

INT. CORKY'S CASA - KITCHEN - DAY

Corky and Slash unload the groceries onto the counter and Raquel starts putting them away in the cupboards.

RAQUEL

So, what kind of food do you like -- Slash?

SLASH

Uh... I don't know. Burgers and stuff, I guess... Nachos! I like nachos.

Raquel smiles politely, shares a wary glance with Corky.

EXT. CORKY'S CASA - PORCH - EVENING

A quiet night. Corky plays the guitar softly. A billion stars are out and Raquel leans back on her lounge chair looking up at them. The lights from the fishing boats twinkle in the distance. The fireflies are out. Suddenly, a BLAST of the most aggressive gangsta rap MUSIC shakes the porch and destroys whatever peaceful mood there was. Corky and Raquel look at each other.

RAQUEL

I think he found the stereo.

Raquel goes inside. The MUSIC stops. Corky quietly strums some of the old songs. Slash appears, listens curiously.

SLASH

What kind of music is that?

CORKY

Surf music... haven't you ever heard of surf music?

Slash looks at him blankly.

CORKY (cont'd)

Dick Dale? The Rendezvous Ballroom?

Still nothing. Corky stares off at the pounding waves.

CORKY (cont'd)

Try to picture this: Three thousand surfers crammed under one roof dancing the Surfers' Stomp... the floorboards shaking and creaking from the pounding of all those huaraches and tire-tread soles stomping in time with the music... the thunder was so intense you'd swear the floor was gonna cave at any second. Man, it was like -- electrifying.

Corky looks at Slash -- searching for something, anything. Slash just shrugs, looks away -- zip, nada, nothing there.

INT. CORKY AND RAQUEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Corky and Raquel lie in bed wide awake, staring at the ceiling.

CORKY

Whatever happened to great nicknames, like Blue Dog and the Iguana? I don't get kids today: Slash? Masher? Gutter? Screaming Steve?

RAQUEL

They're just a names. Like *Hijo de Papi*...

CORKY

(smiles)
Daddy's Boy?

RAQUEL

(nods)
Or... *Huvon*.

CORKY

(searches)
He's a big egg?

RAQUEL

Lazy, maybe. But he's not mean.

Corky leans over, looks at Raquel.

CORKY

You know how some people go around smiling all the time and give off the vibe that they're happy and life is good -- even if they aren't and it isn't? You know the kind of people I'm talking about... they're just naturally stoked all the time and fun to be around? Well, this kid -- he's not one of them.

RAQUEL

Maybe he's just *Chavo*. He's so young.

Corky and Raquel stare at the ceiling some more.

CORKY

We have a dream. Remember?

Corky looks at Raquel.

CORKY (cont'd)

Hey, I want to build a new life with you.

Raquel turns toward Corky.

RAQUEL

I'll remind you again: there is no such thing as a surfers' retirement plan.

Corky pulls her close.

CORKY

I'm going to make this work. You'll see.

EXT. SHORELINE - DAY

Corky stares out at the waves, studies them. He leans on his upright white surfboard with the black spots.

FLASHBACK BEGINS:

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

SPLASHING.

The bright red deck of the longboard moves forward, toward the endless ocean horizon. The deck of the surfboard shifts sharply to the right, moves toward the same endless horizon. Suddenly, another violent, extreme turn around: the deck of the surfboard moves toward the same endless horizon. A trapped, hopeless feeling.

FLASHBACK ENDS.

EXT. SHORELINE - DAY

Slash moseys up carrying a shortboard, in a full dress wet suit, complete with gloves, cap and boots. He stands next to Corky, who looks at him kind of funny.

CORKY

What are you doing?

SLASH

What?

CORKY

What's with the skin?

SLASH

It's December -- winter, you know.

CORKY

Look around, dude. Haven't you noticed all the butterflies and birds? It's springtime down here. The water's eighty degrees!

Slash looks around and seems genuinely surprised with the lush world he finds himself in.

SLASH

Oh...

As Slash takes off the wet suit. Corky takes a banana out of his pocket and peels it. Slash cracks open an energy drink and chugs. Corky takes a bite out of his banana and watches Slash chug.

CORKY

What are you doing?

SLASH

I'm amping up.

Slash chugs some more as Corky shakes his head. Slash plugs his waterproof ear buds into his ears, grabs his board and heads out into the water. He takes three paddles and gets instantly nailed and totally blitzed by a large shore break wave.

CORKY

Cowabunga!

Slash stands up sputtering and spitting out water with strands of kelp hanging from his head. Corky calmly finishes his banana, wades into knee deep water.

CORKY (cont'd)

Dude, usually you, like, wait between sets. Time your water entry before you go out.

Slash burns as he retrieves his board, wades over to Corky.

CORKY (cont'd)

Just show me what you can do.

Slash just looks at him.

CORKY (cont'd)

(louder)

Just show me what you can do!

No response. Slash just stares at him.

CORKY (cont'd)
 (even louder)
 Will you take out those stupid ear
 buds?!

Same dumb look. Corky yanks the ear buds out of Slash's ears,
 waves him off.

CORKY (cont'd)
 Go on! Show me!

Slash gives him a look, then paddles off.

EXT. OFFSHORE - DAY

Slash surfs pure herky-jerky. He jerks up a wave; he jerks
 down a wave -- over and over. Then he goes for air and wipes
 out. Slash paddles up to Corky, who now sits on his white
 surfboard in shallow water.

SLASH
 How was that?

CORKY
 Could we slow it down a little.

SLASH
 Slow it down? What for?

CORKY
 Does the word "glide" mean anything
 to you?

Slash just looks at him.

CORKY (cont'd)
 What about "smooth"? Surely you've
 heard the word "smooth"?

Slash looks at him funny.

SLASH
 Air! What about "air"? That's what
 it's all about, isn't it? Getting
 "air"?

For a moment, Corky doesn't know what to say.

CORKY
 Let's try it holding onto your
 trunks the whole wave.

SLASH

What?

CORKY

Tuck your thumbs in your trunks. No arm movement. Just try it. Trust me.

SLASH

I'm not doing that. That's stupid.

Corky perks up.

CORKY

Had enough? Want to give up now...?

Slash doesn't budge, considers his options.

CORKY (cont'd)

I could have clients for another twenty years and I know I will never have another as bad as you.

Slash turns his board around, heading out to surf.

SLASH

OK... have it your way -- Grandpa!

CORKY

Don't call me that.

SLASH

What... ? Why... ? Because you're old. Because your best days are behind you? Retro-saurus!

CORKY

You have no idea what you're saying.

SLASH

You make it sound like being called a grandpa is a bad thing. My grandpa is a great man. He's a Reverend! A good man. A holy man. People listen to him when he talks. He says things. Important things. He's not like you. A surf bum. Who has nothing to say -- and nobody listens to.

CORKY

Listen to me and listen to me good, gremmie. Don't call me that.

(MORE)

CORKY (cont'd)

You can call me anything you like --
but not that.

Slash lets loose in a singsong, teasing voice.

SLASH

Surfing Grandpa! Surfing Grandpa!

CORKY

I'm warning you.

Slash shrugs it off, then paddles off laughing. Slash surfs the same: pure herky-jerky with his arms flailing all over the place. But when he jerks a sharp turn approaching Corky, he manages to let loose with a huge rooster-tail that drenches Corky.

SLASH

(shouts)

Sorry -- Grandpa!

Corky doesn't move or say anything -- he just sits there burning. Water dripping down his face. Slash surfs on, laughing hysterically.

EXT. SHORELINE - DAY

The sun burns high in the sky.

Corky and Slash sit on the beach. Slash's shortboard sticks upright in the sand behind him. Corky's surfboard sticks upright in the sand behind him. Stone silence.

CORKY

You know what the trouble is with
you gremmies today? You can't
remember your first board.

SLASH

I can too.

CORKY

All right... what color was it?

SLASH

It was... uh...

CORKY

Face it. You've had so many handed
to you, you can't remember. All you
young surf punks are like that
today.

(MORE)

CORKY (cont'd)

Back in the day, a guy couldn't tell you what color hair his first girlfriend had -- but you could bet he knew the color of his first board.

SLASH

Oh, like you could remember the color of yours!

CORKY

Hey, I'm here to teach you a few moves and that's it. Like you care... yeah, right! You could care less what color my first board was.

SLASH

I knew it! You don't remember the color. You act like you do, but you don't. You're a big phony just like all the other dinosaurs with longboards pretending to be cool.

CORKY

You know, nothing you say holds any meaning for me. Understand that you mean absolutely nothing to me and I could care less about you and all your little problems.

SLASH

Problems? What's your problem, dude? I just asked you if you knew the color of your first surfboard and you go and freak out on me, like I really care what color your first board was. I don't care. You got that? I don't care. I don't care anything about you and I don't care what color your first board was.

CORKY

Oh, I remember, all right.

SLASH

I bet you do.

CORKY

You don't believe me?

Corky stares off at the waves breaking.

SLASH

I just think you like to tell stories, that's all.

Corky runs his hand along the rail of his white surfboard.

CORKY

It wasn't even a surfboard. It was one of those canvas air mats that were tougher than nails. You see, for me, walking, talking and learning to surf all came at about the same time. Learning to chew gum came much later.

Slash doesn't crack a smile.

CORKY (cont'd)

Then there was the monster redwood board a neighbor had forgotten about. I dragged it down to the water and caught a wave that blocked my view of the sun. That old redwood board moved faster than I thought possible and before I knew what was happening, I was dropping straight down the face of a two hundred foot wave.

Slash looks at him skeptically.

SLASH

What did you do?

CORKY

What any other six-year old kid would do. I jumped to my feet and screamed -- bloody terror.

Slash tries to hold back a smile, but it breaks through.

CORKY (cont'd)

I flew through space and time, right into the gnarly teeth of that killer wave, which broke with full force right on my tiny, little body. AAARGGG!

Slash chuckles with delight at the thought of Corky getting creamed.

CORKY (cont'd)

That day changed my life. Just standing up for a brief second on that dinosaur of a surfboard -- feeling the thrill of what it was like to come crashing down the face of a monster wave -- it hooked me. Any chance I had of being a doctor, lawyer, or truck driver was washed away in that brief second. Surfing was my life.

Slash looks at Corky, then off at the breaking waves, thinking.

INT. CORKY'S CASA - KITCHEN - EVENING

Slash watches Raquel prepare a taco.

RAQUEL

You got a *novia*?

SLASH

What?

RAQUEL

You know -- a girlfriend?

SLASH

Not really.

RAQUEL

Not really? What does that mean?

Slash looks down at his empty plate.

SLASH

No. It means no.

Raquel folds up the taco and gives it to Slash.

RAQUEL

He's not so bad, you know.

On the PORCH outside the sliding glass door, Corky strums a tune on his guitar. Slash watches him for a moment.

SLASH

How can you stand him?

RAQUEL
 (smiles)
 It took a little time. It wasn't
 easy.

SLASH
 I bet.

Slash takes a big bite out of the taco.

SLASH (cont'd)
 Hey, this isn't so bad.

RAQUEL
 You're so... *simpatico*.

Slash puts down his taco, stares at his plate.

SLASH
 How come I never see him surfing? I
 mean, if he's such a great surfer
 and everything, why doesn't he
 surf?

Slash looks up at Raquel. She looks away, toward the porch.

RAQUEL
 (yells)
 Hey, Corky, you want a taco?

CORKY (O.S.)
 Sure.

Raquel looks at Slash for a moment.

RAQUEL
 It's his heart.

SLASH
 Is he OK?

RAQUEL
 He's fine. He just can't overdo it,
 do anything too stressful. At least
 for now.

SLASH
 Will he ever be able to surf again?

RAQUEL
 I hope so. He's got some tests
 coming up. I'll know a lot more
 then.

Raquel stares down at the taco she's preparing for Corky for a moment.

RAQUEL (cont'd)

The doctors have a funny name for it -- Broken Heart Syndrome.

SLASH

Is it bad?

RAQUEL

It's not permanent -- and that's good.

SLASH

How did he get it?

RAQUEL

Let's just say he has no business surfing alone at his age.

SLASH

Sucked under for too long... ?

RAQUEL

Something like that.

Slash looks down at his taco.

SLASH

You got any extras. I'm gonna need some extras.

Raquel looks at him inquisitively.

RAQUEL

Yeah, sure.

EXT. DIRT ROAD OUTSIDE CORKY'S CASA - NIGHT

Loaded with his travel and board cases, Slash sneaks surreptitiously out of Corky's casa and runs into NOAH -- still wearing his combat boots and the humongous straw hat with a turned-up brim and a toy horn attached. Slash doesn't know what to make of him. They stop and stare at each other in the moonlight. Noah's dogs Misha and Niko stand by his side and stare up at Slash curiously.

NOAH

What's your name?

SLASH

Slash...

NOAH

Oh, I've heard about you.

SLASH

Do you know which way it is to the airport?

NOAH

The airport? Yeah, sure. Let's see now... you've got about a five hour walk to the main road where hopefully you can catch a ride to the airport. But I don't know how you'd do being a gringo. If you have to walk the whole way you're looking at a day and then some. You'll need some money to stay a night. You got any money?

SLASH

No...

NOAH

Oh... you got a plane ticket?

SLASH

No...

NOAH

Oh... uh, you've got this pretty well thought out, have you?

SLASH

Not really...

NOAH

Too bad.

SLASH

What?

NOAH

You won't get to surf with me.

SLASH

So?

NOAH

I'm a little before your time, but it probably would of been nice to brag to your friends that you surfed with me.

Slash stares off into the darkness.

SLASH

That won't make much difference to me. I don't really have any friends.

NOAH

I see... well, in that case I'd better send Misha and Niko along with you. They'll keep you good company.

Noah heads off to his house, opposite Corky's casa.

NOAH (cont'd)

Buenas noches. Have a good trip.

After he's gone, Slash looks down at the two dogs who continue to stare up at him. Slash looks down the long dirt road lit by the moonlight. He sighs, then sits down in the dirt. The two dogs sit down with him.

INT. CORKY'S CASA - LIVING AREA - NIGHT

Corky is on a walkie-talkie, staring out the window.

CORKY

What's he doing now?

INT. NOAH'S CASA - LIVING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Noah is on a walkie-talkie, peers out a window at Slash sitting in the dirt with the dogs.

NOAH

I'll give him a little time, then let him sleep on the porch with Misha and Niko.

INT. CORKY'S CASA - LIVING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Corky gives up trying to see something.

CORKY

Noah...

NOAH (ON WALKIE-TALKIE)

Yeah?

CORKY

It's going to be a long break.

NOAH (ON WALKIE-TALKIE)
Get some sleep. You're doing great.

Corky hangs up the walkie-talkie and stares out the window, watches the pounding waves in the moonlight.

EXT. NOAH'S PORCH - MORNING

The morning sun lights up the waves. Corky walks over to Noah's porch where Slash sleeps tucked in a sleeping bag on a lounge chair surrounded by Misha and Niko. Slash looks so peaceful surrounded by the dogs. Corky hesitates to wake him.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Corky and Raquel walk along the shoreline.

CORKY
You know what that little gremmie called me.

Raquel gives Corky a look.

CORKY (cont'd)
He called me a "surfing grandpa."

RAQUEL
Oh, no... I never would have thought -- that's so unbelievable. I'm sorry that happened.

CORKY
Me too.

RAQUEL
It wasn't your fault.

CORKY
Well, whose fault was it?

RAQUEL
Give him a chance. He's not his father.

CORKY
Yeah, but he's close.

RAQUEL
Drop it, Corky. Give him a fresh start, a clean slate.

CORKY

Nobody ever gave me a fresh start,
a clean slate.

RAQUEL

When he calls you a surfing
grandpa, it should count for
something. Maybe he's being nice.
He has no idea what he's saying.

CORKY

Look. When he calls me grandpa,
it's not a good thing; it's a bad
thing. It's his way of saying that
I'm too old to matter anymore, that
I'm not good for anything, that I'm
a -- how did he say -- a retro-
saurus!

Raquel cracks a smile.

RAQUEL

Are you complaining? You don't
think you've had a special life?
That you weren't born with
something that other people can
only dream about?

Corky stops walking, kicks some sand around.

CORKY

I'm not complaining. I'm just
saying... that's all.

EXT. OFFSHORE - DAY

Slash shreds a wave, doing herky-jerky turns up and down.
It's not pretty to look at, with his arms flailing
everywhere. He tries for air but he can't land and eats it
big time.

EXT. SHORELINE - DAY

Slash paddles up next to Corky, who sits on his white
surfboard in shallow water.

CORKY

Has it ever occurred to you that
you might be trying too hard?

SLASH

What do you mean? I'm trying as hard as I can?

CORKY

That's what I mean.

SLASH

What?

Frustrated, Corky begins again.

CORKY

Doesn't the word "flow" mean anything to you at all? You know, the old saying: flow with it. Go with the flo-o-o-w.

SLASH

I don't flow with anything. I make it happen. I decide what goes down on a wave. Waves are for rippin'.

Something dawns on Corky.

CORKY

There's no mystery here. Your problem is simple: You're trying to control something that can't be controlled.

SLASH

Dude, it was like... there. I had to go for it.

CORKY

I told you: hang your thumbs from your trunks. That's the rule. Now do it!

Slash paddles off to catch another wave.

SLASH

Okay -- Grandpa.

Corky glares after him.

EXT. OFFSHORE - DAY

Slash does the same thing again: herky-jerky shredding up and down the wave, goes for air, wipes out big time.

EXT. SHORELINE - DAY

Corky watches in horror as Slash, oblivious to the world, goes off into a big egocentric watch-what-I-can-do rip and shred session on the waves.

EXT. OFFSHORE - DAY

While paddling inside, Slash suddenly turns and drops in on a BIG LOCAL (40) -- a couple of hundred pounds of muscle with colorful tattoos and long wild hair. Like a snake, Slash cuts right in front of the path the Big Local is riding and steals the lane.

EXT. SHORELINE - CONTINUOUS

Corky throws up his arms in frustration. What now? How could the kid be so stupid?

EXT. OFFSHORE - CONTINUOUS

Slash causes an intense COLLISION that sends both Slash and the Big Local into the water.

EXT. SHORELINE - CONTINUOUS

Alarmed, Corky slams his fist down on the deck of his longboard. He huffs and puffs, not believing he saw what he saw. Then, in a burst of anger, he paddles out.

EXT. OFFSHORE

Furious, the Big Local crawls back onto his board. Slash crawls back onto his. The Big Local paddles up next to him.

BIG LOCAL

You little--

SLASH

Watch it, huh? You old geezer!

BIG LOCAL

You didn't see me coming?

SLASH

Yeah, I saw you coming. So what? I can take any wave I want.

BIG LOCAL

Shut your mouth before I kick your--

The Big Local burns, brandishes his clenched fist.

SLASH

You can't hit me! I'm not from here.

BIG LOCAL

Yeah... well, guess what?

BLAM!

The Big Local lets Slash have it big time. Blood goes everywhere. This is serious. It's gushing out of Slash's nose. He tries to stop the bleeding, then looks at his hand all covered in blood. He looks shocked.

BIG LOCAL (cont'd)

Yeah, well, I gotta a great use for your shortboard, you little punk!

The Local grabs Slash's shortboard out from under him, tossing him back into the water. When Slash comes up for air, CRACK, the Big Local splits Slash's shortboard. Just then, Corky paddles up, huffing and puffing. He has to takes breaks while talking to catch his breath.

CORKY

Hey, I'm so sorry... he doesn't know... he has no respect... but he's with me... I'll take care of it.

The Big Local grunts at Corky.

BIG LOCAL

(to Slash)

You've gotta learn some respect! If you weren't with him, you'd be -- dead!

The Big Local throws the broken shortboard at Slash before paddling off in disgust. Corky helps Slash up onto his longboard, grabs the broken shortboard and begins to paddle in. Slash tries to stop the bleeding. Blood is on the board, all over Slash's face and arms, everywhere.

SLASH

Did you see that?! Did you see what he did?!

CORKY

Stop complaining. Just be glad it was the board he broke in half -- and not you.

SLASH

You're glad this happened, aren't you? Admit it.

CORKY

Will you calm down.

SLASH

I am calm!

CORKY

Then start paddling, will you? Before Mama gets a whiff of you.

SLASH

Mama? Who's Mama?

CORKY

The Hammerhead who lives by the reef.

SLASH

There's a shark out here?!

CORKY

Just shut up and start paddling. Do something constructive for a change.

Slash looks around at all the blood, then he starts paddling.

EXT. SHORELINE

Corky and Slash stumble up onto the beach. Corky, huffing and puffing, tries to figure out what to say to Slash -- who stands staring at him fiercely, shaky and hysterical, looking a total wreck, holding his dangling, empty leash. Corky tosses the remains of Slash's shortboard onto the sand, then works to calm him down.

CORKY

Sit down.

SLASH

(choking)
What?

CORKY
I said -- sit down.

Corky extends a hand and helps Slash sit down in the sand. Then he collapses on the sand next to him, still huffing and puffing.

CORKY (cont'd)
Now lean forward and breathe through your mouth.

SLASH
(with a skeptical look)
You sure you know what you're doing?

CORKY
Will you just try it! Now there's an idea... try something out for a change...

Slash leans forward. He calms down, breathing better. Corky too.

CORKY (cont'd)
That better?

Slash nods. He has a bulging red eye, profusely bleeding swollen nose and tears mixing it all up.

CORKY (cont'd)
Now you know how Conan felt...

Slash gives Corky a sideways look.

SLASH
Is that supposed to be funny? Are you making a joke?

Corky just stares at the waves.

SLASH (cont'd)
I've had it with you. Look what you got me into... I'll never have a girlfriend now!

CORKY
Listen to me: You're the snake, young man. You got what you deserved.

SLASH
What is it that makes you so mean and grouchy all the time?
(MORE)

SLASH (cont'd)

Why can't you say something nice
for a change?

Corky seems stunned, flabbergasted for a moment.

CORKY

You talking about me, or someone
else -- like yourself maybe...
Seems to me if someone needs to say
something nice around here, it
should be you -- not me!

SLASH

You know... maybe this surf
coaching thing isn't right for you.
Maybe you should hang it up. Get a
rocking chair. Watch the waves come
in and out.

That hurt. Corky gets up in a huff.

CORKY

You know what we call a surfer who
endangers or drops in on other
surfers? A surfer who's generally
clueless with little understanding
of surf etiquette. A kook. And
that's what you are -- a kook!

SLASH

You can't call me that. I know how
to surf.

CORKY

Oh, a kook is not necessarily a
beginner. Even experienced surfers
can be subject to sporadic moments
of kookism.

Corky turns away, ponders the waves. Slash pouts.

It all comes together now: the blood, the bulging eye, the
pounding headache, the clogged nose -- and now the tears.

SLASH

(shouts)

I want to talk to my Dad! I want to
go home, right now! I don't want to
stay here another second!

Corky spins back around.

CORKY
You want to speak to your dad? All right, let's go to town. Right now!

SLASH
Fine!

CORKY
Fine!

SLASH
Promise me one thing, just one thing.

CORKY
That depends...

SLASH
No more stories. I don't want to hear another story from you ever. Never again.

CORKY
Never? Like in -- not ever?

SLASH
Exactly. Promise?

The two exchange fierce, hard expressions for a moment.

CORKY
You won't hear another word from me. That's a promise.

INT. CORKY'S CASA - KITCHEN - DAY

Through an open doorway, Raquel notices Corky helping beat-up Slash into the pickup. She walks up to the doorway for a better look and sees Corky walk around the back of the pickup. Noah approaches him, followed by Misha and Niko and a couple of goats. From the tailgate, Corky surreptitiously passes off Slash's split shortboard to him. Then Corky continues around, gets in the pickup.

EXT. CORKY'S CASA - CONTINUOUS

Raquel walks up to the driver's window of Corky's pickup, hands Corky a piece of paper.

RAQUEL
Three o'clock. And don't be late. They're squeezing you in.

Corky nods, looks down at the paper: it shows details of a doctor's appointment with the hospital department of CARDIOLOGY. He puts the piece of paper in his pocket. Raquel walks back to the kitchen door, pauses, turns. Corky drives off with Slash. Noah waves good-bye to them -- all the while positioning the broken shortboard behind him. Raquel looks on curiously, then closes the door.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Corky's pickup drives down the lonely two lane road to town.

INT. CORKY'S PICKUP (MOVING) - DAY

Slash holds a makeshift plastic bag filled with ice against his eye and nose. Corky drives, his eyes fixed on the road.

SLASH

Are we close enough now?

Corky nods. Slash takes out his cell phone, plugs a car power adapter in. The phone lights up.

SLASH (cont'd)

Finally! It's sooo sweet!

Corky looks at him sideways, unimpressed. Slash dials. The phone rings but his dad's answering machine comes on right away.

SLASH (cont'd)

He doesn't have his cell turned on...

(turns toward Corky)

He always has his cell on.

Corky nods and shrugs at the same time. For a moment it looks like Corky's going to say something, but he doesn't. Slash sits with the bag of ice against his eye and nose, completely confused and disturbed. The only sound is the HUMMING of the tires on the road. The pickup rushes toward Zihuatanejo in the distance.

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY WAITING ROOM - ZIHUATANEJO - DAY

Slash sits in a chair looking lost and out-of-it. Corky's guitar sits in the chair next to him. Corky walks up, hands Slash a new ice pack, picks up his guitar and sits down next to him. Slash puts the ice pack to his eye and nose. Corky strums the guitar a little.

SLASH

I suppose something like this has happened to you... knowing you, it probably has.

Corky shrugs it off with a "Yeah, I guess" motion.

SLASH (cont'd)

Okay, so tell me... what happened?

Corky stops playing, gives him a look, annoyed and perplexed.

CORKY

You are driving me up a wall, you know that? First you don't want me to tell you anything, now you do? What's up with that?

SLASH

I changed my mind.

Corky looks away, flabbergasted.

SLASH (cont'd)

Look, I can't breathe very well... my nose is expanding like a balloon -- like, ready to explode at any moment... I have a major bad headache and I'm having difficulty thinking straight. I could use a little distraction.

CORKY

You really ought to get your priorities straight, kid. Figure out what you really want.

SLASH

Oh... like you did when you were my age.

Corky looks at him, a little caught off guard with his directness.

SLASH (cont'd)

I'm starting to get the picture.

Corky lets out a long, frustrated sigh and stares off. It's obvious he's thinking back, then he looks Slash over.

CORKY

Yeah... I guess I was about your age when something like this happened...

Slash readjusts the ice pack against his eye and nose. Then he gives Corky his full attention.

CORKY (cont'd)

The Endless Summer Tour... '64... a lot of us were crammed into a big Ford Condor -- sort of the first RV. When we arrived in Virginia Beach, everyone split into the homes of local surfers. But I met a surfer girl and, you know... I got the bright idea to go back to the Condor to party, just the two of us. But it was locked, see, so I tried to break in through the driver's window. I got wedged in somehow and got stuck sitting on the horn -- woke up the whole neighborhood. How was I to know Bruce Brown was alone in there with his wife? He yanked me off the horn and let me have it. I went flying and landed in a mud puddle in the rain.

Slash's one good eye lights up and he manages a grin.

CORKY (cont'd)

I cried the whole way down the beach... and it was a long beach -- good thing it was raining.

SLASH

What happened to the girl?

CORKY

She ran away screaming...

Slash considers the story for a moment.

SLASH

Maybe you got what you deserved?

CORKY

Yeah, well, that's what I was telling you... the very same thing... back there at the beach.

They look at each other, each realizing something he didn't want to know.

NURSE (O.S.)

Angel... ?

Slash gets up and walks toward the NURSE (40s). She takes one look at his eye.

NURSE (cont'd)
You got a girlfriend?

Slash gives Corky a sideways glance.

EXT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - ZIHUATANEJO - DAY

Corky paces the corridor talking on his cell phone.

DEAN (ON PHONE)
Yeah... ?

CORKY
You didn't take his call. Why not?

Silence.

CORKY (cont'd)
Just tell me what you want, Dean.
You know I'll do whatever. All you
have to do is ask.

DEAN (ON PHONE)
You know what I want. I want you to
teach him the real meaning of
surfing. That's it's just not about
fighting for a spot in the lineup.
What it means to be part of
something... to have friends. Real
friends. Friends for life.

Corky sighs.

CORKY
Does this have something to do with
the fact that we haven't seen each
other in, what, twelve years?

DEAN (ON PHONE)
I'm trying to help you. Help get
your business going.

CORKY
Why... ?

Corky waits for a response.

DEAN (ON PHONE)
You know why...

Corky stops pacing, stares off.

DEAN (ON PHONE) (cont'd)
 His mother, she loves him dearly,
 but she needs a break. Angel -- if
 you haven't caught on already --
 he's a handful. He's a little much.
 Ever since he got to high school,
 neither of us seem to be able to
 handle him. Maybe you can do
 better...

CORKY
 A little late for that, isn't it?

DEAN (ON PHONE)
 He's confused. He has a talent and
 he doesn't know what to do with it.

CORKY
 Why the change of heart?

DEAN (ON PHONE)
 We tried everything.

CORKY
 We... ?

DEAN (ON PHONE)
 The Reverend and I...

Corky doesn't respond.

DEAN (ON PHONE) (cont'd)
 If there were something else that
 could make him happy, we would have
 found it. Bottom line? He'll never
 be happy unless surfing is a big
 part of his life. So that's why the
 Reverend and I -- we surrendered,
 and sent him to you.

Corky sighs.

CORKY
 Will I ever see you again? We used
 to be close, if you remember.

DEAN (ON PHONE)
 I remember. We'll see each other
 again... but until then you'll have
 Angel. You can see me through him.

CORKY
It'll be like old times...

DEAN (ON PHONE)
I'm sure of it.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - HOSPITAL - DAY

Corky fidgets across the desk from the DOCTOR (40s).

DOCTOR
You seem a little stressed.

CORKY
I am, a little. No, a lot. I'm
stressed out a lot actually.

DOCTOR
Want to talk about it?

CORKY
It's my first client. This kid.
What am I talking about? He's not
just a kid, not just any kid, he's--
I mean, he gets me so upset I can't
even talk about him. I can't even
explain what a complicated
situation it is.

DOCTOR
You're talking about your life on
the water?

CORKY
Yes, of course.

DOCTOR
Well, I have some good news for
you: you're clear.

CORKY
Clear? Clear to surf?

DOCTOR
Now that doesn't mean you should
get carried away and go out get
ragdolled or anything.

Corky smiles.

CORKY
I wasn't expecting that.

DOCTOR

Lucky for you it wasn't a permanent condition. Just take it easy from here on out. You're not getting any younger, you know.

INT. CORKY'S PICKUP (MOVING) - DAY

Corky and Slash ride in silence. Slash sports a big white bandage taped over his nose as well as a patch over his eye. The road rumbles by.

CORKY

What you got to understand, kid, is that sometimes, when things go wrong... like, really, really, really wrong... it doesn't always mean things aren't going to work out. Sometimes they do, despite everything.

SLASH

Yeah... right.

CORKY

Take this planer accident I had working for Hobie...

SLASH

Planer? What's a planer?

CORKY

It's this thing that shaves down a foam blank into a surfboard shape. Anyway, I go to adjust my glasses, see, and the planer gets away from me and nearly takes off my arm.

SLASH

Right...

Corky extends his arm.

CORKY

Check out that scar. Doctor said another half inch and I would have been a goner.

Reluctantly, Slash looks down at the nasty scar.

CORKY (cont'd)

Blood everywhere. Scared me half to death.

(MORE)

CORKY (cont'd)

But the thing about it was, Hobie decided it was too dangerous letting me fool around with planers, so he put me on the payroll just for surfing -- and that's the story of how I became the world's first professional surfer.

SLASH

You really expect me to believe that?

The remark catches Corky off guard. He doesn't know what to say.

SLASH (cont'd)

But thanks for trying to make me feel better.

Corky shrugs it off. He tried. Slash stares out the window and doesn't say anything. His external, physical pain is nothing compared to his internal, spiritual pain.

EXT. CORKY'S CASA - PORCH - SUNSET

Corky and Raquel sit quietly on the porch, sharing a drink and watching the sun go down.

RAQUEL

I saw you give a broken shortboard to Noah today.

Corky looks at her, doesn't say anything.

RAQUEL (cont'd)

What's that all about?

CORKY

I know what you're thinking and nothing you're thinking is true -- none of it.

RAQUEL

He's changed, don't you think?

CORKY

Changed? Are you kidding me? That kid will never change. He's a curse on the name of every surfer who came before him -- a mark on us all... for all time.

Raquel looks at him and smiles warmly.

RAQUEL
I don't believe that.

CORKY
The kid won't let up on the surfing grandpa thing.

RAQUEL
That's so unbelievable. The kid has no idea. He sees you as old, that's all.

Corky gives her a look, pouts.

RAQUEL (cont'd)
You knew this could happen...

CORKY
Not like this, I didn't.

RAQUEL
Accept him for who he is. There's your answer.

CORKY
That's not so easy, given what his dad put me through.

RAQUEL
He is not his father. Get that through your head.

CORKY
He sure acts a lot like his father.

Corky stares out at the waves. After a moment, he pulls a folded sheet of paper out of his pocket and hands it to Raquel.

CORKY (cont'd)
Speaking of change...

Raquel unfolds it, reads it. It's an echocardiogram report. Suddenly Raquel gasps, smiles brightly, looks up at Corky.

RAQUEL
You passed? You can surf again?

CORKY
I'll be on medication for a bit more, but yes, I'm clear to surf.

Corky reaches out for the report. Raquel hands it back to him. He stares down at it for a moment.

CORKY (cont'd)

The whole experience has brought back some pretty dark memories though. Surfing isn't all fun and games, you know.

RAQUEL

You're doing a lot better. Maybe the kid is bringing you luck.

Corky folds up the report and sticks it in his pocket.

CORKY

You may be right. I don't know. Maybe the kid is getting to me.

Raquel leans over and kisses Corky on the cheek.

EXT. SHORELINE - DAY

Corky stares out at the waves, leans on his upright white surfboard with the black spots, watches Noah surf. Noah rides a wave in, glides up to Corky.

CORKY

Looking good out there, Noah.

NOAH

I heard from Dean yesterday.

CORKY

Yeah... ?

NOAH

The Reverend got wind of the hospital visit. He's coming to get the kid.

Corky doesn't say anything, just stares out at the waves.

NOAH (cont'd)

It's what you wanted, isn't it?

CORKY

Yeah... it's what I wanted.

NOAH

Told you, didn't I?

Corky watches Noah paddle out.

FLASHBACK BEGINS:

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

The bright red deck of the longboard. Beyond its rounded nose: the waves turn a gloomy grey. A STRAWBERRY BLOND SURFER (20) lies prostrate on the longboard. He jerks the board to the right. Ominous clouds roll in, covering the sky. Darkness descends. This can't be happening.

FLASHBACK ENDS.

INT. CORKY AND RAQUEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Corky and Raquel lie in bed wide awake, staring at the ceiling.

RAQUEL

Sorry.

CORKY

What are you sorry for?

RAQUEL

How did the Reverend find out?

CORKY

He saw the bill. The kid must of told them something at the hospital.

RAQUEL

What are going to do? He's your first surf client.

CORKY

He doesn't have any surfing blood in him anyway -- at least not my kind. I'm not sorry to see him go.

EXT. SHORELINE - DAY

Corky watches Slash make his way down the beach followed by Noah's entourage of Misha and Niko, two goats, three ducks and a donkey. Corky walks down the bluff to meet him.

CORKY

I have some good news for you.

SLASH

What... ?

CORKY

Your Grandpa is coming to pick you up. You need to go pack.

Slash just stares at Corky for a moment.

SLASH

But I don't want to go.

Now it's Corky's turn to stare.

CORKY

But that's what you've been telling me the whole time.

SLASH

Tell Grandpa I changed my mind. I'm staying.

Corky watches Slash walk off, followed by Noah's entourage.

INT. CORKY AND RAQUEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Corky and Raquel lie in bed wide awake, staring at the ceiling.

CORKY

What should I do?

RAQUEL

You can't go on like this. You have to put a stop to it. It's not right.

Corky doesn't say anything.

RAQUEL (cont'd)

Besides, it's not fair to you. You're a person, with feelings.

CORKY

I can't believe it's come to this. This was never part of the bargain.

EXT. TWO LANE ROAD - DAY

Corky's pickup drives down the road. Dark clouds gather.
THUNDER.

INT. CORKY'S PICKUP (MOVING) - DAY

Light rain hits the windshield. Corky turns on the wipers.

FLASHBACK BEGINS:

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

The bright red deck of the longboard. Beyond its rounded nose: turning. Searching. The Strawberry Blond Surfer sits on the longboard, looks up: distant lightning strikes through the dark clouds. A deep THUNDER rolls all around. It begins to rain. An all alone feeling. Like being cut off from everything you ever loved.

FLASHBACK ENDS.

EXT. ZIHUATANEJO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - PARKING LOT - DAY

Corky's pickup pulls into a parking space. Corky gets out, looks up at a plane coming in for a landing overhead.

INT. ZIHUATANEJO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - CORRIDOR - DAY

Corky makes his way past the airport departure lounges. Tall windows look out on the boarding planes. Then he sees him. The REVEREND (60s) suit and collar, a bit puffy, never exercised a day in his life -- sees Corky too. They stop walking, stare at one another for a moment. Then they approach each other haltingly, one step at a time.

REVEREND

We had a deal -- remember?

CORKY

Deal's off.

REVEREND

Who do you think you are?

CORKY

Corky Carroll.

REVEREND

You're nothing, Corky Carroll. Why, if it wasn't for you -- and people like you -- my grandson would be just fine. He wouldn't have any of the problems you people have....

CORKY

You people... ?

REVEREND

That's what I said. You people with your drugs, your lazy life style, your--

CORKY

"Surfers" is the word. Surfers are what we are.

REVEREND

Fifteen hundred in medical bills. How do you explain that?

CORKY

He had it coming. He broke the rules.

REVEREND

He's been difficult, that I grant you. Otherwise, I would never have agreed to this arrangement.

CORKY

Dean thinks... well, he thinks he needs to explore this side of himself, that it's in his blood. I know... you would have preferred your daughter had fallen in love with a lawyer or a doctor.

Corky stares off at the waiting planes.

CORKY (cont'd)

Not a drug addict.

The Reverend softens a bit on that.

REVEREND

I appreciated your going along with the name change. I didn't want him to know anything about you.

Corky softens too.

CORKY

And I appreciate everything you did for Dean. I'm very proud of him.

REVEREND

He wasn't going to marry my daughter without changing.

CORKY

Dean's been a good father -- with
your help.

Now the Reverend stares at the waiting planes.

REVEREND

I thought, well, that if I could
force Dean to keep Angel away from
surfing -- from everything to do
with surfing -- from... well, from
you -- then he wouldn't turn out
the way his father did.

CORKY

It wasn't surfing that turned Dean
into a drug addict.

They look at each other.

REVEREND

Promise me. Promise me that you'll
take good care of my grandson and
keep him out of harm's way.

CORKY

He's my grandson too.

They shake hands.

...