"THE BIG WAVE"

by

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© William Finlay scriptwriter@ca.inter.net FADE IN ON:

EXT. THE OCEAN - DAY (STOCK)

--where rolling walls of water thunder toward the shore. Majestic, powerful -- and terrifying as hell. These babies are a surfer's wet dream. Literally.

A lone surfer in a wetsuit appears on the crest of a wave. A moment later he's racing down the wall -- he's in his element, the perfect symbiosis of man and nature.

The surfer cuts back just as the lip of the wave curls and, suddenly, he's in the tube. He leans forward, shooting through the barrel at breakneck speed as tons of water arch over him, chasing him down.

The man is on the ride of his life -- until THE THUNDERING WALL OF WATER COMES CRASHING DOWN UPON HIM! The surfer disappears in a watery explosion of brine and foam and spray.

We HEAR A SOLITARY PANICKED GASP, followed by BLASTS FROM SEVERAL CAR HORNS. And we--

SNAP CUT TO:

INT. LANCE'S CAR - NIGHT

CLOSE ON LANCE

-- a bulky guy in a toque behind the wheel of his car. His eyes spring open.

The SOUND OF CAR HORNS CONTINUE. Lance looks to the traffic lights in front of him. They flick from green to orange. Lance floors it.

EXT. STREET - SAME

Lance's old beater scampers across the snowy intersection. The DRIVER in the car behind is pissed. He stops on the red, sticks his head out the window, screams--

DRIVER Friggin' idiot!!

EXT. MICKEY G'S PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Lance car rolls to a stop in the empty, snow-swept lot. Before him sits Mickey G's Sports Bar -- which at the moment is as dark and lifeless as the parking lot.

INT. LANCE'S CAR - SAME

Lance is baffled. He squints, wipes a thin layer of ice from the windshield.

He gets out -- leaves the motor running.

EXT. MICKEY G'S - SAME

Lance climbs the three steps to the front door, pulls. It's locked. He cups his mittened hands around his eyes, peers through the glass door.

The place is dark, deathly quiet, and from what Lance can see, totally empty.

LANCE (V.O.) I'd worked at Mickey G's for four and a half years. Wasn't meant to be a career -- and I sure as hell didn't want to turn it into one...

A LETTER

--a legal-looking form taped to the inside of the glass door catches his eye. Much of the letter is obscured by patches of crystallized condensation.

Lance leans in close. We see what he sees -- snippets of the notice seen through the frosted window--

"Non-payment of rent... entry prohibited... disposition of assets...Sheriff's Department"

LANCE (V.O.) (CONT'D) But I hadn't planned on going cold turkey either. Mickey was always in hot water... you know, financially. Seems he finally got cooked.

Lance cusses, slaps the door.

LANCE (CONT'D) Prick owes me three weeks' pay!

Without warning, a crack appears in the upper corner of the door -- a second later it's on the move!

LANCE (CONT'D) ...Oh-oh. That can't be good.

Lance can only watch as the GLASS GROANS, CRACKS AND SNAPS as a network of splintered veins rip their way across the frozen door.

Lance looks around nervously. He's about to turn and get the hell out of there -- but can't quite resist the temptation to touch the glass. He gently taps the glass with his mitten. Solid enough. He breathes a sigh of relief, turns, takes a step, and--

THE GLASS

gives way. Thousands of tiny shards CRASH noisily onto the steps. An ALARM SOUNDS -- WHA-A! WHA-A! WHA-A!!

Lance bolts down the steps to his car.

ON THE CAR

-- as Lance grabs the door handle, pulls. It won't budge.

Lance yanks it again. Hard. The door is either frozen shut or Lance locked it by accident. He can see the keys dangling from the ignition.

A FAINT SIREN is heard in the distance. Lance begins to panic. He races around the vehicle pulling at all the doors. Nothing.

He gives the driver's door another desperate tug.

THE DOOR HANDLE

rips free of the door -- but the door remains firmly shut!

Lance is in panic mode. He fires the door handle into the snow, then gives the door a hard kick.

THE SIREN GET LOUDER, NEARER. Time to make tracks. Lance hustles off into the dark -- his boots leaving clean, neat impressions in the snow.

STAY ON THE CAR

for a long moment -- and the driver's door pops open.

WIPE TO:

EXT. MICKEY G'S - PARKING LOT - LATER

A lone cop car, lights flashing, is stopped next to Lance's car.

OFFICER PENNY PARSONS,

a severe, no-nonsense cop who has the ability and strength to manhandle even the toughest perp, flashes a self-satisfied grin as she fills out a ticket.

As hard as Penny is on the outside, there's a hint -- and JUST a hint -- of vulnerability and feminine mystique longing to break free. (We'll soon discover Penny has a conflicted longing for -- and ambivalent relationship with -- Lance.)

As she finishes writing a ticket, Lance's car finally runs out of gas. It spits, huffs -- then dies in a death rattle convulsion of sputters and gasps.

THE DISPATCHER'S VOICE crackles on Penny's lapel radio.

DISPATCHER'S VOICE 10-20, one-oh-five.

Penny presses the transmit button on the microphone--

PENNY

(into mic) One-oh-five, 10-23. Yeah, Marv, no sign of forced entry. But ya best send someone over to patch up the door and reset the alarm.

She looks at Lance's boot prints heading off in the snow, smiles.

PENNY (CONT'D) (into microphone) Was probably just some kids throwing snowballs.

DISPATCHER'S VOICE Copy. 10-4.

Penny rips the ticket from her pad, smiles.

PENNY Here you go, Mister Murdock.

She plants a kiss on the ticket, slides it under the windshield wiper.

EXT. CITY HALL - NIGHT

A TELEVISION HOST

-- a TV pretty boy stands before a large, boisterous crowd. Happy New Year banners and balloons are everywhere.

The host looks INTO CAMERA, flashes a toothy smile, speaks into his hand-held microphone--

LANCE'S VOICE I'm gonna do it. I'm gonna start my own business! The CROWD CHEERS, and we--

CUT TO:

INT. KELLY'S BAR - NIGHT

As we PULL BACK TO REVEAL -- the city hall celebrations are on the large screen television that hangs behind the bar.

Lance is at the bar looking up at the TV. He sits between two friends -- Danny, a nattily dressed, good-looking black man about the same age as Lance, and Nathan, a heavily blingedout white guy in a Raptor's jersey, baggy jeans and oversized ball cap.

Lance and Danny wear paper party hats.

LANCE Mickey G's shutting down might be the best thing that's ever happened to me.

DANNY How do ya figure?

LANCE Forces me to get off my ass and do something with my life.

Nathan nods in agreement.

NATHAN

I hear ya, dawg. I was in the same boat till I saw "8 Mile". Hadn't been for that movie, don't know where I'd be today.

Lance cocks an eyebrow.

LANCE -- And where are you? You know, today.

It takes a second for Nathan to process the question, then--

NATHAN Dude, I'm right here. Where d'ya think I was?

Lance and Danny trade glances, let it go. They're obviously used to Nathan's disjointed thought process.

DANNY

(to Lance) Still, you're gonna need a lot more than a 6 week course in Retail Management. You need an income.

LANCE

It was 8 weeks and I'll have an income. A good one, too. All I need's a little capital.

DANNY

And a store. Not to mention inventory, fixtures, employees, advertising, stationary, telephones, a website... and, of course, customers.

LANCE

Thanks for not mentioning that.

NATHAN

Running a business is a lot tougher than it looks, dude. My brother-inlaw opened up a liquor store -everybody drinks, right? Figured he'd make a killing. The friggin' cops tagged him for bootlegging!

LANCE

Cause it's illegal, Nathan. You can't sell booze without a licence from the government.

NATHAN

He knows that NOW. That's my point, dude. Ya really gotta be on the ball to run a business. It takes a lot of smarts.

LANCE

I got smarts.

NATHAN I'm talking BUSINESS smarts. Ronald McDonald smarts.

LANCE

...You DO know that clown doesn't actually own the company, right?

Nathan snickers -- he knows something Lance doesn't.

NATHAN 'Course he does, man. His last name's McDonald. (MORE) NATHAN (CONT'D) It's called McDonald's. Du-uh. You don't see the connection?... Geesh. And you want to run a business?

LANCE

rolls his eyes, looks up at the TV.

ON THE TELEVISION

-- where the TV host looks into Camera and speaks directly to Lance.

HOST He's right you know.

(NOTE: When Lance talks to the TV, no notice is paid by anyone else at the bar. It's simply Lance carrying on a private, inner dialogue -- a device that will show itself in different ways later.)

> LANCE Believe me, that bozo is NOT the CEO of McDonald's!

HOST He's right about running a business. It's not for the weak--

LANCE I'm not weak.

HOST --or the lazy.

That one hits home.

LANCE Yeah, well people change.

The host gives him a skeptical look, pulls a photo from his breast pocket, holds it next to his face.

INSERT THE PHOTO

-- it's of a young boy about 8. He wears a jacket and tie identical to the TV host, he sports the same perfect every-hair-in-place hairstyle, and his toothy smile is equally radiant.

LANCE (CONT'D) That your son?

HOST Me. Grade three. The point is not lost on Lance.

LANCE ... Okay, SOME people change.

HOST Hope you're right.

The host looks at his watch, then--

HOST (CONT'D) Oops! Don't wanna miss this!

He turns to the crowd behind him, starts the countdown--

HOST (CONT'D) Six!... Five!... Four!

And PATRONS at the bar pick up the count--

BAR PATRONS THREE!... TWO!... ONE! HAPPY NEW YEAR!!

People hoot and cheer. Danny and Nathan whoop it up with the others.

SLOWLY MOVE IN ON LANCE

-- oblivious to what's going on around him.

LANCE (V.O.) It suddenly occurred to me that I had been listening to what others said about me my whole life -- that I was lazy, stupid, that I'd never amount to anything. Truth is, I'm ambitious, smart and, given the chance, I could change the world... (beat) Maybe we'll go with just the first two. (he thinks about it, then--) ...Okay, I'm no Allan Einstein, but I AM ambitious!

He takes a swig of beer, TALKS DIRECTLY INTO CAMERA.

LANCE (CONT'D) I know, I know... You probably think a surf shop is more suited to a warm environment with tropical beaches. That's what everybody thinks. But they're wrong! (MORE) LANCE (CONT'D)

Did you know, next to competitive oyster shucking, surfing is the fastest growing sport in countries that border salt water? And it's not just for tanned, blond-haired surfer dudes. It's for people like you and me.

He catches himself, leans toward camera--

LANCE (CONT'D) Assuming, of course, you're not a tanned, blond-haired surfer dude.

EXT. LAWRENCETOWN BEACH - DAY

A dull, overcast, cold day. Snow flurries swirl along the empty beach. The waves are black, choppy and uninviting.

Lance stands on the beach in a wetsuit and toque. A surfboard is planted upright in the sand beside him. He looks out over the water.

DANNY (O.S.) You sure this is how you wanna start the New Year?

ON DANNY AND NATHAN

standing a few meters away. They're dressed in winter parkas, gloves and scarves. Danny holds a mini camcorder, Nathan a beer bottle.

DANNY (CONT'D) Only asking cause if anything happens -- you know, you go under or anything -- you're on your own. Black people can't swim.

LANCE That's not true!

DANNY <u>I</u> know. Just didn't think you did.

NATHAN Hell, Lance, even the fish have more sense than to swim in sub-zero water. They've all headed south for the winter.

LANCE That's swallows and geese, Nathan.

NATHAN Really?... Where do fish go? Saskatchewan.

That makes sense to Nathan--

NATHAN Yeah, I knew they went somewhere.

DANNY (to Lance) Why don't you wait till July? 'Least the water might be a degree or two warmer.

LANCE It's important I do this, Danny.

DANNY

...Why??

LANCE Cause I'm NOT lazy and stupid!

That means nothing to Danny and Nathan.

NATHAN (to Lance) Dude, we never said you were. (aside to Danny) Did we?

DANNY Not to his face.

LANCE 'Sides, think what this will do for my new shop when customers see I actually walk the walk... well, you know, surf the surf to be technically correct.

Nathan looks around -- there's not a soul to be seen anywhere.

NATHAN Dawg, there's no one else here!

Lance indicates Danny's camcorder.

LANCE Youtube, Nathan. The whole world is on the other side of that camera lens.

Nathan looks to the camcorder, then back to Lance.

NATHAN No, man. I think that's where the battery goes.

Danny looks to Lance, shrugs. How can you respond to that --?

LANCE Let's just do this.

Danny brings up the camera, starts to shoot.

DANNY

Go.

LANCE (into camcorder) Hi, I'm Lance Murdock. It's New Years Day--

INSERT: THE IMAGE FROM THE CAMCORDER

LANCE (CONT'D) --and I'm standing on a beach with the raging North Atlantic behind me...

Danny shifts the camera off Lance and takes in the vast ocean. After a long moment--

LANCE (O.S.) (CONT'D) ...Okay, enough with the ocean already! Put me back in the shot.

THE VIEW THROUGH THE CAMCORDER WHIPS BACK TO LANCE.

DANNY (O.S.)

Sorry.

LANCE

(into camcorder) I don't know what the water temperature is, but I do know it's cold. How cold you ask? Well, I just saw a brass monkey walk by without any testicles!

He guffaws at his lame joke, grabs the surfboard and heads for the water--

NATHAN

looks to Danny, confused--

NATHAN How's it know it wasn't a GIRL brass monkey?

QUICK WIPE TO:

INT. LANCE'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

ON LANCE

-- stripped down to his undershorts. He stands frozen in a comatose state, eyes open but vacant. Ice hangs from his eyebrows, nose and chin.

Danny and Nathan are attempting to defrost him by blasting him with two NOISY BLOW DRYERS.

JUNE, Lance's mother, mid-50s, is in the kitchen with them.

JUNE What ever compelled him to go surfing in the middle of winter?!

NATHAN 'Said he wanted to prove he's not lazy and stupid.

JUNE (tsk-tsking) Well this certainly won't get him a membership in Mensa.

The lights in the kitchen flicker, the two blow dryers suddenly go silent.

DANNY Uh-oh. I think we blew a fuse.

JUNE Oh, dear, I meant to get some, too.

DANNY

(concerned)
We gotta do something to get his
body temperature back up -- and
we'd better be quick about it. I'm
pretty sure he's hypothermic.
 (he looks to Nathan)
...They say the best way to help
someone in this state is by
transferring your body heat to
them.

NATHAN How the heck d'ya do that? DANNY

(as diplomatic as possible) ...Well, apparently you gotta strip down naked so there's skin to skin contact and... you know, sort of hug 'em until they come around.

Without missing a beat--

NATHAN Gee, Mrs. Murdock, sorry to hear about Lance freezing to death.

June thinks about it for a moment, then--

JUNE Oh, well. I suppose a mother's got to do what a mother's got to do.

She throws off her sweater, starts to disrobe--

ON NATHAN AND DANNY

-- watching, mouths agape. After a moment--

NATHAN (aside to Danny) Dawg, you still got the camera?

DANNY

Yeah. Why?

NATHAN Cause I think THIS is what needs to go on Youtube!

In a blink, Danny has the camcorder rolling. A moment passes before we hear Lance's shocked voice--

LANCE (O.S.) O my God! MO-O-OM!!

EXT. MICKEY G'S - PARKING LOT - DAY

A SIGN

attached to the building reads: ABSOLUTELY NO OVERNIGHT PARKING

We find Lance -- bundled in a warm jacket, fur hat and kneehigh winter boots -- at his car filling the tank from a jerrycan. The driver's side door is wide open.

There's a thick wad of parking tickets tucked under the car's windshield wiper.

A quick WHOOP-WHOOP from an approaching police car gets his attention.

He frowns as Penny stops the police cruiser next to his car. She powers down the window, offers a pleasant smile.

> PENNY Had some car trouble I see.

Lance burns her a disgruntled look.

LANCE Yeah... and thanks for all the tickets by the way. Another half dozen and I can wallpaper my bedroom.

PENNY (coyly) That I'd like to see.

Lance finishes draining the jerrycan, screws the cap back on his gas tank.

LANCE What is it with you? You knew it was my car but you kept plastering it with parking tickets. There's gotta be a hundred bucks worth here.

PENNY Two hundred and thirty -- if you pay within seven days. Doubles after that.

LANCE Where the hell am I going to get four hundred and--(stymied by the math) --some odd dollars??

He points to Mickey G's $-\!-$ a piece of plywood has been fixed across the front door.

LANCE (CONT'D) You may have noticed, I don't have a job anymore.

PENNY What are you going to do? Any plans?

Lance toys with the idea of telling her, then just blurts it out--

LANCE I'm taking the leap, Penny. I'm opening up a store. A surf shop.

PENNY You mean like a surf 'n turf? Fish and steak, that kinda thing? I like it.

LANCE

No, no. A bona fide surf shop. Surf boards, waxes, wet suits, the whole nine yards. It'll be a surfer's paradise. There's nothing like it anywhere around here.

PENNY There's a reason for that, Lance. Nobody surfs.

LANCE Granted, it's a small market -- but that's just because people haven't been able to find what they need to do it properly.

He slides in the front seat, starts the car. He jacks the heater to high, grabs a long-handled snow brush/ice scraper off the floor, gets out.

LANCE (CONT'D) I tell ya, the growth potential is enormous.

He closes the door, starts to clear snow and ice off the windshield.

LANCE (CONT'D) I'm looking for a few good investors -- serious types only, of course. So if you know of anyone...

PENNY I'll keep my ear to the ground.

She watches as Lance leans over the hood of the car, reaching across the windshield--

PENNY'S POV - LANCE'S DERRIERE

as it jiggles and wiggles -- not the kind of sight that would interest most, but Penny is transfixed.

PENNY

-- can't help herself. She purrs like a lynx in heat.

Lance fires her a look.

LANCE

You okay?

Penny snaps out of her reverie.

PENNY Hmm? O, yeah. Just clearing my throat. Cold weather plays havoc with me.

Lance goes back to his work--

LANCE (sing-song) Vitamin C Twice a day Keeps colds, fevers, And doctors away!

Penny smiles longingly, sighs...she throws the car in gear, motors off.

Lance finishes up clearing the windshield, automatically reaches for the handle on the driver's door--

It's gone -- Lance having ripped it free the last time he went through this. He circles the vehicle pulling at all the doors. They're locked.

Lance can't believe it. He lets lose an angry how ---

LANCE (CONT'D) Dammit, dammit, dammit!! (he looks to heaven) What d'ya got against me, God? What I do? Tell me! What I do??!

He whacks the car with the snow brush. It snaps in two.

Lance growls again, stomps off. And we--

STAY ON THE CAR

-- and after a long moment the driver's door pops open.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LANCE'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - DAY

A trucker's ASSISTANT pulls a box off a delivery truck, heads to the front porch where there is an assortment of boxes of varying shapes and sizes already off-loaded. Lance stands near the back of the truck with the TRUCK DRIVER, who hands Lance a clipboard. Lance signs the paper. The driver looks around.

TRUCK DRIVER (CONT'D) ... So where is it?

LANCE Where's what?

The truck driver reads from the waybill.

TRUCK DRIVER The Big Wave. That what you're calling it?

Lance nods.

LANCE

Well, I'm gonna run it from the basement -- you know, for the time being. Just until I find a permanent location.

The truck driver smirks.

TRUCK DRIVER The basement of your MOM'S house, right?

LANCE

(tenses) Yeah. So?

TRUCK DRIVER

No, no. Good for you. I ran a business from my mother's basement for a whole summer once. Made a killing.

LANCE (relaxes)

Oh yeah? Cool.

TRUCK DRIVER Yeah. I sold lemonade. I was six.

He and the assistant laugh it up, head for the cab.

As the truck drives off Lance yells after it--

LANCE And now you're driving a friggin' delivery truck! So go to hell, ya losers! ON THE TRUCK

-- as the brake lights flash. It SCREECHES TO A HALT.

LANCE

panics, hightails up the walk to his mother's house.

We HEAR MORE LAUGHTER coming from the truck as it moves off down the street.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

It's a partially finished basement -- low ceilings, a washer, dryer and laundry sink in one corner, an old hockey net is in another. Posters of eighties rock bands and TV stars adorn the walls.

IN A SERIES OF SHOTS

Lance goes about doing his best to make the place look like a business establishment:

- he props surfboards of various heights and widths along one wall.

- Lance lays one of his hockey sticks on a table, proceeds to saw the blade off it.

- Lance suspends the shaft of the hockey stick horizontally between beams in the ceiling. Voila! A makeshift clothes rack.

- Wet suits -- about a half a dozen of them -- hang from the suspended hockey stick.

- June watches as Lance removes the door from his upstairs bedroom. He heads to the basement.

- He lays the door on top of two makeshift sawhorses.

- Lance carefully positions books, maps, DVDs, and tubs of surfboard wax across the newly created display table.

- June protests, but to no avail, as Lance removes another door -- this one from the upstairs bathroom(!)

- Lance digs a child's Pretend-and-Play cash register from an old chest in the corner of the basement. He places the cash register on the counter he has fashioned from the bathroom door. He smiles, pleased with himself.

- Lance pops the lid off two paint cans, throws a stir-stick into each.

beneath the mattress on his mother's bed.

- Lance shapes the plywood with a jigsaw -- though it's impossible to tell as yet what shape it is.

- Lance dips a brush into a paint can and starts his masterpiece.

CUT TO:

EXT. LANCE'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - DAY

Lance appears in the driveway carrying what looks to be a crude surfboard. He moves to the front of the house and drops the surfboard into a support bracket that has been place on the front lawn. As he steps back to admire his work, we see that it's--

A SIGN

in the shape of a surfboard and painted decoratively on both sides.

NOW OPEN!

-THE BIG WAVE SURF SHOP-

Hand-painted arrows point toward the house. Below the arrows, more words:

ENTRANCE - FOLLOW DRIVEWAY TO THE BACK OF THE HOUSE, 1ST DOOR INSIDE GATE. KNOCK HARD, BELL BROKEN. LANCE MURDOCK, PROPRIETOR

WIPE TO:

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Danny and Nathan are checking the place out. Danny gives the place an approving nod, he's impressed.

DANNY --Not bad, not bad at all. So how did you afford the stock?

LANCE (boastfully) Just a little thing called credit.

DANNY You got credit?? How did you manage that?

Lance pulls a business card out of his pocket.

LANCE Sent 'em my business card -- they figured I'm legit. Nathan takes the card--

NATHAN Coo-ol -- where d'ya get this?

LANCE

Online.

NATHAN (reads the card) The Reverend Dr. Lance Murdock, LL.B...?? (looks at Lance) Who's that?

LANCE

You're looking at him. An extra 10
bucks and they made me an ordained
Minister -- plus I can practice law
in Arkansas.
 (points to two framed
 diplomas on the wall
 behind the counter)
You wanna get married, buried, or
sue John Grisham for plagiarism,
come see me.

NATHAN Dawg -- you da man!

He points to the net in the corner--

NATHAN (CONT'D) How much for the goalie net?

LANCE It's a surf shop, Nathan. The net's not for sale.

NATHAN It's on display, isn't it?

LANCE It's not on display. I have no where else to put it.

NATHAN Then sell it. I'll take it away for you.

LANCE Okay -- four hundred dollars.

NATHAN Hm... Actually, I don't have a place to keep it. LANCE For four hundred bucks you can keep it here.

Nathan thinks about it, then--

NATHAN

... Is that on top of the four hundred you're charging for the net?

LANCE

What difference does it make? You don't HAVE four hundred dollars!

NATHAN You don't know that.

LANCE

Well do you?

NATHAN

No-o.

LANCE Then you can't buy the goalie net!

NATHAN Geesh -- you're not gonna win a lot of customers with that attitude!

He heads for the stairs--

LANCE Where ya going?

NATHAN I gotta use the can.

Lance points to hand-printed sign near the steps. WASHROOMS ARE FOR CUSTOMERS ONLY

LANCE

(shrugs) --Sorry. My hands are tied.

Nathan digs a coin out of his pocket, lays it on the counter.

NATHAN That's a down payment on the hockey net.

Nathan heads for the stairs. Lance calls after him -- he's been through this before.

NATHAN (heading up the stairs) God, you'd think I was in Grade Two or something!

DANNY I was with you in Grade Two, Nathan. You never flushed then either.

WIPE TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

June moves along the hallway carrying a laundry hamper. She passes the bathroom door -- stops -- backs up. She looks into the bathroom.

JUNE'S POV - NATHAN

sitting on the toilet reading an Archie comic.

Nathan looks up, gives June a friendly smile.

NATHAN Hey, Mrs. Murdock. How's it going?

JUNE Nathan... Sorry about the door.

Nathan looks perplexed.

JUNE (CONT'D) --The door. There isn't one.

NATHAN (realizing) Oh. Hadn't noticed.

June cocks and eyebrow, continues on her way.

JUNE (calling back) --Don't forget to flush.

QUICK WIPE TO:

INT. BASEMENT - LATER

June loads the washing machine, Lance primps a display, and Danny flips through a magazine as Nathan comes down the stairs. The three, as one, look at him. Nathan stops, pivots, and heads back up the stairs.

June, Lance and Danny look to the ceiling -- then they hear it. THE SOUND OF A TOILET FLUSHING. They nonchalantly go back to what they were doing.

EXT. THE OCEAN - DAY (STOCK)

Medium-sized waves roll toward shore -- and, this time, there are surfers everywhere. Dozens and dozens of them, all at varying degrees of proficiency -- and they all seem to be having a ball.

CAR HORNS SOUND, as we--

SNAP CUT TO:

INT. LANCE'S CAR - NIGHT

-- as Lance's eyes spring open. But this time there's no panic in them.

He looks to the traffic lights across the intersection. They flick from green to orange--

Lance hits the gas -- throws a wave to the driver behind.

LANCE

Sorry, sorry..!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

-- as Lance's car scampers across the intersection. From somewhere behind WE HEAR someone calling out -- "Friggin' idiot!"

INT. LANCE'S CAR - TRAVELING - NIGHT

STAY ON LANCE

-- smiling to himself. He's in an upbeat mood.

LANCE (V.O.) It's been two weeks and I haven't made any sales -- other than the 25 cent down payment on the hockey net -- but I've had a few customers. Six to be exact. (nods) ...And I'm pretty sure one or two of them will be back.

He chuckles aloud.

LANCE (CONT'D) I'm a businessman! I work for myself. Man, it couldn't feel better!

LANCE (V.O.) (CONT'D) Sure, I could use a few more sales but, hell, even business icons like Bill Gates and Jimmy Buffet didn't become billionaires overnight.

He slows to a stop at a downtown intersection. He looks across the street--

LANCE'S POV - A STORE WINDOW

-- and inside the window is a wall of television sets. All playing the same thing. It's the local news cast -- and the face of the TV Host we met earlier fills each screen.

Lance chuckles.

LANCE (CONT'D) Well what d'ya know?

The TV HOST looks out at Lance, smiles -- and makes a gesture like he's riding a surf board. He laughs, throws a "thumbs up" at Lance.

Lance grins, nods, returns the thumbs up.

EXT. STREET - SAME

The light turns green. Lance toots his horn -- and we watch as his car moves off into the night.

...and from out of nowhere, the SOUND OF CALIFORNIA SURFING MUSIC RISES. Nostalgic, happy, upbeat. Then--

SLOW CROSS FADE TO:

WAVES

...cold, dark Atlantic waves. Majestic, terrifying... and inexplicably alluring.

As the SURFING MUSIC CONTINUES we HOLD FOR A LONG MOMENT before we--

FADE OUT.

-THE END-