

POINT BREAK

by

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From the Screenplay by

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FADE IN:

We are in the belly of a wave.
Light refracts in a constant collision of water.
SLOW MOTION, the hallucinatory prisms, like liquid
diamonds taking flight, dreamlike...

EXT. OCEAN - DUSK

Backlit against a flaming sun a solitary SURFER glides
across the green glassy peak. TIME IS STRETCHED until his
movements gain a grace and fluidity not of this world.
Total Zen concentration. Body weight centered, eyes
forward and on the next section.

EXT. URBAN STREET - DUSK

SLOW MOTION ON a black sedan.
Creeping along store fronts. Past a Winchell's.
PEOPLE splash steps down rain-washed sidewalks in DREAM
MOTION. The sedan turns past the FIRST VIRGINIA BANK and
into an alley.

INT. BLACK SEDAN

TWO MEN and ONE WOMAN in SUSPENDED TIME put on overcoats
and hats. Under their hats strips of Scotch tape stretch
taut from the base of their nose to their forehead,
hideously distorting their features. Makes them look like
human PIGS.

EXT. OCEAN

SILVERY in this light, almost metallic, as if from some
future-scape. The lone surfer SHREDS a long, endless
right wall.
ACCELERATING INTO REAL TIME -- as he stares into the pit,
digs in, drops into the sweet spot on the wave, hunkers
down.
His moves becoming aggressive, frenzied--

INT. BLACK SEDAN

An M-16 clip is SMACKED into place and cocked with a
CACHACK! Ammo clips are SNICK-SNICKED into handgun butts
and a long clip is SSSNICKED into an UZI.
Watches are checked. The PIG NOSE people nod to each
other.

EXT. BANK

Pig Nose #1, steals into position near the glass doors,
slams his back to the wall, weapon to cheek, breath fast.

EXT. OCEAN

FAST NOW -- the surfboard rips a brutal gash in the face of the wave. The surfer TRIMS down the line, pivoting the board and going straight down, CARVING the bottom. He slashes viciously back toward the lip and--

In a radical INVERTED AIR ATTACK sails SIX feet above the wave in an explosion of water--

INT. BANK

--BAAAAAAMMM!

Glass doors explode OPEN and Pig Nose #1 SPINS inside. He fires a burst into the ceiling. BRRAAMM!!

PIG NOSE #1
EVERYBODY on the floor!

PEOPLE drop.

VERY FAST HERE--

Two bandits handle BANK EMPLOYEES and customers--

Another PIG NOSE watches the door--

Pig Nose #1 moves behind counter, Uzi and canvas sack in hand.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN

Dark. Monitors SHOW SLOW SCANS of the bank INTERIOR. Two MEN wear headphones and black windbreakers with FBI stenciled on the back. One watches with binoculars.

BINOCULARS
Bingo. We're on. Let's go.
Where's the big college
quarterback?! Are you with us,
Utah?

EXT. BANK WALL

A MAN in his twenties. His head spins revealing rain-slicked hair and face, eyes wide, bright. An edgy handsomeness to him.

He pops a stick of Wrigley's in his mouth, rests a shotgun on one leg and leans against the wall. He wears a headset... through which we hear the FBI guy yelling for him.

This is JOHNNY UTAH.

BINOCULARS (FILTERED)
Utah, where the hell are ya!?

Utah takes his headset off...

INT. BANK

Pig Nose #1 LEAPS over the counter, holds a canvas sack filled with booty from tellers' drawers.

shotgun.

UTAH

Halt. FBI!

Pig Nose #1 spins. We sense reckless anger. He raises the UZI. Utah squeezes the trigger.

No death. No blood.

Just buzzers and flashing bulbs.

Pig Nose's flak vest lights up like a pinball machine.

Utah's laser weapon hit the "kill zone". Pig Nose rips the tape off his face and the FBI CADET shakes his head in disgust.

OBSERVERS step forward. Bank customers. Bank tellers. All FBI personnel. MEDICAL STAFF offer the woman driver assistance. Pig Nose #1 heads for Johnny, but is subdued by other agents.

PIG NOSE #1 (FBI CADET)

I wanna say just two words to you,
asshole, SIMU-LATION!!! Johnny-
fuckin' Utah. Guys like you will do
anything to win!

Utah stares back in defiance.

The SURVEILLANCE van pulls up nearby.

BINOCULARS runs out and pinches two fingers together, right in Johnny's face.

BINOCULARS

This far, Utah! You're this far
from being the most overqualified
guy Burger King ever had. Get me?!

UTAH

Yes sir. Sir?

BINOCULARS

What?

Johnny gestures to the car.

UTAH

I did stop the perpetrators.

Utah turns to go. As he passes he casually raises his laser-shotgun and re-triggers Pig Nose's flak vest.

LIGHTS AND BUZZERS.

Pig Nose explodes. More agents restrain him.

Screams and shoving matches and pissed off guys.

Utah walks off, down the simulated street, past a sign which bears the FBI SEAL and reads "Combat Village, Quantico, Virginia."

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Red sky. A luminous Pacific. Five foot faces. Nice

curl. A lineup of SURFERS wait outside the break.
Silhouetted, bobbing like a pack of sea mammals.

INT./ EXT. TAXI

A flood of orange through the windshield as the cab crawls
down Ocean Park to the sea. CAMERA HANDHELD from the back
seat.

The driver turns to us.

DRIVER

Anywhere? You don't care?

UTAH (V.O.)

Anywhere. I've just never seen the
ocean before.

CUT TO:

EXT. VENICE BEACH

JOHNNY UTAH trudging across the sand, holding his shoes.
Garment bag and a big duffel over his shoulder.
He looks silly in his dark suit, tie loosened, wearing a
turned around baseball cap.
He wiggles his toes in the sand, looks around like a kid.
A pack of BOUNCING BEAUTIES jog through frame.
Utah grins, reaches up and turns his cap around.
It reads "I Love L.A."

CUT TO:

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING

Looking down the face of the concrete monolith at Wilshire
and Veteran. Ant-like, Johnny Utah's tiny figure moves
toward the entrance.

VOICE (OVER)

Day One in LA, special agent Utah.
You may have been top two percent of
your class at Quantico but you have
exactly zero hours in the field
here. You know nothing...

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - FBI BULLPEN

Supervising Agent BEN HARP leads Utah across the bullpen.
Rows of desks. Agents sitting at computer terminals.
Data hell. Looks like he got a job at Xerox.

HARP

You know less than nothing. If you
even knew that you knew nothing, at
least that would be something, but
you don't.

UTAH

Yes, sir.

Utah is wearing a suit, carrying a briefcase. Harp is mid-thirties, confident of stride, tanned of skin, perfect of hair. GQ. Aggressive.

HARP
Eating solid breakfasts, Utah?

UTAH
Sir?

HARP
All the food groups? Avoiding sugar? Caffeine? I see to it that my people maintain cardiovascular fitness. We stay off hard liquor, cigarettes...

UTAH
(poker face)
I take the skin off chicken.

Harp glances at him, eyes narrowing. They reach a glassed-in compound of small offices. Harp swings the door open and the other agents look up as Utah enters.

HARP
This is us. Bank Robbery. And you're in the bank-robbery capital of the world--

UTAH
1322 last year in LA county. Up 26 percent from the year before.

HARP
That's right. And we nailed over a thousand of them. We did it by crunching data. Good crime-scene work, good lab work, good data-base analysis. Nobody had to tackle a car once. You getting the signal, special agent?

UTAH
Zero distortion, sir.

He picks up a donut from someone's desk, a succulent glazed jelly.

UTAH
I love these things.

He looks right at Harp. Takes a big fuck-you bite.

HARP
You're a real blue-flame special, aren't you, Utah? I don't know why they sent you to LA. Must be an asshole shortage.

UTAH

Not so far.

CUT TO:

UNDERWATER

A blue field with a pulsing network of rippling lines. VOOM! A figure rockets down INTO FRAME in a curtain of bubbles. A gawky AGENT, in less than stylish FBI trunks, flails around blindfolded looking for bricks at the bottom of a pool.

INT. GYMNASIUM POOL - DAY

The pool casts wavy distortions upon TWO DOZEN MEN, all grumbling as they stand in line, wearing T-shirts with FBI logos, sweats and sneakers. We hear a splash, and the men shuffle forward.

PAPPAS (V.O.)

The dolls love this baby. It brings them luck when they rub it -- right between their buttons.

CLOSE ON tape measure wrapped around a generous belly. PULL BACK to reveal VETERAN AGENT COREY measuring the ample waist of ANGELO PAPPAS. This 54 year old silver haired Greek stands rubbing his belly like a Zulu chief.

COREY

Angelo, we need a bigger tape.

PAPPAS

Just read the goddamn number.

COREY

Still a 46. Maybe we can cinch it down, wear a girdle--

PAPPAS

Screw you and this holistic fitness crap! At least my arms don't flap in the wind.

Corey secretly squeezes his bicep as... A whistle blows. A broad shouldered MAN wearing an FBI cap barks at the Greek.

BIG SHOULDERS

Okay, Pappas, let's put on the blindfold. Wanna see you retrieve at least two bricks from the bottom.

JOHNNY UTAH enters the pool area in the distance. Says something to one of the agents. Is pointed toward us as-- Corey ties the blindfold and guides Pappas to the edge of the pool.

PAPPAS

I've been in the field 33 years,
fired my piece 23 times in the line
of duty, and I got no idea what a
blind man fetching bricks has gotta
do with being a Special Agent!

Johnny has walked up. Pappas, blindfolded, turns directly
to Utah as he continues, thinking it's Corey.

PAPPAS

Added to which indignity, I got
three months left to retirement and
they saddle me with some blue-flamer
fresh out of Quantico for a partner.
Some quarterback punk, Johnny Unitas
or something.

UTAH

The shit they pull, huh?

Pappas snorts agreement and cannonballs into the pool.
Huge backblast of water. The other agents hoot and
holler.
Corey swears and wipes off his clipboard.
Johnny steps to the edge, looks down.
We see the blindfolded Pappas groveling along the bottom.
The other agents cheer as Pappas heads for the surface.

COREY

Here he comes. Hold up a fish,
he'll take it right outta your hand.

Pappas surfaces in an explosion of spray as he sputters
for breath. He grabs the edge and angrily slaps two
bricks on the tiles. He rips off the blindfold looks up
and frowns.

A HAND ENTERS FRAME to help him up. Pappas takes it and
Johnny hauls him on deck.

COREY

Hey Shamu, this is your guy.

Pappas eyes the new agent warily. Extends his hand.

PAPPAS

Pappas. Angelo Pappas.

UTAH

Punk. Quarterback Punk.

PAPPAS

(grinning)
Welcome to Sea World, kid.

INT. SEDAN - DAY

SERIES OF TIGHT SHOTS

ECU sweep hand of a dive watch clicks through the
seconds.

Magnum shells are fed into a pump shotgun.
Velcro straps of Second Chance body armor are fastened.
White gloves are pulled snug over strong hands.
A silk tie is straightened. A shotgun slide is cocked.
The sweep hand approaches the twelve.
A LATEX MASK is pulled over the back of a man's head.

VOICE

The little hand says...

The mask turns into FULL CLOSE-UP. It is RONALD REAGAN.

REAGAN

... let's rock and roll.

INT. BANK OF AMERICA

Business as usual. The scene so normal you know something is about to happen. An exiting MAN stuffs bucks into his wallet, reaching for the door which--
SLAMS INWARD. He is hit by a wall of EX-PRESIDENTS.

REAGAN charges in with his buddies RICHARD M. NIXON, LYNDON BAINES JOHNSON and JOHN F. KENNEDY.
Reagan throws the poor guy skidding across the floor.
Nixon buttstrokes a guard, hard in the nuts, with his 12 gauge.
The other guard goes for his holster -- finds himself facing three shotguns and one very large handgun.
Reagan sights down the pistol.

REAGAN

Use a gun, go to heaven.

The guard freezes. White and sweaty.
Tricky Dick slips up to him and collects the pistol.
Kennedy covers the stunned customers.
Johnson backs up against the door jam, watching the street, and the sedan idling at the curb.

REAGAN

EVERYBODY FREEZE!! That's right.
ALL TELLERS step back from the counter! Hands on heads! MOVE!!

Nixon and Reagan move quickly to the counter as the tellers comply.

REAGAN

Everybody else on the floor! Do it!
On the floor, let's go.

NIXON

SUCK LINOLEUM, BITCH!! You got earwax?!

Nixon grabs a stunned woman by the arm and hurls her to the floor.
She lands hard. Everyone is on the deck by now.
The Presidents move fast.

Reagan leaps onto the counter. Stands up where he can see all.

Nixon hurdles to tellers' side and they start moving down the line together. Reagan controlling the room as Nixon quickly empties the tellers' cash drawers into the sack. His hands move like lightning.

REAGAN

Just stay cool. Everybody stay cool. Heads down. Eyes down. The money's insured--

TIGHT ON -- MONEY flying into the sack.

REAGAN

-- it's not worth dying for.
Another 45 seconds of your time.
That's all. Then -- Whoa, Tricky Dick!

Nixon pulls a pack of twenties back out of the bag and tosses it to the BANK MANAGER. Who reflexively catches it. Then drops it like a hot-potato just before-- It EXPLODES into a cloud of blue ink. The manager is dyed blue. Burnt money showers on the terrified customers.

LBJ looks at his watch and WHISTLES. The bandits sprint for the front doors. Kennedy exits first, followed by Reagan. LBJ pauses under the surveillance camera, drops his trousers and MOONS. Thank you is written across his white butt.

BLACK AND WHITE VIDEO MONITOR--

High angle, distorted wide shot. LBJ hoists his pants and splits, followed out by Nixon, who exits backward with the famous double peace-sign held high overhead.

IMAGE FREEZES. Victorious Nixon, grainy... something from a time warp. The image SUDDENLY GOES INTO HIGH-SPEED REVERSE. The bank robbery sequence zips backward.

PAPPAS (V.O.)

Twenty-seven banks in three years.
In and out in 90 seconds. Nobody ever gets shot. We're talking solid professionals.

WE ARE IN--

INT. BANK CRIME SCENE - LATER

UTAH & PAPPAS are watching a monitor in the glassed-in office. The robbery REPLAYS on grainy BLACK & WHITE videotape. The bandits barge in, raise shotguns and order everybody to the floor.

UTAH

Good move.

PAPPAS

Yeah, they control the room well.
Stick strictly to the cash drawers.

VIDEO TAPE -- Utah is reverse-scanning. The bandits walk BACKWARD into the bank. The explosion of blue ink is sucked back into the pack of money, then leaps back into President Nixon's hand.

UTAH

They don't go for the vault?

PAPPAS

Never go for the vault. They never get greedy.

UTAH

Smart. You burn time in the vault.

PAPPAS

Reagan usually drives. Stolen switch car, they leave it running at the curb, looks parked from a distance. When they run, they dump the vehicle and vanish. And I mean vanish.

Utah stops the video, now FAST-FORWARDING it, stopping where President Nixon separates the exploding "dye pack" planted with the money, before he tosses it aside.

UTAH

Surgical. Look at them separate the dye packs. Dick and Ronny know their jobs.

PAPPAS

The Ex-Presidents are the best I've seen, kid.

Outside the windowed partition POLICE OFFICERS interview frightened customers. Hotshot agents MUNOZ and COLE enter from the main floor of the bank. Think they're very slick.

MUNOZ

Anytime you two are finished jerking off watching MTV I need to get a look at that tape.

COLE

(sloppy grin)
Hey, Pappas, you tell the kid your theory on the Presidents?

PAPPAS

Just take the tape, Cole.

Now Munoz starts to smile.

MUNOZ

Hang ten, Pappas, like totally
rad...

(to Utah)

I gotta tell ya, the department
loves it.

UTAH

What's he talking about, Angelo?

Harp raps glass. Cole and Munoz look sharp.
Harp enters addressing Pappas and Utah.

HARP

They found the drop car up on
Mulholland. I want you two to go
work it.

PAPPAS

What? Now I'm working the drop car?
Who's handling the scene here?

HARP

Cole and Munoz. I'm uh... letting
them run with the ball for a while.

Cole and Munoz gloat.

PAPPAS

Cole and Munoz? I been on this case
for two years.

HARP

(zeroing in on
Pappas)

That's the point, isn't it?

PAPPAS

Yeah, I get it. Time to play let's
dick the old guys, huh, Harp?

HARP

Supervising Special Agent, Harp.
Now I want you to go work the drop
car, okay, Angelo? Okay?

The Greek rises like a proud bull.

PAPPAS

Sure. No problem. How about your
office? Your office need vacuuming?
We could do that too.

Pappas and Utah move toward the door. It's a tight
squeeze as they pass Cole and Munoz. Especially Pappas.

PAPPAS

Excuse me.

Read as fuck you.

EXT. MULHOLLAND SCENIC TURNOUT - NIGHT

The diamond field of LA glitters below. The small parking area off Mulholland is filled with squad cars. Red and blue disco. A flock of UNIFORMS milling about a non-descript CHEVY.

INT. SEDAN FRONT SEAT

FLASHLIGHT BEAM prowls the interior, stopping on a small printed card, folded like a pup tent, left upon the bench seat. It reads "Sanitized For Your Protection."

PAPPAS

Cute huh? They love to fuck with us.

UTAH & PAPPAS pull their heads out of the sedan. Forensic expert, HALSEY, stands behind them.

PAPPAS

Don't tell me, let me guess. The switch-car was stolen this morning...

(Halsey is nodding his head)

They vacuumed and 409'd the interior, did the windows, emptied the ashtrays...

HALSEY

Yeah, the usual drill.

Utah pulls on a rubber glove and lifts the card off the seat. Studies it. Talks to Halsey like Halsey's the one that just out of Quantico, not Utah.

UTAH

Could've taken their gloves off before setting that card. Laser it for prints. Maybe held it to his teeth -- check the edges for saliva.

(a beat)

Today was a scorcher. This Chevy doesn't have air conditioning...

HALSEY

Sweat secretions in the seatbacks?

PAPPAS

You through, Mr. Wizard? Let me know if you find Jimmy Hoffa under the seat while you're at it.

(looks at his watch)

Hell, it's only 7:30. The night's still young... you can solve this case and start on another one.

UTAH

Well, what're your ideas on these guys?

PAPPAS

Forget about it, kid. They're ghosts. Let the goddamn yuppie Mormon affirmative action assholes handle it. See I'm almost 55... so I must be senile, right? They better get me out before I start pissing myself in public. Drooling. It would look bad for the Bureau, right?

UTAH

So you're gonna coast to retirement, when you could nail these guys and go out with some dignity.

PAPPAS

You watch your fucking mouth!
(pounds his chest)
Mr. Hoover himself pinned the Seal of Honor right here!

The two men glare at each other. Utah looks away.

UTAH

Sorry.

PAPPAS

Yeah. That was thirty years ago anyway.
(stares out at the bright horizon)
L.A.'s changed a lot since then. The air got dirty and the sex got clean.
(after a beat)
So you want to nail the Ex-Presidents? Be a big hero?

UTAH

Yeah. What's your theory?

PAPPAS

The fucking punks are surfers.

CUT TO:

GRAINY BLACK & WHITE VIDEO WITH TIME CODE

Ex-Presidents charge into bank, raise shotguns.
Image STOPS, then FAST-FORWARDS to the end.
WE ARE IN--

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - BULLPEN - NIGHT

Dark, lit by the TV at the far end of the bullpen. PAPPAS and UTAH sit in front of the flickering Sony in the big empty room. Angelo punches a button on the VCR.

ON THE SCREEN--

LBJ turns his back to the fish-eye lens, drops trousers and moons the camera. Thank you.
Angelo FREEZES on LBJ'S butt.

PAPPAS
I'm tellin' ya, kid, it's in our
face. Lookit the tan on this guy.

The young agent looks forward.
Stares at the white inscribed butt bracketed by deep
bronze tan lines.

UTAH
Oh well he must be a surfer.

PAPPAS
Shutup, you might learn somethin'
you're not careful... So last year
Nixon scuffs a counter going over.
There was a soil sample. Non-
specific mud traces of asphalt,
oils, blah, blah... sand and...
carnuba wax. So I became a wax
expert. There's 80 some uses for
this stuff, something like five
hundred products.

He tosses Utah a ream of computer printout. Utah scans
lists of brand names.

UTAH
Candle wax. Car wax. Mustache wax?
Could be anything. Guy's waxing his
mustache at the beach. Gets sand in
it. Wipes it off with a shoe. Shoe
scuffs the counter.

PAPPAS
The lab made three possible matches,
this was one of 'em.

Pappas opens his desk drawer, takes something out and
throws it to Johnny. A pastel blue hockey puck wrapped in
cellophane.
A block of "Mr. Zog's Sex Wax".

UTAH
(reading)
Sex wax? You're not into kinky
shit, are you Angelo?

PAPPAS
Surfers use it on their boards.
They rub sand into it for traction.

UTAH

Thanks for the tip. I needed this knowledge.

Pappas shoves a thick file folder toward Utah.

PAPPAS

Now lookit the dates on the robberies. This is strictly a summer job for these guys.

Johnny leafs through it.

UTAH

... Four months. June to October. Mmmm...same the year before.

PAPPAS

Another month and we don't see 'em again 'til next summer.

Utah stares at Angelo as it dawns. Grins suddenly.

UTAH

They're traveling the rest of the year on the money, going where the waves are...

Pappas starts to smile. Suddenly, he jumps up onto his desk, gets down in a speed-crouch, arms extended.

PAPPAS

(to one and all)

The Ex-Presidents rip off banks to finance their endless summer!

Johnny watches, grinning. The night security GUARD walks in. Utah turns to the guard, shrugs.

UTAH

I think he needs a vacation.

The guard nods understanding.

CUT TO:

INT. SURFSHOP - MALIBU PIER - DAY

Long stack-up rack of gleaming SURFBOARDS. A HAND reaches in, pulling out a board from the middle of the deck.

JOHNNY UTAH hefts it. Sights along it. Trying to look familiar with alien equipment. Behind him is a whip-thin 15 YEAR OLD SALESMAN. Nut-brown with platinum hair, jammed day-glo shorts, sleeveless T-shirt, unlaced Ug-boots.

15

Highest performance, very kind. If you want to get aggro, man, this

stick can handle your best rage.
Where you surf?

UTAH

I don't.

15

Whoa!! Back up! This's a 5'6" tri-
fin squash-tail thruster. You'd eat
major shit on this, dude.

ACROSS THE ROOM we see Pappas trying on purple wraparound
sunglasses.

The salespunk pulls down a wide board with a garish
firebird paint scheme. Like a lowrider flame-job. The
logo reads "Dance with the Universe."

15

Here, you need a rhino chaser like
this one to learn on. Good board.
I mean for a pig board.

Utah hefts the board. Scowls. Hates anything he's not
great at.

PAPPAS sets his purchases on a counter: the glasses, some
plutonium-pink shorts, T-shirts, sun-block. The GIRL
behind the counter is sixteen, barely contained in a
macrame bikini-top and "Dolphin" shorts. Angelo picks up
a package of Sex Wax from a rack. Sniffs it.

PAPPAS

(reading the label)

"Best for your stick", huh? This
might not be enough. I better get
two.

The girl stifles a grin. Thinks he's cute. At the other
end of the counter, 15 is ringing up Utah's board.

15

Hey, man, guys your age learning to
surf, it's cool, there's nothing
wrong with it.

UTAH

I'm twenty-five.

15

See that's what I'm saying, it's
never too late.

Utah picks up the board and moves to leave.

15

Hope you stay with it. Surfin's
the source. It'll change your life.
Swear to God.

EXT. MALIBU PIER - DAY

Utah and Pappas walking back to the car.
Two FBI agents in suits and ties walking with a day-glo orange surfboard. Surreal image. The ocean shimmers in B.G.

PAPPAS

Johnny, it's the only way.

UTAH

Why can't I just walk around with this thing under my arm and act stoned? Ask a few questions.

Angelo stops at the railing, points toward the ocean.

PAPPAS

Look. Look at them out there.

LONG LENS on packs of surfers sitting outside. Bobbing slowly. Hunched like sea birds. Waiting for an unseen sign. Disappearing and reappearing beyond the break.

PAPPAS

They're like some kind of tribe. Got their own language. You can't just walk up to these guys. You've got to get out there. Learn some moves. Get into their head. Pick up the speech.

UTAH

Angelo, this stuff is for little rubber people who don't shave yet.

PAPPAS

It's all balance, right? And coordination. How hard can it be?

CUT TO:

EXT. SURFRIDER BEACH - DAY

WHAAAAAM! Johnny is CLOBBERED by a wave. He's flipped off his board and hits the water face-first as the wave crashes over him. Other surfers steer clear.

PAPPAS lounges in a beach chair in his plutonium pink shorts, purple Vuarnet's and a T-shirt emblazoned with "Surf This" across the chest. A picnic basket sits close at hand. He winces at Utah's wipeout. Shouts from his beach chair.

PAPPAS

I think you gotta hit them straight on!

UTAH

(out of breath)
Got it...

UTAH holds the tip steady, gouges the face of a wave and squirts out the other side. Another wave rises and Utah glides up over the hump. He clears the swell and the ocean suddenly smooths out like a giant lake. Triumphant over having made the lineup, he sits up on the board, and falls over.

PAPPAS slices a green apple, some feta cheese and eats off the knife.

UTAH climbs back on his board. WHISTLES and HOOTS sound as SURFERS spot a new swell. Utah watches as the regulars start catching rides. Suddenly he feels like a lost dog on a busy freeway.

A young LOCAL in a neon wetsuit slashes past him, inches away.

LOCAL

Outta the way, you dick!

Another, shredding viciously, is blasting toward him.

LOCAL 2

Move it, kook!

Johnny paddles rapidly, ducks under.

Sees another, bigger wave coming.

Pissed off... at himself, at the downy-cheeked hotshots, at the frustration, he turns his board around and starts paddling hard.

He somehow gets the soles of his feet in contact with the top of the board, then struggles up. He's standing -- sort of.

Arms pinwheeling, he topples in a nasty crash...

Right in front of a SHAVED-HEAD SURFER on full afterburner.

Johnny vanishes in an explosion of spray. His board SHOOTs OUT.

It SMASHES SIDEWAYS INTO RAZORHEAD.

The guy does an ugly endo.

Utah comes up GASPING for air, arms flailing.

His board, floating a few feet away, tugging at his ankle.

He drapes his torso across the board and pants for breath.

Razorhead, already back on his board, paddles over.

Points to a small dent in the fiberglass.

RAZORHEAD

You dinged my board, kook!!

Utah looks up in apology as--

A CRUSHING RIGHT HOOK SMACKS HIS FACE!

Knocks him under.

Razorhead pulls a KNIFE from a sheath held by a thong

around his neck. As Johnny surfaces, Razorhead slashes in a vicious arc--

Severing Utah's leash, close to the board.

His flame-job surfboard bobs away.

RAZORHEAD

Politeness counts, ASSHOLE!

The surf punk plunges under a wave, disappearing.

UTAH

Goddamn son-of-a--

Before Utah can finish, another wave engulfs him and he tumbles to shore, Razorhead nowhere to be seen.

ON PAPPAS as Johnny's flame-job board washes in at his feet. He calmly picks it up as Utah staggers INTO FRAME out of the knee-deep whitewash. Johnny rubs his jaw. Spits blood.

PAPPAS

Kid, maybe this ain't your sport.

Utah grabs the board out of Pappas' hands and stalks off across the beach.

INT. UTAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Johnny dead asleep. Silence. Then BRRRRR!! He jackknifes up like he just took 20,000 volts. His eyes read panic. He rolls up, legs scissor against tangled sheets and he collapses over empty boxes. He stumbles like a blind man through the mess until he finds-- A tiny Indianapolis Colts FOOTBALL HELMET with a digital clock for eyes. 5:00 a.m. Johnny emits a drawn out groan.

EXT. OCEAN - DAWN

Deafening BOOM as a monster wave CRASHES below a sky the color of slate. A distant Pacific storm has brought the swell. 10 foot faces. Glassy, green walls the size of houses beckoning from beyond the soup.

A lone FIGURE bobbing out beyond the break. The surfer disappears behind the swell. Then REAPPEARS, grinning across the smooth offshore barrel.

UTAH wearing a wetsuit stands beside his surfboard, craning forward to get a better look. The surfer is a WOMAN. She moves with liquid grace, in perfect harmony with the sea, long hair flying out behind her. She undulates like a dancer. Dipping, carving, slicing, making it look soooooo easy. Johnny shakes his head. Oh man, if she can do it...

UTAH

Fuck it.

He stands, grabs his board and heads out into the icy foam.

OCEAN BREAK

A horizon of whitecaps churn behind him.
He lies on his board, rising and dropping with the swell.
So far so good. He spots a wave. A fluid gray-green
house rising, forever rising. Utah turns. Paddles. The
house catching him, lifting him high upon its roof.

Utah is committed. He gets to his feet as his board
slices along the lip. He peers over the falls, down the
face -- holy shit! -- it looks like Niagara. He loses
balance and spirals airborne, falling bullseye into the
IMPACT ZONE. The entire force of the wave crashing upon
him, plunging him down into the--

WASHING MACHINE (UNDERWATER)

where he SPINS like a whirling dervish, LASHED to a
slamdancing surfboard at the mercy of God.
He is held prisoner in a grey-green churning nightmare,
like a six-ton pit bull has him by the neck, shaking him.
He looks around. Can't tell up from down.
WHAM! His head slams into the bottom -- rocks and sand.
Stunned, he struggles toward the light, finally bursting
to the--

SURFACE. Gasping for breath.
The good news is he's breathing, the bad news is he's
surfaced in the impact zone. Another wave crashes down,
stuffing him back into the washing machine. Leaving no
sign of life in the white froth. The orangeade surfboard
launches high into the sky, spinning like a misfiring
Trident missile, trailing its broken leash like a kite
tail.

IN THE WASHING MACHINE, Utah tumbles in a cold green hell.
His chest is convulsing, needing air now.
Suddenly a FIGURE lunges down INTO FRAME.
A hand snatches a fistful of his hair and yanks him
toward--

THE SURFACE. The WOMAN SURFER bursts through the foam.
Grabs her board for leverage. Hauls Utah's head above the
water with one strong arm.
He is choking, coughing, slapping fatigued arms against
the surf, panic registering in his movements.

WOMAN SURFER

(yelling above the
roar)

Swim, goddammit! Come on! Move
it!

The woman gets her board under one of his arms for support
and sidekicks fiercely into the wave, holding him in a
painful grip.

With powerful strokes, she helps Utah make it to calmer
water outside the break. The big waves, just forming up,
lift them and drop them as they pass. Muted thunder when
the waves hit the beach. She drags him half onto her
surfboard.

Practically slamming his face into the board.

He's coughing out saltwater.

ON THE WOMAN, our first good look at her. She is EXQUISITE. Hair slicked tight to her high-cheekboned face, she looks sleek and feral, with eyes that burn bright. Especially when she's pissed.

WOMAN

Look crazy son of a bitch! You wanna commit suicide, you do it someplace else!

She undoes her leash and swims rapidly off, returning in a few seconds with Johnny's board. He takes it from her and flops over it, still coughing. Wipes at the salt-snot running out of his nose. There is a cut over his eye from when he re-arranged the rocks on the bottom.

WOMAN

Look at this pig-board piece-a-shit. It's still got the price tag on it, for Chrissakes. What'd you do, buy it yesterday? You've got no business out here whatsoever.

Still gagging and gasping, Johnny manages a goofy grin.

UTAH

Well, I saw you and--

WOMAN

Yeah, you saw me and you figured that if a mere girl can do it, a big strong stud like you shouldn't have any problem. Right?! Well you figured wrong, dork!

She yanks her board around and strokes powerfully away from him.

UTAH

Hey! Uh, how do I get back in?

WOMAN

(without turning)
Carefully, tough guy. Very carefully.

UTAH

(yelling now)
My name's Johnny Utah!

WOMAN

Who cares!

UTAH

I'm telling you so when you look back on this moment, you can think... there was this guy named

Utah and he was pretty much a dork
but maybe not such a bad person and
I let him drown in conditions he had
no business being in whatsoever...
when I could have easily helped him.

Johnny calmly starts paddling toward shore.
Thundering white water pounding the rocks ahead of him.
He's stoic in the face of certain death.

UTAH
(over his shoulder,
gamely)
Bye.

WOMAN
Wait! Jesus Christ!
(swimming back to
him)
You're fucking crazy, you know that?
You go in there you're gonna eat it
on the rocks. Here, follow me.

The woman paddles parallel to the shore and Utah pumps
along behind her. She gets him away from the rocks, then
starts watching the incoming swell, timing it to the lull
between sets...

WOMAN
Go when I say. But stay down. Just
lie on the board. Alright, let's
go!

Utah paddles rapidly, following her, watching what she
does.
He is borne up by a low glassy wall.
He bellyboards all the way into the mushy shorebreak.
Tumbles. Stands unsteadily, grabbing his board. Runs
clumsily out of the retreating foam as another wave comes,
sucking water out.
On terra firma he looks back to see the woman kick-out
gracefully and disappear beyond the wave.

He flops on the sand. Shivering. Miserable.

EXT. COAST HIGHWAY - LATER

LONG LENS... the woman is peeling off her wetsuit next to
a BATHTUB PORSCHE that needs a paint job. Her board is
propped in the passenger seat. Stereo is pumping.

UTAH WATCHES THROUGH BINOCULARS from 50 yards up the road.

THE WOMAN, in a bikini, towels off briskly.
Swimmer's shoulders. Long muscular legs. Lean and mean.
She jumps into the car without bothering to open the door.
Looks at her watch -- her manner is late, in a hurry.
Through the tiny windshield we watch her shimmy and shake
as she pulls her bottoms off and struggles into something
else, not too concerned about the morning traffic right

next to her.

She pulls on a T-shirt and then performs a Houdini act to extract the bikini top out of one sleeve hole.

UTAH WATCHES IMPASSIVELY. He starts his car and pulls out onto PCH to follow as the bathtub Porsche zooms past.

EXT. NEPTUNE'S NET

Utah cruises up slowly, pulls off the road. Up ahead the Porsche turns into the parking lot of NEPTUNE'S NET, a Coast Highway hangout that serves high-grade steamed sea-critters and beer to low-grade road trash, bikers and surfers.

Lean-and-Mean, wearing jeans and T-shirt, jumps out of the Porsche. She hurries to the door of the Net, unlocking it for a couple of Mexican cooks -- helpers wearing expressions like they wait like this for her every day.

UTAH puts down his binoculars and jots the Porsche's license number down on a Tastee-Freeze bag. 867CDH.

CUT TO:

INT. COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

Green glow washes the intent faces of Utah and Pappas as MISS DEER data specialist, enters 867 CDH into her computer.

She is purebred American Indian, strong featured and beautiful.

The screen freezes and the hard disk churns.

The DMV rap sheet scrolls down the screen.

PAPPAS

This is your surfer contact?
Female. Blond hair. Green eyes.
5'6". 119 lbs?

MISS DEER

Hmm, not bad, Utah.

UTAH

Tyler Ann Endicott. Born 11-27-64.

The rap sheet scrolls and scrolls and scrolls. There is something frightening about the length of this file.

UTAH

(reading from the
screen)
... Exhibition of speed. Indecent
exposure inside moving vehicle...

MISS DEER

Hot, very hot.

UTAH

Felony arrest! "See adjoining

file"...
(he types quickly)
Kidnapping?!

Pappas crowds over Johnny's shoulder, reading.

PAPPAS
This is great. She ties some guy
up. Nude. Leaves the scene and
fails to return for 24 hours. No
conviction.

MISS DEER
Gotta avoid the rope tricks, Johnny.

Utah gives her a "very funny" look. More data scrolls
forth.

UTAH
What else they got on her? I still
haven't found anything I can really
use. I gotta find an approach, a
way in -- here we go...
(he reads)
Both parents deceased. Plane crash.
San Diego, '84. Mmmm. Yeah,
definitely.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEPTUNE'S NET - DAY

A fat biker pulls out on a loud Harley (like there's any
other kind). The place is almost empty in the weekend
lull between lunch and dinner.
Utah's car pulls in off PCH.

INT. NEPTUNE'S NET

Tyler Endicott is working the counter. She jams an order
on the wheel and turns TO US.

TYLER
Next! Oh, no.

REVERSE ON Johnny standing there. Her only customer.

TYLER
What do you want?

UTAH
Shrimp and fries.

TYLER
I mean, what do you want? What are
you doing hanging around here.

UTAH
(very serious)
I need you to teach me.

TYLER

Gimme a break.

(to cook)

One shrimp and fries to go!

(to Johnny)

Anything to drink?

UTAH

I'm serious.

TYLER

I can see that. But forget it.
Stick to tennis, or whatever you're
good at. Miniature golf. Here,
your number's 37.

UTAH

Well, I'm just gonna go back out
there till I catch on to it or break
my neck.

She's looking at him. This guy's nuts. She laughs.

TYLER

What is it? You all of a sudden got
this bug you had to go surfing?
This is a line, right?

UTAH

No, no. See, all my life I've done
things for other people. In high
school I played football because my
old man expected me to. Then my
parents always figured I'd go to law
school, so I did. Football
scholarship. Graduated Phi Beta
Kappa--

TYLER

This gonna take long?

UTAH

Wait, so I'm a big hero to my folks,
right?

(he leans forward, a
little awkward)

But two years ago they got killed in
a car wreck and I just suddenly
realized all my goals had been their
goals. And I hadn't been living my
own life. So I wanted something for
myself. Something that maybe didn't
make any sense. You know what I
mean?

Tyler's smile has faded during this. He's managed to
touch her, break through the tough-waitress act. Now
she's looking him right in the eye.

UTAH

I came out here from Ohio a month ago. Never saw the ocean before. I didn't think it would effect me so much. Like I'm drawn to it, or something. I want to do what you do. It's the truth.

TYLER
Tomorrow, 6 AM. Here. If you're a minute late I'm gone.
(he's grinning)
And Stud... I didn't take you to raise. I can show you a few things but after that you're on your own. That'll be four fifty.

He plunks down a ten and backs out the door, grinning.

UTAH
Keep the change, Teach.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - DAWN

UTAH & TYLER walk across the sand.
Tyler drops her board.

TYLER
Stop here.
(she turns to him)
Do you agree to do exactly what I say when I say it?

UTAH
Sure.

CUT TO:

UTAH pops INTO FRAME, arms extended, one leg in front of the other, torso bent at the waist: classic surfing stance.
Suddenly, he drops OUT OF FRAME.

WE PULL BACK -- Revealing Utah on his board, on the sand.

TYLER
Do it again.

Tyler is making him "pop" up to his feet. Again and again. GAWKERS stop to watch. Utah fights humiliation. He pops again. And again. Quick cuts.
On the next pop we--

PULL BACK to reveal Utah on his board, in a wave. He is surfing.
For about three seconds. He flies off the deck, ass over teakettle.
On the SPLASH we start--

A SEQUENCE OF TIME CUTS

Tyler and Utah straddle their boards outside the break. She nods as the set comes, mellow right tubes. Utah digs in, arms pumping. He feels the bite as the wave picks up his board and starts down the wall. And endos.

CLOUDY PLATINUM DAWN...

Tyler shouting at Utah as he fights for balance. He flies off again.

BLINDING BRIGHT SUNRISE. TYLER NEXT TO UTAH in the lineup, straddling boards. She moves her hands like a fighter pilot explaining a dogfight maneuver. Utah watches intently.

Utah, backlit in glorious slow motion, tries a little turn and feels his feet slip out. He slams down butt-first on the board, flips over, feet sticking straight up out of a blast of diamond spray. Tyler cringes, giving a look like it's hopeless.

TYLER AND UTAH, at their cars, skinning out of their wetsuits. Utah looks exhausted, downcast. She snaps her wet towel at his ass, cheering him up.

MALIBU PIER. RAIN. Tyler jumps out of her Porsche and sees Utah sitting in his car. She goes to him, opens the door and starts pulling him out. Come on you pussy.

UTAH and TYLER wait their turn in the lineup. Rain pelts their faces. The waves are depressing inside mushers under a gray sky. Utah starts to paddle. Tyler shakes her head no. Utah is committed to the I'face. Tyler stifles a laugh.

TYLER
(to the other
surfers)
I'm not with him.

Johnny gouges the lip, pops and begins the drop. Suddenly, miraculously, he catches an edge and, still standing, is carried along the tiny wall.

The wall begins to sag. Utah shoots along the mush hooting and continues hooting madly as he thrashes all the way to shore. He turns and grins foolishly out to sea. Tyler bursts out laughing.

EXT. MALIBU PIER - DUSK

Big surf. Rough conditions. Closeout set. UTAH, board in arm, follows Tyler out of the whitewater onto the beach.

TYLER
It's closing out completely. Let's

call it.

Utah nods. His eyes track the unruly break.

UTAH

Who's that?

A LONE SURFER slashing through the pilings of the pier. A real kamikaze run as the whitewater walls thunder behind him.

SILHOUETTED against a crimson sky and backlit spray the figure pumps among the pier pilings in a frenzy of motion that is somehow balletic.

Laying out bottom turns, torquing his body and blasting the lip a few times, moving so fast his long dark hair stands straight back as if he were leaning out a car window on the freeway.

TYLER (V.O.)

That's Bodhi. They call his the Bodhisattva.

Utah watches as THE BODHISATTVA gets vertical with a snap, trims down the volcanic wall, carves the bottom, pivots, pumps to the top, gouging the lip, getting six feet of air.

Gawkers HOWL and shout praise at the manic surfer.

TYLER

The modern savage. Guy's even crazier than you, Johnny Utah. C'mon.

They start to walk. The sky darkens as the sea finally closes out completely. The Bodhisattva seems to levitate through the shapeless mush to shore.

ROACH (O.S.)

Brah!

Suddenly a football whistles through the air above Utah's head.

He watches as--

The Bodhisattva, board under arm, walking out of the whitewater, makes a one-handed chest catch.

A few yards away two teams of SURFERS play football.

Utah gazes down the beach at the Bodhisattva.

Almost 30 years old, his body lean and hard as a tree trunk. Hardness in the face accented by long Comanche hair.

BODHI

Hey Tyler!

She whirls. Bodhi pumps his arm. Tyler jogs back for the catch. Bullseye. She shoots Bodhi a look. Something crosses her face.

Bodhi smiles. Tyler doesn't. Then it passes.

She chucks the ball to Utah.

Who drops his board and makes the catch in one move.

He SPINS the football on his fingertip, drops it on his foot, kicks it up into his hands. Razzle dazzle. He grins evilly.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Rimmed by a dozen car HEADLIGHTS at the edge of the sand. Utah crouches, waiting for the snap from NATHANIEL, ponytailed and powerfully built. Facing them on defense are Bodhi, Tyler and three others: ROACH, gonzo and spiked-haired. GROMMET... 17 and thin as a stick, and ROSIE, a biker with piggy eyes and arms blue with tattoos.

MONTAGE STYLE -- Utah tosses a flurry of mindboggling passes. Every one picture perfect. Nathaniel scrambles z-out left, turns and the ball is practically waiting for him. Touchdowns galore. Endzone dancing. Bodhi stares at him curiously.

Tyler rushes. Utah enjoys scrambling, ducking left and right, twisting her into a pretzel. Play after play. Utah tosses another touchdown, but Tyler keeps coming. Sacking him. They lie together in a heap, laughing.

Bodhi quarterback. Utah rushes. Bodhi fakes a pass then runs, ball tucked in his arm. Utah tears after him. Flat out speed run.

Roach attempts a block. Utah hits him like a freight train.

Roach hits the sand face first.

Grommet and Rosie the biker in a squeeze play.

Utah, fierce now, blasts between them. No mercy.

Utah can't play for fun. We see his expression.

Something scary there. What we will call "juggernaut mode".

Tyler just steps aside.

Bodhi running along wet sand as a wave sweeps up the beach. Looks back. Sees a demon shooting up roostertails of spray behind him, gaining. Pours it on. Both of them pistoning through curtains of water. Not a game anymore. Closing on the endzone. 5 yards. Utah is airborne. SLAMS BODHI LIKE A SAM MISSILE. They crash and burn together in the surf.

The other surfers run up. Who's this newcomer that just centerpunched their main man? Industrial strength tension.

ROACH

The fuck you doin' man?! You fuckin' crazy?

Bodhi flashes a million dollar smile.

BODHI

Chill, brah. You know who this is? Johnny Utah. Ohio State, all-conference.

(to Utah)
Rose Bowl three years ago. Right?

Johnny nods. Tyler looks at him -- no shit?

ROACH
Johnny fuckin' Utah! Fuckin'-A!
Yeah, I remember that game, man.
You were on-fire. They could not
stop your ass.

GROMMET
Radical! Head-butt, dude!!

Johnny gestures "Please no".
Enthused by the concept, Grommet turns to Nathaniel.

GROMMET
Head-butt!!!

They do. Their foreheads CRACK together. They stumble
backwards in giddy euphoria. Nathaniel laughs like Pee
Wee Herman.

BODHI
Something happened. You got nuked
in the last quarter.

UTAH
Yeah, my knee got folded about 90
degrees the wrong way.

BODHI
And that's why you never went pro?

UTAH
Two years of surgery. I missed my
window. Limped through law school
instead.

BODHI
Mmm. A lawyer, huh?
(like it's a disease)
Too bad. But at least you're
surfing now. So your life's not
over yet, right?

UTAH
Not yet.

CUT TO:

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - 16TH FLOOR - DAY

Utah, in shorts and T-shirt, carries his flame-job
surfboard past surveillance cameras and portraits of Bush,
Hoover and Webster. Special Agent Cole walks by. Eyes
the board. Speaks deadpan.

COLE
Like totally rad stick, dude.

INT. BULLPEN

Utah tries to act casual as he carries the board to his desk on the other side of the room. He has to walk past the entire gauntlet to get there.

SEVERAL AGENTS

Gnarly, man... hang ten...
cowabunga... surf patrol... rip it
up!

Harp comes straight for him like a homing missile.

HARP

How was the beach?

UTAH

Fine.

HARP

Surf conditions okay?

UTAH

A little mushy.

HARP

A little mushy! You think the taxpayers would like it, Utah, if they knew they were paying a federal agent to surf and pick up girls?

UTAH

Babes.

HARP

What?

UTAH

The correct term is babes, sir. Uh, this type of undercover operation is entirely dependent on picking up the idiom of the speech. Otherwise penetration is not possible, sir. Of the social infrastructure, I mean.

Harp inhales through his nose. A bad sign.

HARP

Where is Pappas?

Utah points across the room. Harp turns. PAPPAS, sitting behind his desk in his "Surf This" T-shirt and pink shorts, lifts the purple Vuarnets like Tom Cruise in Risky Business. Looks directly at Harp. Smiles innocently.

INT. HARP'S OFFICE

Harp paces. Type-A suppressed rage.
Utah and Pappas endure Harp's wrath.

HARP

Special Agent Utah, this is not some job flippin' burgers at the drive-in. Yes, the surfboard bothers me. Yes, your approach to this case bothers me. And yes, you bother me. You two have produced squat in the last two weeks, during which time the Ex-Presidents have robbed two more banks!! Do you have anything even remotely interesting to tell me?

UTAH

Caught my first tube this morning.

Pappas signals, unseen by Harp, for Utah to shut the fuck up.

INT. CORRIDOR TO COMPUTER ROOM

Johnny and Angelo walking.

PAPPAS

What, you couldn't have just left the thing in your car?

UTAH

It sticks out, so I can't lock it. Look, Angelo, you think I joined the FBI to learn to surf? This was your lame-o idea in the first place. You gotta back me up on this.

PAPPAS

Johnny, all I can say is we better come up with something real soon.

Johnny cocks an eyebrow and opens the door to the computer room ceremonially, like a doorman at the Ritz-Carlton. Miss Deer looks up as they enter.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM

TIGHT ON CRT as a lab report scrolls up the screen. Gas chromatography and spectroanalysis. Columns of elements and compounds, listed as percentage-of-sample.

MISS DEER (V.O.)

Encino Savings & Loan guard grabbed LBJ's ponytail. We recovered one hair.

WIDER, showing Utah and Pappas over her shoulder at the terminal.

PAPPAS

Yeah, yeah, I remember, last year.
Guy got his jaw broken for it.

MISS DEER

One four centimeter strand. Color
brown. Oily. Slight wave.

PAPPAS

Hell, what're we waiting for, let's
go pick the guy up.

UTAH

Angelo, pay attention. There's
gonna be a test afterward. Lab is
showing traces of toxins. PCBs.
Heavy elements... selenium, titanium
and arsenic.

PAPPAS

Guy's the Toxic Avenger.

Utah is excited as he fits the pieces together for his
partner.

UTAH

The beaches are always being closed
because of waste spills, right? And
surfers are territorial. They stick
mostly to certain breaks. If we can
get some hair samples, and get a
match to a certain beach, we'd know
which break the Ex-Presidents surf.
You buyin' this?

PAPPAS

No. But let's do it, anyway. It's
gonna bug the shit out of Harp.

CUT TO:

EXT. LATIGO - DAY

Department of Health sign reads, "Beach Temporarily
Closed." Beyond it crashes a wasted northwest swell.

Two frustrated teenage SURFERS huddle underneath a towel.
Marijuana smoke seeps upward.

A sandaled FOOT enters frame and taps their leg. Angry
heads poke up from beneath the towel, nostrils and mouths
billowing smoke.

The two wear T-shirts which read "Passion for Slashin" and
"Psycho Stick".

PAPPAS smiles, standing there in his beach wear, trying to
blend in. He doesn't.

PAPPAS

When you two are done makin' out, I
need to talk to you.

"PSYCHO-STICK" T-SHIRT

Hey, I ain't no butt-bouncer, dude.
We're from the valley. Mall babes
'n shit.

The kids proudly high-five.

PAPPAS

I just want to know if you surf here
a lot.

"PASSION FOR SLASHIN'" T-SHIRT

Shit yeah, like totally everyday
when it's jammin'. What is this,
fucking narco entrapment or what,
dude?

Pappas flashes his FBI star. He whips out a pair of
scissors.
Brandishes them like some over-the-hill "Jason".

PAPPAS

Not exactly, dudes.

EXT. COUNTY LINE - DAY

Row of SURFMOBILES parked along a cliff, facing the ocean,
doors open, stereos blasting, SURFERS hanging, sitting on
hoods.

Utah moves along the cars, looking surfed-out.
He's tanned, relaxed. Hair starting to bleach out. One
of the tribe.

UTAH

Whoa, brah, easy now... Don't move!

(Utah bends close,
reaching for Surf-
Rat's ear)

Got some huge sucker crawling into
your--

(he plucks at a tuft
of hair)

Got it! Uuuughhh.

SURF-RAT

Leave some fuckin' hair, man!

Utah squashes, then inspects the mysterious creepy-crawler
hidden in his palm. He wipes his hand on his towel, which
he keeps balled up in his other hand.

SURF-RAT

What was it?

UTAH

Saved your butt, bro. Close one.

Utah shivers in disgust, then coyly turns and walks away.
The surf-rat desperately pats his ear for traces.

CUT TO:

INT. FORENSICS LAB - NIGHT

A long series of ENVELOPES are displayed on a desk. Each has the name of a Southern California beach and is attached to a forensic printout. HALSEY inspects each envelope.

HALSEY
Naw, this isn't it.

UTAH holds up an envelope with a skinny woven ponytail sticking out. PAPPAS shrugs.

PAPPAS
He moved.

Halsey picks up an envelope marked "Latigo Beach".

HALSEY
PCBs, selenium, titanium, arsenic.
The percentages look right. Here's
a match.

UTAH
Latigo Beach.

Pappas grabs the envelope, studies it, crooks his head.

PAPPAS
Surf's up, ace.

CUT TO:

EXT. LATIGO BEACH - DAY

EXTREME LONG LENS scans the beach from a height. A gray, miserable day. Beach crowd thin except for diehards.

The image drifts across faces, BODIES. Surfers walking with boards. Talking, sitting with pubescent girls. The image settles on Johnny, astride his board, bobbing beyond the break.

ON PAPPAS, scanning with powerful binoculars from his car.

CLOSE ON UTAH, out among the flock of hardcore surfers. Ostensibly waiting for a wave, his eyes search the others around him, clicking methodically from face to face. Finally he swings his board around and awkwardly catches a ride. The modest wave carries him toward the beach as he balances, tense and style-less.

He passes someone we've seen before. The RAZORHEAD from the first day. In concentration, Johnny doesn't see the guy. But Razorhead definitely sees him.

JOHNNY reaches the beach and jogs up the sand. He picks up a towel and talks into it as he dries his hair. A glimpse of the walkie-talkie hidden beneath.

UTAH

Big zippo so far. How about you?

PAPPAS (RADIO)

Patience hotshot. Patience. It'll be subtle, if it's here at all.

PAPPAS WATCHES as Johnny crosses toward the outside shower next to the public restroom.

LONG LENS view of Utah passing OUT OF SIGHT behind the building.

AT THE SHOWER Johnny sets down his gear and opens his wetsuit to the warm, salt-free jet of water. TRACKING SLOWLY IN on him as he lets it pour over his face. A HAND ENTERS FRAME, shutting off the water suddenly.

TIGHT ON UTAH, his eyes opening.

REVERSE, revealing RAZORHEAD and THREE OTHERS.

They are powerfully built SURF-NAZIS.

Scalps shaved on the sides. Hair military short on top, lengthening into pigtails in the back. Tattoos. Wrist chains.

TONE, ARCHBOLD and WARCHILD. The one who socked Utah before is BUNKER. They spread out flanking him.

WARCHILD

This the guy?

BUNKER

Yeah.

UTAH

(good natured)

Okay, so this is where you tell me all about how locals rule and yuppie insects like me shouldn't be surfing your break and all that, right?

BUNKER

No.

TONE

Waste of time.

WARCHILD

We're just going to fuck you up.

UTAH

Oh.

As they lunge, Utah grabs his board and swings it in a whistling roundhouse. Its edge slams Warchild in the gut and folds him double. The bad news is... Warchild gets an arm around it and brings a pile-driver hammer-punch down. The board splits into two pieces.

Utah drops his end as the others close. A flurry of punches and kicks, most of which he blocks. But he's lost the offensive.

Bunker takes him to his knees with a vicious karate-style side-kick.

TIGHT ON Utah's towel, talking with Pappas' voice.

PAPPAS

Johnny? You there?

ANGELO gets out of the car fast. He jogs twenty feet and raises the binoculars. Catches a glimpse of the carnage around the edge of the building. Breaks into a run, massive legs pistoning.

JOHNNY HITS THE GROUND hard. He rolls and comes up fast. The razorhead brothers are a little surprised.

ARCHBOLD

The dude can fight!

Warchild grabs Utah from behind. Gets him in a headlock. Archbold and Tone pin his arms. Bunker starts working him like a practice bag. At this moment, Johnny is getting the proverbial shit beat out of him.

SUDDENLY, a new figure blurs INTO FRAME.

BODHI seizes Bunker and flings him aside. He spins with remarkable agility and drives his heel into Warchild's face.

Utah breaks free, staggering back on the sand. The fight is still there in his eyes.

Bodhi is at his side -- holding the others at bay with a raised hand and an evil look.

BODHI

Back off! Now!! Just let it go!

BUNKER

Stay outta this, Bodhi!

BODHI

He's with me. Now back off.

Seriously. Just do it!

(they relax slightly)

You alright Warchild?

WARCHILD

(holding his bleeding
nose)

Fuck you.

Everybody has backed off a bit, panting.

Utah steps toward Bunker. Like he's maybe going to shake hands.

UTAH

What's your name?

BUNKER

Bunker.

UTAH

Well, listen, Bunker... I'm actually kinda glad you found me.

BUNKER

Yeah? Why?

Johnny answers with a LIGHTNING ROUNDHOUSE that hits with a CRACK! They can hear it in Pomona.

BUNKER HITS THE GROUND. Flat out. Lights out. Tone, Archbold and Warchild lunge like dogs. Bodhi yanks Utah out of the line of fire.

BODHI

Whoa! Whoa! Hold it, ladies. Give it a rest.

(to Utah)

Let's go.

He literally turns Utah around. They begin to walk, stepping over the pieces of Johnny's board.

BODHI

(under his breath)

Do me a favor, Johnny, just keep walking.

Tone starts to go after them. Archbold grabs his arm. They help Bunker up. Warchild holds he bleeding nose. Utah and Bodhi start up the stairs, turn a corner and run HEAD-ON into a huffing PAPPAS. The big man clocks a battered but intact Utah. We see him shift gears in his head in 2 tenths of a second.

PAPPAS

(out of breath)

Uh, you guys seen a kid, maybe 10, 12, running with a car stereo? Stole the fucking CD too, you believe it?

Utah is grateful for the cover.

UTAH

No, but there are four guys back there you might check out.

PAPPAS

Thanks, buddy.

He shoves on.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Bodhi and Utah weave among the cars and motorcycles,

beach-types coming and going.

UTAH

Friends of yours, huh?

BODHI

The one you decked is Bunker Wiess.
The big one is his brother,
Warchild. The other two always
hang. They think they're some kinda
death squad around here.

UTAH

What's their program?

BODHI

They're punks. Nazis. Their brains
are wired wrong. They hurt surfing
because they give nothing back, and
they have no respect for the sea.
They just want to get radical. It's
mindless aggression. They'll never
get it, the spiritual side of it.

UTAH

You always talk like this? You're
not gonna start chanting or anything
are you?

BODHI

(laughing)

No.

(beat)

So I was up the beach. I saw it
going down. you didn't hesitate...
they never backed you up an inch.
That's rare in this world.

UTAH

Thanks for stepping in.

BODHI

De nada.

Bodhi keeps on walking as Utah reaches his car and stops.
Five paces on, he stops and turns back. A moment of
decision...

UTAH

Gonna be some people at my house
tonight. Maybe you can make it.

UTAH

Where?

BODHI

Come with Tyler. She knows.

Bodhi turns and saunters away. Utah considers his last
words, wondering how well Tyler and Bodhi know each other.

CUT TO:

INT./ EXT. CAR - PCH - SANTA MONICA - DAY

Utah is struggling into a T-shirt as Pappas drives, intently following a beat-to-shit JEEP. Paramilitary olive-drab and full of surfboards. And razorhead.

PAPPAS

Ten seconds you're out of sight.
Unbelievable.

Johnny is equipment-juggling now... cradling a cellular phone at his ear while steadying Pappas' binoculars in front of his eyes.

UTAH

You're losin' them.
(into phone)
That's right. Two-denver-four-sam-
niner-five-niner. Late seventies
Jeep.

LONG LENS, JOHNNY'S POV through binoculars. Bunker's jeep weaves aggressively through traffic ahead. Horns honk. Tone flips off the driver of a Toyota.

PAPPAS

Look, if you're gonna go leavin'
your piece and your shield in the
car, you can damn well stay in
sight. Okay?

UTAH

Okay, Dad.

EXT. VENICE STREET - DAY

Low rent street off Washington.

EXTREME LONG LENS on Jeep as it pulls onto the dead front lawn of a brown stucco house with bars on the windows. The razorheads get out, pulling boards and wetsuits from the Jeep. They are dressed now in ripped jeans, GI boots, sleeveless Megadeth T-shirts, etc. Watching, we become aware that two of them have brown hair in a radical style... shaved sides and a short ponytail.

UTAH (V.O.)

The jeep is registered to a Bradley
Wiess. My buddy. Guy's got quite a
sheet.

(into phone)

Yeah, yeah... skip all that. Gimme
the greatest hits. Misdemeanor
possession of cocaine. That's
good...

INT./ EXT. CAR

Utah on the cellular, Pappas behind the wheel as they slide to a stop half a block from the stucco house.

UTAH

... Felony B and E, three months in juvey. Better. Felony assault. Postgraduate work at Chino. Excellent. I'm lovin' it. What about the brother?

(Utah is grinning)

Great! Another model citizen. These guys really fit the profile.

PAPPAS

Remember, all bank robbers are losers, but not all losers are bank robbers.

LONG LENS POV of Razorheads house. Through the windows we see the four moving inside. Tone throws Archbold and Bunker a Coors from the fridge. Archbold shakes his and opens it in Warchild's face. Warchild, in no mood, slams him against the wall. We feel the revved-up, chaotic energy of the group in silent pantomime.

Bunker is met by a GIRL coming from the back of the house. She is wearing only panties and a black leather vest. Short black hair and tattoos stark on her white skin. Bunker puts one arm around her neck in a head lock embrace and slides his other hand under her vest. Tone pulls the curtains.

UTAH

These are the guys. I can feel it. I say we lay it on Harp.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET NEAR HOUSE - NIGHT

TELEPHOTO VIEW of house.

Bunker and Archbold have partially disassembled the engine of a Kawasaki 1100 parked in the living room. They are drinking beer and arguing about the carburetors, lit by the blue glow of the TV. Warchild is watching a living-dead movie on tape.

He replays the gory parts. Not a happening night at the Razorheads.

REVERSE, as binoculars are lowered, revealing Cole. WIDER, to show the dynamic team of Cole and Munoz glowering in a plain sedan, Utah leaning in the side window.

MUNOZ

This is bullshit. This is a bullshit lead. This is totally bullshit. Harp must be fucking desperate if he's listening to you two flakes.

UTAH

See you bright and early, guys.

Pappas walks up with a grease-stained box. Jams it through the window.

PAPPAS

Cold pizza? It's great for breakfast.

INT./ EXT. PAPPAS' CAR - NIGHT

Pappas pulls away from the curb, roaring past the other agents sedan. Utah and Cole flip each other off perfunctorily as they pass.

UTAH

When did Harp say they'd have the warrant?

PAPPAS

He's pushing it through first thing. You better get some sleep tonight, it could be an interesting morning.

CUT TO:

EXT. BODHI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A bunker-like structure built of stone and glass on a cliff overlooking the Pacific. Surfmobiles and motorcycles parked in front. A strong backbeat thumps through the open front doors.

Tyler's Porsche pulls into the driveway. She and Johnny get out and head for the entrance.

UTAH

Nice place.

TYLER

He rents it for the summer. Bodhi always gets some slick place and throws it open to every surf burnout around. Most a these guys can't keep a job. When the swell comes, they're gone, they have to ride.

INT./ EXT. BODHI'S HOUSE

Tyler leads Utah through the steady flow of SURF-RATS and other PCH NOMADS toward a large outdoor deck where a barbecue is in progress. Moonlit waves pound the shore eighty feet below.

They are immediately distracted by the small crowd gathering around GROMMET who has his nose pressed flat against the center of a dart board.

His eyes swivels back to ROACH, standing fifteen feet away, dart in hand, getting ready to throw.

GROMMET

Do your worst, man!

Roach drains a beer in one gulp, spies the sharp needle point of the dart, then squints at the target. ROSIE moves through the small crowd collecting bets.

Suddenly Roaches arm snaps back. A collective hush... In a blur of tattoos the small feathered missile is airborne.

TWAAAPPPPPP! Bulls-eye. Centimeters from flesh. Grommet secretly exhales. Roach howls as Rosie rains money on his head.

The crowd goes wild.

BODHI stands nearby with his arm around a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN. Pleased to see Utah, he motions him over.

UTAH

Don't you gamble?

BODHI

Only make bets I can't afford to lose. Only way to be 100% committed.

With that, Bodhi smiles, then he and the woman vanish into the crowd. Utah watches them go, turns to Tyler.

UTAH

Who's the girl?

TYLER

Catch of the day.

UTAH

Oh, oh. That sounds personal.

TYLER

People are expendable to Bodhi.

UTAH

Meaning you were expendable.

TYLER

(shrugs)

We went out for about five minutes... which is four minutes longer than most of them. But you can't hold it against him, he's... different.

UTAH

Sure, he's "the Bodhisattva".

TYLER

(she chuckles)

Yeah, he thinks he's evolved to a higher plane of existence, or something.

(thoughtful)
Maybe he has. You've seen him
surf... that frenzy. It seems like
anger. It's not. It's the energy
of lovemaking. The sea is the woman
in his life. She's his only true
lover.

Utah studies her a moment. He's caught the faintest hint
of regret in her voice. But also the straight-ahead
pragmatism. He looks down at the waves pounding
mercilessly against the rocks.

UTAH
All she does is beat the shit out of
me.

DISSOLVE TO:

PARTY - LATER

Lingering surf-rats stoned and drunk.
Nathaniel stands on the railing of the deck, Corona in
hand, gazing out at the black water. He grins sloppily,
body wavering dangerously as he hunkers down into a
surfing stance.

NATHANIEL
(beer soaked speech)
... Okay, so you're in the face,
it's twenty-five feet straight down,
your balls are about this big.
(like he's holding up
two BB's)
And the whole thing's moving, right,
roaring like you're stuck to the
front of a freight train. There
ain't nothin' like it, man. The
ultimate rush. Forget about sex, it
doesn't even come close.

ROACH
You lose it right then, you're
history. The fish'll be pickin' you
outta the coral.

Nathaniel cackles that absurd Pee-Wee Herman laugh. He
starts to flail, arms pinwheeling.
Utah catches him by the back of the shorts and pulls him
back. Nathaniel spins and drops clumsily onto the deck.

NATHANIEL
(matter of factly)
Thanks, brah.

Tyler sits next to Johnny, sipping a beer. Bodhi is not
in sight.

ROACH
See, it's all dynamic, it's all in
motion. You can't just stop and

walk on in to the beach if you don't like the way things are going, y' know what I mean? You gotta ride it out man, all the way.

GROMMET

You ride the monsters, you gotta know you're ridin' a line between life and death. There ain't no forgiveness.

UTAH

So what's the biggest? Waimea?

BODHI (V.O.)

No, Bells Beach, Australia.

Bodhi glides into the group and sits, his expression dark and enigmatic. The beautiful girl kneels behind him, massaging his neck. He seems not to notice.

GROMMET

Shit, yeah! I remember that day... gnarly fuckin' ass! Was your birthday--

ROACH

The set was northwest. Jacking up like a fucking mountain of gray glass--

BODHI

I made that one mistake you pray you'll never make--

NATHANIEL

You shoulda fuckin' seen it... it was like he fell for-ever. Then the curl crashes down and he's gooone--

GROMMET

-- held down in the washing machine, man... it was severe, we couldn't see nothin' thought it was all over for sure--

Nathaniel HOWLS.

Tyler watches Utah watching Bodhi. Notices how he is mesmerized by these war stories. Bodhi smiles, unexpectedly.

BODHI

Not tragic to die doing what you love. You want the ultimate thrill, you gotta be willing to pay the ultimate price.

NATHANIEL

Fuckin' A.

GROMMET

(draining a Corona)
Hell, I ain't gonna see 30.

He and Nathaniel slap a warm, brotherly handshake.
Utah notices that Tyler is giving him a dark look.
She gets up suddenly and walks away from the group.

UTAH
(to the surfers,
covering)
Uh. I need another beer.

He heads out after Tyler.

INT. HALLWAY - DEN

Johnny moves through the house, looking for her. As he passes the den, he sees Tyler standing inside, and goes into the dark room.

It is the only personalized space we have seen in the house.

A kind of shrine to the Bodhisattva.
Shelves filled with books and artifacts from his travels. Maori masks, a blowgun, a skeletal shark mouth two feet across, a huge fossil ammonite... an unbelievable variety of tribal artifacts and marine specimens.
The books include political literature, eastern religion, philosophy. A strange hodgepodge of titles and authors: Nietzsche, Marx, the Tao, "Steal this Book", "The Book of Five Rings", Frederick Forsyth thrillers.

Tyler is looking at a wall of photographs and Johnny walks up behind her. Shots of Bodhi surfing a monster wave, mountain-biking, skydiving, flying an ultralight airplane, bungee-cord jumping, cliff diving.
Every kamikaze activity in the book.

TYLER
Bunch of goddamn adrenaline junkies.
I hope you're not buying into this
banzai-bullshit like the rest of
Bodhi's moonies.

UTAH
What are you talking about?

TYLER
I've seen that kamikaze look,
Johnny. You've got it. And Bodhi
can smell it a mile away. He'll
take you to the edge... and past it.
(she looks past
Johnny, sees
something)
Hey, Bodhi.

Utah turns. Bodhi is in the doorway.

BODHI
Johnny has his own demons, don't

you, Johnny?

Bodhi seems to stare into him.
Utah breaks the look. Turns back to the photo gallery.
Bodhi's eyes swivel. He ponders something. Looks at
Tyler.

BODHI

Feel it?

Roach and some of the other surfers appear in the hallway,
wondering what happened to their leader. He turns to
them.

BODHI

Gentlemen, it's time.

HOOT AND CHEERS. Everyone bursts into motion. Yelling
and running through the house.

UTAH

What's goin' on?

TYLER

Swell's here, Johnny. Bodhi always
knows.

Bodhi returns from another room with... AN ALL-BLACK
SURFBOARD. It gleams like obsidian. Near the tip, in
small gray letters it says "Stealth Fighter". Bodhi
thrusts it into Johnny's hands.
The others WHOOP maniacally.
Johnny feels the challenge. The pull of the tribe.

BODHI

Let's go, Utah. Time for a little
stealth mission.

CUT TO:

EXT. LATIGO BEACH - NIGHT

SIX DARK FIGURES walk toward us out of shafts of light...
the headlights of Bodhi's CHEVY 4WD and Tyler's Porsche.
The figures are Bodhi, Johnny, Tyler and the other
surfers.

ROSIE hangs back with the idling vehicles, tattooed arms
crossed. He puffs on a cigarette.

A WIDE SHOT (MATTE) of the beach shows a pool of light
from the headlights, beyond it a vast silver ocean under a
black sky. The full moon casts the world in cold
monochrome. The little figures reach the sea.

ROACH

(a voice in the
distance)

Gaping barrels! Way overhead, man!

CLOSER, as moonlit figures run into the water.
Utah stands on the beach, hoping his eyes will adjust.

UTAH

I can barely do this in broad daylight.

TYLER

Come on. At least no one's gonna see how bad you are.

Johnny clenches his jaw and charges past her into the water.

He strokes powerfully out through the black swell.

UTAH'S EBONY BOARD pierces the wave and he slides down the backside to where the others are waiting. Roach and Nathaniel, silhouettes nearby, see one they like and take off yelling.

Johnny turns as a figure glides up next to him.

UTAH

I gotta be fucking crazy.

BODHI

Yeah, but are you crazy enough?

Grommet gets a ride, slicing across in front of them.

A ghost moving off into the silvery distance.

Tyler waves jauntily and takes the next one. It's Johnny's turn.

BODHI

Football's a man-made game. You keep score with numbers. But in this, there's no field, no rules, no opponent. Just you and the wave.

UTAH

I know that part. Tell me something I can use, here.

BODHI

I've watched you once or twice. You surf like it's some kind of street fight. You jerk along from moment to moment, fighting everything that comes at you. Always trying to win.

UTAH

A flaw I'm working on.

BODHI

The only way to win out here is to surrender. You have to feel what the wave is doing, accept its energy, get in sync. Just feel it all moving in the blackness... you don't need to see.

UTAH

Yeah, right, vision is highly over-rated.

Bodhi is looking at the lights along the shoreline.
Without looking back, he senses the incoming swell.

BODHI

This one's got your name on it,
Johnny.

Utah looks. Huge glassy face, perfectly formed. Black
and terrifying.

BODHI

Let's go.

Bodhi digs in with both hands, driving himself forward.
Johnny starts grabbing water right behind him. The wave
picks them up.

UTAH

Shit, I'm gonna die. I'm gonna die
now.

Johnny uses the patented Tyler-pop and makes it to his
feet. Suddenly he's going like a shot.
He moves back on the board, trims out, slowing down.
Maintains a fragile control.
On pure adrenalized instinct, heart pounding, he falls in
behind Bodhi, taking the same line along the roaring black
face.

Bodhi is like the Silver Surfer, ahead of him in the
moonlight.
Not wanting to drop too far behind, Johnny walks a little
forward on the board. The nose dips, picking up speed.

Johnny starts letting the speed work for him, learning
that he can make long floating turns up and down the
glassy face.

Feeling the water under his feet, the tons of water piling
up behind him... feeling its awesome power and borrowing a
little of it.

The Silver Surfer and the quarterback rocket through the
night.

Utah has a big feral grin plastered on his face.
Bodhi looks back. Gives him a thumbs up.
Then he cuts left and drops giddily down to the bottom,
slashing back and climbing.
Utah tries it, feels the drop like freefall... feels the
speed.
He makes his bottom turn, nearly falling.
The grin dropping off his face.

He falls in behind Bodhi again as the wave wraps over them
like a great black wing.

TYLER, paddling back out, watches them shoot past her.
Utah raises his arms above his head and HOWLS like a gonzo
wolf as they go by.
She grins to herself, watching him.

Knows he's gotten the ride that will make him a surfer for life.

EXT. BEACH PARKING LOT

Rosie sits on the sand next to a blazing fire in a cement firepit.

ANGLE THROUGH THE HEAT HAZE above the flames. Tyler punches through, a few feet away. She paddles toward him, coming alongside.

TYLER

You had enough?

UTAH

Yeah. I just want to sit out here for a minute.

He watches the lights along the shoreline as the gentle swell between sets lifts and drops them. His face is somehow childlike.

A slow grin spreads itself across his face.

TYLER

Look at you.

UTAH

What?

TYLER

Well, usually you have this sort of intense scowl of concentration, like you're doing this for a school project or something... I don't know, like something's driving you.

(she puts her fingertip to his forehead)

See, it's gone. If I didn't know better I'd say you looked almost happy.

UTAH

I... I don't know. I can't describe what I'm feeling.

TYLER

(smiling)

You don't have to.

Her face seems luminous in the moonlight. The ocean silver. The shore a shimmering line of gold. The sky black velvet.

Utah turns to Tyler, eyes exploring her, as in a dream. Water beads on her dark skin like crawling diamonds. He glides closer, holding her board like an uneasy horse alongside his. He runs his fingertips down her arm.

UTAH
Goosebumps. Come here.

She leans closer and he rubs his hands up and down her arms, warming her. His hands stop on her shoulders. He pulls her to his mouth. Her tongue meets his. She wants this. He is surprised by the fierceness of her kiss, which overwhelms his.

TIGHT ON THE ZIPPER of her shorty wetsuit as Johnny's fingers draw it down. Slowly down, to where it ends between her legs. He spreads the front and slips his hands inside, along her ribs.

TYLER
Those are cold.

UTAH
Warm them up.

She moves his strong hand onto her breast. His fingers massage her cold-stiffened nipple. She moans and grabs his wet hair in her other hand, pulling him into another intense kiss.

EXT. OCEAN - UNDERWATER

Looking up from the bottom, we see the silhouettes of two boards surrounded by pulsing shafts of moonlight. CAMERA TILTS DOWN to show the bottom. The dreamlike blue light shimmering on the sand and rocks. A big shark browses gracefully, ignoring the lovers. Their moment of harmony with the sea will be honored.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Tyler's Porsche stands alone in an empty lot. Her surfboard sticks up in back, next to Utah's "stealth fighter". Rosie's fire is burning low. Tyler, half-wrapped in a blanket from the car, straddles Johnny on the sand like she straddles her board. The blanket slips down. Naked silhouettes in the firelight. She arches her back as they move together in perfect sync. Grips his shoulders and stares into his face, her teeth bared in a grimace of pleasure that looks like pain. She makes love like she does everything... with honesty and intensity. Utah, surprisingly, is gentle and slow. He strokes her hair after she collapses onto him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH - DAWN

ECU JOHNNY as he cracks one eye open, registering the dawn light.

He bolts up, looking around. Tyler is asleep beside him, with the quilt from the car pulled up tight to her chin.

She looks radiant in sleep.

He grabs his watch out of the sand and looks at it.

UTAH

Holy shit.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND RAZORHEAD HOUSE

LONG LENS on UTAH'S SEDAN fishtailing through the alley, narrowly missing dumpsters and parked cars.

He pulls up next to several unmarked FBI sedans. No one in sight.

UTAH jumps out tucking in yesterday's shirt, stuffing his Beretta into his waistband. He also shoves a small leather case into his belt.

Utah pulls open the door to one of the unmarked cars and rips a walkie-talkie out of the charging rack on the front seat.

Running, he passes a gate. Goes back. Looks.

HIS POV -- FOUR MEN huddled behind a garage. COLE, MUNOZ, AND TWO OTHER AGENTS. All with guns and walkie-talkies.

UTAH

(whispering)

You guys need any help?

COLE

(not amused)

You're late.

We hear Pappas' voice over the radio.

PAPPAS (V.O.)

Did that worthless punk partner of mine ever show up?

UTAH

(grinning)

Right here, partner.

EXT. STREET - NEARBY

Pappas has his shirt hiked up as another agent, BABBIT, tapes a microphone transmitter to his stomach. Pappas talks into his top button.

PAPPAS

Good of you to join us, hotshot.

(to Babbit)

Watch it. I told you, not on the

hairs, goddammit.

Babbit moves the transmitter, putting the tape on differently.

UTAH

I'm ready to rock, Angelo. Where you want me?

PAPPAS

Cole and Munoz are going in the back door. Babbit is backing me. So I want you at the side window by the hedge. You're strictly backup, got it?

UTAH

Got it.

PAPPAS

Awright. Get into position. I'm rolling.

Pappas pulls the loose Hawaiian shirt down over the radio-mike gear and his stalwart .38 snub. He steps out from behind a fence and walks along the sidewalk toward Bunker's house, two doors down. He is wearing polyester shorts and sandals, and carrying a DOG LEASH.

PAPPAS

Here Scooby! Where are you boy?
Here Scooby!! You furball piece of shit.

COLE AND MUNOZ snap around the corner of the garage and sprint low toward the rear of the brown stucco house.

UTAH circles back out through the alley. TRACKING WITH HIM as he makes it to the neighbor's back hedge and crab-walks toward Bunker's house. BABBIT and ANOTHER AGENT make it to the front corner of the stucco house, staying out of sight of the windows.

ANGELO is walking up to the falling-down porch of this low-rent roach-hotel.

JOHNNY is elbow-crawling between the house and a tall hedge.

He slides quietly in below a bedroom window. He pulls out the little leather kit he tucked in his waistband. Removes something from it. A DENTAL MIRROR. Moving slowly, he raises it above the window sill, angling it where he can see inside.

TIGHT ON DENTAL MIRROR, Johnny's POV.

We see a bedroom through a gap in the venetian blind. Tone is lying on the bed, wearing headphones. Cranked up speedmetal. His eyes are screwed shut, and his fists pump to the beat like karate on 40,000 volts.

The door to a bathroom is open, and the black-haired girl can be made out behind rippled shower glass.

TIGHT ON DOORBELL as Pappas rings it.

UTAH JUMPS at an explosion of sound. He spins in a microsecond, pistol aimed at... A LAWN MOWER. Through the hedge we can just see THE NEIGHBOR, sixtyish and polyester clad, as he adjusts the choke on the roaring machine about two feet from Johnny's face. Utah exhales and lowers the gun. Wipes sweat from his eyes.

TIGHT ON PAPPAS, smiling open-faced and goofily charming as...

THE DOOR opens, revealing a GIRL we haven't seen before. She has hair like bleached fiberglass, black eye-makeup and nails. Ramones-style wardrobe. She looks tense, and won't open the door very far.

FIBERGLASS

Yeah? What?

PAPPAS

Have you seen a little dog? Kind of a cockapoo lookin' thing. About this big.

FIBERGLASS

No.

UTAH blinks at what he sees.

HIS POV, in the little mirror. Like a silent pantomime under the ROAR OF THE MOWER, he sees Bunker and Warchild come flying into the room. They are hyper and manic. Eyes wild. Bunker leaps clear over the bed. Grabs a COMBAT SHOTGUN from the closet. Throws it to Warchild. Tone is oblivious. Bunker thumps him in the chest and Tone leaps up like an overwound toy, gaping "What the fuck?!" we read his lips saying. Bunker grabs a STEYR ASSAULT RIFLE, white knuckled, while Tone fumbles around and comes up with a .45 COLT AUTO.

UTAH

(into his headset)

Babbit. Get Angelo out of there. They're pulling out a fucking arsenal! Babbit, you copy? Cole? Don't let him pull his badge!

EXT. BACK YARD

Cole and Munoz push their earpieces in deeper. Scowl.

MUNOZ

Utah, say again. What?
(to Cole)

I can't hear jack shit over this
lawnmower. Christ.

INT. RAZORHEAD'S HOUSE

In the bedroom, Bunker looks through a slit of door at
Fiberglass. We hear Pappas just outside.

PAPPAS (V.O.)
... and the guy next door said he
saw it go into your backyard. My
wife'll kill me if I lose the little
bastard. Me, I could care less.
Whole house smells from it's liftin'
its leg all the time...

Bunker looks like he's on paranoia overdrive.

BUNKER
Something's goin' down, man. This
ain't right.

 TONE
 (freaked)
No, man, it's nothin'. It's
nothin'.

BUNKER
Will you shut the fuck up! Check
the windows. Do it!!

EXT. RAZORHEAD'S HOUSE

Utah sucks up against the wall as Warchild looks furtively
out the window. We see them both, but Warchild doesn't
see Johnny, plastered right below him.
Johnny closes his eyes and grits his teeth. Shiiiiittt!

PAPPAS, AT THE FRONT DOOR, is bobbing his head, trying to
look inside.

PAPPAS
You sure he isn't out back? You
mind if I go take a look?

FIBERGLASS
Look, I don't know anything about
your dog, okay--

PAPPAS
Well is there anyone else here that
might have seen him?

FIBERGLASS
There's nobody else here...

INT. HOUSE

Warchild slams into the wall next to Bunker.

WARCHILD

There's two guys by the back door.
Ducked down.

TONE

Oh, shit. Shit!! We're fucked,
man.

BUNKER

That fat fuck comes through the door
I'm gonna pump him up. Swear to
Christ, man, I'm gonna blow the dude
up!

Scared and vicious, like a cornered dog. We believe him.
Bunker jacks the bolt on the Steyr. Warchild cocks the
shotgun.

EXT. HOUSE

JOHNNY is peeing himself. He can see it all going down.
So fast he doesn't have time to think.
He goes into motion -- slipping rapidly along the wall to
the next window.
The bathroom window.

PAPPAS, AT THE FRONT DOOR, makes his move.
He pushes the door open, breaking the security chain, and
jams his FBI shield in the girl's face as he grabs her
arm.

PAPPAS

FBI, gorgeous. Now let's take a
look around--

INT. HOUSE

Bunker's eyes bug out as he sees Pappas coming through the
door. He snaps the assault rifle to his shoulder.
Suddenly Johnny is behind him -- half-in the bathroom
window, pistol gripped double-handed like they taught him
in Quantico.

UTAH

FBI!! DROP IT!

Bunker whips around. Squeezing off a wild burst! B-B-B-
BLAM!

It rips the plaster next to Johnny's shoulder.
Shatters the shower door behind him. The BLACK-HAIRED
GIRL screams.

Johnny flinches, FIRING RAPIDLY. Wild.

Bunker drops, hit.

Warchild lets go with the 12 gauge. KABOOM!

Takes a chunk like a shark bite out of the doorframe by
Johnny's head.

Deafening in the confined space.

Johnny flattens himself behind the doorframe.
Tone just splits. Down the hall like a greyhound.

PAPPAS is on one knee, his piece drawn fast, holding
Fiberglass in a neck-lock with one massive arm.
Bunker, wild-eyed and bleeding, is on his knees in the
bathroom doorway.
He raises the Steyr. Mistake.

Angelo FIRES. 30 years in the field tends to show.
Three rounds. Chest. Chest. Head.
Bunker is off the planet.

MUNOZ KICKS THE BACKDOOR IN like they do in the movies.
He and Cole charge into the rancid kitchen. Badass FBI
agents.

JOHNNY, hotwired and hyperventilating, pops out for a shot
around the doorframe. He gets a glimpse of Warchild's
back disappearing into the hallway. FIRES. His shot is
wasted, punching plaster.

Suddenly a pink freight-train hits him.
He forgot about the girl in the shower.
Naked except for her tattoos, she bodyslams him face-first
into the wall.
As he tries to turn she grabs his hair in both hands and
hammers his head into the medicine-cabinet -- CRASH --
shattering the mirror.
Then she knees him in the balls as he ricochets off the
wall into her.
She drives her elbow into his back as he drops.
"FREIGHT TRAIN" lands knee-first on his gun hand, and
viciously kicks the pistol away with one bloody foot. It
skitters under the bed.

She's cut up from flying glass. Demon-eyed and wired, her
body lithe and muscular under white skin. She sprints
across the bedroom, leaving Utah slumped, heaving for
breath.

IN THE HALLWAY, Tone is hidden behind a doorway.
White-knuckling the forty-five. A wild-eyed kid with a
big gun and not the slightest idea how to use it.
He hears footsteps POUNDING behind him and spins.
It's Warchild, running with the shot-gun.

WARCHILD

Move it, man. Let's get the fuck
out of here!

Off-guard, Tone is SLAMMED BY THE DOOR as Munoz drives
into it with his shoulder.
Pounded between the door and wall, Tone is wired so tight
he pulls the trigger and blows a hole through his own
right foot.
He screams and drops to the floor.
Munoz sandwiches him with the door and draws down on
Warchild, who dives into a doorway.
Cole drives past Munoz, who has Tone pinned, and pounds
down the corridor.

Cole reaches the doorway and goes for the shot on Warchild.

"Freight-train" appears behind him from another door. She raises a pair of scissors and drives them into his back up to the hilt.

Pulls them out, going for another stab, when-- Pappas spins her around and slams her face-first into the wall.

UTAH, in the bedroom, sees Warchild blur across his field of vision.

On pure instinct, he kicks into overdrive. Johnny leaps the bed and goes ballistic. His flying tackle catches Warchild at the window.

EXT. HOUSE

The window EXPLODES OUTWARD in a spray of sunlit glass. Utah and Warchild crash to the ground.

The razorhead, with 50 pounds on Johnny, rises like a bull.

Bleeding from superficial lacerations, Warchild plows through the hedge.

Johnny dives after him.

The Polyester Neighbor stands paralyzed as the two crazed figures careen toward him. He is knocked flying, and the ROARING LAWNMOWER is flipped onto its side.

Utah and Warchild are locked together.

The shotgun lies nearby, out of play.

Warchild jerks a 6 INCH KNIFE free from its sheath, hanging from a thong around his neck. He trusts straight at Johnny's throat.

Johnny deflects the thrust -- INTO THE WHIRLING LAWNMOWER. KA-WHANGGG!!! The knife is hammered out of Warchild's hand.

Whistles away, spinning.

Warchild grabs Johnny as they scramble, and heaves him bodily toward the spinning blade. Utah catches the rim of the mower with both hands, stopping himself inches from the rotor.

Warchild puts all his weight on Johnny.

Pushing him face-first toward the blades.

Johnny feels the wind on his face.

The engine is roaring, full throttle.

PAPPAS APPEARS BEHIND THEM.

He aims the .38. FIRES TWICE.

The little Briggs & Stratton dies young, its casing shattered.

The rotor spins to a stop.

Warchild looks up into the black eye of Pappas' gun.

Two inches from his face.

PAPPAS

Speak into the microphone.

The razorhead sags, the fight going out of him.

Babbit kicks him off Johnny, face down onto the lawn.
Cuffs him.

INT. BATHROOM - BEDROOM - LATER

UTAH dry heaves over the sink. Turns the faucet on full blast and hoses his head. He lifts a dripping face, wipes water out of his eyes, stops on the reflection in the mirror. Pappas is there.

PAPPAS
It's always been lasers and paper targets until today, right?

Utah looks up at him and nods. He glances through the doorway at Bunker, dead in a pool of blood. Tone is wailing as paramedics work on his foot. Cole is being taken out on a stretcher.

PAPPAS
No difference, Utah. Just a little more to clean up.
(squeezes the
rookie's shoulder)
It's alright. You did good today.

Across the bedroom AGENT BABBIT rips the back off a big speaker unit. Behind it, taped to the woofer, are two large packets of a white substance.

PAPPAS
Oh shit.

Utah stares at the dope.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE HQ - OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

TIGHT ON WARCHILD manacled to the chair screaming his head off. We cannot hear him through the glass. It looks like pantomime.

UTAH and PAPPAS watch through the one way observation window.

THWAAAAAP!! The two taped packets slam the wall inches from Utah's right ear. Johnny snaps his head around. Stares into the face of DIETZ who looks like Warchild's meaner brother.
And he's pissed as hell...

DIETZ
You know what this is?! Two keys uncut crystal meth!

UTAH
What the hell's your problem?

Dietz manically grabs a clump of his stringy hair.

DIETZ

You think I like this haircut? My wife wants me to stay at Ramada -- I been working on these guys for THREE MONTHS! Finally -- finally--

(nodding to Warchild)

-- I get dickwad in there wantin' to play wheel of fortune so I can find out their supplier!

HARP emerges from the interrogation room, we hear a sliver of Warchild's battle cry. He spies Utah.

HARP

This is agent Dietz, DEA. He's got a record of your suspect's movements every day for the last three months.

DIETZ

(stabbing the air with the packets)

All I wanna know is how are these guys supposed to be holding up Tarzana City National on August 2nd, when they are in Fort-fucking-Lauderdale August 2ND!!!

HARP

Not an easy thing to do, is it, Utah?

UTAH

Aw shit.

PAPPAS

Nice tattoo, Dietz.

We hear a faint BUZZ, growing louder as we...

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - UTAH'S APARTMENT - DAWN

The doorbell BUZZ shrieks through the room. It stops. Starts again. A ghostly dawn finds UTAH and TYLER sleeping peacefully, limbs entwined like vines. Johnny's eyes snap open. Spies the clock. 4:00 a.m. Tyler stirs beside him, coming out of sleep. Johnny wraps a blanket around his waist and staggers to the door.

BODHI stands outside the door wearing a lunatic grin. Behind him NATHANIEL, ROACH and GROMMET hoot from the pickup.

BODHI

C'mon brah, there's a righteous swell. Let's go! Let's go!

Tyler comes into the room, wrapped in a sheet. Utah sees her knowing smile.

TYLER

He does this.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - PREDAWN

Vampire morning. A misty predawn, bled of all color. Steel gray tones. The ocean vanishes in the fog a few feet from shore. Tyler and Johnny, carrying their boards, walk toward the water.

TYLER

Come on, Utah. Everybody's out there catchin' all the good rides.

She realizes he has stopped ten feet behind her, like a great weight has dragged him to a halt.

TYLER

What's wrong Johnny?
(goes back to him)
You're like a different person.

He stares at her. His expression dark... wrestling with something.

UTAH

I am a different person, Tyler.

He lets out a long breath and looks away, out to sea.

JOHNNY'S POV... the water receding into a backlit wall of mist.

FIGURES APPEAR, faint silhouettes in the fog.

Shades of gray in the gray.

IN SLOW MOTION they weave hypnotically across the screen, their shapes merging and unmerging as they cross each other.

STACKED UP BY THE EXTREME LONG LENS, Bodhi, Roach, Grommet and Nathaniel carve and slash toward us with mystical grace.

In SUSPENDED TIME we see them hooting and grinning at each other as they cut aggressive moves close to each other.

Dolphins playing.

Challenging each other in mock combat.

So good, their boards slash past each other with inches to spare.

There is an incredible sense of freedom and exhilaration.

Bonding forged through mastery of this arcane art.

For the first time we see the core group of Bodhi's tribe, by themselves. It dawns on us...

There are four of them.

And at that moment Nathaniel drops in front of Bodhi, laughing at the near miss, and drops his pants in a nasty wig-wagging moon.

TRACKING SLOWLY IN ON JOHNNY staring, mouth open.
Watching the four horsemen of the Apocalypse ride toward
him.

IN SLOW MOTION, BODHI grins as he slashes past Nathaniel's
shining white butt.

ON JOHNNY, as he reacts to the dawning certainty.
He feels weak, dizzy... like the ground is moving under
him.

TYLER

Hey. You okay? You look like you
saw a ghost.

SHOCK CUT -- ANGELO TURNING TOWARD HIM, at the drop car
scene. Eons ago. The sound of his voice ringing...

PAPPAS

Forget about it, kid, They're
ghosts...

BACK TO JOHNNY, as he backs away from Tyler. Still in
shock, recoiling from the situation.

UTAH

I... I gotta go.

TYLER

Johnny... what's going on? I don't
get it... did I do something?

UTAH

No. I'm sorry. I have to go.
I'll, uh... I'll call you later.
I'm sorry.

He sets off running up the beach.
Tyler stares after him. Confused and hurt.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PAPPAS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Early evening. Utah pulls into the driveway. When he
kills the engine we hear Greek music from inside the
house.

AT THE ENTRANCE Johnny finds the door ajar. He pushes it
open a little to reveal--

INT. HOUSE

Pappas dancing alone in the living room with his shirt
off, holding a glass of ouzo. Facing away from the door
the ample Greek hears Utah's tentative knock. Without
breaking from his dance or turning he calls out--

PAPPAS

Hey, babe. Get on over here so the

big dog can teach ya how to bark.

Pappas howls like a bloodhound, then twirls around.

UTAH

Woof, woof.

We see the startled Pappas, at a loss for the first time.

PAPPAS

Johnny! Uh, you, uh... should call first, you know? Hey, where the hell were you all day? You gotta at least call in or something. You okay?

UTAH

Angelo, we gotta talk.

Pappas moves toward him, kind of subconsciously herding Utah back out the door.

PAPPAS

Listen, uh... if you're okay, can it wait till tomorrow morning, kid, I...

Johnny hears footsteps and turns. Miss Deer comes through the door like it's not the first time, carrying a bag of groceries.

MISS DEER

Angie, they didn't have the kind of wine you like but I got... oh, hi Johnny!

Her icy office persona obviously got left there. Her hair is unbound and flows around her shoulders, and in halter top and jeans she looks delectably off-duty.

Angelo looks at Utah like don't you say a fucking word.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE

A few minutes later. Utah and Pappas leaning on his car. The younger agent seems to have regained his hunt-down fever.

UTAH

... so I started tailing him.

PAPPAS

This Zen master surfer.

UTAH

Bodhi, yeah. I'm on him all day, right. He goes here, he goes there, he goes to Tower Records and buys come CDs, he has lunch at Patrick's

Road House...
(mock casual)
... he goes into the Assured Trust
Savings and Loan.

PAPPAS
Did he rob it?

UTAH
Cute. He was inside for about 20
minutes. The other guy, Roach,
waited in the truck. They were
scoping it out, right?!

UTAH
Yeah, or cashing a check.

UTAH
Wait, wait. Then these guys go back
to their beach house and box up all
their shit. Load it in Bodhi's
truck and take it to a public
storage unit. You see? Summer's
almost over. They're splitting.
They're gonna pick up a little
traveling money tomorrow. The next
day at the outside latest. I got a
feeling.

PAPPAS
Last time you got a feeling I had to
kill a man, which I always hate
because it looks bad on the report.

UTAH
Angelo... I'm right this time. We
can still win this one.

Angelo looks at the conviction in the other agent's eyes.
Pappas sighs and puts a hand on Johnny's shoulder.

PAPPAS
Alright, look... banks are closed.
Nothing's gonna go down tonight,
right? So we'll be on these guys
like white on rice... first thing
tomorrow morning. Okay? Tomorrow.
Okay?

Utah nods. Then grins. Pappas starts backing up, like a
long rubber band which was stretched taut is pulling him
back into the house.

UTAH
Woof, woof.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET NEAR BODHI'S HOUSE - DAY

LONG LENS POV scanning Bodhi's house. There is a "FOR

RENT" sign out front. The driveway and carpet are empty... no vehicles in sight.

UTAH (V.O.)

They're gone. Son of a bitch. We missed them.

UTAH LOWERS HIS BINOCULARS. He's standing next to the car while Pappas sits on the hood, sipping coffee from a thermos.

PAPPAS

They're on their way to Maui.

UTAH

No way. Not yet. Come on.

Utah jumps in and starts the car. Pappas is screwing the cap on the thermos. Johnny puts the car in gear, forcing Angelo to scramble in as the car starts to roll.

PAPPAS

Jesus Christ, kid! The banks don't open 'till nine.

EXT. CITY STREET - TRAFFIC - DAY

Johnny weaves the sedan among the creeping commuters. Long glittering lines and heat waves.

UTAH

I say we call it in. Get some backup. But you gotta do it. Harp won't listen to me.

PAPPAS

Sure. No problem. I'll just call up and tell him his favorite agent saw this one surfer moon another surfer yesterday and it looked real suspicious. Shit, he'll probably call out the National Guard.

UTAH

I say we don't call it in. Under no circumstance are we to call this in.

PAPPAS

Look, we handle it ourselves, for right now, okay? We cover the bank, whatever. You and me. That way if nothing happens, or more accurately, when nothing happens... I don't get my tits any further into the wringer than they already are.

CUT TO:

EXT. ASSURED TRUST SAVING AND LOAN

SLOW PAN from the facade of the bank halfway up the block to Utah's sedan in the TIGHT F.G. Head flopped back over the seat, Angelo snoozes in the hot sun with a sports page over his face. Johnny looks at his watch for the fiftieth time. Whole lot of nothing going on.

Angelo slides the sports page down to his chin, without otherwise moving.

PAPPAS

Time for lunch.

UTAH

Angelo, it's eleven thirty.

PAPPAS

That place up the street has
meatball sandwiches. Get me two.

Utah slides out of the car. Feeling a little exposed he pulls his Dodgers cap down a little tighter, and adjusts his sunglasses.

He trudges off through the sidewalk crowd toward the FAST-FOOD STAND nearby.

Pappas pulls the sports page back up to block the sun.

CUT TO:

EXT. FAST FOOD PLACE

ON A LONG LENS, very stacked up, we see Johnny standing at the grody pick-up window. He keeps looking at the bank, visible B.G.

The pick-up window opens and food appears, sliding out.

Utah turns, pulling out his wallet.

VOICE FROM INSIDE

Two meatball, one tuna on wheat,
two lemonades. Total's seven eighty
four.

As Johnny is counting out the bills, a BURGUNDY THUNDERBIRD pulls up in front of the bank. The doors fly open.

The Ex-Presidents jump out.

They sprint for the entrance. All this OUT OF FOCUS, B.G.

Johnny misses it as he picks up the food order.

The Presidents disappear inside.

Johnny looks toward the bank again. There is no movement.

REVERSE, as Utah walks back toward his car. Pappas is still under the paper. He slides it down when he smells food.

UTAH

Here, yours is the one that looks
like a road kill. Enjoy.

Utah throws a big stack of napkins through the window into Pappas' lap. Still standing next to the car.

UTAH
Here's your lemonade.
(he looks down the
street)
Did you see that T-Bird pull up?

Pappas pulls a disgusting mass from the bag, unwrapping one end.

PAPPAS
(without looking)
Damn, I could eat the ass out of an elephant. I shoulda had you get me three a these. What T-Bird?

Pappas is about to take a huge bite when a meatball falls out of the end of the sandwich. It lands on the seat next to him.

He looks at it. Picks it up. Pops it into his mouth and--

Freezes, mouth open. Eyes focused on...

The Ex-Presidents, in living color, flashing through the doors of the bank 80 feet away.

Johnny is so astounded he doesn't do anything for about two seconds. Pappas coughs out his meatball, eyes bugging.

PAPPAS
Jesus Christ!! It's them!

The Presidents are piling into the car.
Johnny reacts characteristically. He whips out the Beretta and yells--

UTAH
FBI!! Freeze!! Right now!

NIXON spins, raising his shotgun.
But Reagan knocks the muzzle down with his hand. Shoves him into the car. Then Reagan jumps behind the wheel. The back wheels light up, smoking, as the T-Bird launches.

Utah FIRES.
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
He puts two into the trunk and blows the back window into junk jewelry. The T-Bird peels out into traffic, clipping a Subaru which locks them up and spins.

PAPPAS
Come on, kid, get in the car!
Jesus!

INT./ EXT. SEDAN

Pappas reaches across, starting the engine as Johnny jumps in the driver's side. Utah buries the throttle into the firewall and charges aggressively through the medium traffic.

Their sedan slews around the back of an eighteen wheeler,

fishtailing. It straightens out. No T-Bird in sight.

UTAH

The hell are they?!

PAPPAS

They took a left at the next light!

UTAH

You sure?!

Utah is totally wired. Totally concentrated. The adrenalin is kicking in, flashing through his system. His brain is on turbo boost, reacting a thousand times a second as they hit sixty through the traffic, which seems to be standing still.

UTAH

I got 'em. I see 'em. I'm on it,
I'm on it.

High-speed slalom through cars and trucks.
The world passes by in a hysterical blur.

PAPPAS

You even watching the road?

A car pulls out, straight ahead.
Utah swerves wildly, mostly gets around him. The guy's bumper and front grille are removed. Utah does a smoking skid-recovery. Doesn't even slow down.

The late model T-Bird is weaving manically. It makes a sliding turn onto a cross street half a block ahead of the FBI agents.

Utah cuts the wheel into a huge Ralph's parking lot. Pedestrians scatter. Utah center-punches a week's supply of groceries in a cart.

INT./ EXT. T-BIRD

The Presidents hold on desperately as Reagan white-knuckles it through civilian traffic. They're looking all around, trying to see where Utah went.

LBJ

Where are they, man? I don't see
'em. We lose 'em?

Not exactly... THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD we see an airborne Utah hurtling from a Ralph's entrance. The sedan lands on the street, tearing chunks out of the asphalt with the undercarriage.

An instant later it hammers into the side of the T-Bird.

The two cars spin out of control. Utah cuts the wheel, slamming into them again. Side by side demolition derby. WHAM!! Utah hits them again. The Presidents lose control, jumping a curb, losing the right front tire in

the process.

Utah's car starts to swap ends. Hit the center island broadside.
The sedan flips onto its back in an explosion of glass. SCREECH of steel on concrete as it comes to rest. Hanging upside down, Pappas is mightily pissed off.

PAPPAS

Nice fuckin' work, hotshot.
Christ!

They can see the T-Bird still moving.
It slews drunkenly as the driver maintains speed on flapping rubber.

Johnny shimmies out of the wreckage, sliding on his back in broken glass. Pappas is packed in, upside down, wriggling to get out through the side window. A tight fit.

INT./ EXT. T-BIRD

The Presidents are hammered up and down by the flailing tire.

REAGAN

Emergency sanitization! Here we go!

EXT. GAS STATION

The T-Bird vaults into the parking lot and slides to a smoking stop at one of the pump islands. The Presidents explode out of the car in a blur.

Reagan bodyslams a TEENAGER putting gas in his MUSTANG. He flips his big pistol to LBJ as the other Presidents charge past him. Nixon jumps behind the wheel of the Mustang. LBJ and JFK pile in.

Reagan grabs the gas nozzle out of the car.
He pulls out a ZIPPO LIGHTER.
Reagan raises the gas nozzle like a gun and holds the zippo below and slightly in front of it. He flicks the flame.
Then pulls the trigger on the nozzle.

Like an impromptu flame thrower, the nozzle spews A TWENTY FOOT JET OF FIRE which engulfs the T-Bird in an instant. Any physical evidence in the car is rapidly incinerated. Customers are running, screaming.
Nixon has the Mustang fired up.

NIXON

Let's go! Move it, Ronny!

Ronny's eyes sparkle behind his mask as he paints the scene with the jet of fire. You can see it getting good to him. In a second he's going to blow up the whole

block. But he's getting his rocks off. He sets two other cars on fire.

A FIGURE BLURS INTO FRAME.

In a flying tackle, Utah catapults Reagan off his pins. They roll, skidding across the oily concrete. Spraying wild, the fire swirls around the pump island.

Out of the black smoke, PAPPAS charges like an angry bull, his snubnose held high. NIXON sees him and floors it. The Mustang smokes out of the gas station as Pappas' shots blow out the back window.

Utah and Reagan roll away from the blaze. Johnny's pants are burning. He gets to his knees in time for Reagan's kick to take him square in the solar plexus. He folds in half. Drops to the cement. Reagan kicks him again and takes off running. The President is burning. His suit jacket is ablaze. He shucks out of it as he runs.

Gasping, Johnny rapidly slaps his jeans. Puts himself out. He comes up running, pulling his Beretta. Sees the back of Reagan's head disappearing into an alley behind the gas station.

EXT. ALLEY

A non-descript L.A. alley... commercial buildings on one side, walled suburb on the other. Two men running all out.

A recent President and a wild-eyed cop trailing smoke like a crashing jet fighter.

Beyond the buildings behind them A FIREBALL EXPLODES SKYWARD. We hear sirens and shouting, which recede as the two pelt along the alley. It gets quieter. Just the machine-gun slap of the shoes on pavement, and the hard breathing of the two men, each in overdrive, going all out in long blurring strides.

REAGAN looks back. Sees the demon cop behind him, gaining.

Utah has become an engine, a running machine... juggernaut mode.

AHEAD OF THEM a BLACK AND WHITE swings into the alley. Reagan hangs a hard left and blasts a wooden gate half off its hinges. Utah whips through the gate a second later. Diving into suburbia.

INT./ EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - FOOTCHASE SEQUENCE

It becomes a blur. Pure kinetic energy. Two meteors rocketing through a low-rent suburb. And God help anyone who gets in the way.

Reagan crosses a cluttered backyard.

Broken field run through toys, swing set, stacks of god-knows-what.

He runs through a Mr. Turtle Pool in an explosion of spray.

Crashes through a hedge.

Through the narrow gap between houses.

Utah powers into the tight space behind him.

Blurring along between stucco walls.

They emerge into the front yard.

A WOMAN watering her lawn is so surprised she yelps and falls down.

Reagan and Utah both hurdle her.

AHEAD, KIDS ON BIKES, racing along the sidewalk.

Reagan dodges the first, Utah slams into the next two.

He crashes, rolling, tangled up in bikes and squawking teenagers.

He comes out of a pile-up somehow still in high gear.

Reagan flashes across the sunlit street.

Dodges in front of a GARBAGE TRUCK which locks up the brakes.

It stops so fast, one of the guys falls off the back.

The GUY is getting up as Utah whips around the back of the truck.

Knocks him sprawling.

Utah doesn't stop. Doesn't look back.

Like he doesn't see anything in the real world but the figure running ahead of him. Like it's some kind of hyperkinetic video game.

Everything is a blur. Suburbia smeared into staccato impressions.

The house across the street is blocked by fence on both sides.

A MAN is picking up his mail.

Reagan pounds past him. Right through the front door of the house.

Utah follows.

Panting as he sprints down a dark hallway.

A WOMAN with a basket of washing SCREAMS as Reagan blasts past her, knocking her flying.

Utah leaps over her sprawled legs.

Cats blur underfoot. Utah crunches down on a tail. A CAT EXPLOSION. Screeching merges with the woman's shrill shouts as Utah slams the back screen door off its hinges.

Across the back yard. Fence. Over it. Running on.

REAGAN looks back.

Sees Utah still behind him like in a bad dream.

He enters the next house. Sliding glass door.

Utah sees Reagan pull it closed. Locking it.

Without breaking stride Johnny grabs a potted plant off a patio wall.

Heaves it ahead of him.

The glass BURST INTO A WALL OF DIAMONDS.

Utah blasts through a microsecond later.

Topples the kitchen table. Furniture and crockery crashing everywhere.
He sprints down a hallway after Reagan.
A FIERCE WOMAN in a housecoat shouting at them as they pass, holding a vacuum cleaner like it's shot-gun.

WOMAN

Get the fuck out of this house!
What the fuck do you think you're doing--

Around a corner. A VICIOUS SNARLING SOUND.
Utah sees something flying at him. Reflexively catches it.
Reagan has thrown a PIT-BULL.
The Fierce Woman's fierce dog.

UTAH'S POV -- the snarling little demon right in his face.
He drop-kicks it like a goddamn field-goal right through a doorway and runs on.
Another door. Another explosion of sunlight. Another yard.
Sprinklers this time. Reagan and Utah running through sunlit walls of rain. They crash through another hedge. Emerging drenched.

The ground drops away. Slipping and sliding on iceplant, they skid down a steep slope. Reagan reaches bottom.
A TEN FOOT RETAINING WALL, dropping off like a cliff to pavement below.
Reagan falls, landing on his feet.
Panting now, feeling it, he stumbles up and runs on.

Utah rips down through the iceplant like a human lawnmower.
Slides over the edge. Falls -- lands hard.

TIGHT ON HIS KNEE and SLOW MOTION.
Taking the impact.
We HEAR something go.
Utah crashes to the pavement, his face contorted with pain.
He grabs his tortured knee with both hands.

UTAH

Not now. Not now!

Reagan runs on. They are in an enclosed storage yard of some kind. Ten foot chainlink all around.
Utah struggles to get up and run.
He sprawls forward, biting back a howl of pain.
We see the incredible will driving him on.
He gets up and again, hobbling. Trying to run.

Reagan reaches the fence.
He is heaving for breath. Holding his side.
Utah stumbles, gets up, clutching his knee.
Hobbling forward. His eyes wild, the veins in his neck bulging.

Reagan starts to climb. Utah collapses to his knees. He

can't go on.
Reagan reaches the top of the fence. He looks back.

UTAH HAS THE BERETTA POINTED RIGHT AT HIM.
Twenty feet away. The muzzle rock-steady. He can't miss.
They both are frozen, panting. Locked into the moment.

REAGAN
You want me, there's only one way.

PAPPAS reaches the top of the hill, 200 feet away, panting
like he's about to collapse. He sees the tableau.

ECU -- UTAH'S FINGER on the trigger. Tightening.
RACK TO his eyes. Blinking, water running into them.
God, he wants to.

ECU -- REAGAN'S EYES, through the mask. Locked with
Utah's.

UTAH suddenly snaps his hand up and FIRES VERTICALLY.
HE HOWLS WITH RAGE, FRUSTRATION AND PAIN.
FIRES AGAIN. And AGAIN.
Slumping back, his shoulders slam down onto the concrete.
Straight-arming the Beretta he FIRES RAPIDLY...
Bulleting the blue sky.

HIGH ANGLE, looking straight down on the tableau.
Reagan leaps off the fence and runs OUT OF FRAME, as Utah
empties the magazine straight at us, the shots merging
with his agonized howl, echoing as we--

CUT TO:

INT. FBI BUILDING - BULLPEN - NIGHT

UTAH sits next to the DISPATCHER waiting for news like a
sailor in a storm. His leg is popped up on a chair with
jeans split to the thigh and an ace bandage wrapped around
his knee.

His face is a nasty patchwork of scratches and bruises.
He drains his coffee and gazes out at the empty bullpen.

PAPPAS comes through the doors, wiping the remains of
dinner off his mouth.

PAPPAS
Nothing?

UTAH
Nothing.

The Dispatcher talks into his headset, glances up at
Pappas, shakes his head.

PAPPAS
Go home, kid. Get the hell outta
here. Get some sleep. You look
like shit. They get anything even
resembles your guy, I'm on your
beeper. Here. You like feta?

He smiles warmly, handing his younger partner a brown paper sack.

UTAH

Feta. My favorite.

Managing a weary smile. Lifts his body out of the chair, turns to go.
Angelo ponders something.

PAPPAS

Johnny...

Utah stops. Looks back at the man.

PAPPAS

All I wanna know is one thing, why didn't you just take the shot?

Johnny's gaze turns inward.

UTAH

I don't know.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - UTAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

UTAH sits on the bathroom floor as Tyler dabs Betadyne antiseptic over his wounds. Utah cringes.

UTAH

Ouch.

TYLER

Betadyne doesn't hurt.

UTAH

You're kneeling on my hand.

She laughs, shifts her weight and keeps tending him.

TYLER

So what'd the other guy look like?

UTAH

Never saw him, was your basic hit and run.

TYLER

But you look like you been in a train wreck, how'd he just drive away?

Utah acts like he wants to say something but his mouth won't quite form the words. Tyler dabs his face, touches a finger to his forehead.

TYLER

Johnny, what is it with you? You

have that look again, it's like
you're about to tell me something
and then you don't... or you can't.
What's going on?

Johnny searches her eyes.
She stares at him, becoming fragile suddenly.

TYLER
What? What do you want to tell me?

Utah's brow unfurls. The thought has passed. He slowly
cups his hand over hers. Gently pulling her close.

UTAH
I'm glad you pulled me out of the
water that day...

He presses his lips to the smooth curve of her forehead.
A kiss to each downcast eye. Searching out her mouth with
his own as his hands glide down the small of her back.
Their reflection in the mirror as Utah slowly lowers Tyler
to the bathroom floor. She clings tightly in a breathless
kiss.

EXT. CLIFF - NIGHT

A Buddha in the moonlight, BODHI sits crosslegged upon the
cliff, staring at the ocean.
CAMERA CIRCLES AROUND HIM, focusing in upon his eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

UTAH asleep, flopped in a spread-eagled X.
WE HEAR the bedroom door opening, see a slash of light
fall across the bed.
Johnny doesn't stir.
A shadow appears on the wall, moving toward him.
An outstretched arm holding a gun.
Utah snores softly, sleeping like a baby.
CAMERA TRACKS IN on his peaceful face.
A single eyelid flutters. Total silence, until...

KABOOOOMMM! The Pillow beside him EXPLODES into a
blizzard of goosedown. Johnny rears up, eyes wide, mouth
agape.
TYLER stands above him, recovering from the kick of the
smoking 9mm Beretta in her hand.

TYLER
A lawyer!? You lied to me!

She throws his FBI gold star at his face.

TYLER
Look, Tyler, I can--

BOOM! Tyler SQUEEZES off another round.

Cascading goosefeathers falling like snow.
Utah flinches sideways.

TYLER

Jesus Christ, Johnny -- you've been using me! Your jacket's on the floor in the bathroom -- this goddamn thing's half out of the pocket... Oh God, it's all part of some case, isn't it?

UTAH

Tyler, put the gun down.

TYLER

You tell me the fucking truth Johnny... did your parents really die in a car crash? DID THEY?!

She waves the Beretta in his face.

UTAH

No. They live in Columbus Ohio.

Tyler lowers the pistol slowly, the strength leaving her. Her face begins to flood with tears.

UTAH

I work bank robbery. Guys I'm after are surfers. I needed you, at first, but not--

TYLER

Fuck you, Johnny Utah. Fuck you!! Don't you have a soul? Goddamn you to hell!

She goes limp as the sobs rack her body. The gun flops from her grip. Utah sweeps it under the bed with his foot. He moves to gently comfort her. She bolts at his touch, running from the bedroom. Utah is up and hopping into his pants to follow her. He stumbles.

UTAH

Tyler! Wait!!

From the living room we hear a rattling of keys, the front door opens and slams shut. He hobbles to the door, favoring his knee. Opens it. We hear the Porsche screeching away.

Utah sags, the breath coming out of him long and slow.

CUT TO:

UTAH on the bed staring up at the ceiling. Phone cradled, listening to--

TYLER (V.O.)

Hi, it's me. Leave a message.

BEEP! He rests the telephone on his chest, letting the tape roll a moment before he speaks.

UTAH

Tyler I... look, I fucked up, okay.
I know I fucked up. I wanted to
tell you, but I couldn't -- I was
afraid you'd leave... good guess,
huh?

(grimacing)

Fuck, why can't I ever say what I
really mean? I lied to you. I'm an
asshole... but I need you, Tyler. I
want you to know that I've never
known anyone like you before in my
life... and I... I hope you change
your mind...

He cradles the receiver, looks out the window. Black of
night. Dead still.

DISSOLVE TO:

UTAH asleep, telephone still perched on his bare chest.

BUZZZZZZ! The rasp of the doorbell.
Johnny is airborne, phone flying across the floor.
Hunting for his pants, realizes they are already on, limps
in fast motion to the door.

UTAH

Tyler! Wait, I--

Whips it open.
BODHI standing in the doorway, smiling like an excited
child.

BODHI

Howdy brah.

NATHANIEL, ROACH, and GROMMET are there behind him.
They look like sentry dogs. Johnny freezes.
Bodhi walks past Utah, into the room.

BODHI

C'mon, get your gear on, we're
rollin'.

Cheerful, hardly able to contain his exuberance.
He moves through the room, grabbing Johnny's shirt from a
chair, a pair of sneakers on the floor.
Utah sees his FBI shield sitting on the dresser in plain
sight.
He palms it when Bodhi is turned away, and slips it into
his hip pocket to conceal it.

UTAH

What going on, Bodhi?

Bodhi plucks a couple socks off the couch, hands them to

Utah.

BODHI

Here.

(spying Johnny's cut
face)

Hey, what happened? Ya cut
yourself shaving?

Johnny meets Bodhi's cold stare.

UTAH

I don't think I wanna surf right
now.

Bodhi's face takes on a crazy glow.

BODHI

Naw, this is different, Johnny.
This is something totally
different... you're gonna love this.

He winds an arm around Johnny's shoulders, guides him
toward the door.

BODHI

C'mon, let's go, let's go. Time's
wastin', brah.

Bodhi claps Utah on the back, ushering him outside.
Nathaniel, Roach and Grommet fall into step beside them.
The door closes behind them.
CAMERA DRIFTS back through the apartment, coming to rest
on the 9mm Beretta, on the floor under the bed... useless.

CUT TO:

EXT. BODHI'S PICKUP - PREDAWN

The pickup is a funnel of dust along the desert road.
Black mountains against a silver sky.

INT. BODHI'S PICKUP

The tapedeck blasts. BODHI and UTAH sit inside the cab.
Through the rear window, we see NATHANIEL, ROACH and
GROMMET in the flatbed.
Bodhi swivels his eyes to Johnny, lowers the volume.

BODHI

Life's sure got a sick sense of
humor, don't you think so Johnny?

Face splitting into a shit-eating grin.

UTAH

How you figure?

BODHI

(slight laugh)

News, last night... those guys, the Ex-Presidents... they robbed my bank yesterday. And I was just there the day before, cashing a check. See... look. Assured Trust... same place.

He takes a beat up checkbook off the dash and flips it to Johnny.

Utah opens the cover and looks.

Sure enough. Assured Trust Savings and Loan.

BODHI

I was picking up some bucks cause we're leaving town. Bizarre, huh? If I'd waited a day I'd been right in the middle of it. Kinda sorry I missed it. I'd liked to've seen them.

A long pregnant pause. Utah breathes deeply, remaining calm, his voice carrying a chilling bravado.

UTAH

Takes guts to rob a bank. All that adrenalin pumping, waving loaded guns, taking out the guards, getting everybody on the floor, never knowin' who's gonna burst in...

(looks right at

Bodhi)

... wondering what it's like to take a bullet. Must be some ride.

Utah's smile is a personal challenge. Bodhi sits perversely intrigued. The mental warfare escalates.

BODHI

Banks are insured, brah. Long as nobody gets shot, it's really a victimless crime. Just gotta scare 'em a little, would be my guess.

(ponders something)

Now if I was gonna rob a bank, with all those guys wearin' body armor these days, know what I'd carry?

Bodhi reaches his hand underneath the seat.

He pulls out a huge holstered handgun, rests it in his lap, draws and holds the gun up against his cheek.

BODHI

.454 Casull. Most powerful handgun on the planet. Muzzle velocity of 2000 feet per second. Twice the kinetic energy of a .44 Magnum.

Bodhi stares at Utah, then flashes his signature smile. Utah says coldly.

UTAH

One shot stopping.

BODHI

(laughs)

'One shot stopping'... good, very good. I like you, Johnny. I like you because you'll sacrifice anything to win. I respect that. It elevates you a little above the drones who have learned compromise. Here, hold it. Check out the weight.

He twirls the gun, grabs the barrel and extends the handle to Utah.

Johnny takes it slowly. Now it's aimed at Bodhi.

BODHI

(cheerfully)

Whoa. Careful. You got the muzzle pointing right at me, brah.

He casually pushes the barrel away, looking back at the highway.

Johnny swings a stiff arm out his window and pumps a ROUND into open desert. KABOOOM!! The recoil blows Johnny's arm back over the top of the truck. Practically breaks his wrist.

Thunder rolls across the dark hills.

From the back of the pickup Nathaniel howls.

Grommet and Roach high five.

Johnny turns to Bodhi, breaking slowly into a feral grin.

UTAH

Nice.

He hands the smoking weapon back to him.

As if to say "two can play this game".

Bodhi stands challenged.

Each snared in the other's power...

Bodhi takes the weapon back, casually. Slips it under the seat.

BODHI

It's a special day, Johnny U. A very special day...

Utah's gaze travels beyond the windshield.

Where tentacles of brand new morning light vein the sky.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT AIRSTRIP

TIGHT ON A turbo-prop engine ROARING.

WIDER reveals a big Cessna twin. The PILOT, a weaselly guy we haven't seen before, fires up the second engine. The plane shudders eagerly in the metallic predawn light. A desert airstrip near Palmdale. A couple of aluminum-siding hangers and no tower. A few other planes around

but no activity besides Bodhi's rock-steady crew.

UTAH watches Grommet whip back a tarp in the bed of Bodhi's truck and starts tossing out PARACHUTE PACKS. Roach tosses one to Bodhi, who chucks it to Utah.

BODHI
Ever done this before?

UTAH
Once.

BODHI
Pure adrenalin, right?! The ultimate rush. Other guys snort for it, jab a vein for it -- all you gotta do is jump.

UTAH
Sure, it's a blast, but listen, I sorta screwed up my knee yesterday--

BODHI
Yeah, I noticed you limping.
(grins)
But don't worry about it, brah.
Don't worry at all. We're not gonna land on land!

Bodhi grabs his sleeve, ushering him into the plane.

UTAH
Oh, well, that's fine then. I feel so much better.

CUT TO:

INT. CESSNA

Utah sits, wearing a day-glo jump suit, hugging the chute in his lap. Next to him is the gaping door. Beyond... a spectacular down sunburst at 10,000 feet. ROAR of wind and engines.

Utah watches Bodhi, Nathaniel, Grommet and Roach wriggling into their colorful freefall suits. Nathaniel pulls on a pair of purple shorts over his suit. Looks real dorky. Grommet has on duck feet. Bodhi, apparently, is going to jump barefoot. Nobody has their chutes on yet. Johnny hefts his, as if weighing it, somehow judging the contents. His brain is racing. Bodhi shouts over the roar.

BODHI
It's a little ceremony we always have at the end of summer. One last speedstar.

UTAH
So, who... uh, who packed my chute?

BODHI

I did. What's the matter? Don't trust me?

UTAH

You gotta earn trust.

BODHI

Then we'll earn it together. Here, take mine.

Bodhi swaps chutes with Johnny.
Utah looks at the new chute uncertainly.
Is this a game? Poker moves?
Did Bodhi anticipate this step?

ROACH

Hey... you don't want Bodhi's, man.
His pack-jobs suck... they only open
half the time. Take Grommet's, man.

Roach's grin is evil as he grabs Grommet's chute out of his hands and switches it with Johnny's. Keeps that one and gives his to Grommet.

GROMMET

Whoa, unfair, dude!

Grommet grabs his chute back and hands Johnny the one he had, which was Roach's. I think.
Johnny looks at the pack in his hands. Then at the grinning faces.
Russian surfer freefall roulette. Shit.
Bodhi studying him. Some kind of test.
Fuck it. Utah starts putting the damn thing on.

UTAH

We gonna jump or jerk off?

BODHI

My man!

EXT. 10,000 FEET - DAWN

Multi-colored figures explode from the plane. Leaping into freefall. Tumbling end over end. WEARING HEADSETS, they hurtle downward.

BODHI (RADIO)

Utah, you copy bruddah?

UTAH (RADIO)

Whooooaaah! Shhiiittt! Whooooaaah!

BODHI

I'll take that as a yes.

One by one they stabilize. Falling face down, knees bent, they angle their hands and feet minutely to move

laterally. Utah flails, the last to trim out. But he's holding his own.

Grommet, working his duckfeet, pitches himself into a wild spin, rotating like a dervish in a head down dive. He flares out and "flies" back to the others. Rocketing through the void at 120 mph they seem to paradoxically hang above the world, almost unmoving... on a separate plane of existence. A hurricane of wind. Wild HOOTING. Despite his terror, Johnny has to grin at Nathaniel, falling butt first like he's sitting on a big inner tube in the pool.

ROACH

Whip it out dudes! Cheap sex with the cosmos!

BODHI

Ten thousand feet. Let's do it.

The group stabilizes, moving together. First Bodhi and Roach link arms, trimming constantly. Concentrating. Nathaniel flips over onto his stomach and maneuvers toward them. He grabs Roach's arm. Grommet works his way next to Nathaniel. Locks in. They need Utah to complete the ring. Four faces beckoning to him, distorted by the hurricane wind.

BODHI

Come on Johnny. Get in here!

Johnny moves his hands like flippers and glides clumsily toward them. Bodhi and Grommet grab him. He's in. A perfect five-man star.

BODHI

Relax, brah. I got you, I got you.

GROMMET

Righteous-ass speedstar, dudes!

BODHI

You diggin' this?

UTAH

Great! GREAT!

Johnny is exhilarated more than he could have thought. Screaming down through the dawn sky at 130. Locked into the ring. Part of something. Connected to these guys far above the planet. Less far every second... Bodhi's chest altimeter reads 6,000 feet.

BODHI

Purty-thirty and we're meat waffles, folks. See ya downtown!

He releases Roach's arm and the star disintegrates,

drifting apart.

Bodhi stays with Utah, falling parallel to the horizon, facing each other, holding hands. 4000 feet. Airspeed 140.

Grommet pulls his ripcord. He seems to be jerked upward by a great force. Suddenly he is far above, a brightly colored disc of fabric.

Utah is suddenly aware of the earth rushing up at him. Nathaniel pulls, then Roach. They shoot upward, disappearing.

Bodhi and Utah fall on, alone.

BODHI

You gonna pull?

UTAH

After you, Alfonse. I insist!

Bodhi looks at Utah. A slow grin. The meter on his chest harness reads 2000 ft. 150 mph. 12 seconds to Valhalla.

BODHI

Don't screw around man, pull it!

UTAH

You do it... you first!

BODHI

One thousand feet. Pull the goddamn cord!

UTAH

You first!

BODHI

Okay!

Bodhi reaches out suddenly and pulls Utah's ripcord handle.

He waves goodbye as Johnny's canopy deploys. Utah is jerked upward. He feels his weight hanging brutally in the harness.

Johnny looks down.

Impossibly close to the ground. Bodhi's canopy BURSTS OUT, an explosion of color. Below him is the shimmering mirror of a LARGE RESERVOIR. Two seconds later the bright yellow canopy meets its reflection and goes slack. An explosion of white water marks Bodhi's impact.

LOW ANGLE AT WATER LEVEL as Utah hits.

IN SLOW MOTION a glorious wall of backlit spray shouts skyward.

Molten glass falling back in the bright desert dawn.

Utah surfaces, sputtering, and shucks out of the harness.

He floats like a jellyfish, gasping for breath.

UTAH

Jesus Christ. I gotta be losin' it.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY

Bodhi walks toward us, dripping wet and grinning. He wraps his arm around Utah's shoulders as the others walk up. They're all soaked and stoked.

BODHI

Ya see... I told you Johnny U was gonna be just fine!

Roach and the others clap him on the back. A moment of acceptance into the tribe. Utah isn't sure what it means yet.

BODHI

C'mere. There's something you need to see.

Bodhi leads him toward a PLAIN UTILITY VAN parked nearby. It was there earlier but Utah had no reason to notice it. Bodhi opens the rear doors and motions Johnny inside. Utah, puzzled and suddenly alert, steps in. Bodhi follows.

INT. VAN - DAY

The interior is empty except for several canvas duffel bags and a small portable VCR. It is one of the new sales presentation models, with deck and monitor together in one tiny unit.

UTAH

What's this?

BODHI

Insurance policy. Now this is going to sting a bit, but it's for your own growth, brah. Press play.

Utah hits the button and an image comes up on the tiny screen.

TIGHT ON SCREEN. A night shot. Rosie the biker has Tyler in a powerful grip. Her hands are cuffed behind her, and her mouth is taped. He has his switchblade up to her throat. Her eyes are wild, but with rage, not fear. She's trying to struggle out of his grip, kicking at him viciously. He controls her efficiently. Bodhi stops the tape.

BODHI

She's a wild one, isn't she...
Special Agent Utah?

Utah lunges, pinning Bodhi to the wall of the van... an elbow across his throat.

UTAH

You're a fucking dead man--

BODHI

(gasping for breath)

Whoa, whoa!! Think it through! I'm
the only one knows where they are.
Just let me talk for a second.

Johnny pulls back. Barely in control.

UTAH

Talk.

BODHI

She'll be fine, Rosie won't do
anything. At least not as long as I
meet him at a certain place and time,
about... let's see...

(he looks at his
dive Rolex)

... six hours from now.

Utah's voice sounds kind of strangled.

UTAH

You call him... right now... and
tell him to let her go.

BODHI

Sorry, can't do it, brah. He's on
the road. And where they're going
there's no phones. Damn, I hate
this Johnny, I really do. I hate
violence. See, that's why I need
Rosie. I could never make this
thing work, myself. No way I could
hold a knife to Tyler's throat, man!
She was my woman, once. We shared
time in this world. But Rosie, he's
kind of a... mechanism. Once you
set him in motion, he won't stop.
That's his gift, a kind of...
blankness. Noon comes, straight up,
he'll gut her like a pig and try not
to get any on his shoes. Nothing I
can do, unless I get there.

Utah blanches as he takes this in. Knows Bodhi well
enough now to know he means business.

BODHI

So that makes us partners, doesn't
it? Because now we both have the
same goal... to get me where I need
to go. Right?

Utah's expression turns suddenly cold as an executioner's.

UTAH

We're wasting time.

BODHI

See! That's what I like about you,
man! You're just sharp as a razor
blade.

Bodhi jumps out of the van and approaches the others,
gathered nearby. He addresses the pilot first...

BODHI

Get the plane down to Santa Monica
and top up the tanks.
(to the others)
Let's go. Let's saddle up!

CUT TO:

EXT. L.A. STREETS - DAY

A STYLIZED LONG LENS SHOT stacks the cars into a dreamlike
mirage. The van weaves slowly among them with predatory
stealth.

BODHI (V.O.)

Okay. All I'm askin' for is ninety
seconds of your life, Johnny.
That's all.

INT. VAN

EXTREME CLOSEUP ON the velcro straps of Second Chance
armor. Tanned fingers cinch it tight. A SHELL slides
into the cylinder of the Casull. A SHOTGUN is cocked.
KACHACK!

BODHI

It's basic dog psychology, brah. If
you scare them, get them pissing
down their leg, they submit... you
control them. If you project
weakness, you draw aggression...
that's how people get hurt.

WIDER, revealing that Bodhi is in the back with Utah and
Roach.

Nathaniel and Grommet sit up front.

The duffels contents are strewn around. Masks. Weapons.
They're all pulling on suit pants and jackets. Tying
ties. Slipping on white gloves. Snappy Oxfords.
Bodhi is pulling a suit jacket on over his BODY ARMOR.
Utah is fumbling with his armored vest. He works with
vicious, jerky moves. His jaw locked. Eyes down.

BODHI

Fear causes hesitation, and
hesitation will cause your worst
fears to come true. You project
strength to avoid conflict.

ROACH

Peace through superior firepower,
babe.

Bodhi conspicuously empties all the shells from a PUMP 12
GAUGE.

Pockets the shells. Tosses the weapon to Utah.

BODHI

Here, you need this. You can't be
comin' through that door with your
dick in your hands, right?

UTAH

I can't do this.

BODHI

Sure you can! You may even like
it... it's a killer rush. You'll
see. Hey, don't I show you things,
Johnny U?

UTAH

Bodhi, this is your wake up call,
man -- I... am... an... Eff...
Bee... Eye... Agent!!

BODHI

Wild, ain't it?! See, we exist on a
higher plane, you and I. We make
our own rules. Why be a servant of
the law Johnny U... when you can be
it's master?

GROMMET

Fuckin' A!

BODHI

Ninety seconds, man, door to door.
A small price to pay for someone who
loves you.

(he looks up)

She does you know. It's not her
style to fall so hard... I don't
think she did with me.

He pulls the Ronald Reagan mask over his head smoothly.
Roach pulls his on. NIXON. Nathaniel becomes KENNEDY.
Grommet transforms into LBJ.
Bodhi looks in the bag -- no more masks.

BODHI

Sorry, Johnny. Guess you don't get
to be president.

JOHNNY'S POV -- the back doors of the van. And the
promise of what is beyond. Bodhi enters FRAME. Looks
straight at us.

BODHI

Rock and roll!

BOOM -- THE DOORS bang open, REVEALING--

EXT. STREET - BANK - DAY

STILL IN POV (HANDHELD) we hurl ourselves from the dark van into blasting daylight. Bodhi is ahead of us in the sprint for the bank doors. Dizzying forward momentum as we hammer through the doors into--

INT. BANK

THE HANDHELD POV CONTINUES as we follow Bodhi, a wolf plunging among the sheep. A FAT GUARD inside the doors. He turns to us just as Bodhi butt-strokes him hard in the gut. Someone screams.

BODHI

Everybody freeze!! Don't move!!

AHEAD of us GROMMET/LBJ covers the SECOND GUARD with his 12 gauge.

GROMMET

Don't fucking do it, man!

The guy has his hand on the grip of his pistol but it's like the thing suddenly weighs eight tons, he can't seem to lift it from the holster. ROACH/NIXON slips up next to him and helps him with it. The guy is visibly trembling.

A YOUNG JOCK makes a move to run.

'OUR' SHOTGUN comes up like a reflex, right in his face. Roach/Nixon throws the guy to the floor by his hair.

AHEAD OF US, Bodhi is in action. Moving to the counter, shouting--

BODHI/REAGAN

All Tellers back away from the counter! Hands on your heads! RIGHT NOW!! That's right. You know the drill.

It's like a replay of the robbery Utah saw on video. But he's right in the middle of it, like in some kind of nightmare.

WE'RE STILL IN POV, the image WHIPPING wildly from side to side as Utah scans the room. We whirl dervish among the statuary of the customers and bank employees. Our gaze drifts across THE FLOOR MANAGER, a short guy in a brown suit standing with his hands clasped behind his back.

BODHI/REAGAN

All customers on the floor. Let's go! Move it! Get down! On the floor! Right now! Let's go.

Roach and Grommet are pushing them down.

Utah stands stiffly with the shotgun. He seems dazed. He catches the eye of a CUSTOMER. In a tenth of a second we see Johnny see the customer see his uncertainty. Fear has them both hyper-aware. Johnny gestures fiercely with the shotgun.

UTAH

On the floor, asshole! What's your problem?! I blow your fucking kneecaps out, you'll be on the floor!!

The guy hits the deck like a sack of cement. BODHI/REAGAN floats beside Johnny, scanning with the Casull. He speaks without turning his head.

BODHI/REAGAN

Kick in the ass, ain't it? Gonna be kinda hard to explain though... when they play the tapes back down at the bureau. Could look bad on your monthly evaluation.

Johnny looks up at surveillance camera. He's quite fucked.

UTAH

Can we just get the goddamn money and get out of here?!

BODHI/REAGAN

That's the spirit!!
(to the room)
Head's down! Eyes down! Just a couple minutes of your life and we're gone.

Bodhi leaps to the counter, commanding the room. But at this point they diverge from their time-proven plan. Roach isn't going for the drawers... he's sprinting for the VAULT.

BODHI/REAGAN

You!
(reading a name-tag)
Miss Jennings... of New Accounts.
Be a dear and open the inner gate for my associate. NOW!!

MISS JENNINGS

He -- he -- he has the keys. Mr. Duggan.

BODHI/REAGAN

Whatta say, Mr. Duggan? Wanna give her the keys or do I pick through the blood and chunks for them?

DUGGAN, the bank manager, is surprisingly calm as he takes the keys from his pocket. Holds them out to the terrified

woman.

DUGGAN

Do whatever they say, Terry.

MISS JENNINGS hurries to comply.
She unlocks the STEEL CAGE inside the big vault door.
Roach/Nixon and Grommet/LBJ take her inside with them.

A CUSTOMER, lying on the floor near the fat guard catches his eye.

The guard, face jammed against the linoleum, blanches as he sees the customer lift a corner of his shirt to reveal THE BUTT OF A PISTOL. The customer mouths the words "I'm a cop".

The guard is hyperventilating.

AT THE FRONT DOORS A WOMAN comes in out of the bright sunlight.

JFK pulls her in fast and throws her to the floor. Then goes back to watching the street.

JOHNNY is next to Bodhi/Reagan.

UTAH

You're blowing it, man! You're
breaking your own rules... pulling
too much time!

BODHI/REAGAN

JFK, how we doin'?

NATHANIEL/JFK

All clear, man!

INSIDE THE VAULT Grommet and Roach are pillaging rapidly. Their hands blur as nice fat STACKS OF 20s and 100s are dumped into canvas sacks.

ON THE MAIN FLOOR the OFF DUTY COP slips his hands slowly around the butt of his pistol, concealing the move with his body.

He signals with his eyes to the fat guard, glancing at the guard's ankle.

TIGHT ON THE GUARD'S ANKLE where we can see a sliver of BACK-UP GUN, a tiny .25 auto in an ankle holster.

The guard's eyes are pleading with the hard-on cop.
"Don't make me do this".

The guy is sweating, shaking. A yellow liquid spreads across the tiles next to his quivering hips. He's actually pissing himself, he's so scared.

TIGHT ON the off-duty cop. Watching like a ferret. He cocks his .38.

ECU GUARD'S EYES, wide with terror.

It happens like lightning. The cop pops to his knees, straight-arming the .38. The guard goes for his ankle holster.

REAGAN spins.

The cop FIRES. BLAM!
Reagan is catapulted backward off the counter by the impact.
He crashes onto a desk on his back. Slides off, scattering papers.
A teller screams. The cop spins toward Utah.
Johnny throws down the shotgun. Shows his palms. He's holding out his gold star.

UTAH
Federal agent! Undercover!

The cop FIRES TWICE. Two in the chest. Utah is hurled back. Slams into the tellers' counter.

NATHANIEL/LBJ lets go with the 12 gauge. BOOM!
The cop spins, hit by some 00 buck pellets.
The guard caps-off like a maniac. BLAM, BLAM, BLAM, BLAM!!!
All of them wild, but serving to get Nathaniel pinned down behind a check-writing island.

ROACH/NIXON LEAPS THE COUNTER and lands behind the guard.
The guard's shoulder explodes as Roach's 12 gauge detonates. He pitches onto his face, screaming and holding the wreckage of his upper arm.
Grommet/LBJ is coming over the counter behind Roach as the off-duty cop spins and fires. BLAM! BLAM! Roach takes it in the chest. Staggered back, firing into the floor.
Trips and drops his shotgun.
Grommet clutches his throat as blood streams over his fingers.

IN SLOW MOTION Reagan's face rises above the counter.
The mask is askew. In order to see, Bodhi pulls it off.
The Casull comes up in a slow, deliberate arc as--

THE COP turns, terrified now, whipping his gun around, nightmarishly slow as--

BODHI COCKS THE CASULL in dream-time and--
KABOOOOM!!! The world's most powerful handgun proves its claim at 2000 feet per second.

A gout of hamburger explodes out of the cop's chest.
He is lifted off his feet. Hits and slides across the floor leaving a two-foot wide red smear.
Echoes slap the walls. Then all is still. Plaintive whimpering and moaning. The air is blue with smoke.

Johnny is trying to catch his breath. He rips his shirt open to see two deep indentations in the Second Chance vest. Flattened .38 slugs caught in the Kevlar mesh. But no blood.

Bodhi drops over the counter near Utah.
The two men look at each other.
Bodhi's eyes seem lost. He stares around at the carnage he has wrought, the bloody wreckage of his ego game.
His expression changes to something new -- truly crazed now. We feel that the madness which has been held in

check so long has been let off its leash.

BODHI

Don't anybody fucking move!

Roach, clutching his side, moves to Grommet, who is on his knees.

Beneath LBJ's stony countenance a river of blood flows down Grommet's chest. Roach pulls off the mask.

Revealing a terrified kid.

Grommet pulls his blood-drenched hand away from his throat, stares at it bug-eyed.

GROMMET

Oh no, oh my god, oh god... it's all
comin' out man, gotta stop it...
it's all gonna come out... do
something!!

He's trying to hold it in with his hands. This doesn't work.

A paste-white frightened kid. Eighteen years old.

Suddenly realizing that this is not some video game. That death is real.

He slumps back, losing the battle for consciousness.

WE HEAR SIRENS APPROACHING.

ROACH

(freaking to Bodhi)

We gotta bug out, man! We're eatin'
it bad on this one. Let's go!

Bodhi reaches down and picks up Johnny's FBI shield off the floor.

He considers it for a long time. Then looks up at Johnny. His eyes seem to ask for forgiveness...

A moment before he smashes the Casull into Johnny's skull.

JOHNNY'S POV, as he drops to his knees. Everything going dark as we see Bodhi's face distantly, his mouth moving slowly...

BODHI

Goodbye, Johnny.

The floor rushes up and smashes us in the face.

A view of shoes, running away from us, leaving bloody footprints. Then total darkness.

CUT TO:

INT./ EXT. FIRST SECURITY BANK - LATER

Ten minutes later the bank "crime scene" is in full swing. UNIFORM COPS are everywhere, trying to get statements from sobbing witnesses. HARP, MUNOZ, COLE AND PAPPAS represent the FBI contingent. Cole has one arm strapped to his body in a fairly elaborate sling, and he moves slowly.

Harp is barking orders to everyone in sight. Outside (visible beyond the doors) it's total pandemonium, with

cops and ambulances, and of course a huge crowd of rubberneekers. A MINICAM CREW shows up. Harp starts shouting at them.

COLE, with evident pleasure, cinches down a pair of handcuff's on Utah's wrists with his good hand. Johnny has a deep cut on his forehead, and the blood is trickling into his eyes, but he seems not to notice. Not to hear MUNOZ speaking monotonously--

MUNOZ

-- if you so desire, an attorney will be provided for you free of cost. Do you understand these rights I have explained to you? Utah?

Pappas charges through the crowd, pushing Munoz aside.

PAPPAS

He knows his goddamn rights!
(looks at Utah)
Jesus, kid. I knew you were getting too close to these guys.
(turns to the other agents)
Gimme the goddamn key to these things, Cole. Christ!

He gestures to the cuffs still cutting into Johnny's wrists.

Cole hands him the key.
Harp storms toward them.

HARP

Don't take those off. Just leave them on! Your partner's an accessory to murder. You realize that?

Harp spins Johnny by the shoulder to look at-- Paramedics carrying the covered body of the off-duty cop. Beyond, still on the floor, is Grommet, his eyes staring in death.

He was right about not making thirty.

HARP

Three men dead. One of them a cop. How's that sit in your gut, Utah?

UTAH

(cold and scary)
Take your hand off my shoulder right now.

Harp pulls back instinctively. Utah's eyes burn into him. Looks like Johnny's not in the FBI anymore.

PAPPAS

Look, Harp. Don't turn him over to the uniforms like some punk. Let me

ride him in.

HARP

Yeah, sure. Why not? You two screw-ups deserve each other. That's why I put you together in the first place. Christ Pappas, you're as bad as he is... talk about the blind leading the blind--

Pappas steps close to the Supervising Agent.

PAPPAS

Harp, let me tell you something. I was an agent in this bureau when your mommy was still wiping your shinny pink ass, and you know one thing I learned in all those years that you still haven't?

HARP

What that?

Angelo steps in with a roundhouse that has all of his 280 pounds behind it.

Harp's head snaps back, and he flops in a heap.

PAPPAS

Respect your elders.
(he takes Utah by
the arm)
Let's go kid.

Harp struggles to sit up, rubbing his jaw, as Pappas stuffs Utah into his car. Harp is so shocked he doesn't say a word.

CUT TO:

INT. PAPPAS' CAR

They drive for a couple of blocks in silence, side by side.

Utah in disgrace. Contrite. Stony. Finally...

UTAH

I know where they're going.

PAPPAS

Figured you did.

Angelo flips Johnny the key.

Johnny lets himself out of the cuffs. He sits rubbing his wrists.

UTAH

Only problem is... we can't arrest them or shoot them.

ON PAPPAS' "what the fuck?!" expression we--

CUT TO:

EXT. SANTA MONICA AIRPORT

LONG LENS SHOT through a forest of small planes as Pappas' sedan glides INTO FRAME. It moves sharklike among through the Cessna forest. Slows to a stop. Through the jungle of wings and fuselages we see Pappas get out of the car and start working his way among the aircraft. Utah slides behind the wheel and drives on.

TIGHT ON TURBOPROP ENGINE roaring as it warms up. The same aircraft as before. Bodhi and Nathaniel are loading duffel bags into the open back door as the pilot completes his pre-flight checks. The Ex-President's suits have been removed, along with the body armor, and no guns are in sight. Just a couple of guys getting ready for a charter flight. Bodhi looks up and stops his work as...

THE FBI SEDAN stops about 50 feet away. Nathaniel pulls a shotgun out of one of the duffels. Utah gets out. He holds his hands out from his body and turns completely around. Without his jacket on, it is evident that he is not carrying a gun. He walks forward.

UTAH

I'm not armed.

BODHI

But you're not alone.

UTAH

Good guess. There's a gun on you right now.

Bodhi feigns casual interest. Looks around. He can't see...

PAPPAS nearby. Moving cat-like behind a row of service vehicles. He gets his snubnose .38 propped on the bumper of one, with a clear shot at Bodhi and Nathaniel.

UTAH

Where's Roach?

BODHI

Around somewhere. Listen, I'm in kind of a hurry, Johnny U. What can I do for you?

UTAH

You gotta tell me where she is.

BODHI

And let my policy expire? Sorry.

UTAH

Look, Bodhi man. People are dead.

The ride is over.

BODHI

I say when it's over!

UTAH

The guy you killed was an off duty cop! If you get out of here they'll nail you wherever you land. They have a new thing called radar. Maybe you've heard of it.

Though he can't hear what's going on. THE PILOT has clocked the tension between the two men. And the shotgun in Nathaniel's hands. He blanches, and starts to shut down the plane's power. By his reaction we see that he's obviously not in on it.

ROACH comes out of the hangar building nearby. Neither Utah nor Pappas see him. But he sees Pappas drawn down on Bodhi. He drops quickly to one knee and opens the duffel he was carrying.

TIGHT ON DUFFEL BAG, as it opens. The pistol grip of a 12 gauge riot-gun sticks out of lots and lots of money. Roach's hand slides the gun out slowly.

UTAH IS VERY CLOSE to Bodhi.

UTAH

I know you man, when they fall on you, you won't back down. They'll have to burn your ass to the ground. And I can't stop them... I'm the last person they're ready to listen to right now. Thanks to you.

UTAH

Shit may or may not happen.

UTAH

Look, you got a death wish, you want to ride to glory... fine! But don't take her with you, man. I'm begging you... tell me where she is. Then I walk away. We've earned that much trust, haven't we?

The pilot opens the door and is climbing out when Nathaniel wheels on him. The pilot goes cross-eyed staring down the muzzle of the 12 gauge, inches from his face.

BODHI

(to the pilot)

Back in the hotseat, campadre.
NOW!

BEHIND THE TRUCKS, Pappas senses something. His head snaps around. Roach is behind him with the 12 gauge. He FIRES.

Pappas hurls his weight sideways, as the buckshot punches into the truck fender. Some of it catches Pappas in the hip. He hits the ground hard and whips up the .38 BAM! BAM! BAM!

Roach flips onto his back.

The shotgun blows a hole in the sky as he hits the deck. Pappas is on the ground, totally exposed, 20 feet from the others.

NATHANIEL fires once, wild. Terrified. His shot blows a divot out of the asphalt next to Pappas.

He pumps the slide, chambering another round.

Then Pappas' fourth and fifth rounds drill into him.

He slams back against the Cessna's fuselage.

Slides down. Two red smears on the white aircraft.

Bodhi lunges for the fallen 12 gauge.

Pappas takes aim. One round left.

Utah sprints between them.

UTAH

Angelo! Don't fire!

PAPPAS

Kid, get outta the way!!

UTAH

NOOO!!

Utah is blocking Bodhi with his body.

Bodhi's fingers are poised, frozen, a few inches from the shotgun.

Standoff.

PAPPAS

GODDAMMIT!!

He snaps the pistol up, aimed at the sky.

Pappas stands panting. Enraged and frustrated. Pain searing his leg. Everything is tense and electrified. BOOM!! Pappas' chest EXPLODES with a spray of blood!

BEHIND HIM, ROACH is lying on one elbow in a pool of scarlet.

He cocks another round into the chamber and fires again. BOOM!

Angelo drops to his knees, holding his ruined body like he's hugging himself. Johnny lunges toward him, his face distorted with shock.

UTAH

NNNOOOOOO!!!

Angelo's eyes meet his for a moment.

In his dilated pupils is the great question.

Then he slumps forward and lies very still.

The breath leaves his body and doesn't go back in.

Johnny moves toward his friend in a daze. Drops to one knee beside him.

Roach aims the shotgun at him, coughing blood.

Utah doesn't notice. Or is beyond caring.
Bodhi holds his hand up in a gesture like a benediction.
Roach's finger relaxes on the trigger.

Utah puts his hand on Angelo's white crewcut hair.
He hears the scraping of steel on asphalt behind him as
Bodhi picks up the other twelve gauge.

Roach is working himself to his knees. His breath is
sucking through a bloody hole in his chest as well as the
customary breathing orifices. Bodhi crosses to him and
helps him up. He covers Utah with the shot gun as he
half-carries Roach to the plane. The pilot is white with
shock. He'd run if he could remember how.

PILOT

I ain't flyin' you guys to San
Phillipe man, forget it. Not now--

BODHI

Thanks for telling the nice FBI
agent where we're going.

Roach works his way up into the plane. He waves the
shotgun at the pilot, his face a vicious, blood-flecked
mask.

ROACH

Get in the fucking plane.

Bodhi stands behind Johnny, the shotgun aimed at his head.
Their expressions are lethally cold.
We see that Utah hates this man who was his friend, his
teacher, more now than he dreamed it was possible to hate.

BODHI

We're gonna ride this out, all the
way, Johnny. You and me. Let's go.

Johnny nods slowly, as if accepting that this was all
somehow pre-ordained, and that they both knew the game
would take them this far and beyond. He stands and walks
to the plane.

CUT TO:

EXT. MEXICO - DAY

THE SCREEN EXPLODES WITH A BLUR OF MOTION.
POV of the ground racing below us at 180 mph.

REVERSE, preceding the plane as it rockets through barren
canyons.
As close to the earth as the terrified pilot will take it.
Under the radar.

INT. PLANE

The aircraft bucks like a bull as the pilot jinks and
banks wildly.

Bodhi has the Casull aimed at the base of his skull from the jump seat just behind him. Roach holds the shotgun on Utah, seated across from him in the rear seats. Roach is a pale, sweaty mask. He is propped against a bulkhead, seemingly collapsed in on himself like a discarded coat. His entire shirtfront and lap are slick with blood. But his gaze is steady, and the shotgun is aimed into Utah's guts. No one talks or moves on this grim hell-ride.

EXT. ARROYO

Near noon. The sun blisters a landscape out of time. The white Cessna rockets above the saguaros, its shadow pumping up and down over the broken terrain like some manic alter ego below it. It WOOSHES over us, raising dust devils.

INT. PLANE

The pilot yells over his shoulder to Bodhi...

PILOT

Look, we been in Mexico the last half hour... can I quit mowing the lawn here or what? I'm getting more brush in the wheels than I usually like, you know what I'm saying?!

BODHI

Yeah, get some height. Take her up to eight thousand on this heading.

The pilot pulls back on the yoke and the plane climbs. Bodhi moves back next to Roach, who's fading.

ROACH

We're gonna pop up on their screens.

BODHI

Doesn't matter now. We're almost there, man. Here, let me help you get your gear on.

Bodhi drags a parachute pack up onto the seat next to Roach and starts helping him into the harness. Roach keeps the shot gun pointed at Johnny.

ROACH

I'm cold.

BODHI

You're gonna be fine. Just fine. Johnny, toss me that money bag will you. Easy does it.

Utah hefts the duffel. Weighs its contents, and their

price.

UTAH

You're cold because all the blood is
running out of your body, Roach.
You're going to be dead soon.
(he tosses the bag)
I hope it was worth it.

Roach clutches the canvas sack to his chest like a Teddy
bear. Glares at Utah. He hooks the strap of the duffel
over one shoulder.

BODHI

Hey, Johnny's just trying to psych
you man, forget it. Just keep
thinking about all those senioritas
nursin' you back to health. Come
on, amigo, let's get you set for the
jump.

Bodhi props Roach next to the open door and takes a
walkie-talkie from the seat, keying it.

BODHI

Rosie, Rosie, this is Air Force One,
do you copy, over?

A burst of static is followed by a surprisingly clear
voice.

ROSIE (V.O.)

Copy you, Air Force One. We have a
visual on you. Lookin' fine.

UTAH

Tell him to release Tyler.

BODHI

Why should I?

UTAH

What if your chute fails, Bodhi?
Rescind the order. Let her off the
hook, she's served her purpose. Do
it, man, you owe me that much. Let
me hear it before you check out.

Bodhi meets his eyes and considers for a couple of
seconds, then keys the walkie.

BODHI

Rosie, listen carefully. Surgery
is canceled, is that clear? Repeat
it back to me.

ROSIE (V.O.)

Copy you. Surgery is canceled.
I'm lettin' the bitch go.

Bodhi looks out the doorway. Gauging distance, airspeed,

the geography below. He looks at Utah, aiming the Casull at him.
Johnny stares back at him like a pit viper.

BODHI

I know it's hard for you Johnny.
You want me so bad it's like acid in
your mouth. But not his time.
(he braces Roach at
the door)
Let's go.

Bodhi signals the pilot and Utah feels the plane drop as the engines are cut back to an idle. Bodhi slaps Roach on the shoulder and Roach slumps backward out of the plane. Bodhi braces to jump, looking at Johnny for a last split-second.

BODHI

You lose, campadre.

He chucks the Casull onto the seat beside the door and bails.
Bodhi tumbles out into space. It's over.

Utah's knuckles are white, gripping the seat. There's a dynamo, spinning out of control in his head. He leaps up in an explosion of rage and drives his fists into a bulkhead. Looks around like a rabid animal. TWO SECONDS. THREE SECONDS. Then...

UTAH

FUCK IT!!!

Utah grabs the Casull off the seat and dives out of the plane.

EXT. PLANE

UTAH, WITHOUT A PARACHUTE, but carrying a very large gun, rockets downward. He presses his arms to his sides and falls head-down, building speed.

Three hundred feet below him is Bodhi, freefalling in a spread-eagle position. Utah moves his feet and hands, angling toward him.
Bodhi doesn't see him. Falling flat, he tops out at terminal velocity for that position. 130 mph.

Utah slashes downward at 160 mph. The gap between them closes.
Utah is almost blinded by the windstream. His eyes burn. His lips are peeled back by the blasting air.
Bodhi is eighty feet below him... 4000 feet to terra firma.
Utah focuses all his incredible will and concentration. He's only going to have one shot at this.
Bodhi is right below him.
Utah is closing like a SAM missile.
He trims a little, and...

WHAM! Slams into Bodhi in a mid-air tackle.

Bodhi's eyes are wide with amazement as they tumble together.

Utah has made the grab and locked his arms around Bodhi in an iron grip.

He pulls the Casull's muzzle up to Bodhi's head and screams in his face.

UTAH

Pull the parachute!!

Bodhi looks at the gun. Looks at Utah. Grins wildly.

BODHI

Pretty radical, Johnny. Even for you. Why don't you pull it?

UTAH

No games, Bodhi. Pull the cord! Now!!

BODHI

Naw, you pull it!

Utah looks down. The earth is rushing at them. 2500 feet.

BODHI

Go on, Johnny. Pull it. But you gotta drop the gun, first! Right?! You use your other hand what you gonna hold on with?

UTAH

Pull it right now or I'll blow your fucking head off and pull it myself!

BODHI

Well that's the only way it's gonna happen, man. Do it! Come on, you want to do it. You're gonna die, Johnny. Five more seconds. Four...

1000 feet. The ground is close enough to see details. Cactus, sagebrush. They rocket past the bright yellow canopy of Roach's chute a hundred feet away.

UTAH

You fucking crazy!? Pull it!!

They're right in each other's faces. Taking it way beyond the edge.

Bodhi's eyes are wild. A gleeful, adrenalized madness... his pupils are the entrance to Hell.

BODHI

Three seconds... two... one...

UTAH

SHIT!!

Utah flings the Casull away and pulls the rip-cord so hard he almost loses his grip anyway. POOM! The canopy cracks out.

Full and round and bright red.
The ground roars at us.
WHAP! Utah and Bodhi hit. Hard.

They slide and tumble down the slope of an arroyo in a cloud of dust.
Rocks and debris clatter into silence.

NEARBY Roach hits the ground limp as a rag doll. He moves listlessly as his chute lines tug at him but his eyes stare without blinking right at the sun. Next to him the money satchel's contents are spilled right into the sand. Roach's lifeless hands lie limp among the bills that caper in the desert wind.

UTAH AND BODHI are both completely still as the dust clears. Finally they groan and stir. Necks move, hands move, legs move. Bodhi rolls to his knees. He is cut and scraped, the blood running bright down his dust-covered skin.

Utah looks around, blinking.
Surreal that he should be plopped down here in the red-hot Mexican desert.
Bodhi staggers to his feet and grins at him.

BODHI
Wild ride, huh?

UTAH
(gasping)
Jesus Christ, Bodhi!

Utah tries to rise and -- grabs his knee in agony. We see by his mask of pain that it's totaled inside.

BODHI
That pesky knee, huh? Too bad.

He looks up at the sound of an engine.

BODHI'S POV of his big four-by roaring toward us with a meteor tail of dust. It slides to a stop next to them. Rosie gets out of the driver's side and stands calmly with a sawed-off over his shoulder.

Utah blinks through his sweat and pain at--

TYLER running toward him out of the dust. She kneels next to him and puts her arms around him. Bodhi limps to the truck. Through the swirling dust we see him look back.

BODHI
You had me worried there, for a second, Johnny U.

He swings up into the four-by and guns the engine. Rosie

hops into the shotgun seat and the truck hurls up roostertails as it tears out across the desert toward Roach's billowing gravemarker.

Johnny touches Tyler's face tenderly, leaving a smear of blood.

He gives her a wan version of the Johnny Utah grin.

HOLD ON the truck moving off in a heat-shimmered cloud of dust, becoming a mirage, then a memory as we--

DISSOLVE TO:

AN ENORMOUS WAVE which FILLS FRAME, seeming to rise endlessly before thundering down in a holocaust of spray.

EXT. BEACH DAY - DAY

An unfamiliar beach laid waste by monster waves under a storm sky.

Wind whips sand across the narrow beach-road, throwing it against the front doors of the LIGHTHOUSE PUB.

TITLE OVER: ONE YEAR LATER...

INT. LIGHTHOUSE PUB - DAY

Dark. Almost empty. A snarling crocodile head is mounted above a tapper of Guinness Stout. A Koala bear with plastic eyes holds a Foster's. A BARTENDER with leathered skin washes glasses.

At the bar, a single disheveled customer... human driftwood.

GUST OF WIND blows open a shuttered window.

The bartender moves to close it.

BARTENDER

Gonna close early today, mate, 'fore the bloody storm hits.

JOHNNY UTAH swivels toward CAMERA. His tanned face is barely recognizable, jaws hidden underneath a slight beard, long bleach-out hair swept behind an ear. His muscular shoulders pop from a sleeveless football jersey. The man seems deadly focused.

UTAH

Storm's already here... It's bringing me the swell.

Johnny stares into his drink.

ANOTHER BLAST OF COLD as the front door opens.

Johnny turns at the sound.

TYLER takes a step inside. Her hair is different, more bleached out, frazzled from the sun. Her eyes adjust to the dark room.

TYLER

John, they're here.

Utah downs the drink and slides off his stool. He has a pronounced limp as he crosses to Tyler at the door. They exit into daylight under an old wooden sign which reads: LIGHTHOUSE PUB - BELL'S BEACH, AUSTRALIA

CUT TO:

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE PUB - DAY

UTAH and TYLER walk out onto the roadway as several Australian Police cars converge on them. A dozen uniformed OFFICERS step out. The ranking officer, a fortyish LIEUTENANT, walks up to Utah.

LIEUTENANT

D'you see him, Mr. Utah?

UTAH

No. But he's here.

LIEUTENANT

Now, look, I know you used to be a federal agent up in the states and all that, but you're a citizen now, so just find him and we'll handle it from there.

UTAH

No problem. Just give me a couple minutes with him first.

Johnny limps out across the huge expanse of sand alone.

CUT TO:

EXT. BELL'S BEACH - AUSTRALIA - DAY

WALL OF SOLID WATER FIVE STORIES HIGH CRASHES straight down in a holocaust of spray... Rising up from the ocean to meet a tormented sky, roll the most terrifying waves any surfer has ever seen. They close out, pummeling the ocean floor, casting a shockwave up the shore. SURFERS gather on the sand, gaze out to sea.

1ST SURFER

Jesus Almighty, the bloody sand's shakin'.

The beach sounds like a MORTAR RANGE. JOHNNY passes among the brahs.

2ND SURFER

Totally closed-out. It's fuckin' death on a stick.

ON BODHI, sitting crosslegged in the sand, arms folded around his knees. He stares pensively out at the waves. His hand reaches out and absently strokes a surfboard lying next to him.

UTAH (V.O.)

I knew you wouldn't miss the fifty
year storm, Bodhi.

Bodhi smiles, the odd smile of a sportsman who appreciates
the cunning of his opponent. Utah sits beside his prey
and stares at the ocean. Bodhi stares with glittering
eyes at the heaving ocean before him, face splitting into
that feral, death's head grin.

BODHI

And I always knew I could count on
you, Agent Utah.

UTAH

I'm not FBI anymore.

BODHI

You never were...

UTAH

I asked them to give me a couple
minutes...

Utah calmly glances over his shoulder.
Bodhi follows Johnny's gaze to the cops watching from the
road.

BODHI

It went bad, brah. Real bad.
(smiles inwardly)
I just felt it was time...

A BOOMING ROAR sounds from the ocean.
Bodhi just stares at the waves, with awe and perhaps fear.

BODHI

Time to dance with the universe.
(he turns to Utah)
I could never handle a jail cell.
You'll do this for me, won't you
Johnny? Haven't I earned this
much?

Utah doesn't move to stop him as he stands, hefting the
longboard.
He half smiles, then turns toward the water, and starts
walking.
He stops. Turns around.

BODHI

Thanks, brah.

Bodhi doesn't wait for a reply. He walks to the water's
edge, and never looks back. He throws his board into the
foam and paddles, the riptide pulling him out. The
monsters dwarf his body as they quickly suck him into the
trough of the holocaust.

UTAH stands and solemnly waits for the universe to deliver
final justice. The cops are running clumsily across the

sand, too late to stop Bodhi. Tyler steps up behind Johnny, and puts her hands on his shoulders.

BODHI is nothing more than a SPECK as he shoots across the lip of the colossal wave, carving the board downward -- AN UNTHINKABLE FOREHAND BLAST sends him into a 180 degree slide straight down the enormous face, eyes wild, his mouth opens in a soundless howl -- Bodhi and the outer-limits wave are locked for one impossible yet glorious moment in perfect harmony, perfect symmetry, perfect union... There is no fear in his face, only awe as the mountain of water closes out, burying the Bodhisattva in a whitewater grave... Pieces of broken surfboard explode upward, only to fall back into the raging whiteness and vanish.

UTAH remains pensive, eyes fixed on the riderless surf. Tyler lowers her head. A fragment of surfboard washes up onto wet sand. The wind gathers force. Johnny finally turns to his woman, curls an arm around her shoulder, gathering her close. Tears are streaming down her face as she stares at the sea.

UTAH

He rode it all the way.

CAMERA PULLS BACK AND UP, rising high above their heads as the liquid vertical walls continue to hammer the Australian shore...

FADE TO BLACK