

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Current Draft

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Based on a true story...

OVER BLACK:

A thunderous liquid explosion... Pounding... Rumbling...

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - SANTA BARBARA, CA - DUSK

Remnants of the sun have left a fire red sky -- silhouetting a FEW SURFERS bobbing in the undulating tide. Enjoying an epic sunset and the last of a tranquil So Cal beach day.

A six-foot wall of water rises from the powerful ocean behind them. Two of the surfers paddle hard and drop into the wave -- carving at break-neck speed down the face -- adrenaline pumping -- the rush is what it's all about.

ON SHORE

Blankets of foamy water surge onto the pristine beach -- wiping away evidence of the day's activities. Including the trailing footprints of a LONE COUPLE walking along the shore.

A FIT JOGGER overtakes them -- heading up the beach. iPod strapped to his muscular arm -- keeping at pace with the pop song JAMMING in his headphones. As he veers up the soft sand toward the boardwalk, enjoying his run -- suddenly --

The sound of SCREECHING TIRES overtakes the music, scaring the shit out of him -- his eyes dart toward the street, and WE WHIP PAN TO --

CABRILLO BLVD

Honking horns. Smoking rubber. Panicked ONLOOKERS. One car REAR-ENDS another. Followed by a SECOND COLLISION in the opposite direction. An instant 4-lane traffic jam. Then the cause comes into view -- racing through the vehicular mess --

FREDDY, a 13 year old Hispanic pee wee with tangled black hair, face dripping in sweat, runs as fast as his wiry legs will take him. Scared shitless. Not of the near death experience of barreling into the speeding traffic, but of the HORDE right behind him!

SIX HISPANIC GANGBANGERS and a CHOLA (all in their 20s) blast through the log jam -- in pursuit -- jumping over hoods, darting through cars -- malice in their hardened stares.

Freddy tightly clutches a cell phone to his ear as if it were his last life-line. It is...

FREDDY
(into his cell)
They're right on top of me, Bobby!

BOBBY MARTINEZ (O.S.)
 (over cell)
 -- just keep going, we'll be there!

Freddy glances back fearfully at the pack gaining inch by inch, SHOUTING THREATS. He charges through a grass area and into the near-vacant beach parking lot -- looking for salvation -- but he finds no one.

The gangbangers nearly have him in their grasp -- Freddy knows he's a goner -- until BASS-THUMPING HIP HOP rushes toward us, and then --

A '74 CONVERTIBLE VW BEETLE

Screeches up. Top down, black on black, lowered with Dayton rims. Beats BLASTING. But more importantly -- the cavalry inside --

A MUSCULAR BRAWLER (20) jumps out -- eyes intense. Head shaved. Body inked. A product of the streets and the beach.

Meet BOBBY MARTINEZ.

He's followed by CRUISER (21), EDDIE (20) and ANGELA (19). All Hispanic as well. They charge into the fray --

A CHISELED RIVAL BANGER starts to pummel Freddy, but Bobby tackles the rival to the ground -- their bare knees and elbows shredding on asphalt. As Bobby mounts the banger and starts to drill him with lefts and rights --

The parking lot turns into a fierce MINI-RIOT --

SERIES OF FRENETIC CUTS:

Bobby's crew battling. Fighting hard with lesser numbers. Yet no one is backing down. Fighting two at a time. Taking their licks. Whatever it takes. They're used to this.

ANGELA

With her black hair pulled back into a ponytail, muscular with a sexy tomboy build -- she takes a shot to the eye from the RIVAL CHOLA. A gash opens -- bleeds.

Angela just drills her right back -- fists flying -- doesn't see the HEAVY-SET DUDE bum rushing her from the side --

But Bobby does --

BOBBY MARTINEZ
 On your left, Ange!

Bobby lurches forward, putting himself in the path of the heavy-set dude to save Angela -- gets hammered to the ground -- starts taking a flurry of punches to the face --

Angela continues to fight the Chola:

ANGELA
Beat his ass, *primo*!

Somehow, Bobby gets out from under the heavy-set dude and with a hard right, he knocks the dude senseless. But doesn't see the wild kick coming -- it rocks Bobby's head sideways -- and just like that, Bobby's battling another RIVAL BANGER.

ACROSS - IN THE MELEE

The rest of the crew still got their hands full. Cruiser fights two-on-one. Eddie gets smashed to the ground from behind, head hitting asphalt. Beyond them, Freddy is getting his ass handed to him by a POCK-MARKED RIVAL.

TIGHT ON - BOBBY

Exhausted, still fighting -- sees his outnumbered crew is in serious trouble. Especially as a THICK MUSCLED RIVAL brandishes a serrated locking knife --

Bobby takes in the way the gangster holds the razor-sharp blade -- he knows how to use it. Eyes lethal.

Bobby bravely gets right in front of the gangster and challenges him -- wanting to protect anyone in his crew from being stabbed --

ANGELA

She's never lost sight of Bobby. Real concern in her eyes.

BOBBY

His adrenaline surges. Focused. Unarmed hands ready to deflect the blade. To counter and strike.

The gangster lunges forward -- slashes with the knife. Bobby sidesteps the blade and hammer-fists him in the throat. The gangster buckles, gasping.

Bobby shows no mercy -- knees him in the face. Snatches the dropped knife from the cracked asphalt. Hovers over him --

He could easily stab the gangster. End his life. But Bobby doesn't -- he's not ready to take this further.

Suddenly, a HELICOPTER is heard overhead -- its intense spotlight cuts through the near dark sky like a light saber.

WIDER

The combatants see SANTA BARBARA POLICE CARS rushing in.
COPS get out, SHOUTING. Guns drawn.

Everyone takes off --

Bobby grabs Angela to bolt. But first, Angela shoots a fierce look at the Chola she just beat up. The girl stares daggers right back.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Ange -- lets go!

Angela jumps up and takes off with Bobby. Both on the run.
TWO COPS give chase on foot --

SERIES OF SHOTS:

A quick intense foot chase. Through alleys. Cutting between houses. Over backyard fences. The cops right behind. Bobby always making sure Angela's with him. But she has no problem keeping up -- a product of the streets also.

Finally -- they lose the two cops.

BEHIND A STORE

Bobby and Angela. Breathing hard. Bent over, hands resting on their knees. Both show damage from the brawl.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

(reaches for her face)

Lemme see.

Angela bats his hand away.

ANGELA

I'm fine.

He gets a look at the nasty cut over her eye. Blood smeared.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Yeah, so fine.

ANGELA

(grins)

Shiiiiit. I cracked some off on that bitch.

Bobby shakes his head and grins back. His cousin is tough as any dude in their *clica*. She's proven that.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
 I'm gonna "crack" Freddy's ass when
 I see him.

Angela merely nods, never one to question Bobby's call.
 She knows he's pissed.

EXT. WEST SIDE BARRIO - SANTA BARBARA, CA - NIGHT

A lower income neighborhood, predominately Hispanic. The 101 FWY roars loud on one side. A dense hillside on the opposite end cuts off any view of the Pacific Ocean. Unless we knew better, we'd have no idea we were in Santa Barbara.

The small houses and graffiti-ridden apartment buildings are packed so close, the walls almost touch. Wary eyes of all ages stay on calm alert. Sitting on porches. Leaning against second story railings. Hanging on street corners.

HOLD ON - A DETERIORATING CRAFTSMAN

The windows are fogged with moisture as hip hop music pounds through the walls. A party is going off.

TWO LATINAS (early 20s), strut across the street toward the house. Hair done. Nails shining. Tight-ass jeans and low cut tops. Stilletos. As the girls walk inside, two other figures emerge down the street --

BOBBY AND ANGELA

Walking. Still filthy from the brawl.

ANGELA
 (hears the party)
 Glad to see everyone's so worried --

Bobby shakes his head as they head onto the porch. This is their crew's crash pad. Whoever rented it to them was nuts.

INT. CRASH PAD - CONTINUOUS

The decibel level just raised a notch or two or ten. Bobby and Angela walk in -- a party's in full effect. The limited furniture means more bodies per square inch.

Bobby is exhausted and hurting. Would love some peace and quiet, but rolls with it.

ANGELA
Pisto?

BOBBY MARTINEZ
 So thirsty I'm ready to double
 fist.

Angela nods, heads to the kitchen. Bobby only gets two steps before Freddy rushes up -- adrenaline still pumping from the brawl. Eyes reddened from alcohol.

FREDDY

Man, I thought you guys got busted!
That shit was so crazy --

Bobby cuts him off, heated:

BOBBY MARTINEZ

-- what'd I tell you about blazing
tags in East Side? In fact, I told
you not to go there period, didn't
I? You caused a full-on wreck,
Freddy --

CRUISER, a familiar face from the brawl walks up. Some cuts and scrapes on his wiry, chiseled frame. Blunt dangling from his lips. Eyes locked on Freddy also.

FREDDY

I wasn't doing nothing, I swear.

Bobby grabs Freddy's hand and turns it over. His fingertips are blue, covered in spray paint. Busted.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Real stupid. You represent this
clica -- which means it was us.

FREDDY

I'm sorry --

BOBBY MARTINEZ

-- everything was all chilled, too.
Now they'll wanna retaliate.

The 13 year old hangs his head. Bobby stares at him. Finally relents a bit -- has a real soft spot for this kid.

BOBBY MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

No more drama, you hear me? Or
we're all livin' with tension...

CRUISER

(chimes in)
...and tension means heat, which
means I ain't earning...

BOBBY MARTINEZ

...which means we ain't makin' rent
either, and you're back to mowing
lawns. Got it?

FREDDY

Simon.

Cruiser flexes on Freddy. He flinches. Cruiser smacks him hard three times in the arm. Freddy grabs his arm in pain.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Damn, Cruiser. Thought it was two for flinching!

CRUISER

Three for lying. Now get us some *pistos*, youngster.

Freddy shakes his head, does as he's told. Bobby sighs, watching him go.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Any one get hooked up?

CRUISER

Naw, homie. All's good. Just lickin' some wounds, but that's what *mota's* for.

Cruiser holds out his joint. Bobby gladly takes it.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Definitely.

THE BACK ROOM

More partying going on. From behind, we see Angela straddling a dude in a chair. His head is tilted back, squirming like he's in pain --

ANGELA

Stop, stupid!

REVEAL - EDDIE, her boyfriend. The lumped-up eye reminds us that he was a combatant also. He flinches as Angela holds an ice cold beer on his skin, trying to relieve the swelling. A moment, then she finally grins:

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Start, stupid....

Eddie grins back as she seductively kisses him -- he grabs her ass and all bets are off.

BOBBY MARTINEZ (O.S.)

Jesus, *prima* -- get a room already.

Angela and Eddie look over. See Bobby and Cruiser hovering. Fresh 40s locked in their grip now. Bobby toasts her:

BOBBY MARTINEZ (CONT'D)
Oh, and thanks for that beer...

ANGELA
My bad.

Angela simply goes back to making out with her man. Bobby just shakes his head.

SALAZAR "SOLID" DIAZ (26), a six-five 350 pound behemoth and resident loafer, walks over. Guards a 12-pack under his arm. Not a scratch or bead of sweat on him. That's because Solid was "absent" when the brawl happened. As usual. And yet, still talks all bravado. As usual.

SOLID
Man if I was out there tonight,
heads woulda rolled, ese. Why
didn't you dudes hit up my cell?

CRUISER
You had other things to handle,
Solid.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Simon. Bigger things.

Bobby motions to the corner. Everyone looks over and sees a HEAVY-ASS LATINA taking up the sofa, hoarding a large bag of Cool Ranch Doritos, sucking down a 40 like it was a slurpee.

SOLID
Damn...she ain't with me.

HEAVY-ASS
(barks)
Solid! Get me some dip, these
chips is dry as hell!

SOLID
...whatever...

Everyone busts up. Solid shakes his head, shrinks away.

TIGHT ON - BOBBY

With his crew. Everyone's safe. He's happy. A moment, then Angela comes up next to him:

ANGELA
Bet Rincon's breaking. Rip a
midnight set?

Bobby can't believe what he's hearing.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
You serious?

ANGELA
Salt water rinse do us good.

Bobby looks at the dirt, grime and dried blood on his body.
Both of them grin.

EXT. OCEAN - RINCON POINT - CARPINTERIA - NIGHT

Under a canopy of clouds and the faint glow of moonlight...
Bobby and Angela sit on their boards just outside the break.
Her used surfboard is two-feet longer than Bobby's short gun.
Both have wetsuits on. Bobbing silently. Shivering.

ANGELA
Nipples are hard as rocks.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
You kidding, it's like a jacuzzi.

Bobby splashes some frigid water on his face, acts like he
enjoys it.

ANGELA
Yeah right.

Bobby laughs. Angela anxiously looks out into the void.

ANGELA
(impatient)
I can't see the set coming --

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Don't need to. Just listen for it.

Bobby peers into the dark. Ears tuned. A relaxed smile on
his face now. At peace. Loves being out here. His escape.

The faintest sound of surging water. Building...

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Hear it?

BUILDING...

ANGELA
Hear what?!

Bobby slides down onto his belly, motions to Angela.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
It's coming. Paddle next to me.

Angela does with devoted trust. Arms stroking like oars.
Side by side on their boards. The tide starts to pull --

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Feel it --

ANGELA
(excited)
Yeah --

The swell surges. Both rising on a liquid elevator.
Momentum picking up... faster... FASTER...

BOBBY MARTINEZ
(over the wave's roar)
Drop in and cut right!

With expertise, Bobby drops into the wave. Pops up with ease. Looks back, sees Angela mirroring his timing. She awkwardly gets up with a huge smile. Rides next to him.

NOTE: All surf sequences/maneuvers throughout will be designed and orchestrated by the real-life, Bobby Martinez.

Seeing Angela's up, Bobby cuts hard with explosive force -- creating momentum -- powerfully railing back and forth like a skateboarder on a half-pipe. He breaks up the crest, tail-kicks his board and catches some air -- feet glued to the board -- lands back into the wave and races across the face.

Bobby's got mad skills. Raw. Aggressive. It's just too bad he doesn't know what to do with this God-given talent.

ANGELA

Is just a novice, riding her long board straight down the wave like Gidget. Loving every precious second until she falls into the foamy water. Ride over, ready to go again.

BOBBY

Skitters down the choppy wave to the end and kicks out. Looks across at Angela reappearing over a swell. All smiles.

Angela HOLLERS out into the night. Bobby LAUGHS, loving it.

OVERHEAD - BIRD'S EYE VIEW

The two alone in the moonlit surf.

INT. CRASH PAD - MORNING

A quite house. Empty beer bottles, full ashtrays, a few leftover bodies. The aftermath to a successful night.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sparse. Simple mattress set. Surf magazines stacked on an old dresser. What else do you need when you're twenty?

A body lies under the sheets. A pillow covers the head. No movement, until a slight stir. Followed by a low moan.

Then Bobby bolts upright in bed -- panicked -- reddened eyes adjusting as he glances at the clock.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Dammit --

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - MONTECITO - DAY

A wealthy community adorned with multi-million dollar homes. A CONSTRUCTION CREW hangs drywall inside the skeleton of a massive remodel. Most are Hispanic. Been at it all morning.

DOWN THE STREET

A '64 IMPALA rolls to a stop and parks. Surfboard on top. This is Bobby's ride; a work-in-progress lowrider with black primer for paint, sporting new chrome 22s and the ironic barrage of surf stickers on tinted windows.

Bobby gets out, glances at the job site -- wondering if anyone saw him arrive. He groans, rubbing his sore neck from the fight. A lumped-up bruise has formed on his cheekbone.

He grabs his tool belt in the trunk. Slings it on over his black Dickies and oversized shirt -- tries to enter the chain-link fence without being noticed. But barely gets two steps --

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, glad you could join us --

Bobby turns, sees MANNY (30s), the pot-bellied foreman, eyeing him with a smirk. Bobby looks like shit.

MANNY

(has to laugh)

-- but it looks like you shoulda stayed in bed.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

My pops still here?

No way Manny's letting the boss' son off the hook. Lays the sarcasm on thick:

MANNY

You probably don't remember
this...after getting your head
rocked...but we start work at 7am.

(checks his work)

And damn, can you believe it, it's
already 10:15. Bet he's checked
the other two sites by now. Home
reading the paper.

Bobby knows he screwed up.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

He was pissed, huh?

MANNY

Wouldn't you be? Grab a sheet,
junior. Let's go --

Bobby sighs, heads over to the stack of drywall sheets.
As he hoists one over his head...

EXT. LEADBETTER BEACH - SANTA BARBARA - AFTERNOON

The sky is blue. The sand warm and golden. A cool breeze.

The area is alive with activity. VOLLEYBALL PLAYERS, BIKE
RIDERS, JOGGERS and IN-LINE SKATERS go about their day. A
few WINDSURFERS race across the flat wind-chopped ocean.

Then, we find the antithesis --

BOBBY'S CREW

Solid and Cruiser kick it on a picnic table in the grass
area. Thirty feet away in the parking lot, Eddie and Angela
lean against Eddie's convertible V-Dub. Hip hop bumping low.

Across the way by the bike path is Freddy, pulling guard
duty, sitting on his custom stretched-out lowrider bicycle --
eyes on the street.

The guys all wear black baggy Dickie shorts, white socks
pulled high, oversized t-shirts and baseball caps slung low.

Angela's rocking boardshorts, a wife-beater with a black
bikini underneath. That scabbed-over cut shows just above her
dark wrap-around shades. Hair pulled in a high ponytail.
It's chola meets surfer girl, but definitely leaning on the
gangsta side. Her dinged-up board sticks out of Eddie's ride.

THREE MILK TOAST PIMPLE-FACED COLLEGE KIDS walk up to Cruiser. All smiles -- they know this Mexican crew.

COLLEGE KID
Hey, Cruiser.

The kid shakes hands with Cruiser -- discreetly slips TWO FOLDED-UP TWENTIES into Cruiser's hand.

COLLEGE KID
Thought you were further down the beach until I got your text.

CRUISER
Gotta keep the shop moving, homie.
Stay stealth.
(motions)
Roll by the V-Dub --

The kid grins as he and his friends walk toward Eddie and Angela. Eddie catches Cruiser's nod -- Cruiser subtly flashes five fingers twice --

Eddie nods back, reaches into a small dufflebag in his ride. Slips a DIME BAG of weed into the college kid's hand. The kid's about to stop, say hello --

ANGELA
(with a head nod)
Keep moving, Opie.

Actually scared now, the kid and his friends do as they're told -- head back toward the street.

And that's when we realize SANTA BARBARA CITY COLLEGE is directly across the way. College kids are everywhere.

EDDIE
(smirks, to Angela)
"Opie?" You keep slammin' these fools, they ain't gonna come back.

ANGELA
Could kick 'em in the head and they'd still come back.

Bobby's Impala swings into the parking lot. He gets out, still in his work clothes -- which is basically what all of them are wearing, just dirty.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
(motions to the college kids)
Class out, blunts in, huh?

EDDIE

Siempre.

He and Eddie bump fists. Cruiser, Solid and Freddy move over. Bump fists with Bobby also. Freddy looks at Bobby:

FREDDY

You still mad?

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Yesterday's news, little homie.

(OFF Freddy's relieved grin)

Just keep it yesterday.

The 13 year old nods that he will, a gleam in his eye. Angela knows how much Freddy idolizes Bobby, teases him:

ANGELA

You gonna tickle his balls, too?

Get back over there and spot --

Freddy shakes his head, starts moving -- knows better than to talk back to Angela. Bobby looks toward the flat ocean:

BOBBY MARTINEZ

No waves, *prima*?

ANGELA

Zero, *nada*. Wanna roll down to Silver Strand? Bet there's a little somethin' somethin'...

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Maybe.

Cruiser looks down at his cell as it VIBRATES again. Looks at the text message, then starts texting back.

CRUISER

(to Eddie)

Damn, we're gonna run outta weed.

That's ten texts in a hour.

EDDIE

I'll call Ernesto -- see what he's still holding.

Eddie dials on his cell, walking away. Just as a 12 YEAR OLD HISPANIC KID walks up, money in his hand.

12 YEAR OLD

Hey Cruiser -- hook me up?

CRUISER

Sure, homie.

12 YEAR OLD
How much can I get for --

Before he can finish, VAL, a 21 year old stunner rushes up. She's a Caucasian-looking girl with piercing eyes and long dark brown hair, wearing a black business-like dress and tall black boots. But don't let her light skin and hip look fool you, this girl's straight from the neighborhood.

Val yanks the 12 year old by the arm --

VAL
Dammit, Issac...what'd I tell you?

ISSAC
What are you following me?

Val glares at the entire crew:

VAL
What the hell's wrong with you --
he's twelve!

The crew stays all attitude, staring right back.

CRUISER	SOLID
Whoa, chill. Little man came to us --	Don't get your panties in a bunch, J-Lo.

Val throws a hard look at Solid, the behemoth -- hates the reference, although she does kind of resemble a younger Jennifer Lopez:

VAL
"J-Lo?" Kiss my ass, Fat Joe.

SOLID
(offended)
Man, I'm Solid.

VAL
(sarcastic)
Yeah, solid as steel, big boy.

Val finishes with the flick of her hand dismissing him. The guys fall out laughing, pointing at Solid. Poor Solid never had a chance. He just shakes his head, mutters:

SOLID
Just meant it's my name.

Val sees Bobby staring at her with a grin. They lock eyes -- both subtly checking out the other. But Val's still pissed:

VAL
 You got something smartass to say,
 too? Sellin' weed to my little
 brother...

BOBBY MARTINEZ
 (hands up)
 Not me. I ain't sellin' nothing.

VAL
 Yeah right.

Val glances at Angela who's staring right back.

VAL
 What's up, Ange? It's been awhile.
 The guys are shocked as Angela hugs her and laughs.

ANGELA
 Just lettin' you crush these fools.
 (looks down)
 Those boots is sick, Val. I'd rock
 the hell outta those.

VAL
 Any time, girl...
 (checks her watch)
 Damn, I'm late for work. Come by
 so we can catch up.

ANGELA
 Definitely. Good to see you.

VAL
 You, too. Let's go, Issac --

Val storms away with her little brother in tow. The crew's
 hard-core attitude suddenly shifts into them gawking at her --

CRUISER
 Damn, she's fine as hell.

FREDO
 That mommy's *muy bonita*.

SOLID
 (still sour)
 It ain't all that.

CRUISER
 Sure, Fat Joe.

SOLID
 ...whatever...

Eddie doesn't say shit as he moves back up next to Angela --
 doesn't want his ass kicked. But he's still looking.

CRUISER

Walk a mile to get up in that *culo*,
huh Bobby?

BOBBY MARTINEZ

She's alright.

Angela smirks, seeing Bobby still glued on Val walking away.
Attitude in her step. That long dark shiny hair.
That tight ass.

CRUISER

How's that pee wee her brother?

ANGELA

Think her dad is white. I know her
mom's definitely Mexican though.

EDDIE

And why she dressed for the prom?

ANGELA

She's got a real job, stupid.
Works at the mall...

Bobby realizes he's still staring at Val, and the guys have
noticed. He plays it off, gets ready to leave.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Later.

ANGELA

Thought we was checking Silver
Strand?

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Gotta see my pops -- make peace so
I still got a job.

ANGELA

We're still leaving in the morning
for Mavericks though, right?

BOBBY MARTINEZ

(grins)
Hells yeah. Gonna be epic.

Bobby trades a "hang loose" followed by "the finger" with her.

INT/EXT. MARTINEZ HOUSE HOUSE - WEST SIDE BARRIO - AFTERNOON

Bobby's modest childhood house. The same size as the rest on
the block, but kept up with care which makes it stand out.
It's also the same neighborhood as the crew's crash pad.

INSIDE THE KITCHEN

BOB SR. (late 40s), already graying, but still built with a working man's body, sits at the table with the newspaper spread out. Bobby's mom, JOANIE, prepares him a sandwich by the sink. A cool breeze flows through the open window.

The front door is heard opening and shutting. Bob Sr.'s eyes shift toward the sound, then go back to his paper. Just as Bobby walks into the kitchen, kisses his mom on the cheek.

JOANIE

Hi, *mijo*. You hungry?

BOB SR.

Of course he is. Always right on time when it has to do with food.

Bob Sr. doesn't look up, keeps reading the paper as his son sits down. Bobby looks sincere as he apologizes:

BOBBY MARTINEZ

I'm sorry. I owe you three hours.

BOB SR.

Those hours are long gone, son.
Good news is I don't gotta pay you.

Joanie spots her son's bruised cheek.

JOANIE

What happened to your face?

BOBBY MARTINEZ

(covers)

Got whacked by my board.

Bob Sr. looks up -- doesn't buy it, but says nothing. As usual. Just leans back in his chair as Joanie sets down his sandwich. Smiles at her.

BOB SR.

Thanks, sweets.

JOANIE

Sure thing.

As Bob Sr. takes a bite of his sandwich, Joanie heads back to the sink...

JOANIE

Didn't you say you saw Bobby surfing the other day?

Sr.'s still perturbed with his son, but manages a nod.

BOB SR.
Could never go left and right like
you. Only left.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Lemme know if you wanna catch a
set. Teach you to go backside.

BOB SR.
Some of us gotta work for a living,
remember?

Bobby rolls his eyes.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Knew you weren't gonna let it go.

BOB SR.
Damn right I'm not. I got a
business to run --

BOBBY MARTINEZ
-- you know I'm usually on time.

BOB SR.
Well I don't care if you embarrass
yourself, but you're not gonna do
it to me --

The argument's about to escalate, when Joanie moves in
between them and sets down Bobby's sandwich. Kisses her
son on the head. Her subtle way to interrupt the tension.

Her husband knows it, too.

JOANIE
Eat up, *mijo*.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Thanks, mom.

Bob Sr. shakes his head, goes back to his paper and sandwich.

BOB SR.
(beat)
I got more days available on the
new job site. If you want them.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Two days a week still gets me by.

Not the answer his father wanted, but expected.

BOB SR.
 Sooner or later? "Get me by" turns
 into "pass me by."
 (gets up)
 But hey, it's your life, not mine.

His father walks into the living room.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
 Why's he gotta be that way?

JOANIE
 Because he cares.

Bobby eats in silence. Thinking about what his dad said.
 But it seems to go in one ear, out the other, as...

EXT. BIG SUR - MORNING

Bobby's Impala navigates a windy road at the edge of a
 200 foot cliff -- the endless Pacific below.

INSIDE THE IMPALA

Sausage McMuffins. OJs. Hoodies up. Windows down. Shades
 on. Tunes blasting. Bobby and Angela grinning ear to ear.

Not a care in the world...

EXT. PILLAR POINT HARBOR - NORTHERN CALIFORNIA - DAY

Home of Mavericks -- Cali's answer to Hawaii's pipeline. But
 known to be even more dangerous. Thirty to fifty foot waves
 rise into the air -- slashing through massive jagged rock
 formations that jut high out of the water --

Surfing here is basically a life or death obstacle course.

ON THE ROCKY SHORE

No major sponsor tents, flags, media, etc. Just a simple
 BANNER stuck in the sand: "Maverick's Surf Competition."
 An annual event with a massive cult following as the best big
 wave surfers in the world tackle one of the deadliest breaks.

Bobby and Angela join other spectators, overlooking the
 ominous waves. Their hoodies up and shades on don't hide the
 fact that they're the only Hispanics on the beach.

OUT IN THE BREAK

Dark thunder clouds only make the scene more intense as
 TWO DOZEN SURFERS line up in an attempt to ride massive
 sheer-faced waves the size of buildings.

The FIRST SURFER paddles, drops in from the top of a forty footer -- board chattering as if he were riding the side of a tornado. The force is too great -- he spills off, falling three-stories head first into the surging water. Disappears.

Everyone points, hands to their face -- hoping to see him pop back up. RESCUE JET SKIS race in, but see nothing yet.

ON BOBBY AND ANGELA

Eyes glued to the scene. It's like watching a bad car wreck.

ANGELA

Damn, he's crushed --

BOBBY MARTINEZ

(points)

No -- there.

Sure enough, a head crests the water. The rescue jet ski charges toward the surfer who grabs onto the floating sled behind the jet ski and is pulled to safety. Everyone cheers.

Bobby's mesmerized as other surfers drop into the next explosive powerful set.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Can't wait to see this in the mags.

ANGELA

You should be in the mags. Can rip like any of these fools.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

(doesn't see it)

Nah, these dudes are pros.

Angela hip checks him, hands stuck in her hoodies' pouch.

ANGELA

When did you become such a pussy?

BOBBY MARTINEZ

...shiiiiit...

Both share a grin.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Surfers defy the odds. Tearing down massive waves. Others get crushed. Jettisoned into the air. Smashed into the jagged rock formations sticking out of the surf.

Another one is dragged on shore by rescue personnel -- loaded onto a stretcher, face covered in blood.

The mangled surfer is rushed right by Bobby and Angela, then Bobby spots someone in the line-up out in the break.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
(lights up, pointing)
Damn, it's Kelly Slater!

OUT IN THE WATER

Real-life KELLY SLATER sits atop his board, totally Zen, watching the next set form. Slater is the epitome of the definition, "surfer." A nine-time world champion.

His electric blue eyes find the demon he wants to slay. He turns his board and takes off. Catches the liquid giant and takes "it" for a ride. Ripping at break-neck speed...

TIGHT ON - BOBBY

Watches Slater with more than just admiration.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
That right there...is what it's all
about, *prima*.

This time, Angela is speechless. Also in awe.

CARL (40s), a hulking white figure in a Raiders sweatshirt and jeans, stands next to them. Shares their enthusiasm:

CARL
Nothing like seeing a natural in
his element, huh...?

Bobby looks over at Carl, agreeing. But Angela smirks:

ANGELA
Or hers.

Carl laughs apologetically. Hands up.

CARL
Or hers.

OFF the three smiling, watching Slater take on another giant.

INT. IMPALA - EVENING

Driving. Tinted windows up. Bobby and Angela reflect on an epic day they'll never forget. You can see it in their eyes.

OVER the usual hip hop playing on the radio:

ANGELA

What's the biggest wave you ever rode?

BOBBY MARTINEZ

(thinks)

About fifteen. And trust me, it was Mini-Me compared to those bombs.

ANGELA

I'd love to kill a wave like that.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Knowing your crazy ass, you will.

Angela laughs. A silent moment, then:

BOBBY MARTINEZ

How do you know that girl from the beach yesterday?

ANGELA

(smirks)

Knew you was trippin' over her. Ask her out, dummy.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Whatever. Just wanted to know where she's from?

ANGELA

Right...

(beat)

I knew her from school. But she lives in East Side now.

A definite buzz-kill.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Serious?

ANGELA

Nah, no worries -- Val was never about that tension. She's the only girl I know with her head on straight. Want me to say something?

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Don't need you to pimp for me.

ANGELA

(laughs)

Yes you do.

Bobby laughs back, busted. He is indeed shy. The station they're listening to gets staticky. Bobby scrolls through stations to find a new one -- rolls past a heavy metal one.

ANGELA
(excited)
Stop...Metallica! Love this song!

Bobby smirks, puts the station back for her. Angela starts to SING along to Metallica's, "And nothing else matters."

ANGELA
Never opened myself this way...
Life is ours, we live it our way...
All these words I don't just say...
And nothing else matters...
(grins at Bobby)
This is us right here, *primo*.

Bobby grins back. The chorus kicks in, both sing it:

BOBBY/ANGELA
So close no matter how far...
Couldn't be much more from the heart...
Forever trusting who we are....
And nothing else matters....

The cousins bump fists.

ANGELA
Carnales...

BOBBY MARTINEZ
...por vida.

Angela stares out into the night with a relaxed smile.

ANGELA
Think we can?

BOBBY MARTINEZ
What?

ANGELA
Live the rest of our lives this way?

BOBBY MARTINEZ
If you mean surfing, man I hope so.

Angela nods, loving the escape surfing affords them as well.

EXT. CRASH PAD - NIGHT

Bobby's Impala swings into its parking spot. Metallica is overtaken by AGGRESSIVE HIP HOP. Bobby and Angela get out, look toward the house. Another small party is going on.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Damn, I ain't ever gonna sleep.

ANGELA

Want me to call Val? Have her tuck you in...?

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Shut up.

Angela laughs as they head up onto the porch --

INT. CRASH PAD - CONTINUOUS

They walk in and see Cruiser TATTOOING a shirtless and yoked, shaved head, prison-inked GANGSTER with a penetrating stare so intense, one could only get it from a maximum security yard.

This is RICO (28), Angela's older brother. The smile says he's glad to be right where he's sitting. Eddie, Solid, Freddy stand around, grinning -- all watch Angela light up:

ANGELA

Rico, *mi hermano*! They let you out early?!

Cruiser takes the tat gun away from Rico's chest as Angela hugs her older brother for the first time in years.

RICO

Best thing they invented in prison.
"Overcrowding."

Everyone laughs. Rico locks eyes with Bobby, looks him up and down with heavy scrutiny. His smile never fading.

RICO

Look at you. The youngster's
become a man. All cock diesel.

Bobby grins, hugs his cousin.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Just tryin' to be like you.

RICO

Shit, don't be like me. Waste a
nickel of your life for nothin'.

Bobby motions to the REDDENED TATTOO on Rico's chest. It's of a gangster clown wearing a fedora, etched with new ink:

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Cruiser's got mad skills, huh?
(motions to his own body)
He's done all our work --

RICO
Hells yeah. The fool who inked
this in the joint made the mouth
look like a damn butt crack.

Everyone cracks up as Rico puts his arm around Cruiser --

RICO
But not anymore. My homie here's
got it shinin' and smilin' now.

Cruiser lets out a proud smile. Freddy stands off to the side, staring in awe at Rico.

FREDDY
Come on...tell us more. They still
havin' gladiator games?

RICO
(to Bobby)
Been tellin' them stories.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Chill, Freddy. Probably the last
thing he wants to talk about.

RICO
Hey, I'll tell 'em all they wanna
hear as long as it ain't from
behind glass.

More laughs. Rico seems to soak in the attention. He shares another smile with his baby sister, then hugs her again.

RICO
You grew up on me, *hermana*. Bet
you're shakin' them off with a
stick.

ANGELA
(motions to Eddie)
Just using that stick on him.

Rico's eyes swing toward Eddie. A glint of a protective stare makes Eddie uneasy. Just what Rico wanted. He lets it hang, then finally smiles:

RICO
 You got your hands full, *ese*.
 Good luck with that.

Eddie now relaxes. The laughs continue.

TIME CUT:

EXT. PORCH - CRASH HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

Rico sits on the steps, letting the cold night air wash across his face. Staring out into the darkness. There's a hollow look in Rico's eyes. Unsure of what his future holds.

The front door opens behind him. Rico puts back on a smile as Bobby sits down and hands him a beer.

RICO
Gracias, homes.

An awkward moment. Rico still seems edgy.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
 You alright?

RICO
 Just tryin' to remember what it's like to live, you know. Had a year to go, so wasn't even thinking about hittin' the streets yet.

Bobby stays silent. Feels for him.

RICO
 But hey, I'm breathing fresh air instead of that stank. My last cellie had the shits, 24/7.

Bobby laughs, then looks down with a guilty feeling.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
 Sorry I never came to visit, *primo*.
 My pops, he wouldn't --

RICO
 -- don't even trip. Was better for me you didn't. Livin' inside with your mind on the outside don't work.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
 (nods)
 Glad you're home.

Rico smiles, nods back. Another awkward moment. The cousins trying to acclimate once again.

RICO
Cool if I crash here?

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Hey. *Mi familia.*

Rico clicks Bobby's beer with gratitude.

EXT. WEST BEACH - SANTA BARBARA - DAY

Just west of State Street and the pier. The beach is filled with all walks of life, people enjoying their day. Cruiser and Eddie set up their usual nondescript shop. Cruiser on a bench to make the deal, Eddie by his V-Dub to distribute.

ACROSS THE WAY

Rico sits by Solid, t-shirt off, soaking in the sun. He watches Cruiser/Eddie do a deal with a MIDDLE-AGED MAN. Solid looks over at Rico:

SOLID
You cool this close to the fire,
ese? I know you're on parole...

RICO
Hey, just let a homie know if you
see heat...I'll turn into a
Chicano Carl Lewis.

Solid laughs. Rico turns toward the ocean, watches --

BOBBY AND ANGELA

There are barely any waves, but the two cousins still have a blast. BODY-SURFING the tiny rollers.

Bobby rides one -- spins like a torpedo, arms stretched forward, then bottoms out in the shallow surf.

Angela catches the next roller, rides it straight toward Bobby who jumps up and playfully pushes her down under the water. Both get up laughing, splashing each other.

As they finally head up onto the beach...

TIGHT ON - RICO

Scrutinizing them as they walk up and rinse off in the outdoor shower area.

RICO
(to Solid)
They always hang together?

SOLID
Tight as a frog's ass.

Rico watches his sister walk toward Eddie in the parking lot and kiss him. Meanwhile, Bobby heads over to Rico and Solid, sits down. Rico smiles at him:

RICO
Glad to see you and my sister are so close. Was hoping somebody would watch over her.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
You kiddin', she watches over me.
(OFF Rico's laugh)
Ange makes me laugh more than anybody.

RICO
Always did. Remember when I got her to throw those firecrackers into that restaurant on State?

Bobby and Solid both crack up.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Forgot about that. People was runnin' for their lives.

SOLID
Left shit right on their table.
Homies ate steak for a week.

Rico nods, reminiscing.

RICO
Some good times. Real good times.
(beat)
You know, that's the most messed-up part about doing a bit. All you got is memories. Like livin' Groundhog Day in there.

Bobby doesn't know how to respond, hearing Rico's bitterness.

SOLID
Couldn't even imagine, homes. I did six days in County, and thought that was hard.

RICO

Good news is some OGs inside took care of me. Because I handled business. They can make our lives easier out here, too.

Rico lets it hang there.

SOLID

Simon. Like the sound of that.

Bobby just nods, knows what Rico is alluding to. They watch as THREE FRAT BOYS walk up to Cruiser.

SOLID

Speaking of easy -- watch this. These white boy fools love to talk "gangsta."

RICO

Who are they?

SOLID

Some dudes from a fraternity. Got daddy's paper in their pocket. Buy *mota* like milk.

Solid gets up and moves over toward Cruiser. The frat boys bump fist with them -- TALKING hip hop/gang slang like it's cool as they subtly hand Cruiser some money.

Rico takes the exchange in, then looks over at Bobby.

RICO

You ain't slingin'?

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Nah, ain't for me.

RICO

Smart. Shot callers let the soldiers take the risk.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

(laughs)

I ain't calling any shots. We just let each other do our own thing.

RICO

(grows serious)

Don't shit a shitter, *primo*. You're *el capitan* of this *clica* whether you like it or not.

Bobby's resisting any such notion. Never wanted that responsibility. Definitely doesn't want it now.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Seriously, it ain't like that. You know how it is...we stay cliqued up so we don't get banged up. East Side's treacherous, homes. Outnumber us 3 to 1.

Rico looks at Bobby, eyes intense like lasers.

RICO

Forget their numbers. Real power comes from who shows the most heart. Remember that.

Bobby can't hold Rico's hardened stare. Nods and looks away.

TIGHT ON - ANGELA

Watching Rico and Bobby. By the look on her face, she loves her brother, but doesn't trust him.

A THUNDEROUS ROAR begins to swell... louder... LOUDER...

SHOCK CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - RINCON POINT - CARPINTERIA - AFTERNOON

A MUD COLORED WAVE barrels straight into camera. Buries us --
UNDER THE WATER

The sunlight barely breaks the murky surface. A BROWN BODY rolls under the wave, clutching a surfboard, then --

Bobby breaks the surface. Looks out at the heavy line-up. The waves are breaking five to six feet. Bobby knows when it's this crowded, it usually means tension, not relaxation.

He sighs, paddles out into the line-up. Only Mexican out here, but he's used to that. He scoops up a handful of water and splashes it over his face. Trying to chill. Ride a few.

A LOUD-MOUTH CREW OF FIVE bob in the water ten feet away. Early 20s, white, grungy hair, some tats. They represent one of the many rebellious cliques that infect the surf world.

Everyone in the water gives them space to avoid conflict. That includes Bobby. As he looks out into the ocean...

A wave starts to undulate under the surface. Bobby clocks the roller as it becomes a nice-size wave. He drops to his stomach and begins paddling.

So do others including the loud-mouth clique. The leader of the pack is a kid named, THEO ALGONZI (21). Has all the tools to be great, just no toolbox upstairs to put them in.

Algonzi and Bobby quickly become the only contenders for the wave. Hands cut into the water almost up to their elbows --

As the wave comes to life, Bobby drops in and veers diagonally to avoid Algonzi who pops to his feet also.

But, Algonzi cuts right into Bobby's line --

ALGONZI
Get off my wave!

BOBBY MARTINEZ
I had the inside -- !

Bobby doesn't relent -- they're about to collide. Algonzi has no choice except to cut back into the closing white water. Gets spun 360 degrees and nastily wipes out.

Meanwhile, Bobby finishes his ride.

TIME CUT:

OUT IN THE LINE-UP

Bobby surges through a wave, paddling back out. Sees Algonzi and crew waiting for him. Algonzi is steaming.

ALGONZI
What's your problem, asshole?!

BOBBY MARTINEZ
I had the right-a-way --

ALGONZI
-- I don't give a shit! This is our break!

Bobby watches Algonzi's crew paddle and surround him so he can't escape. All are ready to fight him.

But Bobby instinctively isn't backing down -- glares right back at Algonzi with that warrior's stare.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
I might get rat-packed, homes...but
I'm dropping you first. So bring it --

Algonzi sees Bobby's intense look. Fists clenched. He expected Bobby to back down. Knows it's his move now.

Seeing everyone watching, Algonzi starts toward Bobby, then hesitates, as --

Carl, the white guy who was at Mavericks, paddles up next to Bobby -- stares Algonzi and crew down with a fiery gaze. The guy's intensity is intimidating, not to mention his size.

He motions to one of Algonzi's arm tattoos:

CARL

Nice barbwire tat, tough guy.
About as mean as Pam Anderson's.

ALGONZI

This don't involve you.

CARL

When it's five on one it does! You punks are always out here causing tension. This isn't your break, shithead. It's everybody's!

Algonzi sees OTHER SURFERS ready to back up Carl. Which means they're backing up Bobby. But Bobby looks ready to escape the drama altogether. Shoots Carl a grateful nod.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

It's all good, man. Thanks. I'm done anyway.

Bobby slides down on his board, starts to paddle in.

ALGONZI

Damn rights you're done.

CARL

(snaps back)
Shut your mouth!

Algonzi sees Carl is still ready to brawl all of them. He shoots Carl a quick sneer and paddles away with his crew.

EXT. PARKING LOT - RINCON POINT - MOMENTS LATER

Bobby gets out of his wetsuit, still heated about the exchange in the water.

CARL (O.S.)

Don't let those guys get to you.
They're all talk --

Bobby looks over, sees Carl leaning his board against a WHITE VOLVO STATION WAGON with two colorful child seats inside. The antithesis to his tough guy persona.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Dude, last thing I thought you'd be rockin' is a white Volvo. Figured you be in a monster truck or something.

Carl laughs with a sigh.

CARL

All I can say is don't get married, man...because the only manhood you'll have left...

(points to surf)

...is right out there.

Bobby laughs back.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

You were at Mavericks, right?

CARL

Yeah, thought that was you.

An awkward beat. Two guys from different worlds, with only one thing in common. The ocean.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Well, thanks for getting my back. Figured I was gettin' pounded.

CARL

(grins)

We'd have stomped those punks.

Bobby shoots him a smile back, nods. A connection made. He straps his board on top of the Impala.

Meanwhile, Carl puts his on top of his white Volvo -- his face says it all -- back to the real world.

INT. LA CUMBRE PLAZA - SANTA BARBARA - DAY

An upscale mall. The usual suspects browse stores. White collar moms. The elderly. Rich college kids. And then...

Angela comes into view. All hard-core. Her hair pulled tight in two pigtails with the usual wrap around shades, black dickies, wife beater and a black bra underneath. Somehow, she makes it all look sexy.

On the move, she sees a YUPPIE GUY checking her out.

ANGELA

(as she passes by)

What, fucker?

The yuppie sheepishly looks away. Angela keeps walking, all attitude. But can't help a grin.

INT. COSMETICS COUNTER - MACY'S - CONTINUOUS

Val, dressed in a women's suit like we last saw her, sits behind a Mac Cosmetic's display. Watching the WELL-TO-DO of Santa Barbara pass by her counter.

ANGELA (O.S.)
Thinkin' I need a makeover...

Val looks to her left, sees Angela staring at her.

VAL
Uh uh. That look is slammin'.

The girls grin and hug.

ANGELA
Thought I'd say a proper hello.

VAL
Was good to run into you. Man, I only moved ten blocks...and it feels like I'm in another world.

ANGELA
Instant East Side.

VAL
You can keep all that drama. I'm not with any side but my side.

ANGELA
That's what I told my cousin, Bobby.

VAL
Wait, he the one with the eyes and the cute smile? He's your cousin?

ANGELA
Cool as hell, too. Just not big on initiative.

Val laughs, realizing Bobby noticed her as well.

EXT. MARTINEZ HOUSE - WEST SIDE BARRIO - SANTA BARBARA

Music swells, people mingle -- Bobby's parents throw a BBQ/party for Angela's birthday. It's already divided into the two usual camps: the OLDER FOLK and WOMEN at the patio tables. While the "MEN" hover near a makeshift bar and ice chests of beer. KIDS run and play in the grass...

AT THE PATIO TABLE

Conversations are going on. Bob Sr. sits next to his sister, TINA, Angela's and Rico's mother. Tina has the look of a recovering alcoholic. Weathered beyond her 45 years. But having your first child at 17, who's a convicted felon, will do that to you. Dead center is a birthday cake for Angela.

TINA

(humble, to Bob Sr.)
Thanks for having Angela's party
here. You're a good brother.

Bob Sr. smiles, knows how broke his sister is.

BOB SR.

That's what family's for.
(motions toward Rico)
Guess it turned into a welcome home
party, too.

They both glance over at the bar area as Rico holds court. Seems like everyone's having a good time.

TINA

I just hope it's Rico's last one.

Bob Sr. nods, but the looks says he ain't betting on it.

Bobby comes out from the house, followed by his mom, carrying appetizer trays. Both set them down on the patio table.

JOANIE

Thanks, *mijo*.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Sure thing.

Someone across the way suddenly catches Bobby's eye.

Standing near a FEW GIRLS, is Val. Dressed stylish, yet casual in hip hugger jeans, chic sandals and a flowing blouse. She looks radiant. Her eyes meet with Bobby's for a second, then she continues talking to the girls.

Angela appears next to Bobby with a devilish grin. Bobby instantly realizes what's up, gets nervous --

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Come on, *prima*...you invited her?

ANGELA

It's my party.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Told you I can handle my own damn
business.

Eavesdropping, Joanie blatantly looks over at the girls:

JOANIE
Which girl are you talking about?

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Chill, moms. It's nobody.

Angela knows he's embarrassed and loves it. She walks off, then looks back as if daring him. Bobby shakes his head, but his eyes subtly never leave Val as she chats with the girls.

Their eyes connect again, this time with a smile, but Bobby breaks the moment -- "coolly" heads over to the men.

AT THE BAR AREA

Rico puts his arm around Bobby as he walks up. Hands him a beer. EIGHT OTHER GUYS are here with an age range of 20s to 50s. Most of them are cousins, 2nd cousins or related in some way. Cruiser, Eddie and Solid are also present.

RICO
(motions to Bobby)
And here's one of the only
relatives we got left without a
prison number.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Keepin' it that way, too. No
reason to follow you fools.

They all laugh.

OLDER COUSIN #1
Good for you, *primo*. Trust me, the
joint don't make you a man.

All agree from experience. Except Rico. He just takes a swig of beer, then reaches over and pats his hand against Cousin #1's baggy shirt -- as if to prove a point. There's a definite clank of metal.

RICO
Dude, you're strapped up here?

OLDER COUSIN #1
(shrugs)
Hey, I carry in church. Never know
when it's going down.

CRUISER

Bob Sr. finds out...it's gonna go
down right here.

EDDIE

For reals.

They all look toward Bobby's dad across the way -- the legit
statesman of the family.

COUSIN #3

Speaking of joints, who's got one?
You dudes are too serious.
Bringin' me down...

SOLID

Yeah, lets get this party started.
Get on some *chicas*.

Cruiser pretends like he's scanning the party:

CRUISER

Damn Solid, I don't see any Jenny
Craig dropouts. And we all know
you like a whole lotta woman.

SOLID

Your moms never complained.

The guys all crack up. So does Solid at his own comeback --
he finally got a jab in.

TIME CUT:

THE PATIO TABLE

Is lined up with Mexican food, buffet-style. Everyone
surrounds it, digging in. Bobby suddenly ends up next to
Val. She looks absolutely beautiful. Smells amazing.

Bobby tries to hide his nervousness. Plays it cool:

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Hey, what's up?

VAL

Nothing. You?

BOBBY MARTINEZ

You know, it's all good.

Bobby continues to put food on his plate, trying to act
nonchalant. A bit thrown, Val merely nods, walks off. Bobby
knows he just blew it -- curses himself under his breath.

Angela moves up next to him with a huge smirk. Mocks him:

ANGELA
Damn, glad we're cousins. Wouldn't
want to fall under that sick spell
of yours. I mean, you got her
eatin' right outta your hand...

BOBBY MARTINEZ
(tries to cover)
Shiiiiiiit, if I wanted her to.

ANGELA
Yeah right.

As Angela lightly hip checks him...

TIGHT ON - RICO

Across the way, watching the exchange between Bobby and
Angela, still playfully jabbing at each other. Their tight
bond is undeniable. Rico looks around the backyard.
Everyone is huddled into small groups -- eating, laughing.

The harmonious atmosphere makes Rico edgy. Feels even more
disconnected. Isolated. And the alcohol isn't helping...

He gets up, walks straight over to Bobby and pulls him aside:

RICO
Primo, let's roll.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
(surprised)
Now? Where??

RICO
Don't matter where.

Bobby nods, sees Rico's edgy state. Looks over to where Val
is sitting and sighs a bit -- knows his chance is blown.

INT. IMPALA - NIGHT

Bobby, Rico next to him, Cruiser and Solid in back, roll down
State Street. All at different levels of intoxication, but no
question feeling buzzed.

CRUISER
Never knew so much of your family
did time, homes. I know I gotta
few...including myself.

RICO
Hell, even our *abuelo*.

Bobby looks over, listening.

SOLID
Wait, which side?

RICO
My mom's and senior's old man.

CRUISER
Damn, for what?

RICO
Murder, in the 50s. Did a dime and
nickel at Chino, right *primo*?

Bobby plays it off like he knew. But, he didn't.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Something like that.

Rico realizes now that Bobby didn't know -- scrutinizes him
for a beat, but doesn't bust him. Rico looks out at the
mixed crowd of upscale locals. His mind in overdrive.

RICO
Could never figure out how we ended
up here.

Bobby looks over, sees Rico's resentful stare.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
What do you mean?

RICO
Look at this place. Beach Blanket
Beverly Hills. I'd tell dudes
inside I was from SB...and they'd
laugh...think I was lying.

SOLID
Oxnard Ventura's hard-core. Ain't
that far away.

CRUISER
Light-years away, homes. No *clica*
down there sweats us. If you ask
me, I like livin' in a small pond.
Stay under the radar.

Rico thinks about that.

RICO
Simon. Means we can make some
real-ass money.

Bobby sees Rico's wheels spinning even more now -- the criminal mind at work. It concerns him.

CRUISER

Hey, there's two of them fools from
East Side.

Bobby's eyes dart to the far street corner. Recognizes the TWO EASTSIDERS (from the opening brawl). One is SLEEPER; a chiseled banger with half-mast eyes. He and his homeboy spot Bobby and crew as well in the Impala. Look ready to bolt --

Especially as Rico opens his door, on the move with a fierce stare --

RICO

Let's get down on these busters.
Cut 'em off, *primo* --

BOBBY MARTINEZ

-- no, wait --

But Rico takes off on foot, chases the two Eastsiders down a side street. Bobby wheels the Impala around the corner, knows he has to back his cousin's play.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Damn it --

CRUISER

It's on now.

Bobby blows by Rico in the Impala, who's still chasing the Eastsiders. Sleeper clocks the Impala trying to cut them off -- both bangers change direction and dart down a back alley.

Bobby pulls over, jumps out and chases them with Rico. Cruiser and Solid are not far behind.

IN THE BACK ALLEY

Rico catches Sleeper's homeboy -- kicks him to the ground. The banger Pete Rose's hard, chin scraping asphalt. Rico jumps on top of him, starts pounding him.

Sleeper turns, locks on Bobby and swings -- Bobby takes a shot to the head, then counters. And it's on -- both start fighting toe-to-toe.

Cruiser and Solid run up, cheering Bobby and Rico on:

SOLID

Crack it off, homies!

CRUISER

Book his ass, Bobby!

Suddenly, Cruiser's tone changes to shock:

CRUISER
-- oh shit --

It gets eerily silent as both Solid and Cruiser stop shouting.

Bobby, who's still fighting Sleeper, hears something now -- the excruciating sound of metal entering flesh --

He looks to his right and sees Rico on top of his guy, stabbing him repeatedly in the side with a buck-knife.

Time stops. Rico doesn't -- committed to finishing his foe. Sleeper stops fighting Bobby and starts to go for Rico --

SLEEPER
Stop, man! Don't kill him --

Bobby holds him back, then realizes "he" has to stop Rico himself -- rushes in and grabs his cousin --

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Primo -- let's go!

It takes all of his strength, but Bobby finally pulls Rico off. They all quickly start heading back to the Impala.

Bobby glances back, sees the banger still lying on the ground, writhing in pain, his side saturated in blood.

Sleeper kneels over his fallen homeboy, then looks right at Bobby with an anguished, vengeful stare.

Bobby is too stunned for any reaction back...

AT THE IMPALA

All four jump in. Rico's eyes are like lasers. Amped from the violence. Reaches over and shakes Bobby by the neck --

RICO
That's how we handle business.

Bobby silently nods, starts the car and drives. No question he, Cruiser and Solid are shaken by the bloody outcome.

SOLID
He *muerta*?

CRUISER
(shakes his head)
I saw him still moving.

RICO
Who cares -- hope the *puto* bleeds
out. East Side's gettin' the
message now --

Rico turns in his seat so he can see all three of them.
Blood still on his hands. He stares them down with a
hardened look of conviction:

RICO
-- we're stickin' this whole place
on lock. You hear me? Time to put
SB on the map, homies.

The guys stay silent. Realizing Rico's truly operating on a
different level coming out of prison.

OFF Bobby's distressed look, driving...

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - MONTECITO - MORNING

Bobby's already worked up a sweat, positioning a sheet of
drywall with a nail gun. Other workers surround him, but
Bobby seems in another world. Mind still reeling.

As Bobby grabs another sheet and starts nailing it up --

BOB SR. (O.S.)
One minute I can't get you here...
now you're like a machine.

Bobby turns and sees his dad staring at him, clipboard in
hand. Bobby tries a smile, goes back to work.

BOB SR.
What's going on? You okay?

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Yeah, just gettin' it done. Why?

BOB SR.
You don't look your usual "chilled"
self.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
(covers)
Just tired.

Bob Sr. nods, but knows something's up.

BOB SR.
I hear Rico's staying at your
place.

Bobby stops working, sees the wary look on his dad's face.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Yeah, just until he gets his feet
on the ground.

BOB SR.
That'll be the day. I know he's
family, but don't let him leach off
you too long, son.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
I ain't sweatin' it.

But Bob Sr. is. He starts to leave.

BOB SR.
Coming over for dinner?

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Maybe. Gonna try and catch a set
before dark.

BOB SR.
Thought you were tired?

BOBBY MARTINEZ
(tries a smile)
Never too tired to surf.

His dad smiles back, walks off. Bobby returns to his work.

INT. IMPALA - AFTERNOON

Bobby drives home, dirty, still in his work clothes.

He's about to swing into his parking spot, when he sees Rico
through the front window -- sitting inside with some serious-
looking GANGSTERS. Eddie and Cruiser are there also.

The unknown gangsters are a bit older. Bobby watches for a
minute as Rico holds court with a serious expression.
Something big is going down...

Bobby chooses not to go in, simply drives away.

EXT. BEACH - RINCON POINT - CARPINTERIA - LATER

The fiery sun is nearing the horizon. Bobby squats in the
sand with an intense look. His board lays parallel over his
thighs. Elbows resting on top. He just sits there,
motionless -- studying the waves.

TIGHT ON - BOBBY

Edgy. The last 24 hours a violent blur. He looks out at the
surf. Then springs to his feet and bolts into the water.

Duck dives under a crashing wave. Tide pulling him back toward shore. Relentlessly spears through the next wave as well. Arms paddling hard. Legs kicking fiercely. Using the strenuous exercise to expel the tension within him.

He gets out past the break and sits up on his board. Bobs in the water, waiting. Then a wave grows behind him, and in perfect synchronicity, Bobby paddles forward and drops in.

With ever increasing speed, Bobby rides the wave as if he were trying to break its back. His form is raw, unconventional. Unorthodox is an understatement. He lowers his center of gravity, drops his back leg, bends his right front knee towards the center and aggressively hulks over the board.

NOTE: This will become his trademark signature. It's as if Bobby's surfing is fueled by the angst of the streets.

Bobby cuts back, snaps against the face -- gets some backside air. Silhouetted against the blistering sun. He then flies off his board and dives headfirst into the turbulent water.

Bobby resurfaces. His face more relaxed. A sense of calm.

TIME CUT:

EXT. LINE-UP - RINCON POINT - MOMENTS LATER

Bobby paddles back out where a DOZEN SURFERS chill and wait for the next set to roll in. It includes Carl. He paddles over next to Bobby and smiles:

CARL

Hey, you missed your buddies. They were just out here.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

(laughs)

Bummer...

Both bob on their boards next to each other.

CARL

So you live near here?

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Up in SB. You?

CARL

Montecito.

(sizing him up)

No offense, but I haven't seen too many Hispanics surfing before.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
(jokes)
I'm a trendsetter.

CARL
(laughs)
Guess so -- you're damn good.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Thanks.

CARL
I'm whatcha call abysmal. But hey --
(motions inland)
-- anything to escape the land of
Blackberrys and stock tickers.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Man, I'd live out here if I could.

So would Carl. He points to a tall white building:

CARL
I get to sit in that dungeon all
day and watch the waves break --
wishing I was out here.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
(can't see it)
You're a stock broker?

CARL
"Financial analyst" -- which is
basically yeah, a stock broker...
so don't tell anyone.

Bobby laughs.

CARL
(points)
You see who's in the line-up?

Bobby's looks 50 yards south and sees Kelly Slater catching a
wave, effortlessly starts to shred it.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
(eyes light up)
No way.

Carl sees the look in Bobby's eyes, watching Slater rip.

CARL
Go show 'em what you're made of.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Shiiiiit, I can't touch Slater.

CARL
And here I thought you were some
hard-core badass. Wait here, I'll
give you the keys to my Volvo...

Bobby smirks, knows Carl's trying to bait him. He sees Slater
kick out and finish his wave. Carl motions to another coming:

CARL
You need a bump start or what?

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Alright, I'm going --

Bobby grins, starts paddling hard. Easily catches the wave
and starts to eviscerate it. Surfing with reckless abandon --
challenges it with a TAIL WHIP on the face -- curses it with
a BACKSIDE BARREL -- devours it with a JUMP to a 360 and OUT.

He looks toward the last place he saw Slater. He's gone --
never saw it. But there's still a sense of pride on
Bobby's face. He absolutely killed that wave.

EXT. LINE-UP - RINCON POINT - MOMENTS LATER

Bobby paddles up next to Carl who grins big.

CARL
Best damn wave of the day, buddy.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Serious?

VOICE (O.S.)
One ride like that will keep you
coming back forever, won't it?

Bobby turns his head, sees Slater paddling up behind him.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
(smiles ear to ear)
Definitely.

KELLY SLATER
Love the way you attack, man.

Bobby's about to shit himself.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Don't even know what to say.

KELLY SLATER
No need. Just kill another.

Slater paddles after another wave and drops in. The moment was mere seconds, but the memory will last a lifetime.

Carl smirks at Bobby -- sees the excited look in his eyes. Carl's actually pumped also.

CARL
You just blew what? At least three loads in your wetsuit --

BOBBY MARTINEZ
At least three.

They share a laugh.

CARL
What the hell's your name anyway?

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Bobby. Bobby Martinez.

Carl leans across and shakes his hand.

CARL
Glad to meet ya, Bobby Martinez.
I'm Carl Winther.

OFF the two new friends, smiling.

INT. IMPALA - DUSK

Bobby drives up the 101 FWY, on his way back from surfing. A proud smile on his face. Tunes bumping. Still pumped.

He's about to swing off his exit, but a quick decision is made and he veers back onto the freeway.

As he checks himself in the rearview mirror...

INT. MACY'S - LA CUMBRE PLAZA - DUSK

Val is in her usual stylish work clothes. Hair up. Skin glowing. Wrapping up a horde of products for a RICH WHITE WOMAN (50s), draped in jewelry. One look at her face and body and you know she's a plastic surgeon's dream come true.

The woman signs the receipt, shoots Val a cursory smile, takes her bags and walks off without a word.

Val simply smiles back -- past letting the hoity-toity SB clientele get to her. She starts putting things away. Until she notices someone leaning against the adjacent counter --

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Was thinkin' of getting something
for my mom's birthday...

Val knows it's his lame attempt to break the ice. Her turn
to play it cool -- stays right where she is.

VAL
Funny, I don't remember any of your
family talking about her birthday
coming up?

Bobby moves over toward her --

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Can't I just get something nice for
my moms?

VAL
Sure. Or you can just get to the
point of why you're here.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
(busted)
Damn. You ain't no joke --

They both laugh. Now face to face.

VAL
That cute smile's probably gotten
you real far, but you're gonna have
to dig deeper here. I don't like
wastin' my time.

Their eyes remain locked.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Okay. Do you like the ocean?

VAL
No.
(smiles)
But I like the beach.

OFF his smile back...

INT. CRASH PAD - EVENING

Bobby walks in, still in great spirits. Sees Cruiser, Solid,
Angela, Eddie and Freddy all fired up. Smiles on their faces.
40s in their grip. Standing around like they're about to head
off somewhere. Linkin' Park PLAYS LOUD on the stereo.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
What's going on?

Rico comes out of the hallway with a grin. Blunt dangling from his lips. Freddy looks at Bobby, points to the stereo:

FREDDY

Rico's taking us to see Linkin' Park at the County Bowl! He's got great seats!

RICO

Grab a *pisto* and let's go, *primo*.
Concert's about to start --

As Bobby grins, the reverberating sounds of Linkin' Park PLAYING LIVE start to overtake the version on the stereo...

EXT. HILLTOP - SANTA BARBARA - NIGHT

Overlooking the crowded Santa Barbara County Bowl down below. Sporadic silhouettes of groups who have snuck up here litter the hillside. The smell of weed and alcohol rises into the air from a sold-out concert below.

Linkin' Park is on stage playing "Numb" -- rocking the house.

Bobby and crew emerge with Rico in the lead. By the look on the crew's faces, they thought they were actually "going" to the concert. Rico grins, fired up:

RICO

See -- best seats in the house!
Can't believe you dudes haven't snuck up here before. All the homies back in the day used to get lit up and chill for free...

Freddy turns to Bobby, excited:

FREDDY

This is the bomb, huh Bobby!?

Before Bobby can respond, Rico swings his arm around Freddy's shoulders and steers him away. On purpose.

RICO

Come on youngster, let's party!

They raise their 40s and holler. Bobby knows Rico's move was to keep the attention on himself. Subtly shakes his head. Walks over and stands by Cruiser.

Meanwhile, Eddie has his arms wrapped around Angela. Solid is high as a kite, standing like a redwood.

All of them digging the show.

ON BOBBY AND CRUISER

Cruiser motions to Rico:

CRUISER
Your *primo* got us the hook up.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
On what?

CRUISER
Some new *mota*. Gets it cheap as
hell, too. Triple our grip.

Seeing Cruiser's expression, Bobby is waiting for the catch.

CRUISER
Thing is, we gotta kick fifteen
percent back to some OGs. Rico
made the connection.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
What'd you say about staying under
the radar?

Cruiser is still wrestling with this decision himself.

CRUISER
I know, homes. But Eddie's all
fired up. And you know how it is,
ain't like we got a choice now.
Rico says we're on the hook.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
(shakes his head)
Be careful, man.

Both go silent as Rico heads over, all smiles. Already
heavily intoxicated and high.

RICO
You *putas* gonna spoon all night?
Let's get lit --

Rico obnoxiously wrestles Bobby by the neck. Bobby smiles,
trying to go along with it. Rico downs the rest of his 40
and chucks it.

RICO
Ange -- go down and buy us some
pistos.
(pulls out a small wad)
Here --

Angela doesn't move from Eddie's arms.

ANGELA

I ain't your bitch. You do it.

Rico's hair trigger ignites -- glares at his sister.

RICO

Easy *hermana*. Remember who you're talking to.

Angela tries to remain tough, knowing what her brother is capable of. Pretends to ignore him and watches the concert.

RICO

Hey, did you hear me!?

Furious, Rico starts to pull her away from Eddie, but Angela shoves him off. Eddie isn't about to stand up against Rico -- tries to reason with his girlfriend.

EDDIE

Ange, maybe you should just do it.

ANGELA

(turns on Eddie, furious)

You can kiss my ass, too.

Rico snaps, grabs Angela and starts to force her by her neck.

RICO

I said you're going --

Bobby protectively intervenes, getting between them.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Whoa -- chill, guys.

(to Angela)

Come on, I'll go with you.

A tense beat, then Angela follows Bobby down the hill. Rico stares daggers as they disappear. Doesn't like one bit that Bobby could control her so easily...and he couldn't.

But he covers it up, grins at the others who are all staring.

RICO

Does my sister got balls or what?

(to Eddie)

Told you, you have your hands full.

The guys laugh, going along with it, but no question they aren't into the way he handled Angela. Although none of them are ready to do anything about it.

EXT. UPPER ROWS - SANTA BARBARA COUNTY BOWL - CONTINUOUS

Bobby and Angela silently slip through the top railing, coming down off the hillside. PAID PATRONS don't seem to care and just watch the show -- they're used to it.

ON BOBBY AND ANGELA

Angela is still visibly angry. So is Bobby, but he tries to reason with her.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

He's just lit up, Ange. Let it go.

ANGELA

You let it go. I'm tired of him already. He hasn't changed one bit, only got worse.

Bobby can't disagree. Feeling the pressure of Rico around also. A moment, then he playfully hip checks Angela to break her dour mood. Teases her:

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Man, you're such a baddass, *prima*.

ANGELA

(smirks)

You know it.

Both laugh. And this little move...this subtle way to show that he understands...is why she loves Bobby. And so do we.

EXT. PARKING LOT - SANTA BARBARA COUNTY BOWL - LATE NIGHT

The concert is over. The crew is winding their way through rows of cars. The massive hillside they were on behind them. The paid crowd is everywhere, leaving also.

Rico is still sour -- glances over at Angela as she walks close to Bobby. Eddie's keeping his distance from both of them -- in the doghouse with one and afraid of the other.

RICO

(motions to Bobby)

Primo. Wanna talk to you.

OFF Bobby's reluctant look...

TIME CUT:

RICO AND BOBBY - WALKING

A row over and out of earshot are the rest of the crew. Bobby doesn't like being singled out. But he sees the dark drunken state Rico is in. He's stuck.

RICO
(all smiles)
Sorry about earlier, homes. You
know I got a short fuse...

BOBBY MARTINEZ
It's Ange you should say sorry to.

Rico grits his teeth, trying to keep his anger in check. Nearly slurring his words from being so screwed up.

RICO
I know. I'm just saying...see the
way you handled that shit up there?
That's why they look up to you.
You're the glue...

BOBBY MARTINEZ
And you're high.

RICO
Still know what I'm talking about.
Look, there's two arms to any real
crew...
(motions to others)
They're the left -- the money
makers. We, *primo*? We're the
right arm -- the warriors. It's
our duty to lead them. Defend our
barrio. That's the way the OGs
taught me...like I'm trying to
teach you.

Bobby starts to rebuke this notion, but knows there's no reasoning with Rico right now. Especially as Rico puts his arm around him.

RICO
Got real high hopes for you, *ese*.

Bobby stays silent. Discreetly glances over at Angela and the others. Sees they're all still watching the exchange.

EXT. BEACH - SILVER STRAND - OXNARD, CA - DAY

The sun is overhead. Val lies by herself on a beach towel -- bikini and sunglasses on.

OUT IN THE SURF

Bobby shreds a choppy wave with usual skill and aggression.
He's a far cut above the plethora of novice surfers out today.

He rides the wave until the end and kicks out.

TIGHT ON - VAL

Watching him.

TIME CUT:

EXT. BEACH - SILVER STRAND - OXNARD, CA - MOMENTS LATER

Bobby walks up with his board, sits down next to Val in the sand. A smile on his glistening wet face. Val smiles back.

VAL
Should I be impressed?

BOBBY MARTINEZ
(facetious)
Hells yeah.

VAL
Well I am. You're really good from
what I can tell.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Maybe it's just 'cause the others
out there really suck.

VAL
That's probably it.

They both laugh.

VAL
How'd you get into surfing anyway?

BOBBY MARTINEZ
My pops...when I was eight.
Probably thought it would keep me
outta trouble.

VAL
Did it?

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Sort of.

VAL

You're lucky you have a dad like that. Mine split before I was born.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

So you and Issac have different fathers then?

VAL

(shrugs)

We got an older half-sister, too. Guess my mom got around.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Doesn't make her a bad person though.

Val doesn't answer that, changes it up:

VAL

Speaking of trouble, I know you're "cliqued up" West Side and all that, but word is your crew's more about partying...

BOBBY MARTINEZ

(laughs)

Wait, you checked up on me?

VAL

Well I'm just asking, because I don't wanna get stuck in the middle of anything. I heard things are escalating again...

Bobby can't look her in the eyes.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

If I had it my way, there wouldn't be an East or West period. Actually sick of it.

Val senses his sincerity. Nods.

VAL

Me, too.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

(beat)

Wait, maybe I better check up on you?

VAL
(smiles)
Hey, I'm squeaky clean --

BOBBY MARTINEZ
(laughs)
-- yeah right.

Just as things start to ease with them, Bobby suddenly sees something in the parking lot. Theo Algonzi and two of his surf crew are next to Bobby's Impala. Bobby stands up:

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Shit --

Val turns and sees what he's looking at. Algonzi stares down Bobby, then punctures the rear tire of the Impala. Stays right there -- taunting Bobby to come face him.

Bobby goes into attack mode, ready to brawl. Starts to head that way, but Val jumps up and stops him.

VAL
Whoa, you just gonna leave me here?

BOBBY MARTINEZ
He ruined my tire --

VAL
-- there's three of them, Bobby.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Don't care -- I'll kick it off with
all these fools.

VAL
Hey --

Val gently turns his face toward hers. There's serious fire in his eyes, but something in her expression calms him. The fact that she understands his frustration. Because she grew up around it as well.

VAL
You got a spare, right?

Bobby watches Algonzi and crew flip him off, yelling "pussy" -- realizing he's not coming to fight. As they leave, it takes every bit of strength Bobby has not to chase them down.

As he looks back at Val, both gauge each other...

EXT. EAST SIDE BARRIO - SANTA BARBARA - DUSK

Bobby's wounded lowrider rolls into frame. Stock tire on with a rusted rim -- a contrast from those three shiny 22s.

They pull up in front of a newer apartment building.

INT. IMPALA - CONTINUOUS

Bobby's leery of being in East Side. Already sees a few YOUNG EASTSIDERS on the corner checking him out.

Val looks over, sees Bobby's concern. Fact is, she's concerned also -- knows the rules of rival neighborhoods.

VAL

Pull around back into the garage...
I'll get out there.

Bobby looks a bit relieved. Drives around to the back of the building. Val reaches in her purse, hits a garage clicker. The metal gate to the communal parking garage opens up --

Bobby pulls inside and comes to a stop near the rear door.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Sorry about the drama.

VAL

Thought you handled it like a man.
Not a punk like them.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Thanks.

The two lock stares. Still gauging each other. There's serious chemistry here. And it makes Bobby pause -- he really likes her. Knows this would mean a commitment.

Val moves her face closer to his. Smiles:

VAL

For being so shy...you sure get all
fired up.

Bobby isn't shying away now. Moves closer. Their faces inches apart.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Only when I'm messed with...or
someone I care about.

VAL

The protector. I like that.

Closer. Feeling each other's breath. Eyes locked.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
What else you like?

A beat, staring. Their lips come together.

SHOCK CUT TO:

EXT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bobby backs her up against the wall. Kissing each other intensely. He starts unbuttoning her blouse. Then slides his hands inside, caressing her soft skin.

She exhales, tries to maintain. Their lips part for a moment. Looking at each other. Their breaths quick and short. Until the sexual tension overtakes them again --

Val kisses him deep -- pushes him back and they fall on her bed. Their hands wander without restraint, exploring each other's bodies. She seductively climbs on top of him.

Hips gently rocking. Staring at each other. They begin to make love.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. BEDROOM - LATER

Bobby lies in her bed. Smiling. Spent. A quiet moment, then he looks over -- realizes Val is standing by the bathroom door in her robe. Watching him.

There's a strange, impassive look on her face. The opposite one would think after their passionate encounter.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Something wrong?

VAL
You can leave if you want to...
no worries, no promises.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Where's that coming from?

VAL
I'm not gonna be some hoochie you
can booty call whenever you want.
It ain't gonna work like that.
You feelin' me?

Bobby looks at her, trying to figure out what's going on.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Yeah, I'm feelin' you. Wouldn't
treat you like that anyways.

Val's face softens a bit.

VAL
Come here, I wanna show you
something.

Bobby nods, follows Val out to another bedroom door. She opens it. Inside is a little girl's room filled with pink and frills. Pictures of Val and an adorable toddler.

VAL
My little girl's at the sitters...
until I pick her up later. She
just turned three.

Val looks at Bobby, makes her point.

VAL
This is why I moved. To get out of
my mom's crappy single room dump...
so Angel has a better life.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Where's her father?

Val answers in a matter of fact tone -- attempting to shield the pain and hardships she's faced. But it's still evident.

VAL
He wants nothing to do with us.
But hey, we got a good life going
here. And I might be a single mom,
like mine, but I'm not gonna be
like her -- sitting on my ass
collecting welfare, going nowhere.
The minute I can afford a three-
bedroom, I'm getting my brother,
Issac away from there, too.

Val suddenly looks vulnerable -- all of her cards laid out on the table now.

VAL
You still feelin' me?

Val seems ready for Bobby to run for the hills. To her pleasant surprise, he doesn't. Simply smiles.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
You said your daughter's name is
Angel?

VAL
(nods)
Because that's what she is.

Bobby nods back, sincere:

BOBBY MARTINEZ
I'd like to meet her.

Val smiles, touched. Bobby takes her into his arms.

INT. CRASH PAD - WEST SIDE BARRIO - EVENING

Cruiser and Eddie are on the couch, watching the Lakers game.
Rico walks in, agitated -- amped up on something.

RICO
What's up?

CRUISER
Watching the Lakers kill Sac.
Gonna make a few drops after.

RICO
Where's Bobby?

EDDIE
Nada. Hasn't been around.

RICO
Whatever. Come on, let's go make
some money. You can ride with me --

They look outside and see a shiny ESCALADE parked outside.

EDDIE
Where'd you pimp the Eskie, homes?

RICO
A gift.

CRUISER
Can't make drops in a stolen ride,
ese. We'll get hooked for sure.

RICO
I told you it's a gift. Clean and
mean. Got some OG love for layin'
down their cut.

EDDIE
(lights up)
Damn, what do we get?

RICO
The privilege of riding with me.

Eddie laughs, gets up. Ready to roll. Cruiser still looks wary, but goes along with it and gets up also.

EXT. ZETA TAU FRAT HOUSE - UCSB - GOLETA, CA - NIGHT

Rico pulls up outside in the Escalade. Eddie next to him, Cruiser in back. The small dufflebag of weed at his feet.

Cruiser sends a text message, looks toward the door of the frat house. A moment, then two of the milktoast Frat Guys who bought from the crew at the beach appear and head over.

One is LANCE. The other is TROY. Both move over to Eddie's passenger window, all wanna-be street attitude:

LANCE
What up, homies. I'm ready to get blunted.

TROY
Hear this new chronic rocks the house, dawg.

EDDIE
Crushes.

Lance bumps fists with Eddie.

LANCE
Bring that cush then --

Rico simply smiles. Listening to their "gangster talk." He motions to Lance's stainless steel watch --

RICO
Dude, is that a Rolex?

LANCE
(proud)
Submariner, homie.

Rico looks at both Cruiser and Eddie. Laughs.

RICO
Damn, I shoulda went to college.
Dude's got it made in the shade.

The tone of his voice is eerie. Malicious. Cruiser and Eddie pick up on it. The Frat Guys don't, they just laugh back.

RICO
So how much you want?

TROY
Usual quarter-ounce.

Troy palms a \$100 bill. Slips it to Eddie. Cruiser is about to grab a zip-lock baggie out of the dufflebag, but sees Rico suddenly lean over in his seat toward Eddie's window --

RICO
Uh uh.

Both Frat Guys shit their pants and freeze as Rico holds a GLOCK .45 below the door, pointed right at their chins.

Eddie and Cruiser freeze also -- this is Rico's show now.

RICO
How much you holding, Cruiser?

CRUISER
(looks down at the dufflebag)
Full half.

RICO
Good. Rollers like this need to step up into the big leagues. A half-pound it is.

LANCE
Wait, we only wanted the quarter --

RICO
-- don't care what you want. I'm telling you what you're buying. A half-pound. Which means you owe us 1500 bones. Right the hell now. And every week from here --
(motions to the gun)
-- or you'll be smokin' this blunt.

Both college kids are too scared to speak. Rico relishes having the power. Lets it simmer for a moment.

LANCE
(stuttering)
We...we don't have that much cash.

RICO
(all heart)
No worries. I know we just sprung this shit on you. I'll hold that fat-ass Rolex for collateral, until next week.

Lance is so frightened, he practically rips the Rolex off his wrist and hands it to Rico. Rico motions to Cruiser:

RICO
(pure sarcasm)
Hand these gangsters their
"chronic."

Eddie grins. Cruiser doesn't. It's suddenly clear to him -- Rico is muscling in on their business. But, Cruiser stays quiet knowing Rico's strapped. Hands the full dufflebag to the shaking college kids.

RICO
See you next week, homies.

Rico drives off, leaving the stunned kids holding the dufflebag of weed in his rearview.

RICO
I think Eminem on the left just
pissed himself.

EDDIE
(laughs)
We're makin' some real money now.

Rico knows he has his hooks into Eddie, bumps fists with him.

RICO
Only the beginning, homes.

OFF Cruiser in back, trying to hold his anger.

EXT. HAYWARD LUMBER COMPANY - SANTA BARBARA - MORNING

Bobby and his father load 2x4s and other BUILDING SUPPLIES onto a huge steel cart. Working in unison. But, Bobby definitely has something on his mind. A beat, debating. Subtly checks that no one is in earshot, then:

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Was your dad really in prison for
murder?

Bob Sr. stops what he's doing. Knew this day and question would come. He nods yes.

BOB SR.
He stabbed a man. In a fight. Did
fifteen years...before I was born.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Why didn't you ever tell me?

BOB SR.
Didn't want it to influence you the
wrong way.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

How?

BOB SR.

Some see it as a badge of honor.
Look at Rico --

Neither needs to say it, this is who told Bobby.

BOB SR.

Your *abuelo* would be the first to
tell you it isn't. He was ashamed.
Lucky for me, I felt the same.

Bobby realizes how much his father has tried to protect him.

BOB SR.

Why do you think I took you to the
beach when you were young? I get
you into that water...it's the
furthest place from the influences
of the neighborhood.

(makes his point)

But you're a man now, son. Nobody
can walk in your shoes for you.

Bobby nods, smiles at his father. The grateful look is
better than a thousand words. Sr. smiles back -- knows he'll
have to trust his boy to make the right decisions as a man.

BOB SR.

Now quit loafing around.

Bobby laughs. As the two continue to work in unison...

EXT. LILLY'S TAQUERIA - AFTERNOON

Best tacos in town, a block off State Street. Bobby sits
across from Angela at an outdoor table. Stuffing their faces.

ANGELA

So she gave it up, huh?

BOBBY MARTINEZ

I never said that.

ANGELA

Shiiiiit, you just did. And you
still like her?

BOBBY MARTINEZ

(evasive)

Val's good people.

Angela smirks.

ANGELA
You're in love.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Whatever.
(beat)
You know she has a kid?

ANGELA
Yeah, didn't want it to scare you
off. Why...does it?

BOBBY MARTINEZ
(shakes his head)
No. Actually think it's amazing
how she does it all on her own.

ANGELA
That girl don't depend on nobody.
Told you she's cool.
(OFF Bobby's nod)
Okay, I approve.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Good to know.

Mutual smirks.

ANGELA
Think I'm gonna dust Eddie.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
(surprised)
Why? You guys been together since
high school.

ANGELA
It's like he's becoming Rico's
bitch. All up his ass.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Thought Eddie was your bitch?

ANGELA
That's what I'm saying.

They laugh, still eating.

ANGELA
Seriously, it's like Rico's trying
to control everyone. Tell you
right now, he ain't controlling me.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Who could.

(OFF her cocky grin)

You're seriously breaking up with
Eddie?

ANGELA

(beat)

I don't know.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Come on, lets go soak that hot head
of yours before you do something
you regret.

As they get up from the table, Bobby sees something that
alarms him -- pushes Angela inside the restaurant to hide.

ANGELA

What?

BOBBY MARTINEZ

(motions outside)

East Side.

As they peer out a window --

THEIR POV - ON THE STREET

A METALLIC BLUE LOWRIDER full of VATOS with serious stares
drives by, scrutinizing each place.

ANGELA

Rollin' deep, too.

Bobby notices the one driving is Sleeper -- remembers his
vengeful stare as the banger kneeled over his fallen homeboy
who Rico stabbed in the alley.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Knew this tension would come.

Angela nods in agreement. Both stay inside until the coast
is clear. Taking the threat serious. That's because it is.

EXT. OCEAN - RINCON POINT - CARPINTERIA - DAY

Outside the break, Carl and Angela stand up on old longboards
that Carl brought -- each paddling with an oar, Hawaiian-
style. One of the latest fads, and a serious workout.

Carl sweats profusely, loving the challenge. Digging hard
with his oar, trying to stay balanced in the strong tide.
He checks his watch for a moment, then keeps paddling.

Angela is sweating also, barely moving, and over it. It's obvious they've been formally introduced at this point:

ANGELA
Screw this -- it's too much work.

CARL
(laughs)
Kinda the point.

Angela gets frustrated and sits down on her board.

ANGELA
Whatever, I'm laying out.

She lies back on the plank and soaks in the sun. Carl shakes his head and continues his paddle-workout. He checks his watch again. Angela notices:

ANGELA
Dude, you're making me nervous.
What, you gotta be somewhere?

CARL
Was supposed to be home a hour ago.

ANGELA
Short leash, huh?

CARL
Hey, I'm the man of my house.

ANGELA
(smirks)
Yeah right.

Both laugh. Carl sighs, sits down on his board for a break also. He looks toward the back side of a six-foot wave rolling fiercely. Just about to crash and explode -- when Bobby emerges -- blasting up into the air out of the wave, rail-gripping his board. Lands in the water with expertise.

CARL
Why doesn't Bobby compete in surfing?

ANGELA
(shrugs)
The ocean's just an escape to him.
Don't think he's ever thought of it
as anything else...

CARL
Sure waste of talent.

Bobby paddles up, sees both of them staring at him.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
What? You guys talkin' shit?

ANGELA
Wouldn't waste our breath on you.
Got better things to do.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Yeah right.
(looks at Carl)
Lets see you rip one on that gun,
big dog.

A moment, then Carl starts to rub his knee.

CARL
I'm done, man. Knee is killing me.
Price of football.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Wait, did you play pro?

CARL
For five minutes. Blew my knee in
Raiders training camp. Was only
one game short of the regular
season, too.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
(lights up)
Damn, you almost made the Raiders?
Love the Raiders!

CARL
What I wouldn't give to live that
life...best day job in the world
being a pro athlete.

This seems to resonate with Bobby. Angela can't help a grin,
knowing what Carl is up to.

CARL
Ever think about trying it with
surfing? You got the goods...

Bobby smirks and eyeballs Angela.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Now I know who's been talking shit.

ANGELA
Ain't me -- he's the one who
brought it up.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Uh huh.

The look on Bobby's face says he's definitely thought about it though. Just not ready to admit it.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Not sure surfing comps is my dream job. Would rather just surf.

ANGELA

That's so stupid. Surfing is surfing. Why not get paid for it?

CARL

Smart girl here. You should listen.

Bobby mulls it over, staring at the waves.

CARL

Look, I'm with the Ventura Surf Club and we're putting on a small contest this weekend. Nothing fancy. I'll sign you up as my guest. Come give it a shot.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

I don't know...

ANGELA

Seriously, you're gonna turn down a day of surfing?

CARL

Yeah, what do you got to lose?

A beat, then Bobby finally grins.

EXT. C-STREET - VENTURA, CA - DAY

On the beach is a tiny sponsored competition by local shop owners, restaurateurs and bars. About a half dozen small tables and tents are on the sand. Surfers and their families and normal beachgoers mingle.

IN THE PARKING LOT

Bobby's Impala pulls up, surfboards on top. Bobby and Val get out. Angela, Freddy and Cruiser pile out from the back. All in their normal gangster attire -- peering out at the very white crowd. Some heads turn.

CRUISER

Damn, where's all the brown people?

Bobby nervously grabs his board and wetsuit. They walk toward the beach and find Carl who's all smiles. One of his longboards in his grip. Bobby does the introductions:

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Hey, Carl.

(motions)

This is Val. Cruiser and Freddy.

CARL

Nice to meet you guys. Any of you surf, too?

CRUISER

Hells no. No sand in the crack for me, homie.

Carl laughs, motions to his ten foot gun.

CARL

I entered the longboard class.
Going old school.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Nice. Is your family coming?

CARL

Nah, they're not into this.

Bobby notices Carl's underlying disappointment, switches gears:

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Okay, so what do I do?

CARL

Simple. I signed you up in the men's open class. It's one heat. Best rider wins. Easy as that.

OFF Bobby's anxious breath...

EXT. OCEAN - MOMENTS LATER

Bobby and his heat of TEN LOCAL SURFERS bob in the ocean on their boards. Some talk shit in a friendly manner, trying to mess with their buddies. One looks over at Bobby --

SURFER

You Carl's friend?

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Yeah.

SURFER
He sure talked you up.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Great.

The guy laughs, sharing a smile with Bobby. Then -- an AIRHORN blasts and the surfers all take off.

ON BOBBY

Still sitting there on his board, unsure.

ON THE BEACH

Carl and Bobby's crew watch from the shoreline.

CARL
What's he doing?

ANGELA
Meditating.

CRUISER
I call it choking.

FREDDY
Maybe he's just waiting for the
right wave.

VAL
(yells, cheering him on)
Come on, Bobby!

OUT IN THE OCEAN

Bobby seems to hear Val. He blows out a nervous breath, then begins paddling. Hands cutting through the water. Slowly at first then faster --

The powerful elevator ride begins rising behind him.

He thrusts up into his signature hulking stance and drops into a wave. Quickly starts to maneuver, aggressively cutting back and forth --

ON THE BEACH

The gang roots him on, excited. Carl is thrilled -- it's as if he's living his dream through Bobby now.

IN THE WATER

Past the nervous jitters, Bobby puts on a clinic with aggressive maneuvers.

His back hand trails, fingers slicing through the water -- cuts so hard into the face of the wave that he's suddenly scaling vertically up the wall. Finishes with a 360 aerial.

ON THE BEACH

The small crowd cheers loud, extremely impressed. A few guys nudge Carl, ribbing him.

GUY #1

Nice sandbagger, Carl. Where'd you find this kid?

CARL

It's his first tournament. Can you believe it?

GUY #2

(smirks)

No, I don't.

Angela, Val, Cruiser and Freddy hear Bobby getting props. It makes them all smile proudly.

EXT. SCORER'S TABLE - BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

A few small surf trophies sit on the table. One of the EVENT DIRECTORS hands them out one at a time:

EVENT DIRECTOR

And in the men's open division, first place goes to Bobby Martinez.

Everybody claps as Bobby takes his trophy. He looks at it with pride, then moves over to his crew. Gladly takes a kiss from Val. And nobody is more thrilled for him than Angela.

FREDDY

You crushed 'em, Bobby! Will you be in the magazines?!

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Nah, this was just small time.

ANGELA

(ribs Freddy)

Kinda like your dick.

Freddy flexes his wiry frame. Grabs his crotch.

FREDDY

Shiiiiit, then this was like the Superbowl. NBA Finals, homes.

As they all laugh --

LONG LENS - POV

Someone watches the crew surrounding Bobby as he bumps fists with Freddy who beams.

TIGHT ON - RICO

In his parked Escalade. Scrutinizing the scene with a jealous expression. Next to him is Eddie.

RICO

No more half-steppin' this shit...

A moment, then Rico drives off.

BACK ON THE BEACH

Carl approaches Bobby and crew with a GUY (late 50s), salt and pepper hair and beard. Definitely an old-time surfer.

CARL

Bobby, this is Al Merrick. He owns Channel Island boards --

Bobby shakes hands with Merrick.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Hey, it's nice to meet you.

AL MERRICK

Likewise. That was some impressive surfing. Enough so that I'd like to make you a custom board.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

For reals?

FREDDY

Like for free?

Merrick smiles, seeing the crew's excitement.

AL MERRICK

I make it my business to support local surfers who show promise.

(to Bobby)

Far as I'm concerned, that's you.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Damn, thank you.

AL MERRICK

You know where our shop is?

(OFF Bobby's nod)

Whenever you want, come on in.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
I definitely will.

As Merrick leaves, Carl smirks at Bobby, mocking him:

CARL
"I don't know if I wanna surf
comps...I'm too cool for that."

Bobby laughs at his own expense along with everyone -- looks at Carl with gratitude.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Thanks for everything, homie.

CARL
Hey, life's hard enough when you're
not living the dream. I know.

OFF their fists bumping...

INT. CRASH PAD - DAY

Freddy walks in alone, stops -- sees Rico, Eddie and some of the VATOS we've seen here before. All are staring at him. Freddy stares back tentatively.

FREDDY
Hey Rico, you wanted to talk to me?

Rico's intense eyes are like lasers.

RICO
I've had my eyes on you, *cholito*.
Been watching real close --

FREDDY
(beat)
You have?

RICO
Real close.

Rico gets up, face of stone. Moves over to Freddy, puts a hand on his shoulder. A tense moment, then Rico smiles:

RICO
And I like what I see. You ready?

FREDDY
(looks around)
Does Bobby know?

RICO
Doesn't matter, homes. I'm the one
giving you this honor. Not him.
You down or not?

Eddie chimes in, wanting to show Rico he's backing his play:

EDDIE
You know you been wantin' this,
Freddy. What's it gonna be?

Freddy knows this is a serious decision. Finally nods.

FREDDY
Totally down. This is *mi familia*.

Eddie and the others get up and surround Freddy with hardened stares. Ready to pass their legacy onto the youngster. Make him "blood-in/blood-out."

RICO
Simon. Por vida.

Freddy tries to remain brave and takes off his shirt -- clenches his fists. Rico takes the first vicious swing and cold-cocks Freddy. Freddy falls, then gets up, ready for more. Mouth bleeding. And now, all of them start swinging --

EXT. STATE STREET - SANTA BARBARA - DAY

Bobby walks with Val and her little girl, ANGEL, as the rest of the Santa Barbara locals and tourist go about their business. Angel is as cute as they come, her lily face full of life. She's the spitting image of her proud young mom.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
So what do you wanna be when you
grow up, Angel?

ANGEL
(shy)
I dunno.

Bobby shares a laugh with Val.

VAL
What about you?

BOBBY MARTINEZ
(thinks it over)
Surfing for a living would sure be
unreal.

VAL
Like Carl said...gotta go for your
dreams, right?

BOBBY MARTINEZ
What's yours then?

VAL
(motions to Angel)
Simple. Making sure she has
options that I didn't.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
And you're doing it, but there's
still gotta be something for you?

VAL
Well, I love traveling.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Have you gone anywhere yet?

VAL
(smiles)
Angel and I have been to Hawaii.
New York. Miami. Oh, and Puerto
Vallarta.

ANGEL
...I been Hawaii...

BOBBY MARTINEZ
You have? Man, you beat me. I
haven't even been out of the state.

VAL
That's something you gotta change.

Bobby smiles back at her, then sees two familiar faces up
ahead. It's Troy and Lance, the two frat guys.

Their smiles fade when they see Bobby approaching -- figuring
he's on the same page with Rico. They awkwardly walk across
the street to avoid Bobby. A sense of fear in their eyes.

It catches Bobby off guard. Val's noticed the exchange.

VAL
Do you know those guys?

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Yeah, but don't know what that was
about.

Bobby looks behind him -- sees the frat guys glance back as well, then disappear. The tension is troubling to Bobby.

His cell phone BEEPS. He checks it, sees a text message from Cruiser: "Rico jumped in Freddy."

The news hits Bobby like a ton of bricks.

VAL
Everything alright?

BOBBY MARTINEZ
(covers with a smile)
Yeah, it's all good. Maybe I
should get you guys back.

Val doesn't pry. But knows whatever just rocked him is real.

VAL
Okay.

EXT. BLUFFS - ISLA VISTA - NIGHT

A well-known local party spot high above the city of Isla Vista and the campus of UCSB. A BONFIRE rages. Surrounding it is the West Side crew. Drinking, smoking blunts, laughing it up. HIP HOP bumps hard from a lowrider with its top down.

Headlights approach, then Bobby's Impala swings in. He gets out, Angela with him. Both see Cruiser who motions to --

FREDDY

Showing the physical aftermath of the beating. But feeling no pain as he sways to the music, high as a 747. All gangster attitude, eyes barely open, until he stumbles and falls. Rico laughs hard and picks him up out of the dirt -- puts his arm around the 13 year old like a proud father.

Rico's drunken eyes swing toward Bobby's with a shit-eating grin. Clocked Bobby the minute he arrived on scene.

Angela sees Eddie, steps to him as Bobby storms over to Rico --

BOBBY MARTINEZ
(motions to Freddy)
We should've talked about this --

RICO
Wasn't your call, homes. Youngster
wanted to become a man. Hell, he's
down now.

FREDDY
(almost unintelligible)
Simon...Westsider por vida...ese.

RICO
See? Kid's got real heart. Took
it like a champ. This is *mi*
carnale right here.

FREDDY
-- *mi carnale* --

Bobby shakes his head as Rico basically holds Freddy up from falling down completely.

Another argument gets everyone's attention. Angela is right in Eddie's face -- shouting at him, knowing he was a part of it. But Eddie stands up to her this time, shouts right back.

RICO
(laughs)
Uh oh. Trouble in paradise.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Bet you're all heart-broken, huh?

RICO
Hey I can't help it if *mi hermana's*
got a big mouth.

Rico thrives on the tension. Glares at Bobby, as if daring him to make a stand. Cruiser, Solid and others are all watching closely.

RICO
Guess you were right, *primo*. You
ain't callin' the shots here.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Never said I was.

Bobby looks at Freddy, still staggering. Knows it's too late to do anything about it now. He shakes his head, starts to walk back to his Impala. Rico shouts after him:

RICO
Hey -- it was great seein' you.
Don't you worry, we got a real good
handle on things.

Bobby keeps walking. Rico doesn't relent:

RICO
And don't think I don't know your
chica lives in East Side.

Bobby snaps -- turns and starts back toward Rico. Cruiser sees the impending wreck, rushes over and stops Bobby.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
(shouts, to Rico)
She ain't got nothing to do with
this! You hear me?!

RICO
Everything has to do with this!

Cruiser holds Bobby back, seeing Rico's rage-filled eyes -- knows Rico's ready to spill blood. Meanwhile --

Solid stays an island, not choosing sides. Eddie's made his.

TIGHT ON - BOBBY

Still wanting to fight Rico. But Cruiser keeps a firm hold --

CRUISER
(low, to Bobby)
He's strapped -- don't do it.

Angela moves up next to them, concerned. Cruiser motions toward the Impala:

CRUISER
Get him outta here, Ange.

Angela knows it's the right call.

ANGELA
Come on, Bobby. Let's go --

Bobby finally relents after one last hard stare at Rico. Jumps into the Impala and heads off, Angela with him.

TIGHT ON - RICO

Gloating. Knows he's gaining control of this clique.

INT. IMPALA - MOMENTS LATER

Driving. Bobby is still furious. Their tight crew coming apart at the seams. Angela's feeling the tension also, tries to make light of things:

ANGELA
Can you believe it? Eddie had the
balls to break up with me first --

BOBBY MARTINEZ
(shakes his head)
-- no he didn't.
(MORE)

BOBBY MARTINEZ (CONT'D)
Rico pushed him to do it. Just
like he did with jumping in Freddy.

Angela chooses her words:

ANGELA
Look, you know I'm on your side,
but Freddy didn't have to say yes.

Bobby doesn't respond. Angela lets it go, seeing his
conflicted expression.

ANGELA
Guess I'm supposed to move out now,
right?

BOBBY MARTINEZ
You ain't goin' nowhere. It's your
brother who's hittin' bricks. And
Eddie can go with him --

Suddenly, police lights illuminate the back window...then a
bright search light which makes them both squint.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Great. You holding?

ANGELA
No.

TIME CUT:

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Bobby and Angela stand tense with their hands on the back of
the police car. An OFFICER hovers -- watching them closely.
His hand riding his holstered gun.

Meanwhile, a SECOND OFFICER searches inside the Impala.
Comes up empty handed and heads back. Shoots a nod to his
partner. "It's clean."

OFFICER #2
Either of you have gang tats
identifying your set?

Angela shakes her head, all attitude.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
I just have regular ink on me.

OFFICER #2
(motions to Bobby)
Please remove your shirt so I can
photograph them for our records.

Bobby complies, trying to keep his cool. Stands with his shirt off as Officer #2 uses his camera phone to snap a few pictures of his torso -- front, back and sides.

OFFICER #2
Any on your legs?

BOBBY MARTINEZ
No.

Officer #2 motions to put his shirt back on. Bobby does.

OFFICER #2
I'm citing you for the tinted windows. Also for having no mud flaps. Any questions?

ANGELA
Mud flaps? It's an Impala, man.

OFFICER #2
The custom rims are oversized for this vehicle, therefore mud flaps are required by law. I could have it towed if you like --

Angela starts to fire right back, but Bobby cuts her off before things get worse.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
No, we got it. Thanks.

The officer holds out his ticket book for Bobby.

OFFICER #2
Sign here.

Bobby does. The officer rips out the signed ticket and hands it to him. Motions that they can head back to their car.

OFFICER
Please enter back onto the road safely.

Bobby and Angela walk to the Impala and get in.

INSIDE THE IMPALA

Angela is seething, not ready to let it go, when that's just what Bobby wants to do. He starts the car.

ANGELA
I'll stick a "mud flap" up his culo. Tired of gettin' hassled --

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Just forget it, alright? We've had
enough drama tonight.

Angela shakes her head as Bobby heads back onto the road,
leaving the cops behind. Angela looks over at him:

ANGELA
Lets get blitzed.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Hells yeah.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Bobby's Impala pulls up and parks along the street adjacent
to the store's small parking lot.

INT. IMPALA - CONTINUOUS

Bobby looks over. Angela seems deep in thought.

ANGELA
I think we should become cops.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
What? You serious??

ANGELA
Then we could really do things our
way. No fool would mess with us.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
(laughs)
Shiiiiit. Now I know your crazy.

She grins back, opens her car door.

ANGELA
If I'm walkin', you're buyin'.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Deal.

Bobby digs in his pocket and hands her some cash. Angela
throws him a "hang loose" followed by the finger. Bobby
playfully reciprocates with the hang loose/finger combo.

Bobby watches her walk across the small parking lot and head
inside the liquor store. His smile fades now as he turns
back and stares out the windshield -- mind still reeling.

IN THE PARKING LOT

Bobby doesn't see the familiar METALLIC BLUE LOWRIDER pull in...

INSIDE THE STORE

Angela pays for two 40s at the counter. The CLERK brown bags each. Angela shoots him a nod, then starts to walk out the glass doors -- just as, a FIGURE wearing a hoodie with the hood up heads inside -- purposefully bumps into Angela.

ANGELA
(genuinely cool)
My bad. Sorry --

GIRL'S VOICE
-- you're gonna be, bitch.

The voice registers with Angela. She turns just as the figure drops her hood, revealing herself --

It's the CHOLA Angela beat up in the opening brawl -- staring daggers. Angela knows she's in trouble --

IN THE IMPALA

Bobby is still lost in his thoughts, until he looks toward the store to check on Angela and clocks the blue lowrider. Sees Sleeper sitting behind the wheel --

Bobby's expression instantly turns to concern -- especially as he now recognizes the Chola standing in front of Angela at the glass doors. A look of panic washes over his face.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
(shouts)
Ange! Look out!!

As Bobby starts to jump out --

AT THE GLASS DOORS

Angela is completely caught offguard -- still clutching the 40s, one in each hand. Her eyes locked with the Chola's.

Before Angela can say or do anything, the Chola flashes a blade across her neck. Angela immediately drops to her knees, clutching her throat as blood leaks from her artery.

Both 40s shatter on the concrete, instantly mixing with droplets of her blood --

IN THE PARKING LOT

Bobby's already outside the Impala and running -- watches in horror as Angela falls, blood streaming from her neck.

Locked on Angela, Bobby doesn't see the blue lowrider suddenly barrel at speed right at him -- gets BLINDSIDED -- literally taken off his feet, smashing into the windshield, then sent in a heap to the asphalt.

The Chola dashes across and gets into the blue lowrider -- Sleeper screeches out of the parking lot and both disappear.

ON BOBBY

Lying on the ground, hurting, bleeding from several cuts. But his mind is on Angela -- gets up and races to --

THE GLASS DOORS

Bobby sweeps down, takes Angela into his arms and presses his hand over the bleeding gash. YELLS at the clerk behind the counter who's frozen in shock, staring at the blood.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Call 911! We need an ambulance!!

The clerk quickly picks up the phone and starts to dial. Bobby looks back down at Angela. She is fading fast. The color draining from her face.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Hold on, *prima*. You're gonna be fine. I got you --

Bobby's hands tremble as he still tries to stop the enormous blood flow coming from her neck. He sees the scared look in her eyes. Holds her tight, trying to reassure her --

BOBBY MARTINEZ

I'm right here, Ange -- just hold on, okay --
(shouts futilely)
SOMEBODY PLEASE HELP ME!

Tears flood Angela's eyes. She tries to talk. But can't.

BOBBY MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

Shhh... Shhh... you're gonna be alright. It's nothing --

Angela clutches his arm. Trying to hold on. But her eyes begin to flutter...

BOBBY MARTINEZ

No... come on, Ange... hold on!

And that quick, Angela is gone. Her body goes limp. Bobby is in complete shock...desperately shakes her in an attempt to revive her. Tears of grief well in his eyes.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

No... Oh god... no... no...

Bobby cradles her tight, covered in blood, silently rocking her in his arms like a child.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Bobby is being questioned. Completely distraught. His blood and Angela's blood still on his clothes. Arms and face showing cuts and bruises.

By the DETECTIVE'S expressions, Bobby is not a suspect. They are only taking his statement.

Bob Sr. and Joanie are led into the room by an OFFICER. Bobby immediately gets up and hugs them, sobbing.

All three stay huddled together in tears.

EXT. CALVARY CEMETERY - SANTA BARBARA - MORNING

A few lowriders line the grass-filled cemetery. Each car fully detailed, rims glistening, not a spot on any of them.

Through the rows of gravestones, it seems the entire West Side neighborhood has turned out to pay their respects. All weave their way through the tombstones, following Angela's white casket as it's carried toward its final resting place.

Each homie wears a brand new white starched T-Shirt. On the backs is a photo of Angela, smiling. The dates of her life under the picture, written in script.

Val walks amongst the mourners, tears streaking her cheeks. Carl next to her, who's shown up as well, dressed in a suit.

UP AHEAD

Bob Sr. and Joanie hold Tina, Angela and Rico's mom. She is inconsolable. Never did she think she'd be burying her baby girl this early in life.

AT THE FRONT

The crew acts as pallbearers, carrying Angela's casket. All dressed in black Dickies, white button-down shirts and black ties. Bobby is on one side of the casket. Rico on the other. Along with Cruiser, Solid, Freddy and of course Eddie.

The minute they set the casket down on its temporary stand over the open grave, Eddie falls to his knees sobbing -- knowing he'll never get the chance to reconcile with his girl. Solid reaches down and holds him.

The funeral procession makes their way around the grave site.

TIGHT ON - BOBBY

His eye now purple and black. Fighting back tears as he looks down at Angela's casket, his hand never leaving its lifeless touch. He is devastated.

Standing on the opposite side of the casket is Rico. Black wrap-around shades hide his eyes. Neither cousin will look at the other, standing a mere three feet away. The tension between them is crackling. Everyone present can feel it.

As the priest stands between them and STARTS THE EULOGY, Rico can't contain himself anymore -- he takes off his glasses and stares down Bobby. Bobby can't escape his gaze.

RICO

This is on you.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

You wanna do this here? Now??

PRIEST

(hushed)

Gentlemen, please calm down.

But Rico stays locked on Bobby, points down at the casket.

RICO

That's *mi hermana*. My blood. You were supposed to have her back --

Bobby doesn't back down. Seething:

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Don't kid yourself -- I was more family to her than you ever were.

Rico snaps, his eyes lethal. Bob Sr. quickly steps forward:

BOB SR.

Enough, both of you.

But too late, Rico headbutts Bobby in the face and the two end up STRUGGLING/FIGHTING literally over Angela. The crew jumps in to separate them, including Bob Sr. -- everyone else including the priest is reeling back to get out of the way.

But Bobby and Rico's combined rage makes it impossible to stop them from fighting, until they slam back into Angela's casket -- nearly knocking it over. Both instantly stop and hold the casket -- careful to keep Angela from falling.

Their looks speak volumes. The cousins are now sworn enemies.

RICO

You're as dead to me as she is.

Rico gets up and storms off, alone. Bobby stands up, knows everybody is staring right at him. Including his crew. Val.

And Carl, who suddenly feels very out of place in this crowd.

TIME CUT:

EXT. CEMETERY - LATER

Most of the funeral crowd are still getting into their cars after the service. Val waits solemnly by Bobby's Impala.

Bobby walks up and stands next to her. His clothes rumpled and dirty from the earlier fight. Val sees his shattered expression. She reaches and gently touches his face.

Bobby hugs her. Holding each other tight. Grieving. Finally, he pulls away and wipes his eyes...

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Where's your car?

VAL

Over there. Want me to follow you?

BOBBY MARTINEZ

I think I need some time alone,
okay?

Val nods, understanding.

VAL

I'm not going anywhere.

Bobby forces a smile, staring into her teary eyes.

EXT. EAST SIDE BARRIO - DAY

Some EAST SIDE GANGSTERS congregate in a park. Chilling. Until their attention shifts toward the black primered Impala rolling by...

INT. IMPALA - CONTINUOUS

Bobby drives through the streets of the enemy. Sees the eyes of many clocking him. Invading their space.

Bobby instinctively stares right back. But that warrior's stare is gone. In fact, Bobby looks completely lost.

Finally, he makes a 180 at an intersection and heads west.

INT. CRASH PAD - NIGHT

Rico paces. The crew is there, minus Bobby. Everyone can see Rico's on a mission -- consumed with his own vengeance.

RICO

I want to this *puta* found.

Eddie's expression carries a lethal look as well.

EDDIE

Simon. That bitch is *muerta*.

Everyone agrees, including Freddy, ready to retaliate.

TIGHT ON - CRUISER

Trying to hide his concern.

INT. BEDROOM - MARTINEZ HOUSE - NIGHT

Bobby sits in his childhood bedroom, now his father's office. The small room a meld of the old and the new. Pictures of Bobby growing up frame a desk of blueprints and paperwork.

Bobby has pushed some things aside to make room, inflating a blow-up mattress using a small pump. His mother comes in with some fresh sheets and a pillow.

JOANIE

It's nice having you here...

BOBBY MARTINEZ

(nods)

It's just until I figure out another situation.

JOANIE

As long as my head is under this
roof, *mijo*? This is your home.

Bobby smiles, grateful. She kisses him on the head and walks out, trying hard to hide her heavy concern.

INT. BEDROOM - CRASH PAD - LATE NIGHT

Rico lays on the floor on his back, shirt off, looking straight up INTO CAMERA. His muscular tat'd body in view.

There's a sense of underlying guilt in his dark expression. And it's eating at him.

Especially as he looks over at the corner of the room.

REVEAL

Angela's clothes all folded perfectly next to empty boxes.

Somehow, Rico's eyes finally shed tears. But he quickly wipes them away, steels his expression. Gets up, letting his anger fuel him as he starts packing his sister away.

EXT. MARTINEZ HOUSE - MORNING

Bob Sr. walks out of the house in his work clothes, stops -- sees Bobby solemnly sitting in the passenger seat of his work truck. Sr. heads over and gets into the driver's seat.

BOB SR.

News said the waves are up.
Figured you'd be out there already.

Beat.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

You got those extra shifts, right?

You'd think his father would be happy, but he's not.

BOB SR.

Sure.

As Sr. starts the truck, Bobby stares out the windshield -- in a trance. He is not only still grieving, but trying to come to terms with himself.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

You know, I drove around East Side
yesterday...

Sr. knows what that means.

BOB SR.
Getting even won't bring her back,
son.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Thing is, Rico's right. Can't half-
step this life. You're either in
it, or you're not.

BOB SR.
(stern)
Rico is a lost cause -- don't you
listen to him.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
(near tears)
I should've had her back.

BOB SR.
It could've easily been you, Bobby.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Wish it was me.

Sr. puts the truck back into park. Looks at his son:

BOB SR.
I understand what you're feeling.
Because I've been there. Faced the
same pressures. Same guilt.
People I loved...I had to bury.
(beat)
My point is, it's easy to follow
the pack, son. Much harder to walk
alone. Knowing which is right is
the simple part.

A moment, then Bobby finally nods. Wipes his eyes. Without
another word, father and son head off to work.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - MONTECITO - DAY

Bobby works hard with a hollowed, empty look. Laboring.

His dad stands across the way, going over things with Manny,
the foreman. Yet, Sr. can't help but stare at his son.
More than concerned.

EXT. CABRILLO BLVD - SANTA BARBARA - DUSK

SOMEONE'S POV - staring across the street at the beach and
ocean just beyond. The horizon is dark, cloudy.

TIGHT ON - BOBBY

Still in his dirty work clothes. Drinking from a 40. With a pained expression, he remains fixated on something right in front of him. Growing angrier by the second.

REVEAL

He's sitting just outside the glass doors of the liquor store, next to the spot where Angela was killed. A dark stain still there where her blood soaked the cement.

Bobby continues to stare at it. He finally can't take it anymore -- gets up and storms away.

EXT. CRASH PAD - NIGHT

Rico's shouting voice echoes.

INT. CRASH PAD - CONTINUOUS

Rico is a powder keg ready to blow. His intoxicated eyes blazoned red. Pacing back and forth in front of the crew.

RICO

One stupid *puta* bitch and nobody
can find her?!

None of the crew speak up. No one wants to face his wrath. Cruiser finally does.

CRUISER

I say we let things cool down first.
East Side's got eyes everywhere --
expectin' it to crack off --

Rico furiously charges toward Cruiser -- gets in his face.

RICO

I don't care what they're
expecting!

Rico reaches under his shirt and takes out his GLOCK .45 -- Cruiser remains still as Rico holds it in front of him.

RICO

I'll burn the whole place down if I
have to!!

Rico wheels on Eddie now who cowers:

RICO

And you! What the hell are you
doing?! Find this bitch who killed
your girl! My sister!!

Suddenly, Freddy comes rushing in through the front door --
amped up, holding a piece of paper.

FREDDY
I found out where she is. Got the
address right here --

EDDIE
How?

Rico shoots Eddie a cold hard stare, then moves over and puts
his arm around Freddy.

RICO
Don't matter how. While all of you
weak-ass lames sit here and bitch,
the youngster went and got it done.
(to Freddy)
Come on ese, let's show 'em how
real Westsiders handle business.

Freddy steels himself with a brave expression, nods.

FREDDY
Simon.

Cruiser stands up, trying to save Freddy from making a huge
mistake. Motions to Rico:

CRUISER
No, I'll go with you --

Rico points his gun at Cruiser, who freezes.

RICO
You don't get this honor. He does.

Cruiser watches futilely as Rico and Freddy leave.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

We're high above the city and the moonlit Pacific Ocean.

The sounds of the world seem to DROWN OUT as a familiar
BROODING TONE STARTS. Becoming a new darker, angrier version
of Metallica's, "And nothing else matters."

It reminds us of Angela, in fact we see a quick flash of her
face, staring right at us, then...

DOWN IN THE CITY

CAMERA TRACKS the headlights of a vehicle, growing closer...
CLOSER... until we make out Rico's Escalade.

INT. ESCALADE - CONTINUOUS

Rico drives, eye's blazing. Gun in his lap. Freddy rides silently next to him. They cross State Street and start to drive into East Side territory.

Rico glances over and sees the sense of fear in the 13 year old's overwhelmed expression. A moment, then Rico has a change of heart. Pulls over.

RICO

Get out.

FREDDY

(confused)

Why? I'm with you, homes.

RICO

You did good, ese. Real proud of you. But I got this. Now go -- do as I say.

Freddy gets out -- part reluctant, part relieved. As he watches Rico's Escalade drive away, heading east...

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

Snarling waves crash toward us. The world goes MUTE. The new version of "And nothing else matters" continues, as...

A LONE SURFER APPEARS

Charging down a wave. Ripping back and forth with ferocity.

INTERCUT:

THE ESCALADE

Rico pulls up outside a dilapidated apartment building. Checks the address. This is it. Rival eyes are already on him. Rico shows zero fear and gets out, keeping his gun visible. PEOPLE scatter as Rico heads for the apartments.

THE OCEAN

Bobby blasts into the air against the night sky, flying off the lip of another wave, then rails back into the closing white water -- slamming off it in a massive spray --

Bobby surfs harder than we've ever seen him. He's not trying to punish the wave this time. He's trying to punish himself.

RICO

Busts an apartment door in. He's found the right spot -- THREE EASTSIDERS jump from the couch -- one is Sleeper. All flee toward the back.

Rico SHOOTs -- misses them, tearing a chunk out of the wall --

BOBBY

Charges solo into another wave and goes for pure speed -- tucking into the void of the thin tube -- lets the surging water of the lip slice through his head, then jettison's out and launches into the air, sailing off the board --

RICO

Wades into the apartment. Blasts one of the Eastsiders in the back hallway. Steps right over his body and busts through a bedroom door. Nothing. Rico keeps moving, busts into the second bedroom door. Finds what he's looking for --

The Chola who killed Angela. Her back against the wall. Cornered.

BOBBY

Punches his head through a wave, letting the power of the surf crash into his body. Staring back at the lights of the city. Lost.

RICO

Stalks toward the cowering girl. Points the gun at her head. He sees she's shaking, completely scared. It makes him hesitate for a beat. Then, he steels himself -- readies to pull the trigger.

The hesitation was only for a split-second, but that's all it takes -- a SILENT MUZZLE FLASH suddenly rocks his body.

Rico slowly turns, revealing his back covered in blood, tank top shredded in a wide pattern of crimson holes --

BEHIND HIM

Sleeper chambers another shell in his 12-Gauge street sweeper. Eyes filled with hate and unwavering vengeance. He points the 12-Gauge right at Rico's face.

Rico staggers, life draining from his body, stares right back. He seems to accept his fate, simply closes his eyes.

Sleeper FIRES --

BOBBY

Another waves crashes into him. At this point, we can't tell if it's tears or salt water staining his face -- just as the song ends with, "And nothing else matters..."

Now, just the RUMBLE and CRASHING of the ocean returns.

Bobby paddles back outside the break toward the dark horizon. Then looks down at his board resting under his body.

That's when we realize, it isn't his board. It's Angela's.

Bobby reaches down and removes the leash from his ankle. A moment, still staring at her dinged up board, then he pushes it out to sea. Watches it float away into the darkness.

A sense of realization forms on Bobby's face -- bobbing out here in the waves.

EXT. MARTINEZ HOUSE - NIGHT

Bobby pulls up in his Impala, sees a familiar face waiting at the curb with a grim expression --

Cruiser.

INT. CRASH PAD - LATER

Bobby sits on the couch, unengaged. Cruiser, Solid, Eddie and Freddy are there as well as some other familiar WESTSIDERS we've seen. All are distraught over the loss, yet most seem to have expected this outcome.

Solid is freaking, in self-preservation mode:

SOLID

We're at full-on war now, man.
East Side ain't gonna let this go.

Eddie stays silent, lost. His entire world crumbling.
Freddy appears to be consumed with vengeance:

FREDDY

Let's hit those *putos* back first --
let 'em know we ain't sittin' back.

Freddy sees Bobby's blank stare which throws him.

FREDDY

You're down, right Bobby? I'm mean
they killed your *primo* --

CRUISER
(gets in Freddy's face)
-- what the hell do you know about
it?

Bobby glares hard at Freddy also, but for a different reason.
He wants to get through to him:

BOBBY MARTINEZ
-- wake up, Freddy...can't you see?
I lost both my cousins to this
shit.

Bobby gets up from the couch.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
After you guys hit 'em back and
they retaliate again? Maybe it's
you that gets smoked this time
Freddy...
(looks at Solid)
Or you...
(to Eddie)
Or you...
(to everyone)
Or any of you. Who's gonna handle
that? I can tell you right now --
it ain't gonna be me.

Bobby walks out the door as a statement. No one says a word
-- gauging each other. They know he's not coming back.

INT. IMPALA - DAY

Bobby drives alone, following the coast. The ocean on one
side, the city on the other. Yet, Bobby's eyes remain
transfixed on the road ahead. Oblivious to the world --
focused on the thoughts in his head.

INT. GOLDMANN, STEARNS & WINTHER GROUP - SANTA BARBARA - DAY

Bobby walks into the reception area, scans the plush setting.
Marble, dark wood, paintings, sculptures, no expense spared.
He sees the RECEPTIONIST staring at him with a smile:

RECEPTIONIST
Can I help you?

BOBBY MARTINEZ
I'm looking for Carl Winther?

RECEPTIONIST
Is he expecting you?

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Not exactly. But we're friends.

TIME CUT:

INT. CARL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Bobby looks around Carl's large corner office, complete with a view of the city and ocean beyond. Carl has done well for himself -- and somehow, the crisp white shirt, the Hugo Boss slacks, Italian loafers and manicured hairstyle suit him.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
So this is where you work, huh?

CARL
Exciting isn't it?

Bobby checks out a wall display of photographs. Most are of Carl playing college football. A few from the Raider's camp.

Carl knows Bobby is here for a reason, gives him space -- watching him admire the pictures. Bobby points to one of Carl, about the same age as Bobby now, in a USC uniform.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Damn, you were yoked back then.
What position did you play?

Carl stares at the picture fondly, reminiscing.

CARL
Right where the action is --
middle linebacker.

Bobby points to another of Carl in a game, eyes fixated with fierce competitive energy -- ready to crush a quarterback.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Man I've seen that stare before.

Carl laughs. Bobby continues to stare at Carl's football wall of fame. It's made him nervous and excited at the same time, about the possibilities of where his own life will go.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
After you got hurt...and you knew
football was over. What'd you do?

Carl remembers all too well.

CARL
Won't lie, I was shattered --
thought the world ended.
(MORE)

CARL (CONT'D)

Only thing I ever wanted or knew
was playing ball.

(beat)

But then you do the only thing you
can. You pick yourself up. Change
gears. Move on to the next
chapter.

Bobby thinks about that.

CARL

You know that saying...about if you
never love?

BOBBY MARTINEZ

No.

Carl chuckles, remembering the generational gap between them.

CARL

Anyway, I'd rather live with the
regret, than not know what it was
like at all.

Bobby nods, getting the point. Carl eyes shift to photos of
his family. A beautiful and elegant WIFE. And two young
kids; a BOY and a GIRL. Ironically, the wisdom he's trying
to pass on to Bobby, becomes a moment of self-reflection.

CARL

And you know what?

Bobby looks over at him, sees Carl's proud smile.

CARL

I got a good life.

EXT. RINCON POINT - CARPINTERIA - MORNING

Bobby sits alone, on the rocks. Watching SURFERS enjoy the
afternoon waves. He looks down at the surf magazine in his
hands. At one page in particular with the following header:

"NSSA WEST COAST AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIPS, HUNTINGTON BEACH, CA."

Bobby reads the details with keen interest, when --

FREDDY (O.S.)

Knew I'd find you here.

Bobby turns and sees Freddy riding up on his stretched-out
lowrider bicycle. The kid is sweating his ass off, panting.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
 Damn Freddy -- you rode that thing
 all the way here? It's like
 fifteen miles.

Freddy leans his bike against a rock, sits down next to
 Bobby. Both stare out at the surf in silence for a moment.

FREDDY
 I couldn't even sleep last night.
 Are you really out?

Bobby nods.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
 Yesterday's news.

The 13 year old digests that, then stoically nods back.

FREDDY
 Then me, too.

Bobby smiles at him, glad the kid got the message.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
 Just keep it yesterday.

FREDDY
 I will.

After a silent beat:

FREDDY
 So what are you gonna do?

Bobby shows him the magazine page. Freddy lights up.

FREDDY
 Cool!

INT. CHANNEL ISLANDS SURFBOARDS - SANTA BARBARA - DAY

Bobby and Freddy wait anxiously in the showroom, staring at
 the number of boards lined up against the walls. Freddy is
 in awe. A moment then, Al Merrick appears from the back as
 an EMPLOYEE points out Bobby. Merrick smiles.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
 Still down for making me that
 board?

AL MERRICK
 Absolutely. Come on in back -- I
 think I know just the shape that
 fits your style.

OFF Bobby's big grin to Freddy as they all head in back...

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - MONTECITO - DAY

Bobby works hard. There's a bounce in his step. Excitement in his eyes. His dad walks up:

BOB SR.

Manny says you were late again.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Sorry, I had something to do.

(OFF his dad's frown)

Look, I know it's not the best time to ask, but I need next week off.

Sr. thinks his son's already back to old tricks.

BOB SR.

Why?

Bobby reaches in his back pocket and pulls out the magazine page. Unfolds it and hands it to his father.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

I entered this competition. Need to practice.

Sr. reads the magazine page in silence for a moment, then his dour attitude suddenly shifts -- shoots his son a relaxed smile and hands the page back.

BOB SR.

Take all the time you need.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Serious? You ain't mad??

BOB SR.

Hey, you can always pound nails --

BOBBY MARTINEZ

(finishes the sentence)

-- but dreams pass you by, right?

Sr. places a fatherly hand on his son's shoulder. "Finally."

BOB SR.

Welcome to the real world, son.

Bobby laughs and smiles, excited to have his dad's support.

BOB SR.

Now I wish it was my life.

EXT. LEADBETTER BEACH - DAY

Bobby runs on the sand. Inspired. Training hard. Sweat dripping from his tat'd body. He looks to his right --

BOBBY'S POV - BY THE PARKING LOT

Cruiser, Eddie and Solid have their usual shop set up.

Bobby debates for a second, still running, then veers up the beach toward them.

TIGHT ON - CRUISER

Sees Bobby jogging up, covered in sweat.

CRUISER

Damn homie, you got the cops or
chavalas chasing you?

BOBBY MARTINEZ

(laughs)
Bustin' a grape to get in shape.

CRUISER

I heard.

SOLID

Hell, everybody's heard. Freddy's
got all of West Side fired up --

Bobby grins, then motions to the empty campus of the City College across the street.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

School's out, blunts out, huh?

CRUISER

(shakes his head)
Hate the summer. We can't even
give it away.

(beat)
Thinking about getting a gig
inkin'. You know, in a real tat
shop. Until I get my own going.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Hells yeah. Be the next Mr.
Cartoon.

CRUISER

That'd sure be cool, huh?

They share a smile. All this time, Eddie's been silent. Bobby sees his humbled and regretful expression. It speaks volumes. They lock eyes.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
(sincere)
Carnales, homes. Nothing else matters.

Eddie smiles, relieved -- knows Bobby has forgiven him. The two bump fists followed with a gangster hug.

EDDIE
Por vida.

EXT. MACY'S - LA CUMBRE PLAZA - EVENING

Val walks out the glass doors at the end of her day. Seems tired and preoccupied, until she sees Bobby there, waiting.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Hey. You like the beach?

There's resolve in his eyes. Val can see it. She smiles.

VAL
Maybe.

SHOCK CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - HUNTINGTON BEACH, CA - MORNING

SUPER: NSSA WEST COAST AMATEUR SURF CHAMPIONSHIPS

Surf City. Oakley, Quicksilver, Billabong, Body Glove and Roxy branding tents are packed within inches of each other on the beach, right next to the famous HB pier. Every bit of real estate that can be utilized to sell surf gear is used.

Surfers of all ages are present, along with countless fans of the sport. A PUNK BAND plays from a stage on the pier. Tat'd up skaters and BMX riders shred on a half pipe -- pulling aerials to the rhythm of the aggressive music. Girls in wanna-be-seen bikinis are everywhere.

This is about selling a lifestyle...and they spare no expense.

UP ON THE PIER

It's completely packed with fans. Bob Sr. and Joanie have staked out a front row spot with some of their friends -- all exhilarated to witness Bobby's first big event.

As they look down at the surf and scene below...

NEAR THE BRANDING TENTS

Carl and his wife, JANE along with their two kids, HUNTER and CLAIRE (4 and 6) walk through the crowd. Carl has an extra bounce in his step, anxiously scanning the area.

JANE
Relax, Carl...I'm sure he's here
somewhere.

CARL
Swear to God, it feels like my
first day at training camp.

Jane smiles, seeing how energized her husband is. But Carl's kids look completely bored.

CLAIRE
I'm hungry.

HUNTER
I wanna see the skateboarders.

Carl grows flustered -- wants them to share his enthusiasm.

CARL
But we came to check out the
surfing, guys --

JANE
(knows it's futile)
-- I got the kids, honey. Go do
your thing.

CARL
Really?

JANE
Hurry, before I change my mind.

Carl smiles back, kisses her appreciatively and takes off.

ON THE BEACH

Amidst a throng of people, Bobby carries his new Al Merrick board, walking alongside Val. She sees how nervous he is.

VAL
You okay?

Bobby blows out an anxious, yet excited sigh:

BOBBY MARTINEZ
 Shittin' bricks. Been to a bunch
 of events like this. But never as
 a competitor.

Val stops him, grabs his face and stares into his eyes.

VAL
 Look, I hope you're not looking for
 words of inspiration here, because
 I don't have any.

Val seductively puts her lips next to his ear and whispers:

VAL
 But if you win? Save some energy,
 poppa...cuz you're gonna need it.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
 (laughs)
 Okay, that's inspiring.

Val laughs back, pleased that she got the affect she wanted,
 which was to ease his anxiety. They share a warm kiss.

CARL (O.S.)
 There you are --

Bobby turns and sees Carl moving toward them.

CARL
 Did you already register?

Carl points to the REGISTRATION TENT -- close to 200 AMATEUR
 HOPEFULS stand in a very long line.

Bobby goes right back to being nervous.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
 Just going there now.

CARL
 (on a mission)
 I scoped it out. Everyone's saying
 the best break is next to the pier --

Carl points toward the pier. Bobby surveys the fierce waves
 as they slice through the thick aging wood pylons.

CARL
 -- but watch out if you eat it.
 The pylons are covered in jagged
 mollusk shells. They'll shred your
 skin like razor blades. And also --

Carl stops and grows awkward, realizing he's a bit over-excited.

CARL
I'm sure you know all this.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
(smiles)
Hey, I need all the help I can get.

CARL
(smiles back)
No you don't.

Carl sees Bobby's new shiny Al Merrick board.

CARL
Look at that magic stick. Merrick
came through, huh?

Bobby passes it to Carl and lets him inspect it. A moment, admiring it, then Carl hands it back like a delicate egg.

CARL
Bet it fits you like a glove.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
I'm afraid to even ding it.

Carl locks eyes with Bobby. Puts on his game face.

CARL
Break the thing in half, Bobby. Go
rip like you never have before.

Bobby nods, getting psyched up -- looks toward the impending crashing surf...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

An explosion of water sprays as Bobby shoots through a wave with his new board, paddling out -- white foam coats the sea.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
(echoes from loudspeakers)
Welcome folks to this year's NSSA
West Coast Amateur Championships,
here at Huntington Beach. The
first 30 minute heat is about to
get underway...

Bobby makes it out to the line-up. Breathes in and shoots the saltwater from his nose. Climbs up on his board.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

The judges will tabulate the results of each surfer's best two waves so they'll need to make 'em count. In this first line-up, we have...

The announcer's voice CONTINUES as Bobby studies the other surfers. Straddling their boards, bobbing in the undulating tide. Some stay chilled, focused. Others talk shit. Some are barely able to sit on their boards they're so nervous.

A few like Bobby -- stay islands unto themselves. Bobby turns his board to face the beach. He sees the droves of fans fighting for the best view. Countless others lean over the railing of the pier, looking down on him and the other riders. That includes his father and mother, both smiling.

Bobby takes a deep breath, trying to calm himself down. Cups a handful of water and rinses it over his face.

But more tension arrives as Theo Algonzi paddles up next to Bobby. Bobby realizes Algonzi's in this competition also. His usual antagonistic attitude in full effect:

ALGONZI

What, you drive down here on three wheels? The border's still another 100 miles, "homie" --

The surfers near them look at Bobby, waiting to see if he explodes. But Bobby stays calm. Not about to sweat the loud mouth now. Acts like he's concerned and looks around:

BOBBY MARTINEZ

Damn, you mean this ain't it?

A couple of the surfers can't help a laugh. Algonzi doesn't.

Suddenly, the AIRHORN SOUNDS OFF -- signaling the beginning of their heat. No more words -- it becomes all business.

The surfers explode out of the gate like a NASCAR start --

ON BOBBY

His BREATHING becomes rhythmic, arms begin paddling, his hands cutting through the water. Slowly at first, then faster. His focus becomes laser intense.

He gets out a good five yards ahead of Algonzi and others. The liquid elevator ride begins rising behind him. Water picking up speed. Bobby thrusts up and drops into the wave.

The wave is perfect. A six foot roller with a hollow face. Bobby crouches down, drops his back leg and attacks the wave. Cuts back up the face and pulls a table top air, grabbing his inside rail before landing back in the wave.

Bobby performs a repertoire of moves that happen with machine gun-like speed and natural agility. He's feeling great. Losing his nervousness. Pumps his legs on his board, looking for more speed to attack again. Glances over his shoulder at the competition behind him. As he faces forward --

SMASH! A KNEE hits Bobby square in the nose --

Bobby's head flies back. Blood and saltwater shoot out of both nostrils. Algonzi looks back and smirks as Bobby flies off his board and crashes headfirst into the wave, disappearing from view.

ON VAL

Her hands go to her face, concerned.

ON CARL

With his family, ready to jump in and murder Algonzi.

UP ON THE PIER

If you think Carl's ready to kill, you should see Bobby's mother.

JOANIE

Can that asshole do that?

Sr. is hoping his son remains cool.

BOB SR.

He just did.

IN THE WATER

Bobby resurfaces and sees Algonzi flying down the wave.

Absolutely furious, Bobby wrestles his board back in by the leash and gets on. Blood streams from his nose.

ON THE BEACH

Val steps into the water as Bobby reaches shore. He sets his board down and blows blood and water from his nose. People point and stare. Others turn away from the sight of blood.

VAL

You alright?

BOBBY MARTINEZ
That cheating piece of shit -- I'm
gonna knock his punk-ass out.

Val hands him a towel to clean away the blood. She looks up
at the electronic time clock over the SCORER'S BOOTH.

VAL
Well you only have ten minutes to
do it or he did his job and knocked
you out. So get back out there --

Bobby sees she's all fired up. Digs it. Just as Cruiser,
Freddy, Eddie and Solid blast through the crowd --

FREDDY
We'll crush that fool, Bobby!

Bobby lights up, seeing his crew has come to watch him.

BOBBY MARTINEZ
Hey -- when you guys get here?

CRUISER
Damn homie, you got less banged up
bangin'.

SOLID
(scanning the water)
That white boy's *muerta*. Where's
he at?

VAL
Guys, you aren't helping.

Carl rushes up -- anxiously wanting Bobby to get back out
there. It's turning into a circus --

CARL
Real bad time for a huddle guys --
the dickhead's on his second wave.

Bobby looks out and sees Algonzi catching another wave.

VAL
Go --

Bobby nods, his eyes get intense, nose still bleeding. Runs
with his board into the water and spears through the surf.

FREDDY
(all attitude)
Crush 'em, Bobby!

OUT IN THE WATER

Bobby makes it back out to the line up. Blows another pack of blood from his nose. Algonzi paddles up next to him. They sit with a dozen other surfers waiting for the next set.

ALGONZI

Damn, my knee hurts. How's the bitch-ass nose of yours?

Bobby shoots him a look. Fists clenched.

UP ON THE PIER

Bobby's parents watch the exchange.

BOB SR.

Uh oh.

OUT IN THE WATER

Bobby's fierce stare suddenly turns into resolve.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

You know why you talk so much shit?
(OFF Algonzi's look)
Because you're scared.

ALGONZI

(scoffs)
Of what?

The whole time, Bobby has been looking past Algonzi -- at the heavy wave rolling in behind them. Bobby quickly lies down.

BOBBY MARTINEZ

This.

Bobby paddles hard, getting the quick jump on Algonzi and the pack. It's the biggest wave of the day. A violent nine-foot rocket wall, fast and hollow, with no end in sight.

Everyone paddles their asses off. Bobby in the lead with Algonzi right behind. They all want this wave.

ON THE BEACH

Val, Carl and the whole crew watch, cheering Bobby on.

OUT IN THE WATER

Bobby digs forcefully into the water with both arms, picking up speed and drops into the turbulent wave. Algonzi is the only other surfer who makes it, ten feet to Bobby's left.

Bobby goes on the offensive and rails hard -- his back hand skimming against the fast-moving water. He cuts up the face and pulls an amazing aerial maneuver --

To his right, Algonzi pulls off a tailwhip into a 360 degree turn -- nearly losing his balance and wiping out. No question he's feeling the pressure, pushing his limits.

Both begin an aquatic dogfight. Each one trying to outmaneuver the other. Their rails touch at one point -- almost throwing Bobby off, but he holds on -- just as they begin cutting towards the pier on the closing wave.

Bobby sees there's only room for one rider to shoot through the pier, avoid the dangerous pylons and make the line. He grits his teeth -- no way he's giving up -- the pylons are closing in on them fast --

ON THE BEACH

Val, Carl and the crew literally hold their breath. The final horn sounds as Bobby and Algonzi race toward the pier.

CARL

This is the last wave that counts --

OUT IN THE WATER

Bobby and Algonzi hurtle toward the pylons knowing only one is going to make it through. Just as they head under --

UP ON THE PIER

Fans rush to the other side to see who'll make it through. Bob Sr. is right with them, barrelling through the crowd with Joanie right behind -- neither wanting to miss this --

UNDER THE PIER

Bobby and Algonzi jettison into the dark shadows. Both somehow narrowly miss the first pylon. But then, Algonzi makes one last cut against Bobby's board to throw him off --

TIGHT ON - BOBBY

That warrior's stare is back -- he doesn't flinch -- holds his line hard. The near miss sends Algonzi off course -- he FACE PLANTS at full speed into the far pylon. Crushed.

Just as --

ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE

A tense beat -- then Bobby shoots out from under the pier alone into the bright sun! The fans explode. Bob Sr. raises his arms in triumph, pridefully watching his son below.

TIGHT ON - BOBBY

Smiling. Cuts back, slams into the top lip and goes airborne. Arms mirroring his father's -- stretched high into the air -- and again, time STANDS STILL. His frozen image --

MORPHS INTO:

The real-life Bobby Martinez, with that same smile.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

VIVID HIGH-DEFINITION FOOTAGE -- of the real Bobby Martinez surfing on the professional ASP World Cup Tour. His signature aggressive style punishing the surf in real life.

OVER THE IMAGES - TITLE CARDS READ:

-- Bobby went on to win a record-setting seven NSSA men's national amateur championships.

-- His first year pro on the elite ASP World Cup Tour, Bobby was named "Rookie Of The Year" and "Breakthrough Performer."

-- He has consistently finished in the top ten each year since with several major wins, including beating nine-time champion, Kelly Slater.

-- Bobby continues to work with at-risk kids in Santa Barbara with the foundation: "Turf 2 Surf."

-- He still lives in the West Side neighborhood, only a few blocks away from his parents.

The End.