

SURFING

By

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**EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY**

**PIERCE HELENIC**(28) pulls his jeep to a bucking halt before the concrete barrier that holds back the sands of the beach.

He takes a **DEEP BREATH**.

PIERCE  
Ahhh, the call of the sea!

The **ENGINE OFF**, the persistent **OCEAN BREEZES** dull the **CRASHING WAVES**.

Pierce hops out of the jeep, kicks off his flip-flops, and wraps a towel round his waist. He drops his jeans and pulls on a flower print bathing suit.

Grabbing his surfboard off the roll bar, he leaps over the wall...

**EXT. BEACH (CONT.)- DAY**

...and trudges through the deep sand.

**EXT. SHORE. - DAY**

The consistent cold of the North Atlantic water pushes against the bottom of his white soles.

PIERCE  
Not quite summer yet.

**SURFERS** look like sunbathing seals, waiting for the next sweet set to roll through.

An **OLD MAN** (80's) wears a floppy hat and his hands behind his back, comments,

OLD MAN  
Nature's continuous momentum  
machine, propelled by the primal  
forces. Truly the realm of the  
Gods.

**EXT. OCEAN - DAY**

Waves **CRASH** against his knees, as he charges the breakers.

At waist level, he leaps on the board.

The buoy of the board holds his body weightless on top of the water.

Pierce lifts his chest off the surfboard.

Up ahead, a malignant mass forces smaller swells his way.

He pushes the nose of the fiberglass plane under the breaching break...

...and emerges on the other side to the **UN-MUTED ROAR**.

The undertow of the unholy roller pulls like a determined mule toward a fast forming, "MAN CRUSHER".

He looks back at the beach, now sixty yards from shore.

His weightless board seems helpless as he spins backward.

Eyes widen, **BREATH QUICKENS!**

He **POUNDS** his hands on the the sea in a vain attempt to gain control of the recreational device.

The swelling water snags the tail of his board, driving the nose first into the sea!

Pierce leaps to his feet like a LEOPARD! Knees bent, eyes keen ahead at the field before her.

Ahead of the wave, but only for a BEAT, the soft swell bubbles, then rhines, then **HISSES** a frothy anger into being.

A dormant BEAST poked with a fiberglass stick.

And he is no longer moving, just the surfboard, running impossibly fast on a liquid escalator.

Raising him at a torrid pace to his violent demise!

His only chance?

PEIRCE

More speed!

Pierce jams his foot on the nose of the board.

PIERCE (V.O.)

Run on the weightless stick which brought you to this fate from the start!

Down the silver, sleek ocean's mane.

PIERCE (V.O.)

Run on the weightless leaf, set on this eternal river, which looks now to cast you down POSEIDON'S watery well!

PIERCE

Run!

Something within the wave starts to take shape.

PIERCE (V.O.)

As if the Beast himself were  
chasing!

Gnarly white teeth become visible in the breaker behind him.

PIERCE

Faster!

Thousand-pound tentacles roll from the foam overhead.

**CUT TO:**

**BEACH SHORE - DAY**

On the beach stands a LITTLE GIRL with her hands over her eyes, her hair is thrown on the wind.

LITTLE GIRL

A terrible beauty yet to be born.

**BACK TO SCENE:**

The wave **RAINS** an asymmetric shower of sea.

The **HOLLOW WIND** stereoscopically amplified through the cone dome drone of liquid mercury.

Pierce looks laxed, loose on his feet, as the shock waves of wave buck the board with turbulence.

The driving **HAWWWW** of the deep-throat wave attempts a higher note, which sours into an inhuman **WHINE**.

The crystalline gate is only open momentarily and like an aged star implodes.

PIERCE (V.O.)

Time to escape!

He bends his knees.

PIERCE

Faster!

He snags the sides of his board.

A watery bobble looks to launch him off his plank!

But centrifugal force sets him straight in a blink.

PIERCE  
Have to keep the pace!

CALAMITY and MAYHEM bite at his naked heels as the portal collapses, hungry to swallow everything whole.

Pierce looks back at the MONSOON OF TERROR.

Something becomes visible...

A black hole opens under the wave, then BLINKS!

Knees to chest, fingers cling to the rounded edges of the sticky sex-waxed stick.

The vehicle and its passenger go supersonic, blasting back vaporous exhaust in the Mighty Cthulhu's black eye.

The wave collapses, propelling Pierce toward the shore.

From out of the colliding kaleidoscope of color and kelp launches the last fleeting effort of a tentacles touch.

It snags Pierce by the ankle.

PIERCE  
Hideous fates!

And yanks him down the Mythulian chasm.

His body half devoured in a pit of twirling, coral teeth.

Pierce throws out his arms in desperation.

PIERCE  
Remember m-!

The wave mercifully **CRASHES**, then settles.

The fiberglass board covered in the sticky sex-wax floats to the shore.

And sits at the feet of the Child and the Old Man like a SPARTAN'S shield, without the Warrior.

**EXT. SHORE - DAY**

OLD MAN

Tis' old things be livin' in the  
Sea.

CHILD

Truly, the Realm of the Gods.

OLD MAN

Tis'.

And the persistent **OCEAN BREEZES** dull the **CRASHING WAVES**.

And the Surfers look like sunbathing seals, waiting for the  
next sweet set to roll through.