

BEACH BABY

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. TRAVELODGE HOTEL PARKING LOT - DAY

AUDREY PATTON, 49, hurries across the parking lot. Water drips from her hair and mingles with angry tears. They blotch the plain pink blouse she's trying to button over a shapeless one piece bathing suit and tuck into her tentlike shorts.

At her POS compact car, she struggles with the wet buttons.

AUDREY

Fuck it!

Audrey yanks open the door and throws in her purse. She slides in and cranks...and cranks...and...the car's tiny engine finally WHINES to life. She throws it into reverse and floors it. Tires SQUEAL.

WHAM! She T-bones a shabby, thirty foot long RV.

Audrey throws open her door and scrambles out. She frowns at the crushed bumper on her car. Frowns harder at the RV and the trailer it's towing piled high with windsurfing gear.

She reads the license plate frame: Velocitas Eradico. She yells at the driver.

AUDREY

Velocitas eradico. Really? You're that pretentious? I who am speed, destroys? And on an RV yet.

The RV door swings open. A pair of skinny legs with gnarly feet shod in flip-flops swing out.

They belong to SKOG, 45, legendary windsurfing instructor and layabout. Clad in a weathered sport shirt and shorts, he pulls his lanky frame up to its full height and grins.

SKOG

Guess you got the worst of it, eh?
Can you tell me how to get to Lake Okabena?

AUDREY

You're not going anywhere, bud.

She grabs her purse from her car.

BRAD HABERMAN, 41, rushes toward them looking as determined as Skog looks directionless. The hotel's logo on his crisp sport shirt identifies him as its manager. The shirt is tucked neatly into knee length matching shorts that rise and fall as his sturdy thighs pump to carry him inexorably forward.

BRAD
Audrey, you okay?

AUDREY
This clown came out of nowhere.

SKOG
(to Brad)
Hey, do you know how to get to Lake --

AUDREY
Excuse me. We're not done.

She rummages through her purse, pulls out a business card, and thrusts it in Skog's face.

AUDREY
This is my insurance. Gimme yours.

Brad surveys the crushed bumper on Audrey's car.

SKOG
Now, there's no need for that.

He leans away from the card in his face.

SKOG
Audrey, right? Call me Skog. Audrey, do you really think it's worth us getting all wound up about this thing?

Audrey jabs at him with the card.

AUDREY
Skog? That's not a name. You don't have insurance, do you?

Skog gently pushes her card-jabbing hand down.

SKOG
'Course I got insurance. That RV is my home and you just hit it.

AUDREY
You pulled up behind me when I was already...I will sue your ass!
(sarcastic)
Skog.

Brad edges toward Audrey and Skog.

BRAD
Okabena's just down the street. Turn right out of here and --

AUDREY
Excuse me? You're just going to let
him drive away?

Skog slips back into the RV driver seat.

BRAD
Audrey, I think you better let this
go. You can still drive it.

The RV rumbles out of the parking lot. A graphic on its rear
panel reads: Carpe Ventum.

AUDREY
Hey! What the...

Audrey races to her car and SQUEALS out after his RV.

A Travelodge courtesy van SQUEALS to a stop behind Brad. The
van's uniformed driver, DENICE, 23, fit and feisty, hops out
and lopes to Brad's side. He reads the RV's rear graphic.

BRAD
Carpe Ventum?

Denice's monotone is that of an extreme sports thrill seeker.

DENICE
Seize the wind. Was that Skog?

BRAD
Denice, you know that guy?

DENICE
(sexy purr to herself)
Not yet.
(to Brad)
Best windsurfing coach in the country.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA PARKING LOT - DAY

In the far back corner, Audrey's car SCREECHES to a stop
near the RV. Skog, on the roof, is almost done erecting a
small wind turbine.

Audrey opens her window and yells up to him.

AUDREY
Hey! We're not done.

Skog gives the wind turbine tower a shake. Satisfied that it
is secure, he climbs down the ladder.

SKOG

Look, we're not going to argue about who hit who because you'll lose. I think that's what your boyfriend was trying to tell you.

Audrey shoots out of the car and gets in his face.

AUDREY

He's not my boyfriend.

SKOG

Sure seemed like it.

AUDREY

Well, yeah, he keeps trying.

SKOG

But you don't want to because he's too young.

Stunned by his accuracy, Audrey goes silent.

SKOG

And that's too big a change for you, after your divorce, right?

AUDREY

How could you possibly?...Oh no. No. No. No. I'm gonna get this fixed and you're gonna pay for it.

SKOG

Seems pretty clear this little incident means a lot more to you than it does to me.

AUDREY

Where do you get off telling me how I feel about...anything?

SKOG

And I think I know why.

AUDREY

Let's focus on how much you owe me.

SKOG

You're sad and angry, but you're the kind of person who thinks that you can just feel different without doing anything different.

AUDREY

A thousand bucks, at least. I'll get an estimate and --

SKOG

You don't get that you gotta do something new and then the new feeling comes, not the other way around.

AUDREY

-- then you can write me a check.

SKOG

Or, how about this? We skip all the emotional baggage and guilt you're trying to pawn off and I give you windsurfing lessons.

AUDREY

Windsurfing?

SKOG

Yeah. Boardsailing, sailboarding, whatever you call it here. Looks like you're used to being wet. You want to get better, right?

AUDREY

I don't windsurf.

SKOG

No? Perfect windsurfing body like yours? You need to learn.

AUDREY

Perfect? Funny nobody noticed before. I don't need to learn to windsurf. I don't want to windsurf. I don't even want to watch people windsurf. Give me the money.

Skog sizes her up and smiles. He digs into his pocket and pulls out a wad of bills.

SKOG

Will two grand do it?

Audrey tries to hide her amazement. Skog hands her the bills.

SKOG

I'm telling you, Audrey. You got the perfect body for it. Stop by for some lessons. On me.

Stunned, Audrey watches him stroll to the RV door. He steps up into the RV and closes the door.

Her face shows she just realized she's been watching all that time. Embarrassed, she skulks back to her car.

INT. TRAVELODGE HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

A traditional place with ambiance that matches the family restaurant attached to it, but not so much as to discourage singles looking to pair off.

MANNY, a retired pro football lineman, and FLO, a retired basketball center, either one large enough to fill a doorway, hang a sign near the host station:

16th ANNUAL WINDSURFING REGATTA - JUNE 12-14

WELCOME WINDSURFERS!

WORTHINGTON MINNESOTA TRAVELODGE

Audrey, in her now dry but still frumpy clothes, sits in a booth and talks with Denice, who looks great in scruffy shorts and a sport shirt, almost like Skog's.

Manny and Flo, bursting out of their hotel uniforms, lumber toward the booth.

AUDREY

Yeah. Two grand. Two thousand. Like he's a drug dealer or something. And what did he mean? On me.

Just as they pass...

AUDREY

Like, on me, you don't have to pay? Or, get on me --

DENICE

-- and let's bone.

That remarks stops Flo and Manny.

FLO

I hope he meant that one.

Flo's soft voice is completely out of proportion to her body.

FLO

For your sake. You got divorced when?

AUDREY

Where's Brad? We need to talk.

FLO

Well, finally.

AUDREY

Not about that.

MANNY

Saw him in the lobby, but he's --

Audrey hurries toward the lobby.

INT. TRAVELODGE HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Brad stands behind the reservation desk, perplexed by what he sees on the computer screen. He holds the phone handset to his ear and calms an irate customer.

BRAD

We appreciate that you come every
year...but see...

Audrey leans on the desk to wave a hand in Brad's face. He covers the phone.

BRAD

(to Audrey)
If this is about the pool thing...
(into phone)
...We can't hold the
same room for...I know it's perfect...
(to Audrey)
Little busy right now...

AUDREY

I'll come back tomorrow then, with
my swimsuit.

BRAD

No! Audrey, you can't...
(into phone)
No, not even for the president...I'm
sure you'll like the room we have
for you. You might even like it bet --
(CLICK)

Brad grips the handset like he's going to slam it down, takes a breath, and sets it in the cradle.

BRAD

Audrey, I had to do it. You can't
keep yelling at the guests.

AUDREY

Guests? They were arrogant,
disrespectful teenagers. I was just
trying to swim my laps. So I yelled
a little. This place would be a
madhouse without me. It's like my
showing up at the pool every day
doesn't count for anything.

BRAD

Yeah, about that. You can't swim here anymore.

AUDREY

Come on, Brad. You know I need it. It's all I got.

BRAD

Get something else, Audrey.
(off her frown)
It's summer. Almost all of our business comes in now...Hey. You could swim in the lake.

AUDREY

I thought we had a deal, an understanding.

BRAD

You showed up one day and kept coming. I don't call that an understanding.
(off her frown)
Just move on, Audrey.

AUDREY

So you think I should leave town.

BRAD

I just meant let go, try something else. It's for your own good.

AUDREY

My own good?

BRAD

Yeah. Like when I didn't turn in my history homework? You gave me detention and said it was for --

AUDREY

Teachers get to say stuff like that. You don't.

Self-righteous ex-teacher Audrey turns and marches out.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA BEACH - DAY

Kids frolic, boaters boat, swimmers swim.

Audrey, clad in a homely one piece bathing suit, stares at the water near her feet.

THUNK. Her head turns towards the sound.

Down the beach, Skog lays his windsurfing board next to his rig - the assembled mast, boom, and sail.

CLUNK. He pops the rig into the board, carries it into the water, steps on, and sails out.

Audrey catches herself watching and turns back to the water. She dips her foot in. Yanks it out.

AUDREY

Jesus fuckin' Christ! It's so cold.

Bracing herself, she edges both feet back into the water.

AUDREY

Yeah, right Brad. Swim in the lake.

INT. TRAVELODGE HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Audrey, gym bag in hand, marches toward the pool entrance.

Brad races in and blocks her at the glass doors.

AUDREY

Don't shut me out.

BRAD

When God closes a door --

AUDREY

-- he usually closes them all. You really gonna do this?

BRAD

Damn straight. This place is filling up with paying guests. I can't be losing them because you act like you own the pool.

AUDREY

Tough talk.

She takes a step. He blocks her. She dodges. He blocks.

BRAD

Look, I get that your divorce --

AUDREY

It's not my divorce. It was Phil. You'd think sometime in twenty-three years of marriage he would have --

Brad sighs like he's heard this way too many times.

AUDREY

I'm fine now.

BRAD
So, you're not bitter.

AUDREY
You know what makes me bitter?
Teaching ungrateful brats like you
all those years --

BRAD
Hey.

AUDREY
-- just so I could save enough for a
grand world tour that never happened.

BRAD
He gave you the money. Go.

Audrey swings her gym bag at his head. He ducks, grabs her hands, and beams a mollifying smile at her.

BRAD
How about we have dinner and talk
about your pool privileges?

AUDREY
It's too weird, Brad. I still see
your chubby little high school face
staring up at me.

BRAD
So I made an impression.

AUDREY
We're not happening, Brad.

BRAD
No date, no pool.

Staring contest. Audrey loses. She turns on her heel and marches out.

BRAD
(yells)
Wasn't that chubby.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA - DAY

WHOOSH. Out towards the middle, a light breeze nudges the water into wavelets and scoots a few windsurfers along.

WHOOSH. It drifts toward the beach, past the diving raft and past the red and white floats that line the swimming area.

Along the inside of the float line, Audrey, in her homely one piece, propels herself with a stately breast stroke.

AUDREY

Swim in the lake. Sure, Brad.
 (stroke)
 So what if I freeze my ass off.
 (stroke)
 What if I have a heart attack?
 (stroke)
 What if --

SWOOSH. A windsurfer whips by within arms length of the float line and startles Audrey. She swallows water, coughs, and slaps the surface.

AUDREY

Hey! Swimming here.

From the opposite direction, SWOOSH, Skog sails back to her and stalls his board.

SPLOOSH. He drops his sail into the water. Comfortable in his shorty wetsuit, he straddles the board.

SKOG

Sorry about that. Thought you knew how to swim.

Audrey treads water and struggles to catch her breath.

AUDREY

Thought you knew how to steer that thing without drowning people.

SKOG

Let's consider that your first lesson.

AUDREY

What was that supposed to teach me?

SKOG

Windsurfing is way more fun than swimming and much less work.

AUDREY

Guess you forgot the part about hauling that piece of junk to the lake, putting it together, and getting into the water. Oh, and hauling the sail out of the water.

SKOG

So, you've been paying attention.

AUDREY

Bite me.

Audrey swims toward the beach.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA BEACH - DAY

Audrey sits on a park bench and dries herself with a towel.

Skog carries his rig toward his RV and passes Audrey.

Water blows off the rig and onto her back.

AUDREY

Jesus! I'm cold enough as it is!

Skog lays the rig down.

SKOG

You always go right to eleven?

Audrey shoots up and gets in his face.

AUDREY

Do you always tell strangers how they should behave?

SKOG

I gave you two grand. Could we not be strangers?

AUDREY

If I thank you for the money, will you leave me the hell alone?

SKOG

See. This is what I'm talking about. If I could teach you to windsurf --

AUDREY

I'll get all relaxed and New Agey?

SKOG

Audrey, I've taught lots of people to windsurf.

Skog picks up his rig.

SKOG

Never met anybody who needs it more than you.

Audrey, confounded, watches him head to his RV.

INT. TRAVELODGE HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Manny bartends, calm and fluid. Brad fidgets on a stool.

BRAD

...and, Manny, make sure we have enough glasses this time. Regatta's going to be even bigger this year.

MANNY

Already taken care of, boss. We got it all covered. You look beat. Go home. Rest up.

BRAD

After my...date.

Brad gazes at the vision of Audrey emerging from the crowd.

BRAD

Oh yeah, feeling lucky tonight.

Manny only sees her bland face, style-less yet constricted hair, buttoned up plain blouse, and balloon-like jeans.

MANNY

Lucky?

Brad strides to meet her.

AUDREY

Okay. I'm here. Now, can I please swim in your damn pool?

BRAD

Let's talk about it over drinks.

He takes her hand leads her to his special booth in the back. Brad guides her in and sits too close. She shifts away.

AUDREY

Can we just drink, please?

BRAD

Sure, sure.

He flags down a passing waiter.

BRAD

We'll have two lagers.

AUDREY

(to waiter)

I'll have a margarita. Separate checks.

BRAD

Fine. One lager. And bring us that new appetizer.

(MORE)

BRAD (CONT'D)

(to Audrey)

You're gonna love this. I came up with it just for the regatta crowd.

AUDREY

How exciting for you. So, I was thinking that I could make do by only swimming before nine.

BRAD

That's what you do now. No deal.

AUDREY

But I can't swim in that damn lake. It's too icky and crowded.

BRAD

It's a big lake.

AUDREY

There's all these other swimmers. And boaters, kids, fishing.

BRAD

What can I say? You gotta learn to swim with them, Audrey.

AUDREY

But everyone gets in my way. They makes waves and it's dangerous. I could drown. I almost did today. There was this windsurfer --

BRAD

We all stay away from the swimming area. You'll be fine.

The waiter sets down the lager and margarita. Brad takes a hefty, masculine swig. Audrey stares at her drink.

AUDREY

No. That Skog guy, he --

BRAD

The RV guy that gave you two grand?

AUDREY

How did you...Denice?

BRAD

Doesn't say much, but when she does...

AUDREY

How does a guy like that have that much money right there in his pocket? Maybe I should talk to the cops.

The waiter sets down the appetizer, a concoction of SPAM, pineapple, and who knows what. Audrey sniffs it, scrunches her nose, and nearly vomits.

AUDREY
Is that...SPAM?

She bolts out of the bar. Brad stares after her, bewildered.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA PARKING LOT - DAY

Audrey pulls her car, with its crushed bumper tied down, into a spot. She gets out to survey the beach. A crowd of adults and teens block her view.

AUDREY
Great. No pool and now this.

Audrey shimmies out of her blouse and jeans revealing her bathing suit. She methodically removes her shoes and clothers, folds her clothes, and sets her shoes on the folded clothes. She bends over to place the stack in her car.

DENICE (O.S.)
Two thousand bucks wasn't enough to
fix it?

Audrey jerks and bumps her head on the door jam.

AUDREY
Crap!

Audrey rubs her head and turns.

AUDREY
Jesus, Denice. You always gotta do
that? Give a girl a heads up.

Denice, in a shorty wetsuit, deadpans her apology.

DENICE
Sorry. Thought you saw me. So, you
gonna get it fixed?

AUDREY
Yes, I will get it fixed. I'm looking
for the right body shop.

They walk towards the crowd.

DENICE
There's only three in town.

AUDREY
I been busy, okay? What are you doing
here anyway?

DENICE

Taking a lesson. And you're retired.

AUDREY

Which means I don't have to justify
how I spend every minute of my time...

Audrey continues as they head to the lawn.

AUDREY

...And maybe, I just didn't feel
like it. Why is it okay to say I
don't have enough time but it's not
okay to say I don't have the energy?

Denice gives her a don't-know-don't-care look while Audrey
rattles on as they walk away.

AUDREY

I mean, it's my decision. I ought to
be able to do stuff whenever I...

EXT. LAKE OKABENA BEACH LAWN - DAY

Audrey and Denice wander past dozens of young adults and
teens in baggies, bikinis, rash guards, and wetsuits. Like
Denice, they're wearing PFDs, personal floatation devices.

A hulking romantic couple stands at the front of the crowd -
Flo and Manny packed into the largest wetsuits every made.

DENICE

Thought you guys were aces.

FLO

We're in the advanced class.

Manny, modest and shy, nods his agreement.

In the center of the crowd, Skog, in his short wetsuit, chats
up a nearby gaggle of eager new students.

SKOG

Windsurfing, boardsailing,
sailboarding, whatever you guys call
it here, when you're learning it,
don't be afraid to get wet. Believe
me, it's worth it. It gives you this
feeling like...If I had to use one
word, it would be...

AUDREY

Stupid.

SKOG

...exhilaration.

Audrey steps through the crowd to face Skog.

SKOG

Everybody, this is Audrey, our
volunteer devil's advocate.

AUDREY

Seriously? What's exhilarating about
trying to hang onto a big sheet of
plastic until the wind uses it to
knock you into the water?

SKOG

Obviously there's some learning
involved. But then you glide along,
the invisible power of the wind --

AUDREY

-- at your command?

(off his pause)

That's what you were going to say,
right? Could you be any more
simplistic, jejune, and derivative?

His crowd of paying students glares at Audrey.

MANNY

Audrey, just let the man talk.

Audrey crosses her arms, sighs, and eye rolls.

SKOG

There's some work, sure, but you get
rewarded pretty quickly. The way I
teach may seem kind of slow at first.

AUDREY

Already he's making excuses.

Denice gives her a shut-up-already look.

SKOG

I like to focus on getting you to
internalize the basics. Then, you
can learn the trickier stuff faster.
In fact, if the wind cooperates, we
might get a few of you waterstarting.

FLO

It's like having the hand of God
pull you out of the water.

Denice nods with the rest of the crowd.

AUDREY

You? You're buying into this crap?

DENICE

I'm the one who invited him. So thanks for being a dick.

AUDREY

Yeah. Well, I'm going swimming.

Denice watches Audrey stalk towards the water. Behind Denice, the windsurfers resume their animated conversations.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA BEACH - DAY

Audrey, winded after swimming, SLOSHES through knee high water past windsurfers practicing getting on their boards.

Denice stands on her board and balances by holding onto the uphaul that runs down to her rig in the water. Audrey walks around to the tip of the sail and looks up at Denice.

AUDREY

Okay, I shouldn't have gone off like that before. I didn't know you cared that much about this kind of stuff.

DENICE

Now you know.

Denice pulls the rig out of the water, balances, and uses the sail to block Audrey's view.

AUDREY

Don't be like that. I said I'm sorry.

Denice drops the sail in the water to SPLASH Audrey who SPUTTERS and COUGHS.

AUDREY

Hey! What the? What's that all about?

Denice hops off her board and gets in Audrey's face.

DENICE

Ever since you got divorced I listen to you whine about how Phil ruined your dreams. Well, this is my dream. The least you could do --

AUDREY

So go windsurf. What's the big deal?

DENICE

The big deal is that I want to race and make money doing it.

AUDREY

You said that about hang gliding.

DENICE

Until my buddies crashed and died. I need a sport with a better thrill to kill ratio.

Skog, pulling his windsurfer behind him, slogs through the water towards them.

AUDREY

Fine, but did you have to get...
(nods to Skog)
him?

Skog stops a few feet from them.

SKOG

Okay, I've seen what you all can do.
Let's start the formal lesson.

He walks directly to Audrey.

SKOG

I need a volunteer.

AUDREY

Ah, no.

SKOG

Too late. They're all watching.

AUDREY

No way in hell.

Denice punches her shoulder.

AUDREY

Okay. Okay!

SKOG

Come on. Just hold this.

He pushes the board in front of her. Audrey backs away. Skog slips in behind her and gently holds her waist. Surprised by his touch and how much she likes it, she follows his lead.

SKOG

(to the crowd)

Here we have a body that is perfect for windsurfing.

(to Audrey)

All you gotta do is put your hands on the board, lean forward, and pull yourself up.

(off her confusion)

Like this.

Skog pulls himself onto the board and crouches with his feet planted on its centerline. He hops off.

SKOG

You can do that, right? Good swimmer like you.

(to the crowd)

What do think? Can she do it?

The crowd HOWLS their approval and encouragement.

Audrey struggles to imitate his movements. The board wobbles and slides around under her hands. She finally gets it stable.

She gets on the board. The crowd applauds.

She stands up and...SPLOOSH! Falls in. Audrey, angry and embarrassed, pops up out of the water.

SKOG

I was gonna say don't stand up yet.

A few good-natured LAUGHS from the crowd.

Pissed at him and everyone, she slogs out of the water.

Audrey hurries past the windsurfing crowd. From behind the crowd, she steals a look back at Skog addressing his students.

SKOG

She'll get it. Who's next?

JESSIE ACKERS, 37, fit and sexy, adjusts her expensive rash guard and bikini. With a sidelong smile at Skog, she minces into the water.

SKOG

Now this is a great body for windsurfing.

AUDREY

(mutters)

Of course.

Pissed and crestfallen, Audrey trudges to the parking lot.

INT. TRAVELODGE HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Amid the happy hubbub, Brad sits at the bar and reads through a stack of receipts. Behind the bar, Manny scrambles to serve customer after customer.

BRAD

If we're going to pump up our business, we need to get our name out there more.

Manny keeps serving and tries to pay attention to Brad.

MANNY

Sure boss.

A few customers away, a DRUNK PUNK wavers on his stool.

BRAD

We got a logo. Anybody can get one of those, but a special handshake for people who come here...a branded handshake...a brand shake...now that --

WHAM! The punk slams his hand on the bar.

DRUNK PUNK

What's the problem, brah? Look, I got money. Right here. Mah-ney.

He waves a fan of bills at Manny.

MANNY

Still gotta cut you off, man.

Brad strides toward the punk. The punk yells at Manny.

DRUNK PUNK

You ain't my mom.

BRAD

(sotto to Manny)
He's having a 20-something moment.
(to the punk)
Sir, I'm sure if she were here, your Mom would tell you the same thing.

The drunk pulls himself up to look big. Crowd HUSHES. Manny, his eyes on the feuding pair, edges out from behind the bar.

DRUNK PUNK

Funny guy here. Small, but funny.

Audrey enters from outside.

Unaware of what's happening, she walks straight to Brad.

AUDREY

Can we talk?

The drunk takes a big swing at Brad who sidesteps it.

Audrey, bewildered, steps back. Manny goes for the drunk.

BRAD

It's my bar. I got this.

Manny shakes his head, but pushes the crowd back.

Brad sidesteps swing after wild swing.

People in the crowd pull out cellphones. One calls the cops.
The rest shoot videos.

DRUNK PUNK

Lady, can't you see your kid's busy
getting his ass kicked?

WHUMP! Brad punches the punk, hard.

BRAD

She's not my mom!

Brad's years of frustration with Audrey explode into blow
after blow on the punk as he loses consciousness.

Audrey pulls Brad off as SIRENS WHINE outside.

AUDREY

Okay. Okay. I'm not your mom.

Audrey reaches to comfort Brad as though he was a child.

BRAD

Or my teacher, goddamnit!

She backs off.

AUDREY

Or that. Calm down.

BRAD

Or my babysitter or...any older
caregiver with whom it would be weird
to have sex with.

AUDREY

Or that. Definitely not that.

INT. TRAVELODGE HOTEL BAR - LATER

Dim, with a few pools of low light. Everyone's gone, except...

...Audrey and Brad sitting at a table in one of the pools.
Audrey stares at Brad. He stares into his nearly empty beer.

BRAD

Okay. I got a little carried away.

AUDREY

No kidding. What got into you? I've
never seen you like that.

BRAD

Yeah, well I never saw anyone run from a hunk of SPAM.

AUDREY

It's personal...complicated.

BRAD

And yet I'm still curious.

AUDREY

The skank Phil ran off with? She worked at the SPAM plant in Austin. The smell on him when he came home after they had --

BRAD

Curiosity gone.

Brad pushes his beer away. They stare at it for a moment.

AUDREY

Man, the look on your face. I had no idea. I didn't think --

BRAD

I cared about you that much?

AUDREY

I kind of already knew. Whaling on the guy really didn't help that. Plus, he called me your mother.
(off his giggle)
Fun for you. If we dated, I'd have to put up with that all the time.

BRAD

You don't want to get with me? Fine. But don't blame it on our ages.

AUDREY

Tough talk. You wouldn't be comfortable with it either.

BRAD

Maybe you need to try something uncomfortable. You know, before you're too old?

AUDREY

Okay. How about this? How about if I learn to windsurf?

Brad lights up.

BRAD

Now you're talking. We can start on --

AUDREY

And Skog is going to teach me.

Audrey charges out of the restaurant.

Brad, bewildered, yells after her.

BRAD

Yeah, well, sail safe. On a board,
you all alone out there.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA BEACH LAWN - DAY

WHOOSH. Light side-onshore wind. Perfect for windsurfing.

On the grass, a dozen students connect rigs to boards.

Audrey, dressed in her dumpy one piece and a worn out rash guard, lays a towel and a book on a picnic table in the shade.

Skog looks over the shoulder of a college age guy who yanks on the downhaul, the rope at the bottom of the rig.

SKOG

Don't be afraid to really crank on
it. That mast is made of the same
stuff they use in helicopter blades.

Skog points to the sail.

SKOG

See those vertical wrinkles near the
mast? You want to smooth them out.

The guy pulls with all of his might. The sail smooths out.

Audrey comes at Skog from behind.

AUDREY

(sarcastic)

You forgot to tell him he has a
perfect body for windsurfing.

Skog turns to face her and grins, not the least contrite.

SKOG

See? You do get it. Everyone has a
perfect body for windsurfing.

AUDREY

Bullshit.

SKOG

You gonna sail, or what?

He heads to the beach. Audrey glowers at him and turns away.

Jessie carries her rig past Audrey, blocking her bold exit. Audrey takes a step. Denice, carrying her rig toward the beach, strides by and gives Audrey an inspire-by-guilt look.

WHOOSH. Wind tousles Audrey's hair, jiggles the sails, and continues on its way.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA BEACH - DAY

WHOOSH. Windsurfers catch the wind and cruise back and forth. A few sail out. A few in.

SWOOSH. One comes in. SPLASH. She hops off her board near Denice, who is steadying her board in hip deep water.

Audrey swishes through the water to Denice.

AUDREY

Just to be clear, I'm only here
because you asked.

DENICE

Fine.

AUDREY

Only going to watch.

A few yards away, Skog stands near his board. He cups his hands around his mouth and yells.

SKOG

Okay, let's get this class started.

He climbs on the center of his board into a crouch.

SKOG

First lesson. The wind will slap you
silly if you don't pay attention.
Here's what we'll do today.

As he addresses the troops, he hauls up the sail and balances.

SKOG

How to get up on your board, raise
the rig, get it into sailing position,
and use it to turn the board.

AUDREY

What about what they're doing?

Audrey points to the windsurfers on the water.

AUDREY

You know, the windsurfing part?

SKOG

That comes a little later.

AUDREY

Then I'll come back later.

Audrey walks toward her picnic table in the shade, grabs her book, and reads.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA BEACH - LATER

Jessie struggles to look sexy while teetering on the board.

Skog sashes toward her through calf-high water.

Her herky-jerky rig movements get wider and wilder. She flails, falls, and SPLOOSH! She hits the water.

As she surfaces, sunlight glistens off her copious cleavage. Skog notices. She tracks his gaze to her boobs.

JESSIE

Something you're not telling me?

SKOG

Hmm?

His head pops up. He looks her in the eye.

JESSIE

About windsurfing. I mean, does it have to be this much work?

SKOG

What do you mean? It's all fun.

JESSIE

So far it's all waving the sail around and falling in and --

SKOG

What? You don't like getting wet? It's very sensual, don't you think?

Their eyes connect on a whole different level.

JESSIE

Yes, but --

SKOG

Then enjoy it.

He turns away. Pauses. Turns back.

SKOG

I'm sorry. There's more to it. We'll talk. Just gotta do this one thing.

Skog SWOOSHES his way through the water towards Denice.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA BEACH LAWN - DAY

Skog and Denice stride across the lawn to Audrey, sitting on a bench with her face in a book.

DENICE

We're at the windsurfing part.

She gives them an annoyed stare.

DENICE

You said when we got to --

AUDREY

Okay. Okay.

She puts down her book. Skog lifts a nearby board and points to the rig near it.

SKOG

Just grab that and follow me, okay?

She takes it and drags it on the ground.

SKOG

Pick it up. You're wrecking it.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA BEACH - DAY

Audrey stumbles as she carries the rig into the water.

SKOG

You can drop it right there.

She plops the rig in the water. Skog slides the board in next to it. Jessie slinks up next to him.

JESSIE

You said you'd explain more.

SKOG

Be there in a second.

(to Audrey)

Push the universal joint into that slot in the board. I'll be back.

He watches Audrey struggle to connect the rig and board. Having had enough amusement, he wades into neck deep water near Jessie, who balances on her board.

SKOG

Good. Great. Now go for it.

Jessie pulls up the sail and SPA-LOOSH, falls over backwards. With each sputtered word, she thrashes the water.

JESSIE

I. Can't. Keep. Doing. This!

SKOG

You are so close. Lean back.

His hands form a "V" shape that he tips back and forth.

SKOG

Move the sail to balance. Then, just lean the mast tip toward the nose, pull your clew hand...yeah, that one...pull that in when you're ready.

Jessie gives Skog a this-better-work look. Audrey taps him on the shoulder. She holds the still detached board and rig.

AUDREY

These things don't fit together. You must have mismatched them or something.

Skog grabs the rig's base, slides it into the board's base plate, locks it in, and smiles at Audrey.

SKOG

If you'd have stuck around and paid attention...

He leans into Audrey's face.

SKOG

...but look who I'm talking to.

Behind him, Jessie gets up and balances on her board.

SKOG

Always the teacher. Never the student.

Jessie leans the mast forward and pulls in the boom. She and her board scoot forward.

JESSIE

I'm...I'm doing it!

Jessie hangs on and the board picks up speed.

JESSIE

It's moving. I'm moving!

SKOG

There ya go! Good job! When you get a chance, stop and turn around like we practiced. Don't get out further than you can swim.

He turns back to Audrey. He can see her seething.

SKOG

See? Like that.

Audrey glares at him, then at the board. She climbs on.

SKOG

You gotta get your feet more...

SPAH-LOOSH, she falls backwards.

SKOG

...to the middle.

He puts his hands on the board where her feet should go.

SKOG

See? Now you just have to --

AUDREY

I tried. Happy?

Audrey swims to shore.

INT. TRAVELODGE HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Audrey sits at the bar next to Brad and gets more irritated recounting her windsurfing troubles.

AUDREY

It looked so easy. Even Jessie was getting it. He said I was...
(mocking voice)
always the teacher, never the student.
Like that's gonna help me.

BRAD

Well, you are kind of --

AUDREY

If you say bossy...

BRAD

More of a smartass. You kind of care what he thinks of you.

AUDREY

No. I don't.

BRAD

Sure.

He lays a coaster on the bar and points to its middle.

BRAD

Say this is a board. You have to put your feet on the centerline or you'll slide off. Did you do that?

AUDREY

I don't know. Maybe.

Brad walks behind the bar. He pulls out a baseball bat and grabs a tray off a nearby stack.

He walks back to Audrey and lays down the bat.

BRAD

Centerline.

He lays the tray so the bat is running down the middle.

BRAD

Board.

He balances on the tray with the middle of the arches of his feet over the bat.

Audrey's face lights up with recognition.

BRAD

See how much easier it is to balance?

He takes Audrey's hand and leads her onto the tray.

BRAD

Try it. Rock back and forth a little. Get a feel for it.

AUDREY

I feel a little silly.

BRAD

It's just us. Keep your hips, knees, and ankles loose.

Audrey steps on the tray and wiggles back and forth.

AUDREY

Yeah. You're right. I get it.

She makes a wrong move and falls. Brad catches her. They have moment. Audrey realizes this and pulls back.

AUDREY

Yeah. Yeah. I got it. Thanks.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA - DAY

SHOOSH. A steady breeze ruffles the water. Windsurfers glide back and forth. A few do stunts like spinning the sail, riding with board turned up on edge, that sort of thing.

Closer to shore, Audrey mutters expletives while teetering on her board. She almost falls...but catches herself.

AUDREY
Centerline. Okay Brad.
(eyes the uphaul)
Let's get this up.

She bends over, grabs the uphaul, and tugs. The sail does not budge. Jessie glides by.

JESSIE
It's really pretty easy. You'll get
it, eventually.

Audrey forces a smile until Jessie passes. She pulls like the sail is Thor's hammer...but she remains unworthy.

Skog cruises in and eases his sail into the water.

SKOG
Well look at you. Balancing and
everything. And almost uphauling.

Jessie sees them together, stops, turns, and sails back.

SKOG
(to Jessie)
Let's not get too close.

Audrey grins at Jessie. Jessie frowns, sails a few feet away, drops her sail, and straddles her board.

SKOG
(to Audrey)
Good. Feet on either side of the
mast base. Crouch down more.

Audrey stumbles a bit but manages to get into position.

SKOG
Bend at the knees. Keep your back
straight. Now push with your legs
and lean back.

Audrey follows his instructions. The sail stays down.

AUDREY
Feels like it's nailed down.

SKOG

That's because there's all that water on it. But there's a beautiful move for that called the S-curve.

He makes a side to side motion as he instructs.

SKOG

As you're lifting, remember, with your legs, pull the tip of the mast towards the nose of the board, then back toward the tail.

She pauses to absorb it all and makes her move. Like magic, the sail rises out of the water with the mast tip tracing an S-curve in the air.

For the first time all day, Audrey smiles. She gets the mast up...but too close. She tilts backwards and FAH-LOOSH, falls in. She comes up frowning.

SKOG

Hey, you got it out of the water. That's a big step.

AUDREY

Yeah, but if I can't get anywhere, what's the point?

A few other students sail by. One WINDSURFING STUDENT calls out to Skog.

WINDSURFING STUDENT

Hey, how do I get planing?

SKOG

Need a little more wind. The north end looks good.

(to Audrey)

Don't pull the sail up so close. You'll get it.

JESSIE

Eventually.

Skog, Jessie, and the group head north.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Street lights come on. In the growing twilight, Audrey, exhausted, leans on her car.

Brad pulls up in a car laden with windsurfing gear.

BRAD

When you gonna get that bumper fixed?

AUDREY

Don't know. Kind of used to it now.

BRAD

You looked pretty good out there today, Audrey.

AUDREY

You saw that?

BRAD

Sailing back from the north end.

AUDREY

I'm still not getting anywhere yet. And I'm so sore.

Brad gets out of his car and leans on her car near her.

BRAD

It'll go away.

AUDREY

The older I get, the more I understand the whole transgender thing.

BRAD

You're not thinking about getting an...operation.

AUDREY

No. I'm a woman all right. But I still feel like I'm in the wrong body. Think I need a younger one.

Brad smiles. They enjoy the moment. Their gazes stray up to the night sky.

BRAD

Keep your nose off the mast.

AUDREY

What?

BRAD

So you don't fall in after you pull up the sail. Keep your nose at least a foot away from the mast. Then, you lean back and use the sail to balance.

Audrey looks baffled. He faces her, grabs her by the shoulders, and pulls her towards him until her nose is about a foot from his. He leans back and forth.

BRAD

See? Like this.

There eyes meet. Brad moves in a little closer.

Audrey pulls loose and hurries into her car.

AUDREY

I better get that bumper fixed.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA PARKING LOT - DAY

Audrey tugs a board off the trailer behind Skog's RV, sets it on the lawn, and goes back for a rig.

Denice pulls the hotel van into a slot near the RV.

DENICE

You're here early.

Denice slides a slick new board out of the van.

AUDREY

I'm on time. You can't afford a car, but you bought that?

DENICE

Gotta have your priorities. I sold a snowboard for it. For these lessons, that's early for you.

Jessie carries her expensive new board past them.

JESSIE

You should get your own. Maybe you wouldn't have so much trouble.

AUDREY

Doing fine, thanks.

Jessie nods toward the RV.

JESSIE

Been in there yet?

Audrey balks, searching mightily for a comeback.

JESSIE

Guess not.

Audrey, thwarted, watches Jessie carries her board toward the students clustered on the beach around Skog.

AUDREY

Yeah. See you down there.

(to Denice)

With all the other young, fit, hot, rich assholes.

DENICE

Hey, at least I'm not rich.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA BEACH - DAY

The cluster of students watch Skog tilt his head to gaze at the sky. He squints at clouds on the horizon.

SKOG

Wind will probably pick up in a couple of hours. Why don't you all get out there and practice. I'll come out to each of you and see how you're doing.

The students grab their boards and rigs and head out.

Audrey pulls her rig into the water along side her board.

Skog watches her pop the mast base into the board and climb onto the board.

She crouches on the board, straightens her legs, and pulls the rig up. She grabs the mast just below the boom and keeps her nose away from it.

AUDREY

I'll be damned. It works.

Audrey balances herself with the rig.

Skog grabs the tail of the board.

SKOG

You know how to turn this thing yet?

Audrey almost falls, but recovers.

AUDREY

Can't I get a ride first?

SKOG

Well, you could, but then, how you gonna get back? 'Cuz, I'm not coming after you. I got other students.

Audrey, still balancing, gives him a forlorn look.

SKOG

Tell you what...

EXT. LAKE OKABENA PARKING LOT - DAY

Brad pulls his car into a slot.

He unbuckles the straps holding his board and gear on the roofrack and looks towards the water.

He sees Audrey standing on a windsurfer.

BRAD
(pleased)
Sonuvabitch.

He notices Skog looking up from the water talking to her.

BRAD
(not so pleased)
Sonuvabitch.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA BEACH - DAY

A large coil of rope on the beach unwinds as Skog pulls its end toward Audrey. He ties the end onto the back strap of Audrey's board.

Audrey sees Jessie and another student point and giggle.

AUDREY
Really?

SKOG
Just for a while. You're doing a good job balancing. Keep it up.

He slogs around the board through the knee-high water to where Audrey can see him. He acts out as he talks.

SKOG
Watch me. Move your front hand up onto the boom.

Audrey imitates his move.

SKOG
Now, with your other hand, grab back on the boom, and pull in slowly.

She does and the board starts moving a little.

SKOG
Perfect.

Brad hurries to Skog's side as Audrey sails away.

BRAD
Audrey, keep the tip of the mast tilted forward.

Skog, surprised and annoyed, yells.

SKOG

Yeah, keep it tilted forward.

Audrey pulls in more and more and goes faster and faster.

Audrey's excited inner little girl comes out as a SQUEAL.

AUDREY

I'm doing it!

Like an admiring dad, Brad yells out to her.

BRAD

You're doing it!

SKOG

She's doing it.

Skog watches her get out about a hundred feet and yells.

SKOG

Okay. Let out the sail and drop it.

AUDREY

But I'm just --

BRAD

(to Skog)

Maybe you should let her go a little --

SKOG

Drop the sail.

She lets out the sail. The board stalls. She drops the sail.

SKOG

Sit down on the board.

Audrey, deflated, sits and Skog hauls her board back in.

BRAD

You should have let her try.

SKOG

And go after her when she gets stranded? I got other students.

BRAD

Then, maybe somebody else should teach her.

SKOG

Like you, maybe? Look, I've been doing this a long time. It's not as easy as it looks to teach this stuff, especially with somebody like --

BRAD

Audrey? Tell you what. It's starting to cap out there. How about you and me have a little race? Winner teaches Audrey.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA - DAY

WHOOSH. Fresh wind kicks up whitecaps. Motorboats slap their hulls across the growing waves on their way to the docks.

On the beach, swimmers pull towels around themselves. Families and sunbathers wrap themselves in blankets.

Beginner windsurfers cling to their booms for dear life and head for the beach.

One gets catapulted up an over her sail and SPA-LOOSH, hits the water like she came off a high dive.

SWISH. High tech catamarans race, each with their windward pontoon angled way out of the water, their crews hiked out as far as they can to keep from flipping.

Seasoned windsurfers, afraid of missing sweet rides, hurry to get the rigged and get their wind and water fix.

Brad and Skog, in up their knees, float their rigs on the wind and use them to get their boards into position.

BRAD

(yells over the wind)

See that dock at the north end? We turn there. First one back wins.

SKOG

Fair enough.

Their sails bounce and jostle in the wind. Both eye the water upwind of them to find the right gust.

Brad catches one first. It pulls him up onto his board and he shoots away, hooks in, and flies over the waves.

Skog grins and does likewise.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA BEACH - DAY

Audrey, Denice, Jessie, and other students watch Brad and Skog blast over the chop.

AUDREY

Holy shit!

DENICE

Right? That's what I'm talking about.

ON THE WATER

Skog edges up to within a board length of Brad. HISS. The water sizzles behind them like it's turning to steam.

Brad pulls in on his sail and pulls away.

Skog catches him again until he hits a flat spot.

ON THE BEACH

DENICE

Okay, Brad.

(to the others)

He knows where the wind shadows are.

JESSIE

But Skog's the pro. And he's got the best equipment.

ON THE WATER

Brad gets to the dock and loses speed turning around.

Skog blasts past the dock and scorches through his turn.

Brad checks over his shoulder.

Skog comes on fast.

A couple of hundred yards out, Skog catches Brad.

ON THE BEACH

AUDREY

They're gonna hit the beach.

DENICE

They got it under control.

ON THE WATER

Both lean back on broad reaches. To go as fast as possible, they inch their rigs up towards vertical to catch more wind until they are on the edge of losing control.

Skog catches up to Brad, shadows him, and blasts away.

Brad pumps his sail to get back his speed and catch Skog.

Too little. Too late.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA BEACH - DAY

Skog lets out his sail, hops off his board, and carries them both to dry land.

Right behind him, Brad almost crashes into the beach. He drags his board and rig out of the water.

They both set down their rigs and face each other.

SKOG

Don't worry Brad. I'm not competing this weekend.

BRAD

So, you are afraid I might beat you.

SKOG

I'm really not the competitor type. It's too much work. Too much trouble.

Brad's gaze strays to Audrey standing on the beach.

BRAD

You that way about women too?

SKOG

Kind of. I like the friend zone.

BRAD

You like not getting laid?

SKOG

Oh, I get laid. I'm just not greedy about a particular woman's affection.

BRAD

I don't get it.

SKOG

My philosophy is to just be grateful and let her move on to someone else.

BRAD

Maybe that works on the road. Town like this, your options shrink fast.

They don't see Audrey approaching.

SKOG

Maybe you need to get on the road.

BRAD

You know, it'd be easier for me to believe that crap if you weren't such a smug son-of-a-bitch.

Skog hefts his board and rig.

SKOG

Probably, but then I'd be like you.

Skog carries his gear toward his RV.

Audrey comes up behind Brad.

AUDREY

What'd he mean by that?

To avoid looking at Audrey, Brad focuses on breaking down his rig.

BRAD

Nothing. Absolutely nothing.

He grabs his gear and stalks away. Audrey follows him.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA PARKING LOT - DAY

Discouraged, Brad lugs his gear to his car. Audrey hurries to catch up to him.

AUDREY

You almost beat him.

BRAD

Please. Don't. You're not my teacher.
I'm not your student.

Brad lays his board on the car rack.

AUDREY

No. I mean, you're right. I --

BRAD

I thought I could teach you something,
but...guess not.

He stows the rest of his gear and gets in the car. Brad revs the engine and glances at Audrey's car.

BRAD

So, you finally got your bumper fixed.

Audrey opens her mouth to reply. He drives away.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA BEACH LAWN - DAY

Audrey walks back to her stuff and sits at the picnic table.

Skog, in T-shirt and shorts, flip-flops across the grass with a mast extender in his hand. He hands it to Audrey.

SKOG

Your buddy Brad forgot this.

AUDREY

You could have let him win.

SKOG

He'd have known. And anyways, if I look bad, I lose students.

AUDREY

You gave me two thousand bucks. Now you're worried about losing business?

SKOG

Money I got. I hate to lose windsurfers. Take you for instance.

AUDREY

Sure. Money's no big deal and you're going to teach me to windsurf no matter what.

Skog climbs onto the picnic table and sits beside her.

SKOG

You were a teacher. You must have had a student that made you think, if I can just get her on track...

She looks him in the eye. No bullshit there.

AUDREY

You really do want to teach me.

Skog leans in close, the closest Audrey's been since she doesn't know when. A breeze tousles their hair.

SKOG

Whatever it takes.

AUDREY

Let me move my car. It's a small town.

INT. SKOG'S RV - NIGHT

Audrey fidgets to get comfortable on a lumpy padded bench behind the driver's seat.

Dim yellowish lights reveal a chunky 1970s interior with all items neatly stowed in bins and shelves. As her eyes adjust, she notices mysterious stains on the seat and fold-down table.

Nervous, she yells into the back of the RV.

AUDREY
So, you're living in this thing and
you say money's no problem.

SKOG (O.S.)
I wasn't always doing this.

AUDREY
Ah, you made a big score.

SKOG (O.S.)
Kind of.

AUDREY
Real estate scam? Drugs? Gambling?

SKOG (O.S.)
Patents.

AUDREY
You stole patents?

Skog enters from the bedroom carrying a bottle of scotch.

SKOG
No one can steal patents. They're
public. I invented a couple of things.

AUDREY
Lagavulin? Not bad.

He pours her a hefty glass. She holds her hand out to stop
him pouring and takes it from him.

Skog opens a low-alcohol beer.

AUDREY
I see. Get me smashed while you stay
sober. Why don't you just pop in a
roofie while you're at it?

SKOG
You don't have to drink it all. Is
there anybody you don't think is out
to get you somehow?

AUDREY
I don't trust you enough to discuss
my trust issues.

He sits near her on the lumpy bench.

SKOG
It's bigger than trust. You have
quite a stranglehold on reality.

AUDREY

And it's hard earned.

SKOG

But you don't know. Your life could be great from now on. You might be one adrenaline rush from happiness.

AUDREY

So now we're talking about sex.

SKOG

Windsurfing. But since you brought it up...

EXT. LAKE OKABENA PARKING LOT - NIGHT

On the other side of the parking lot from the RV, Brad pulls his car into a slot under a streetlight.

Denice gets out of the passenger seat.

Brad gets out and turns on a flashlight.

BRAD

This is where I was parked before.

They both search around his car.

BRAD

It was that long one. I gotta have it or I can't rig my big sail. 'Course, he still beat me.

DENICE

It doesn't mean anything, ya know.

BRAD

Easy for you to say, with all those snowboarding trophies.

Denice sees Audrey's car, now parked in a secluded corner of the lot and notices moving shadows in Skog's RV.

DENICE

It's probably on the beach.

She gets between him and the view of Audrey's car.

INT. SKOG'S RV - NIGHT

Audrey sees an unopened can of SPAM on the counter.

AUDREY

You eat SPAM?

SKOG
You make it sound like an STD.

She shoves the can into a cupboard and closes the door.

SKOG
Ah, we're safe now.

Audrey stands and faces Skog.

AUDREY
Just so we're clear, I've never used a sex toy in my life. Never gotten rug burns. Haven't done a lot of positions but I'm fine with trying.

SKOG
Are you being ironic, because --

AUDREY
You can't be ironic after forty. Everyone takes you seriously.

SKOG
-- I lean more towards --

AUDREY
Oh, and no anal. Yes to oral, but mutual. Just thought I'd give you a head's up. Are you married?

Skog sits on the bench.

SKOG
Do you really think anyone else would put up with this kind of life?

AUDREY
Are you?

SKOG
Was. She died, years ago. And my son. Car accident.

AUDREY
So, you're not currently involved?

He frowns. Was that clumsy or callous? Clumsy. He smiles.

SKOG
My only true love is Mariah.

AUDREY
Again, we can't be ironic, particularly with old musicals and especially if all you want is meaningless sex.

SKOG

It would mean a lot to me right now.

Audrey stands and edges to the door.

AUDREY

This just doesn't feel...I don't know...It's not the right time.

SKOG

Let me know when that is. You still want to learn windsurfing, right?

AUDREY

Ya know...I do.

Skog stands and hands her the mast extender.

SKOG

You gonna see Brad?

AUDREY

It's a small town.

Audrey takes the mast extender and exits.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA BEACH LAWN - NIGHT

Brad hurries out of the dark toward the harshly lit parking lot. Denice follows.

DENICE

Maybe it's farther down the beach.

BRAD

Nah. I'm pretty sure I had it with me when I got back here.

DENICE

It's back there. I'm sure.

The RV door BANGs shut.

Audrey walks to her car carrying Brad's mast extension.

Brad sees Audrey. He glares at Denice.

DENICE

Oh look, there it is.

Brad runs toward Audrey. Denice runs behind.

AT AUDREY'S CAR

Audrey turns to see Brad hurtling toward her.

AUDREY
Looking for this?

Audrey holds out the mast extension.

Brad skids to a halt and glares at her.

She offers the extension again. He takes it.

BRAD
Thanks.

He turns on his heel and marches toward his car.

He stops and turns back.

BRAD
You may think he knows everything,
but he's not teaching you how to do
it safely. It's not like swimming in
a pool. You're all alone out there.

Brad marches back to his car.

The engine's ROAR fades into the night.

DENICE
(to Audrey)
Guess I need a ride.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA BEACH - DAY

Audrey and Denice lug their boards across the sand, chatting
away as best buds do until they come upon...

...Jessie and a few beginners clustered around her new board.

JESSIE
The guy said something about it being,
like, a wide slalom board.

AUDREY
(to Denice)
Oh geez, here we go.

The best buds set down their boards.

JESSIE
And it has a super wide wind range.
I can sail with an extra big sail
and a monster fin if I want. And, oh
yeah, he said it has an awesome carve
jibe response.

AUDREY

Ah, finally someone with the gumption to bloviate about jejune and derivative shenanigans.

JESSIE

What?

DENICE

She said, do you even know what any of that crap means?

Skog ambles up, crouches near the board, and studies it.

JESSIE

Who cares? It was the most expensive board in the shop.

SKOG

Yeah, that's a sweet board, all right.

Jessie, proud, thrusts out her naturally thrust chest.

SKOG

Knowing how to handle it is what counts. A good windsurfer can get across the lake sailing a door.

AUDREY

Want to show us?

SKOG

No. I want you all to get your boards and your asses in the water. The wind's coming up and you gotta learn to lean into it.

Everyone heads for the water. Skog stops Audrey.

SKOG

You still have to learn to turn.

Skog helps get her board and rig in the water.

SKOG

I'm only going to show you this one more time. Watch. Practice.

Skog hops onto the board, pulls the sail up, and holds it.

SKOG

Remember, let it hang out there.

He demonstrates as he talks.

SKOG

Lean it and step around the mast.
Keep your feet close the mast base
and take little steps.

Skog hops off and slogs to the other students.

Audrey gazes at the board. She climbs on.

Skog addresses the rest of the class.

SKOG

All right. Wind's coming up. When it
hits twelve miles an hour, that's
when you need to lean back.

He takes the board from a nearby student and holds the boom
so the sail floats on the wind. He glances at Audrey.

Audrey struggles to turn her board. Pretty wobbly.

Skog demonstrates for his students.

SKOG

Watch. You push your hips in, arch
your back, and lean.

The sail, barely held down by Skog's weight, twitches.

SKOG

Let the wind hold you up. That's
when you start planing. And that, my
friends, is when you really start
windsurfing.

SPLOOSH! Audrey falls in.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA BEACH - LATER

Near shore, Audrey struggles to turn her board in place.
Almost gets it turned around and...SPLOOSH!...falls in.

AUDREY

What the hell?

Audrey, winded and pissed, watches Jessie, on her new board,
cruise in, turn, and sail out, flawlessly.

Brad, in a shorty wetsuit and helmet, saunters to the water's
edge. He pulls off his helmet and taunts Audrey.

BRAD

And to think you used to teach her.

Audrey drags her board and rig into the shallows.

AUDREY

Thanks for reminding me...Oh, got it. This is you getting even. Look, Skog and I talked a little is all.

BRAD

Apparently not enough. You still can't turn.

AUDREY

We didn't talk about...why am I talking to you?

Brad steps into the water and slogs to Audrey's side.

BRAD

You want to learn to turn or not?

AUDREY

I could do it. It's this stupid board.

Brad gives her a "really" look and climbs on. He smoothly turns the board, 360 one way, 360 the other. He hops off.

BRAD

Don't be such a beach baby.
(off her glare)
Just get up there, will you?

Audrey climbs onto the board and gets the sail up.

BRAD

Awesome. You got it balanced. Now, don't turn the sail, turn the board.
(off her puzzled look)
Hold it up while you push the board around with your feet.
(more puzzled)
Pull with your left foot and push with the right.

Audrey spins a 180 and beams, amazed at herself.

Jessie sails in and fake smiles.

JESSIE

My, my. Look at you.

Jessie turns her board around and sails back out.

Brad sees the disdain in Audrey's face. A teaching moment.

BRAD

Gawd she is irritating. And with that new board she'll probably win the beginner's race.

AUDREY

You know I don't compete for anything.

BRAD

Right, right. That's only for rich, popular, entitled people, like her.

Audrey steps off her board and faces Brad.

AUDREY

It's just stupid. Let it go.

BRAD

And you probably couldn't learn fast enough to get to her level anyway.

AUDREY

Please leave it.

BRAD

Maybe with the right teacher.

Audrey looks past Brad at Skog teaching a group of students.

AUDREY

You know what? You're right.

BRAD

That's the spirit. We can start --

She slogs towards Skog. Deflated, Brad watches her go.

INT. TRAVELODGE HOTEL BAR - EVENING

Patrons mill back and forth past Brad and Denice who sit at the bar sipping drinks. Brad, frustrated and depressed, talks a little too loud.

BRAD

And then she just took off. What the hell is it going take for her to --

DENICE

Bang you?

BRAD

I was gonna say go out with me, but eventually it would be nice if --

DENICE

You got it on?

(off his wince)

You gotta be able to at least say the words.

DENICE

Just say it. I want to bone Audrey Patton.

BRAD

Do I have to say bone? It sounds so...harsh.

DENICE

Screw? Bang? Shag?

BRAD

Still too harsh.

DENICE

Pork?

BRAD

Too much like SPAM.

DENICE

Diddle?...Okay, make love?

BRAD

Sounds so...difficult.

Brad takes a drink to calm himself.

BRAD

I know her all my life and can't get anywhere. That clown blows into town and he's --

DENICE

-- mysterious and hunky topped off with a hint of pathos.

BRAD

Yeah, but have you smelled the guy?
(off her dreamy look)
Are you kidding?

DENICE

Hey, I'm not the only one who's noticed.

INT. SKOG'S RV - NIGHT

Skog and Jessie roll together as one beast across the mattress and bounce off the walls. Jessie ends up on top. Panting and grinding hard, she urges him on in a breathy voice.

JESSIE

Ooo. I thought about you all day.

Skog's expression flashes between passion for her body and repulsion to her voice and words.

JESSIE

Your chest, your abs, your butt. I want your --

SKOG

Tell you what. Let's play a game.

JESSIE

Is it a sex game? I love sexy sex games that involve...sex.

SKOG

A sex game. Yes. Let's not use words. Let's pretend we're animals and all we do is grunt and yowl and --

JESSIE

Raaawr...Grrrrr...

She nuzzles his neck and purrs. Skog looks relieved. They go back to bouncing off the walls.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA PARKING LOT

Rising sun behind her, eager Audrey heads to the gear trailer behind the RV.

The hotel van pulls by her and parks. Out pops Denice.

DENICE

Look who's all hot to go.

WHOOMP. The door of the RV flops open. Skog stumbles out of his RV in only trunks.

Denice watches Audrey watch Jessie stumble out after him.

Audrey stalks past the bleary couple to the trailer.

AUDREY

Just getting my stuff.

SKOG

Yeah, uh, I'll, uh, see you on the beach.

Audrey yanks a board off the rack.

AUDREY

Yeah, you will.

She aims a glare at Jessie and stalks toward the lawn. Denice, carrying her board, catches up to Audrey.

DENICE

I guess just because a guy's wife
and son died tragically doesn't mean
he can't be a jerk.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA BEACH - DAY

Skog, holding a coil of rope, watches Audrey guide her board
and rig into hip deep water.

Nearby, Jessie and Denice, haul up their sails.

DENICE

Race you to the raft?

Jessie nods towards Audrey.

JESSIE

What? Your buddy can't do it?

Audrey leans on her board and lifts herself onto it. Skog
grabs its tail and ties a rope to it.

AUDREY

I don't need that.

SKOG

Until you can turn around --

AUDREY

I can do it. I did it yesterday.

SKOG

Good. Then do it today so I can see
it. The rope stays until you do.

Skog looks toward the horizon.

SKOG

And you better get going, the wind
is coming up.

Jessie aims a sarcastic grin at Audrey and sails away.

Denice gives Audrey a mischievous smile and blows past Jessie.

A wind gust WHISTLES through the Audrey's rig. Tiny ripples
build into large ripples. Eager to catch them both, Audrey
lifts her sail. She pulls in the boom and scoots toward them.

The rope uncoils faster and faster.

Audrey grins, hauls in her boom, and speeds up.

SKOG

Holy crap.

Skog grabs for the last few loops of rope.

Audrey purposely stalls, hangs her sail out, turns a one-eighty, and heads back to the beach.

His cool turns to concern for her as the wind HOWLS and small waves get big. Skog takes up the slack and yells to her.

SKOG

Okay, okay. You got it. Get back in.

Fifty yards out, Audrey stops and sits on her board. She reaches back to the rope.

SKOG

Damn.

(yells to her)

Audrey, don't do that.

With a smug smirk, Audrey unties the rope. She throws it at Skog. She yanks her sail up, heads the board toward open water, and takes off.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA - DAY

WHOOSH... The wind tugs at Audrey's sail. A bit wobbly, she clutches the boom.

Audrey gets up speed, churns up a wake, and passes Jessie.

AUDREY

Yes!

Audrey relaxes. She even smiles.

AUDREY

Okay. Okay, this is fun.

HISS. Audrey's wake sounds like it's turning to steam.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA BEACH - DAY

Spurred by wind fever, a couple dozen ace windsurfers rig on the grass lawn. The first ones charge to the sand.

One of them is Brad, wetsuited and ready to go.

He sees Denice, calm as always, pull her board onto the beach.

Brad slogs into the water, grabs her sail, and follows her.

DENICE

More than I can handle. Looks like you're gonna have a good day.

BRAD

You betcha'!

A couple of female ACE windsurfers haul boards to the beach. A few guys rig their sails and change out fins. Everyone glances at the water for signs of building wind.

ACE #1

I saw a few whitecaps on the way in.

ACE #2

Yeah, looks like it's filling in at the far end.

In amongst them, Skog checks his wind meter.

SKOG

Fourteen gusting to twenty-two.

Close to shore, Skog's students get knocked off their boards by the gusts. Skog wades in to help them.

SKOG

Okay everyone. Let's call it a day.

Skog helps a guy who looks exhausted haul his rig in.

Brad wades in and helps a bedraggled teenage guy and his girlfriend get their sails and boards to the beach.

BRAD

You'll get it. With a little more practice, this will seem like heaven.

Exhausted, they give him grateful smiles.

SKOG

(to Brad)

Thanks. Hard to get to all of them.

The first few aces hit the beach and launch.

BRAD

Yeah. All happens at once.

Denice, pulling a sail, comes up behind them.

DENICE

Where's Audrey?

EXT. LAKE OKABENA - DAY

WHOOSH. Gusts make Audrey struggle to stay on her board.

AUDREY

Gotta calm down. I can always swim.
I can always swim. I can always...

Over her shoulder, she steals a quick glance back at the beach, now a quarter mile away.

AUDREY

Gotta calm down.

SPLOOSH! A gust knocks her into the choppy water.

WHOOSH. Wind teases white caps off the waves.

Audrey pops up under the sail, gasping.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA BEACH - DAY

Skog, Brad, and Denice squint to see Audrey's board half way across the lake.

SKOG

She's down.

BRAD

Sail's just laying there. I don't see her.

DENICE

Give her a minute.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA - DAY

Audrey ducks under and pops up near the sail. She clambers onto the board and straddles it.

AUDREY

Damn. Well, this isn't right.

Audrey takes a few breaths and settles.

She slides back in the water and aims the board toward shore.

She climbs back on, hauls the sail up, and gets going.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA BEACH - DAY

Denice points. Skog and Brad look.

DENICE

She's up!

BRAD

Damn. Down again.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA - DAY

WHOO-OOO-WISH. Wind howls over Audrey who sputters and clings to her board in the rolling swells.

AUDREY

Damn. What the hell am I doing wrong?
It was working before.

She drags herself onto the board. Exhausted, she decides on the better part of valor. She screams and waves her arms at windsurfers blasting across the lake.

AUDREY

Hey! Need help here! Help! Hey!

EXT. LAKE OKABENA BEACH - DAY

Brad sees Audrey waving. He glares at Skog.

BRAD

She's getting blown downwind from those guys. Nobody can hear her.

SKOG

I told her to come in.

BRAD

You know she doesn't listen.

DENICE

Here's a thought. Quit arguing and get the boat.

Brad and Skog race towards the boathouse.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA - DAY

WHOOO-ISSSH... The wind whips spray at Audrey, fighting her rig to stay on her board. Frustration becomes anger. She tilts her head up and bellows at the gods.

AUDREY

It's not enough that you wrecked my marriage. You get me stuck on this stupid thing and now you're going to drown me?

She crouches and grabs the uphaul rope.

AUDREY

All I wanted was one tiny break!

With her last ounce of energy, she gets the sail up.

AUDREY

Everyone else gets them! Why not me?

The board bounces. Audrey feels herself fall backward.

AUDREY

Son of a bitch!

Audrey yanks hard on the boom. The sail inflates.

The board shoots forward and onto a plane.

Audrey holds on for dear life.

AUDREY

Holy crap!

Exhausted, aching, but amped up by the speed, she hangs on and blasts across the waves.

Coming from the shore, an electric Zodiac boat plows through the waves.

Audrey sees Brad at the stern steering and Skog at the prow pointing towards her. The boat slows as she approaches. Brad yells to her.

BRAD

Looks like you're doing all right.

SWOOSH! Hanging on for dear life, Audrey blows right by them.

The guys look at each other and shake their heads.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA BEACH - LATER

Denice and Jessie, in a cluster of Skog's windsurfers on the beach, watch wide-eyed as Audrey hurtles toward them.

SPLOOSH! With only the strength of over-cooked spaghetti, she tumbles off her board a few feet from the beach.

Audrey stands, shaky, but triumphant.

AUDREY

Whoa! That was awesome!

Denice head-bobs her praise and wades in to grab the board.

AUDREY

I can't open my hands, but it was awesome.

The Zodiac boat slips onto the shore behind her.

AUDREY

You gotta teach me more.

Brad and Skog see each other grin and stop grinning.

Audrey aims her gaze at Jessie.

AUDREY

I am signing up for that race.

INT. TRAVELODGE HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Audrey, sore and ecstatic, strolls in looking more like a windsurfer and less like a retired teacher, from her sandals and short shorts to her open neckline and open grin.

Brad, nursing a beer at the bar, blinks, amazed.

BRAD

Well, look at you. Like you got laid
by the wind.

Audrey sits on the stool next to him and babbles.

AUDREY

I know, right? It is so exhausting,
but so worth it.

BRAD

You'll get better. Pretty soon you'll --

AUDREY

When I was stuck under that sail, I
thought for sure that was it.

BRAD

Everybody goes through it, even Skog.

AUDREY

I got so mad, I just yanked on that
boom and BAM! First time getting
pissed paid off for me. Planing is
so cool.

Brad succumbs to her verbal barrage and just nods and smiles.

AUDREY

You frigging fly! I still haven't
figured out the right angle though.
Sometimes I'm like this, and then...

EXT. LAKE OKABENA BEACH LAWN - DAY

SWOOSH. Wind drives bands of wavelets across the lake.

Audrey, mesmerized by the sight, stands with Denice at the edge of Skog's windsurfing flock and gazes past him.

SKOG

Now that everybody is up to speed...

He grins at Audrey, pleased that she's studying the wind.

She catches herself in the act and returns a weak grin.

SKOG

...we can get to beach starting.

DENICE

Thank gawd.

SKOG

Indeed. Once you learn this, unless the wind is really light, you won't have to uphaul in the shallows. And, beach starting teaches you how to angle the board using the sail. Which --

DENICE

-- is what you need to know for waterstarting.

SKOG

(surprised and pleased)

Ah, yeah...Okay then, the beachstart.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA BEACH - DAY

Audrey, Denice, and Jessie stand on the sand with Skog's other eager windsurfing students.

WHOOSH...The wind tickles Skog's sail. In up to his waist, he holds the boom to push his board into position.

SKOG

See how this goes? Mast tip not too high or too low. Get that balance.

He eyes the group to see if they got it.

SKOG

What comes next has to happen pretty quickly. You put your foot on the board, push up the mast, and tug in with your back hand.

Skog makes it look easy and sails away from shore. He snaps the board around, sails back, and hops off the board.

SKOG

The trick is in the set up.

Skog gets the board back in starting position. He catches Jessie's eye and, while he demonstrates, injects a tone of sexual innuendo as he instructs.

SKOG
You get it too low...

The wind goes out of the sail and it drops.

SKOG
...and your sail just deflates.

Audrey and Denice exchange eye-rolls.

SKOG
You get it too upright...

He gets pulled forward and recovers.

SKOG
...and you get pulled over. But keep
it just right...

Skog gets the sail back in position.

SKOG
...and you can steer that thing
wherever you want.

He swings the nose of the board upwind and then downwind.

SKOG
Just push and pull on the boom and
the mast follows.

AUDREY
(whispers to Denice)
Oh. Come. On.

Skog aims a lascivious smile at Jessie.

SKOG
Come on in and help me demonstrate
the finer points.

Jessie scampers into the water like an excited puppy.

AUDREY
(to Denice)
Geesus.

DENICE
Just focus on the windsurfing.

Skog holds the boom with one hand and guides Jessie into position between him and the boom.

SKOG

There you go. Grab it like that.

He wraps his arms around Jessie and grabs the boom with hands on either side of her. Skog moves the boom and board with her like they were dancing.

SKOG

Up and down. Back and forth.

JESSIE

(breathless)

Yeah. I...I think I got it.

Denice sees that Audrey is about to say something.

DENICE

Focus, Audrey, focus.

Skog lets go and turns to the crowd.

SKOG

Okay. Let's all try it.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA BEACH - LATER

A few of Skog's windsurfers catch on quick, beachstart, and cruise away. Others swing their rigs up and down, back and forth, searching for that magic position.

None search harder than Audrey. WHOOSH! A gust yanks the rig out of her hands and SLAP! It hits the water.

Denice moves her sail up a little. A little down. It balances.

Skog marches along the row of windsurfers shouting advice.

SKOG

Don't just move the sail around.
Feel what happens as you do it.

AUDREY

Like that'll make it all better.

DENICE

Actually, yeah, he's right.

Denice places her foot, pulls herself up, and sails out.

SKOG

See? That's what I'm talking about.

AUDREY

Yeah, well she's an athlete.

Skog wades into the water to face Audrey, nose to nose.

SKOG

No. I think it's because she doesn't
fight me every step of the way.

AUDREY

Or, maybe you're a bad teacher.

SKOG

It's not the same as teaching English.

Satisfied that he's shut her up, he slogs back to shore.

AUDREY

(mutters)

More like teaching gym class.

She watches him stroll the beach until he gets to Jessie. He
talks. She giggles. Audrey forces herself to keep watching
Skog physically guide Jessie.

Jessie beachstarts and sails off.

Audrey imitates Jessie's moves. The sail snaps into position.

Audrey takes a breath, grabs her boom, steps up, yanks,
and...SWOOSH...SPLASH, gets tossed over the board.

She scrambles back to the start position. Steps up, yanks,
and SPLASH! Backward into the drink.

Over and over. Step up, yank, and...SPLASH! Yank and...

EXT. LAKE OKABENA BEACH - MUCH LATER

Orange sun touches the horizon. Calls of night fauna ECHO
across the lake to the public beach area where...

...Audrey finally beachstarts.

AUDREY

WHOO-HOOOOOOOOO!

Her call melds with the fauna's. She cruises into the sunset.

INT. TRAVELODGE HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Brad, clipboard in hand, strides across the floor and talks
on his cellphone.

BRAD

You gotta get the tables and chairs
here by Thursday...Yeah, but you
know they have to be set up by...I
am not paying extra...the contract --

Audrey, tanned and beaming, comes up behind Brad.

AUDREY
I beachstarted!

Brad almost drops his phone and clipboard. Irritated, he turns to her and brings his phone back to his ear.

AUDREY
Sorry. Didn't know you were on the...

BRAD
(into phone)
Get them here on Thursday.

AUDREY
(conspiratorially)
...but I beachstarted!

BRAD
(into phone)
No, it's got to be Thursday or you
can shove that contract up your ass.
(to Audrey)
What?
(into phone)
Yeah, love to Marcia.

He taps out of the call and glares at Audrey.

AUDREY
I thought you'd be happy for me.

BRAD
I am happy for you. But, I'm kind of --

AUDREY
And I did by myself. Mostly. Skog
said you have to feel it. And, I
felt it. I really felt it.

BRAD
That's great Audrey, but --

Brad glances at his clipboard.

BRAD
Audrey, if it were any other time...

AUDREY
What is it with you? You've been
badgering me to windsurf like,
forever, and when I finally start
getting it...Is this about that thing
with Skog?

BRAD

No! I don't care.

Audrey goes from buoyant to bummed.

BRAD

I mean about you and Skog. Can't you see I've got...I'm happy that you're happy that you beachstarted. I'm happy that you're windsurfing. I really am. When the regatta's over, I'll have time to teach you, but right now --

AUDREY

That's too late.

BRAD

For years I offered to teach you. Now, all of a sudden you can't wait?

AUDREY

Jessie's entering the beginner's race. I have beat her. It's a moral imperative.

BRAD

Don't you think it's a little soon to be thinking about that sort of --

AUDREY

You don't think I can do it.

BRAD

Audrey, I'm just saying it's not safe to get too overconfident. You gotta know your limits. When you're out on a board, nobody there's to --

AUDREY

Fine. I'll learn on my own.

Brad, deflated, watches Audrey stomp out the door.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA BEACH - DAY

Across the lake, pillars of clouds collect.

Way out on the water, Denice cruises in a steady breeze.

Near the shore, Audrey beachstarts, heads out about a hundred feet, turns, comes back, and beachstarts again.

Skog stands on the sand and yells advice to his students as they practice beachstarting and turning.

SKOG

That's it, but point the nose downwind more...Kevin, keep your hips in.

Jessie pulls her rig to the beach, opens the neckline of her shortie wetsuit and sidles up next to Skog.

JESSIE

Who do you think looks good?

SKOG

What?

JESSIE

I mean, who should I worry about for the race?

SKOG

Just focus on your windsurfing.

JESSIE

Like, do you think Audrey's any good?

SKOG

Jessie, just get in the water.

Glum, Jessie marches to her board.

Denice cruises into shore.

DENICE

Come on. It's awesome out there.

AUDREY

I'm going to work on my beachstarting.

Skog strolls the shoreline.

SKOG

Okay people, come on in. Time to learn how to get back in the straps.

He grabs a board and turns it sideways.

SKOG

Yeah, these things on the back of the board? They really are for something. When you really get blasting, they keep you connected to the board.

Skog unscrews the fin off the bottom of his board.

SKOG

What I'm going to teach you may take a while to sink in.

He lays the board on the sand and stands on it.

SKOG

I'm only here until the regatta, so
I'll take you through it now.

Skog stands on the centerline of the board and places his back foot near the first strap.

SKOG

It's not that hard, but you gotta be
light on your feet. What you want to
do is put your weight on your forward
foot and slide the back foot in.
Then, ease your weight onto your
back foot.

He steps off the board and peers across the lake.

SKOG

Looks like we got some wind until
the storm hits. Stay close and try
getting in the straps.

Everyone snaps to and heads out.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA - DAY

Audrey gets out first and gets up to speed.

Skog cups his hands and yells to her.

SKOG

Audrey, you're planing. Go for it!

She steps back. The board rounds up and stalls. SPLAT! In she goes. Audrey pops her head out of the water and clings to her board.

SKOG

You stomped on it too hard. Don't be
in a hurry. Keep it planing.

Audrey swims her board around to head in. She gets on a plane, tries it again, and...stalls out and SPLOOSH, falls.

AUDREY

Damn!

She looks around and doesn't feel so bad. Everyone, including Jessie, fall in.

WHOOSH! The wind kicks up waves. They build into swells that knock around the fallen windsurfers.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA PARKING LOT - DAY

Dozens of cars, trucks, and SUVs loaded with windsurfing gear pull in. Their drivers hop out, their eager eyes watch the poplar and elm trees bend in the wind.

Brad gets out of his car and pauses to enjoy the spectacle.

As if driven by mass hypnosis, the manic windsurfers pull gear from their vehicles and carry theirs to the lawn.

Brad grabs his stuff and joins them.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA BEACH - DAY

While assembling their rigs, they pause to gauge the wind. They watch the water, trees, grass, flags - anything that moves in the wind.

Brad, in his wetsuit, hurries to finish rigging his sail.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA - DAY

Audrey slides her foot into a strap, rounds up, and SPLASH!

And she's not the only one falling into the drink.

Skog looks genuinely worried and yells out to his posse.

SKOG

Okay, everybody. Off the water! Get your asses back on the beach.

With some grumbling, they all obey.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA PAVILION - DAY

WHOOSH! The wind, now blowing 20+, tears at the sails Skog's windsurfers try to roll up. They help each other collect their gear and carry it to the open air pavilion.

Audrey and Denice take apart their rigs, stack them on their boards, and carry it all together to the pavilion.

AUDREY

I was getting it. I swear. One more time. I could have done it.

DENICE

Don't sweat it. Your body will remember what you did right.

Audrey looks back at the dozen or so hotshots heading out through the two foot high white capped waves.

AUDREY

Man, look at them go. Wonder how that feels.

DENICE

Like flying low. See? Their boards hardly touch the water.

Skog sits on a picnic table. He motions to his students to join him.

SKOG

I don't recommend this. Getting out on the water when a storm's blowing in, not a wise choice. But, I gotta admit, I've done it myself.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA - DAY

The wind HOWLS and the clouds sweep across a graying sky.

The last of the boats and jet skis on the lake head to shore.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA PAVILION - DAY

SKOG

It's going to be a great show. So, watch what they're doing out there and learn.

(points)

Look at her hit those jumps!

EXT. LAKE OKABENA - DAY

A windsurfer, both feet in the straps, hair hanging out of her helmet, shoots off the top of a white cap and hangs in the air for precious seconds.

Another windsurfer slaloms through the swells, carves a jibe off the face of a wave, and scoots away.

A third windsurfer goes flat out, skips across the tops of the swells and blows by everyone.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA PAVILION - DAY

Skog leans in towards Audrey and Denice.

SKOG

When the winds blowing twenty plus,
you gotta make small moves. Those
guys out there? They pull in the
boom maybe a half inch at a time.

Audrey takes a few steps toward the lake.

AUDREY

Is that Brad out there?

She turns to Denice.

AUDREY

He told me he didn't have time to
coach me. Said he had to get ready
for the regatta.

DENICE

Well, he's getting ready all right.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA - DAY

Brad carves a jibe a bit too hard and SPLOOSH, hits the water.

He comes up beside his sail smiling. Brad grabs the mast
near the middle and gets his sail out of the water. He walks
his hands to the boom and gets in waterstart position.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA PAVILION - DAY

Skog points towards Brad.

SKOG

Okay, watch that guy. This is gonna
to be awesome.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA - DAY

Brad catches a gust and WHOOSH, gets pulled up onto his board
in a beautiful waterstart.

BRAD

WHAAAA-HOOOOOO!

He levels out, hooks in, and blasts across the waves.

Tiny flakes of ice hit Brad's face.

Out on the water, POOSH! POOSH! POOSH! tiny flakes turn into
tiny, icy pebbles.

BOOM! Distant thunder rolls.

A torrent of raisin-sized hail peppers the water. It bounces off windsurfers, boards, and sails.

Brad sails close to another windsurfer. He grins and squints as hail bounces off his face.

BRAD

Yippy-aye-oh-kayay! Time to get in!

The other windsurfer smiles and nods.

Everyone heads for the beach. They blast through the hail like wetsuited superheroes.

INT. TRAVELODGE HOTEL BAR - DAY

Packed with amped up windsurfers, their LOUD CHATTER comprises bits of awesome adventures on the lake.

Wedged into the crowd, Audrey and Denice yell to each other.

AUDREY

I never knew they could go so fast.

DENICE

Cool, right? We'll be doing that.

Skog has his usual gaggle of admirers, mostly female, hanging around him. Jessie keeps edging into his aura.

Weaving through the crowd, Brad glad-hands customers. Audrey yanks him toward her.

AUDREY

Had a good time, did ya?

BRAD

Yeah, it was awesome! When I hit that waterstart --

AUDREY

What was all that crap about not having time to teach me because you're getting ready for the regatta?

BRAD

I was getting ready.

Denice steps in and smiles at Audrey.

DENICE

Hey, when the wind blows, you gotta make time for it.

Skog hears Audrey yelling and comes over. The entourage, lead by Jessie, follows.

AUDREY

Yeah, well, I still need help getting into the straps.

SKOG

Always sounds kinky, eh?

BRAD

It's just about windsurfing, okay?
 (to Audrey)
 You shouldn't be doing the straps until you know how to hook in.

SKOG

Sure, and then have them get catapulted.

Audrey and Jessie are both lost.

DENICE

You get thrown over the boom.

SKOG

(to Audrey)
 First off, if you're having trouble with the straps, it's almost always not the way you move your feet. It's about counterbalance.

BRAD

Body moves one way, the rig moves the other. You gotta be hooked in so you can put your weight on the --

Audrey and Denice give each other puzzled looks.

AUDREY

Wait, wait. How does that --

BRAD

(to Skog)
 Fine. Have it your way.
 (to Audrey)
 Bend your back leg. Sit back on it.

Brad demonstrates. Skog points to his front foot.

SKOG

Gets your weight off the front foot. Get your front arm out to keep the rig forward --

BRAD

-- while you slip the foot into the strap.

SKOG

Yeah. And don't go for the back strap.
Just sail.

BRAD

And look forward, not down at the
straps. And lean back enough so's
you don't go over the boom.

SKOG

They'll be fine.

Jessie steps in to support Skog.

JESSIE

We'll be fine.

Skog and Brad act out what they're saying.

SKOG

You just kinda' gotta pull down on
the boom.

BRAD

Don't stab at the footstrap. Slide
your foot in smooth like. If you do
get catapulted, it's usually because
you're too far downwind when going
for the straps.

AUDREY

I need a drink.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA BEACH LAWN - DAY

Brad, in shorts and T-shirt, crouches and rolls up his sail.
He talks at his cellphone, on speaker in the grass nearby.

BRAD

Get the staff together.

Brad peers out across the lake.

BRAD

Should be there in a half hour..It
was good. Steady fifteen. Sideshore...

He watches Audrey, a ways out, planing perfectly.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA - DAY

Audrey, a little bleary from last night, shakes her head.

She edges her feet towards the tail of the board.

AUDREY

Okay, I'm keeping my head up. I'm looking forward...

She bends her rear leg.

AUDREY

I'm sitting back...

She moves her foot, searching for the strap.

AUDREY

Where the hell is it?

Audrey makes a desperate stab at the strap. PLOOSH!

EXT. LAKE OKABENA BEACH - DAY

Brad, wearing his shorty wetsuit and harness, holds his phone to his ear and watches Audrey sail in.

BRAD

Start the meeting without me...I'll catch up in a bit.

He heads to the sand to meet her.

Audrey, frustrated, pulls her board onto the beach. Brad grabs her sail to keep it from drifting.

AUDREY

I got it, okay?

BRAD

Just trying to --

AUDREY

Gloat? Okay. You win.

BRAD

I wasn't --

AUDREY

You're the big, hot windsurfer. I'm the weenie beginner who can't get one clumsy foot into a stupid strap.

Audrey pulls her sail up near her board. Dejected, she sits in the sand next to them. Brad kneels to face her.

AUDREY

It seems like it should be easy.

BRAD

It will be.

Brad checks the time on his phone.

BRAD

I gotta get back to work, but I can
show you few things real quick.
(off her wary look)
No gloating. Promise.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA BEACH LAWN - DAY

SHOOSH...A breeze fills the sail that Brad holds upright. He
uses his windsurfing harness to practice hooking and unhooking
the harness lines on the rig's boom.

Audrey fiddles with a strap on her waist harness.

BRAD

Snug up that strap. It'll loosen a
little in the water. You ready?

Audrey gives a hesitant nod. Brad faces the rig.

BRAD

Cool. You learn this and getting
into the straps will be easy.

He grabs the boom and takes a sailing stance.

BRAD

Take a quick look at the lines and
hook. Look forward. Turn upwind a
hair. The rest goes pretty fast so
pay attention.

As he talks, Brad goes through the motions.

BRAD

Sink low to pull the whole rig to
windward, then yank the boom to swing
the line to you and lift your hips
to hook it.

As he shows her, his hip movements seem kind of sexy.

BRAD

Get that?

Audrey, a bit distracted, blinks.

AUDREY

What? Ah...yeah. I think so.

BRAD

Once you're hooked in, put your weight
on harness and lines.

(MORE)

BRAD (CONT'D)

Oh, and to unhook, you yank the boom towards you and lift your hips again.

Again with the sexy hip movement.

BRAD

Okay. You try.

He hands her the boom. They have a moment.

Audrey goes through the motions and almost hooks in.

She tries again. Brad slips away. Again. She gets it!

AUDREY

Feels weird at first, but...

Audrey looks around and sees Brad in his car.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA PARKING LOT - DAY

Brad rolls down the window and yells to Audrey.

BRAD

There ya go!

He grins a satisfied grin and puts the car in gear.

Brad's car, loaded with gear, pulls out of its spot, SQUEALS a bit, and takes off.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Audrey, exhausted, lays her board on the Skog's rack. She sees the light go on in his RV. She takes a step toward it.

Denice SCREECHES up in the hotel van. Six drunk and high coworkers YELL and SING in the back. Riding shotgun, Flo sits on Manny's lap.

DENICE

Come on!

AUDREY

I'm beat.

DENICE

Drinks are on Brad.

AUDREY

Just like they were last year and the year before that. And, yes, the year before that too and I didn't go to any of them.

DENICE

Okay.
 (nods to Manny and
 Flo)
 The hard way then.

The back door of the van slides open. Flo and Manny hop out and carry Audrey into the van.

THUD! The door slides shut. SCREECH! Denice peels out.

INT. TRAVELODGE HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Everyone piles out of the van and into a VERY LOUD PARTY packed with locals and hotel workers dancing to a live band. Denice grabs Audrey's hand and drags her in.

Brad lights up when he sees Audrey.

In a flash, he's at her side.

AUDREY

I'm here under duress. It doesn't mean anything.

BRAD

Course not. It's a party!

He grabs Audrey and herds her to the dance floor.

DANCE FLOOR

Brad, a whirlwind of spasmodic dance moves, sucks Audrey into his vortex.

AUDREY

I got maybe one dance in me.

BRAD

I'll take what you got.

Audrey bops, gyrates, and spins. Brad looks past her.

BRAD

What the fuck?

She finishes a turn to find empty space where Brad was.

Denice, Flo, and Manny slide in to dance with Audrey.

FRONT DOOR

Skog strolls in and heads for party central.

Brad steps in his path.

BRAD

Hey.

SKOG

What's up?

BRAD

A party...for the hotel crew. We like having our own little blowout before the regatta, 'cause then we're working all the time.

Skog takes a step. Brad blocks him.

BRAD

It's really just for my people.

Skog nods towards Audrey.

SKOG

She working for you?

DANCE FLOOR

Audrey and Denice, watch the growing storm between Brad and Skog. They slow and stop dancing.

AUDREY

Shoulda' gone home.

Audrey heads towards them.

Denice leans toward Flo and Manny.

DENICE

Only one thing can stop this.

The trio charges to the stage.

FRONT DOOR

Audrey steps between Brad and Skog.

AUDREY

This is fun, huh?

BRAD

I was just explaining to Skog --

SKOG

I was just asking Brad if you're his new employee.

Denice sweeps in and grabs Skog by the arm.

DENICE

Hey, the entertainment is here!

She drags him toward the stage. Audrey follows.

STAGE

Manny and Flo set up a karaoke machine as the band members step off the stage.

Audrey and Denice pull Skog onto the stage.

SKOG

I really don't do this.

AUDREY

Yeah, and I really didn't windsurf.

She shoves a mic into his hand.

AUDREY

Pick a song, motherfucker.

DANCE FLOOR

Brad leads the crowd in a chant.

BRAD/PARTY CROWD

Pick one! Pick one! Pick one!

Skog, resigned to his fate, scrolls to a song on the screen.

Orchestral strings build. Skog leans into the mic.

INT. TRAVELODGE HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

With gusto making up for staying in key, Skog's singing blasts out over the crowd milling around near the bar entrance.

SKOG

A way out here, they got a name, for
rain and wind and fi-yah, the rain
is Tess, the fire's Joe, and they
call the wind Mariah...

INT. TRAVELODGE HOTEL LOBBY - LATER

The last of the party crowd trickles out the door. Silence.

Audrey and Brad stagger in, supporting each other until they can both lean on the front desk. Audrey clutches her beer.

Brad dives in for a kiss. Audrey brings the almost empty beer bottle up to block it.

BRAD

Come on Audrey. There's nobody here.
If you don't like it, no harm done.

AUDREY

Okay. Okay. But I need to drink just
the right amount.
(takes a swig)
Almost there.
(another swig)
Nope. Went over the limit. Now I
have to start all over again.

BRAD

Audrey.

Giggling, she stumbles back a few steps.

AUDREY

Ah...I get it.

Audrey, bleary-eyed, stumbles back nose to nose with him.

AUDREY

You thought if you got me windsurfing
I'd feel different about you.

Brad, dissed and pissed, pushes her away.

BRAD

Well taking lessons from that ass
clown is not going to get him to
fuck you.

Audrey sobers up fast.

BRAD

There. You can tell Denice I said
(air quotes)
the word.

Fed up, Brad stumbles out the door. Audrey yells after him.

AUDREY

It's not like that. Not at all.

EXT. TRAVELODGE HOTEL PARKING LOT - DAY

From every street in town, cars, trucks, vans, SUVs, and RVs
RUMBLE into the lot filling every available space.

EXT. TRAVELODGE HOTEL ENTRANCE - DAY

Windsurfers grab bags out of an SUV piled high with gear.

Musicians pull amps and instruments out of their van.

Food vendors haul crates and cooking equipment.

Denice SCREECHES the hotel van to a halt at the walkway.

Audrey, determined, strides toward the walkway.

Denice hops out of the van and stops Audrey.

DENICE

Now is not a good time, Audrey.

The crowds of windsurfers, musicians, and food vendors flow around the two women like they were rocks in a river.

AUDREY

We had a little mixup last night. I just want to straighten it out.

DENICE

Later, Audrey. La-ter.

AUDREY

(too loud)

I just need to tell him that I don't want to fuck Skog.

Heads swivel toward Audrey.

DENICE

Admit it, you do want to fuck Skog. Who wouldn't?

AUDREY

Not me. First, it's too stereotypical. The little, helpless student with the big, handsome teacher. Second --

DENICE

Well, he is taller than you.

Brad bursts out of the hotel doors and races to them.

AUDREY

I was just telling Denice --

BRAD

I'm busy, Audrey. Can't you see that?

AUDREY

It's just that, last night, I --

BRAD

Yeah, about that. You win, Audrey. I won't bother you anymore.

He turns to leave. She grabs his arm. He spins toward her.

BRAD

I have officially given up on you. I don't care if you learn to windsurf. I don't care if you ever kiss me or goes out with me or --

AUDREY

Please don't say fuck me.

BRAD

-- ever see you again.

Brad takes a few steps, halts, and turns to Audrey.

BRAD

And for sure, you are never swimming in my pool ever again. Ever.

She watches Brad head into the hotel.

AUDREY

(to Denice)

The lake it is.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA - DAY

A fresh breeze raises small whitecaps on the water and plenty of windsurfers enjoy it.

From all over the country and all over the world, they WHOOSH by each other on big beginner boards, narrow racers, and short wide boards driven by the wind on their colorful sails.

In among them, Audrey cruises at a good clip.

Skog sails his board from student to student yelling advice.

SKOG

Evan, hips in. Hips in.

(next student)

Lisa. Keep the mast tip pointed forward so you don't round up.

He passes by Audrey, sailing in the other direction.

SKOG

Audrey, smile. You're supposed to be having fun.

AUDREY
 (to herself)
 Yeah, I am. The hell with Brad.

Skog slows down as he approaches Jessie from behind. She struggles to get into the front strap.

SKOG
 Jessie, get up a little more speed.
 You need to be planing.

JESSIE
 (exasperated)
 I thought I was. These straps aren't
 set right.

SKOG
 They're fine.

Audrey sails near both of them, hooked into her harness and planing. She deftly slips her foot into the front strap.

Skog gives her an approving nod.

SKOG
 Yeah, like that.

Jessie, still struggling, gives them a hate stare.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA BEACH - DAY

It's windsurfer central with nary a square yard of empty sand. Each time someone launches or packs up, another drags their gear to the empty spot.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA - DAY

SWOOSH, the wind builds.

Skog sails near Denice and calls out to her.

SKOG
 It's getting nuts out here. Tell
 everyone back on the beach. Gotta
 show you guys one more thing.

Denice nods and peels off to spread the word.

Skog sees Audrey head to the beach through the outgoing fleet of windsurfers and follows her in.

Jessie sees Skog following Audrey and chases him. With her focus on Skog, she has one near miss after another.

JESSIE

Hey, stay upwind!... Got the right
of way here...Coming through...

Audrey, followed by Skog, threads her way through the outgoing crowd and hits the beach.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA BEACH - DAY

Audrey steps off into knee high water. She pulls her board and rig onto shore. Skog pulls up and steps off near her.

SKOG

Looking pretty good out there.

Denice, Jessie, and the other students pull onto the beach. Jessie walks between Skog and Audrey just as he says...

SKOG

You might be the one to waterstart.

Jessie gives the group a pleased, haughty smile.

Denice and Audrey share gimme-a-break looks.

SKOG

Okay, I'm going to step you through waterstarting. You might not be ready for this yet, but you should try it. I'll only be here a couple more days.

A MOCK SAD GROAN followed by GIGGLING and LAUGHING rises up from the crowd of windsurfing students.

SKOG

Hey, I'll miss you, too.

He stands with his rig and board in beachstart position.

SKOG

Remember how you control the position of the board when you're beachstarting. Same thing. Except...

Skog walks out into shoulder high water.

SKOG

...now you'll be floating. You push the sail up, almost like beachstarting, catch a gust, and swing your hips in low and close to get yourself on the board. Like this.

Skog lays back in the water, pushes the boom to get the sail up, catches a gust, swoops up onto the board, and sails off.

AUDREY
Why didn't he show us that first?

EXT. LAKE OKABENA - DAY

Audrey and Denice sail close and yell to each other.

AUDREY
Hard to find open water.

DENICE
If there's wind, everyone's goes for
it. Better get used to it. That's
what the race will be like.

AUDREY
Let's drop here.

They lay down their sails and slip into the water.

Denice swims to the middle of her mast.

DENICE
I think we have to push up on the
mast here to get the sail flying.

They both struggle a bit, but get their sails up.

Audrey swims herself into position and gets her foot onto
the back of the board. She pushes the sail up.

WHOOSH! A gust yanks her up and throws her over the sail.

PLOOSH! She dives in head first, twenty feet away.

Denice, concerned, scans the water.

Audrey bobs up grinning.

AUDREY
Well that was interesting.

Audrey swims back to her board.

AUDREY
We can do this!

DENICE
Look who's the eager one.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA - LATER

Late afternoon sun touches the horizon. Windsurfers head in.

Audrey and Denice, closer to shore now, look exhausted.

DENICE

Got the place to ourselves now.

AUDREY

Do or die, then I'm heading in.

DENICE

Do or die.

Both line up their boards and set themselves. A gust blows through. Both raise their sails.

Denice rises up and...

Audrey rises up and...

...Denice gets onto the board and speeds away. Audrey drops.

DENICE

Yes! WHOOOOOO-HOOOOO! YEAH!

Denice heads toward shore.

Audrey, floating near her board, watches, a little jealous.

AUDREY

So close.

Resigned to her fate, she climbs on her board, hauls up her sail, and follows Denice into shore.

INT. TRAVELODGE HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

A long line of windsurfers winds back from a folding table that has a sign hanging on its front edge: REGATTA ENTRIES.

Behind the table, Brad and Flo hand out forms on clipboards and study lists on the table.

FAR CORNER OF THE LOBBY

Skog sips a beer and holds court with a group of his students.

REGATTA ENTRY TABLE

Jessie steps up. Flo hands her a clipboard. Brad hands one to the next in line.

FLO

You can only check one skill level.
And don't forget to fill out the
waiver. It's the second sheet.

END OF THE REGATTA ENTRY LINE

Denice gets in line. A PRO FEMALE WINDSURFER, wiry, tanned, and dressed in branded clothes, lines up behind Denice and taps her on the shoulder.

PRO FEMALE RACER
You new on the circuit?

Denice turns with a who-me? look.

DENICE
I, ah, I just learned to waterstart.

PRO FEMALE RACER
Really? I saw you out there. Looked like you might give me a run tomorrow.

LOBBY DOORS

Audrey, exhausted and frustrated by her failed waterstart practice, enters and scans the line.

END OF THE REGATTA ENTRY LINE

DENICE
You must have missed all the falling.

PRO FEMALE RACER
Nope. Saw that too. We all fall a lot, you know. If you ain't gettin' wet, you're not learning anything.

Audrey approaches Denice and hears...

PRO FEMALE RACER
Anyway, looks like you got waterstarting wired. Good for you!

Audrey gets in line behind the pro.

AUDREY
(a little sarcastic)
Yeah, good for you.

PRO FEMALE RACER
(to Denice)
If you're going to be exceptional, get used to being an exception.

Denice smiles her gratitude to the racer and turns to Audrey.

AUDREY
You caught a lucky gust, that's all.

DENICE
Why you gotta be that way?

AUDREY
What way? You took off and left me.

AT THE SIGN-UP TABLE

Flo points at a spot on Jessie's entry sheet.

FLO
Jessie, you can't enter the
intermediate race.

JESSIE
Come on. I've been doing this all
summer.

From here on, it gets worse and fast.

FLO
We can't have inexperienced sailors
getting in the --

JESSIE
Brad, tell her it's okay.

Brad turns from a windsurfer filling out a form.

BRAD
Sorry, Jess. She's right. It's a
safety thing and it wouldn't be fair.

Brad sees the others in line GRUMBLE and fidget. He pulls
Jessie to one side.

BRAD
We can talk about it later. I've got
to get these other people signed up.

END OF THE REGATTA ENTRY LINE

Audrey gets out of line and marches toward the table.

DENICE
Maybe we better...okay.

Denice follows.

FAR CORNER OF THE LOBBY

Skog and his entourage turn their heads toward the action.
He follows Audrey to the table.

AT THE SIGN-UP TABLE

JESSIE

Skog, tell her that I should be in
as an intermediate. I deserve this.

SKOG

Jessie, it's not about --

JESSIE

I worked really hard.

SKOG

Talking about how hard you worked is
like bragging about a high golf score.
Anyway, it's not my call. You have
to have the experience to --

JESSIE

Geez, you're useless. You couldn't
even get me waterstarting before
this

(at Denice)

knuckle-dragging dip --

Denice shuts her up with a menacing step toward her. Audrey
steps between them.

AUDREY

(to Brad)

Let Jessie do it. She's just afraid
to compete with us.

JESSIE

I can whip both your fat asses.

(looks at Flo)

And yours, too. Fat ass.

Flo glowers and steps from behind the table. Brad steps in
between her and Jessie. Audrey and Denice back away and watch.

BRAD

Flo, let's be professional.

Flo reaches around Brad with her giant arm.

FLO

I am a professional...

Flo's catcher's mitt sized hand crunches Jessie's shoulder.

FLO

...bouncer.

DENICE
 (deadpan to Audrey)
 She's mad now.

Skog grabs Flo's arm and smiles at her.

SKOG
 Flo, we all know you're right...

He deftly moves Jessie out of the melee.

SKOG
 ...and Jessie's sorry.

Brad gets in Skog's face.

BRAD
 I was handling it. Why don't you
 stick to teaching the rubes.

Audrey, Denice, Jessie, and Skog's entourage glare at Brad.

AUDREY
 Rube? You think I'm a rube?

BRAD
 That came out wrong.
 (points at Skog)
 He's the one you should be mad at.
 Like he's got some kind of magic
 formula for windsurfing.

AUDREY
 Well at least he's there on the beach.
 You won't even take the time to help
 a friend learn.
 (looks at Denice)
 If you had, I'd have been able to
 waterstart, too.

DENICE
 Hey, if you didn't get up, that's
 not my fault.

AUDREY
 Yeah, but you could have come back.

DENICE
 You said we'd try one more time and --

BRAD
 (to Audrey)
 Hey, don't go off on her. She
 practices. You just whine.

SKOG
 Actually, lately, she's been --

BRAD

Oh, listen to the expert.

AUDREY

At least he thinks I can do it.

Audrey stomps out. Brad simmers.

DENICE

Yeah. Now it's a festival.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA PARKING LOT - DAY

Pop and folk MUSIC mixed with jazz, bluegrass, and polka emanates from competing loudspeakers.

Denice gets out of the van and pulls gear out of the back. Brad steps out of the van and opens the side door.

Across the aisle, near a rented van, three middle-aged Chinese businessmen take off their suits and don wetsuits. One nudges the other two and nods in the direction of...

...Audrey, who looks pretty hot in her shorty wetsuit with the zipper half down. Sullen, she approaches, lugging her gear bag past the appreciative businessmen. One of them leers in another direction and gestures towards...

...Denice, bent over to reach for a boom in the van. She pulls it out, turns, and sees Audrey.

DENICE

Got your harness in there?

AUDREY

What do you care?

BRAD

You made it, eh?

AUDREY

No thanks to you.

BRAD

Hey, we would have hauled your ass here. All you had to do was ask.

AUDREY

I've got to get a board.

She hoists her bag onto her shoulder and sashays past...

...three Arab teenagers. One unwinds his headdress and pulls on a wetsuit. The other two, already suited up, gesture at parts of a board and yammer about its merits. They pause to gaze at Audrey and give each other not-bad looks.

EXT. SKOG'S RV - DAY

A Minnesota accented LOUDSPEAKER VOICE announces events.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE
Racers, please check in at the desk.

Audrey, agitated, hurries toward the RV. She rounds the back and sees the board rack...empty.

She heads around to the front and sees Jessie's board leaning against the RV.

Audrey pounds on the RV door.

The door swings open. Jessie, clad in a short wetsuit pulled halfway up, pulls on the top of her bikini.

JESSIE
What do you want?

Skog comes up behind her.

SKOG
May I help you?

AUDREY
(startled)
Where the hell are all the boards?

SKOG
Rented.

AUDREY
Great. How am I supposed to race?

SKOG
You should have reserved one.

Jessie steps out of the RV and grabs her board.

JESSIE
Gotta go.

She heads for the beach. Audrey shoves Skog.

AUDREY
You didn't tell me that!

SKOG
Well, I kinda' told everybody. I think it was in one of those lessons you walked away from.

Audrey shoves him harder, glares at him, and charges off.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA BEACH LAWN - DAY

WIND, MUSIC, and CROWD NOISE drifts across the dozens of shiny plastic sails laid out on the green grass.

Their owners pull on outhauls and downhauls. They check the bend of the mast and feel the sails for tension.

Brad scans Denice's sail for telltale wrinkles. Denice, seated, pushes her feet against the bottom of the mast extension and yanks the downhaul for all she's worth.

BRAD
Needs more downhaul.

DENICE
You kidding? There's no more left.

Audrey, breathless from running, approaches.

AUDREY
Know where I can buy a board?

BRAD
Just before a race? Are you nuts?

AUDREY
I need a board or I don't race. The other ones are all rented.

BRAD
Shoulda' come to me sooner. I could have helped you pick one out.

AUDREY
Lotta good that does me now.

Audrey, dejected, turns to go.

BRAD
Wait. I got a beater board in the van. You can't wreck it much more.

Audrey and Brad search each other for signs of how to react.

DENICE
Take it, Audrey.

BRAD
It's slow but handles pretty good.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA PARKING LOT - DAY

Audrey's anticipation fades as Denice slides the beater board out of the van. Brad hands it to Audrey.

BRAD

Come on. I had a lot of good times
with this one.

Audrey accepts the beat up olive branch.

AUDREY

Guess it still floats.

DENICE

You got a rig?

Audrey's shoulders drop.

EXT. SKOG'S RV - DAY

Audrey, beater board under her arm, searches the clusters of
people milling around the RV.

She zeroes in on Skog, surrounded by his usual entourage,
including Jessie.

Audrey approaches Skog. Jessie giggles. Audrey winces.

AUDREY

Can we talk?

SKOG

Hey, you got one.

He strokes the beater board like a long lost pet.

SKOG

Good model. Way ahead of its time.

JESSIE

Not as good as mine.

Jessie gives Audrey a daggers look and stalks off.

AUDREY

I need a rig.

SKOG

Never thought you'd be saying that,
did you?

AUDREY

Okay, you win. Now just give me one.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA BEACH LAWN - DAY

A steady 15 knot wind blows off the lake and wafts MUSIC and
LOUDSPEAKER ANNOUNCEMENTS across the lawn crowded with
windsurfers and their gear.

One of those windsurfers is Audrey. Intent on getting her sail just right, she tugs on the uphaul, then the outhaul, and back to the uphaul.

Skog strolls by.

SKOG

Looks good.

AUDREY

Huh?

SKOG

The sail is fine. Rigged just right.
Quit fiddling with it.

Audrey stands and looks around with new eyes.

AUDREY

Man. Every year I see people coming
to this thing. I had no idea...

She looks at her rig and board.

AUDREY

I guess I'm really going to do this.

She gazes out to the lake and sees...

EXT. LAKE OKABENA - DAY

MONTAGE

...Five Australians charge into the water with their boards and rigs YELLING challenges to each other.

- Three tiny athletic Scottish women YELLING to each other as they each take their turn and launch from hip deep water.

- A pair of Japanese windsurfers cruise across the lake.

- All like colorful birds, they raise their sails and scoot across the water...

- ...to join windsurfers from every place on the planet. They launch, glide, tack, jibe, bump, and jump. The MUSIC hops from one country's style to the next, faster and faster.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA REGATTA SIGN-IN TABLE - DAY

Flo and Manny, clipboards in hand, hurry back and forth behind the table as racers pile up in front.

MANNY

All we need is a checkmark next to your name. Make a line everybody.

A queue forms. One by one, racers check off their names.

Audrey and Brad step up together and bump into each other. Manny holds the clipboard out to Audrey. Audrey pushes it toward Brad.

AUDREY

Oh, no. Him first. I'm already having to date him just because he lent me his precious board.

Brad pushes the clipboard toward Audrey.

BRAD

Would it kill you to just say thank you and leave it at that?

Audrey holds the clipboard out to Brad.

AUDREY

No, really. You take it.

Brad shoves the clipboard back into Audrey. Manny yanks the clipboard away and passes it on to the next racer, Denice. She reaches for the clipboard. Jessie squeezes past Denice.

JESSIE

I was here first. Give me that slot.

MANNY

Settle the hell down. Nobody is getting any slot. The computer picks out where you land in the lineup.

Miffed, Jessie grabs the clipboard and checks off her name.

MANNY

You guys are beginners. You win? You get ranked.

She pushes past Audrey and Denice and sashays into the crowd.

AUDREY

I don't care where I end up, long as I beat her.

Audrey and Denice give each other a look that shows they are friends again, now with a common enemy.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA RACE COURSE - DAY

A brisk wind raises patches of small waves between a five-foot tall red buoy and the race committee boat, a flat-decked catamaran shaded by a fabric canopy.

EXT. RACE COMMITTEE BOAT - DAY

The wind tugs at the anchored craft. The starter grabs a stopwatch, clicks it, and lifts the his horn.

BRAAAAAT! BRAAAAAT! BRAAAAAT!

EXT. LAKE OKABENA REGATTA DESK - DAY

Brad stops pacing and looks toward the race committee boat.

BRAD

Five minute warning. Where the hell are they?

Flo adjusts the tripod supporting a video camera with a huge telephoto lens. Manny checks the camera settings.

FLO

She'll do fine.

SKOG

Flo's right. Audrey's got what it takes. She just has to tap into it.

Manny peers into the camera.

MANNY

There...Audrey's moving up. Denice is coming on, too.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA RACE COURSE - DAY

Audrey and a dozen and half other beginners tack back and forth to get to the starting line.

Jessie edges out of the pack and passes Audrey, too close.

Audrey, shaken, gets off balance. A gust hits. SPLOOSH! She tumbles into the water.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA REGATTA DESK - DAY

Brad slams his hand on the table.

BRAD

Damn! Didn't they see that?

EXT. LAKE OKABENA RACE COURSE - DAY

Audrey pops up pissed. She yells at Jessie.

AUDREY

Hey! They got rules about that stuff.

Jessie, laughs over her shoulder.

JESSIE

Relax, it's gonna get worse.

Audrey clambers onto her board and hauls up the sail.

Denice sails by Audrey.

DENICE

Stay cool. Focus on the wind.

Audrey gets going again.

AUDREY

Yeah, I know. But she's such a --

BRAAAAAT! BRAAAAAT! The starter horn goes off.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA REGATTA DESK - DAY

Manny squints in the direction of the horn blasts.

MANNY

One minute warning.

BRAD

Come on, Audrey. Get in position.

SKOG

She's up. She'll be fine.

EXT. RACE COMMITTEE BOAT - DAY

The starter calls out through a megaphone.

STARTER

Number 80. Number 80. Do not cross the starting line. Wait for the horn.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA RACE COURSE - DAY

Sail number 80, attached to Jessie's board, about ten yards from the line, slows down.

Jessie goes from glee to panic. She turns upwind.

JESSIE

Come on! Stop for crissake!

She slows, but not enough. Almost to the line, she drops her sail and stops dead. She's relieved, until she sees...

...the entire fleet heading toward her, Denice in the lead, Audrey a close second.

BRAAAAAT!

EXT. LAKE OKABENA REGATTA DESK - DAY

Flo peers into the video camera viewfinder.

FLO

Looks like they got a good start.

BRAD

Lemme look.

Through the lens he sees...

EXT. LAKE OKABENA RACE COURSE - DAY

Denice ahead of the pack and pulling away.

Audrey near the front of the pack.

Jessie, fumbling around with her rig to get going as the pack whips by her on either side.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA REGATTA DESK - DAY

Brad steps back from video camera and pumps his fist.

BRAD

Yes!

(yells)

Come on, Audrey!

He's joined by Flo and Manny.

BRAD/FLO/MANNY

Go Audrey, go! Audrey! Audrey! Audrey!

EXT. LAKE OKABENA RACE COURSE - DAY

The fleet beats back and forth, tacking upwind. They spread out and pass Audrey.

AUDREY

One gust! I just need one gust.

Denice tacks one more time and increases her lead.

Way behind her, a few racers get off course.

Jessie, coming from behind, gains on Audrey.

Denice rounds the first buoy, settles into a reach, and blasts away from the pack.

Close to the buoy, racers bunch up. Most make it out of the melee, make the turn, and speed away. A few collide.

Jessie comes up on Audrey, forcing her to back off or miss the buoy. Audrey stalls out to stay downwind of the buoy.

The chop created by the other flailing racers bounces Audrey.

SPLOOSH! She goes down.

JESSIE

See ya sucker! Or maybe not.

Jessie gets on a reach and accelerates past the next racer.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA REGATTA DESK - DAY

Manny pulls his head back from the camera.

MANNY

Damn. She went down.

BRAD

Where the hell are the officials?
Jessie crowded her out!

SKOG

She's uphauling...she'll be fine.
Wind's picking up...Yeah, look. We're
losing a few already.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA RACE COURSE - DAY

The waves start to whitecap. The gusts drive a few racers off course and knock down a few more.

With much effort, Audrey gets her sail up and gets on a reach.

Grinning, she hooks in and blasts off after Jessie.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA REGATTA DESK - DAY

Brad, slackjawed, lifts his head away from the camera.

BRAD

I think she's actually enjoying this.

SKOG

She's getting what it's all about.

Brad, Flo, and Manny nod and smile.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA RACE COURSE - DAY

Denice rounds the buoy and goes into a powerful broad reach. Her board, barely in the water, scoots across the whitecaps.

Behind her racers jockey for position. One pulls in behind another, steals his wind, and surges ahead.

The pack spreads out more. Jessie catches one, then another racer and passes them.

Audrey blows past them and closes in on Jessie.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA REGATTA DESK - DAY

Brad, Flo, and Manny jump, pump fists, and yell.

BRAD

Catch her! Pull it in a little more!
Keep your hips in!

FLO

Catch her!

MANNY

You can do it.

Pleased by his challenging student, Skog smiles.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA RACE COURSE - DAY

Denice heads for the finish line with nobody close.

Jessie, desperate for more speed, yanks hard on the boom and leans back.

Too much. SPLOOSH! She's in it now.

Audrey comes from behind fully powered.

AUDREY

Gotcha!

Jessie sees Audrey and swims her board into Audrey's path.

As Audrey approaches, she pulls her rig so Audrey must bank to avoid hitting it.

A gust catches Audrey off guard.

SPLOOSH! She goes in near Jessie.

They both flail around in the whitecapping waves.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA REGATTA DESK - DAY

Brad, bewildered, squints into the camera. Angry at what he sees, he pulls back and looks out to the lake.

BRAD

What the hell just happened?

FLO

I don't know, but that ain't beginner wind out there now.

Manny gestures to the dark clouds building on the horizon.

MANNY

They got maybe fifteen minutes. Then it's going to get gnarly.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA RACE COURSE - DAY

Audrey and Jessie flail around in the water trying to get their bearings and get their boards and sails lined up.

SWOOSH...SWOOSH. Racers blow by them on both sides.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA BEACH - DAY

Denice, already on shore, pulls her gear out to a cheering crowd. She turns and scans the water for her friend.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA RACE COURSE - DAY

Audrey crouches on her board. She stands to pull up her sail, but the wind is too strong.

AUDREY

Nice going, Jessie! We're screwed now!

JESSIE
Maybe you are, beach baby!

Jessie pulls hard on her sail and gets it up.

JESSIE
Ha!

A gust tosses her back in like a wet plush toy.

SWOOSH...SWOOSH. The last of the other racers blow by Audrey and Jessie and head for the finish line.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA REGATTA DESK - DAY

Brad, agitated, squints into the viewfinder of the camera.

BRAD
This does not look good. We better
get the boat out.

Flo and Manny nod their heads and race toward the pier.

Brad follows them.

A feminine hand touches Skog's shoulder.

DENICE
You gonna help?

SKOG
Nah. Too many people in the boat.

He sees concern in her expression.

SKOG
She'll be okay.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA RACE COURSE - DAY

Audrey, intent on waterstarting, doesn't notice the huge dark thunderclouds behind them. Jessie does. She panics.

JESSIE
Can't get the sail up. Too windy.
It's too frigging windy!

Jessie yells to her over the WHOOSH and WHISTLE of the wind.

JESSIE
They gotta send a boat out. They'll
send a boat out right?

Audrey, calm, rotates her sail into waterstart position.

JESSIE

You're crazy. I'm getting out of here.

Jessie hauls her sail onto her board and starts paddling.

Audrey pushes the sail up, catches a gust. WHAM! SPLOOSH! She gets thrown back into the water.

EXT. RESCUE BOAT - DAY

Brad steers the powerful Zodiac boat. Flo and Manny crouch on either side, hang on to the handles, and blink away the spray hitting their faces.

FLO

Over there.

Manny points at Jessie, desperately paddling towards them.

BRAD

Where's Audrey?

EXT. LAKE OKABENA RACE COURSE - DAY

Audrey comes up sputtering. She looks back at dark clouds bearing down. She breathes, calms down, and moves her sail into position. Her lips tighten into a sardonic smile.

AUDREY

Could this be my last big mistake?

EXT. RESCUE BOAT - DAY

Jessie, desperate, paddles toward the boat. She sputters, chokes, and yells.

JESSIE

Here! Over here!

Brad guides the boat close to her.

Manny grabs Jessie's rig and pushes to control the board.

Flo reaches over the side, grabs Jessie under her arms, and in one mighty sweep, hauls her into boat.

FLO

You okay?

Jessie, humbled, lays exhausted on the rocking boat bottom.

JESSIE

Yeah. I...thanks.

MANNY

We better get going or we're all in trouble.

BADA-BADA-BOOOOOOM! Thunder peals in the distance.

BRAD

We gotta get Audrey.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA REGATTA DESK - DAY

Denice, tense, peers into the camera. Skog, at her side, squints in the same direction.

DENICE

She's got her sail up.

Denice pulls back from the camera. Skog smiles to reassure her. It works.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA RACE COURSE - DAY

Audrey holds the boom so the sail catches just enough wind.

A gust hits the big swells behind her and heads towards her.

She gets in position, one foot on the board.

She eases the sail up. WHOOSH. The gust hits. Time slows. Audrey rises onto the board and into a crouch to keep control.

AUDREY

Come on...come on.

The board takes off like a startled gazelle.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA REGATTA DESK - DAY

Denice peers through the camera.

DENICE

She's up! She's up!

She steps back and yells.

DENICE

Come on, Audrey! Hang on!

Skog gives a sideways grin.

SKOG

That's what I live for.

He turns, walks away, and disappears into the crowd.

Denice turns to look at where he was.

DENICE

Skog?

EXT. LAKE OKABENA RACE COURSE - DAY

Audrey gets on a plane and hooks in.

BADA-BOOM! The thunder gets closer.

AUDREY

All right. Bring it.

She skips over one swell and slides off the face of another.

EXT. RESCUE BOAT - DAY

Brad, hand on the tiller, stands and points at Audrey.

BRAD

She's up! She's up!

All turn to see Audrey blasting over the swells...

...right at them.

MANNY

Give her some room. Let's get the
hell out of here!

Brad turns the boat toward shore.

Audrey shoots by them, grinning.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA BEACH - DAY

Rain pours down. Crowds huddle in the pavilion and under tents. Parents herd their kids toward the parking lot.

Denice, at the water's edge, watches her best bud, Audrey, hit the beach and drop into knee-deep water.

AUDREY

Holy crap! That was awesome.

Denice helps Audrey get her gear onto the shore.

Near the horizon, lighting strikes the churning lake.

THRACCK! BADA-BADA-BADA-BOOM!

DENICE

Cutting it close.

Audrey, dripping wet, scared, and ecstatic, nods.

AUDREY

Yeah.

EXT. LAKE OKABENA PARKING LOT - DAY

Birds CHIRP. Early morning sun glints off water dripping from drooping tarps and tents.

The lake, perfectly flat, mirrors the sun and a few clouds.

Food vendors pack up their wares. Musicians pack up their gear and load it into vans and trucks.

Audrey wanders across the asphalt picking up litter and putting it into a trash bag.

Across the lot, Denice and Brad do the same.

Audrey works her way to them.

BRAD

Thanks for helping out.

AUDREY

Least I could think of to do.

(to Denice)

Congrats. You did great out there.

DENICE

Thanks. Hey. You beat Jessie.

AUDREY

Yup.

Across the lot, Skog's fully loaded RV revs up and rolls toward the street. Denice bolts for the lumbering vehicle.

AUDREY

Hey, what...?

Denice races to the front of the RV. It SCREECHES to a halt. The RV's front door pops open. Denice waves goodbye to Audrey and Brad. She hops into the RV.

Audrey and Brad watch the RV roll out of town.

AUDREY

Guess he got what he came for.

BRAD

So, if the wind picks up, maybe we could...get out there?

AUDREY

You betcha'.

Audrey takes Brad's hands and kisses him, deep and long.

FADE OUT: