

PINK LAVA

Pilot - "The Ultimate Freedom"

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. HOUSEBOAT/BIG ROOM - DAY

A family room and kitchen all-in-one big room. Comfortable furniture. An ocean feel with colors and art. SAYLOR RYAN, 13, spirited and charismatic surfer girl, low-key surfer style, holds a pizza pan in her hands. She's simulating steering as she's absorbed in her YouTube video displayed on the huge smart TV.

SAYLOR'S POV - Virtual reality drift driving through a simulated wave and getting barreled in the car.

Saylor downshifts using her cell phone as her feet move against her nonexistent pedals. She's interrupted by her phone RINGING, sets down her pan and answers.

SAYLOR

Word.

INT. HOME OFFICE - SAME TIME

LITTLE BUDDY, 8, way too small for the large office chair and even larger ocean view window, peers through binoculars as the perfect waves roll in at 'Forever's', the surf spot. His natural dreads with curly ends enhance his adorable face.

ALITTLE BUDDY

Hey, Saylor. 'Forever's' is going off.

SPLIT SCREEN -- PHONE CONVERSATION

SAYLOR

I'll check it.

LITTLE BUDDY

You gonna surf?

SAYLOR

Let me check it.

She puts him on speaker and taps the menu showing all of Saylor's favorite surf spots. Her finger presses 'Forever's'.

SAYLOR (CONT'D)  
 (excited)  
 Man, it's firing. Thanks, Little  
 Buddy. That's solid for sure.

LITTLE BUDDY (O.C.)  
 Matt Powers surfed it.

SAYLOR  
No way.

LITTLE BUDDY (O.C.)  
 Way.

SAYLOR  
 Epic surf and Matt Powers. I'll be  
 gutted if I can't get a ride. It  
 sucks living here. Later.

She ends the call and watches TV as the drift car comes out of virtual reality onto a real track. The car stops. MATT POWERS, 33, precision driver, takes off his virtual reality mask.

Saylor heaves a half hero worship, half love sick sigh. She looks to a worn out and faded, multi-colored shortboard in the corner of the room as she pulls up a video on her phone.

SAYLOR'S POV - Saylor, wet and ecstatic in her surf gear, is holding her brand new, multi-colored shortboard with 'Forever's' breaking in the background.

MAN (O.C.)  
 You were ripping out there.

SAYLOR  
 Thanks, dad. It's easy when you  
 surf at the best break ever and  
 live right down the street from it.

Saylor pauses the video with a sad sigh.

SAYLOR (CONT'D)  
 Divorce sucks.

She wistfully looks around the room to the window as a small boat passes by.

INT. SURF SHACK - DAY

A woman's surf shop. Bright colors. Posters of girls and women surfing. Industry brands on the clothing racks. Beautiful surfboards.

MELANIE RYAN, 40s, surfer, mother, business owner, is reorganizing the boards in the surf rack. CUSTOMERS meander throughout the store and Melanie keeps her eyes on them.

MELANIE

I have a few gems tucked away here  
and there if you need any help.

The customers smile back at her. Saylor purposefully enters the store. She sees CATALINA ESPINOZA, 13, wannabe fashion icon, exotic with her Latin looks and an air of superiority.

CATALINA

(Spanish accent, perfect  
English)

I would like to try this on.

She holds up an eye-popping wetsuit to Melanie.

SAYLOR

This is better. Based on your  
height, you'll need the long and  
this brand is more your fit.

Saylor reaches in a rack and hands Catalina a different, ordinary, black wetsuit. She reluctantly takes it.

CATALINA

Humph.

Saylor stops in her path to rearrange a rack of shirts by sleeve length.

SAYLOR

I need a ride to 'Forever's'. It's  
the first swell of the season and  
it's already pumping.

MELANIE

Chetar's never shown so I can't  
leave. You'll have to go local.

SAYLOR

They named this local break  
'Scrambles' for a reason. We're in  
nowhere-ville here. So lame.

Struggling SOUNDS can be heard from inside the dressing room.

SAYLOR (CONT'D)

'Forever's' is going to be epic.

CATALINA (O.S.)

Ouch.

SAYLOR

I can't miss it. Matt Powers might be there.

MELANIE

Maybe he can take you.

SAYLOR

I wish.

(frustrated)

Our old house was way better, and it was so easy to get everywhere. Now we live on a rickety boat.

MELANIE

It's a houseboat and it's not rickety. It has character.

Saylor readjusts the rack of surfboards like the colors of a rainbow. Impressed, Melanie smiles.

SAYLOR

Who lives on a houseboat? You can't even take it anywhere. It's so big. I'm outta here.

Rolling her eyes, she storms out of the store. Catalina emerges from the dressing room in the perfect fitting wetsuit.

CATALINA

Is this right? It seems really big.

MELANIE

(surprised)

It's perfect.

CATALINA

I'm never a size six. Never.

Catalina picks through the colorful wetsuits again and pulls out several in a smaller size. Turning away, Melanie rolls her eyes as Catalina disappears back into the dressing room.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Saylor is leaning against the bus stop sign with her shortboard near her feet. She's wearing wireless earbuds and is absorbed in the surf competition streaming on her cell.

She's also totally ignoring JASPER MARTIN, 14, dorkster, brainiac and surfer, all rolled into one odd package. He's holding his surfboard backwards as he stares at Saylor.

JASPER  
Where are you going surfing?

No reply since she still has her earbuds in and because she's trying extra hard to ignore him. He keeps staring at her.

JASPER (CONT'D)  
Nice board.

You can't tell if it's nice or not since it's in a board bag.

JASPER (CONT'D)  
Supposed to be a fun swell.

As he turns toward her, his board smacks her.

SAYLOR  
Watch it.

She pulls out an earbud.

JASPER  
(embarrassed)  
Sorry.

Right then, a MOM-MOBILE pulls up, an utterly dull and practical vehicle. Surfboards are piled on the racks. Inside are boy GROMS, young surfers that rip, of various ages.

INT. MOM-MOBILE - DAY

A stern-looking mother, NADINE HOLLISTER, 50s, sits rigidly behind the wheel. In the seat behind her is her son, WILL, 11, stereotypical grom.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Jasper turns to Saylor.

JASPER  
Want a ride?

Saylor is horrified when she looks in the car.

SAYLOR'S POV - The groms are packed in like blonde-haired sardines, except for KEONI KEALOHA, 14. Hard to miss him with his long Hawaiian tresses, white teeth and permanent smile. He flashes her an even wider one.

SAYLOR  
That's okay. It's already looking like a tight fit.

She gives a forced smile while shaking her head no. She puts her earbud back in. Jasper struggles to squeeze his board in with the groms and it's even harder to squeeze himself in.

JASPER

Here's the new bus schedule. They changed the routes.

Through the window, he awkwardly hands her the new schedule which she ignores by cramming it in her pocket. As they pull away, Keoni's hair is blowing from the other window as Saylor glances up to watch them disappear down the road.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY - MINUTES LATER

Saylor waits.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY - AN HOUR LATER

Saylor is still waiting. She finally pulls out Jasper's crumpled paper, checks the times and glances at her surf watch.

SAYLOR

No way. This so sucks.

She picks up her surfboard, crosses the street and stands at the returning bus stop sign.

INT. HOUSEBOAT - DAY

Saylor SLAMS the front door. With a disgusted look on her face, she puts her surfboard on the couch, marches through the house going out the other door.

EXT. HOUSEBOAT - DAY

Saylor comes out the door and goes along the side, ending up back at the front door. Frustrated, she looks at her bike. Its back tire is missing and the front one is flat. A small boat putters by and she gives it a sideways glance, curiously noticing Catalina is one of the happy PASSENGERS.

INT. SURF SHACK - DAY

Saylor bursts into the surf shop.

SAYLOR

(exasperated)

If you're wondering why I'm looking so dry, it's because I couldn't go surfing. No bus, no bike, no surf—all equals dry hair.

Startled, Melanie looks up from her project, surf clothing sketches, scattered on the counter.

MELANIE

You have to go local. We go through this almost daily.

SAYLOR

(frustrated)

We live on the water, which is really local, and I can't even surf it.

MELANIE

(frustrated)

Saylor.

She storms out the door as Melanie watches her leave.

INT. HOUSEBOAT/SAYLOR'S ROOM - DAY

Saylor's room is a mixture of surf and drift car style with a splash of retro, hi-tech and a little girly pink thrown in. Crazy decorating styles that somehow all work together. Her computer screen streams a surf contest as she doodles a unique women's swimsuit with a special pocket for a key.

SAYLOR

Now it's only thirty-two months, two weeks and four days until I get my driver's license.

RACHEL 'PRISHA' SMITH, 13, all American girl in ridiculously adopted Bollywood style, adorned with a Bindi, is scrolling on her cell phone.

PRISHA

The ultimate freedom.

SAYLOR

Pretty much. I'll be able to go anywhere.

PRISHA

What kind of car are you going to get?



SAYLOR  
Matt drives a Nissan.

Saylor looks at the poster of Matt Powers.

SAYLOR (CONT'D)  
(sighing)  
That's what I want. And I'm going to have my GoPro attached so I can chronicle my driving, just like Matt. I wonder how many GoPros he has.

Prisha stops on a photo of a deadly KING COBRA, prompting...

PRISHA  
What's up with that new girl in spanish class? Isn't she an exchange student or something?

SAYLOR  
She was in the store the other day. She's such a poser. Cathy or Carmen...

PRISHA  
...Catalina.

SAYLOR  
(hurt)  
She told Emily I live on a big ugly barge.

PRISHA  
Do you ever get creeped out about this place sinking?  
(beat)  
It's your house. I mean literally your house could sink. That's like crazy.

SAYLOR  
What do you think this is for?

She competently pulls a life vest from under her bed and immediately stuffs it right back under.

SAYLOR (CONT'D)  
Any auditions set up?

PRISHA  
My agent is working on it.

SAYLOR

Bollywood is on the other side of the world. I'll miss you.

PRISHA

It's not that far from here.

(dramatic)

I'm meant to be a Bollywood star.

It's in my heart. My soul.

She shows Saylor a video on her phone of over-the top Bollywood singing and dancing.

SAYLOR

Maybe Matt has a Bollywood connection.

PRISHA

Shouldn't you, like, meet him first before you start asking for favors?

SAYLOR

Details. Details.

PRISHA

You can't even get to 'Forever's'. How are you ever going to meet Matt Powers?

SAYLOR

I could have met him today since he surfed it.

Prisha briefly glances up from her phone.

PRISHA

OMG. You have to figure out a ride for tomorrow. What about Jasper?

SAYLOR

He's weird. He's always staring at me.

PRISHA

Maybe an Uber?

SAYLOR

There are like two Uber drivers here. And they both say...

(dramatic)

No kids. No surfboards.

Prisha gets off the bed, turns up the volume on her phone and expertly mimics the Bollywood dance video.

INT. HOUSEBOAT/BIG ROOM - NIGHT

At the dining counter, Saylor looks up as she's rolling spaghetti on her fork. Melanie is tossing the salad while looking over work notes.

SAYLOR  
(nonchalant)  
So.

Melanie doesn't look up.

SAYLOR (CONT'D)  
What's your schedule for tomorrow?  
I gotta catch this swell.

Melanie sets down the salad tossers and looks at Saylor.

MELANIE  
Maverick's working and I have to  
prep for that meeting.

She sits next to Saylor.

SAYLOR  
What's up with Chetar?

MELANIE  
I guess she twisted her ankle, so  
she's off for a few days.

SAYLOR  
(quickly, hopeful)  
Can she drive?

MELANIE  
No. And holster any crazy thoughts  
in that brain of yours. I don't  
want to have to ground you again.

Saylor sighs. Chewing.

SAYLOR  
Is Zach coming home this weekend?

MELANIE  
I don't know. Why don't you talk to  
him?

SAYLOR  
Oh, I will.

She pulls her cell phone from her pocket.

MELANIE

It's dinner time, not Facetime.

Saylor hesitates as she eyes Melanie's work. Smiling, Melanie pushes her work away, and Saylor stashes her cell. She voraciously digs into her meal.

INT. HOUSEBOAT/SAYLOR'S ROOM - NIGHT

A pink lava lamp is grooving on Saylor's nightstand. She's snug in bed, laptop on her chest, Facetiming with her brother ZACH RYAN, 18, a good-looking surfer type. His sleepy face, slightly covered by his messy hair, is big on her screen and her cell phone is propped on the keyboard displaying her surf filled Instagram page.

SAYLOR

Are you coming home this weekend?

ZACH

I'm cramming for tests.

SAYLOR

Dude. Say it's not so.

ZACH

What's up?

SAYLOR

An epic swell. That's what's up.

ZACH

It's good here, too. I don't need to come home for surf. Still no friends with cars?

SAYLOR

No. So bogus. If I could drive our house to the beach I'd be set. It's like I'm landlocked in water.

(beat)

I hate being divorced.

ZACH

Technically, you're not divorced.

SAYLOR

It sure feels like it. And you being away at school now doesn't help.

ZACH  
We're still a family, but just  
different now.

A tear slips from her eye and she brushes it away.

ZACK  
Hang in there. I'll be back for the  
next swell. Promise.

A huge sigh escapes Saylor. Zach gives a small CHUCKLE.

SAYLOR  
Copy that.

He ends the conversation. Frustrated, Saylor snaps her laptop closed and places it next to her pink lava lamp. She then buries her head in her pillow, stifling a SCREAM.

INT. HOUSEBOAT/BIG ROOM - DAY

Melanie hands Saylor a homemade latte to start her day as Saylor throws her backpack over her shoulder. She's got it all down with her cell phone, backpack, and ecologically sound coffee container.

SAYLOR  
Any progress with your surf club?

MELANIE  
I'd like to say thanks for caring,  
but I'm pretty sure your question  
comes from you wanting to know if  
there are any members who might be  
able to drive you to your favorite  
surf spot.

SAYLOR  
Just asking.

She gives Melanie a kiss.

SAYLOR (CONT'D)  
I'll take that as a no.

MELANIE  
The surf club needs someone like  
you to move it forward.

SAYLOR  
I have Surf P.E. That's like a surf  
club plus school work, so no time.  
(MORE)

SAYLOR (CONT'D)

And I need the ride today, not six months from now.

MELANIE

I'm pretty sure you'll need a ride in six months, too. Always good to plan ahead.

Melanie smiles endearingly as the door BANGS behind Saylor.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL/WALKWAY - DAY

Saylor and Prisha sit side by side outside their next class. STUDENTS are milling around and walking by them as they each scroll and text on their cell phones.

SAYLOR

I have to leave school early to get to the first bus so I can make it in time for the second bus.

PRISHA

Are you sure no one can take you?

Saylor gives Prisha the "are you really asking me that?" look.

PRISHA (CONT'D)

Sorry.

SAYLOR

I can't tell the office I'm sick, because they'll call my mom and I'll get grounded...for like a month.

PRISHA

What about your dad?

SAYLOR

Really?

PRISHA

Stupid. He's probably in China or something.

As Keoni and Jasper walk by, they stop.

JASPER

(big smile)

Hi, Saylor.

PRISHA  
 (big smile)  
 Hi, Keoni.

Prisha straightens as Saylor glances up from her cell phone.

KEONI  
 Hey.

Keoni looks at Saylor and Prisha looks at Keoni and Jasper looks at Saylor.

SAYLOR  
 Hey.

Saylor looks back to her cell phone. Long silence.

KEONI  
 Let's go, or we'll be late.

Keoni motions his head to Jasper.

JASPER  
 Bye.

Prisha blushes and waves goodbye as the boys leave the girls. Prisha sighs and notices the "CHESS CLUB" banner. Her eyes briefly focus on the word "CLUB".

PRISHA  
 Keoni is to die for.

The bell RINGS. They both get up. Out of nowhere, Catalina snobbishly pushes ahead of them to get in class first.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL/SPANISH CLASS - DAY

Saylor's desk, as well as Prisha's and Catalina's desks, are very close together. The other STUDENTS are CHATTING away as they wait for their hip Spanish teacher, MS. NILES, 30s, to finish writing on the chalkboard. Prisha turns slightly towards Saylor.

PRISHA  
 What about that surf club thing?

SAYLOR  
 What?

PRISHA  
Tell them you need to go do  
community service, or like,  
whatever you would do, for a new  
surf club.

CATALINA  
(turns slightly toward  
Saylor)  
Surf club?

SAYLOR  
Uh.

CATALINA  
I should be in a surf club.

PRISHA  
Do you even surf?

CATALINA  
(indignant)  
Yes.

PRISHA  
Really?

CATALINA  
I could. I have a wetsuit.

Saylor is watching the two of them go back and forth.

SAYLOR  
There's no surf club. It's just a  
thought right now.

CATALINA  
(adamant)  
Surf clubs can't think.

Saylor's eyes open wide.

CATALINA (CONT'D)  
With your Madre's store, that would  
be most excellent. She can have a  
discount for members. But I would  
buy even at full price. I love to  
shop. I have money.

She looks at her perfectly manicured nails. Saylor rolls her  
eyes at Prisha.



PRISHA  
 Why are you even in this class?  
 Spanish is your first language.

She shrugs.

CATALINA  
 Easy A.

PRISHA  
 (mouthing to Saylor)  
 OMG.

CATALINA  
 When can I join?

SAYLOR  
 There is no surf club.

CATALINA  
 I will talk to my hosting mother.  
 She takes me everywhere I want to  
 go. She wants to make me happy.  
 (beat)  
 Can boys join?

MS. NILES  
 Let's pick up where we last left  
 off if the ladies in the back of  
 the class can quiet down.

Saylor and Prisha open their Spanish textbooks. Catalina  
 doesn't touch hers.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL/HALLWAY LOCKERS - DAY (BACK TO REALITY)

Prisha stares at her reflection on the mirror inside her  
 locker. She's touching her forehead between her eyes. The  
 inside of her locker looks like a mini Bollywood movie set.

PRISHA  
 You didn't tell me I forgot my  
 Bindi.

Saylor reaches over, the inside of her locker is decorated  
 with Matt Powers and surf paraphernalia, and turns Prisha's  
 head toward her.

SAYLOR  
 Brain freeze.

Forlorn, Prisha rubs the area with her index finger.

SAYLOR (CONT'D)

Sorry.

PRISHA

It's okay. If I had a makeup person, I'd never have to think about it. Maybe one day I'll even have my own Bollywood stylist.

She SLAMS her locker door shut and leans against it.

SAYLOR

(determined)

Wish me luck. I'm going to see my counselor about the surf club. Makes it seem more legit.

PRISHA

Yeah. You've got Oddie Otie. You're set. That guy's a snore and like a total space king.

Saylor closes her locker and turns right into Jasper. Keoni is next to him. Prisha immediately starts primping.

SAYLOR

Watch it.

JASPER

Sorry.

Prisha straightens her shoulders.

PRISHA

(big smile)

Hi, Keoni.

He gives her a heads-up.

JASPER

I found some cool stuff on Matt Powers. I could e-mail you the links...

PRISHA

(interrupting)

She knows everything about Matt.

Saylor grabs Prisha's arm, and they head down the hall.

PRISHA (CONT'D)

Bye, Keoni.

She waves over her shoulder. Jasper spins around in a whirl of disappointment and when Catalina walks by, Keoni takes a double take. Catalina takes a double take, too.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL/COUNSELOR OFFICE - DAY

COUNSELOR OTIS MORAN, 50s, dull in the truest sense of the word, looks across the desk to Saylor.

COUNSELOR OTIS

From what you're saying, you need to leave before the last period in order to attend a meeting to organize the beginnings of a surf club. Is that correct?

SAYLOR

Yes.

COUNSELOR OTIS

But the club may not happen.

She's looking slightly uncomfortable.

SAYLOR

Correct.

COUNSELOR OTIS

Because this is just a first meeting.

SAYLOR

Correct.

COUNSELOR OTIS

And no one knows what they're doing.

SAYLOR

Correct.

COUNSELOR OTIS

Because they've never done a surf club before.

SAYLOR

Correct.

COUNSELOR OTIS

You have no plan.

She fidgets.

SAYLOR

Correct.

COUNSELOR OTIS

And that's why you need this meeting. Today.

He looks pointedly at her.

SAYLOR

Correct.

Long silence as he stares at her.

COUNSELOR OTIS

Let me pull your file.

He stands and goes to the file cabinets, opening a drawer and going through the files.

COUNSELOR OTIS (CONT'D)

I like the paper ones. Not many counselors use a real file anymore. I like a real book, too. None of those e-readers for me.

He holds her file up as he pulls it from the cabinet and sits back down, opening the folder.

COUNSELOR OTIS (CONT'D)

Uh-huh.  
(beat)  
Hmmm.  
(beat)  
Interesting.

She opens her mouth to speak and then stops.

COUNSELOR OTIS (CONT'D)

Really?

He's LAUGHING now.

COUNSELOR OTIS (CONT'D)

Huh.

He gives her a quick look. Beads of perspiration are on her forehead.

COUNSELOR OTIS (CONT'D)

Oh.

She opens her mouth to speak and then shuts it.

COUNSELOR OTIS (CONT'D)

Well.

He leans back in his chair and looks at her again. She's not sure if she should speak or not.

SAYLOR

(nervously)

I-I...

He gives her a look. She snaps her mouth shut as she shakes her head.

COUNSELOR OTIS

Looks like you're trying to reform yourself here with your new undertaking. Good for you.

Startled, her eyes open wide.

SAYLOR

Reform myself?

She reaches across to the file.

SAYLOR (CONT'D)

Can I see that?

He pulls it back as he looks at her. She sits back down.

COUNSELOR OTIS

The water fountain incident.

SAYLOR

It broke.

COUNSELOR OTIS

The locker incident.

SAYLOR

It looked like my locker.

COUNSELOR OTIS

The skateboard...never mind.

He gives her a long stare.

SAYLOR

I...

Counselor Otis reaches across his desk and pulls out a pad of paper. He scribbles on it, then RIPS off the sheet and hands it to her.

COUNSELOR OTIS  
I can recommend several books if  
this progresses forward. Good luck.

SAYLOR  
Thank you.

COUNSELOR OTIS  
Saylor.

SAYLOR  
(hesitant)  
Yes?

COUNSELOR OTIS  
You can do it. You're a sharp  
little gal.

SAYLOR  
(taken aback)  
Thanks.

With the slip in her hand, she practically runs from the  
office.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

A few STUDENTS are seen on the school grounds while GARDENERS  
are diligently doing their jobs. Saylor's backpack is slung  
over her shoulder with her cell in her hand.

SAYLOR'S POV - Texts on her cell phone --

SAYLOR: Score.

PRISHA: power to you fist emoji, bus emoji, surfer emoji,  
smiley face emoji.

Saylor smiles, taps her fingers and stops at 'Forever's'  
peeling perfectly. Her cell RINGS and she answers.

INT. HOME OFFICE - SAME TIME

Little Buddy spins in the office chair while the waves at  
'Forever's' break to perfection.

LITTLE BUDDY  
Word.

SPLIT SCREEN -- PHONE CONVERSATION

SAYLOR  
Dude. I'm in.

LITTLE BUDDY  
Score. I'll be watching you.

SAYLOR  
Sweet.

He stops his spinning, facing "Forever's".

EXT. HOUSEBOAT - DAY

Saylor gleefully walks toward their houseboat. She's daydreaming...

EXT. FOREVERS SURF BREAK - DAY (DAYDREAM)

Saylor does a CUTBACK on a perfect wave and then a FLOATER.

EXT. HOUSEBOAT - DAY (BACK TO REALITY)

Saylor sees Melanie walk into their house.

SAYLOR  
OMG.

Panicked, Saylor squats behind a bench. She waits. Melanie doesn't come out.

SAYLOR (CONT'D)  
(exasperated)  
What the...

She thinks and then pulls out her cell phone.

SAYLOR'S POV - Texts on her cell phone --

SAYLOR: How's business?

MELANIE: Busy. Maverick's working. Home. Last minute meeting prep.

SAYLOR: Kool. A heart emoji. U.

MELANIE: Ditto.

Saylor sighs. She gives the houseboat the once over and with stealth, walks towards it. Looking around, she quietly gets on her knees and crawls along the walkway to her room. Carefully sliding open her window, she crawls in.

INT. HOUSEBOAT/SAYLOR'S ROOM - DAY

Loud MUSIC blares from the big room. Saylor slips inside the window and empties her backpack, refilling it with her surf gear. She sets it outside the window and does the same with her surfboard. The music stops and so does she, paralyzed with fear. The TV goes ON. She relaxes slightly and proceeds to sneak through the window.

EXT. HOUSEBOAT - DAY

Saylor shuts the window behind her. Picking up her backpack, she stops when she hears the side DOOR open and FOOTSTEPS heading her way. She rushes around the corner and leans against the wall as a small electric boat silently motors by.

Melanie comes around the other corner and stops when she sees Saylor's surfboard.

MELANIE  
(exasperated)  
Saylor.

After throwing the bag in the trash can, she grabs the surfboard and goes back inside.

A few seconds later, Saylor peers around the corner, rolling her eyes at her missing surfboard. She heaves a frustrated sigh as she tiptoes from her hiding spot. Peering inside her window, she see's her surfboard and climbs back in.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The WHEELS of a skateboard racing down the sidewalk. Saylor's surfboard is under her arm. She's speeding along, grooving to the MUSIC playing through her earbuds. Saylor gets to her first bus stop just as the bus is getting there.

INT. BUS - DAY

The moody BUS DRIVER negatively eyes Saylor's surfboard and skateboard as she gets on the CROWDED bus. Earbuds still in, Saylor stares right into the bus driver's piercing eyes.

SAYLOR  
What? It's under 6 feet.

The driver waits as Saylor fumbles with her money, and then closes the door. It's so crowded, Saylor basically stands where she's at while the bus continues on its route.



EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

A bus is parked at the bus stop as another pulls up behind it.

INT. BUS - DAY

At Saylor's bus stop, the driver pulls the door latch, but it doesn't open. Saylor grows frantic as she checks her watch. The driver keeps struggling with the latch, but still nothing. Saylor reaches down and tries the latch herself. The driver slaps her hand away and Saylor rips an earbud out.

SAYLOR

I'm going to miss my next bus.

BUS DRIVER

(taunting)

The middle door is open.

Saylor turns around and looks at all the PEOPLE in her pathway. She reaches to the latch again as the bus driver does the same thing.

BUS DRIVER (CONT'D)

Better hurry before I close the  
only working door.

Saylor pushes through the throng of passengers, battling with her surfboard and skateboard. She barely makes it out the bus before the door closes.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

As Saylor steps out of the bus, she sees the other bus in front of her, pulling away. She checks the number on the bus: 76.

SAYLOR

Hey. WAIT.

She rushes after it, but it keeps going...without her.

SAYLOR (CONT'D)

NO. NO.

Her first bus immediately follows with the driver waving at her with a big smile.

SAYLOR (CONT'D)

So not cool.

Bereft, Saylor stands on the sidewalk with her surfboard, and skateboard, looking extraordinarily misplaced. There's no one anywhere in any direction. She checks the bus schedule again, almost in tears.

INT. MOM-MOBILE - DAY

Jasper and Keoni, along with Will and a couple of other GROMS, are in the Mom-Mobile. Mrs. Hollister has her typical stern-faced look as she literally TUNES them all out, INCREASING the volume while driving the car. Celine Dion SERENADES the passengers.

GROM #1

Dude. Your mom's music sucks.

No response. Grom #1 smacks him.

WILL

What?

Will's hoodie has covered his earbuds, and he pulls them out.

GROM #1

Never mind.

Grom #1 puts his earbuds in, too. Keoni reaches into the front seat and smiles at Mrs. Hollister.

KEONI

Can I turn the music down?

She melts when she sees his charming face and white teeth.

MRS. HOLLISTER

Of course.

Keoni readjusts the speaker volume so it's more in the front of the car. He then settles back next to Jasper. They're looking out the window and see the approaching bus stop.

JASPER

(squinting)

That looks like Saylor.

KEONI

Totally.

They get closer.

JASPER

It is.

They both wave to Saylor. Keoni holds up his cell phone and takes a video of her.

KEONI  
Snapchat that. She's rad, using  
those buses.

JASPER  
Totally.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Saylor watches as a car with a bunch of surfboards on its racks drives by. Saylor's eyes widen in recognition of the Mom-Mobile.

SAYLOR  
Desperate times.

She lifts her arm to flag the car down, her white sleeve blowing like an "I surrender" flag.

SAYLOR (CONT'D)  
Stop. Hey.

INT. MOM-MOBILE - DAY

Jasper turns his head to see Saylor still waving her arm. He smiles and waves back again.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Saylor watches them drive away with Jasper waving the entire time. She angrily picks up her skateboard and looks in their direction again.

SAYLOR  
(yelling)  
I hope it's blown out.

She crosses the street and stands at the returning bus stop sign.

EXT. SCRAMBLES BEACH BREAK - DAY

Saylor, in her wetsuit, holds her surfboard. She looks to the ocean in front of her. It's wind has turned the CROWDED beach break into junk and it's getting dark.

SAYLOR  
 (dramatic)  
 It's so blown out. Torture. Matt  
 would never go out here.

She sighs and makes her way through the soft sand to the uninviting surf. She passes a trash can with "Scrambles" spray painted on it, graffiti style.

INT. HOUSEBOAT/SAYLOR'S ROOM - NIGHT

Saylor is looking at her computer screen. Prisha's looking back at her on Skype.

PRISHA  
 You didn't miss anything. I didn't  
 even take notes for you.

SAYLOR  
 Thanks for not taking notes for me.  
 I didn't want to read them anyways.

PRISHA  
 Sucks about the missed bus.

SAYLOR  
 And the missed ride.

PRISHA  
 Keoni is to die for. Just to sit  
 next to him for a few. Score. I'd  
 start surfing if I thought he'd  
 crush on me.

She sighs. Saylor rolls her eyes. KNOCK. KNOCK.

PRISHA (CONT'D)  
 (yelling)  
 Come in.

Melanie enters.

SAYLOR  
 (laughing)  
 That's my door.

PRISHA  
 Sorry. Hi, Ms. Ryan.

MELANIE  
 Please, just Melanie.

PRISHA  
You know I can't.

MELANIE  
You're very polite, Rachel.  
(quickly)  
I mean, Prisha. Sorry.

Prisha tips her head and lifts her hands in a respectful namaste. It's a three-way now with Prisha still on the computer screen.

MELANIE (CONT'D)  
I talked to your counselor today.

SAYLOR  
(nervous)  
You did?

MELANIE  
Yes.

SAYLOR  
Why?

MELANIE  
He called.

SAYLOR  
He did?

Nervous, Saylor looks to Prisha whose eyes have grown huge.

MELANIE  
He's really impressed with how  
you're spearheading the surf club.

Saylor's jaw drops.

SAYLOR  
He is?

MELANIE  
I thought you weren't into it?

SAYLOR  
I...

Saylor looks pleadingly to Prisha for help.

PRISHA

We were talking about it today and it, well, it seems like a killer idea, I mean, like, the more we talked about it.

MELANIE

(suspicious)

He said you even left early to start working on it.

SAYLOR

Uh...

PRISHA

Yeah. She needed to get some magazines and stuff to put together a...

SAYLOR

(interrupting)

Business plan.

MELANIE

(impressed)

Wow.

PRISHA

She even already has a member.

SAYLOR/MELANIE

I do?/You do?

(beat)

Who?/Who?

PRISHA

Catalina.

MELANIE

The foreign exchange student? She comes in the store.

SAYLOR

(annoyed)

A lot.

MELANIE

That's great.

SAYLOR

(sarcastic)

Yeah. Great.

PRISHA  
(quickly)  
How's the hiring going, Ms. Ryan?

MELANIE  
Not so good.

SAYLOR  
What about your meeting?

MELANIE  
(melancholy)  
They said my drawings aren't  
trendsetting enough.

PRISHA  
You hang in there.

MELANIE  
Thanks, Prisha.  
(to Saylor)  
I'm so proud of you.

With a big smile, Melanie leaves the room.

SAYLOR  
Of all the kids in school, you come  
up with Catalina?

PRISHA  
I didn't lie. Catalina wants in.  
She's how I closed the deal with  
your mom, making it all sound  
legit.  
(beat)  
You're the one that lied.

SAYLOR  
It was your idea.

PRISHA  
Like whatever. You got caught and  
now you have to pay the price.  
That's how it works.

SAYLOR  
I sure wish I could drive. Life  
would be so much easier.

Saylor looks to one of her many Matt Powers posters.

INT. SURF SHACK - DAY

Saylor enters the empty store with her surfboard under her arm. She barely notices MIA, a white poodle mix rocking a few dreadlocks, napping by the door. She looks at Melanie who's holding tape and a "HELP WANTED" sign.

SAYLOR  
Great idea, Mom.  
(beat)  
There's still some surf.

MELANIE  
Chetar's never shown up.

SAYLOR  
(sarcastic)  
So what's new?  
(pleading)  
Come on.

Saylor waves her arms around at the empty store.

SAYLOR (CONT'D)  
It would take a stampede of customers right now to make it worth missing this surf. There's no other wave like 'Forever's'. The ride just goes on like...forever.

Melanie looks around and then at Saylor's face and smiles.

MELANIE  
You're right. I'll close out later.  
Let's go.

SAYLOR  
Yes.

Saylor's out the front door like a racehorse out of a starting gate and Melanie tapes the sign to the window.

EXT. FOREVERS SURF BREAK - DAY

Saylor is ripping it up in the UNCROWDED surf spot. She kicks out of a wave and is horrified to see Melanie talking it up with Jasper. She tries not to look and finds it easy when another set rolls in.

Melanie gets the first wave, her skill level not as good as Saylor's, and Saylor gives her a HOOT. Jasper catches the next wave.



Saylor is surprised to find his skill level, although odd looking, is really good. But no hoot for him as she catches the next wave.

INT. SURF SHACK - DAY

Melanie happily takes down the "HELP WANTED" sign as Saylor walks in the door. Saylor, with a folder in her hand, is all smiles when she sees that.

SAYLOR  
You found someone.

MELANIE  
I did.

SAYLOR  
Great. It's going to be so life altering...  
(beat)  
For both of us. Yes. Rides. Rides. Rides.

MELANIE  
Take it is easy with the rides, rides, rides.

SAYLOR  
'Forever's' was so awesome. Thanks again.  
(beat)  
I did some sketches for you. Maybe they'll give you some "trend setting"...  
(winking with a smile)  
Ideas for your next meeting.

MELANIE  
(touched)  
Thanks. I can't wait to look at them.

Saylor proudly hands her the file. Jasper, with a huge grin, walks in the shop. Saylor instantly tries to blend into the clothing racks, busying herself with straightening the hangers.

JASPER  
Good morning, Ms. Ryan.

MELANIE  
Jasper. You're early. I love that.

JASPER  
That's how I roll.

Straightening himself to be taller.

MELANIE  
Saturdays can be busy, so be  
prepared for a little craziness on  
your first day.

Saylor spins around in confusion.

SAYLOR  
Mom?

Jasper straightens himself and his hair, saluting Saylor.

MELANIE  
You know Jasper. He and I were  
talking yesterday. He needs some  
work credit for school. Thanks so  
much for getting me out in the  
water. It was a double blessing. A  
fun surf and an employee.

SAYLOR  
(horrified)  
But he's a guy and we're a female-  
geared surf shop.

MELANIE  
So's Maverick. And we have guys  
stuff.

She waves to the tiny clothing rack in the corner. Saylor  
gets close to Melanie and leans in.

SAYLOR  
(whispering)  
But this is...  
(beat)  
Jasper.

MELANIE  
(trying not to laugh)  
He won't be here forever. It's only  
temporary. Maybe he can help you  
with the surf club.

Saylor is so rattled.

SAYLOR  
I don't need any help.

She's looking around and then gets a text. Silence as she reads it.

SAYLOR (CONT'D)

How about a ride to the mall then?

Melanie shakes her head.

MELANIE

I have to start his training.

SAYLOR

OMG.

Saylor throws up her arms in exasperation as she looks to Jasper and rolls her eyes before walking out the shop door.

INT. HOUSEBOAT/BIG ROOM - DAY

Saylor holds a pizza pan in her hands. She's simulating steering as she's absorbed in her YouTube video displayed on the huge smart TV.

SAYLOR'S POV - Virtual reality drift driving through a simulated wave and getting barreled in the car.

Saylor's interrupted by her phone RINGING, sets down her pan and answers.

SAYLOR

Word.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Little Buddy is sitting on a stylish counter stool, munching on a homemade cookie, as he looks out the massive kitchen window. 'Forever's' is as flat as a lake.

LITTLE BUDDY

Are you coming to my birthday party?

SPLIT SCREEN -- PHONE CONVERSATION

SAYLOR

Totally. Sounds so fun.

LITTLE BUDDY

I love boats.

SAYLOR

Your mom sure rented a big one.  
 (beat)  
 And you're gonna love your present.

LITTLE BUDDY

Sweet. Gotta go.

She looks over to the window and sees a small boat go by. She gets up for a closer look as another boat goes by. Two sets of golf clubs are next to the DRIVER and his PASSENGER. Saylor looks over at her surfboard, and a smaller more colorful one next to it with a big bow on it, and then back out the window at ALL the boats.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Street traffic is minimal as Saylor peddles her bike, with little Buddy's surfboard gift proudly displayed in the bikes surfboard rack. The bow blows as she moves along the road with her colorful and precious cargo.

The light turns yellow, then red and Saylor stops at the signal. She's checking her surf rack to make sure the board and bow are secure, and as she turns back to the handle bars, a car pulls up next to her. And it's not just any car...

... It's Matt Powers drift car.

She does a double take and gasps as she stares through the window.

MATT POWERS, in real life, at the wheel.

SAYLOR

(breathless)  
 Matt Powers.  
 (ecstatic)  
 OMG.

She's searching frantically in her pockets and finally pulls out her cell phone to take a photo. Just as she does, the light changes to green and Matt accelerates his car through the signal.

Saylor is motionless, phone in hand, watching Matt's car get smaller in front of her eyes. She quickly stashes the phone back in her pocket and races through the signal, peddling as mightily as she can.

SAYLOR (CONT'D)

(yelling)  
 Wait. Wait.

It's no use. She can't catch up to Matt's car as it disappears from her sight. She stops peddling and rests on the side of the road to catch her breath. A tear slips down her cheek and her shaking hand brushes it away.

And just then, a city bus goes by with a big sign on its side.

THE SIGN

Matt's headshot and in eye-popping colors:

AUTO ENTHUSIAST DAY  
MITCHELL TRACK  
WIN TO MEET MATT POWERS

Saylor gasps again.

SAYLOR (CONT'D)  
(ecstatic)  
Yes.

And with her typical unabashed enthusiasm, she heads back on her way with a huge grin on her face and the big bow flapping in the wind.

FADE OUT.

THE END