

THE LOWTIDE LOUNGE

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Based on a true story

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FADE IN:

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT

TITLE - INSPIRED BY TRUE EVENTS

Floating above a stretch of ocean at night, the swells are moderate, and it's raining.

There's something small on the water. A sea kayaker bobs and paddles.

A warm, affable voice speaks.

VOICE (V.O.)

In certain circles of the music industry lies the legend of the Lowtide Lounge in Esterillos Oestes, Costa Rica. It was a hideout for rock stars owned and operated by music industry insiders. Roadies.

The paddler disappears with a swell and floats back up. He makes a few strokes, lets the boat glide, paddles again.

VOICE (V.O.)

What you don't know about Roadies is that they are among the most resourceful folks on the planet. They can fix it, find it, feed it, fuck it, and not say fuck all about it.

TITLE - 2003

THE PADDLER

The fore and aft of the sea kayak are stacked high with cargo in black waterproof bags. JACKSON NASH, 35, leans back and coasts.

Water beads the ringlets of his massive hair and bushy mutton chops.

Nash wears a black wet suit up to his neck and has a night vision rig with comms strapped to his head.

NASH

(into radio)

What the fuck, over?

He seems alone in the oily blackness of the night.

Fifty yards away, another boater paddles a similar sea kayak.

This is PAC, 48, with the same kit as Nash. He lets the boat drift and looks at a handheld GPS.

The screen's light reveals Pac to be a hard-looking Columbian with serial killer focus.

INTERCUT RADIO CONVERSATION

Pac scans the horizon. A sprinkle of lights from buildings look like distant stars.

Pac speaks English, but with a heavy Caleño accent with some Spanish mixed in. He speaks fast and sharp.

PAC

Oof, this is it. Those motherfuckers just aren't here, oís.

NASH

Dude, we both need GPS. We always get separated.

PAC

Stand by. I will try la radio.

NASH

Something ain't right.

Nash folds down the night vision goggles and scans the horizon.

Nothing. The lights flare in the goggles.

NASH (CONT'D)

(to himself)

I want my own GPS next time; this is bullshit.

PAC (O.S.)

(through Nash's headset)

They're at the wrong la playa, headed our way now. Paddle in.

END INTERCUT.

Nash takes another stroke and continues toward the shore.

He glides across the black liquid, nearly invisible and silent against the drizzle.

EXT. REMOTE BEACH - NIGHT

Both kayaks are on the beach at the water's edge. Nash walks over to help Pac get out of his boat. He leans over to stretch his back, then rotates his arms.

NASH

Fuck, that was a hard twenty miles.

Pac ignores him.

NASH (CONT'D)

And, we're just halfway.

PAC

Stop talking, oís.

Nash squeezes an energy gel and drinks from his hydration pack.

Dark vans pull up with their lights out.

MEN stream out like a NASCAR pit crew.

One team goes for the cargo on the kayaks. They pass it off to runners who transport it to the vans. They return with new cargo bags that are strapped back to the boats.

They just finish with Pac's refit when the night sky EXPLODES in POLICE LIGHTS and SIRENS.

Pac instantly pushes off and DISAPPEARS into the ocean.

Cops start running toward the beach.

Nash's team struggles to release his cargo straps.

NASH

C'mon, c'mon, dense prisa!

A searchlight spots them - the strap guys dart off. Nash drops to his knees, pulls a knife from his ankle, and cuts the straps.

The cops are getting closer.

Another two guys grab the cargo.

CARGO MAN

(in Spanish)

He's got the money, go!

He pushes the boat with his foot - Nash gets in and paddles backward into the cover of the sea.

Two, three, four strokes, a j-turn, and over the waves.
He glides out a safe distance, turns, and watches the beach.
His mind slows everything down.

- A man goes down hard in the sand, two cops on him
- SHOTS ring out, and an officer gets SPUN AROUND
- The shooter VIBRATES with lead from an automatic rifle
- Not all of the police are in uniform
- Heavy FLASHES from a shotgun stops another gang member

NASH'S FACE

The lights PULSE in his eyes, anguish.

PRE-LAP - ROCK MUSIC

INT. ARENA ROCK CONCERT - NIGHT

Lights continue to PULSE in Nash's eyes, but these are lights from a concert.

Rapid hits on the snare drum sound like gunfire.

From backstage, Nash watches JULES LARSEN, 33, the drummer for an Arena Rock Band, finish the last encore song.

TITLE: 2001 NORTH AMERICAN TOUR

A long-haired MALE FAN jumps on stage and darts toward the performers.

Nash makes a beeline for him and performs a textbook take down. In one fluid motion, he has him back up and moving off stage right.

His size and athleticism are impressive, not somebody to trifle with.

STAGE RIGHT

One step out of the limelight and Nash hands him off to a massive SECURITY GUARD, and turns to get back in position.

MALE FAN
Hey asshole?

Nash turns and is met with a roundhouse punch to his eye. His head spins and spittle flies from his mouth.

The Guard crumples the man and pounds him on the ground.

Nash, blurry-eyed, stumbles back to his post behind the drums.

After a final strike to a cymbal, Larsen stands with his arms raised. Lights circle around, then the stadium goes dark.

INT. HOSPITALITY ROOM - NIGHT

A plain interior room of the arena holds a small group of band members and fans.

There's a plastic tub in the center of the room. Once filled with ice and beer, it's mostly water with a few floaters.

Nash stands to one side, only revealing his good left eye. He holds and looks at his TRAVEL ITINERARY.

INSET: AIRLINE TICKET TO COSTA RICA AND SURF CHAMPIONSHIPS

The TOUR MANAGER cruises by and hands him a NEW SHEET OF PAPER.

TOUR MANAGER

Added four new shows, hope you didn't have plans.

Nash scans the new schedule.

NASH

Fuuuck!

He crumples his itinerary and puts it in his pocket.

Larsen walks in and grabs a beer without breaking stride. He glides over to Nash.

NASH AND LARSEN

They both have the rock star silhouette - a lanky cowboy without the western wear.

Of the two, Larsen is skinnier and wears a red plaid vest and tie over a bare chest. His hair is short for a rockstar.

Nash is in his black skinny jeans and black shirt from working backstage. His insanely curly hair is pulled into a tight man bun for everyone's safety.

LARSEN
Didja hear? We added a few shows.

NASH
Fucking eh, I was headed to the OE
to surf.

LARSEN
Shit.

Nash's right eye is revealed - swollen shut and red. It seeps into his mutton chops. Neither mention it.

Nash pulls a postcard from his back pocket.

NASH
And open a bar.

INSET: THE POSTCARD OF THE LOWTIDE LOUNGE

LARSEN
What the fuck?

Nash tips his beer to Larsen's.

NASH
It's the end of the tour, dude. Me
and Cole leased that bar.

Larsen catches the eye of a fan and smiles. Turning back to Nash, he drops the grin.

LARSEN
Ah, hell no, you can't do something
else with him, he's like gasoline
on styrofoam.

NASH
I know, I know, but I get him.

He kills his beer, tosses it in the trash where it shatters.

LARSEN
Well I know that you're a shit show
when your ideas fall apart.

NASH
You're shit hasn't always worked
out either.

LARSEN

Dude, we've always been in this together and the point is, it's working out now.

NASH

For you, dude. I'm dying in the shadows.

LARSEN

C'mon, what the fuck're you talking about? You're living the dream - sex, drugs, and rock-n-roll.

NASH

Same thing my dad said when I left his motorcycle club.

Larsen grabs the postcard again to have something to look at.

LARSEN

Whatever, dude. I hope it works this time.

Larsen hands Nash the postcard back, and the thatched-roof beachside cabana fills the frame.

EXT. LOWTIDE LOUNGE - DAY

JIMMY "COLE" COLEMAN, 36, holds the postcard in the sun.

He rocks the same damn lanky build. And, has the golden looks of an Abercrombie and Fitch swimsuit model.

Nash stands in the parking lot with a carry-on and three surfboards.

He's fresh-faced, clean-shaven, and his eye has healed. A loose t-shirt, board shorts, and flip-flops replace his metal look - he looks much younger than before.

He beams with excitement and anticipation.

COLE

You got this image in your mind?

NASH

Fuck yeah!

COLE

Drum roll, please.

NASH
Brrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr.

COLE
Check. This. Shit. Out!

Cole moves the card aside to reveal the bar.

It looks like a hurricane came through the night before.

Nash drops his surfboards.

Music and credits play over various shots - the holes in the thatched roof, the side walls covered with graffiti, mold and mildew everywhere, trash swirls in the ocean breeze, a rat runs out, and liquor bottles dot the patio.

Cole stays in full sales mode.

COLE (CONT'D)
I know she looks rough, but eight-hundred bucks a month right on the beach! A little cleaning, you know, some elbow action, and this dumpster looks just like the postcard.

Nash's eyes take on the same look from the opening - terror.

NASH
Oh fuck, man. The postcard wasn't great, but this, this...

COLE
Come on, we've seen tour buses in worse shape.

Cole jumps in front of him, keeps the energy up.

COLE (CONT'D)
Isabella has a cousin, a few cousins, they're going to take care of everything. But trust me, this'll be the hottest spot in Costa Rica! One month.

NASH
A month? As in thirty days. How much?

COLE
In dollars?

NASH
Yes, in fucking dollars.

COLE
Family price, fifteen, maybe
twenty.

NASH
What happened to selling beer from
day one, dude?

Cole starts walking with Nash by the arm.

COLE
You haven't seen the best part -
let's check out the surf, man...

NASH
Nah brah, unless it's a cash
machine, I can't look at it.

Cole guides Nash to the beach anyway.

Nash is transfixed on the Lowtide.

It looks bad from all angles.

Even the CONDEMNED NOTICE looks condemned.

THE BEACH

The surf is spectacular. A perfect pipe forms and washes
against the shore.

COLE
Look around. What do you notice?

NASH
The beach's empty.

COLE
Right, motherfucker! We got this
whole place to ourselves! It's
going to be epic!

NASH
Yeah, but the bar needs, well, so
much, but definitely people, man.
Cust...

COLE
Come on dude, they'll show up...you
work your charms, word gets out, no
problemo.

Nash sits in the sand.

The waves crash ashore.

NASH

Man, I gotta go back and get a job.

COLE

No way, dude. You're the one who always says, "Roadies see obstacles and make a plan, and losers see them and make excuses."

Nash looks directly at Cole.

NASH

My fucking plan was to rent a bar ready to go and cash flow my life.

Nash stands and walks back toward the bar.

Cole stays one step behind, out of arm's reach.

EXT. NASH'S FIRST APARTMENT - DAY

Cole unlocks and opens the door. Nash walks in and looks around the tiny place.

Mold and mildew creep out of the window sills and onto the wall. Condensate collects and trickles down the glass. The furniture is worn and clashes.

NASH

Nah, bro, what the fuck's this?

COLE

Cheap.

NASH

Aw, hell no.

He walks past Cole, who looks in and shrugs his shoulders.

INT. COLE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

They walk into Cole's house. Cole's daughter, DANIELLE, 3, greets them in the foyer. She sizes Nash up.

DANIELLE

Mi no gusta.

Nash looks down and smiles.

She points at him.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)
¡Mi no gusta!

And runs away. They push on.

COLE
(shouts)
Hey, hon, Nash is going to stay
with us a day or two.

They drag his gear upstairs.

INT. GUEST ROOM, COLE'S HOUSE - DAY

Nash sits in his boxers on a comfortable bed in a small room.

He walks down the hall to the

BATHROOM

Nash starts brushing his teeth. He stares at himself hard in the mirror.

FLASHBACK

INT. BUSINESS OFFICE - DAY

A 90s-styled office with woodgrain paneling, a messy desk, some old movie posters as decor.

PATRICK E. MCDERMOTT, 35, a Bob Barker stand-in, the younger version, tanned, coiffed hair, friendly good looks. He leans back in his chair, listening to Nash.

NASH
I'm telling you, this can't fail. I
just need you to wire eight hundred
bucks to this account in Costa
Rica.

Nash hands over a slip of paper.

McDermott accepts the note and looks at it like it contains the words he should say next.

It doesn't. The silence is tough to bear.

MCDERMOTT

(laughs)

You want me to do an international transfer to some dude in a third world country? No contracts, no paperwork?

Nash just shrugs.

MCDERMOTT (CONT'D)

That's the dumbest shit I've ever heard.

McDermott picks up the phone and punches in some numbers.

MCDERMOTT (CONT'D)

Like the other times, I don't expect this back.

END FLASHBACK.

BACK TO THE FACE IN THE MIRROR

Nash spits his toothpaste out, takes a drink of water, swishes, rinses, takes a long drink.

He opens his eyes wide and shakes his head like a madman.

NASH

(whispers)

Not this time, fucker.

He grabs a t-shirt.

EXT. LOWTIDE LOUNGE - DAY

Cole hoists an armful of thatch up to workers on the roof. Nash passes along another bail to him.

The men's foreman, EL JEFE, 58, walks over and SHOUTS some directions in Spanish to the men.

He stares down Nash.

Nash looks behind himself to see if he's looking at someone else. He's not.

NOTE: *Italics throughout indicate words spoken in Spanish.*

EL JEFE

(to Cole)

He doesn't look like he can pay.

COLE

*He's a touring musician; they all
look like they can't pay.*

NASH

What's he saying?

COLE

He says you look famous, like from
a band.

EL JEFE

*When a man looks like he can't pay,
he usually can't pay.*

COLE

He'll pay. No problemo.

NASH

What did you tell him?

COLE

I told him you're a famous white
rapper in America.

NASH

You said, "No problemo," I got that
part.

COLE

He wants a photo for his kid.

EL JEFE

(red-faced)

*You tell him that if he doesn't
pay, we're going to cut him up and
use him for bait.*

NASH

Fuck, he looks pissed.

Cole hoists up more thatch.

EL JEFE

(broken English)

Say it.

COLE

He says he hates rap music. The
words're too vulgar, and the videos
are sexist.

NASH
 (shrugs)
 No problemo. No problemo.

The man moves on to other workers.

NASH (CONT'D)
 Don't do that, fucker. I might want
 to date his daughter.

COLE
 Don't worry about that, we're
 hooking you up with Isabella's
 cousin...
 (looks at workers)
 from her mother's side. Estella,
 but she goes by Sol.

The sun cooks them both. Nash takes a drink of water. He is
 sweaty and covered in hay from the thatch material.

KERRANG!PSSSSSH!

Another WORKER pressure washes the exterior walls and floors.
 He works the wand back and forth and shows no sign of going
 around Nash and Cole.

WORKER
Coming through. Excuse me. Move it.

They jump out of the way to avoid having their feet blasted.

Nash is so quick he steps out of one flip-flop, and it flies
 across the parking lot.

NASH
 Sheee-it.

He hop-skips across the scalding concrete to get it.

INT./EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - MONTAGE - NASH MAKING IT WORK

Nash's fresh face has sprouted stubble and is red from the
 sun.

- He drives a rickshaw transporting tourists at night for
 tips to help make ends meet. It's a heap and needs a muffler.
 A distinct POP-POP-POP and plume of SMOKE announce its
 comings and goings.

- Nash hammers on a piece of countertop as Cole and Danielle
 watch. Danielle is still not impressed. His beard is
 scraggly, his face tan.

- In his rickshaw, Nash drops off MS. MORA, a fashionista we'll meet later - she tips him and gives him her card.

- After midnight, Nash eats a sandwich, lays down, sleeps. A bushy beard covers most of his face, his tan looks weathered.

The morning light shows the Lowtide coming together. Nash wakes and stretches with the sun.

He looks older, haggard. His beard has a few braids and beads, but is definitely unkempt and wild.

EXT. LOWTIDE LOUNGE - DAY

The Lowtide is revived. Banners promote OPENING SOON. Cole and Nash stand in the parking lot inspecting the bar.

Cole holds up the postcard. It matches.

COLE

Dude! This place looks bitchin' -
better than the fucking postcard!

For the first time, Nash smiles.

NASH

We made it to the starting line,
I'll give you that.

A man pulls up in a 1992 Nissan King Cab pickup truck with cases of beer in the back.

ARNO, 38, an Israeli ex-patriot, walks over. He could almost pass as a local, but for a certain savior faire and his James Bond fashion sense.

Arno speaks with an Israeli accent, which exaggerates his mouth movements as if sneaking the words out from his side teeth. It also requires expressive hand gestures.

ARNO

You must be the Americans, no?

COLE

Is it that obvious?

ARNO

(misses the joke)
Yes, Cole?

Cole nods.

ARNO (CONT'D)

I brought over the beer you ordered
for the grand opening.

He looks at the Lowtide and WHISTLES.

ARNO (CONT'D)

What a beauty. You guys got some
cajones sinking money into this
balagan.

COLE

We've got some fun friends who'll
keep us busy once we're up and
running.

ARNO

Nu, if you have the cash, I'll
start unloading.

NASH

Yeah, so about that. We were hoping
to buy on credit - not much - we'll
pay you at the end of each day
based on what we sell - just till
we get established.

ARNO

Eizeh basa, amigo. It's cash
upfront for the first ninety days,
then we can take a check on
delivery each week.

NASH

We understand. It's just we sunk
all our cash into getting the place
ready. We're literally talking
about eight hours of credit...

ARNO

We're not a consignment shop, we're
not a bank, we're not a, a, what's
it called in America, a God's will
shop?

NASH

It's Goodwill.

Nash watches him get in his truck and leave.

NASH (CONT'D)

Fuck, there goes our beer.

EXT. BEACH AT THE LOWTIDE - NIGHT

Nash dozes on a beach lounge in darkness.

A kayaker in a black wetsuit drifts onto the beach without making a sound - until the boat rolls when he tries to stand.

The SPLASH wakes Nash, but he doesn't move, just watches.

The kayaker stands and steadies the boat. A SHADOW steps in and smacks the guy. They pull the kayak further ashore.

SHADOW

You roll in the ocean, don't bother
making it to shore, si?

The cargo is two large bags strapped to the kayak. The men start unbuckling them.

Each one carries a bag to the shore - right toward Nash.

Nash stands up as they get close, a Rob Zombie in borrowed beach clothes.

NASH

What the fuck're you doing?

They stop in their tracks.

This is FELIX, 48, a Costa Rican mercenary with dead eyes and a burn scar on the left side of his face.

FELIX

None of your concern.

NASH

Well, now, it is sort of my concern
because it's happening in front of
my bar.

FELIX

You don't own the beach...or the
bar, amigo. Fuck off.

NASH

Look bro, I'm not opposed to some
shady shit. In fact, I'm sort of a
fan of cocaine, but I can't have
trouble washing up on my doorstep.

Felix drops his shoulder into Nash as he pushes past.

NASH (CONT'D)
 Not cool, man. Not cool. Just find
 another spot, is all I'm saying.

INT. LOWTIDE LOUNGE - DAY

Nash works inside the bar. He looks up to see El Jefe and two
 of his men headed right at him.

He picks up the phone and punches some numbers.

He holds up a finger to El Jefe, cups the phone...

NASH
 (to El Jefe)
 Cole's not here, amigos.

EL JEFE
We want our money.

NASH
 No hablo espanol, remember? Can you
 come back when Cole's here? He's
 our translator.

El Jefe rubs his thumb and fingers together.

EL JEFE
 (in English)
 Dinero.

Nash puts his finger up again.

NASH
 (speaks into phone)
 Hello, Aunt Betty. Can you, uh,
 hold on just a sec?

Nash waves them off.

NASH (CONT'D)
 Come back later.

He turns and steps to the office, runs into one of EL JEFE'S
 MEN'S left hook. He drops the phone...

Dodges the right hand, grabs the wrist as it goes by and
 slams the elbow with his other hand, dislocating it.

Nash spins the man to the ground and nails him with a solid
 strike to the temple. He's knocked out.

More WORKERS approach. Nash meets them with an eerie calm.

The NEXT ATTACKER meets a swift four-finger jab to his throat, he drops, too.

SHHHICK. A knife is pulled by the remaining worker.

A SHRILL WHISTLE from El Jefe stops the action.

EL JEFE (O.S.)
*Enough! We'll be back for our
 money.*

The man pockets his knife, helps his friends to their feet.

NASH
 Come back when Cole's here,
 comrendo?

INT. OFFICE - LATER

Nash paces. This time his left eye is swollen shut. He's back on the phone.

INTERCUT CALL - NASH IN THE OFFICE/AUNT BETTY BY HER POOL

NASH
 Sorry Aunt Betty, the line died.
 You know, we're so close to
 opening, but we've run out of
 money.

AUNT BETTY
 This sounds like a broken record,
 Jackie.

Nash rolls his good eye at the nickname.

NASH
 Any amount would help, be great if
 can you manage five grand.

AUNT BETTY
 Your schemes are always so
 expensive, sweetie.

NASH
 This one's going to work, I
 promise.

Nash looks at a stack of bills stamped PAST DUE.

EXT. BUBBA'S FISH TACOS FOOD TRUCK - DAY

An old UPS-style delivery van converted into a food truck is emblazoned with the words BUBBA'S FISH TACOS.

Nash waits for his tacos. BUBBA, 28, with a Sumo build, sweats behind the grill, prepping his famous seasoned fish.

NASH

These are the bomb, dude.

A flock of beautiful TICAS gathers to order next.

Nash turns and hoists a taco to toast them.

NASH (CONT'D)

Any of you interested in being a bartender?

Only one speaks fluent English, MARY, 24.

MARY

I'm a bartender.

Nash grins and takes a messy bite of taco.

EXT. REMOTE BEACH - NIGHT

Waves CRASH to shore like a slow metronome. A slice of moon reflects on the water without providing much light.

Felix stands stock still. A black silhouette against the sea. He has night vision goggles on his head.

He lowers them to scan the horizon.

THROUGH NIGHT VISION

The world is covered by the GREEN CAST of the goggles. Felix picks up a KAYAKER paddling towards him.

END NIGHT VISION.

The kayaker appears from the darkness and rides a wave to shore.

Felix walks over and looks down at the boat - no cargo.

KAYAKER

(Spanish)

A wave rolled me. The cargo dropped so fast I couldn't get out quick enough to catch it.

Felix is expressionless.

KAYAKER (CONT'D)

*Look, I marked the spot. I'll get
the gear and go back for it.*

Felix reaches into his jacket, pulls out a silenced pistol, and shoots the man in the head.

He slumps backward, then forward, still held into the kayak by the skirt. Felix pushes him out past the first wave.

INT. NASH'S NEW APARTMENT - DAY

Nash's apartment is basic, tile floors...open air...minimal kitchen. It's tidy and surrounded by the tropical forest of Costa Rica.

He stands naked except for flip-flops in front of the mirror. His beard is long. He looks old.

A woman with long black hair sleeps in the background.

He pulls at his lower eyelid to check out his eyeball. Bloodshot.

He takes scissors to his beard. Working slow, from the ends at first, then cutting closer to his cheek.

After several cuts, the small sink is full. Nash grabs the hair and puts it in the trash can.

He shakes a rusty can of shaving cream and dispenses a nice ball of foam. One side at a time.

Nash opens a straight-blade razor and starts working his way down his face, slow around the jawline, easy on his throat.

The other side is trickier. Different angles for the blade.

A few nicks trickle blood into the sink basin.

He bends over and rinses. Fresh-faced again, with a beard-shaped tan line.

THE SHOWER

Nash is taller than the Costa Rican "suicide showers." Electrodes in the shower head heat the water. If you bump into it, you get zapped.

He does. ZAAP!

After the jolt, he stoops lower, continues soaping.

Rinsing his hair, he hits it again, ZAAP! He convulses.

HIS FEET

He shuffles through his place and pulls on a pair of shorts, and slips into a nicer pair of flip-flops.

HIS BED

His bedmate stirs but doesn't wake. At the end of the bed is a pile of t-shirts. He picks one up, gives it the sniff test, and pulls it over his head. It's black with the word PILLS across the front.

THE TABLE

A rubber band. He grabs it.

HIS FACE

Dots of toilet paper staunch the bleeding from his cuts. He gathers his hair as tight as he can into a ponytail. Puts on his shades and flashes a smile.

NASH

(a whisper)

It's opening day, motherfucker.

He gently peels one of the pieces of toilet paper off.

INT/EXT LOWTIDE LOUNGE - DAY

Cole turns on the neon Imperial sign, Nash opens the garage door style gate to the bar, and they give each other a knuckle bump.

The RATTLE of the gate catches the attention of a pack of tourists walking by. BARTON, 33, leads them over. KEN, 31, is his number two.

BARTON

Got any cold beer?

NASH

Our specialty.

Barton throws down a fifty.

BARTON

Perfect, we'll take four.

Nash hands Cole the fifty.

NASH
Get these guys the nearly frozen
ones from the back.

Cole disappears.

ON COLE

He runs out the back and across the street to the store.

ON NASH

NASH (CONT'D)
(stalling)
Where you fellas from?

BARTON
Sunny San Diego.

NASH
No shit, we're from L.A.

Barton looks at the door Cole went behind.

BARTON
What made you decide to move here?
Lower taxes?

ON COLE

He runs through the Supersol store and grabs a six-pack of cold Imperials.

Darts back to the front and races an old lady for the register.

The CLERK rings up the beer, and Cole gives her the fifty.

CLERK
(Spanish)
*I don't think I have enough change,
you got anything smaller?*

ON NASH

NASH
We were roadies, needed a break
from the lifestyle, man.

BARTON
Anybody we'd know?

NASH
One of the biggest tours in 2001.

BARTON
2001, hmm ... no fucking way, for
real?
(turns to his buddies)
Hey, this guy toured with 'NSYNC
and the Backstreet Boys!

NASH
Uhh...

KEN
And you gave that up to live on the
beach?

ON COLE

Sweating, hauls ass across the street, bursts through the
back door of the Lowtide, and collects himself.

ON NASH

NASH
Well, the women are purer and the
cocaine's hotter here. Wait, other
way...

Cole, dripping, pushes through the door and delivers the beer
and their change.

MARY, the bartender, and a friend, VALENTINA, 22, approach
the bar. They gain the attention of the men.

Both are Costa Rican. Mary has a petite frame and a super-
sized personality. She's confident, witty, vivacious, flirty.

Valentina is a perfect complement, taller, but reserved.
She'd rather observe and listen than talk, despite being
fluent in several languages.

KEN
Can't argue with the evidence.

Barton and the boys grab a high top to finish their beers.

MARY
You remember me? The bartender?

NASH
How could I forget? Welcome to the
Lowlide. This is my partner Cole.

MARY
You still looking for help?

COLE
Yep.

NASH
Pay is tips only for now. You both bartenders?

MARY
Valentina's a server.

VALENTINA
I speak English, Spanish, and Portuguese.

MARY
She serves, I'm the bartender, we always work together, same shift. Always.

NASH
Deal. When can you start?

MARY
Tonight at nine.

COLE
Giddy up.

Neither knows the expression and just give him an odd look.

INT/EXT LOWTIDE LOUNGE - NIGHT

Later, the bar has a few customers. Mary and Valentina arrive. Each wears a bikini top and shorts.

Valentina starts checking on customers. Mary opens the beer coolers.

Lots of ice, just a few beers.

MARY
What the fuck? We're going to need more beer.

NASH
We're taking every colón we're paid to buy beer from across the street.

MARY
I'm calling Arno.

NASH

Arno wouldn't give us credit.

MARY

Arno will do anything for me.

She steps behind the door to make the call.

TIME JUMP - She comes back out of the door and it's LATER that same night.

BAR MONTAGE - ESTABLISHING THE VIBE

- Mary reaches into a beer cooler fully stocked with beer and ice. She expertly pops their tops and serves customers.

- Arno sits at the bar and keeps a tally on the back of an envelope with a number two pencil.

- The bar is packed with energetic patrons, locals and tourists, all enjoying a cool vibe.

- Nash slings beer as fast as he can, and Cole helps Valentina deliver them.

- At closing, an exhausted Nash counts out Arno's money. Mary gives him his real payment - a hug and kiss on the cheek.

Nash gives Cole an exuberant slap on the ass, and hugs Mary for saving the night.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE BALCONY - NIGHT

Felix stands on the balcony, looking out at the ocean. A WOMAN joins him and passes off a drink.

She looks familiar. It's MS. MORA, 52, from the rickshaw ride. A Raquel Welch with fierce, dark eyes in a Tom Ford suit tailored to fit her form.

She accessorizes with classic pearls and a maroon silk shirt - a Columbian drug lord as sharp as her black stiletto boots.

FELIX

The Lowtide Lounge finally opened.

MORA

And nothing.

FELIX

No.

MORA

Too bad. He could have made a nice pet.

FELIX

I don't think they mean to be disrespectful.

Mora gives that some thought.

MORA

You moved the drop spot?

FELIX

Si. Easier that way.

MORA

Fucking Americans.

FELIX

Might be in the game as a customer.

She drinks a blood-red Negroni, reflects.

MORA

Bring them into the family.

Felix kills his drink.

MORA (CONT'D)

Or make them disappear.

INT./EXT. LOWTIDE LOUNGE - NIGHT

Banners and balloons promote a FULL MOON PARTY. Pushing through beads reveals the party in full swing.

There's new muscle at the door, TONY, 42, a bald testosterone junkie with the smile and attitude of an NHL Enforcer.

Nash, Cole, and the crew are hustling to keep up. We follow them in their duties but get diverted to moments that they're too busy to see.

MONTAGE - HIDDEN DESIRES

VALENTINA carries a tray full of beer and shot glasses and is intersected by four beautiful Ticas headed into the bathroom.

LADIES ROOM: All four are crammed in a stall. One snorts a line of cocaine off the top of the toilet and passes a rolled hundred dollar bill.

DOOR: Tony sees an oblivious male TOURIST holding hands with a beautiful CROSS-DRESSED MAN going into the bathroom. He raises his eyebrows, smiles, and nods.

MEN'S ROOM: The Tourist's head is leaned back in ecstasy, and the other's is bobbing up and down at waist height. His wig shifts around due to his enthusiasm.

BAR: Mary pours a shot of tequila for a MAN with an unlit cigarette in his mouth. She drops a pack of matches on the bar, and he picks them up.

He opens them, seemingly to strike a match...

MARY

Not at the bar.

And drops them back on the bar. Mary pockets them.

Nash tosses a few empties in the trash, pulls replacements from the cooler, and catches a glimpse of a local beauty, LUCIANA, 22, a sex worker. She leads a couple to the beach.

BEACH: Luciana rides the man while the topless woman kisses her with an open mouth.

OFFICE: Mary steps into the office and pulls the matchbook from her pocket. It has a hundred-dollar bill tucked behind the matches.

She replaces the bill with a small bag of cocaine and returns to the bar.

END MONTAGE.

Slicing through the crowd, Valentina bumps into a guy, almost spills a beer.

VALENTINA

Sorry.

It's FELIX - he surveys the wild, alcohol-soaked rowdy affair. He sees Nash at the bar, disappears in the crowd.

The MAN WITH THE CIGARETTE is back at the bar. Mary hands him the matches, and repeats the rules.

MARY

No smoking at the bar.

He pockets the matches this time and sips his beer.

Nash looks up, and FELIX is his next customer.

FELIX
Remember me?

Nash grimaces.

NASH
Mr. Shoulder Bump. Yeah, I
remember. What're you drinking?

FELIX
Beer and a shot of tequila.

Mary gives the man an interested look and pours the tequila.
Nash serves him a beer.

NASH
On the house.

FELIX
You got a crowd, that's awesome.

NASH
Thanks, man. Next.

FELIX
Only one problem.

NASH
Look around man, if you got a
problem here, you're probably
beyond help.

FELIX
You didn't get a business license.

Nash points to a business license thumbtacked to a pole.

FELIX (CONT'D)
Different committee.

Felix downs the shot.

FELIX (CONT'D)
Different taxes, too.

NASH
Oh for fuck's sake man, we're
having a party here and if you
can't enjoy it, fuck off.

FELIX
Tomorrow then.
(turns to leave, then back
again)

Oh, I can probably help you with your other problem, too.

NASH

I don't have any problems, man.

FELIX

Something you mentioned liking.

Nash locks eyes with him for a second.

Felix tosses him a rolled and tied purple Crown Royal bag containing cocaine.

FELIX (CONT'D)

Hasta Mañana.

As Felix leaves, we intersect a NEW ARRIVAL. A tall, thin, shirtless dude covered in tattoos. He walks with his head down and a black ball cap on.

He worms his way through the crowd and finds Nash.

Nash is still peeved about Felix...until he looks up.

NASH

T-Bone! Welcome to the Lowtide, you dirty motherfucker!

It's THOMAS "T-BONE" BASS, 40, drummer of a rock band.

T-BONE

Nash, you did it! This place is rockin'. I thought you were coming here to chill in paradise.

NASH

Chill all day, rock-n-roll all night.

Mary is starstruck...for a second...then back to being cool.

Cole comes over to pick up more drinks.

COLE

T-Bone! Oh my fucking God, it's a party now!

T-BONE

Looks like it's been a party for a while, bro. Imma keep it low-key.

Nash has three shots for them and three Imperials. They grab em, splash them together, touch the bar, and throw them back.

T-Bone shakes his head with the burn of the alcohol.

T-BONE (CONT'D)
What the fuck're we celebrating?

NASH
It's the Full Moon Party!

T-BONE
What?

Nash points to a spectacular moon.

NASH
Full Moon.

T-Bone hops on the bar, drops his shorts, and smacks his ass.

The crowd CHEERS, recognizing the hottest drummer in rock-n-roll! It triggers a chain reaction - everyone starts mooning everyone else.

NASH (CONT'D)
(to himself)
It's a party now.

Nash hoists his beer in the air, laughing.

EXT. LOWTIDE LOUNGE - DAY

At mid-day, the Lowtide is empty, the rolling sheet door seals the bar.

INT. LOWTIDE LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Nash shakes a bloody mary in a mixer. He fills two short glasses, but Felix waves him off of the third.

Cole takes one of the drinks.

FELIX
If you want to do business in Costa Rica, you need my permission.

NASH
Well, we asked around, man, and nobody said so.

FELIX
I'm saying so now. And, I get a cut. It's reasonable.

COLE
(to Nash)
Fuck him, let's call the cops.

FELIX
Who do you think collects the
taxes?

The impact of that hits them both.

NASH
Fuck, what're we talking about?

FELIX
Five percent of gross.

Cole starts getting agitated. He tries hard to contain it.

FELIX (CONT'D)
We supply the product that moves in
the shadows.

NASH
Come on, man, at least take it from
net, we got expenses, you know?

FELIX
My five percent makes your ninety-
five percent possible.

Cole erupts.

COLE
Get the fuck out of here, man!

He pushes Felix towards the door.

In a flash, Felix grabs Cole's wrist, spins him around and
pins him against the wall.

NASH
Whoa, dude, ease up, we'll figure
it out.

Felix ratchets Cole's arm until it pops and zings him with
pain but falls short of breaking it. He turns him loose, but
smacks his head against the wall.

Felix directs his death stare at Nash.

FELIX
That'll cost you an extra grand.

Felix leaves.

Nash pours Vodka into Cole's empty glass, and Cole kills it.

NASH
If you see him again, walk the
other way.

Cole rubs his arm.

NASH (CONT'D)
Say it.

COLE
I'll walk away.

NASH
I'm dead serious, bro.

Cole hands him a piece of paper.

NASH (CONT'D)
What's this?

COLE
Utility bill. If we don't catch it
up, they're going to cut us off.

NASH
Fuck! Now's not the time, you know,
to lay another problem on me.

EXT. BEACH AT THE LOWTIDE - DAY

Five young surfers bob in the ocean. They paddle to get in position on the waves.

One kid, CALI, 13, catches a nice curl and looks like a pro.

Nash and T-Bone watch from the beach with the COACH, ALONZO, 24. A Costa Rican, Alonzo wears board shorts, has white zinc oxide on his nose and cheeks, a wide-brimmed hat, and a long sleeve t-shirt.

NASH
That kid's good. You got some
talent here.

ALONZO
Totally, man. Ya know, these little
bros are all soul and no dough. As
long as they're catching waves,
they're happy and safe.

T-Bone pulls sun shirts from a bag. They feature the Lowtide Lounge name and logo, a curvy girl in a bikini sitting on a surfboard holding a pistol.

He pulls two aside for himself.

NASH

Here are the sun shirts and, you know, use the Lowtide to water and feed these rats.

T-BONE

I'll kick in some cash. You guys send me a plan.

ALONZO

Very hospitable, bros, thanks. The surf gods will smile upon thee.

T-Bone and Nash take to the ocean with their boards.

EXT. BEACH AT THE LOWTIDE - LATER

T-Bone wears a bucket hat and lounges beside his girlfriend, SOFIA, 29. Nash sits in a chair.

T-Bone's sons, BRANSON, 6, and WYATT, 7, work on a sand castle.

T-BONE

Boys, let's get those sun shirts back on, I don't want you to get burned.

Nash tosses them the shirts. Sofia goes over to hit them with the sunscreen again.

T-BONE (CONT'D)

Fuck! This is the life, Nash. Warm surf, hot everything else.

Nash gives it some thought.

NASH

(laughs)

It's been tough to get this thing going, you know.

T-BONE

Everything worth doing starts as a shit show. Why the fuck's that?

NASH
We only know the hard way.

T-BONE
Right on, dude. My solo gig's
kicking my ass; Castillo got
cancer. Fuck.

T-Bone stares at his boys and Sofia.

T-BONE (CONT'D)
But this? All the good stuff in one
place.

Branson pushes over Wyatt who starts crying.

T-BONE (CONT'D)
Knock it off, Branson!
(to Nash)
He's a little hellion.

Branson picks up his brother and kisses his forehead.

INT. LOWTIDE LOUNGE - DAY

TY, 22, A Californian trust funder who's been stoned since
birth, is at the bar as soon as it opens.

Nash passes behind him, stops.

NASH
Need a job?

TY
(stoned surfer drawl)
Nah, bro, I'm good.

Nash tosses him a towel.

NASH
Welcome to the Lowtide. Thanks for
helping out.

Nash points to the dishwasher.

Ty scans Nash's face a second, confused. Then moves behind
the bar and starts unloading glasses from the dishwasher.

TY
No worries, bra, having a swell.

Bubba walks in with a cooler full of his special fish ready
to fry.

NASH
(to all)
Bubba starts tonight, push his fish
tacos so he wants to stick around.

Nash catches up with Cole. He's watching Arno and Felix at a table in the distance.

COLE
Look at those fuckers. Probably
plotting our demise.

NASH
Dude, they're having a beer,
talking about their youth. Relax.

A bevy of older beauties walk by, each with an umbrella drink.

Cole and Nash work too hard to resist looking. They smirk at each other.

Isabella, and an equally attractive Tica, SOL, 23, arrive and sit at the bar. Like Isabella, Sol exudes confidence and knows how to use her beauty to get what she wants.

ISABELLA
Nash, this is my cousin, Sol, like
the sun.

NASH
Well, you certainly are radiant.

They vibe instantly.

ISABELLA
I told her all about you.

NASH
Uh oh, everything?

ISABELLA
(laughs)
How you paid my other cousins, are
hiring so many locals, and how you
look after Cole.

COLE
Fuck you, I don't need looking
after.

He throws a pineapple chunk at her.

SOL
How you make a great a piña colada.

ISABELLA
I'll take one, too.

Nash starts mixing the drinks.

NASH
(uses the wrong word on
purpose)
Who else are you into today?

EXT. BEACH AT THE LOWTIDE - NIGHT

Nash and Sol make out on the beach. She slips out of her top and unbuttons his shorts.

She pulls the crotch of her shorts aside, and with little effort, Nash is inside her, and she starts rocking.

The kissing intensifies.

He snorts a bump of coke off her nipple. She returns the favor.

In the distance, the waves roll and grind against the sand, the stars above sparkle.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Nash bobs in the ocean on his surfboard, hair pulled back, and zinc oxide under his eyes and on his nose.

A swell passes under him. He lays down on the board and paddles to improve his position.

He looks at the Lowtide. It is fucking amazing.

He smiles and nods to himself.

A thatch-roofed tiki bar that is now postcard perfect.

NASH
This ain't fucking terrible.

HE SEES

Felix walking toward the office with a distinguished-looking woman. Cole intercepts them.

NASH (CONT'D)

Shit.

THE TRIO

Felix and Ms. Mora shake hands with Cole.

MORA

A friend tells us you're short on cash.

COLE

People make shit up.

MORA

I'd like you to do a little job.
(hands an envelope)
Pays well, no risk, no danger.

Cole passes the envelope back.

COLE

Sorry ma'am, my partner insists we keep it legal.

MORA

When you own the policia,
everything you do is legal, si?

That agitates Cole, he swallows it.

COLE

I didn't mean any disrespect,
ma'am, of course it is.

FELIX

We're offering you a fresh start.

They head into the office.

BACK ON NASH

He paddles, catches the top end, stands, drops into the wave,
cuts it hard, and glides toward the beach.

EXT. OFFICE - DAY

Dripping wet, Nash approaches the office. Cole is animated.

COLE (O.S.)

(through the walls)
Fuck no, we want to stay clean!

Nash walks in.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Felix, Cole, and Mora stop talking when Nash walks in, his hair in wet ringlets.

He sees Ms. Mora AND FLASHES TO HER IN HIS RICKSHAW, HER SEDUCTIVE EYES AND SMILE.

Then he connects Felix, his own eyes narrow, processing the situation.

NASH
Ms. Mora, from the other night? The rickshaw ride?

The tension is higher than the humidity.

NASH (CONT'D)
Everything okay? Felix?

MORA
I made a proposal to your partner, give it careful consideration.

Felix hands the envelope to Nash. Nash's eyes hold steady.

FELIX
Pay your bills. People're talking.

They leave.

Nash opens the envelope, a stack of hundreds.

NASH
Fuck. What do they want?

Cole paces and takes a deep breath. And another.

COLE
To park a bag in the office for a few hours. Someone'll get it and leave another. The next day, the bag'll be gone.

NASH
A drug drop.

Nash counts the cash.

NASH (CONT'D)
All I wanted was a chill little
life on the beach.

COLE
That's what you got.

NASH
Ain't nothing chill about being
owned.

Nash pours himself a shot of vodka and knocks it back.

NASH (CONT'D)
We're fucked.

COLE
You know what she said?
(imitates Mora)
If you own the policia, nothing's
illegal.
(back as himself)
She's got a point.

NASH
Or everything is. Could be a set-
up. Send us to prison because we
didn't kiss her fucking ring.

COLE
Then, there's that.

NASH
We're right where she wants us,
owing her money and unable to pay.

Cole searches the air for something positive to say.

COLE
It's working, bro. We paid off the
cousins, we'll pay her off, too.
Fucking T-Bone blessed our bar!

NASH
Yeah, but more snakes in paradise
than the San Diego zoo.

COLE
So, we just tell them no.

NASH
Fuck you, Cole. What do you think
"careful consideration" means?

EXT. BEACH AT THE LOWTIDE - DAY

T-Bone loads gear into the back of a blacked-out Escalade. The boys jump in the middle seats and Sophia takes shotgun.

Nash gives him a hug.

T-BONE
See ya next time.

NASH
Stay safe.

A sturdily built man, CAPTAIN MARTINEZ, 52, in civilian clothes, emerges from the crowd.

MARTINEZ
Hey Nash, can I say hi real quick?

NASH
(to T-Bone)
Hey, he's a cool guy, a Coast Guard captain. Can he say hi?

T-Bone checks his watch.

T-BONE
Just him.

Nash waves him over.

Martinez, a burly merchant marine, acts all fanboy.

MARTINEZ
Thank you, Mr. Bass, just been a long-time fan and wanted to say hi and thank you for your music.

T-BONE
Awesome! Let's grab a quick pic, then I'm off to the airport.

Martinez gets into position.

MARTINEZ
We play your tunes on interdictions to get the guys amped up.

T-BONE
Right on! Thanks again for being a fan. Maybe next time we'll grab a beer.

T-Bone gets in and drives away.

MARTINEZ
(to Nash)
Dude, I owe you.

They shake hands, and Martinez gives him a business card.

PRELAP - SURF MUSIC

EXT. LOWTIDE LOUNGE - NIGHT

It's busy. Customers clink drinks together, a young couple kiss, girls dance a Carolina shag together, and a waitress pours tequila from her bandolier of shot glasses.

Flip flops and board shorts navigate through the crowd. It's Nash. He surveys the crowd, stops to shake hands at a crowded table, keeps moving.

NASH
Mayor, Councilmen, Councilwomen.

The entire scene is in motion and THROBS and PULSES with the music and lights.

EXCEPT for one man. Felix. Perfectly still at the edge of the crowd.

Nash sees him.

NASH (CONT'D)
Awe, for fuck's sake. Look at that stiff.

Their eyes meet. Felix nods, motions toward the office.

Nash fakes a smile, starts making his way through the crowd.

AT THE BAR

NASH (CONT'D)
Two Imperials, man.

TY
Right on, Big Worm.

He hands over the beers, and Nash heads toward the office.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

He hands Felix a beer. Felix drops a large black duffle bag.

FELIX
We good?

NASH
All good.

Nash scoots the bag under the counter.

They clink the beers, take a drink, leave together.

IN THE CROWD

Nash watches Felix disappear into darkness. He drains the Imperial, shrugs his shoulders, puts on a fake smile, and returns to the bar.

People approach him to shake his hand, pat him on the back, give him a fist bump.

He makes his way to Isabella and Sol.

SOL
Nash, baby, you're like a king in
this town.

NASH
Just in this bar. Between ten and
midnight.

ISABELLA
No baby, the town talks. You could
shoot someone in the street and
people would look the other way.

NASH
Let's hope it never comes to that.

Nash plants a kiss on Sol's cheek and moves along.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Over the crowd's ROAR, Nash and Cole sit in the office, staring at the bag.

COLE
They said don't look inside. What
if it's some dude's head?

NASH
Cash or drugs, not heads.

COLE
We're going to look, right?

NASH
No. It's a test.

Cole unzips and opens the bag. They peer in.

BRICKS OF COCAINE.

Nash zips it back closed.

COLE
Fuck me, that's a lot of blow.

Nash just nods and thinks.

COLE (CONT'D)
How do we scrape a little off so
they don't notice?

NASH
That's the test.

DREAM SEQUENCE

- Nash carves slivers of cocaine like he's shaving bars of Ivory soap.

- Cole chops it like John Belushi in a Saturday Night Live skit.

- Fish-eye view of flared nostrils and rolled dollar bills Hoovering up lines.

- Wild-eyed faces with white-coated noses and crazed hair.

END DREAM SEQUENCE.

BACK IN THE OFFICE -

NASH (CONT'D)
Yeah, let's get da fuck outta here
before we fail it.

The door slams, we HEAR THE LOCK TUMBLE.

AT THE BAR

The crowd is dying down. Ty, Mary, Nash, and Cole still hustle, moving glasses into the dishwasher, pouring drinks, chopping garnishes.

A lanky DUDE shows up dragging a carry-on. He's also in a dark ball cap and keeps his head down as he cuts straight to the bar.

He ends up in front of Nash.

DUDE

Nash?

Nash looks up to see ROBERT "RIP" VAN WINKLE, 35, a famous white Hip Hop artist with bushy eyebrows, a soul patch, and a sprinkle of beard on his chin.

NASH

RIP! You made it!

They exchange a soulful handshake.

NASH (CONT'D)

Dude, we gave up on you.

RIP

Customs in San Jose. I swear, I should travel in an Armani.

Mary is star-struck again...but just for a second.

Cole comes over with tequila.

COLE

(can't resist)

You should see what we got in the office!

OFFICE

Rip, Cole, Nash, Mary, and Ty stare at the satchel full of cocaine.

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR

NASH

(kidding)

Be cool it's the cops!

Nash zips the bag closed, and they all awkwardly "act natural" in the tiny room.

Cole opens the door.

A serious-looking gringo, MIKEY, 38, seemingly the same size as the door, stands there with a black bag. Mikey's an American retired SEAL with slicked-back black hair and a full beard. Six foot six and wide, like a defensive tackle.

He exchanges glances with Cole.

Impressed with his size, Cole steps back and waves him in.

Mikey looks at each person.

Gives Rip a double take.

Rip just smiles and tips his head up.

Sees the bag on the floor.

MIKEY

You all look in the bag?

Heads shake.

NASH

Fuck no. Just doing the tip out.

Mikey grabs the bag, leaves the other. Looks back at Rip, walks out.

A pregnant pause.

Cole opens the door and looks out.

COLE

Gigantor's gone.

Nash unzips the bag.

They all stare at the satchel full of cash.

RIP

Sheee-it.

NASH

Who's working the bar?

They all dart out the door.

It SLAMS. We HEAR THE LOCK TUMBLE.

THE BAR

In his haste to get back to work, Cole bumps into a MAN and spills his beer.

COLE

Oh, shit, I'm sor...

MAN

What the fuck's your problem,
peckerhead?

It triggers Cole.

COLE
Peckerhead?

He clocks him with a right jab. The guy falls into the wall, and Cole tags him again with a left to the gut and raises his right for a strike to his face.

But Nash grabs his arm and spins him around with a smooth martial arts move.

NASH
Easy Cole, Jesus.

He pushes him on. It takes two good shoves.

NASH (CONT'D)
(to the man)
Go home. I got your tab.

The train of friends continues to the bar.

RIP
Your nickname should be "switch" -
take your meds.

Cole starts laughing.

COLE
I'm better, dude.

Nash shakes his head, not pleased.

EXT. LOWTIDE LOUNGE OFFICE - DAY

Daybreak at the Lowtide - the sun rises and paints the Lowtide in its best light.

INT. LOWTIDE LOUNGE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Nash sleeps on the floor.

A KEY RUSTLES THE LOCK, and a fierce Columbian walks in, PAC, from the opening.

Nash opens AN EYE and looks at him.

PAC
Oof. Nobody's supposed to be here.

NASH

I'd rather go to prison in a set-up
than have this fucking bag
disappear.

Pac says nothing else. Grabs the bag, leaves.

The door SLAMS. We HEAR THE LOCK TUMBLE.

NASH (CONT'D)

Fuck.

He closes his EYE.

EXT. LOWTIDE LOUNGE - DAY

Later, Arno shows up with his delivery guy and the liquor and
beer order for the week.

Nash is still in the same clothes as earlier.

ARNO

You guys are killing it. One of our
biggest customers now.

NASH

We love to have fun, and that's
contagious.

Nash waves a handful of cash spread out like a fan, gives it
a shake, and passes it off to Arno.

ARNO

Thank you, Mr. Nash.

NASH

Yeah, it's uh, it's just Nash.

The delivery guys start unloading.

NASH (CONT'D)

Let me ask you a question.

ARNO

Go on.

NASH

Let's say the Cartel comes to your
business and asks you to do
something. What do you do?

ARNO

Whatever they ask.

Nash is surprised by the speediness of the response.

ARNO (CONT'D)

Look, they're not what you see in the cinema, okay? They're farmers who want to see families succeed.

Nash gives that some thought.

NASH

Jesus, you make it sound like they're part of the Chamber.

ARNO

If they ask you to do something, it means you're part of the town. If you say no, then you are not, see?

Nash thinks some more.

NASH

So, if they ask, be part of the community.

ARNO

Kamuvan.

He cracks open two beers and hands one to Arno.

EXT. BEACH AT THE LOWTIDE - DAY

It's early morning and Sol lays on a lounge and watches Nash ride a wave on his surfboard.

His athleticism is on display, cutting with the wave, slicing back, and then milking it all the way to the shore. Grace, strength, agility.

Nash grabs his board and joins Sol.

As he gets closer, Sol sees that his face is knotted in tension instead of the usual smile.

SOL

What's bothering you?

NASH

Nothing.

SOL

You're casting off a bad vibe, like someone chit in your cereal-os.

Her gaff makes him smile.

NASH

I don't know, just thinking about the bar and then these thoughts of being hassled in high school took over.

SOL

Pssht. High school.

NASH

They always surface when things get tough, right before shit goes south.

SOL

Nothing is wrong, baby.

NASH

The football coach was a real dick.
(imitates the Coach)
"Nash, you'll never amount to anything looking like that."

SOL

Ha! Baby, he wasn't even teaching real futbol.

NASH

(another imitation)
"Stoners are born to lose, sports teaches you to win."

SOL

Aye, what a pendejo.

NASH

He's one that tried to get you mad to show him what you're made of. It was a real goat fuck. He'd say I'd be his star player one minute, then the biggest loser the next.

SOL

Where's he now? Still bossing little boys around in chitsville.

He grins again at her attempt at sounding American.

NASH

Yeah, definitely a douche, but...

SOL
(cuts him off)
Fuck that puto! Live for yourself.

He gets the message - she's done talking about it. He CHUCKLES and gives her a kiss.

His eyes soak in the ocean, the beach, the bar, Sol glistening in a string bikini.

He points to the sun.

NASH
Hey, who named that after you?

She smiles, lowers her shades to look at him, and blows him a kiss.

EXT. STREETS IN ESTERILLOS OESTE - DAY

ZWANG! A dirt bike tears down the middle of the road in front of the Lowtide on its back wheel.

Rip commands the motorcycle just like an audience.

A legion of Hip Hop fans have gathered on both sides to watch the star's stunts.

At the end of a stretch, the front wheel drops, and the bike spins around a second time to kick up some dust, then zips back down the street.

He leans forward and grabs the front brakes to do a reverse wheelie with the back tire in the air.

He spins it around again and makes another run. ZWANG!

A SPOOKED CAT makes darts across the street.

Rip ditches the bike to try and miss running it over.

The whole crowd GASPS.

The back tire still rolls over the cat.

Mary, the bartender, SCREAMS and runs over to the cat.

MARY
Diablo!

Rip limps over, his leg scrapped raw from the slide.

DOC

Shit.

Rip is first out of the car with Diablo. Mary is right behind him.

RIP

Hey man, I need you to fix this cat. She was run over.

MARY

She's a he.

The man says nothing and just looks at the cat.

Arno comes over.

DOC

What's this?

ARNO

You're as close to a vet as we got.

DOC

And yet, not a Vet.

ARNO

Doc, be a human, it's Mora's cat.

Doc keeps eye contact with Arno.

ARNO (CONT'D)

Nu, I'll send over a case of Scotch.

Doc takes the cat and t-shirt into his hut.

EXT/INT. LOWTIDE LOUNGE - NIGHT

Arno pulls up and lets Mary and Rip out of the car.

The crowd on the patio rubberneck and hold their breath.

Rip holds Diablo up over his head, a paw wrapped in a bandage.

The crowd ERUPTS IN CHEERS.

Rip hands Diablo back to Mary.

They continue to the bar where Rip finds Nash.

Nash hands him a beer.

RIP

I'm going to wire transfer you five grand to pay for the cat.

NASH

That much, huh?

RIP

Pay the doc, and give the rest to that Mora lady.

Mary comes over with tequila shots and kisses Rip on the cheek.

MARY

First, I love you as Rip Van Winkle, then I hate you because you ran over a cat, then you saved the cat, and now I love you the most.

Rip laughs and checks everyone's expressions. They down the shots. The place is full of his fans.

CROWD

RIP! RIP! RIP!

He spins his cap, hops on the bar, and ad-libs a quick rap.

RIP

(raps)

Diablo's a killa, stone cold, got smashed on the block, Took a hard knock, got bashed on the block. Came back even mo' bold, yeah.

(beatboxes)

See, he's seen a lot of things on the road to destruction, addicted to catnip, standin' up and hustlin', but this ain't no comeback, this ain't a second comin'- nah, we took him to the doc and he come back hummin'.

That satisfies the crowd, who LAUGHS, WHOOPS, AND CHEERS.

EXT. SEA KAYAK RENTAL STAND - DAY

Nash and Cole pay cash to rent two sea kayaks, life vests, helmets, and paddles.

They drag the boats to the bay.

Felix is there along with Pac and SCOOP, 41. Scoop is a hawk-eyed and beaked Costa Rican. He's ex-military, like the others. They're all business, you can smell it on them. Each drags two duffle bags.

NASH

Jesus, we're going to do this in broad daylight?

SCOOP

Relax, compa. Es food, water, camera gear, just stuff for a day trip. At a precise weight.

Pac and Scoop have them attached to the front and back of the kayaks.

PAC

Keep it right side up no matter how rough the sea gets, mi papi.

TRAINING MONTAGE - NASH AND COLE LEARN TO KAYAK

- Nash paddles out with the cargo, makes a few j-turns.
- Cole paddles backward, parallel, and forward.
- They charge one another and glance off without tipping.
- Nash takes a spill. He rights his boat quickly.
- Cole isn't so lucky. He has to release from his skirt to right the boat.
- Cargo falls to the bottom of the bay.

EXT. LOWTIDE LOUNGE - DAY

Nash and Cole have a beer at the bar before it opens.

COLE

We can do this, no problemo.

NASH

Fucking dangerous, dude. If we roll, it'll be hell to get back in the boat.

COLE

And if the cargo lets loose, shit's gonna sink fast.

NASH
And no cargo...

COLE
C'mon, they wouldn't.

NASH
They would. But, we need the money.

COLE
And, we don't need any cops -
sounds like pura vida to me.

NASH
Right, money and freedom or prison
and death.

COLE
Yo, nobody can do this better than
us. Calm under pressure, able to
paddle forever, lovers of cash and
beautiful women, come on!

Nash gives Cole an incredulous look on the word "calm."

NASH
This wasn't in the dream.

COLE
Every dream requires sacrifice.
Semper Gumby, bro.

NASH
Semper gumby?

COLE
Always flexible, our credo, dude.

NASH
Roadies don't have credos, dip
shit.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

Nash paddles his kayak in the oily-black waters of the
Pacific Ocean at night.

Cole is a few feet to his right. Close enough to talk, alone
enough to perish.

COLE
Damn, bro, we're out here now.

NASH
(check his GPS)
Fifteen miles from shore.

COLE
Getting close, then.

NASH
Use your night vision, dead ahead.

Cole pulls down his night vision and sees a small fishing boat ahead.

EXT. FISHING BOAT - NIGHT

Both kayaks are tied to the fishing boat.

Nash and Cole sit in their kayaks.

They all bob with the swells of the sea.

Workers retrieve their cargo.

It's a process - leaning over to unshackle the existing bags and again to shackle the new bags.

Quick connects on the decks of the boats help, but with the movement of the sea, it's not exactly easy.

A bag of CASH falls into the sea, we follow it UNDERWATER as it sinks

ON THE SURFACE

Nash struggles to get free from the kayak. A WORKER jumps in from the boat.

UNDERWATER

He swims with a rope in his mouth. He reaches the bag, struggles to get the line through a loop, finally does, gives the line a tug.

ON THE SURFACE

TWO MEN pull the line until the dry bag resurfaces.

They try again and get it properly attached.

The CAPTAIN gives the thumbs up, and Nash and Cole paddle until they disappear, about three strokes.

MONTAGE - NASH AND COLE TRANSPORT DRUGS

As time passes, Nash's scruffy beard and the bags under his eyes come back.

- Nash and Cole paddle in the ocean at night
- Bags transfer from their kayaks to boats
- Nash and Cole have kayaks unloaded on beaches
- Nash and Cole celebrate the cash they earn

INT. LOWTIDE LOUNGE OFFICE - NIGHT

Nash, looking more like a pirate than a surfer, pours Cole a drink.

COLE
This is working out.

Nash flips through several hundred dollar bills.

NASH
Dave-O's coming in to look at a hotel I'm showing him. If we sell a few properties and do these jobs for Mora, we don't even need the Lowtide to turn a profit.

COLE
Maybe it was just a starter dream to even better one.

They toss back their drinks.

EXT. LOWTIDE LOUNGE - DAY

With the garage gates down to the bar top, the Lowtide could be a locked-up storefront in the jewelry district of downtown Los Angeles.

KERRANG! Ty lifts the gate, and the sun lights him up. His head bobs to a song in his earphones.

INT. LOWTIDE LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

The phone rings.

TY
Lowtide Lounge.

INTERCUT PHONE CALL

SAL TAYLOR, 33, the tatted up, dark-eyed lead singer of the band Nash worked for is on the other end.

TAYLOR
Hey, Nash around?

TY
Yeah man, but he's out catching gnarly waves, bro. They're like so rad right now.

TAYLOR
Who is this?

TY
I'm Ty, dude, the bartender, we just opened, you know, so it's kinda dead, but never too early for a few barley pops.

TAYLOR
Give Nash a message for me...

Ty grabs an order pad and pen.

TY
Honestly, dude, it's not my best skill, but I'll try to make sure he gets it.

TAYLOR
Just tell him Sal's sending Kevin down in a few weeks as a reward, and I want him to have a great time.

TY
Cool dude, wait, who's Sal and Kevin, bra?

TAYLOR
I'm Sal, Kevin's my personal assistant, Nash knows us.

TY
Right on, bro, very generous.

INSET - TY WRITES: SAL, KEVIN, GOOD TIME

TY (CONT'D)
Got it, bro, see you then.

END INTERCUT.

ON TAYLOR - Looks at the phone and hears DIAL TONE, laughs.

EXT. BEACH CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

Felix, Mikey, Pac, and Scoop sit on driftwood around a small fire on the beach and drink beer.

FELIX

This is the opportunity we've been waiting for.

MIKEY

I can't tell if they're naive or just don't give a shit.

PAC

Oís. Typical Americanos, think they're smarter than everyone else.

FELIX

That's what we're counting on.

PAC

Keep 'em cozy right up until we pull the el gatillo.

FELIX

Except for Cole. I got a little extra planned for him.

They clink their beer bottles together.

EXT. LOWTIDE LOUNGE - NIGHT

A handmade sign drapes the Lowtide.

INSET: PARTY TONIGHT!

At ten, the line to the bar extends to the patio. It's all hands on deck - Cole and Valentina run drinks, Mary and Ty fill glasses as fast as they can, Nash stocks, keeps the ice full, cycles the dishwasher, and says hi to everyone.

Sol and Isabella sit together off to one side.

The crowd of tourists is an International blend. More and more wear rock-n-roll t-shirts of bands from the 80s and 90s.

Some wear little else.

Nash transfers cash from the register to the safe in the office frequently.

Even Felix, Pac, and Mikey are animated and lively tonight.
Nash notices Scoop joining them, and nods his head.

NASH
(to Mary)
Look who's having fun.

MARY
Only took 'em six months.

They laugh.

ON COLE

Cole carries his tray above his head, empty. He heads back to the bar to reload and stops in his tracks.

A LATINO GUNMAN, 23, has a .45 pistol in his waistband.

COLE
(to himself)
Fuck. Be cool, man.

He pulls the tray down and approaches the man, speaks Spanish.

COLE (CONT'D)
*Excuse me, sir, we don't allow guns
in the bar, you'll have to take
that home.*

The Gunman pulls his shirt down over the pistol's grip.

GUNMAN
*I don't know what you're talking
about.*

COLE
(to himself)
Great, also a liar.

GUNMAN
You calling me a liar, puto?

He lands a right fist on Cole's jaw.

Cole uses the bar tray as a shield and starts pushing the man out of the bar.

Arno and Nash take notice and start swimming through the crowd in that direction.

Cole is like an offensive tackle on a blocking dummy and gets him out in the street.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF LOWTIDE LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Everyone stops partying and watches.

Cole slaps the man with an open hand.

COLE

I said no fucking guns in my bar!

The Gunman reaches for the gun, but Cole gets it faster.

BANG! The gun goes off.

The man drops in the street.

Cole drops the gun.

CHAOS - everyone screams, panics, and takes off in all directions.

Including Cole.

Young men from the rival bar rush to the dropped man, guns drawn.

Arno and Nash reach the man, too, but the rival guns stop them from getting close enough to render aid.

Felix, Mikey, Pac, and Scoop have their weapons aimed at the other men, backing up Nash and Arno.

A tense COSTA RICAN STANDOFF.

Time seems eternal and sound drops out as the gunmen face off.

Nash breaks the silence.

NASH

Call an ambulance!

He looks around for Cole, doesn't see him, and takes off.

Police cars arrive quickly.

The drawn guns disappear into waistbands, and their owners dissipate with the crowd.

ON COLE

Wild-eyed and face racked with panic, Cole runs.

- Down a side street
- Behind a building
- To the beach
- Down another side street

AN ARM plucks him out of the road and into a shadow.

It's Nash.

COLE

I swear I didn't pull the trigger.
That gun just went off.

Cole breaks down and sobs. Nash holds him.

Cole shakes and screams. Nash covers his mouth.

NASH

Ssssh. Calm down, man. We need time
to think.

A car comes down the alley. Nash pulls Cole as far back into the shadow of the alcove as possible.

The car stops at them.

Two MEN get out and pop the trunk.

NASH (CONT'D)

Be cool. We haven't...

A solid STRIKE to Nash's chin knocks him out.

Duct tape seals Cole's mouth. They use it to secure his arms to his side and tape his ankles together.

He squirms and resists, but they have little trouble folding him into the trunk. This is not their first time.

Nash is next - they toss him into the back seat.

The car drives down the alley, uses its blinker, and turns right.

Arno is on the corner. He tips his hat to the men.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Nash stands on a blue tarp across the table from Ms. Mora. Felix and Pac stand behind him.

MORA
I need Cole.

NASH
If you didn't grab us, I don't know who did. Dude knocked me out.

Mora feeds Diablo a prawn from a bowl full of them.

MORA
It's Cole or a bloodbath.

NASH
What about your policia? Aren't they on it?

Felix shifts his weight, and Nash gives him a look. He attaches a silencer onto his pistol.

MORA
You won't survive the week if we don't give them Cole.

NASH
Yeah, well, I'm not a part of this. Like, I didn't do anything.

MORA
We can just give them you. Dead or alive. Dead is better for you, more merciful.

NASH
Now hold on, do you think the whole town would agree, "yeah, give them Nash, and we'll turn out the lights again."

She teases Diablo with another shrimp, considers his point.

MORA
(to Felix)
Okay, bring me Arno.

NASH
Whoa, you can't give them Arno, either.

MORA

Arno has connections. He'll know where to find Cole.

NASH

What if he fled the country?

MORA

(to Felix)

Arno. Bring him to me.

(to Nash)

Stay in the shadows until we get this worked out.

Diablo tears a bite of shrimp from Mora's hand.

INT. LOWTIDE LOUNGE OFFICE - NIGHT

Nash sits alone in the darkness of the office. The bar is closed. He pours a tall glass of gin, orange juice, and tonic water.

Shadows from outside lights form vertical bars of black.

In this light, Nash could pass for an older Lemmy Kilmister if it weren't for the tears streaming down his face.

His phone rings: it's Sal Taylor.

INTERCUT CALL: NASH IN HIS DARK OFFICE/TAYLOR IN HIS BRIGHT HOME STUDIO

NASH

(no energy)

Hey, Sal.

TAYLOR

That you, Nash? What's up brother, you hungover?

NASH

No. Just having some dark times.

TAYLOR

Aww, shit man, we're all going through it.

NASH

Fucking Cole. He accidentally shot a dude in front of the bar.

TAYLOR

Damn. He in jail?

NASH

Nah, a friend got him out of the country.

TAYLOR

Maybe you shoulda went with him.

NASH

I don't know, maybe. Probably.

Taylor checks his watch and ponders how to make a transition.

TAYLOR

Hey bro, sorry for the hard break, but I just gotta a sec - I left a message with Ty.

NASH

Passing shit along is not really his strong suit.

TAYLOR

Dude, he sounds just like Spicoli!
(mimics)
"Yo bro, he's splashing waves, dude." Anyway, I'm sending Kevin to you as a perk, just take care of him, help him relax.

NASH

Of course, man. Patrick is coming down, too; we'll kick it.

TAYLOR

I kinda want to visit just to meet the bartender, what a trip.

NASH

We have a special place for you when you're ready.

TAYLOR

Hey, things will work out, just keep playing the game.

END INTERCUT.

Nash hangs up, drains the drink. Pours another.

EXT. LOWTIDE LOUNGE - DAY

A banner READS: REOPENING

TITLE: ONE WEEK LATER

The garage doors roll up and the Lowtide opens for business. Mary, Valentina, Ty, and Nash are all there.

INT. LOWTIDE LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

The mood is somber, but the weather is the absolute opposite, bright sun, cobalt blue skies.

MARY

Sol going to make it today?

NASH

Nah, she split after the uh...

Mary and Valentina remove their white Lowtide Lounge t-shirts to reveal bikini tops and shorts.

MARY

(cuts him off)

Look. We can't change what happened, but if we're going to survive, we need to be upbeat, sexy as hell, and on our game. That means you, too, Ty, off with it.

Ty takes off his t-shirt to reveal his ripped, tanned torso.

MARY (CONT'D)

The tourists don't know what happened a week ago.

TY

She's right, bros. The sea giveth and taketh away.

Nash is touched by their attempts to set the tone.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Arno slumps against restraints. He's bloody and swollen.

A small, shirtless Latino, GAEL, 28, glistens in sweat. He's as ripped as Ty, and his taped-hands are stained red.

A GANG BOSS, 53, smokes a cigar and looks at Arno.

GAEL

He doesn't know where Cole is. He put him on a boat, but didn't know its destination.

BOSS
*¿America, si? ¿And the phone
 number?*

GAEL
*A crazy lady answered. Said she
 knew Arno, but wouldn't pay for
 him.*

The Boss exhales a cloud of smoke.

BOSS
 (to Arno)
*You'll have to do, then. Never
 choose a gringo over community,
 amigo.*

GAEL
*You want me to bury him or burn
 him?*

BOSS
*Just leave him like that. The
 animals and insects can eat him.*

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF LOWTIDE - DAY

A massive and fierce Israeli woman, YAEL MIZRAHI, 62, dressed in a black pantsuit walks down the road in front of the Lowtide Lounge. She's led by two giant black Presa Canario dogs on chain leashes.

They pant and drool in the heat.

Nash is talking to a POLICE OFFICER, 52. They both stop to stare at the lady.

She walks right over to them.

MIZRAHI
 (heavy Israeli accent)
 You Nash?

Nash nods. She stares at the Police Officer in silence. He gets the drift and leaves.

MIZRAHI (CONT'D)
 I'm looking for Arno.

NASH
 Me, too.

MIZRAHI

A gangster called me on a private line and said they wanted money or Arno would die.

NASH

Oh, shit. Did you bring it?

MIZRAHI

No. I'm here to deal with them in person, just point me in the right direction.

NASH

I can make a call, see if there are any updates.

MIZRAHI

Gin and Limoncello. Water for the boys.

Nash pours the drink and fumbles around to find a pot, fills it with water.

LOWTIDE OFFICE

He grabs his phone.

INTERCUT CALL - LOWTIDE OFFICE/POOLSIDE

Mora rocks a bikini by her pool. Diamonds on the straps of her sandals sparkle. A BOY TOY swims by and an ATTENDANT gathers empty champagne flutes.

NASH

Ms. Mora?

MORA

Yes.

NASH

There's a sizable Israeli lady here looking for Arno.

MORA

That's his mother. She's Mossad.

NASH

What do I tell her?

MORA

Tell her the truth. Our rival across the street has Arno.

NASH
You said you weren't going to give
him to them.

MORA
Did I?

She hangs up.

END INTERCUT.

BACK OUTSIDE

Nash comes out of the office and rejoins Mizrahi.

NASH
So, do you know what happened here?

MIZRAHI
They said he helped a killer get
away, that's all I know.

NASH
The incident happened right out
there.

Nash points across the street.

NASH (CONT'D)
And, I just learned that the owners
of that bar reportedly have Arno.

MIZRAHI
Thank you, Mr. Nash.

NASH
It's just, uh, never mind.

Mizrahi leaves her drink and walks across the street. As she
approaches the bar, she unleashes her dogs.

They stay in step with her.

She opens the door.

MIZRAHI
FASS!

The dogs sprint in BARKING. Mizrahi holds the door for all
who SCREAM and run out, then enters and locks the door.

EXT. BEACH CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

Sparks fly into the night air, beer bottles are passed hand to hand, a bayonet pokes the fire, and we track on faces in a circle: Felix, Mikey, Pac, and Scoop.

Scoop has on sunglasses.

FELIX

Lose the shades, fuck nuts.

Scoop folds them into a shirt pocket.

Felix twists off his beer cap, bends it in half between finger and thumb, and pitches it in the fire.

He kills half his beer.

FELIX (CONT'D)

Cole fucked things up for us, but we can still make it work with just Nash. Pac, you'll take Cole's spot in the transit.

EXT. SAN JOSÉ, COSTA RICA AIRPORT - DAY

A Costa Rican DRIVER, dressed like a Men in Black agent, holds a poorly crafted, handwritten sign.

INSET - SIGN READS: KEVIN SHEHEE AND PATRICK MCDERMOTT

He stands in front of a slick, black limousine.

Patrick meets him and shakes hands. They chat MOS.

KEVIN SHEHEE, 32, joins them, also shakes hands. Kevin is a slightly built, energetic guy with lively eyes.

They walk to the rear of the limo...and keep going...to the old Ford Fairmont parked behind the limo.

The driver opens the back door for them. A piece of the wood paneling flaps in the breeze.

PRE-LAP - REGGAE MUSIC

INT. FORD FAIRMONT - DAY

The inside of the Fairmont is as dirty as the car is old. Multiple pine tree air fresheners, warped from the sun, dangle from the rearview mirror. A fat joint is tucked behind the Driver's ear.

A styrofoam cooler squeaks in the front seat, filled with ice and Imperials. A bag of bud sits open next to it. A roach clip is clamped to an air vent, and a pile of ash overflows the ash tray.

The speedometer doesn't work, but the driver is going like a bat of hell. Both hands on the wheel, one foot on the brake, one on the gas.

Cars and trucks zip by, really close on the narrow two-lane road. The windows are all down for air conditioning.

The driver looks in the rearview mirror to check on his passengers.

Kevin and Patrick each hold a bottle of Imperial. They're trying to drink, but the vibration from the road and the sudden swerves and curves make it a challenge.

They laugh and make it a game - who can get a drink first without chipping a tooth. Shaky bottles get close to their mouths, then go left or right as the car jukes left or right.

Kevin's eyes go wide - UP AHEAD - a big box truck is in THEIR LANE trying to pass a car.

KEVIN

Dude, look out!

The driver cuts him a glance in the rearview.

DRIVER

Don't worry, this is, uh, no problemo.

He accelerates! They're pushed back in their seats.

At the last second, the truck darts right and the Driver goes right. The Fairmont drops two wheels off the road. You could swipe a credit card between the two vehicles. Dust roils into the car.

The Driver jerks the car back on the road - Kevin and Patrick are jostled and beer spills everywhere.

The Driver laughs, pushes in the cigarette lighter on the dash, and hands Patrick the joint from behind his ear.

INT. LOWTIDE LOUNGE - NIGHT

The Lowtide is back to its rocking ways. A new sign announces tonight's party.

INSET: MUSIC AND MOVIES CELEBRATION

Liquor bottles spin, are caught, turned upside down for a few seconds, then rolled over a wrist to their usual spots.

Stainless steel mixers are shaken, cracked, and poured.

Colorful drinks and foamy beer seem choreographed to the music that washes over the crowd.

Nash does a bad job at acting happy. It's genuine for everyone else.

Arno, heavily bandaged, sits at a table.

Tony works the door - checks for weapons and bad vibes.

Nash serves a gin and tonic to Arno. He drinks from a straw.

NASH

I talked to Cole. He and Isabella made it. They're safe in L.A.

ARNO

Halas, if I'd known the cost, I wouldn't have helped. You know that, right?

NASH

But you did.

Nash points across the street to the darkened rival bar.

NASH (CONT'D)

And, Yael, holy fuck. She closed the book on that chapter, but for good.

Back at the door, Tony stops Kevin and Patrick when they arrive. Their hair is wind blown and faces dirty.

MCDERMOTT

What's the problem?

Tony flashes a light in Nash's face to get his attention.

Nash grabs the microphone and flickers the lights.

NASH

Lowtide Loungers! Introducing the music and movies behind tonight's celebration - Kevin Shehee and Patrick E McDermott!

A spotlight hits the duo, and Tony parts a path for them.

The crowd, used to celebrities, goes wild with APPLAUSE and WHISTLES.

Patrick and Kevin play along with the attention, and make their way to Nash.

Kevin gives him a dramatic middle finger to the face and turns to laugh with the crowd.

Nash is happy to see his friends.

MCDERMOTT

I'll be damned, Nash! Look at this place.

NASH

(to Kevin)

Patrick wired the money down here to secure the bar. He said it was the dumbest business idea he had ever heard!

MCDERMOTT

I stand by that, but you're making it work.

KEVIN

Hey, Sal said I hadda meet the surfer dude that answers the phone.

NASH

Ty, get your narrow ass over here.

Ty comes over, wiping his hands on his board shorts, still topless.

TY

Hey bro, welcome to the Lowtide, where the surf is hot, and the women are gnarly.

KEVIN

Dude, do you remember when Sal Taylor called looking for Nash?

TY

Nah, brah, sorry, it happens every day, ya know? Boss likes to surf.

KEVIN

He thought Spicoli answered the phone.

(laughs)

TY

(doesn't get it)

Right on, dude. You picked a great night, we're celebrating some friends of the boss. One works for a band, and the other's a movie producer.

They all crack up.

NASH

Let's go to the office.

INT. LOWTIDE LOUNGE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Each time in the office, the space seems smaller, Nash more frazzled.

Nash holds out both hands.

NASH

(to Patrick)

In one hand, I have your eight hundred dollars in cash. In the other, eight hundred dollars of the best Costa Rican cocaine in the entire world.

KEVIN

Do I get to pick the hand he doesn't?

NASH

No way, dude, but don't worry, I got you.

Patrick picks a hand, and Nash turns it over. It's the cash. He looks disappointed.

MCDERMOTT

I suppose now I can buy the cocaine with the cash...that's the game, right?

Nash laughs and points at him like he got it.

Then hands him the cocaine.

NASH

Your money's no good here, man. I mean it. Thank you for believing in me.

MCDERMOTT

But, I didn't...

NASH

(laughs)

I know! That's why I love you!

There's a knock at the door. The bag of cocaine slips into a pocket.

NASH (CONT'D)

(to Kevin)

That's for you.

Kevin opens the door to Luciana. Up close, she's even more outrageously gorgeous than before.

Luciana comes in and gives Kevin a kiss on each cheek.

KEVIN

Huh? Hi, I guess. I, uh,...fuck, forget it.

NASH

Listen, have all the fun you can tonight. Tomorrow, we surf!

MCDERMOTT

We're going to hang a sec and make a quick plan.

NASH

Right on.

Nash leaves, and Patrick scoops and snorts a small bump of cocaine. They find a clipboard, and he cuts out three fat lines.

EXT. LOWTIDE LOUNGE - LATER

Tony and Ty lock up the gates on the bar. Nash heads for his rickshaw.

He starts it up and gives it a few throttle twists - POP-POP-POP! Tony and Ty load in.

EXT. STREETS IN ESTERILLOS OESTE - CONTINUOUS

Nash drives the streets of Esterillos Oeste as fast as the rickshaw will go, which ain't very.

They pass a local dive bar with a picture window that opens to the street and get a glimpse of Patrick as they go by.

Nash spins around and pulls right up to the window.

PATRICK plays foosball - SHIRTLESS AND SWEATING - with extreme focus.

He torques the back line row, and the ball screams into the opponent's goal.

It's the winning shot and he JUMPS in celebration.

His opponent doesn't look so thrilled.

Nash parks the rickshaw.

INT. LOCAL DIVE BAR - CONTINUOUS

A basic, dark dive bar...cluttered with stickers and knickknacks...posters of soccer players and sexy women... foosball tables...a dartboard.

The place is full of locals, hard-looking fishermen, tradesmen, and a few weathered women. It's the kind of place outsiders and TOURISTS ARE NOT WELCOME.

Patrick is too high to notice their menacing glares.

Along the wall opposite the bar are booths. Kevin and Luciana are cozied up in one.

The locals recognize Nash and give him a nod. Nash nods back.

He sees TIGRE, 26, the local surfer crackhead, staring at Patrick, it's a problem.

NASH
Tigre, whazzup?

The question breaks his focus, and he looks at Nash.

TIGRE
Sup Nashie.

Patrick sees the boys walk in and vibrates over, flying high.

PATRICK
Pura vida, baby!

He leans into Nash and whispers LOUDLY.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
This shit's fucking great!

Nash laughs and notices his shirt is tied around his waist.

NASH
Save some for tomorrow!

Tony and Ty squeeze into the booth with Kevin.

NASH (CONT'D)
I'm surprised they let you in here.

Kevin grins and kisses Luciana.

KEVIN
She got us in.

Luciana just smiles her sultry smile.

Tigre walks over to the table, all herky-jerky. Finally, he flashes his own smile - tweaker-teeth and a cold sore on his lip. Everyone stops talking to look at him.

In a constant, subtle motion, his head flips his dreadlocked hair out of his face, and he unfurls a giant index finger at Patrick.

TIGRE
I challenge you to a dance-off!

Everyone at the table is stunned.

MCDERMOTT
What? No way, man.

Tigre starts clapping and chanting.

He stands and starts popping and stumbles.

TIGRE
Dance-off! Dance-off!

The crowd joins in. Tigre is unsteady on his feet. Patrick sizes him up. Hard to tell who is higher at the moment.

MCDERMOTT
Okay motherfucker, you want to dance? Let's dance.

TIGRE

In the fucking street.

Nash is speechless. He starts to say something, but the bar spills out to the road. A speaker is placed in the door.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF SPORTS BAR - CONTINUOUS

It's two in the morning - the town is dark and empty except for the light and crowd coming from the bar.

The undertones of Techno music build to a heavy bass drop, and Patrick attacks the center of the street with a backward beat boy step and attitude.

On cue, he bounces, drops into a crouch, snapping, stepping to the left and right. He mixes in the running man with an occasional spin.

The crowd is surprised and starts going NUTS!

Another LOCAL becomes the hype man.

HYPEMAN

Hey! Yo!

Patrick drops into a quick breakdancing hand spin, pops up, and strikes an arm-crossed pose with an incredible STANK FACE. He SWEATS profusely.

Tigre is unimpressed and locked on like a prize fighter. He claps his hands and does a few FIST PUMP JUMPS on his way to the center of the street.

Another song cranks up, and Tigre manages an old-school James Brown shuffle to work his way into position - smooth - all the quirks and twerks gone.

On the drop, Tigre tips an imaginary hat, grabs his crotch, and effortlessly pops and locks his left leg.

He continues as if he was Michael Jackson's choreographer.

Then drops into a full fucking split. The crowd goes WILD!

He holds it for a beat, then slowly raises himself in a reverse split, NODDING right at Patrick.

Patrick and the crowd GO CRAZY!

Patrick starts snapping his fingers and shuffles in like a background dancer, he does a quick spin and drops into his own full split.

RIIIP!

He doesn't make it all the way down before collapsing in pain.

MCDERMOTT

My balls!

The music continues, but Nash and his crew run over to Patrick writhing in agony.

Tigre bends over laughing, and taunts Patrick.

Nash gets Patrick to stand, but he has a major tear.

MCDERMOTT (CONT'D)

(seethes)

Fuck, fuck, fuck.

NASH

Get him to the rickshaw.

Ty and Tony help him over.

NASH (CONT'D)

(to Patrick)

Don't worry, I gotta guy, just gotta make it till morning. Well, more like noon.

Kevin gets in beside Patrick and off they ride - POP-POP-POP!

Luciana stomps for being left behind.

Tigre skips around the crowd and hypes them back up, claiming victory. His eyes are wild, and his teeth disgusting.

EXT. BEACH SHANTY - DAY

Nash sits in the rickshaw outside Doc's shanty. He suns himself, but looks rough.

Patrick limps out, his leg wrapped tight.

Doc comes out, too, wiping his hands on a dirty towel.

DOC

When was the last time you slept?

NASH

My kind don't.

DOC

Your friend's juiced with morphine,
so he won't feel much pain. Needs
to lay off other recreational.
Good advice for you, too.

NASH

Thanks, Doc. Uh, listen, I was
hoping for more of a local's price.
I can't really afford...

DOC

Give me a couple hundred to replace
the drugs and put me in a movie or
music video when you get famous.

Nash peels off five hundreds and hands it to him.

Patrick starts the rickshaw from the driver's seat.

NASH

Hey, Patrick, I'm driving, man. You
know, get in the fucking back.

POP-POP-POP, they leave. Doc goes back to threading fishing
line on a hook, or at least trying.

EXT. BEACH AT THE LOWTIDE - LATER

The waves are killer, and the surf team is carving them up.

Cali paddles next to Nash.

From their perspective, Patrick is on the beach under an
umbrella, asleep; Kevin and Luciana drink and laugh.

Cali and Nash let a few rollers pass underneath.

CALI

What's California like? Bet you
miss it.

NASH

Oh yeah, some days.

CALI

It looks scary. Here, everything's
simple and safe.

NASH

Just like a wave, bro. Smooth on
the surface, ready to crush you
underneath.

They look back and give each other the nod - they paddle hard for the next wave.

Each stand, catches the swell, drop in, and carve on the smooth surface of the wave, and then gets eaten by the turbulence.

Nash's board flies over the top of the wave, free from its ankle chain.

UNDERWATER - the light from the sun flickers and strobes with the darkness of the water.

Nash TUMBLES in the current, SCRAPES the ocean floor, the ROAR of the wave underwater is muted and SOUNDS ANGRY.

Nash's head SMACKS a sharp crop of coral, BLOOD STAINS the water. He's knocked out and floats LIFELESS.

All goes dark.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

WE'RE BACK AT THE OPENING SEQUENCE. Nash watches in horror as the gun battle unfolds on the beach.

The muzzle blasts and red and blue lights strobe.

He looks around for Pac, but sees nothing.

NASH
(into radio)
What the fuck, over?

Nothing.

NASH (CONT'D)
Let's get out of here, rog?

Still nothing.

NASH (CONT'D)
Fuck!

Nash checks the stars, checks the coast, turns his boat in the right direction.

And the police lights stop on shore.

He lowers his night vision and takes a look.

- They look like police cars

- And a regular van
- Men transfer cargo from one van to another
- Men not in uniform and a van without police markings.

NASH (CONT'D)
(to himself)
What the fuck?

He turns his attention to paddling. Heads south, stays close enough to see the shoreline.

He double-clicks the radio to see if Pac clicks back.

Nothing.

Nash floats alone in the ocean. We pull back and reveal the vastness.

Pulling back even further until all is dark of night.

Tracking in the direction Nash paddles, twenty miles later, a twinkle draws us in to the safe house.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Inside the safe house, Felix, Mikey, and Scoop watch the clock and a radio.

FELIX
It should've gone down by now.
(into the radio)
Status, over.

Static, then silence.

SCOOP
Think they got Pac?

MIKEY
If they got either one, they could
knock on our door anytime.

FELIX
Now, we wait.

SCOOP
(testy)
No Pac, no money.

FELIX
Don't worry about Pac.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

Nash paddles, glides, stretches.

Comes to a stop and bobs. He sees a BUOY marking a shipping lane. Navigates by dead reckoning to the next.

NASH
(out loud)
No cargo, no good.

Bobs. Paddles. Thinks.

NASH (CONT'D)
What the fuck're you up to, Pac?

Clicks the radio again. No response.

EXT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Felix and Mikey are out on the beach by a large wood pile. Mikey douses it with gasoline and lights it.

PHHHRUMMP! The fumes ignite and settle into a bright flame.

They back away a good distance to avoid the heat.

FELIX
You don't think Pac would double-cross us do you?

MIKEY
Take all the money and run?

Felix nods. Mikey drains half a beer.

MIKEY (CONT'D)
Maybe. It's a lot of money.

FELIX
We're fucked if he does. What about him and Nash? They tight?

MIKEY
That's a hard no. We all like Nash, but he's not one of us.

FELIX
Pac would need help - Columbians to pick him up on the water or on the shore.

Mikey finishes his beer, and gets another.

FELIX (CONT'D)

Take it easy on those, it might get nasty.

Mikey kills the beer.

MIKEY

Fog of war training, don't worry about me.

FELIX

Pac takes the money, we're in the same boat as Nash.

MIKEY

We still kill Nash, say he was in with Pac, start a manhunt.

FELIX

Maybe.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

Nash is exhausted - glides along to catch another burst of energy.

Sees the signal fire. Dawn is about to break, but he made it.

EXT. BEACH AT SAFE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Nash drags his kayak to shore, rolls over, and lays on the beach.

Felix and Mikey stand over him.

He opens his eyes to see their faces glaring at him.

NASH

Fuck me. Is Pac here?

FELIX

Nope.

NASH

Fuck!

FELIX

Fuck is right. What're you two up to, amigo?

NASH

What? We're not up to shit. Cops
raided the beach, Pac pushed out to
sea with the money and disappeared.

Felix and Mikey maintain their stares.

NASH (CONT'D)

And, without fucking GPS, I found
my way back in the dark. I'm not
going again without GPS.

MIKEY

If Pac doesn't show with the money,
won't none of us need GPS.

Nash struggles to stand and walks toward the safe house.

From the reverse angle, fear washes over Nash's face.

Felix trains his pistol on Nash.

FELIX

Where you going?

NASH

To bed. Wake me when Pac shows up.

After Nash is out of earshot, Felix clicks the radio.

FELIX

Scoop, Nash's coming. Lock him up.

SCOOP (O.S.)

(from radio)

Roger.

FELIX

(to Mikey)

I'll get my wetsuit and paddle up
the coast. You and Scoop watch
Nash.

They turn toward the house as the sun cracks the horizon.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Felix, in Nash's sea kayak, paddles up the coast. He glides
every so often and scans the shore.

FROM BINOCs: It's bouncy - rocks, beaches, scrub, fishermen.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Hours later, Nash wakes, dresses, and tries the door - locked. He knocks on the door.

NASH
Hey guys, open the door, I gotta piss.

Scoop cracks the door open, peers in like Jack from *The Shining*.

SCOOP
Sorry, can't let you out until we figure out what's going on.

Nash pushes the door open.

NASH
With your keen intellect, that could take a while. Meanwhile I'm going to piss.

Scoop pulls a gun on him. Nash keeps going.

NASH (CONT'D)
What the fuck're you doing? Two mercenaries against one surfer?

Scoop follows him to the bathroom with the gun at his head.

SCOOP
Boss said to keep you locked up.

Nash stops and turns, eye to eye with the barrel of the gun.

NASH
Yeah, well maybe, you know, he meant kept in the house, you know, don't let him leave. Use some common fucking sense, Scoop.

Mikey appears.

MIKEY
What you doing out of your room?

Nash rolls his eyes and closes the bathroom door.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nash splashes water on his face. His reflection in the mirror shows the terror in his eyes. His hands shake with the second dose of cold water.

NASH
(mouths MOS)
Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

MIKEY (O.S.)
(from the hall)
Hurry up.

Nash manages to urinate.

He takes extra time washing his hands and takes three deep breaths.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Nash walks out, hands up, collected.

NASH
Relax assholes. Pac's going to show
with the money. In the meantime,
I'm starving.

Scoop sticks the gun back in his face.

SCOOP
Back to your room.

NASH
Look, I know you're trained and all
with that thing, but put your
pecker back in your pocket. I'm
going to make some eggs.

He squeezes past Mikey, and they follow him into the

KITCHEN

NASH (CONT'D)
We were once a team here, remember?
You two killers sit over there and
watch me make eggs and toast.

They hold their ground. Nash grabs eggs and a skillet, and starts scrambling them.

NASH (CONT'D)
 (under his breath)
 If I make a run for it, gun me down
 or whatever, Jesus.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Felix has paddled to a familiar spot - buoys marking the shipping channel.

Ships are spaced well apart and moving at the speed of snails. Except for one.

He recognizes it as having Coast Guard markings.

FELIX
 Shit.

He starts paddling away from the channel toward shore, but the Coast Guard flashes their lights and approaches him.

The boat drifts to his sea kayak.

A COASTIE, 26, throws him a line.

COASTIE
 What're you doing this far out?

FELIX
 The currents just carried me out I guess.

COASTIE
 Good thing we found you.

FELIX
 I can still make it in.

COASTIE
 We're going to pull you on board and take you to shore.

Using the ropes, they secure the sea kayak alongside the boat.

As Felix gets out, his foot DISLODGES A BRICK OF DRUGS left behind.

He kicks it further into the boat.

The Coastie helps him on deck.

FELIX
I'll pull the boat onboard.

ON THE PATROL BOAT

He lifts the back end first to keep the drugs in the front.

COASTIE
You sure you're okay? You know the
buddy system, right?

FELIX
The guy I'm looking for was my
buddy, we got separated.

COASTIE
Thought you were just cruising.

FELIX
Cruising to look for my friend.

The Coastie takes him by the elbow.

COASTIE
Let's go talk to the Captain.

Felix looks back at his kayak.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Rocks form a natural brick-brac barrier as gentle waves lap
against the shore.

Pac paddles out from the cover of the rocks, his kayak still
laden with cargo bags.

He looks at the sunrise.

PAC
Mierda.

He and his boat stick out from the opposite angle, but he
could pass as a day tripper.

He paddles and clears the low surf, stays parallel to the
shore.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Nash plates breakfast for himself, Scoop, and Mikey, sliding
eggs out of a cast iron skillet.

He butters toast, and slices the pieces into triangles, talking as he goes.

NASH

You guys are pretty paranoid to be such badasses, you know? You're not on the product, are ya?

He makes a show of one of the plates.

MIKEY

Why don't you pour yourself a fresh cup of shut-the-fuck-up?

Nash grabs a fresh pineapple from the counter, pulls a large knife from the drawer, and starts cutting the scales from it.

NASH

I'm sorta pissed about being detained like this...

(chunks and plates the pineapple)

And you guys are doing the detaining...

(slips knife into waistband)

Which makes me wonder, you know?

Nash carries two plates to Mikey and Scoop.

EXT. PATROL BOAT - SAME TIME

Captain Martinez and the COASTIE take Felix's story on the missing kayaker.

FELIX

I don't think it's a big deal. The currents just sorta pulled us apart. I was in the lead, so he was behind me, and I turned around, and he was gone.

COASTIE

We'll put it out on the radio. Gimme your friend's name and description.

FELIX

Andrew Jackson, we call him Andy. Same boat as mine, but with all our gear. His boat's got dry bags fore and aft.

COASTIE
You didn't split the weight?

FELIX
He lost a bet, had to carry
everything.

MARTINEZ
Maybe that's why he fell behind and
is now lost at sea.

He gives Felix an accusatory look.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Close enough to place breakfast on the table, Nash slings one plate at Mikey, catching him in the bridge of the nose. He drops the other plate and jabs Scoop three times in the jugular.

Mikey strikes like a rattlesnake, knocking his chair back and lunging toward Nash.

They collide on the table, causing it to collapse.

Mikey rolls and pins Nash to the floor, wails on his face.

Nash squirms to free an arm and sinks the knife in the back of Mikey's thigh. Blood lets loose in a torrent.

Mikey rolls off and whips his belt through its loops to make a tourniquet.

It gives Nash the chance to pin Mikey, with the knife under his chin.

A crazed and fearsome look overtakes Nash. So angry, he looks entirely different.

NASH
Tell me the fucking plan.

He jabs the knife enough to draw blood.

EXT. PATROL BOAT - CONTINUOUS

The Coastie and Felix are at the aft of the patrol boat, by his kayak.

COASTIE

Small boats use these channels to run drugs; I hope your friend hasn't become a victim.

He reads Felix's face.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Scoop is a lump that bleeds out on Italian marble. Mikey, bound and gagged, sits upright in a chair.

Nash looks at the beach through BINOCS.

He punches a few numbers on the phone.

It rings and rings. Finally, Ms. Mora answers.

INTERCUT CALL - MORA DINING AL FRESCO/NASH AT SAFE HOUSE

MORA

This better be important.

NASH

Last night's drop was a set up.

Mora waves a waitress away.

MORA

Go on.

NASH

Cops raided the beach and took the drugs. Shot a lot of family.

Mora doesn't flinch.

NASH (CONT'D)

Pac took the money. They were planning to kill me and say I lost the cash at sea.

MORA

Why should I believe you, Mr. Nash?

NASH

It's just Nash. Because I've been too naive to make this shit up.

Mora sips a mimosa.

MORA

What do you think we should do?

NASH

I took out the team. I want a pass...it was them or me.

Mikey, still alive, locks eyes with Nash. Mikey's taped hands keep his belt tight.

MORA

If what you say is true, I won't kill you.

NASH

And, I want out. No more jobs with a bunch of shifty pendejos. No more payments.

MORA

You're part of the family.

NASH

I'll report the murders at the safe house, leave this phone connecting it back to you, and take my chances in the States.

Mora is silent.

NASH (CONT'D)

You lose the money, drugs, and have the Federales on your ass.

Mora remains silent.

NASH (CONT'D)

One more thing. They weren't real cops. Felix is working with your rival. So, it's kind of a double fuck you, don't you think?

As he talks, Nash scans the beach with BINOCs on the lookout for Felix.

HE SEES

Pac pull his kayak ashore, just as exhausted as Nash was. He takes a turn to lie stretched out on the beach. The cargo is on the kayak.

NASH (CONT'D)

What if I can recover the money?

Mora sips her drink, bites a piece of pineapple.

MORA

If you get the money, we have a deal, Mr. Nash.

END INTERCUT CALL.

Nash hangs up.

NASH

It's just fucking Nash.

EXT. BEACH AT SAFE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Pac is still laid out on the beach, catching his breath and enjoying the warmth of the sun.

He opens his eyes to see Nash standing over him.

NASH

What happened, fucker? I navigated back using the stars, 'cept I ain't a fucking Viking, am I?

PAC

Sorry, papi, I lost everything when the policia showed up.

NASH

Yeah, and the fellas accused me of being part of your plan to steal the cash.

PAC

Looks like they got over it. I got the cash, we're all good.

Nash sticks a gun in Pac's face.

PAC (CONT'D)

You're crossing a line, papi.

NASH

Grab the cash. Scoop and Mikey are waiting on you.

Pac drags the two bags up the beach.

PAC

Puto, aren't you going to help?

NASH

I'm having a shitty day.

EXT. SAFE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

As Nash and Pac approach the door, Pac sees Mikey tied up. He SPINS on Nash to disarm him, but Nash pulls the trigger and shoots him in the shoulder.

NASH

Fuck! I didn't want to do that,
man.

Pac is turned by the shot, drops the bag, but comes at Nash again. Nash shoots him in the thigh and he goes down.

PAC

(in Spanish)
*You just killed everyone in your
bar. That place'll fucking burn.*

INT. SAFE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Nash drags Pac into the kitchen with Mikey. He leaves him on the floor and binds him in duct tape.

Nash stands and studies the mess he's made.

Mikey struggles with his belt.

Pac is bleeding out. He drifts in and out of consciousness.

EXT. PATROL BOAT - CONTINUOUS

The Coastie still sizes Felix up for a response to the drug-running comment.

FELIX

Drugs? No, man, I haven't seen
anything like that.

Felix's phone rings. He checks the number. It's the Safe House.

FELIX (CONT'D)

(to Coastie)
This could be good news.
(answers phone)
Hello.

INTERCUT CALL - SAFE HOUSE/PATROL BOAT

In the safe house, Nash has a gun to Mikey's head.

MIKEY

(raspy)

Felix, great news, Pac showed up
with all his gear. Where you at?

FELIX

Awesome! Me? Well, I'm on a Coast
Guard Patrol Boat looking for him.

Nash listens in.

NASH

(whispers to Mikey)

Name of boat?

MIKEY

No shit? That must be a trip.
What's the name of the boat?

Felix looks around, finds the number.

FELIX

Oh, they've been great, PB-1497.
They'll be relieved John's safe.

He gives a nod to the Coastie.

MIKEY

Make your way back. We've got a lot
to...

The call ends.

FELIX

Indeed.

END INTERCUT.

PATROL BOAT

Felix hangs up and pours on the charm.

FELIX

Thank God! John showed up. Looks
like I can start the paddle into
Jaco.

COASTIE

John? You said his name was Andy.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Nash feels for Pac's pulse. Doesn't get one.

He cuts the tape around Pac's hands, presses his knee on his neck, places the gun in Pac's hand, aims it at Mikey and pulls the trigger. The bullet kills Mikey.

Nash takes the knife he stabbed Scoop with and places it in Mikey's hand.

He studies the scene he's staged.

NASH
(to himself)
That probably works.

INT. BRIDGE, PB 1497 - CONTINUOUS

Captain Martinez pilots the boat. His phone rings.

MARTINEZ
Nash, what's up, brother?

NASH
Hey, Captain. I don't know if I should be calling you about this, but last night at the bar, I overheard a group talking about smuggling drugs by kayak.

Martinez looks out at Felix.

MARTINEZ
No kidding.

NASH
Yeah, they use the shipping channels at night. It doesn't sound great for our town, but I hate to interfere, so I was torn...

MARTINEZ
Can you describe any of the guys?

As Nash talks MOS, Martinez stares at Felix.

ON FELIX

Felix steadies himself as the boat takes a turn and crosses choppy waves.

Relief washes over his stern face, and a slight smile cracks the corner of his mouth.

FELIX
John's sorta a nickname...

His phone RINGS again. He holds up a finger and turns from the Coastie.

INTERCUT CALL - FELIX ON BOAT/NASH AT SAFEHOUSE

FELIX (CONT'D)
Yeah?

NASH
Hi Felix.

FELIX
(confused)
Nash?

NASH
Yep. In a few minutes, Captain
Martinez's going to bust your ass.

Felix turns and fixates on Martinez.

FELIX
Oh yeah?

NASH
And Mora knows you tried to steal
from her. Going to jail probably
gives you the best chance.

FELIX
They don't have shit on me.

NASH
And your guys are dead.

Felix sees Martinez and another Coastie walking in his direction.

Nash hangs up.

END INTERCUT.

PATROL BOAT

Martinez and the Coasties approach cautiously.

MARTINEZ
We received a report that smugglers
have been operating out here in sea
kayaks.

FELIX

Like I said, nothing to do with me.

Martinez inspects the sea kayak. He notes the custom placement of buckles for straps on the front and back of the boat.

MARTINEZ

You and your boat match the description.

A Coastie shines his flashlight into the hull of the kayak and sees the dislodged brick of drugs.

He stretches an arm in and fishes out the contraband.

He holds it up to Felix's face.

Felix is fast. He knocks one Coastie overboard, and the commotion trips the other, who falls on his ass.

Martinez tackles Felix and slams his head hard against the deck. A quick arm bar has him subdued and in wrist constraints in seconds.

EXT/INT LOWTIDE LOUNGE - DAY

TITLE: THREE DAYS LATER

Mary shakes and pours a Bloody Mary for an obvious ROCK MUSICIAN, 27 - lanky, tatted, pierced, cool. The bar is already busy with beautiful customers.

MUSICIAN

Better pour a Fernet, too.

MARY

Tough night?

MUSICIAN

Great night. Tough morning.

Nash nurses a club soda and lime, and looks over papers.

Over the top of the reports, he sees Ms. Mora and a different SIDEKICK approach. He looks just as fierce and emotionless as Felix.

They make eye contact, and Nash nods toward the office.

INT. LOWTIDE LOUNGE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Ms. Mora and Nash are alone in the office. Nash slides over the duffle bag of cash.

MORA

People you can trust are hard to find, Mr. Nash. I could still use you.

NASH

I came here for a simple life.

MORA

Very well. We'll expect regular payments, but at two percent of net.

NASH

Uh, that's not exactly what we agreed on.

MORA

Any less sends the wrong message.

Nash measures her eyes, non-negotiable. They shake.

NASH

Felix?

MORA

We bailed him out, but he won't make his court appearance.

Mora opens the door and hands the bag out to the man. She turns back to Nash.

MORA (CONT'D)

All charges and vendettas have been dropped against Cole.

Nash just nods, it looks like he's been on a two-week drug and alcohol fueled bender.

EXT. OCEAN SURF - DAY

TITLE: TWO YEARS LATER

It's late afternoon, and the surf curls one wave after another with the Lowtide Lounge in the foreground.

Nash sits on his surfboard, stares at the bar.

He's clean shaven again, evenly tanned, and has shorter hair.

He catches a wave perfectly, stands, and cuts in the direction the wave opens.

Outside the barrel, he cuts back and rides into the shore.

Nash carries his board over and joins his friend, Jules Larsen.

Larsen tosses him a towel.

LARSEN

Fucking epic! Man, you killed it.

The two slap hands.

Nash grabs a beer from a small cooler.

LARSEN (CONT'D)

Proud of you, man, this is awesome.
You did it!

NASH

Hasn't been easy.

LARSEN

Nothing ever is. But, pura vida,
man, it never gets old.

They tip their beers together and turn to see the waves churn against a setting sun.

PRELAP - CROWD NOISE

INT. BLACKED OUT ARENA - NIGHT

Lights slice through the dark with the start of a new song.

Nash watches Larsen play from the side stage. His head moves to the rhythm as he enjoys the show. Mary, Arno, and McDermott are with him.

The band performs their encore song in front of a huge multimedia backdrop.

VOICE (V.O.)

And that's the story of the
legendary Lowtide Lounge, hideout
of the rock stars, owned and
operated by roadies.

THE VIDEO WALL

The video wall shows a perfect wave building with the music.

It cuts to footage of the previous scene of Cali and Nash surfing together. Nash wipes out.

VOICE (V.O.)

It's good knowing people take risks
and follow their dreams. And
dreams, aren't they a bitch?

The footage cuts to Cali dragging Nash out of the ocean.

VOICE (V.O.)

You gotta be able to fix it, find
it, feed it, fuck it, and not say
fuck all about it.

Then to Nash and Cali standing with Nash's broken board,
blood streaming from his head, but both are laughing.

Nash makes the shaka hang loose gesture.

NASH AND HIS FRIENDS

Nash's friends take turns celebrating with him. Arno slaps
his shoulder, Mary hugs him, and Patrick breaks from playing
air guitar to give him double shakas.

Nash beams.

The show crescendos, all the lights and sound stop at once,
and the crowd ROARS.

FADE TO BLACK.