

HOLLYWOOD BEACH

"Come for the ocean. Stay for the emotion."

by
Jeffrey Allan Grosso

FADE IN:

EXT. BEACH - EL PORTO, CA - NIGHT

A silver moon hangs in the sky. Waves crash on the sand.

A twenty-foot Panga boat plows through the surf. On board are THREE MEXICAN NATIONALS and thirty black suitcases.

A Coast Guard cutter pursues close behind them.

Several lifeguard trucks race across the sand.

A DOZEN POLICE OFFICERS approach on foot.

An LAPD chopper circles, searchlight beaming down.

Hidden out of sight, MONKEY - Caucasian, mid-twenties, bushy hair, wild - peeks out from the cover of the boulders on the beach.

EXT. BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

The police have apprehended the smugglers. The Panga boat sits on the wet sand, lit up by the truck headlights.

The thirty suitcases are lined up on the sand.

A SHADOWY FIGURE is moving in the darkness.

TWO POLICE OFFICERS are surveying the suitcases.

SARGE

Okay McConnell, what are we looking at?

MCCONNELL

Thirty cases. About sixty pounds a piece. I'd say around eighteen hundred pounds. Call it an even two thousand for the papers if you want.

SARGE

No. If it's eighteen hundred pounds we'll call it eighteen hundred pounds.

MCCONNELL

It's a hell of a lot of weed anyway. And it stinks.

(MORE)

MCCONNELL (CONT'D)

Smells like every skunk in the state got run over at the same time.

SARGE

Except running over skunks ain't against the law.

MCCONNELL

Not sure what their plan was. Still had plenty of fuel. Looks like they just got lost.

SARGE

Their plan was to break the law. Our plan was to stop them. And we did. Hell, they shouldn't have gotten this far. Homeland Security, my ass. Three zonked-out Mexicans in a patched-up Panga boat drive right up our skirt with almost a ton of giggle stick? What's this world coming to?

MCCONNELL

I don't know, Sarge.

SARGE

Well it really burns my onions. All right, enough chit-chat. Tag'em and bag'em. Let's get the hell out of here before the taxpayers wake up.

He counts the bags.

SARGE (CONT'D)

Twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight... I get twenty-eight. McConnell, Didn't you say there was thirty of these fuckers?

MCCONNELL

Yeah Sarge, thirty. No doubt about it. I checked and double-checked. Then I checked again. Just like you taught me.

SARGE

Well, what the hell happened to the other two?

EXT. THE STRAND - SAME TIME

Monkey, carrying a suitcase in each hand, rides his skateboard down the strand in the darkness.

EXT. ADMIRAL BARNEY'S APARTMENT - DECK - SAME TIME

An ocean view strand-front apartment in El Porto (North Manhattan Beach, CA)

ADMIRAL BARNEY - Caucasian, thirties, wearing full dress US Navy Admiral's uniform from the waist up, full surfer garb from the waist down - board shorts and flip-flops - is peering through his night vision binoculars.

EXT. SIDE STREET - EL PORTO, CA - PRE-DAWN

Monkey stops at a garage a block from the Strand. He puts the suitcases down, opens garage, and turns back around.

One suitcase is gone. Monkey's eyes widen. He looks around warily and quickly` grabs the other case.

EXT. ADMIRAL BARNEY'S APARTMENT - DECK - SAME TIME

The binoculars swing on a peg. Admiral Barney is gone.

FADE TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND DRUG LAB - DEEP MEXICO

DR. MUNCHINKO - super villain, dressed in modern version of a Nazi uniform, cape, cigarette in holder, monocle, thick German accent - waits for a WORKER to open a huge steel door.

He is accompanied by LADY FARRAH - super-hot Asian villainess dressed in Hello Kitty gear from head to toe.

Once locks are turned and the door is opened, they enter.

The enormous room is full of marijuana plants in various stages of growth. Long rows of special silver tables are present in the front of the room. They are empty.

Gardening tools and scientific equipment are present.

CHONG - mad scientist, fifties, scruffy - greets them.

CHONG

Munchy! Good to see you man, how are things back in civilization?

LADY FARRAH

That's Dr. Munchinko to you, geek.

CHONG

Uh-huh. So, like what do I owe the pleasure?

Dr. Munchinko points to the empty silver tables.

DR. MUNCHINKO

Vare is zee crop?

CHONG

Oh, that one there? It was ripe man, fully budded. Good crystals. Nice colas. We shipped it out.

DR. MUNCHINKO

I'm not talking about your everyday workaday krunk we ship out of here five times a week. I'm talking about the experimental crop. The THC 1000. It was right here. Why did you move it?

CHONG

You mean the shit we had growing on these shiny silver tables?

DR. MUNCHINKO

Yes. You idiot. I'm talking about the THC 1000. The experimental strain of marijuana I hired you to engineer that is one hundred times more powerful than the highest grade of pharmaceutical sativa and that reaches full maturation from seed to flowering plant in just one week! The strain I am going to use to take over Hollywood and rule the world!

CHONG

Oh yeah. Sorry man, I've got a lot going on right now. My mother wants to move back in with me, my cat is sick, my Yogi's internet is down so I can't Skype-chant my mantras. I'm just not centered.

DR. MUNCHINKO

Idiot! Vare is it?

CHONG

The THC 1000 crop you mean. The experimental shit. That was growing on these tables right here?

DR. MUNCHINKO

Yes. Idiot!

CHONG

Like I said man, it was done. It's gonzo, man. We shipped it out yesterday.

DR. MUNCHINKO

Are you trying to tell me you harvested the THC 1000 and shipped it out just like an ordinary crop?

CHONG

Yeah, man. I think that's what I'm trying to tell you. Sorry about that man, my bad. It must have gotten caught up in the shuffle.

DR. MUNCHINKO

Caught up in the shuffle? But how could that happen? Didn't you see how special it was? It grows at a rate that is ten times faster than any other marijuana on the planet! Didn't you wonder how it grew so quickly?

CHONG

Oh yeah. It did seem to grow pretty quick, man. Surprised the hell out of me, really. But then I kind of forgot about it, you know?

DR. MUNCHINKO

You forgot about it? Why you ungrateful, doped-addled... Didn't you notice the unusual bright purple coloration?

CHONG

Oh yeah, man, it was this great neon purple color. I thought maybe it was the lights. We got these new enviro-friendly LED lights man, they fuck with my color scale.

(MORE)

CHONG (CONT'D)

But it was really purple, man. Like super-purple. I was going to call it Smoke On The Water, or maybe Purple Rain. You know, like the song? But I thought we might run into copyright issues, so I just called it Silly Pudy.

DR. MUNCHINKO

Idiot! Silly Putty is the registered trademark of the Crayola Corporation!

CHONG

That's why I spelled it different, man. With a D instead of a T. P-U-D-Y. Pudy, man. Not puty. See the difference?

DR. MUNCHINKO

Idiot! That doesn't even make grammatical sense. You are missing one consonant. What you have is "Pewdy". This conversation is ludicrous! Just tell me one thing. Where are they right now?

CHONG

The old lights? Oh, we got rid of them man, gave them to a farmer up the street. He needs them for his cock fighting tournaments. I ain't really into cock fighting or nothing, but he's a nice guy, man. Makes good chicken soup. You should try some.

DR. MUNCHINKO

Not the lights! You idiot! The crop! The THC 1000! Where is it now?

CHONG

Oh, right, man. The purple stuff. That was good stuff, man. I took a tiny little bong rip while we were packing the cases and about ten minutes later I ate a whole pound box of Cheeze-Its, man. Costco size, man. That shit's gone man, it shipped. Panga boat, like you said, man. Headed up the coast. Should be half way to Pismo by now. Shit, I hope they make it.

(MORE)

CHONG (CONT'D)

Hey man, why didn't we keep that stuff separate? That seemed like some special shit.

DR. MUNCHINKO

Idiot! Well at least we still have the seeds.

CHONG

Oh, fuck, man. The seeds. Nobody told me, man. I just stuck 'em in one of the suitcases. I figured it all went together. Sorry about that, man. My bad again. No worries Munchy, man. Those guys, those are good guys, man. And they didn't take too much to smoke. Only five joints a piece, man. I told them that shit was strong, man. I told 'em it was Silly Pudy. They'll be okay. They'll make it, man. We'll get it all back. Unless they get busted or something... No worries, man. Those are some tough hombres. They'll make it, man. It's all good.

DR. MUNCHINKO

Idiot!!!

He slams a newspaper on the table. The front page shows a photo and article about the Panga boat getting busted.

FADE TO:

INT. WHIPPLE'S APARTMENT - REDONDO BEACH, CA - MORNING

A cramped one-bedroom apartment in a large complex.

WHIPPLE - Caucasian, thirties, disheveled - sits at his Mac workstation, stares at the screen.

WHIPPLE

Oh my God.... Oh my God.. No....
No.. Oh God, no....

Whipple gets up, goes to closet, gets duffle bag. He returns, sits back down, opens bag, removes objects which he places on the desk in a row.

They are a pistol, a noose, a barber's razor, and a bottle of Liquid Draino.

WHIPPLE (CONT'D)
Eeny-meeny-miny-mo...

Whipple ends his eeny-meeny routine on the gun. He checks it. It's loaded. He puts it to his temple.

The LAND LINE PHONE RINGS. He ignores it, tries to pull the trigger but the ringing distracts him. He puts down the gun and answers the phone.

WHIPPLE (CONT'D)
Yeah?

JULY (O.S)
Good morning Mr. Whipple. This is July over at Admiral Barney's office. I'm calling to confirm your appointment.

WHIPPLE
Oh, is that today?

JULY (O.S.)
Yes indeed. This morning at eleven.

WHIPPLE
Look. All apologies and everything but I'm not going to be able to make it. Something came up.

The line goes silent. Whipple plays with the pistol.

JULY (O.S.)
Do you know who you are speaking with Mr. Whipple?

WHIPPLE
Yes, I think so.

JULY (O.S.)
Well then you know very well how valuable the admiral's time is...

WHIPPLE
Uh-huh.

JULY (O.S.)
He already had to shift several things around to accommodate you. If you don't come in today I'm not sure when the next available appointment may be.

(MORE)

JULY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The admiral is already three days overdue for a haircut and there is a North swell blowing in from the Falklands that promises some majorly fast corners with the strong possibility of full square barrels.

WHIPPLE

I understand but... I uh...

JULY (O.S.)

What's that? You're stammering.

WHIPPLE

Uhhh.... Okay... I need help with a script I'm working on. My deadline is tomorrow. If I can't figure this thing out they're going to kick me off the project and I need this gig. I'm broke. My credit cards are maxed out. My rent is late. I'm almost out of beer...

JULY (O.S.)

So you will be keeping your appointment then?

WHIPPLE

Uhh, yeah. Okay. Fine. I'll be there.

JULY (O.S.)

You have made a wise choice. The ions have been dancing around here lately. Admiral Barney's Cafe is a cauldron of creativity.

WHIPPLE

Yeah, okay, sounds good. Thanks.

The call is on speaker. Admiral Barney chimes in.

ADMIRAL BARNEY(O.S.)

Is that Whipple?! What is he, flaking again?

JULY (O.S.)

No Admiral, he's...

ADMIRAL BARNEY (O.S.)

Probably got that cockamamy suicide kit out. I hope he lands on the Drains this time!

JULY (O.S.)

No, Admiral. It's okay. He's going to make it. He's coming in this morning. No worries. All good.

ADMIRAL BARNEY (O.S.)

Oh. All right then. That's better. Put that in today's report. Saved Whipple's life. Again. Long live Admiral Barney!

An OFF SCREEN CHORUS OF FEMALE VOICES chimes in.

CHORUS (O.S.)

Long live Admiral Barney!

The phone hangs up.

INT. WHIPPLE'S APARTMENT

Whipple slams the rest of his beer. He gathers up his wallet, phone, hat, sunglasses, smokes, lighter, and a new bottle of tequila.

CUT TO:

EXT. ADMIRAL BARNEY'S APARTMENT - EL PORTO, CA - DAY

A surfer-type ocean-view apartment on the Strand. There is a sign on the door hand-written in crayon. It reads: WELCOME TO ADMIRAL BARNEY'S FANCY PANTS CAFE, TEQUILERIA, AND SCREENWRITING WORKSHOP. EL PORTO, CA. "MI CASA, SU CASA." ADMIRAL BARNEY, PROPRIETOR AND COMMANDANT.

Whipple reads it out loud to himself.

WHIPPLE

Welcome to Admiral Barney's Fancy Pants Cafe, Tequileria, and Screenwriting Workshop... El Porto CA... Mi casa, su casa? Admiral Barney, proprietor and commandant. Huh.

There is a photo of ADMIRAL BARNEY- Caucasian, forties, surfer type - next to the sign. He is dressed in full dress admiral jacket with medals, ribbons, shoulder boards, admiral cap, aviator shades and corn cob pipe. From the waist down he is all surfer. Loud print Board shorts and flip-flops. He is holding a ten-foot surf board in one hand and an Oscar in the other.

Whipple enters. It is not a restaurant, just a regular apartment. There is a table set up with two chairs.

The base of the table is a bale of marijuana. The top is an upside down boogie board.

Sign on the wall reads: "COME FOR THE OCEAN, STAY FOR THE EMOTION."

Whipple puts the tequila tribute on the counter next to a group of similar bottles, some with bows.

ADMIRAL BARNEY, in full regalia, is standing on the balcony watching the strand/parking lot/beach view.

A TALL AMAZON BLOND - twenties, gorgeous - jogs by on the Strand below.

Whipple approaches.

ADMIRAL BARNEY

Hand Admiral Barney the ropers.

Whipple picks up a pair of binoculars off a side table and hands them to Admiral Barney. He scopes out the girl.

ADMIRAL BARNEY (CONT'D)

Female Saltwater Sasquatch, twelve O'clock. Just about your size and good looking. A strong seven for around here. An eight at least where you come from.

WHIPPLE

I come from Redondo. It's just up the street.

ADMIRAL BARNEY

Exactly. And I'm sorry. Look at her run Whipple. She's like a blonde gazelle. You better hurry.

WHIPPLE

She's nice all right but I'm here on business.

ADMIRAL BARNEY

Well, that's what Admiral Barney's Cafe is for, taking care of business. Admiral Barney is a professional after all. Holy crap, look at the tits in the shower!

Admiral Barney focuses on a BUXOM BIKINI GIRL in the outdoor public shower.

ADMIRAL BARNEY (CONT'D)
Mmmm, mmm. Admiral Barney likes them clean. Admiral Barney would like to send her to the brig...

Admiral Barney drops the binoculars, sits at the table and loads a glass bong. A surfboard is behind him. Whipple notices his uniform. Same as the photo.

WHIPPLE
What's with the outfit?

ADMIRAL BARNEY
What do you mean? This is official issue. Barney is an admiral now.

Whipple raises an eyebrow.

ADMIRAL BARNEY (CONT'D)
Yes, sir. Barney is the youngest admiral in the history of the service.

Admiral Barney hits the bong, clears it.

ADMIRAL BARNEY (CONT'D)
Just got promoted last week. It's a lot of responsibility but Barney feels like he's ready. So what can Admiral Barney do for Whipple today?

WHIPPLE
Well, I was hoping Barney could...