

BAYWATCH

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EXT. THE BAY - MORNING

Pristine water. Perfect sand. Not a trace of garbage or even seaweed. This is the beach as it should exist.

A ripped surfer shreds an early morning wave. Two California beauties dip their feet in the water, chasing the surf. A sand-sculptor makes an amazing castle. God it's awesome here.

Drums start. Music is beginning to build. And now, the shot that made BAYWATCH the biggest show on planet Earth:

CJ PARKER

a beautiful blonde bombshell of a LIFEGUARD with a red rescue can jogs past the beachgoers in glorious sun-dripped slow-motion. She looks to a LIFEGUARD TOWER where a tall brunette

STEPHANIE HOLDEN

emerges, making notations about the tidal conditions on a clipboard. She nods to CJ, all business. Attractive but conservative, she looks to her watch, expectant.

Everyone on the beach now turns. Women, men, children, the old, the young, they all ready themselves...

...for it's time for 'IT' to happen:

OCEAN

The water is calm, almost a sheet of glass. After a couple of beats, however... BUBBLES begin to appear. Just a few at first... but then more. There's something down there. Something rising. Is it a sea beast? No, it's --

6-FOOT 5-INCHES, 255 POUNDS OF PURE MUSCLE & GRIT. A tanned, strapping package of 'Fuck Yeah!' -- rising out of the ocean like Godzilla -- covered by only a pair of red swim trunks with a 'BAYWATCH' emblem. This is

MITCH BUCHANAN

He probably just swam 5 miles, but he isn't even out of breath. He turns to the ocean and makes a series of loud CLICKING SOUNDS. What the hell is he doing?

Just then, THREE DOLPHINS emerge, responding to his call, 'tail-walking' on the water. Incredible. Mitch grins:

MITCH
'Mornin', ladies!

Mitch now begins his morning run. We follow him as he passes:

-- THE BEACHCOMBER SNACK SHACK (exchanging a 'Sup nod with its elderly FILIPINO OWNER).

-- THE PIER (where fishermen are hauling fresh catch to their trucks; one worker tosses Mitch a hunk of sushi-grade tuna, which he catches with one hand. Takes a bite. Approves.)

-- BASKETBALL COURTS. 10 BALLERS are in the middle of a full court game. Just as a streaking player goes up for a dunk, however -- Mitch meets him mid-air and swats the ball away!

VARIOUS BALLERS
Ohhhhhh/Shiiiiitttt!/Dammmmm!

The rejected baller is pissed... until he sees it was Mitch (who's just smiling back, continuing his run).

MITCH
Not in my house, Darnell.

And DARNELL is actually cool with it. As if being blocked by Mitch was some kind of honor.

DARNELL
Motherfuckin' Mitch Buchanan!
Brother saved my Nana's life. I
ever tell you that?

BALLER
Every time he jogs by. Literally
every single time.

MITCH, FURTHER ALONG ON HIS RUN

He passes LUXURY BEACH HOMES... when he's hit in the head by a bikini top. He stops, looks up at the source, finding: A smoking hot WOMAN standing on her balcony, wearing only the matching bottoms. Mitch smiles up at her.

TOPLESS WOMAN
Oops. Finish your workout up here?

MITCH
Sheilaaaaa... you're married. You
know I don't swim in other men's
waters.

Her HUSBAND comes out, cradling his morning cup of coffee. He calls down:

HUSBAND
For you, Mitch? I'd make an
exception!

Mitch laughs and points up at him -- you dog! He keeps running, leaving her deeply disappointed. He turns to her --

HUSBAND (CONT'D)

You know, if you're in the mood --

TOPLESS WOMAN

Shut the fuck up, Howard, I can't face your tired dick right now.

ELLERBEE

A bit-overweight black COP sits on an idling beach patrol ATV, writing someone a ticket for littering. Mitch jogging by, turns backwards --

MITCH

Hey, Ellerbee -- why don't you get off that Rascal and join me?

Ellerbee laughs but we can see he's putting on a fake smile --

ELLERBEE

All-Terrain-Vehicle, Mitch! Police
Issued All-Terrain-Vehicle hahaha --
(softer, to himself)
-- you sunbaked sonofabitch.

BUFF MEN & WOMEN PUMP IRON AT A MUSCLE BEACH-LIKE GYM...

Mitch has stopped his run, and we see he's yelling at people thru an intense workout, helping them train --

MITCH

(to his left)

That's right, brother, push! You think your tank's empty? It isn't empty until you say it's empty!

(to his right)

Is your tank empty, Brittany?

REVEAL: Mitch has two 8YR-OLDS doing chin-ups on his outstretched arms. Other kids wait for their turns.

BRITTANY

I... am... Diesel!

MITCH IS RUNNING AGAIN

He passes a HOMELESS MAN (HOBO JOE) with a filthy beard and a longshoreman's hat asleep on a bench.

MITCH

Hey, Hobo Joe -- how's it hangin'?

Seemingly still asleep, Hobo Joe raises a thumbs up.

OUTSIDE THE HUNTLEY CLUB

A private beach club right on the water which oozes money and exclusivity. TWO YOUNG SURFERS are being chased off by a tough-looking SECURITY GUARD. Mitch stops his run --

MITCH (CONT'D)

There a problem, Scoot?

The Young Surfer responds with absolutely incoherent surfer lingo. Mitch nods, understanding. We have to read subtitles:

YOUNG SURFER

<This not very bright security guard claims we cannot surf here. He says it is private property.>

MITCH

Nobody owns this beach except the people who pay my salary -- the good citizens of the Bay.

The Security Guard is huge, bald, thick beard. Anyone else would be intimidated, but not Mitch. Mitch holds the Guard's intense stare, but speaks to the surfers:

MITCH (CONT'D)

Go shred. We got 10 to 12 foot swellers with a primo off shore blower and tasty barrels for days.

The Surfers give Mitch a series of impossibly complex hand shakes which Mitch perfectly matches move for move, his stare never leaving the Guard, who now steps like he's gonna fight.

BRAXTON LEEDS (OS)

S'Alright! It's OK, Frankie!

The surfers take off as Mitch turns and sees a charming AUSTRALIAN BUSINESSMAN approaching with hand-outstretched.

BRAXTON LEEDS (CONT'D)

It's Lieutenant Buchanan, right?
You're kindofa legend 'round here!

Mitch doesn't take his hand, still in beast mode.

MITCH

This beach isn't private. It's public.

BRAXTON LEEDS

Of course it is! Apologies, my guys get a little protective of the Member's space sometimes, but you're absolutely right.

(beat)

I'm Braxton Leeds, new owner of the Huntley Club.

MITCH

Right. Still waiting on my application to be approved.

They both laugh knowingly, a little edge to Mitch's.

BRAXTON LEEDS

Believe me, I don't think they'd let me in the bloody place if I didn't own it. But hey, you come by any time, lunch is on me... for you and your squad. No hard feelin's.

Mitch is still a little skeptical, but puts out his hand.

MITCH

Welcome to the Bay.

They shake. And as Mitch resumes his run, the giant Security Guard (FRANKIE) comes to Leeds's side, their faces both now serious and, frankly, a touch menacing.

FRANKIE

You want me to stay on him?

BRAXTON LEEDS

It's well in hand. Go handle today's delivery...

A COUPLE OF YOUNG GUYS ON THE BEACH

early 20s tops, are setting up their beach chairs on the sand. One of them is a little on the chubby side (RONNIE) and he's carefully angling his long slatted beach-chair in a different direction than his friend.

FRIEND

Aren't you facing the wrong way?

RONNIE

Trust me.

The guy follows Ronnie's gaze to a LIFEGUARD TOWER and sees CJ Parker emerge, covering her arms and chest in sunblock, her watchful gaze never leaving the people swimming.

FRIEND
Who... is that?

RONNIE
She's the most beautiful woman in
the world.

Ronnie sits down and EVERYTHING SLOWS AGAIN as CJ turns,
throwing back her hair. Ronnie is in a trance. Music in his
head builds. God, she really is gorgeous. Long toned legs.
Clear blue eyes that seem to be calling to us...

Ronnie casually pulls a towel over his lap. And then, like a
sudden splash of cold water --

TEENAGE GIRL (OS)
Hey you guys know where the snack
shack is??

Before she can even finish her sentence, Ronnie FLIPS OVER so
he's laying on his stomach -- showing only his back to her --

RONNIE
AHHH!

FRIEND
Uh... no. Sorry.

They're weirded out, but leave. The friend starts to giggle.
Suddenly, Ronnie tries to turn back over -- but can't.

RONNIE
Hey man -- I'm stuck! Help --

His friend leans over, looks under the chair and winces.
There's something stuck poking between the slats...

FRIEND
OH JESUS! How did you --

RONNIE
Do something, man!

His friend looks around, has no idea what to do.

FRIEND
Uhhhhh, I'm not gonna touch your --

RONNIE
C'MON!

FRIEND
Help! Help, my friend needs help!

RONNIE
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

And like a dog hearing a whistle, MITCH whips his head in their direction, and starts running over --

FRIEND
I'm sorry, dude -- I'm sorry!

RONNIE
DON'T YOU LEAVE ME HERE MAN!

The 'Friend' high-tails it out of there as Mitch arrives.

MITCH
You call for help?

RONNIE
NO -- UHHH, that was -- UHHH --

MITCH
Just calm down. What's your name?

RONNIE
Ronnie.

MITCH
OK, Ronnie. I'm Mitch, and I'm here to help. What's the problem?

RONNIE
Uhhh... I seem to be... uh, stuck?
To this chair? My... uh, my...

Mitch kneels down, peeks under the chair.

MITCH
Uh-huh. You've got your junk in a jam.

RONNIE
YES!

Mitch puts a comforting hand on his back. Mitch looks around, surveying the scene. Sees CJ nearby in the tower.

MITCH
(clinical)
OK, I think I see what happened here. You were fantasizing about that lifeguard over there, and then, you began to masturbate...

RONNIE

No!

MITCH

It's perfectly natural to be attracted to her, Ronnie. Common everyday biology. But I can't have that kind of behavior on my beach.

RONNIE

I didn't -- I swear! I was just --

MITCH

It's OK. But her name is CJ Parker, and she's not an object. She's a lifeguard, here to do a critical job. Do you understand that?

Ronnie nods, face in the chair -- genuinely understanding.

RONNIE

I do. I do.

MITCH

How's the swelling. Has my calm demeanor helped?

RONNIE

(voice cracking)
Uhhhhh frankly? No.

MITCH

Blood flow must be impeded. You're cinched off, that bad-boy ain't goin' down. Alright, we're gonna have to stand you up, pal. CJ! Need your assistance over here!

RONNIE

NO NO PLEASE DON'T CALL HER!

CJ jogs over, sun glistening off her wet skin. Ronnie shuts his eyes tight, afraid to even look at her.

CJ

What's up, Mitch?

MITCH

Funny you should ask. On three, we're gonna help up my new friend Ronnie here. One... two... three!

Mitch and CJ stand Ronnie (and the beach chair) up on end, and CJ gets a flash of --

CJ
 Ooops, we got Towel Tent.

We can see Ronnie's mortified eyes through the chair slats --

RONNIE
 You know what, just kill me, OK?

MITCH
 Don't worry, this'll all be over in
 a sec. We're gonna have to cut it --

RONNIE
 MY DICK?! NO WAY!!

Still stuck to the chair, Ronnie takes off with tiny awkward steps. Kids run and scream as he trips and FALLS INTO their sand-castle. With a moan, Ronnie rolls over, free of the chair! Mitch looks after him, knife in his hand.

MITCH
 No...the chair, but that works too.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - MORNING

MATT BRODY (20s) is cruising into town on his motorcycle, a duffle bag strapped to the side of his bike. Nearing the beach, he stops at a light as BEAUTIFUL GIRLS in swimsuits cross in front of him. His eyes try to take it all in.

BRODY
 'Scuse me, girls? Which way to the
 Bay?

Two incredibly hot young beauties turn and point down the street, and wave goodbye as he flashes a perfect smile.

THE BAY - DAY

Glorious hustle and bustle under the warm California sun. Tourists walk past street musicians, food booths, a huge Mexican dude selling hand-carved wooden pelicans, a caricature artist, and finally, we end on --

A BANNER: A picture of Matt Brody in a speedo, an OLYMPIC GOLD MEDAL around his neck. Under it, Brody sits alone at a booth smiling. A few lonely balloons blow in the wind.

His HANDLER, a sharply dressed woman, stands out front.

HANDLER
 Come meet Matt Brody, world-class
 Olympic swimmer! Today only!

Tourists walk past his 'Autographs \$15' without giving him a second look. Brody looks over, sees a long line waiting for the \$20 Caricatures. He sits back, frustrated.

TOURIST

Hey, I think I remember you.
Beijing, right?
(squints at the banner)
But... you never won gold, did you?

BRODY

Yeah, that was a mix up at the printers. So... you want an autograph? You get a picture too.

TOURIST

Yeah... Brody. Brody. There was something else about you...

Behind the tourist there are two young PUNKS huddled around an iPad, playing a video, laughing their asses off, stealing looks at Brody. Brody's heart sinks.

TOURIST (CONT'D)

Wait, you got DQ'd, right? What was it... You were sick...?

BRODY

Next in line! Anybody?!

No one else is interested. More kids huddled around the iPad now, watching a VIDEO, whispering and laughing about Brody.

LEAD PUNK

Uh... yeah, lemme get a photo!

Brody forces a smile, and the punk goes over to Brody and holds up the iPad next to him: On the looped VIDEO, we see an 18yr-old HUNGOVER Brody on the starting blocks, about to start a race, only he VOMITS into the pool. Over and over.

BRODY

Yeah?? You wish your shit went viral!

WATCHING ACROSS THE WAY

is a YOUNG WAITRESS at the BEACHCOMBER SNACK SHACK. This is

SUMMER

young, cute, honest and hard-working, wearing cut off shorts over a black bathing suit. She looks a little sorry for Brody... but then looks to something just past his booth:

A sign that says LIFEGUARD TRY-OUTS 11:30am TODAY!

SUMMER

(looking at her watch)

Mr. Sang? Can I take my break now?

An older Filipino man (SANG) in a cook's outfit comes over, and puts a warm hand on her shoulder.

SANG

Sang know where you going. Good luck.

She smiles back at him, starts to untie her apron strings.

BACK TO BRODY

Brody is on his cell phone, exasperated.

BRODY

Well, Mike was supposed to cover my shifts! Mr. Franklin, I can't get back by then, I just drove my bike all the cross country, it'd take me three days to -- no, but --

(listens)

No, please... I need that job, Mr. Franklin! Mr. Franklin?!

Just then a sweet smiling angelic 9 YEAR OLD BOY comes up.

NINE YEAR OLD

Will you sign this?

BRODY

(puts away his phone)

Sure, what the hell.

REVEAL: It's a caricature from the booth next door of an exaggerated Brody puking into a pool, giving the finger to the US flag with 'FUCK YOU AMERICA.' Brody is stunned, looks back to the kid who now has a shit-eating grin.

BRODY (CONT'D)

Hey, kid. There is no Santa Claus.

NINE YEAR OLD

No shit, Barf-olomew.

Brody makes like he's gonna smack the kid, and he runs off... just as SUMMER walks by, catching Brody's eye. Brody slowly stands, eyes locked on her as --

HANDLER

I'm so sorry about today, Brody. I really thought we'd get more --

BRODY

S'OK. I'm takin' a break --

Brody hurries to follow Summer --

LIFEGUARD SIGN UP TABLE

Stephanie, the all-business lifeguard we met earlier, sits behind a fold-out table, signing in applicants. There's a long line, Summer toward the back. First up, is Ronnie.

STEPHANIE

Hey, I remember you... Ronnie, right? You wanna be a lifeguard?

Ronnie's eyes are LOCKED on CJ talking to Mitch in the b.g.

RONNIE

Uhh... Yeah, totally. After you guys saved me? I just, want to be a part of this. What you guys do. I wanna be near --

(really clocking CJ)

-- the action. Around it.

(barely a whisper)

Inside it...

CJ turns to him, recognizing him, and waves warmly.

SUMMER

is waiting patiently in line when Brody cuts everyone to stand next to her. Everyone complains, but Brody ignores them. He sidles up to Summer like they were at a bar...

BRODY

Excuse me, gonna have to ask you to step out of line.

SUMMER

Why's that?

BRODY

'Cuz you're makin' all the other girls here look bad.

SUMMER

Has that line ever worked for you? I mean, outside of a HOOTERS?

BRODY

First time I've tried it. Thanks for the cuts. So you know how much this job pays? Thinking about signing up...

SUMMER

You don't become a lifeguard for the money. You do it because you wanna help people, to save lives.

BRODY

Oh, me too, me too, absolutely. But you know, I'm thinkin' of renting a place. Somethin' nice, right on the beach. You live around here?

SUMMER

You want something nice on the sand that's about 5-10k a month...

Brody almost chokes.

BACK TO STEPHANIE AND RONNIE

Ronnie has finished the paperwork, hands it to Stephanie.

STEPHANIE

OK, now take off your shirt.

RONNIE

Uh... my shirt? What does that have to, uhh... I mean you're judging me based on my --

Stephanie holds up a grease pen.

STEPHANIE

Everybody gets a number.

RONNIE

Ohhh. Of course.

But Ronnie just stands there. Reaaally doesn't wanna take off that shirt.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Oh you know what? I didn't bring any sunblock, so maybe I should --

Stephanie holds up sunblock, with a smile that's losing patience. Ronnie nods and reluctantly sheds his shirt, revealing pale skin. People in line mock cover their eyes from the "glare". And then when Ronnie turns around --

Well, let's just say it. He has a small dense patch of dark hair around each nipple, and is hairless everywhere else. There are a few snickers. And then --

DICK IN LINE
Nice nipple-fros, bro!

The handsome Dick laughs, and fist-bumps his buddy.

STEPHANIE
You there. What's your name?

DICK IN LINE
Zayne.

STEPHANIE
Step out of line, Zayne. Lifeguards support one another. You're out.

The Dick is stunned stupid, mouth agape, then finally moves. Brody steps around him, putting a hand to his mouth --

BRODY
(mock amazement to Summer)
Daayummm!
(to Stephanie)
Hi, Matt Brody. Here to join up.

STEPHANIE
Fill out this form and then --

BRODY
Actually --
(reading name tag)
-- Stephanie, I think we can skip all the paperwork. I'm already an experienced lifeguard. Elite swimmer...

STEPHANIE
Is that so?

Brody sheds his shirt happily revealing a ripped physique. He smiles to Summer, then back to Stephanie.

BRODY
Sorry -- I just had a burrito, so I'm a little bloated.

STEPHANIE
Regardless of experience, everyone needs to fill out Sections 1 thru 20. No need to read the fine print.
(MORE)

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)
It just indemnifies us in the event
of your death during tryouts.

Stephanie roughly spins Brody around, then writes a big ZERO
on his back and arms with the thick grease marker.

BRODY
Zero? Cool, I can work with that.
From zero to hero.
(to Summer)
So, beautiful, you know my number.
Seems unfair I don't know yours...

Summer rolls her eyes, pushes past him.

INT. THE HUNTLEY CLUB - UPSTAIRS OFFICE

Braxton Leeds is behind a desk when Frankie comes in --

FRANKIE
Shipment today was 2 kilos short.

BRAXTON LEEDS
Who was the pilot?

FRANKIE
Marco. One of their guys.

Leeds looks off, not happy about this. Out the window, he
sees Mitch lining up all of his wannabe lifeguards.

BRAXTON LEEDS
Keep him here. We can use him. Kill
two birds with one stone...

EXT. THE BEACH - LATER

Mitch, Stephanie and CJ address the twenty or so applicants
before tryouts begin. There's an obstacle course set up on
the sand (cones, ropes, CPR dummies) and nerves are palpable.

MITCH
What is Baywatch?

Ronnie raises his hand... before seeing it was rhetorical.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Baywatch is the heart and soul of
this beach. It's the reason the
single mother behind me feels
comfortable letting her two kids
run unaccompanied into the water.

The applicants watch as that exact scene plays out behind Mitch. Whoa.

MITCH (CONT'D)

If we don't do our job the right way -- people will die. If you work at a bank and you don't pay attention? Maybe somebody gets shorted a few bucks. If you don't pay attention here? Say it with me--

ALL

People will die.

Stephanie adds:

STEPHANIE

Baywatch isn't just a *job*. It's a calling. So if you aren't here for the right reasons...

(gives Brody a look)

...you might as well leave now. CJ?

CJ

There are a maximum of three spots available for the summer season. So, big bummer, the rest of you will have to wait til next year.

Ronnie whispers to Brody next to him as he watches CJ --

RONNIE

Only three spots? I can't go back to working at Best Buy, man. I'd rather die on the sand near her than live in a showroom alone.

BRODY

Two spots maximum. One of 'em's already mine. Sorry.

Mitch comes up, stares Brody down like a drill sergeant.

MITCH

You say something, sand-jockey?

BRODY

Oh, nothing. But, as I was explaining to Stephanie over there, I'm an experienced lifeguard.

MITCH

Lifeguard, huh. What body of water did you protect?

BRODY

Body of water? Nah, man. Wet World Water Park, Sandusky Ohio. Head Lifeguard, last eight months.

Mitch turns to Stephanie, who stifles a laugh.

MITCH

Ohio?! Hey, Stephanie -- they got any oceans in Ohio?!

STEPHANIE

Nope! Just overconfident dickbags, apparently!

BRODY

Wet World gets five thousand visitors a day. I know what I'm doing...

Mitch zeros in on Brody and the others shrink away.

MITCH

Do you, pool boy? What, you think yelling 'no cuts' and warning little Bobby Sherman not to run with slippery bare feet qualifies you to protect my Bay?!

BRODY

Are you being serious right now?

MITCH

Dead serious, Splash Zone. And our 'deep end' is the Marianna trench, and it ain't 12 feet, it's 36 thousand. We know more about the surface of Mars than what's down there, and you're tellin' me *you know what you're doing?!*

BRODY

No, I'm telling you to give me any swim test you got, and I'll beat anybody here.

MITCH

There's more to Baywatch than being fast in the water. *It's about going above and beyond.* So why don't you tell me why you're really here?!

Brody exchanges a look with Summer. He's here because she's hot and he needs money. But... he remembers what she said.

BRODY
Uhhh because... I wanna help
people. To save lives, man.

MITCH
'Man'?! That's Lieutenant to you.

BRODY
For real? Like in the Army?

Mitch steps back and folds his arms as Stephanie shouts:

STEPHANIE
No, like in the motherfuckin'
Baywatch. Now let's MOVE!

BEGIN MONTAGE

Stephanie has a clipboard in hand, taking notes as the applicants go through a number of grueling challenges:

- carrying sandbags up a hill
- running through cones on the beach
- free-diving and picking up markers from the ocean floor

In every event, there are a couple who fall out. This is tough stuff. BRODY, however, is kicking ass.

RONNIE

falls in the sand, others trampling on his back, going around him. He looks exhausted, about to quit. That's when he sees CJ stretching. A fire suddenly burns deep within him --

RONNIE
GRRRAAAIGGHHH!!

And he forces himself up and moving, shoving others aside --

IN THE WATER

Brody is in his element. He's far and away the best swimmer, and he pulls away. As he rounds a buoy, he even switches to the backstroke, just to show he can. He calls to Summer --

BRODY
Hey, you're pretty good too! After
this, where we gonna go to
celebrate?

Summer ignores him, tosses some floating SEA WEED at Brody with her next stroke as she makes the turn, doing her best.

MITCH AND STEPHANIE WATCH FROM THE SHORE

STEPHANIE

Brody can swim, no question.

MITCH

No surprise there. Like to drown
that attitude, though.**BACK IN THE WATER - LATER**

Applicants drag a plank via a rope over their shoulder.
Ronnie near the back of the pack, but still swimming, giving
it everything he has. Then he notices something --

RONNIE

Baby!!

None of the others listen, all focused on finishing. Ronnie
detaches his plank and goes after it. Mitch and CJ on shore
take notice.

CJ

Where's he going?

When Ronnie finally makes it to the baby, however, he sees it
was just a DOLL. He shouts to shore --

RONNIE

False alarm! False alarm,
everyone!! It's just a doll!

From the shore, CJ and Mitch watch. Mitch looks skeptical.

CJ

Awww. He's got good energy, Mitch.

MITCH

I've seen better swimmers in the
Minnow Class at the Y.

CJ

But think of the courage it took to
come here and try out after what
happened to him last week!

MITCH

True. Thing looked like a turtle
got his head caught in a mousetrap.

Mitch nods to himself. She's winning him over. Ronnie shouts:

RONNIE

This gonna count against my time?!

ON THE BEACH - END OF THE DAY

There are only eight applicants left, and they're on their knees, sucking wind. Brody stands, fresh as a daisy.

BRODY

Who wants to go again?!

Mitch ignores him, looks to Summer who is completely spent. He smiles at her, impressed with her effort.

STEPHANIE

That completes tryouts. The results will be posted momentarily. Thank you for your interest in being a Baywatch Lifeguard, and good luck to you all.

Brody grins, knows he's got this sewn up.

MITCH IN THE LIFEGUARD TOWER

He's got BINOCULARS POV on the HUNTLEY CLUB.

A truck with "AL'S FISH CO." on the side pulls to the loading dock. Frankie and a shorter wiry guy (LEON) move DARK BARRELS from the truck into the club. Moments later, other barrels go from the club into the truck. Curious...

AT THE RESULTS BOARD

Applicants crowd around the sheet. Some turn, disappointed. Summer pushes her way in... and sees her name. She beams.

SUMMER

I made it. I made it!

Ronnie almost forces himself to look, then --

RONNIE

Oh my God... me too! I can't believe it. I'm gonna be a Lifeguard! I'm not even gonna give Best Buy notice -- *shit, I'll lose my video game discount* -- screw it!

Everyone looks to him, can't believe it either. Brody smiles.

BRODY

Way to go, guys! I'm glad they made room for three of us.

RONNIE

Actually... I think it's just two.

Brody's face falls. He looks at the list --

BRODY

What -- are you kidding me?!

Brody marches toward the lifeguard tower. Mitch is alone at the top like a King surveying his realm.

BRODY (CONT'D)

I was the best one out there and you know it! I mean... you're takin' Chunky Style over me?!

Summer and Ronnie come over --

RONNIE

Hey! I lost like four pounds today!

MITCH

Ronnie's got heart. I can mold him. He wants to be part of a team. You're irresponsible, you're afraid to be a part of something larger than yourself. I ain't got room for a lone wolf in my pack.

BRODY

This is such bullshit!

Mitch ignores him now, eyes on the horizon. There's a HOT AIR BALLOON lazily drifting over the ocean...

BRODY (CONT'D)

Give me another chance, man! This isn't fair!

(barely a whisper)

I got nowhere else to go...

Summer watches, feels a little bad for him. Mitch slowly rises... reaches for his BINOCULARS... done with Brody.

MITCH

Go back to the pool. You're not ready for the Bay...

OVER THE OCEAN - HOT AIR BALLOON

There is a YOUNG COUPLE inside the basket of the hot air balloon. She's in a wheelchair, and she looks very nervous.

WOMAN IN BALLOON

Oh my gosh, we're so high up now. Are you sure this is --

MAN IN BALLOON

Janie?

She turns, and sees now that he's on one knee, holding open a box with a DIAMOND RING inside.

MAN IN BALLOON (CONT'D)

Will you marry me?

WOMAN IN BALLOON

Oh my god... Uh... yes!

(looking over, nervous)

But can we go back down??

MAN IN BALLOON

Of course! You've made me the happiest guy in the world.

They kiss, she's happy. And then he whips out his phone.

MAN IN BALLOON (CONT'D)

Let's just get a quick engagement selfie!

Her face falls as he awkwardly scoots BEHIND her wheelchair.

AT THE BEACH TOWER

Mitch has his binoculars trained on the balloon. He can see that the guy is leaning WAY BACK over the edge of the basket's edge. Mitch grabs his two-way, all business.

MITCH

Got a possible thirty-six niner off Tower 16...

BRODY

What? What's going on?

CJ grabs her RED RESCUE CAN, is already starting to move --

ON THE HOT AIR BALLOON

The man is desperately trying to take a selfie with both of them in the frame -- but there's not enough room for him --

WOMAN IN BALLOON

Let's just take them when we're back on the beach, OK -- ??

MAN IN BALLOON

We gotta capture the moment it happened! Can you just -- like, lean back?

He's jockeying -- oh man, this isn't safe -- he's sitting on the edge now --

MAN IN BALLOON (CONT'D)
Big smiles, this isn't just for my
You Tube channel, this is for your
Mom on Facebook too -- OK, OK,
right there -- look happy!

WOMAN IN BALLOON
Haaaappyyyyyy --

SQUAWK! A seagull flies too close -- and smacks him in the head. HE FALLS BACK!

WOMAN IN BALLOON (CONT'D)
Did you get it? David...?

PEOPLE ON THE BEACH GAWK

as a man falls a hundred feet and SLAMS into the water!

VARIOUS BEACHGOERS
Ohhhhhhh!/Damn!/No way he's alive!

CJ dives in the water with her rescue can. Brody sees Mitch and Stephanie running down the shore, leaving them behind --

SUMMER
What should we --

Brody looks again to the ocean, and starts running --

MITCH AND STEPHANIE RUNNING

MITCH
Coast Guard Chopper is in San
Diego! Take at least an hour --
We're gonna have to improvise --

ON THE HOT AIR BALLOON

WOMAN IN BALLOON
DAVID! DAVID?!

The wind whistles as the balloon rises. She leans over the edge trying to see him. God she's high up.

WOMAN IN BALLOON (CONT'D)
DAVID YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE YOU CAN'T
LEAVE ME UP HERE!!

She looks above her at the TWO CORDS that control up and down.

She raises her hands but they're just out of reach and obviously she can't stand! She streeetches -- reeeaaaching -- fingertips just able to sway them --

MITCH AND STEPHANIE

jump into the yellow RESCUE TRUCK parked on the sand like pros. Stephanie hits the sirens as Mitch punches it, sending sand spraying and sticking right on a guy's face who just applied suntan lotion, turning him into a sand sculpture.

THE OPEN WATER

CJ is swimming, fast -- and out of nowhere, moving like a hot knife through butter -- Brody overtakes her!

OUTSIDE THE HUNTLEY BEACH CLUB

A wealthy CLUB MEMBER is struggling to put on a parasail vest, ropes running from it to a waiting boat just off shore.

Behind him, the RESCUE TRUCK skids, Mitch jumping out before it's even completely stopped, running straight for the parasail rig. Stephanie goes to the boat --

MITCH

Here, let me help you with that.

The Club Member turns, assumes Mitch works for the Club.

CLUB MEMBER

Finally! The problem is it's chaffing the ol' coin purse.

But when he turns, he sees Mitch is putting it on himself. Stephanie jumps into the boat over the driver's protests --

HUNTLEY BOAT DRIVER

Hey, I can't let you take this!

MITCH

That's a terrible attitude. You can do anything you put your mind to.

VVVRRROOOOMMM! Stephanie guns the boat as FRANKIE the Security Guard sees what's happening.

FRANKIE

YOU!

Frankie runs at Mitch as the boat takes off, the line going taught. And as Mitch is pulled into the air, Frankie jumps and grabs his legs -- bringing them BOTH up -- but Frankie quickly falls off, and falls into the water.

OPEN WATER

CJ gets to the spot where he hit the water just as Brody erupts thru the surface, the unconscious guy in his arm!

CJ

Here!

CJ throws him the red rescue can and Brody grabs it --

ON THE STILL-ASCENDING HOT AIR BALLOON

The basket buffets from the wind and the wheelchair rolls back and forth, careening. She puts the breaks on --

WOMAN

This is what I get for putting myself out there.

(to the heavens)

Fuck you, E-Harmony!

MITCH IS PARASAILING TOWARD THE BALLOON

Stephanie is down below, driving the boat. As they get closer, though, it becomes clear Mitch lacks enough rope to reach the balloon. And the gap keeps growing.

With zero hesitation, Mitch detaches himself from the rope -- shooting himself higher into the sky!

INSIDE THE BASKET

The girl has her eyes closed, doing a silent prayer when -- WHAM! -- the basket rocks. Mitch has grabbed on!

WOMAN IN BALLOON

OH MY GOD!

Mouth agape, she watches him climb in like out of a dream. He removes his parasail (casually, as if he was taking off his jacket) and expertly pulls the cord controls.

MITCH

You did want to go down, right?

She forces herself to nod her head, and he smiles at her.

ON THE SHORE

Brody and CJ are doing CPR on the unconscious Balloon Guy. Clearly, Brody knows what he's doing. Summer looks on, impressed. A crowd is gathering and Ronnie steps up --

RONNIE

(authoritatively)

Stay back, everyone! These are professional lifeguards and I am a life-guard trainee... just found out few minutes ago, in fact... God I am so happy right now!

CAPTAIN THORPE

a man in his 50s wearing a lifeguard's dress browns (like a uniform) steps out of a tower, observing the action --

BRODY

C'mon!

COUGH! The guy finally spits water and takes a deep breath. Summer smiles to Brody. He did it.

MAN IN BALLOON

(with his first breath)

MY CELL PHONE!

CJ rolls her eyes.

MITCH SAFELY LANDING THE BALLOON ON THE SAND

And everyone goes nuts CHEERING! Mitch carries her out of the balloon basket, as Stephanie puts her chair on the deck jutting onto the sand. Mitch places her safely back in it.

MITCH

I live my life by the ancient Chinese proverb: "He who saves a life is responsible for it". You've been given a second chance, Janie. I want you to promise me you'll make the most of it. Don't let me down.

WOMAN/JANIE

I promise. I won't settle anymore. I deserve better.

The balloon guy runs over, wrapped in a blanket.

MAN IN BALLOON

Janie! Oh thank God you're OK. I am so sorry!

(hugs her awkwardly)

Did you happen to see if I dropped my phone in the balloon?

She PUNCHES him in the nuts.

AFTERMATH

Mitch and Stephanie are walking back toward the lifeguard tower. He sees BRODY shaking hands with CAPTAIN THORPE.

MITCH

What's this?

CJ

Brody made a good save. He was the first one out there. He's got the gift, Mitch...

Captain Thorpe turns now to Mitch, waving at him --

CAPTAIN THORPE

Lieutenant! Can I have a word?

MOMENTS LATER

Summer and Ronnie watch as Mitch talks to Captain Thorpe through the window. Summer turns to Brody as he approaches:

SUMMER

So. Guess it looks like you might be joining us after all...

BRODY

Hey, I didn't say anything, the Captain came to me.
(watching Mitch)
God he's really gonna hate me now.

RONNIE

Yeah, you're dead.

Mitch finally exits the lifeguard tower, walking down...

SUMMER

So give him a reason to like you...

And just like that, Mitch is in Brody's face.

MITCH

OK, Mr. Brody, Captain Thorpe says you're in. So I want you here with the others by 0:600 ready to train. And I'll bet sand-dollars to donuts you quit before the week is out...

BRODY

(smiles, enjoying this)
Happy to be aboard... *Lieutenant.*

BRAXTON LEEDS (OS)
Mitch! OH MITCH?!

They turn. Braxton Leeds getting out of a BLACK MERCEDES in the adjacent lot. He walks over with a shark's smile.

MITCH
Mr. Leeds. What can I do for you?

BRAXTON LEEDS
The Club's speedboat back would be nice. Gas 'er up maybe, before the next parasail lesson --

He laughs but no one shares it. It's clear all over Mitch's face: He does NOT like this guy.

BRAXTON LEEDS (CONT'D)
Joking, I'm joking. Happy to help. I actually stopped by to tell you we're having a 'Heal the Bay' benefit at the Club this weekend. Course that's just a rich person's word for Big Party, ain't it? But I'd like you and your team to be my guests. Free food, free drinks --

MITCH
You know, lifeguards have a sixth sense about things...
(pointedly)
And that includes people. I looked into you. You've taken over two other beach-clubs up north. It's strange. By the time you left, crime in the area was way up...
(beat)
Mostly drug related.

BRAXTON LEEDS
Don't have to tell me. It's a bloody epidemic. Blame the downturn in the economy. So whaddya say? Come help raise money for the Bay!

MITCH
I'm on duty that night. Hell, I'm never off duty.

Leeds smiles knowingly through Mitch's hard stare. Mitch goes back to the Tower. Leeds shrugs, 'suit yourself' and leaves --

BRAXTON LEEDS
Well, the rest of you perhaps!

As Leeds goes back to his car, Brody leans to the others --

BRODY

We are definitely going to that.

STEPHANIE

Not sure you're gonna have much time for a party. You gotta memorize every word of your lifeguard manuals by Friday.

Stephanie hands each of them a thick LIFEGUARD MANUAL. It's the size of a phonebook. Stephanie gives them a look, leaves. Summer, Brody and Ronnie share the moment. They made it.

BRODY

So... Summer -- you wanna get something to eat? Hit the books?

SUMMER

I can see through you Brody, and just so you know? I am laser focused on my dream, so no matter how many times you ask me? It's no.

Summer walks away as Brody gets defensive --

BRODY

Yeah, I got alotta stuff to do, too. Send out some tweets, let my fans know whassup --

RONNIE

Hey, I'll grab a bite with you --

Summer is gone. Brody gives Ronnie a look and they part ways.

SUNDOWN

The beach is almost empty. Ronnie gets in his beat up Honda. CJ and Stephanie leave together. Summer off on her own. Everyone has a place to go except: BRODY. He watches them go. He looks over, sees the OLYMPIC BANNER from his signing this morning rolled up in the dumpster.

SEA CAVE - NIGHT

We are inside a sea cave. The water glows from some unseen source. It's spooky in here, beautiful. Leeds and Frankie are with MARCO, waiting on the sand by the water, expectant.

MARCO

(Mexican accent)

I thought we were unloading?

BRAXTON LEEDS

And I thought your boss would know
better than to send me a skimming
piece of shit like you --

Marco turns -- what? -- and Leeds has an arm around his neck, and violently wrestles him into the water. Frankie watches, stoic, as Leeds forces Marco's head under. Marco screams, precious air bubbles escaping his lungs, but still Leeds does not let up. But that's not the worst part. Leeds seems to really be enjoying this...

THE BEACHCOMBER SNACK SHACK - NIGHT

Summer is focused on the thick LIFEGUARD MANUAL before her. Someone shouts behind her, getting her attention. We see now the manual is actually on the BAR, and she's WORKING, waiting tables. She must have switched her hours so she can pursue her dream. She delivers a round of drinks over the boisterous shouts of drunken tourists...

Something out the window gets her attention. Is that... BRODY? It looks like he's huddled up outside the public restrooms. Her face fills with concern.

RONNIE'S PLACE

Ronnie is staring at himself in the mirror. His shirt is off. He takes a deep breath, then -- BZZZZ! He brings up a electric razor and shuts his eyes. He can do this. He brings it to his nipple-fros, and hair flies.

OUTDOOR RESTROOMS - NIGHT

Brody has made himself a not-so-comfortable spot by the outdoor restrooms, using his duffel bag as a pillow. Just then, CJ comes to stand over him --

CJ

What are you doing?

BRODY

Huh? Me? You kidding? This view is unbeatable. People pay 5-10k a month don't get a view like this.

CJ

No lifeguard of Baywatch is gonna sleep outside, even a trainee. Sends a bad message to the public. You're crashing with us.

BRODY

Us?

CJ & STEPHANIE'S PLACE

Yep, CJ and Stephanie are roomies. The place is a clash of contrasting styles: CJ the messy free-spirit with her tiny outfits and towels hanging everywhere, and Stephanie the organized clean freak. Brody is on the couch, drinking beer, watching TV. From the other room, we hear arguing.

STEPHANIE (OS)

We don't even know him! And his motorcycle woke up the whole neighborhood!

CJ (OS)

You're so uptight, it's just until he gets his first paycheck! Plus, he's got a good aura!

BRODY

(calling to them)
And I'm an Aquarius!

MITCH'S PLACE

A cozy little spot, right on the beach. Not much more than a one-bedroom, but it's manly and cool. Sparse, clean, beach-themed. Mitch is cooking a large gourmet meal. But we soon see it's dinner for one. As he's about to put the first bite in his mouth, he looks off, as if in deep thought.

REVEAL: Mitch is actually looking at HOBBO JOE in his open window, licking his lips. Mitch brings him the plate.

FADE TO:

EXT. THE OCEAN - PRE-DAWN

Frankie and Leon are in a small boat, dumping FISH GUTS from the same barrels we saw at the club. They're chumming the water. And that's when we see that the very dead MARCO, now dressed like a tourist in a loud bathing suit, mask and snorkel awkwardly on his face, lies in the boat's belly. They pick him up, and toss him over the side.

EXT. THE BAY - LIFE GUARD TOWER - 0:600

It's 0:600, and as told, Summer and Ronnie stand at attention as Mitch marches around them, carrying a red rescue can.

MITCH

The "rescue can" is a lifeguard's most versatile and essential tool.

(MORE)

MITCH (CONT'D)

It can be used as a flotation device... a signal to other lifeguards... and much, much more.

Summer stifles a yawn, exhausted from trying to balance work and her dream. She whispers to CJ when Mitch turns away --

SUMMER

Where's Brody??

CJ

He was already gone when I got up.

STEPHANIE

No talking! There are over 45 uses for a rescue can. Mitch himself wrote over twenty of them, some approvals still pending. Again, all in your manual...

And that's when Brody saunters over the hill with a tray of coffees and a bag of bagels.

BRODY

Good morning! Sorry I'm late. Oh, cool, is this when we get the red thingies? Awesome. But first --
(handing out coffees)
CJ, got yours with extra-sugar because you're so sweet. Splenda for Stephanie. Mitch, figured you straight black, am I right?

MITCH

'Sorry... I'm late'?

CJ shuts her eyes. Uh oh.

BRODY

Uh... only by a few --

MITCH

12 minutes. Long enough for little Suzie to drown because you weren't there to rescue her.

Mitch pours out the coffee, right on the ground. He shoots a look to the others. They follow his lead and all pour theirs out too. Summer's mouth quivers, really wanted that coffee.

BRODY

OK, I get it. Won't happen again. Just trying to do a kind gesture, start off on the right foot.

RONNIE

Can we keep the bagels?

Brody's CELL PHONE rings. He looks at the number, and looks to Mitch, whose eyes are growing wider with disbelief.

BRODY

(answers)

Go for Brody! Uh-huh. Uh-huh.

Brody covers the phone and shout-whispers to Mitch --

BRODY (CONT'D)

Hey man, can you do me a solid and float me an advance till my first check? Rental needs first and last.

Mitch smiles, nods enthusiastically. Almost overly.

MITCH

Lemme talk to him.

Brody is surprised at the kindness, but gives him the phone. Without hesitation, Mitch turns and THROWS IT what seems like a mile down the beach. It lands perfectly in a GARBAGE CAN.

BRODY

THAT WAS MY PHONE!

MITCH

Me? I don't carry a cell phone because I keep my head on a swivel. Anyone needs to get a hold of me? They know where to find me. Right here on the beach. And from now on? You? You carry this --

Mitch SHOVES a red rescue can into Brody's mid-section.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Break into teams. Summer with Stephanie. Ronnie, you're with CJ.

Was that a tiny squeal of excitement we heard from Ronnie?

MITCH (CONT'D)

And Starbucks? You're with me.

THE OCEAN

Once again, the ocean is glassy until... Mitch emerges like a beast. Before he can begin his morning jog, though -- Brody rises out of the water behind him -- winded, covered in seaweed and he's got three jelly fish stuck to him --

BRODY
HOW COME... THEY ONLY STUNG... ME?!

MITCH
They're attracted to chlorine!

Mitch just smirks and starts running. Brody digs deep for a second wind and follows. He's not about to quit.

RONNIE DOING SIT-UPS IN THE SAND

CJ holds his feet. He's really tired, really struggling.

CJ
C'mon, Ronnie! I believe in you!

RONNIE
I CAN'T!

He lays flat, giving up. CJ is frustrated, takes off her red Baywatch JACKET. Ronnie does a painful sit up to get a better look. CJ pushes his head back down, and he sits up again with an awful SCREAM. Over and over they do this. CJ smiles.

STEPHANIE AND SUMMER AT THE SNACK SHACK

They're sweaty and tired. Sang drops off two-waters to them.

SUMMER
Thanks, Mr. Sang.

MR. SANG
Sang proud of you! Keep working hard, you make dreams come true! You make great lifeguard like Sang hero Mitch Buchanan!

Summer beams as he leaves.

STEPHANIE
You know Sang came here as a refugee. Mitch helped reunite him with his long lost son.

SUMMER
That's amazing. Are you sure it's OK we're taking a break like this?

STEPHANIE
Part of being a lifeguard is getting to know your team. Especially us girls. And frankly, those other two need a lot more work than you do. You're a natural!

SUMMER

Wow, thanks. How did you become a lifeguard?

Stephanie looks off, lost in memory. And then, as Baywatch flashback music swells, and the focus goes a little fuzzy --

STEPHANIE

I fell in love. When I was young, there was this wonderful man --

SUMMER

Wait, you used to date Mitch?

Music stops, back into focus. It ain't the 90s anymore.

STEPHANIE

Excuse me?

SUMMER

I just figured that's where the story was going. I didn't mean to cut you --

STEPHANIE

No, no. It's fine. Saves me the trouble. Yes, I did.

They sit in awkward silence for a moment, just staring off, drinking their waters. Tourists pass by on the boardwalk.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

But our relationship is strictly professional now. Just friends.

SUMMER

Oh of course, I got that.

Again, more silence. A roller-blader skates by. Finally --

SUMMER (CONT'D)

Soooooo... we should probably -- ?

STEPHANIE

Yep.

They get up from the table and head back for the beach.

MITCH AND BRODY IN THE LIFEGUARD TOWER

Mitch behind Brody, holding Brody's head, slowly moving it back and forth --

MITCH

Head on a swivel... head on a swivel. Now. Tell me what you see.

BRODY

That old woman going in the surf.
Could fall over at the first wave.

MITCH

Go deeper. Swivel.... swivel...

Brody sees something -- runs down, grabs a SURF BOARD that has just washed ashore. Mitch follows him, authoritative.

BRODY

Surf board, no rider! Possible missing person!

MITCH

Describe the victim.

BRODY

Uhhh... Likes... surfing?

Mitch takes a two-second cursory glance at the board.

MITCH

Missing person is a woman. Five feet, four inches tall. Lefty.
(off his look)
The board is pink, feet set goofy, and 55 centimeters apart, which makes her five four.

Brody nods, impressed. Mitch kneels by the board, scrapes a little bit of wax off and rubs it between his fingers.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Some of this sand isn't from here.
It's volcanic. She's from Hawaii.
26 years old...

Mitch coming at Brody as his eyes bug out in disbelief --

MITCH (CONT'D)

Long brunette hair. Beautiful green eyes...

BRODY

HOW ARE YOU DOING THIS?

GIRL'S VOICE (OS)

My board!

An amazingly sexy surfer girl who matches Mitch's description exactly comes over, and gives Mitch a kiss on the cheek.

MITCH

Got away from you in the rip, huh,
Ang? Keep tellin' ya, wear the
leash, girl.

ANGIE SURFER

Keep tellin' you, come back to
Hawaii with me. Get married. Have
lots of kids.

Mitch smiles warmly. Brody just shakes his head.

MITCH

That sounds like a little slice of
heaven. But I'm married to the Bay.

ANGIE SURFER

But you still gonna watch my niece
for me next Thursday?

MITCH

Lookin' forward to it.

She grins, takes the board, and goes off into the surf.

BRODY

That was lame. And lemme guess --
you saved her life once and now
you're responsible for it?

MITCH

Code I live by.

BRODY

She was hot! You should be nailing
that instead of doin' favors for
her. You saved her life! She owes
you! Beej, at least...

MITCH

And let me guess -- your idea of
romance is Snapchatting a dick pic.

BRODY

Sometimes! Good icebreaker...

MITCH

Love is as deep and mysterious and
as powerful as the ocean.

(MORE)

MITCH (CONT'D)

And when you find that one in a million -- you jump in with both feet, with love and respect, not Beejes and Dick Pics.

Mitch's two-way squawks to life, cutting him off --

STEPHANIE (OVER COM)

Mitch -- We got a One-Three-Seven, water by Tower Two, Confirmed.

MITCH (INTO COM)

On my way.

Mitch starts running toward the yellow rescue truck --

BRODY

Wait, what's a 137?!

MITCH

Manual! You should know!

Brody grabs the thick manual, and starts flips through. After a moment, he tosses it aside and runs after Mitch.

CUT TO:

A DEAD BODY (MARCO)

Washed up on shore, eyes still open. A small crab walks across its lifeless face. Mitch, Stephanie and Brody stare. Loud bathing suit. One CONVERSE SNEAKER on, one missing.

STEPHANIE

What do you think, Mitch? Dead 24, maybe 48 hours?

Mitch smells him.

MITCH

Maybe.

BRODY

Are you serious? You're smelling him?!

MITCH

Lifeguard uses all his senses.

Brody tries to accept this. Can't.

BRODY

Never seen a dead body before.

MITCH

What, nobody ever died on the slip-
n-slide? Keep it together and get
this down: Victim is male.
Approximately 35 years of age.

As Mitch talks, Brody looks around -- doesn't have a pen, no
paper. Mitch rolls the body to one side.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Shark bite on the lower right
torso. Don't think that's the cause
of death, though...

(looks at the hand)

Fingernails are blue. Suggests --
You gettin' this??

BRODY

You threw my phone away, that's how
I normally take notes!

Something stops Mitch. He leans down and sees something
sticking out of the back of the bathing suit. A SALES TAG.

ELLERBEE (OS)

GET AWAY FROM THERE! Right now! Do
NOT touch him!

They turn and see Ellerbee coming over the dune.

MITCH

Oh come on, Sergeant. Don't give me
any of that jurisdiction crap.

ELLERBEE

Mitch, for the last time: you do
not HAVE a jurisdiction. You are
not a police officer. You're not
detectives. You are lifeguards.
Your job is to make sure white
people are doing okay at swimming.

MITCH

This happened on my beach.

ELLERBEE

Yes, and apparently, because you
weren't doing your job good enough,
some tourist is dead. So now, this
is a matter for the police. You see
the difference?

Ellerbee taps his badge with his baton, then taps the patches
on their swimsuits -- Badge, patch:

ELLERBEE (CONT'D)

Badge, on a uniform. Patch, on a swimsuit. Badge on a uniform, patch on a swimsuit...

Behind them, an ambulance pulls up.

MITCH

Just make sure you keep Baywatch HQ looped in on the investigation.

ELLERBEE

HQ? You mean where you guys eat lunch? You know, I would love to, Mitch? But the Police Department has a strict policy: No Shoes, No Shirt, No Service.

Ellerbe moves off with a smug smile. Mitch calls to him:

MITCH

It's supposed to be a 'Thin' Blue Line, Ellerbe! Thin! I can help you get there!

(aside to Brody)

Congrats, pool boy. Looks like you're on a big case. First god damn week of summer...

BRODY

We have cases?!

MITCH

There was a tag on his shorts. It was from the Huntley Club...

AND AS WE PULL AWAY

We see that Braxton Leeds is in the far distance, watching the scene through BINOCULARS, Frankie and Leon behind him.

BRAXTON LEEDS

Golly, Mitch. Maybe you aren't the best lifeguard on Earth.

LEON

Still think I shoulda left the body in his tub. Straight frame job.

BRAXTON LEEDS

They'd never buy it. Trust me, this is the first step to a very hard fall for Mr. Buchanan.

(beat)

(MORE)

BRAXTON LEEDS (CONT'D)
 Now. We've got a party to prepare
 for so we can get those nosy
 bastards off my beach...

EXT. BAYWATCH 'HEADQUARTERS' - LATE AFTERNOON

'Headquarters' is really not much more than Mitch's office, couple desks, lunch room, locker room, and showers. On the wall are weather reports, and PHOTOS of the people that Mitch has saved. Looks like the wall of a Hollywood dry-cleaners. Ronnie walks in, covered head-to-toe in sand. Heads for the

LIFEGUARD SHOWERS

PSSSH! Ronnie moans, body aching as he showers. We are watching him from the waist-up. Two random male lifeguards come in, talking. Ronnie a little self-conscious, doesn't make eye-contact, but rolls with it. He's one of them, right?

RONNIE
 Riptide strong enough for ya?!

They laugh with him. Just then, CJ is right behind him --

CJ
 Hey, Ronnie!

RONNIE
 CJ! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN HERE?!

CJ
 Co-ed showers. All part of the same team. I'm takin' lunch orders, we got some time between shifts.

RONNIE
 UHHH -- just a salad!

CJ
 You sure? This place has great cheese-steak subs.

RONNIE
 NO, NO, not for me.

CJ
 OK. By the way, when we shower in here? We keep our suits on.

And now, from behind, we reveal that Ronnie is naked and everyone else is still in their swimwear.

CJ (CONT'D)

Clean nips are lookin' really good,
by the way!

She gives him a friendly smack on his bare ass like a teammate, and leaves. Ronnie turns, desperately trying to cover his privates, reaching for a towel --

LUNCH ROOM

Stephanie, Brody, Summer, and Ronnie are eating in the lunch room. But while everyone else eats greasy, shitty food, Ronnie, hair still wet, is poking at a salad. Mitch isn't eating, eyes on the water out the window --

BRODY

I don't understand what you're getting bent outta shape about. A shark got that guy. Or he drowned.

RONNIE

Am I the only one who got a salad?

BRODY

People die, doesn't mean something sinister is going on. And you heard Ellerbee. Even if there was, that's not our job anyway!

RONNIE

I thought you had to be on, like, a really restrictive diet to look like you guys.

CJ looks at Ronnie, confused, takes a sip of soda.

BRODY

I mean, we're lifeguards, right? We help people not get sunburned, and yes, very occasionally make sure people don't drown, but beyond that -- what you're talking about sounds like an albeit very entertaining, but far-fetched TV show!

Mitch turns on him, almost fierce --

MITCH

That's what you think, huh? So tell me. What are you gonna do if there's a giant squid in the cove??

BRODY

I'll call animal control.

MITCH

Sand-grifters running a con on the beach??

BRODY

Sand-grifters? Sand-grifters?!

MITCH

How about diamond smugglers moving the rocks in surfboards?!

BRODY

What?! I'd call the cops.

MITCH

Ellerbee?? Ha! I told you. Baywatch is about going above and beyond. The fingernails on that body were blue. That guy had the bends. You know what that means?

SUMMER

Decompression sickness?

MITCH

Very good. Somebody's been studying their manual. Now why would a guy who drowned, or was bit by a shark, have the bends?

STEPHANIE

You said the tag was from the Huntley Club? Maybe CJ and I should go to that party. Look around, see if anyone knew him...

Mitch nods.

RONNIE

I just gotta ask, no judgements --
 (beat)
 Are you guys all on steroids?
 (off their head shakes)
 Bulimic...?

Suddenly a shaky woman's VOICE comes over the emergency com.

WOMAN'S VOICE (OVER COM)

MAY-DAY, MAY-DAY, I'm not sure I'm using this radio right, and I need help... can anyone hear me...?

Stephanie is on it, grabs the com --

STEPHANIE

This is Baywatch, what is your position? Over.

WOMAN'S VOICE (OVER COM)

I'm not quite sure... my friend went diving over an hour ago. I'm here on the boat all alone... and I think I smell smoke...

STEPHANIE

Can you read the coordinates on your GPS? Over.

WOMAN'S VOICE (OVER COM)

I'm sorry, I can't -- I'm blind. But I know we started from Pier 13 and went West... Over.

Mitch is moving for the door, Brody on his heels --

MITCH

Call the Coast Guard, tell 'em she's blind out there, no location tracking. I'll take the Waverunner, you get in the Scarab, we'll track her on our radar -- GO!

EXT. FISHING BOAT - SAME

There is a very beautiful and very nervous woman (VICTORIA) on the other end of the com --

STEPHANIE (OVER COM)

Hold your position, we're on our way! Over.

VICTORIA

Uhh... OK. I won't be able to see you coming, but I'll be here, waving my arms... Over.

And as she turns with a blank stare, we realize -- Ohh... this woman is actually blind blind. She reaches out awkwardly, unsure of her surroundings, feeling her way. There's smoke and sparks coming from the engines!

AT THE SHORE

Mitch jumps on a Baywatch WAVERUNNER, Brody just behind him.

BRODY

Where's mine?!

MITCH
Only one, let's move!

Mitch turns the key and fires the engine --

BRODY
There's only one seat!

MITCH
Now or never, Wet-N-Wild!

Brody swallows his pride and gets on. It's more than a little awkward. He holds onto the side of the craft as VOOOOOMMMM! Mitch guns it and Brody barely keeps his balance --

BACK ON THE FISHING BOAT

As Victoria moves in the boat, she catches her foot in a fishing pole mount, tripping -- and KNOCKS OVER a large red container of GASOLINE. We follow the spilled gas as it gushes out the hole meant to drain excess water --

-- and into the water surrounding the boat. The slick spreads, all the way toward the sparking engines --

THE WAVERUNNER

Brody is having trouble hanging on, about to fall off --

MITCH (CONT'D)
Lock your arms around my waist!

Brody begrudgingly obeys... and holds onto Mitch tight. They BOUNCE in the waves, Brody really getting jostled, his FACE mashing and wiping against Mitch's greasy back --

BRODY
How many buckets of lotion do you go through a day?! You're like a greasy hairless gorilla!

MITCH
Then you better hold on Chim-Chim 'cuz that's smoke on the horizon!

In the distance, there is indeed a new plume of DARK SMOKE. Mitch takes a SHARP LEFT TURN and Brody starts to fall off! But his momentum swings him around Mitch's slick body and Brody ends up in Mitch's lap, facing the wrong way!

BRODY
Ahhhh!!

They stare at each other awkwardly for half a second before:

MITCH
You want Pop-Pop to tell you a
story?!

BRODY
OH GOD!

MITCH
Just hold on, baby-boy --

Mitch guns it as fast as it'll go and Brody is forced to bury
his face in Mitch's chest --

THE FISHING BOAT

There is now a RING OF FIRE around the boat. Victoria is
waving her arms, and as the sound of the WAVERUNNER
approaches, she changes direction toward it.

VICTORIA
Is that you?! HELP!! I'm over here!

THE SPEEDING WAVERUNNER

Mitch guns the Waverunner as fast as it can go, heading them
straight for the fiery conflagration in the near distance --

MITCH
Take the wheel! Radio Stephanie in
Rescue 1 with our position! HARD
LEFT WHEN I TELL YOU --

Brody awkwardly takes the wheel as Mitch actually STANDS UP
as they're still speeding -- right toward the boat --

BRODY
What are you gonna do?!

MITCH
What I swore an oath to do --
(voice of a god)
HIT IT!

Brody YANKS the handlebars LEFT as Mitch DIVES -- his speed
and momentum launching him like a rocket made of Mitch
Fucking Buchanan -- rope strapped around his arm, red rescue
can flying behind him -- SPLOOSH! Perfect dive into the water
just in front of the flames!

UNDERWATER - MONEY SHOT

Mitch doing a powerful breast-stroke, churning the sea as all
above him, we see the surface of the water is covered in
glowing fire! Oh yeah, this is going in the trailer.

ON THE FISHING BOAT

Victoria is panicking, doesn't know which direction to look as Mitch climbs up the side of the boat --

VICTORIA
Where are you?!

MITCH
Right here! Is there a fire
extinguisher on board?!

VICTORIA
I don't know!

MITCH
Just stay calm, I'm gonna get you
out of this -- you see that rescue
boat on the horizon?

VICTORIA
No -- I can't see!

MITCH
It's the smoke, shut your eyes,
it'll pass --

She instinctively takes his hand. Even in the action, Mitch does a double-take with this woman. She's beautiful --

BAYWATCH RESCUE BOAT

Stephanie is at the wheel of the sleek yellow scarab --

STEPHANIE
There they are!

ON THE FISHING BOAT

Mitch looks over the side of the boat. The flames are HIGHER NOW, and closer. Just then, RESCUE ONE arrives --

MITCH
No way we can jump, the flames are
too high --

VICTORIA
I can't swim either! Oh coming out
here was the worst idea!

She grabs his hand tighter, trying to get safe --

MITCH
It's OK -- I won't let you go --

ON RESCUE ONE

Brody is climbing up the side of the scarab, having swum over from the waverunner. Stephanie's eyes are locked on Mitch who is making a series of complex SIGNALS with his rescue can.

STEPHANIE

Sweet Jesus, Mitch is callin' for a Salty Turnover --

BRODY

What the hell is that?!

SUMMER

He wants to capsize the boat.
(off Brody's look)
Page 29 of the manual. You really need to start studying!

CJ hands Summer and Brody each a line of nautical rope attached to the back of the scarab --

STEPHANIE

GO!

Summer and Brody DIVE into the water with the rope --

ON THE FISHING BOAT

MITCH

OK, we're about to do a tricky maneuver. Remember the scene in Titanic when they --

VICTORIA

I've never seen it!

MITCH

Really? You've never seen Titanic? Very popular movie.

VICTORIA

I don't go to a lot of movies -- as I said, I can't --

MITCH

It's OK -- just when I say so, hold onto this rail real tight --

UNDERWATER

Summer and Brody are swimming UNDERNEATH the boat with the rope, looking to tie them off to two loops on the other side, just under the water line.

But then -- something catches Brody's eye -- something HUGE in the distance. A long dark unmistakable silhouette --

A SHARK. Bubbles erupt from Brody's mouth -- he's freaking out -- and drops the rope! He swims back toward the Scarab as Summer finishes her job, and affixes her end --

ON THE FISHING BOAT

The flames climb higher, onto the boat itself. They aren't gonna last much longer, this thing is going to explode.

MITCH (CONT'D)
(yelling to Rescue 1)
How we doin'?!

Brody is climbing onto the scarab just as Summer emerges --

SUMMER
We only got one side!

BRODY
I -- I dropped the rope! I'm sorry!

Stephanie doesn't hesitate and DIVES IN --

UNDERWATER

Summer watches Stephanie grab the floating rope, and tie it to the other underwater fixture on the other side of the boat. Once it's secure, she gives Summer a 'thumbs up' and --

SUMMER SURFACES

SUMMER
It's secure!

CJ guns the boat and the ropes go taught. The boat starts to slowly tip! She pushes the engines harder -- and the fishing boat starts to --

MITCH
DEEP BREATH!

-- CAPSIZE! As the boat flips, the flames are extinguished!

ON THE RESCUE BOAT

Every eye is on the water. Mitch and Victoria are nowhere to be seen. The wait seems like an eternity. Brody is especially sweating this, knows he fucked up big time --

BRODY
C'mon, Mitch... please... c'mon.

And then, like the sea is giving birth, Mitch breaks through the surface, the unconscious Victoria in his arms --

ON THE BOAT

Mitch carefully lays her flat, and begins administering CPR. There's something almost sensual when Mitch does it, being gentle on her frame as he breathes life into her --

MITCH

Come back to me... you can do it...

More breath... more pushes on her chest... all eyes on her...

And then, she coughs up water and opens her eyes. Mitch smiles, captivated by her. Instant electricity. She reaches out, and touches his face and chest -- trying to get a picture of what he looks like.

BRODY

(aside, to Summer)

Jeez, get a room, lady.

He smiles, trying to be funny. Summer shoves him -- shut up! She and CJ enjoying watching their moment.

VICTORIA

You... saved me...

You saved my life.

Her hand comes to his cheek. Her stare looks just past him. And then, Mitch understands. He understands everything...

MITCH

You're... *blind*.

VICTORIA

Yes. I was born without sight. But right now... I feel like I can see everything.

Mitch stares at Victoria with a look we haven't seen before. Summer turns to CJ and they share an -- awww! -- look.

MITCH

I'm... Mitch.

VICTORIA

Victoria.

And then, the world melts away, and we go into a DREAM SEQUENCE, all set to Peter Gabriel's 'In Your Eyes'. No, no... wait! Even better: Lionel Richie's cheesy and haunting classic 'Say You, Say Me' --

BEGIN DREAM SEQUENCE - IN FLASHES:

And as Lionel croons over the synth keyboard:

LIONEL RICHIE

'...I had a dream, I had an awesome dream...'

In a field of wild-flowers, Mitch and Victoria run at each other -- she falls, disappearing for a second -- then pops up, now running in the completely wrong direction. Mitch happily chases her, catches up to her, and they embrace --

Mitch and Victoria are now slow dancing on the beach, Mitch in a white linen suit, no shoes -- and as they spin, he's now in a tux (still no shoes) Victoria in a wedding dress. They are surrounded by lifeguards clapping at their beach wedding.

Music builds -- drums kick in --

Victoria is now in the shallow ocean, wearing red-arm floaties (?) her face in pain (??) and we see now she's giving birth (!!)

A proud Mitch receives the beautiful baby-boy and holds him over his head like the Lion King as all manner of sea-life surface, splashing and celebrating --

LIONEL RICHIE (CONT'D)

'...And as we go down, life's lonesome highway...'

Mitch (now with a thick moustache) and Victoria are holding hands in the audience of a school play, proudly watching their child dressed as a starfish, dancing. As everyone claps, Victoria's head is just askew, and Mitch gently re-corrects it toward the stage by her chin.

Cymbals crash -- and it gets funky --

We're deep in the future now. Mitch has fuzzy grey hair on his head and a goatee, wearing weird futuristic clothes. His adult son stands next to him, a dead ringer for the old man. They watch as Victoria undergoes space-age laser eye surgery. As they take off the eye-bandages, Mitch watching wide-eyed grinning, tears streaming -- she can see! She leans in and hugs the young doctor. He corrects her -- no, no, this is your husband -- they all laugh. Victoria and Mitch kiss.

And now, Lionel takes us home --

LIONEL RICHIE (CONT'D)

'...Say you, Say me. Say it for always...'

They're so old now. Mitch has a long grey beard, skin aged.

But they're still together, happy, surrounded by children and grandchildren. They look into each other's eyes sweetly.

And as the song plays its final haunting melody --

Victoria stands in a cemetery. The headstone says: Mitch Buchanan -- Father, Lover, Protector of the Bay. She puts a red rescue can down respectfully on the recently dug earth when -- *Mitch's FIST breaks through the soil and grabs it!*

END DREAM SEQUENCE

It all happened in an instant, Mitch still staring into Victoria's beautiful blind eyes --

MITCH
(repeating it back)
Victoria...

And as RESCUE ONE speeds away, a DIVER finally emerges from the depths, holding a starfish. He looks around, sees his burnt upside-down boat. He just stares and stares at it.

EXT. LIFEGUARD TOWER - LATE AFTERNOON

Stephanie stands on the tower, binoculars to her eyes.

CJ
Uhh... Stephanie? The people we're watching are that way.

STEPHANIE
Look at them. They've been like that for over two hours! He's spent time with her every day this week!

CJ takes the binoculars and looks. In the distance, we see Mitch and Victoria sitting together on the rocks, talking effortlessly with one another.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)
Why is he falling for her so hard?
He could be with anyone!

CJ
All these women who throw themselves at Mitch. He knows they only want him for what's on the outside. But with her, Mitch knows she's judging him by what's on the inside. I think it's romantic. They're so perfect for each other!

Stephanie takes back the binoculars from CJ to look again.

STEPHANIE

He just met her! Mitch doesn't know anything about her! And he's spending less and less time on the beach...

CJ

Maybe he knows... that she needs saving. And that's all that matters. Don't be jealous, Steph. Be happy Mitch found someone again.

STEPHANIE

I'm not jealous, CJ. I just... don't want him to get hurt.
(petty)
And that *sweater* she's wearing. You'd have to be blind to wear that...

ON MITCH AND VICTORIA - SUNSET

Mitch and Victoria sit on the rocks overlooking the ocean as the sun sinks into the sea, painting the sky with one of the most incredible sunsets we've ever seen.

MITCH

God I wish you could see this sunset.

VICTORIA

Describe it to me.

How the hell can you do that?!

MITCH

OK. Lessee here. Ummm... there's a terrific amount of orange...

VICTORIA

What does 'orange' look like?

MITCH

Well... do you know what an orange looks like?

VICTORIA

Uhhhhh no. But I know how it feels. How it tastes...

MITCH

It's like that. But through your eyes. With tart purple plums, and sweet pink cotton candy. All mixed together...

VICTORIA

Sounds... wonderful.

Mitch turns to her, really looking at her.

MITCH

So you probably don't know how beautiful you are either.

She playfully pushes him, and he hugs her tighter.

VICTORIA

Oh, Mitch.

MITCH

You know, there's an old saying among lifeguards. If you kiss when the sun sets, you stay in love forever...

Victoria turns to him, really looking at him (as much as she can). She pulls his face close.

VICTORIA

Let's find out if it's true...

And she pulls him close for a perfect kiss as the sun slips into the sea...

EXT. THE HUNTLEY CLUB - NIGHT

The banner says 'HEAL THE BAY'. The party is Luau themed. On the beach outside the club, large shirtless men spin flaming sticks, beautiful hula dancers swing their hips to drums, a huge pig roasts on a spit. Summer and Brody are the first of the lifeguards to arrive.

BRODY

Wow, you look great, Summer.

She does look lovely in a yellow sun-dress.

SUMMER

Thanks -- but don't get any ideas. This isn't a date. Not to mention, Mitch said it's against the rules...

BRODY

Of course. Work event. And normally
I don't bring a buddy on a date --

And now we see Ronnie is trailing just behind them.

RONNIE

Wow! I've never been to Hawaii! All
the foreign countries I've been to
have been in Vegas...

INSIDE THE HUNTLEY CLUB

Inside is a scene, man. At the center of a long table filled
with exotic treats from the sea, there is an enormous ICE
SCULPTURE of what looks like POSEIDON. Here comes Leeds:

BRAXTON LEEDS

Here they are, Mitch's new team! So
glad you could come. Lemme get you
some drinks.

BRODY

Thanks for having us, this is
amazing!

BRAXTON LEEDS

No Mitch? Was hoping he'd change
his mind...

BRODY

This isn't Mitch's scene. Too many
people havin' fun, nobody to save.

SEA CAVE

In the same sea cave where Leeds killed Marco, Mitch is
holding Victoria's body up as she floats on her back. He's
getting her comfortable in the water.

MITCH

Relax... breathe normally... Good.
I've got you. Just remember:
panicking... over-exertion... those
are the things that take us under.
But if you just let yourself go...

Mitch gradually removes his hands, lets her float on her own.

VICTORIA

You're still holding me, right?

MITCH

No, you're doing it all yourse--

But SHE PANICS AND LUNGES INTO HIS ARMS.

VICTORIA
Sorry... I just...

MITCH
It's okay. We'll take it slow.

She licks her lips, feels safe in his arms. It's intimate.

VICTORIA
How is the water so warm in here?

MITCH
The Tongva Native Americans -- who originally settled here -- believe the warmth comes from the spirit of the Pacific Ocean.

VICTORIA
Something tells me... you've said that one before. Have you brought other women here...?

MITCH
I'm not going to lie to you, Victoria.

She waits for him to finish... but, doesn't. She laughs.

VICTORIA
Mitch Buchanan...

They kiss. She takes off her top as they sink deeper into the water. She jolts a bit when she feels his... er, passion.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
My goodness... is that --

MITCH
Spirit of the ocean.

...and they resume the kiss.

HUNTLEY CLUB

CJ and STEPHANIE arrive and take in the luau theme. Stephanie is dressed conservatively, almost business attire, and CJ is wearing a sexy revealing authentic Hawaiian outfit.

CJ
I don't understand why you didn't dress up like me. Mitch said we should blend in and snoop around.

STEPHANIE

Uhhh I can't dress like you do, CJ.

CJ

Why not?

Just then, Leeds sees CJ's insane outfit and squeezes his wine glass so hard it shatters. CJ sees Ronnie, waves to him.

STEPHANIE

Just trust me.

UPSTAIRS OUTDOOR DECK

Brody and Summer stand on the deck, overlooking the ocean.

BRODY

So you were rooting for me in Beijing!

SUMMER

I was *rooting* for America...

BRODY

Admit it, you had a T-Shirt with my face on it...

SUMMER

Yeah, but afterwards, my Dad used it to wash his car.

They laugh. Brody chugs some of his beer.

SUMMER (CONT'D)

So... I always wondered. What happened? The night before the relay...

Brody shakes his head, doesn't know if he wants to answer.

BRODY

I don't know. I just... had to get out of there. Got drunk... wound up at the zoo... tried to let a Panda out of his pen...

(tries to laugh it off)

I don't wanna talk about it.

SUMMER

OK. You wanna talk about why you dropped the rope the other day?

Brody looks off --

BRODY

Man, you are relentless. OK. I thought I -- saw something. A shark. A giant shark...

SUMMER

Wow. Well that would scare anybody.

BRODY

No, it was more than that. I completely freaked out. I felt like I was gonna die. It was the most scared I've ever been in my life.

SUMMER

More scared than you were the night before the relay race?

Brody locks eyes with her. Summer is wise.

BRODY

What kind of lifeguard is afraid of sharks? Maybe I am a pool boy...

SUMMER

Don't say that. You just gotta... face your fears. Don't try to deal with it all on your own. Be a part of the team. Tell Mitch what happened, maybe he can --

BRODY

Are you kidding? He's the last guy I would tell... he'd just take a giant shit on me again. So sick of that guy. He acts like he owns me.
(finishes his beer)
I swear I'm gonna hock a loogie in his suntan lotion...

SUMMER

Maybe you should lay off the beer.

BRODY

You know what? You're right.

Summer smiles. She's a good influence on him.

BRODY (CONT'D)

It's open bar, I should be drinking tequila --

AT THE SEAFOOD BUFFET

Ronnie is making a large plate of seafood -- CJ talking with him as they move down the long buffet table --

CJ

Absolutely I can see your aura.
Your's is white hot. Right around
this area --

She waves her hand right around his crotch.

RONNIE

Never gonna live that down am I?

CJ

No, but your aura does tell me you
need to be less guarded. Don't be
afraid of what people think -- show
'em what's inside you!

RONNIE

Well that's easy for you, you're
such a free spirit --

He grabs another handful of shrimp just as Leeds appears --

BRAXTON LEEDS

Atta boy, mate! Don't hold back,
it's all you can eat!

RONNIE

No, no -- this is for both of --

BRAXTON LEEDS

How are you liking the party, CJ?

CJ

Fantastic. How about you give me
the grand tour? And do you have a
gift shop? My friend Stephanie
needs a new suit --

BRAXTON LEEDS

Of course! Right this way --

Leeds winks to Ronnie and smoothly moves CJ away. Brody comes to Ronnie's side, holding a big glass of tequila.

BRODY

Love that guy! Hey, you see any ice
around here? Gonna get a little
Margarita action goin' --

His angry eyes never leaving Leeds whispering in CJ's ear, Ronnie reaches over to the ice sculpture's groin -- PLINK! -- breaks off the ice dick, and drops it into Brody's drink.

BRODY (CONT'D)

Cool.

CUT TO:

SEA CAVE

Mitch and Victoria sit against the cave wall, post-coital. She's traces tiny circles on his chest.

VICTORIA

Do you hear that? Like a drumming?

MITCH

You can hear my heart-beat?
Amazing. It's like you have super --

VICTORIA

No, down on the beach. Like a tribal beat...

MITCH

There's a party tonight at the Huntley Club. Those drums are the (perfectly pronounced) *Hula Pahu*.

VICTORIA

Oh, wow... that sounds... exotic! I've never been anywhere. I'd love to travel the world with you... after you retire, of course.

MITCH

Haha -- well, I'll retire when I die, so I might not be much of a traveling companion...

VICTORIA

You're so funny, Mitch.

We're not sure he was kidding. Mitch looks over, notices something, washed up against the side of the rocks:

It's a BLACK CONVERSE SHOE. Mitch grabs it, looks at it closely... smells it.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

What is it? Did I say something wrong?

MITCH
 (wheels turning)
 You know, if you wanna hear those
 drums up close, I did get an
 invitation...

She grins, kisses him again. And as they slip out of the water, Mitch takes the shoe with him...

ON THE BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

Mitch and Victoria walk down the beach together under the moonlight toward the Huntley Club in the distance...

After a moment, two men in DARK CLOTHING dart over the dunes toward the sea cave rocks, carrying empty duffel bags...

INSIDE THE SEA CAVE - LATER

A dark DARK SILHOUETTE enters the cave. These are CLOSE SHOTS. We don't see everything. It's a mystery what's happening. Something dark surfaces...

Hands move BRICKS OF DRUGS into the duffel bags...

BACK TO:

THE HUNTLEY CLUB - GIFT SHOP

Leeds is showing Stephanie to the gift shop. CJ slips off.

BRAXTON LEEDS
 Go ahead, take any suit you like,
 on the house!

Stephanie smiles as Leeds leaves. And once she's alone, she stops perusing suits -- and starts rifling through drawers behind the register, hunting through receipts.

THE HUNTLEY CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

CJ is moving upstairs, but Leeds now gently takes her arm --

BRAXTON LEEDS (CONT'D)
 Sorry, no one allowed upstairs,
 that's just the employee offices --

Ronnie looking frustrated as CJ talks with Leeds. He goes to the HAWAIIAN BAND, whispering in the singer's ear -- and that's when the Hawaiian band kicks into an amazing Island version of 'You Should be Dancing' by the Bee Gees. CJ turns, curious -- sees Ronnie moving people off the main floor, giving himself room to operate. Leeds looks amused. What the hell does this guy think he's --

And then it happens. Ronnie breaks into a series of DANCE MOVES right out of Saturday Night Fever. The rubbery arms, the kicks, the spins. He is a fucking dancing dynamo.

CJ
WOW! Go Ronnie!

Brody and Summer exchange a look -- holy shit! Ronnie turns, does the 'invisible lasso' to CJ -- 'pulling her' away from Leeds. She goes with it, bounces happily to the dance floor -- moving closely with Ronnie now, her sexy curves on display, Ronnie's hand smoothly on her waist --

RONNIE
You wanted to see what's inside me?
Well this is it -- a fever!

CJ
I love it! You're amazing!

RONNIE
Thanks! I was raised by my
Grandmother! She forced me to take
dance lessons with her!

Ronnie breaks into a perfect 70s split. Everyone goes crazy.

CJ
Wow! What other dances can you do?!

RONNIE
Nothing! Only disco! She was a
strange lady. A strange lady who
loved John Travolta's tight pants.

AT THE ENTRANCE

Mitch and Victoria arrive. Mitch now in his 'dress browns' (a dressier lifeguard uniform) but still without shoes.

BRAXTON LEEDS
Mitch! Glad you and ya lady could
make it. Can I offer you anything?
Some socks, perhaps?

MITCH
I don't let anything come between
me and this beach.

BRAXTON LEEDS
But... we're inside.

MITCH
Club's still on the beach.

They both laugh, but there's lots of friction.

BRAXTON LEEDS

Can I interest you in the seafood buffet?

MITCH

Looks appetizing. Real quality fish. But you know, it's funny. I saw a truck from Al's Fish Company here the other morning...

(pointedly)

Very low quality. Fishermen hire him, mostly. Al's the best chum guy around. Did you know he did a little time...?

Braxton Leeds' face grows cold.

BRAXTON LEEDS

That right? Well, first -- I don't know this 'Al'. Second, I'm not sure how much you know about the restaurant game, mate -- but for our very popular fish dip? We don't use top shelf. Hell of a markup. I make a fortune on the stuff. Promise not to tell, OK, sport?

Leeds gives Mitch a wink and a little SLAP on the shoulder. As if 'friendly' but the message is clear.

BRAXTON LEEDS (CONT'D)

Enjoy the party --
(to Victoria)
Ma'am.

Victoria puts her hand out thinking he wants to shake it, but he's already gone. Mitch smoothly lowers her arm for her.

VICTORIA

Mitch, what was that all about? I can sense the tension all over you.

Mitch makes eye-contact with Stephanie and brings her over.

MITCH

Honey, you remember Stephanie. Will you ladies excuse me for a moment?

After Mitch leaves, Stephanie and Victoria stand awkwardly.

STEPHANIE

So. Blind, huh?

IN THE KITCHEN

Mitch wanders in, as if lost. The walk-in refrigerator is just ajar. Mitch sticks his head in, and sees rows and rows of dark plastic barrels --

LEON

You lost? Party's this way, guy.

SECURITY ROOM

Braxton Leeds sips scotch in a high-tech secure room, watching everyone on video monitors. Most everyone is outside watching the hula fire show. Stephanie is sitting (awkwardly) with Victoria by the pool. CJ huddled closely with Ronnie.

Leeds watches now as MITCH moves outside by the pool and pulls BRODY aside. Shows him something that was hidden in the back of his pants. Leeds squints. What the hell is that? Has the camera zoom in. It's Marco's BLACK CONVERSE.

OUTSIDE, WITH MITCH AND BRODY

Brody holds the shoe Mitch just gave him incredulously --

BRODY

Who brings a shoe to a luau?

MITCH

Remember our friend who washed up on the beach? Found his other shoe in the sea cave. It didn't wash up there, tides don't go directly in. That's why the water is so warm. So what was he doing in there...? What if he was killed in there?

BRODY

Do you know how many shoes end up on the beach? Even Converse?!

MITCH

Not just any Converse. Look closer. The shoddy stitch-work? They were both knock-offs. You see right there? It says: 'Convers-o.'

The label does indeed say 'Converso' not Converse.

MITCH (CONT'D)

This guy wasn't local. Plus he buys a 75 dollar swimsuit from here then wears kicks like these? I don't buy it. This was staged...

ON LEEDS WATCHING THE SCENE ON VIDEO

Leeds is in Leon's face. Leon looks terrified.

BRAXTON LEEDS

Did you... or did you not... take
off his bloody shoes when you threw
Marco in the water --

Leon looks off, as if thinking. Leeds pulls out a glock 9mm,
starts taping Leon's forehead with the barrel.

BRAXTON LEEDS (CONT'D)

Think now. Think-think-think-

LEON

I'm... really not sure. Frankie was
in charge of changing his clothes --

Leeds shuts his eyes, lowers the gun. Leon exhales.

ON MITCH AND BRODY

BRODY

Converso? Converso?? You really are
insane, aren't you?

(a little too loud)

Why don't you loosen up, this is
s'posed to be a party!

MITCH

OK, no more booze, Drunko. Go home
and sleep it off, we got an early
start tomorrow --

BRODY

Uhhh -- you're not my Dad, Curly,
he left when I was four. You're
just a lifeguard -- same as me. In
fact, Captain Thorpe said I was the
future of Baywatch. Those were his
exact words!

MITCH

You finished, pool boy?

BRODY

NO! You still owe me \$26.50 for
four coffees and a half-dozen
bagels! Oh, and a new fucking
phone. You know my Mom's been
trying to call me for five days??
Yeah -- my GamGam died, I didn't
even know!

(MORE)

BRODY (CONT'D)

I had to call her back from a fucking payphone that smelled like Hobo Joe's asshole! I missed her funeral!

RONNIE

GamGam...?

A CROWD is beginning to gather. Summer goes to Brody, tries to take his hand, trying to diffuse this --

SUMMER

C'mon, Brody --

BRODY

Get offa me! And all your little stupid life lessons?! You're like a... a... stupid Yoda who's been exposed to too many gamma rays!

RONNIE

(to CJ)

Oooh, that was a good one.

MITCH

OK, pal. Just tryin' to help you --

BRODY

What do you care? You haven't saved my life yet, so you aren't responsible for it. Yeahhh the famous Mitch Code! Chinese Fuckin' Proverb! Only... I looked that shit up on the internet. That's not even a real thing! You know where that came from?! Some stupid TV show from the 70s called Kung Fu!

People whispering now -- Mitch noticing. Is he a little rattled by this revelation? He holds his ground --

MITCH

My father used to watch that show. Big David Carradine fan. You can find wisdom anywhere...

BRODY

That dude wasn't even Chinese! You know how offensive that is to my generation?!

Everyone is staring at Mitch -- he's starting to feel a little exposed -- he's human too, this affects him --

MITCH

Everything is offensive to your generation! Now you've made your point, stand down --

BRODY

Stand down?! STAND DOWN?! Aye-Aye Captain Swim Trunks!

Brody does a drunken sloppy salute, marching around stiffly. A few people in the crowd laugh --

BRODY (CONT'D)

You're just a lifeguard, Mitch!
That's it! You're not a Navy Seal,
you're not a detective, you're an
LA County lifeguard who --

VICTORIA

-- WHO I LOVE.

Brody stops short, sweaty, hammered. Everyone turns, sees Victoria staring (on target this time). Proud, defiant.

Brody a bit embarrassed and ashamed, and that's when he doubles over, sick -- and VOMITS in the pool. Ronnie grimaces. And then, something new ripples through the crowd.

CLUB MEMBER

That's him -- from the Olympics!

CLUB MEMBER #2

The Vomit Comet!

Brody shuts his eyes, reliving his worst nightmare. Summer goes to him again, puts a caring hand on his back.

SUMMER

C'mon, Brody. Let me walk you home.

BRODY

*Why?! We can't even date because of
Mitch's stupid rules! And I don't
have a home!*

-- and runs toward the ocean. But we can see it all over Summer's face. She doesn't hate him. In fact, she's starting to like him. Mitch starts to go after him, but Victoria takes his hand. Mitch can only watch him go.

BRODY (CONT'D)

(faintly in the distance)
...gaaaamm-m-gaaaamm...!

EXT. THE BAY - SUNRISE

The sand sculpture artist is busy working on another masterpiece.

CLOSE ON - BRODY

Passed out, empty tequila bottle still gripped in his hand.

MITCH
Mornin' sunshine.

Brody's eyes flutter open to see Mitch. And we see now that the artist is incorporating Brody into an incredible SAND SCULPTURE in which, from the upper torso down, Brody is a MERMAID. Huge naked breasts, long fish tail, the whole deal. It's amazing. Brody doesn't realize it yet.

BRODY
How'd you find me?

MITCH
Followed the smell of tequila.

Brody smacks his lips, squinting in the morning light.

BRODY
Why -- why are you here -- ?

MITCH
Because I know what's inside you.

BRODY
(scoffs, dismissive)
How would you know what's inside me?

MITCH
'Cuz I looked into you. Oh yeah. I know everything about you. Why do you think your slowest time was always the relay, huh? You're afraid to be part of something, something larger than yourself. A team. But I can help you.

BRODY
I'm not afraid of anything...

MITCH
Then show me.

And now, for the first time, Brody notices the sand artist --

BRODY
What's he doing?

MITCH
Here, got you something.

Mitch reaches into a bag and pulls out a NEW CELL PHONE.
Brody manages a smile.

BRODY
...thanks, man.

Mitch points the phone at Brody for a picture:

MITCH
Say 'Blow Hole!'

BRODY
Wha -- ?

REVEAL: There is more to the sand sculpture. There is a DOLPHIN next to Mermaid-Brody, aiming a giant hard-on toward his mouth. CLICK!

MITCH
That's goin' on your Instagram.
(beat)
C'mon -- takin' a little field
trip. Time for you to join the
team...

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

A three story hospital two-blocks from the ocean. Parked across the street, Mitch and Brody are in the RESCUE TRUCK.

BRODY
What are we doin' here? You gonna
finally get that head of your's
examined?

MITCH
Close...

Mitch opens up the FIRST AID KIT and starts wrapping Brody's head in gauze, like he's got a head wound.

BRODY
What the hell are you doing?

MITCH
You don't gotta do a thing. Just
look pretty for all the nurses.

HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Mitch pushes Brody into the hospital in a wheelchair --

MITCH (CONT'D)

S'cuse me? Found this guy at the beach. Thinks he's Justin Bieber.

Brody tries to hide his rage, then starts mumble-singing Justin Bieber songs. (No we don't know what they are either.)

NURSE

Oh you poor thing. Did you fall?

As they speak, Mitch slips behind the nurse's station and pulls a DOCTOR'S COAT off the hook.

HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Mitch is pulling on the coat, but it's way too small.

BRODY

C'mon, let's go -- she went to get a doctor.

MITCH

Hey, go find me a bigger coat.

BRODY

No coat in here is gonna fit you! They don't grow doctors that big! This is crazy -- You should be the patient and I'll be the doctor!

MITCH

That's ridiculous. I'd let Dr. Dre operate on me before you.

ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN - DING!

The doors open as Brody pushes an ENORMOUS sheet covered MITCH. He's so large, his limbs are hanging off the gurney.

DOCTOR

Holy shit, where you takin' Frankenstein here, the roof? Hopin' for a lightning storm?

Brody turns, startled to see a Doctor. He hits Mitch pretty hard in the chest as he laughs, but Mitch doesn't flinch.

BRODY

Lookin' for the Morgue, actually.

DOCTOR

Down the hall, third door on the
left. Harvest that guy, we'll save
a whole village, huh?

The Doctor leaves as Mitch's hand comes out from under the
sheet and gives him the finger.

THE MORGUE

Silver drawers line the wall. As Mitch looks at the file
cards on the drawers, Brody goes to the window, nervous --

BRODY

This is fucked up, man -- what the
hell are we doing here?!

Mitch pulls out a drawer and we see THE DEAD BODY they found.

MITCH

Medical Examiner wouldn't ID him
for me over the phone. They're
hiding something...

Mitch is examining all over the body, lifting his leg --

MITCH (CONT'D)

Come here and help me!

Brody reluctantly comes over, doesn't wanna touch him.

MITCH (CONT'D)

C'mon, C'mon -- Check his taint --

BRODY

What?! Why?

MITCH

May have been stung by a sting ray,
they're attracted to the region. Go
ahead, lift his testicles...

BRODY

I'm not touching dead balls!

MITCH

Do it!

Brody winces, reaches in. We don't see what his hands are
doing but -- Mitch moves away, isn't really interested in
what Brody is doing, really focused on the guy's HANDS --

MITCH (CONT'D)
That's payback for 'Captain Swim
Trunks.'

BRODY
You sonofa --

MITCH
Wait, look -- right here --

Brody doesn't care, furiously using the Purell by the door --

MITCH (CONT'D)
Got a tattoo on his left hand. You
see the little 'M'? Means he's with
the Mexican Drug cartel. I knew it.

BRODY
Shit -- someone's coming!

IN THE HALL

Two Doctors walk by. As they pass, they see Mitch listening to a dead body's chest with a stethoscope, pretending to be a doctor. They pause for a second, confused, then keep moving.

MOMENTS LATER

Mitch is on the computer in the corner, Brody reading the number off the body's TOE TAG, losing his mind --

BRODY (CONT'D)
#2896 -- now C'mon man, let's go!

Mitch types in the computer, nods his head.

MITCH
Here he is. Marco Vargas. Born,
Mexico City.

They share a look, then both say:

MITCH & BRODY
'Converso.'

PARKING LOT

Outside the hospital, Mitch and Brody are about to cross the street when they see: FRANKIE looking inside their rescue truck, while LEON is on the ground, underneath the engine...

MITCH
HEY!

They both turn, and start RUNNING toward the boardwalk!

THE VENICE BOARDWALK

Mitch and Brody chase the thugs across the famed Venice Boardwalk, weaving around tourists and vendors. Frankie and Leon SHOVING people out of the way, Mitch being more careful.

WATER SPORTS RENTAL SHOP

Frankie and Leon steal two Waverunners...

SHOP OWNER
Hey! You can't --

...and MOTOR OFF toward the marina.

Mitch and Brody follow close behind. The angry shop owner tosses Mitch keys --

SHOP OWNER (CONT'D)
Get 'em Mitch!

BRODY
This time I'm drivin'!

MITCH
Get your own, Johnny Dead-balls!

Brody looks over, sees a half-dozen Waverunners. Smiles.

MITCH & BRODY SPEEDING ACROSS THE WATER

gaining on the thugs. Leon looks ahead --

LEON
Lose'em in the Canals!

They motor toward the Marina.

Mitch & Brody follow them in, just as a LARGE BOAT is exiting. The boat blares its HORN -- but they manage to whiz around it, barely. The thugs turn hard into the --

VENICE CANALS

...and Mitch & Brody do likewise. The Venice canals are a number of parallel and intersecting channels with luxury bungalows on all sides. The waterways have locals and tourists alike in them, on small paddle boats, etc.

VVVOOMMM! The thugs endanger everyone in their path. An OLD MAN ON A PADDLE BOARD gets knocked off into the water!

BRODY
GRAB MY HAND!

But the old man just stands up. It's only waist deep.

OLD MAN PADDLEBOARDER
What for?

LEON ON THE WAVERUNNER

speeding up, Mitch chasing. Leon has to slow to take a hard left into the next channel. Mitch doesn't hit the breaks though. He actually accelerates, taking a shortcut -- and jumps on the bank of the canal -- purposely landing on the walk-path! SPARKS FLY until he JUMPS the waverunner back into the water. Incredible move.

Brody coming up -- tries to replicate it -- JUMPS!

KSSSSH! His waverunner slides, badly -- sparks flying -- right toward FOUR HIPSTERS with ironic twisty moustaches reading poetry on a blanket. They stand, horrified.

Brody comes to a dead stop. He gets out, tries to PUSH IT back toward the water. No way, it's heavy as hell.

BRODY
You guys wanna help me??

HIPSTER
No! There's a consequence to using such an environmentally irresponsible mode of transport!

BRODY
Yes. I see that --

Brody jumps on his ELECTRIC SCOOTER and takes off over the Hipster's exasperated protests --

FRANKIE ON THE WAVERUNNER

looking over his shoulder. Is he in the clear? But when he turns around again -- Mitch is barreling straight for him!

FRANKIE
SHIIIT!

MITCH JUMPS ON HIS WAVERUNNER -- they lose control, jumping the canal -- and SMASH into the glass window of a bungalow!

ON A BRIDGE

Brody is whizzing along on his electric scooter --

-- cruising one of the many narrow stone bridges that cross the canals. Leon still visible in the distance --

Just then, a GONDOLIER is passing under Brody's bridge, pushing his way with his long stick -- which Brody reaches down and GRABS as he passes over him!

LEON SPEEDING ALONG -- TURNS A CORNER

BRODY STANDING ON THE BANK, REARING BACK --

WHAM! Brody breaks the long stick across Leon's forehead, sending him toppling into the water, out cold.

MITCH SITS UP

Covered in broken glass, shaking cobwebs. A terrified family who was having breakfast is frozen -- staring at him. The kid points up toward the stairs: 'He went thataway --'

MITCH

Thanks, kid.

Mitch runs for the stairs --

UPSTAIRS

Mitch searches, and is GRABBED from behind by Frankie. Mitch smashes him backward, and they go at it like the Terminator and the T-1000 in a baby boy's bedroom, smashing furniture.

Mitch hitting Frankie in the head with a TRAIN TOY -- it DINGS with each hit, then ends with a Choo-Choo!

Frankie grabs the diaper genie -- CRACKS IT across Mitch's head. It breaks open, diapers falling over Mitch -- he recoils, horrified, as Frankie breaks for the balcony --

UPPER BALCONY

Frankie is about to jump -- WHAM! Upper cut right from Mitch's fist, sending Frankie over the rail!

Mitch puts his hands on his hips, breathing hard when:

Frankie is once again eye level to Mitch in mid-air! What the hell?? WHAM! Mitch punches him again, and he falls back down.

Mitch looks over the rail... and sees Frankie splayed out unconscious, leg hung over the side of a large TRAMPOLINE.

INT. POLICE STATION WAITING ROOM - DAY

Mitch & Brody are sitting together, looking pret-ty victorious. This is as close to a team as we've seen them.

BRODY

I gotta admit -- catching those bad guys like that? Kind of a rush.

MITCH

That's not why we do this. But hell yeah.

There's yelling behind the door. Ellerbee comes out of the office. He just got his ass torn. Comes to them, points --

SGT. ELLERBEE

My office -- now!

ELLERBEE'S CUBICLE

Mitch & Brody take in Ellerbee's "office".

MITCH

You know, I think by definition an office is required to have walls.

BRODY

And a ceiling.

Ellerbee isn't amused. Mitch redirects:

MITCH

So what'd you learn from the perps?

SGT. ELLERBEE

"The perps"? Mitch, the only "perps" here are you two. You turned the Venice Canals into the goddamn X-Games!

MITCH

We were in lifeguard pursuit.

SGT. ELLERBEE

There's no such thing as a "lifeguard pursuit"! Police do pursuits! When you do it, it's just some guys chasing some other guys.

MITCH

(indignant)

What are you saying? You're just gonna let these guys walk?

SGT. ELLERBEE

Walk?! You'll be lucky if they don't sue you for harassment! They said you came at them for no reason and that they were fleeing for their lives! Thank god that nice rich family has rich people insurance --

MITCH

Look, we have reason to believe they're involved in the Mexican Drug Cartel running an Op here in the Bay. We have a key piece of evidence we're calling the 'Converso Clue'. I just don't know how they're moving the product in from Mexico without me noticing...

Ellerbe does a complete -- WTF?! -- and turns to Brody:

ELLERBEE

And you, you believe this horseshit, too? Have you actually seen any drug smuggling??

Brody looks to Mitch -- would like to cover for him -- but

BRODY

Well... No. No, I haven't, but --

SGT. ELLERBEE

Leave -- the law enforcement -- to the police. That's the last time I'm gonna say it. Do your job, Mitch -- and your job only -- or you'll be looking for another one.

OUTSIDE THE STATION

Mitch walking away from the station, eyes focused forward, doesn't wanna talk to Brody who trails.

BRODY

Mitch! Mitch, I'm sorry -- what was I supposed to do?!

But Mitch just keeps walking. Brody stops, shakes his head.

INT. MITCH'S PLACE - NIGHT

Victoria and Mitch are eating dinner together. She looks happy. Mitch looks distracted. Introspective.

She's pouring the wine, about to spill. Mitch goes to her, and helps. They kiss. But Mitch looks like his mind is somewhere else.

EXT. THE BAY - MORNING

Mitch is at the lifeguard tower, back in his perch, looking over the beach. There are two-young girls swimming. A woman sun tanning on a beach towel. Slow day.

BRODY

More like it, right?

Brody closes his eyes in the warm sun and grins. That's when a man in a woven straw hat leads over a HORSE by his reigns, a woman riding with her head turned away --

MITCH

Excuse me! You got a permit for --

The woman turns -- it's VICTORIA riding!

MITCH (CONT'D)

Victoria! What are you doing?

VICTORIA

I always wanted to ride a horse!
This is a horse, right? He didn't
slip me a donkey, did he?

Mitch laughs, comes down to her.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

I thought we could take a romantic
ride down the beach...

MITCH

That sounds amazing... but I'm on
duty.

VICTORIA

You always say that. Just a quick
ride...? This is on my bucket list
and I'm not sure I'll ever have the
nerve to get up here again!

Suddenly the horse bucks, takes a few quick steps, and she almost falls. Mitch runs to the horse, rubs her nose --

MITCH

Easy, girl. Easy. Victoria, this
isn't safe --

VICTORIA

Then get up here and show me how to do it!

BRODY

Go, Mitch, have fun! I got things under control here...

Mitch surveys the beach. Even though it's totally calm, he looks unsure.

MITCH

You're still in training...

BRODY

Dude. Would you just relax for once? Go!

VICTORIA

Please, Mitch...?

Mitch thinks, then mounts the horse effortlessly like an old hand. And as they start clip-clopping down the beach...

WE PUSH IN ON A BOAT

Slowly drifting off shore. At the wheel is Leon, his eyes on Mitch and Victoria as they disappear down the beach...

LEON

Your turn to chum, Fucko -- for tellin' Leeds I'm the one who forgot the shoes.

Frankie goes to multiple buckets of FISH GUTS and starts tossing the bloody fish chunks into the water -- CHUMMING IT.

LATER - DOWN THE BEACH

Mitch and Victoria continue their ride.

VICTORIA

What do you want to do with your life, Mitch Buchanan?

MITCH

What do you mean?

VICTORIA

Well you can't want to be a lifeguard forever, right? You said you'd never retire, but what about something else?

MITCH

I... can't picture anything else.
This is what I was born to do.

BRODY IN THE TOWER

But he's not watching the beach. He's on his new cellphone --

BRODY

One date, Summer. Mitch doesn't
have to know. And who knows where
it goes. Love is as deep and
mysterious as the ocean, you know?

INTERCUT - SUMMER WORKING AT THE SNACK SHACK

Summer on the house phone behind the bar, long cord
stretching -- Sang waiting for her to pick up her order.

SUMMER

Well, that's kind of sweet in a
Mitch sort of way... but my answer
is still no...

BACK TO THE OCEAN

The two teens swimming. And behind them, in the near
distance, the first SHARK FIN appears.

ON MITCH AND VICTORIA

VICTORIA

Look, you know what's best, but
even I can see an amazing guy like
you, with so many gifts... Well.
There are other worlds to conquer.

Mitch nods, as if thinking about this for the first time.

UNDERWATER

Three sharks circle and tear at the bloody fish chunks --
working themselves into a frenzy. Nearby, we can see the LEGS
KICKING of the two teen girls --

ON THE BEACH

Brody turns his back, chatting with Summer on his cellphone.

Betty, an older woman with dentures, looks to the water with
sudden concern. She opens her mouth to scream -- "SHHH" But
her dentures fall. She pops them back in -- "SHHHARK!"

Brody's head snaps up -- eyes suddenly filled with fear -- and he drops the cell phone: 'Brody? Brody??'

ON MITCH AND VICTORIA

They walk the horse along the beach. Mitch slowly turns his head -- what's that in the distance? It's faint, but --

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
Let's get lunch! There's this --

MITCH
DON'T MOVE --

In an instant, Mitch is back on the horse -- and starts GALLOPING BACK TOWARD THE GUARD TOWER --

MITCH'S POV -- FRENETIC HAND HELD SHOTS

As he bounces -- Guard tower in the distance -- closer, closer -- Mitch finally dismounts the horse while it's still moving -- he comes on the scene -- the world shaking -- the teen girl laid out on a SPONGE BOB SQUARE PANTS beach towel -- LEG BLEEDING -- she's YELLING IN PAIN --

MITCH (CONT'D)
What happened...??

BRODY
Shark bite --

Brody is applying pressure -- the world around Mitch going in and out of focus, everyone looking at him -- their eyes screaming where were you??

MITCH
...I'm sorry... I'm sorry...

CUT TO:

INT. CAPTAIN THORPE'S OFFICE - DAY

Mitch is sitting on the other side of Captain Thorpe's desk, wearing a thousand yard stare. He's devastated.

CAPTAIN THORPE
The girl's gonna be OK. 40 stitches but... she's OK. Mother didn't say anything about a lawsuit. Yet...

MITCH
It's impossible. My girls patrol those waters.

CAPTAIN THORPE

Girls..?

MITCH

The dolphins. What if this was planned?

Captain stares at Mitch, as if seeing him for the first time.

CAPTAIN THORPE

Mitch, I got a call. Did you take Mr. Brody to break into the Medical Examiner's office on Wednesday?

MITCH

Yes. I'm gathering evidence to uncover a drug smuggling plot --

CAPTAIN THORPE

Jesus, Mitch! Can you hear yourself? How you sound? I'm sorry, but I really have no choice.

(beat)

You're done here. I want you off the beach...

THE BAY - SUNSET

CJ, Summer, Stephanie and Ronnie sit on the sand. Brody is off by himself. Mitch comes out, and they all slowly stand. He passes them like a ghost making his way to -- BRODY -- looking wide-eyed. What's going on? Mitch extends a lifeless hand. His voice is low, flat. His stare glassy...

MITCH

Congratulations, Brody. The Bay. She's all yours --

BRODY

What -- ? Mitch, no --

MITCH

Thorpe's call. I'm out. You're taking my place.

Stephanie and CJ exchange a look, this is madness.

BRODY

That's... insane. It wasn't your fault!

MITCH

I shoulda have been there.

(ironic)

(MORE)

MITCH (CONT'D)

A few minutes late to a rescue,
right?

Brody knows he's the one who really dropped the ball.

BRODY

If anyone should get the job it
should be Stephanie.

RONNIE

Or CJ!

STEPHANIE

Wouldn't have taken the job even if
they offered it to me. This is
Mitch's beach...

CJ nods in agreement.

MITCH

Not anymore. You're ready. Just...
remember what I tried to teach you.
(proud)
Above and beyond.

Mitch turns and leaves them staring after him. Brody turns to
Summer, emotion on both their faces --

BRODY

This isn't what I wanted. Not like
this. You have to believe me.

Summer wants to, but can't. She walks away from him. And as
the sun sets, the sky a brilliant orange glow, Mitch walks
toward Victoria who waits for him. A tear escapes the stoic
Stephanie's eye...

...and Ronnie starts blubbering like an 8yr-old who dropped
his ice cream cone.

FADE TO:

BEGIN EPIC MONTAGE - VARIOUS

And now, we see two different men -- Mitch and Brody --
heading in opposite directions. Brody the new king of the
beach... and Mitch adjusting to life off the beach.

BRODY

Brody's bags are packed, leaving CJ and Stephanie's place.
They still look a little upset with him.

And now, Brody is shaking hands with a new landlord, getting his key to a tiny rental, right near the beach. Looks around. It's empty and small.

MITCH

Looking at himself in the mirror. Not himself, but not defeated. (Not yet). He looks down at his bare feet. He turns and sees Victoria with an open SHOE BOX: Top-siders with tassels. They're awful. He pulls them out, forcing a smile.

Mitch leaving the house, wearing a too-tight RED POLO SHIRT, pleated dockers. He looks ridiculous. Victoria calling to him from the doorway -- Mitch realizes he's holding his RED RESCUE CAN. He looks back at Victoria, embarrassed smile, and she holds up a brown bag lunch for him instead.

BRODY IN THE LIFEGUARD TOWER

Trying to relax, the new King of the Beach. Takes a deep satisfied breath... but it's bittersweet. Stephanie and CJ do their jobs under him, but don't look happy doing it.

MITCH WORKING IN THE MALL

Mitch is smiling, doing an enthusiastic sales pitch to a TEENAGER who doesn't look convinced. And now we see he's pointing to a CELL PHONE stuck to the wall. And as we artfully pull back Kubrick-style, we see there are HUNDREDS of phones on the wall. They dwarf him. Oh, the irony.

ANOTHER DAY, BRODY AT THE BEACH

He notices the balled up SPONGE BOB beach towel in the shack, still blood stained. Brody picks it up. Something strange. He sniffs it... just like Mitch would. Wondering. No -- he shakes his head, pushing the notion away.

MITCH BACK IN THE MALL

He's selling again, lost some fire. This isn't his thing. He's in the BREAK ROOM now. Gingerly taking off his top-siders as a co-worker drones on. REVEAL: Mitch's FEET are comically red and inflamed, throbbing, covered in blisters. The co-worker takes a look, and nearly SPITS out coffee.

MITCH AT THE SOCK HUT

The Co-worker is showing Mitch a number of nice socks. Offering one for Mitch to feel the softness. Mitch feels it, but becomes distracted -- looks back into the main area of the mall, at the splashing FOUNTAIN, a picture of THE BAY behind it, enticing tourists to visit. His beloved Bay.

MITCH'S PLACE - NIGHT

Victoria and Mitch are having dinner together. She looks happy, animated, talking. Mitch playing with his food. Mitch has made a large WAVE made out of his mashed potatoes. It's curling over a little drowning person (pea for a head, carrot sticks for waving arms).

Victoria tries to get his attention. He's lost. She frowns, goes back to her food in silence.

BRODY AT THE BEACH

He's kicking back in the lifeguard tower. But then -- almost against his own will -- his head starts moving slowly back and forth, back and forth. *Like on a swivel...*

He zeros in on a guy with a mullet carrying a COOLER walking to two women lying on beach towels. Harmless, right? But then he trips -- *cooler going right on top of the lady's PURSE* -- and when he picks the cooler up, the purse is gone.

DOLLY IN / ZOOM OUT on Brody's face, the classic JAWS shot --

BRODY (CONT'D)

Sand-grifters...

BRODY TACKLES THE GUY -- opens his cooler. It's loaded with purses and wallets. CJ and Stephanie look to him, impressed.

MITCH IN THE MALL

Mitch looks even more beat down, a FATHER with his YOUNG SON asking him lots of questions about a phone. The kid couldn't care less, smacking gum. Mitch looks up -- the BUZZ of the fluorescent light above growing LOUDER, David Lynch style.

MITCH

Uh... depends on which -- data plan, you uh... decide to --

(long beat)

Have you noticed there's no windows in this place...?

Mitch rubs his eyes, sweating -- can't concentrate --

CUSTOMER

Well does he get roll-over minutes?

Mitch's heart-beat seems to grow LOUDER in his ears. He's starting to freak out, a full on panic attack --

CUSTOMER (CONT'D)

Big Fella? Roll-over minutes?

MITCH

Don't get your son a phone -- he
needs to -- be aware of the world
around him -- keep his head on a
swivel -- a swivel --

The customer looks deeply offended (and confused), puts a protective arm around his son. Moments later, Mitch talking with his boss. He's been fired.

OUTSIDE THE MALL

Mitch comes outside, dejected. He closes his eyes, and stands in the sun for a moment. Gets a little lift. But not much.

MITCH'S PLACE - NIGHT

Mitch drags in, holding his top-siders. He calls out to Victoria, but she's not there. He starts moving through the place -- getting worried -- goes to the BATHROOM.

There's a DEAR JOHN note on the mirror. We get a quick glimpse of it and see the writing is crooked. We hear:

VICTORIA'S VOICE

*"...I'm sorry but you're no longer
the man I fell in love with..."*

Mitch crumples it, and then gives a hard stare to himself in the mirror. Then we see something we thought was impossible. His lower lip trembles, his eyes mist over...

ANOTHER DAY, BRODY IN HIS TOWER

Binoculars at his eyes, just like Mitch, all business.

BINOCULARS POV -- He's looking at the rocks where the SEA CAVE is located. Where Mitch found the shoe. Frankie and Leon walking the area. Hmmmm.

BINOCULARS POV MOVES TO THE RIGHT -- TO THE HUNTLEY CLUB -- and finds BRAXTON LEEDS with binoculars to his face, starring right back at Brody. Leeds waves... 'friendly.'

Brody waves back, a little awkward.

END OF MONTAGE

CUT TO:

INT. CAPTAIN THORPE'S OFFICE - DAY

Captain Thorpe is behind his desk. Brody comes in.

BRODY

Captain? I've been noticing some suspicious things on the beach, near the Huntley Club... makes me --

CAPTAIN THORPE

Suspicious things? You know who you sound like?

Brody nods, knows what he means. Stops talking.

CAPTAIN THORPE (CONT'D)

Look, Brody. You've got the greatest job in the world. Beautiful girls, great waves. Go relax. Go be a lifeguard. That's why I hired you... because you get that. He didn't. Do you understand?

Brody nods, 'yes sir' but something is eating at him.

INT. MITCH'S PLACE - NIGHT

Mitch is in bed alone, trying to sleep, clutching his red rescue can like a security blanket, voice echoing:

VOICE IN HIS HEAD

...roll-over minutes, roll-over minutes, roll-over minutes...

EXT. STREET - DAY

Brody is on his motorcycle. Summer rides with him, her arms around him as they wait at a red light.

SUMMER

Look this isn't a date. The only reason I agreed to meet you outside of work is you said you wanted to talk about Mitch.

BRODY

So you haven't talked to him either? He won't take visitors, doesn't return calls. Stephanie and CJ even tried to invite him out for the 4th of July, but --

And that's when LEEDS drives by, and who is that in the passenger seat? Head scarf. Big sunglasses. Looks familiar.

BRODY (CONT'D)
Was that..?

SUMMER
Who...??

Brody guns it, and follows them.

OUTSIDE VICTORIA'S PLACE

From around the corner, Brody stealthily watches as Leeds and Victoria go in a small beach bungalow together. Her hair color is different, and she's covering up... but it's her.

SUMMER (CONT'D)
Brody what are we doing...?

BRODY
What is Leeds doing with Victoria??

SIDE OF THE HOUSE

Brody and Summer sneak along the side of the house. They stop at a WINDOW, peering through --

SUMMER
Why would they --

Brody SHUSHES her. They watch as Victoria smoothly pours herself a glass of wine, moving through the kitchen --

BRODY
Moves pretty good in there for a blind lady --

SUMMER
Of course, it's her place --

Victoria goes to the microwave, types in the time for popcorn. Brody looks to Summer --

SUMMER (CONT'D)
So what -- I can text on my phone without looking!

Victoria takes the popcorn and the wine over to the couch, flips on the TV and starts scrolling through her DVR list. Brody and Summer turn to each other, mouths agape --

SUMMER (CONT'D)
Maybe -- she --

Victoria puts on glasses, picks up an iPad. This woman can see!

And that's when Leeds comes in, throws a piece of POPCORN at Victoria and she deftly catches it in her mouth!

SUMMER (CONT'D)

OK, so she can see.

In the window, we watch now as Victoria and Leeds KISS! And as we hear an off-screen 'holy shit' they turn -- but Brody and Summer are already gone.

EXT. MITCH'S PLACE - NIGHT

Brody rolls up outside Mitch's place on his bike, alone, having already dropped Summer off. He knocks.

BRODY

Mitch! C'mon, Mitch -- open up!

No answer. Brody tries the door. It's unlocked. Only... something's blocking it. HE PUSHES HARDER -- PSSSHH! There was a mound of sand blocking the door.

Brody pushes his way in. The place is dark, a wreck. Shades pulled tight. And the entire floor is covered in sand.

BRODY (CONT'D)

The hell --

(calling out)

Mitch! It's Brody --

Brody sees a glow coming from around the corner. SQUAWK!! Brody jumps -- there's a SEAGULL behind him! (If we saw it, we assumed it was bad beach art.)

And then he sees him. Mitch is in front of the TV, eyes vacant. Only the glow from the TV illuminating his whacked out face.

BRODY (CONT'D)

Have you been... taking sand... from the beach...?

MITCH

Did I...? I don't remember.

Mitch looks like hell. Dirty robe. Unshaven. Beer cans everywhere. Barefoot. And oh God, what he's eating --

BRODY

Are you... dipping fried chicken into ice-cream?

Yes, yes he is.

MITCH
I invented it.

Mitch takes a big ice-cream covered bite.

MITCH (CONT'D)
You wanna watch Netflix? I'm binge-
watching The Wire. I'm on Season 5
but I'll start over if you want...

Brody comes to Mitch, trying to get his focus --

BRODY
You gotta listen to me, man. You
were right. About everything.

Mitch's eyes never leave the TV as he says:

MITCH
No, Brody... you were right.
Everything you said. I was just a
lifeguard with a lot of crazy
conspiracy theories, and now I'm
not even that anymore. I let people
down. I don't deserve to be a
lifeguard. I'm just a man now, as
frail and as human as --
(re: the TV)
OH SNAP -- Pooh Bear got CAPPED!

Brody snaps off the TV. Mitch looks at him for the first
time.

BRODY
Mitch, listen! There are drug
smugglers -- on the Bay. You were
right! All the crazy shit you said
happened on Baywatch is happening.

Mitch sits up a bit, listening more intently now.

BRODY (CONT'D)
They chummed the water, Mitch.
That's what brought the sharks. I
smelled fish guts on the victim's
towel. And I can't prove it yet --
but I think Leeds is involved --

Mitch sits up a little more, more intensity in his voice --

MITCH
I -- was right -- ?

BRODY

We just gotta prove it, man. You and me. We can bring these bastards down.

MITCH

But... you're just a lifeguard.

BRODY

No. I was taught by the best. Above and beyond, remember...?

MITCH

(vaguely remembering)
...above and beyond...

Mitch starts to nod, Brody knows he's getting to him.

BRODY

Stephanie, CJ, Ronnie, Summer... they need you. I need you. But most of all -- the Bay needs you.

Mitch slowly stands up, robe opening --

MITCH

The Bay. My beloved Bay.

BRODY

(trying not to look)
Dude. Your nuts are hanging out.

Mitch slowly ties his robe -- deliberate, passion building.

MITCH

I see it all now. We need to infiltrate Leeds' club and finally shed some light on this maze of shadows...

Mitch BURPS, long and loud. Brody waves his hand. On closer inspection, Mitch is pretty damn drunk.

BRODY

Wait. I gotta tell you something first. It's about Victoria.
(this is hard)
Maybe I should put on a pot of coffee --

Mitch reaches out, and grabs Brody by his shirt --

MITCH

What. About. Victoria.

Brody breathes deep, steeling himself for Mitch's reaction:

BRODY
She's not really --

We're now inside the **CALIFORNIA EARTHQUAKE MONITORING STATION**, 75 MILES AWAY. Nerd scientists in ties are playing Magic: The Gathering. Suddenly a NEEDLE JUMPS on the monitor as if from a sudden jolt. They look to it, tension high -- then the needle drops again. They go back to their game.

EXT. THE HUNTLEY CLUB - DAY

Another day at the imposing Huntley Club.

MITCH (VO)
We gotta go through Leed's files.
His private office is at the Club.
We just gotta get past security.

BRODY (VO)
They're gonna be looking for us.

MITCH (VO)
That's right. Us...

LEEDS UPSTAIRS OFFICE

Braxton Leeds and Victoria are in his private office.

BRAXTON LEEDS
You know, when you first came to me with that cockamamie blind idea to get that overgrown Boy Scout off the beach permanently... I thought you were crackers. But you were right. You really did a number on that poor bastard...

VICTORIA
It was simple. I did my homework, and exploited his greatest weaknesses. He lives to save those who need him most. Had we done something conventional, it would have never worked.

BRAXTON LEEDS
Brilliant. Happy almost 4th of July. This really is the land of opportunity.

They kiss. It's sort of gross. A little too much tongue.

OUTSIDE THE CLUB

After Leeds' car pulls away from the club --

WE REVEAL MITCH AND BRODY IN SLO-MOTION:

MITCH: We start on pink cowboy boots. We move up to see puffy black-and-white Zubaz pants. Day-Glo Fanny pack. Pink muscle shirt. Blonde goatee, blonde mullet under a bedazzled black cowboy hat. He looks fucking amazing.

BRODY: We start on high-heels. Smooth stocking legs. Short green dress covering a sexy curvy figure. Long brunette wig framing designer sunglasses. Tasteful (heavy) makeup. Brody (almost) makes a damn fine woman.

They walk to each other, serious, ready to do this thing, and then we resume regular motion as Mitch doubles over laughing.

BRODY

What? You told me I had to wear this!

MITCH

I didn't think you'd do it!
HAHAHAHA!

BRODY

You sonofabitch, this is serious --

MITCH

I'm serious too, that was payback for takin' my job -- HAHAHAHA!
(recovering)
OK, OK, OK -- game face. This is real, we're doin' this.

Brody nods, straightens the dress. Mitch composes himself, sniffs, all done laughing. They start walking together again, and after three steps, Mitch completely breaks down again --

MITCH (CONT'D)

AHHHHH HAHAHAHA! Where did you get that dress, GamGam's closet?!

BRODY

You asshole! Too soon, man.

MITCH

Sorry, I'm sorry. OK, get in character. I'm Pappa Bear, you're Brandi. Roll with it, girl --

He takes her hand and they waltz toward the club together --

INSIDE THE CLUB

Brody feels self-conscious. The eyes of men all over him. But... they SMILE, like what they see. Brody smiles back.

BRODY

(whispers, proud)
You laugh, but I'm pullin' this off. They think I'm a woman.

MITCH

Newsflash, Tootsie. They don't think you're a woman --

And that's when they're approached by security --

SECURITY GUARD

Excuse me, are you Members of the --

MITCH/PAPPA BEAR

Uh, uh. You think we don't see that micro-aggression right there?

SECURITY GUARD

Excuse me -- ?

MITCH/PAPPA BEAR

No I will not excuse your outdated notions of gender identity. Yes, my companion was assigned male at birth, but identifies female --
(hard as hell)
You got a problem with that?

SECURITY GUARD

No, I -- didn't -- know if you and he -- I mean, she -- you both -- wanted to -- I --

As he stammers, Mitch/Pappa Bear gets closer and closer to him, eyes getting wider -- saying UH?! UH?! -- on every syllable, ready to pounce on any even half-slight --

MITCH/PAPPA BEAR

Now we WILL BE going into this Club without being marginalized by your archaic and offensive stereotypes, and if one of your Members complains when she chooses to use the Ladies Room??

(dramatic pause)

You WILL be hearing from the AFL-CIO and this Club will be your wedding present to us, you got me?!

SECURITY GUARD
 Absolutely, of course! The run of
 the Club is yours. Bathrooms,
 kitchen -- anything!

AS THEY WALK AWAY PROUDLY

BRODY
 ...that was amazing! I actually
 feel really empowered right now!

IN THE KITCHEN

Mitch slips back into the walk-in refrigerator. Opens one of
 the dark barrels. It's full of FISH GUTS. Mitch sticks his
 arm all the way in -- SQUISH! Ewwww! -- and comes up with a
 neatly taped package of drugs.

BRODY (CONT'D)
 Holy shit -- do we go to the cops?!

Mitch puts it back, reseals the barrel.

MITCH
 Always throw the little ones back.
 We're fishin' for the big one.

UPSTAIRS OFFICES - MOMENTS LATER

Still in their disguises, they're rifling through Leeds'
 office. Brody on the computer, Mitch in the file cabinet.

BRODY
 Jesus, you were right. This whole
 Club is a front for a drug
 operation. He's not even hiding it
 that well. Hey -- the word
 'Bundaberg' mean anything to you?
 He's meeting Cordoba there on the
 4th. Cordoba is big-time in the
 Mexican Drug Cartel.

MITCH
 Did you just take a smart pill? How
 the hell do you know that?

BRODY
 What? 60 Minutes did a whole
 profile on Cordoba. Look, the
 meeting is right here on his
 calender. Dumbass set his password
 to Leeds1.

Mitch nods, really impressed with Brody. He's stepping up.

MITCH

Bundaberg is a city in Australia.

Mitch walks to Leed's BOOKCASE. It's full of humanitarian awards, trinkets from Australia, photos...

BRODY

We'll never make it in time, that's tomorrow. Which is today in Australia... I think. Or something.

MITCH

We won't have to. It's happening on his boat.

BRODY

How do you know that??

Mitch points to a photo of a proud BRAXTON LEEDS holding up a SAILFISH on the back of a huge yacht. The name on the back of the boat says 'BUNDABERG.' Brody nods -- outstanding.

BRODY (CONT'D)

We gotta get on that motherfuckin' boat.

Brody and Mitch look to each other, dead serious, nodding. Mitch then BURSTS OUT LAUGHING --

MITCH

I'm sorry, man -- that wig!

MOMENTS LATER - ON THEIR WAY OUT

Brody passes a FAMILIAR FACE working in one of the glass walled offices. Does a double take. Mitch sees --

BRODY

Wait a minute. I know her. She was my handler. The one who called my old agent and arranged for me to come out here. She works for Leeds?

Mitch nods. And then all of this comes together.

MITCH

That's why they wanted you to replace me. Because they think you're irresponsible, and their criminal enterprise could flourish under your nose. They've been planning this for weeks...

REVERSE ANGLE - INSIDE THE OFFICE

The Handler looks over as some guy in a dress goes apeshit outside her office, BANGING ON THE SOUNDPROOF GLASS, giving her the finger. He lifts his dress, presses his BARE ASS against the glass. A larger man in a cowboy hat then pulls him away. She's like WTF?! and reaches for her phone...

IN THE ELEVATOR

BRODY

Sonofabitch! They didn't actually want me, they just wanted me to fail!

They look to each other, bonding over this revelation. They were both fucked over, but not by each other.

MITCH

They got us both, pal. They got us both. C'mon --

AND AS THEY NEAR THE EXIT

Security is on their headsets, closing in on them -- they're about to get caught! Brody sees, acts quickly:

BRODY

Discrimination! Hate crime! Free Bruce Jenner!

Security turns, scared, as a TON OF PEOPLE ON THE BOARDWALK -- hipsters, street performers, all the outcasts of Southern Cal move in -- 'Hey you can't do that / Leave 'em alone you bullies!' -- a protesting scrum forming -- cell-phones coming out to record the abuse -- and Mitch and Brody slip away.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

There's a bonfire on the beach. Mitch has gathered everyone here: CJ, Stephanie, Ronnie, Summer and Brody.

MITCH

I asked you here because the fate of the Bay is in our hands. Braxton Leeds is trying to take over, to destroy Baywatch. He thinks this is his beach. And if we as a team don't stop him... he's gonna turn our beloved Bay into a cesspool of drugs, crime and crappy T-shirt shops. Just like *Venice Beach*.

They all give a little shudder at the mention of Venice.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Now I have a plan, so take a knee
and listen close...

EXT. DOCK - LATE AFTERNOON

A 200 foot yacht with the word 'Bundaberg' on the back,
decked out with balloons and decorations for the 4th of July,
is docked. A long line of party-goers going up the gangplank.

CJ, Stephanie, Summer and Ronnie are in line. CJ is wearing
an incredible outfit, an absolute knockout. But the real
surprise is Stephanie -- she's all dolled up, like CJ, in an
incredibly sexy and revealing dress. They look amazingly hot.

CJ

See, Stephanie -- I'd told you
you'd look amazing in one of my
dresses!

STEPHANIE

When would you even wear something
like this?!

CJ

Sunday Brunch.

AT SECURITY CHECK-IN

The beefy security guard has an iPad with the guest list (and
we might notice pictures of MITCH and BRODY to watch for). CJ
and Stephanie are up next.

BEEFY SECURITY GUARD

Names?

CJ and Stephanie smile, just expecting to be let in. But he's
not budging. Then, Stephanie blurts out:

STEPHANIE

We're prostitutes.

She puts a hand on her hip awkwardly, trying to be sexy, a
weird unnatural smile on her face.

BEEFY SECURITY GUARD

Uhhhhh OK, sure. Go on.

He lets them in, Summer too. And as Ronnie tries to slip with
them -- the Beefy Security guard blocks him.

RONNIE

I'm with them.

BEEFY SECURITY GUARD

Nuh uh. Not you. I s'pose you gonna tell me you their pimp?

RONNIE

Pimp? Pimp?? You just catch a time machine from 1975? Nah, man. You ever heard of Uber? Well I invented an app that delivers the same thing: a fast ride for a fair price. The sex-game's all online, son. App is called HUMPER™, and my algorithm is their pimp, playa.

Ronnie puts out his fist -- and after a moment, the Beefy Security guy bumps it -- and Ronnie gives it a 'BOOM!'

BEEFY SECURITY GUARD

Aight, aight --

And as he lets Ronnie come aboard, impressed as hell --

RONNIE

Tweet at me, hashtag ButtWizard, I'll hook you up: 50% off yer first blowie... not on weekends!

EXT. OCEAN - RESCUE 1 - SUNSET

Rescue 1 is anchored, Mitch and Brody are in full SCUBA GEAR. Brody looks nervous. In the distance, we can see Leed's yacht leaving the dock a hundred yards away --

MITCH

Leeds has chummed these waters before, so keep a sharp eye for sharks. And if you see one, just remember page 73 of your manual.

Mitch puts the breather in his mouth, about to tip back --

BRODY

Mitch, wait! I gotta tell you something.

MITCH

I know, I was just messing with you. I know you never studied. Just punch the shark in the nose. They'll flee.

He's about to tip, but Brody grabs his arm --

BRODY

I've gotta tell you something else.
 (this is hard)
 There's a reason I dropped the rope
 when we rescued Vic --

Mitch cuts him off with a look that could freeze fire --

BRODY (CONT'D)

-- that woman whose name we don't
 say anymore. I thought I saw a huge
 shark, and I panicked. Same thing
 happened with the girl who got bit.
 I froze. I blew it, big time. I
 know I said I was as good as you...
 but I'm not. How can I be on
 Baywatch when I'm afraid of sharks?

Mitch can see the genuine pain in his eyes. He looks off --

MITCH

You know, when I was a little boy,
 growing up, not too far from --

BRODY

(cutting him off)
 You were afraid of sharks just like
 me??

Mitch takes a deep breath, and sighs.

MITCH

You know that's really rude. Your
 generation is very impatient.

BRODY

I'm sorry, you're right, if that's
 not where you were going -- please.
 Continue.

Mitch looks off, shaking his head, his thunder stolen.

MITCH

Yes, OK? Yes. I was afraid of
 sharks, and my Dad blah blah blah,
 and that means you're irresponsible
 because you're scared, now get in
 the fucking water --

MITCH SHOVES BRODY BACK and he topples into the ocean --

UNDERWATER

Mitch and Brody are scuba-diving.

The underside of Leeds's massive yacht in the distance. And then... fifty yards away... a dark SILHOUETTE appears. Knifing through the water toward them like the specter of death. Brody grabs Mitch arm, shaking him --

BRODY
(totally muffled)
SHHABBKKK!

MITCH
WHABBB?

It's coming closer, Brody starting to panic again, bubbles erupting from his mouthpiece. Mitch sees it now --

MITCH (CONT'D)
PUUNSSH IBB -- PUUNSSH IBB!!

20 feet away now -- this thing is huge -- but Brody steadies, facing his fear. He nods, ready. And that's when -- VMMMMM. It passes over them -- and on closer inspection: *The 'Shark' is actually a mini-sub designed to LOOK like a shark!*

BRODY
SUBBBMAMMIME!

It's actually a 25ft Narco-Sub. Yes, these things are real, and drug traffickers do use them.

MITCH
NOO SHHIBBBB!

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

The yacht is now anchored way outside of the harbor. Leeds is standing on the back deck watching as a single-propeller PONTON PLANE flies in low... and lands on the water. And as it skims closer, a long rope is thrown to tie it to the yacht. Leeds plasters on a smile, waves --

ON THE DECK - MOMENTS LATER

Leeds is shaking hands with a scary looking MEXICAN DRUG LORD (CORDOBA). Thugs surround him.

CORDOBA
You got balls asking to meet with me in front of all these people.

BRAXTON LEEDS
I'm a legitimate business man. I keep up appearances.
(MORE)

BRAXTON LEEDS (CONT'D)
 And, perhaps, all these witnesses
 will dissuade you from doing
 anything foolish.

Cordoba smiles, knowing.

BRAXTON LEEDS (CONT'D)
 I think we can agree that the first
 month of test runs was a success.
 Except for poor Marco, sorry again
 about that. But I wanna expand.
 More shark subs. Let's double it,
 triple it! We chum the water, bring
 more real sharks as cover -- no one
 will even go NEAR the water again!
 I'll own this bloody beach and
 we'll be the biggest operation on
 the West Coast!

After a moment, Cordoba nods. Looks around at this great
 party. Smiles.

CORDOBA
 You are ambitious, Leeds. I like
 that. Yes, OK. Let's party, amigo --

LOWER DECK

Stephanie is on one of the lower decks, powdering her nose in
 her small cosmetic mirror. But now we see she's actually
 using the mirror to look behind her, observing TWO GUARDS
 standing by a doorway --

MAIN DECK

CJ is clocking some of the Cordoba's men as they move down
 the food line, others downing drinks. She sees GUNS strapped
 underneath coats. She and Ronnie exchange a look --

Ronnie nods and goes to the DJ.

And as music now plays, Ronnie watches as CJ acts a little
 drunk, inviting an armed man to dance. They move together on
 deck, CJ's hands all over him. The thug grins dumbly as
 Ronnie moves close to them, dancing by himself, doing some of
 his 'cool' disco moves --

-- and now we see CJ has got the thug's gun -- puts it behind
 her back -- and Ronnie smoothly takes it as he grooves by!

SIDE OF THE YACHT

Mitch and Brody are frog-manning up the side of the yacht.

ON DECK

Dripping wet from their scuba gear, Mitch and Brody slip into the shadows -- unzip their suits -- revealing they are wearing TUXEDOS underneath, only --

BRODY

Hey, is your tux soaking wet??

MITCH

(never admitting defeat)
Little damp.

And as they slosh off, leaving puddles, Brody whisper-shouts:

BRODY

*Goddammit I had to leave a 90
dollar deposit on this!*

STARBOARD SIDE

On the quiet side of the boat, Mitch and Brody meet up with CJ, Stephanie, Ronnie. Summer goes to Brody.

BRODY (CONT'D)

Look, I wore a tux and everything.
This has gotta be a date...

SUMMER

Uhhh, no. And why are you all wet??

STEPHANIE

Mitch -- below deck, there's a
secure door, two guards.

MITCH

That's probably where they're
keeping the drugs and money. CJ,
how'd you do?

CJ produces a bag full of GUNS. Brody grins --

BRODY

Finally. I'll take the Glock and
the Smith and Wesson --

Mitch takes the bag before he can grab it and dumps them into one of the ship's vents.

MITCH

No guns. We're lifeguards. We don't
take lives, we save them.
(to Summer)
You bring the bag from my place?

Summer hands him a large duffle bag. We don't know what's inside, but we're about to find out...

OPPOSITE DECK

Braxton Leeds walks with CAPTAIN THORPE, and sees ELLERBEE.

LEEDS

Sergeant Ellerbee! I'm so glad you're here, but I must confess, I don't remember inviting you...

ELLERBEE

I was surprised myself. This afternoon, somebody slipped an invitation under the seat of my ATV. But if it wasn't you --

MITCH (OS)

Then it had to be me.

And that's when Mitch steps from the shadows, still looking smooth in a wet tuxedo.

CAPTAIN THORPE

Dammit, Buchanan! What the hell are you doing here?

MITCH

I'm here... because Braxton Leeds is a drug trafficking scumbag.

Ellerbee laughs, and Thorpe shares it. Leeds stares, hard.

ELLERBEE

That sun has really baked your brains to a crisp. Mr. Leeds is a respected member of the community and throws one helluva party!

Mitch's stare never leaves Leeds --

MITCH

No... he moves black-tar heroin from the coast of Mexico straight to the Bay with a 25 foot Narco-Sub disguised as a shark. That body on the beach? One of their pilots. Made so many runs, he got the bends. Then someone drowned him. They unload the sub in the Sea Cave right by the Club where they think no one can see. But Baywatch sees.

(MORE)

MITCH (CONT'D)

Drugs go into the club, and Al the chum guy distributes it in barrels from there...

BRAXTON LEEDS

I wonder if you know just how crazy that sounds. And you haven't a shred of proof -- you aren't even a lifeguard anymore, this is all --

MITCH

Then why don't we have Ellerbee call his friends in blue, have them check the barrels in your freezer. Could check your computer too. His password is 'Leeds1' by the way. You'll have to dig through some pretty weird Japanese Octopus porn, but it's all there. Or maybe, just maybe... we should go look in the secure room below deck right now...

And as Ellerbee turns to Leeds, starting to question --

BRAXTON LEEDS

GOD DAMMIT now you've really gone and pissed me off, mate!

Leeds pulls a AUTOMATIC GUN and trains it on them both --

CAPTAIN THORPE

C'mon Leeds, there's no need for --

BRAXTON LEEDS

Shut the fuck up you bloody high-socked simp!

(to Mitch)

This was your plan?? Expose me to a cop who wears shorts, then get me mad enough to shoot you? Because that's what happens now --

MITCH

Not exactly how I saw it go, no.

Leeds cocks his gun, this is it. Ellerbee is frozen, doesn't know what to do -- as Mitch takes off his wet tux jacket --

MITCH (CONT'D)

You mind? Like to die with my uniform on.

Leeds nods, amused as Mitch undresses until finally wearing nothing but his BAYWATCH RED SWIM TRUNKS underneath --

BRAXTON LEEDS
Lifeguard to the end, is that it?

Mitch reaches into the bag Summer brought him.

BRAXTON LEEDS (CONT'D)
AH-AH-AH -- careful there --

MITCH
Just this --

Mitch pulls out his RED RESCUE CAN. Leeds almost laughs.

BRAXTON LEEDS
Sure. Go ahead, mate. Hold onto
your red thingie if it helps you --

Mitch ROCKETS the red rescue can right at Leeds's GUN -- WHAM!
Knocks it from his grasp, and then -- YANK! Mitch pulls the
can back by the rope like Captain America with his shield!

MITCH
It's called... a rescue can. But
nuthin's gonna rescue you --

4th of JULY FIREWORKS EXPLODE behind him -- money shot --

BRAXTON LEEDS
TAKE HIM OUT!

In a flash, the ARMED MEN from the Cartel close in -- only
when they reach for their guns -- they're not there!

WHAM! WHAM! And as the fireworks go in the background, Mitch
takes them out with the rescue can one by one -- LOOPING
around legs and pulling them out from under -- cracking
skulls -- Mitch is a one man wrecking crew. This is epic!

And when they get too close -- Mitch gives a steady diet of
elbows, knees and fists --

BLAM! BLAM! But not ALL of the men are disarmed. And at the
sound of REPEATED GUNFIRE: **IT'S INSTANT PANDEMONIUM ON THE
YACHT!**

GUESTS scatter in every direction -- some even jumping over
the side -- CJ & Summer call out --

CJ
We've got eight bodies in the water
starboard!

SUMMER
We've got a half dozen port side!

Summer heroically DIVES IN the water -- truly living out her dream to save people -- to be a lifeguard --

STEPHANIE

(grabs the ship's com)
This is Lt. Holden of Baywatch.
We've got a 346-Bravo approximately
six nautical miles northwest of the
Santa Monica Pier --

ON BRODY, MOVING FAST

As he runs into Captain Thorpe --

BRODY

You sold me out, Thorpe!

CAPTAIN THORPE

You fool -- you sold yourself out!
We had a good thing going here,
both of us! I wanted you because
you weren't like Mitch and you went
ahead and turned into him!

BRODY

Well I've never been more happy to
disappoint someone --

BLAM! A shot hits the rail right next to Brody -- they both duck -- Thorpe disappearing into the screaming crowd --

ON ELLERBEE

trying to digest this scene -- unsure what to do --

MITCH

Get your head in the game,
Ellerbee! I need you!

Ellerbee nods, understands Mitch was right all along -- and fights along side him now --

ON BRAXTON LEEDS

As he's grabbed by the Mexican Drug Lord --

CORDOBA

You're finished in this game! You
can't burn the Cartel like this,
all this product is now --

BRBRBRBRBR! Leeds unleashes automatic gunfire into his chest and pushes his still quivering body over the rail --

BRAXTON LEEDS

Mine.

ON MITCH

in the middle of an epic fight with the oversized FRANKIE. It's hand-to-hand, fast and brutal -- Ronnie sort of circling them -- looking for a way in to help -- but can't --

But then Ronnie sees VICTORIA -- running down the deck --

RONNIE

Hey! Stop right there you lying whor--

Victoria whips around and SHOOTs Ronnie in the shoulder before he can finish! He collapses to the deck, in agony. Mitch buries a fist in Frankie's gut, and then judo flips him over the side as he gasps. Mitch goes to Ronnie --

MITCH

Ronnie! You OK?!

RONNIE

I'm OK, I'm OK -- I'm applying constant pressure, just like you taught me!

MITCH

Outstanding -- hang on, buddy --

Mitch turns to chase Victoria, when --

RONNIE

Mitch, wait! I gotta tell you something! That day on the beach? When we first met?
(confessing)
I was masturbating.

MITCH

I know you were, pal.

They share a nice moment, and then Mitch is off --

RONNIE

Go get her, Mitch!!

DRUG ROOM

Victoria is below deck in the room where the drugs and cash are stashed. She's filling bags as fast as possible when --

-- the lights cut. It's absolutely pitch black in here.

MITCH

(a voice in the darkness)
 Did you know that at least seven
 million people go blind every year?
 This is what it feels like for
 them...

BLAM! She fires her gun into the darkness, momentarily
 illuminating the room in a WHITE MUZZLE FLASH -- spotlighting
 Mitch as he darts across the room!

MITCH (CONT'D)

Number of people who pretend to be
 blind and get away with it?

BLAM! BLAM! More flashes -- Mitch moving like a goddamn
 Marvel character -- spotlit JUMPING and MOVING -- BLAM!

MITCH (CONT'D)

(whispers in her ear)
ZERO.

She swings around -- BLAM! BLAM!

VICTORIA

WHERE ARE YOU?!

MITCH

What's the matter, Victoria? Can't
SEE in the dark...?

CLICK! Victoria has her hand on the light-switch, the room
 now completely bright, her gun trained right at Mitch's head.

VICTORIA

Now I can see.

STEPHANIE (OS)

Good. I want you to see this.

Victoria spins -- Stephanie is right behind her! She cold
 cocks Victoria with a right cross! Victoria drops. Stephanie
 and Mitch lock eyes, sharing the moment --

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

Sorry Mitch -- but I really hated
 that bitch.

CJ AND SUMMER

are overseeing the transfer of passengers to life boats --
 Summer helping people in the water --

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)
Stay low, people! I need a two-by-
two formation!

ON BRODY

Running along the deck -- hears the PROPELLER of the pontoon plane start up! And as the boat turns, Brody sees Leeds in the plane with Leon piloting!

BRODY
Mitch! Leeds is getting away!

But Mitch is halfway down the deck. Brody takes a deep breath, crosses himself --

BRODY (CONT'D)
...above and fuckin' beyond...

Brody climbs on the rail, heroic -- and JUMPS as the pontoon plane passes under -- landing on the wing!

MITCH (OS)
BRODY!

As the plane moves off, Mitch arrives and DIVES INTO THE --

OCEAN

As the propeller gets louder, Mitch spies the long nautical rope trailing off the plane. He swims for it, grabbing it!

INSIDE THE PONTOON PLANE

As the plane gathers speed for lift-off, Leeds looks behind him and sees MITCH pulling himself out of the water by the rope -- now WATERSKIING BY HIS BARE FEET! Incredible.

LEON
We gotta get him on land! Where
he's vulnerable!

BRAXTON LEEDS
He's an unemployed LA County
Lifeguard, not fucking Aqua-Man!

ON MITCH

pulling himself closer and closer as he skis -- and just as the plane lifts off -- Mitch grabs the pontoon!

THE PLANE IS IN THE AIR

Leeds looks back, sees Mitch barely hanging on.

He shouts to Leon to shake him -- and Leon starts moving the stick --

ON TOP OF THE WING

Brody SLIDES as the plane suddenly tips radically! He slips off the wing, falling as --

-- MITCH GRABS HIS ARM! Brody's legs dangle over the ocean so far below as Mitch does the toughest curl of his life and gets Brody to the pontoon safely! They share a look --

VVVWWWWWMMMM! Oh my God, the plane starts going up, doing a loop in the air -- Mitch and Brody barely hanging on -- wind whipping at them mercilessly -- but still they hold! As it levels off --

MITCH

I'm going for the pilot! On my mark! You follow me! READY?! ONE!
TWO -- !

They lock eyes, nodding as -- BLAM! Mitch's eyes locked with Brody, but now full of SURPRISE --

SLO-MOTION: As Mitch FALLS, revealing LEEDS behind him with a smoking gun, hanging way out, grinning cruelly --

BRODY

MIITCCHHH -- !!

Mitch tumbles through the air -- bullet wound in his back as Brody reaches helplessly --

Mitch hits the water with a tremendous splash!

And just like that... he's gone.

Brody turns with rage, scrambling up the pontoon and ATTACKS LEEDS before he can fire again. The two men struggle over the gun. Brody manages to hit Leeds in the face with a few solid blows. Leeds counters with an elbow. During the tussle, however, LEEDS' GUN FIRES --

HITTING LEON IN THE NECK! He slumps --

THE PLANE GOES INTO A NOSE-DIVE --

Brody & Leeds continue battling... as Leon, bleeding, does his best to get the plane to land --

THE PLANE JUST PULLING UP --

AND CRASH-LANDING ON THE BEACH

Brody is thrown into the sand, badly injured, can't even stand.

Leeds in the passenger seat shakes cobwebs, checks Leon. He's dead. Leeds staggers from the plane... gun still clutched in his hand...

...headed for Brody who tries to crawl.

BRAXTON LEEDS

Where... do you think... you're going?

Brody squints, blood trickling in his eyes, Leeds yelling behind him --

BRAXTON LEEDS (CONT'D)

I brought you here! I own you!
You're a nothing! You worked at a
Water Park for Christ's sake!!

And then -- A VOICE RINGS OUT --

SANG

No. He lifeguard. He Baywatch.

Sang comes onto the sand, stands between Leeds and Brody. Leeds starts to laugh ruefully.

BRAXTON LEEDS

You think I won't shoot you, old man? Move aside --

DARNELL

You gonna shoot me too??

And that's when DARNELL and the rest of the basketball players come onto the sand, standing in front of Brody, protective. Leeds can't believe it -- what is this shit?!

Brody sits up now -- can't believe it as more come -- the sand-sculptor, Hobo Joe, Betty with the dentures -- the Topless Babe and her husband --

All the people Mitch saved, they're all here -- even the girl in the wheelchair from the balloon is on the boardwalk -- all here, standing up for Baywatch --

BRAXTON LEEDS

Get outta here, this is none of your business! Go home! This is MY BEACH, you hear me! MINE!

And then -- behind Leeds -- something is happening in:

THE OCEAN

The water shimmering in the moonlight, bubbles beginning to form. Something is rising...

How is this possible -- it's MITCH BUCHANAN, RISING LIKE POSEIDON HIMSELF! And that is not hyperbole. Mitch is somehow rising upright thanks to some unseen force, until he is literally standing on the water --

And just as we're questioning whether he is, in fact, a god... we see he's on the back of a rising KILLER WHALE!

Mitch makes the clicking sounds, and his 'ladies' the Dolphins appear next to him, calling back.

ON THE SHORE

Everyone pointing and staring, can't believe it, including:

BRAXTON LEEDS (CONT'D)
He is fucking Aqua-Man.

THE ORCA

speeds toward the shore, Mitch on its back -- and then, like the show stopping finale at Sea World, the powerful beast LAUNCHES MITCH straight out of the water toward Leeds --

WHAM! Mitch's bare feet connect with Leeds's chest -- sending him hurling back into -- the plane's still-spinning propeller! ZZZZPP!!!

CLOSE ON - THE CROWD

As they are all spray-misted with BLOOD. They're repulsed, but then perk up a little when they see Mitch shakily stand --

MITCH
Respect the Bay, motherfucker.

Mitch stumbles and falls as all the people he's saved rush to him and Brody and help lift them to their feet --

AFTERMATH ON THE SAND - LATER

Victoria and the Drug Lord's remaining men are in handcuffs, being escorted to waiting police cruisers as blue lights flash. What's left of Leeds is being zipped up and hauled into an ambulance.

Brody and Mitch sit next to each other as Paramedics work on their various wounds. They've been to war together and lived...

BRODY

You're smiling because you're proud of me, not because I'm hurt, right?

MITCH

(with a smile)
A little of both.

SUMMER

Brody!

Summer runs to Brody -- hugs him (he winces) -- and she surprises him with a kiss. Brody grins, can't help it.

SUMMER (CONT'D)

From zero to hero, huh? Best first date I ever had.

BRODY

You were the real hero. I saw you out there. You pulled in at least a dozen people outta that water...

Mitch looks at them holding hands and nods with approval.

MITCH

Guess it's time to loosen up the rule about lifeguard dating, huh?

BRODY

Did you learn that from me? To loosen up a little, maybe?

MITCH

OK. Sure, I'll give you that. Of course I taught you responsibility. How to be a part of a team. How to face your fears. How to treat women. How not to be a cocky dick all the time. But sure, you taught me to loosen up a little. Great job, Brody.

As Sergeant Ellerbee comes over, Captain Thorpe in tow --

CAPTAIN THORPE

Mitch, I just wanna... apologize for what happened. I hope you understand, from my perspective --

MITCH

How much did Leeds pay you, Thorpe? To get me off the beach and put Brody in my place?

Captain Thorpe sighs, looks off. Nods, ashamed.

CAPTAIN THORPE
Six hundred and fifty dollars.

BRODY
650? That's it?!

CAPTAIN THORPE
Well, my salary isn't very big, and you know, I got poker night on Thursdays...

SGT. ELLERBEE
You know, I might actually have to arrest you for that. You do work for the City, and technically, you did take a bribe...

Ellerbe and Thorpe share a look. Beat. And then Thorpe takes off running down the beach -- and Ellerbe awkwardly chases him, tackling him -- and as they roll around fighting, both getting covered in sand -- Mitch and Brody laugh together -- *'ooh that hurts when I laugh!'*

Ronnie comes over, surveying the scene, arm in a sling.

RONNIE
You know, even though I got shot, I gotta say... this is turning out to be the greatest summer of my entire life!

CJ
And it's just getting started...

Ronnie turns, and CJ plants the most incredible KISS on him we've yet seen. And everyone else from the beach, they all start to hoot and holler and clap. Mitch gives him a thumbs up. And then, from behind him:

DARNELL
Motherfuckin' Mitch Buchanan.

CUT TO:

A PODIUM IN FRONT OF THE BEACH

The members of Baywatch, including Ronnie, Summer and Brody, are being awarded Medals of Honor from the city. An Admiral (DAVID HASSELHOFF) in his lifeguard dress whites speaks:

THE ADMIRAL

*It's my great honor to present
these awards from the City of Los
Angeles to Baywatch for going above
and beyond the call of duty...*

Each of them gets a GOLD MEDAL around their neck from another distinguished lifeguard (PAMELA ANDERSON). And when she puts Brody's on, he shuts his eyes, complete. It's great closure for him, like the Olympic gold he never got. He turns to look at Summer, and her eyes are locked with his, welling up for him. He grins.

FADE TO:

FAMILIAR DRUMS START

We're back on the beach. A golden morning, the sun shining off wet sand. And as the FOO FIGHTERS new cover of 'I'll Be Ready' blasts triumphantly over SLO-MOTION:

CJ PARKER bounds down the beach, smiling. And now, **STEPHANIE** and **SUMMER** join her in the run. But look out, here comes

MITCH AND BRODY

Running together, stride for stride in identical red Baywatch swim trunks. Brody turns, calling on someone to catch up --

It's **ELLERBEE**, off the ATV and running with them, a pained but dopey grin on his face. And then, we focus in on the ocean as it bubbles, something emerging. And holy shit, it's

RONNIE

Only he's completely ripped just like the rest of them! (Note this will be a CGI effect -- Ronnie's real head on a completely different and amazingly sculpted body.)

They high five-each other, Ellerbee reaching into the surf and play splashing them as --

-- Mitch looks directly at us and winks.

END CREDITS