

"ALL WAVES MUST CRASH"

Made in Highland

WRITTEN BY: HENRI MOSS

NOTE: This film is shot on 35mm Kodak as well as 16mm wind-up Bolex for intro & ocean shots.

NARRATOR IS FLORENCE.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

NARRATOR (V.O.)
They say God created the ocean on
the third day.

A large blue wave begins to fold, upon the lip of the wave, the water begins to fall down towards the breaking point. The mist from the crest of the wave creates a haze.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
And that God created us on the
fifth day.

From behind the near crashing wave, we see a man standing on the beach. It's blurry as water drips from the lens, we see the silhouette of a surfboard next to him.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
We were never meant to conquer the
oceans, let alone the beauty of
its waves. But you see, I know the
secret. (Beat) All waves must
crash.

The wave crashes onto the breaking point, engulfing the lens. The sound rivals an avalanche.

TITLE: ALL WAVES MUST CRASH

CUT TO:

EXT. ZERO BEACH - DAY

SUPER: MALIBU, 2021

A hand pours sand onto a surfboard. He takes a bar of wax and begins to rub in the sand, digging it into the crevices of the board. His hand shakes as he prepares.

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In the back, the sounds of the beach, seagulls, a light breeze, and the smell of sunscreen. It's tranquil, except for the loud boom from a crashing set.

The man stands up.

MASON, mid 30's, long blonde hair and a jagged jaw stares blankly at the ocean. In the distance, waves in perfect barrels crash before him.

He closes his eyes and takes a deep breath. As he breaths out he slowly opens his eyes. He looks to his left and smiles.

MASON
You ready?

He grabs his board and runs towards the ocean.

He begins to paddle, his hands digging into the water like a shovel into dirt. As he nears the breaking point, a wave begins to foam in front of him. He pushes his board under the wave, a duck dive, as the bubbles begin to cloud around him.

MATCHCUT TO:

EXT. ZERO BEACH - DAY

MASON, 8, pops out from the wave he ducked under. He coughs profusely as another body pops out beside him.

Florence, mid 30's, long blond hair and a soft pale face blinks her eyes open. Water falls from her cheeks.

She looks To Mason.

FLORENCE
Look at you! Your first duck dive.

Mason far from amused, shakes his head.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)
You better keep paddling or the
next wave will crush ya.

Florence continues paddling out towards the breaking waves. Mason following his mother, begins paddling.

Mason paddles with his head on his board, his eyes fixated on the ocean floor instead of the waves in front of him.

Florence looks back at Mason.

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FLORENCE

You got to look up honey, all the
good things in life happen in
front of you, not behind.

Mason watches the sand slowly move to the rhythm of the swell.
The kelp beds sway and swirl along the bottom in an idyllic yet
simple manner.

Florence peels over the top of the wave, Mason right behind her
gets over just before it breaks.

Florence yells in delight.

FLORENCE

See that wasn't so bad. Now it's
time for the fun part.

Mason fearful, takes his eyes off the ocean floor and to his
mom. The sun illuminates her face, her crystal blue eyes
identical to the color of the sea. She looks out at the set
approaching.

The first wave goes by them with ease, but Mason looking back
at the wave crashing focuses on the power and sound the wave
creates.

MASON

Mama, I can't do this.

Florence looks to Mason.

FLORENCE

What's wrong?

Mason shakes on his board.

MASON

Im scared.

Florence smiles, confusing Mason.

FLORENCE

You know when I'm scared, I try
and break my fear down to the
smallest basic root.

CUTAWAY TO:

A wave in the distance begins to amass. The size is roughly
five feet and the face of the wave begins to steepen. It moves
slowly towards Florence and Mason.

Florence sees the wave and smiles.

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FLORENCE (CONT'D)
The waves? They're just water.
Nothing that can hurt you.

Florence paddles towards the impending wall of water.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)
Remember when you catch a wave,
just let it carry you. Follow its
flow, and let the momentum do the
rest. Just like life right?

She winks at Mason.

Florence paddles into the wave. The water picks up the board and begins to lift it along the face. She quickly pops up to her feet.

Mason looks in awe. He sees her smile. The elegance of her footwork on the board, the natural motion of the wave like a dance. She pulls out of the wave, her hands held high and her voice inaudibly screaming towards Mason.

Mason grins and looks at the next set.

MASON (V.O.)
Just like mom.

He paddles into the wave.

The audio is silent except for the beating of his heart, it races along as the wave begins to carry his board. In a swift motion he pops up and rides the wave. He smiles as his heartbeat begins to calm.

CUT TO:

EXT. ZERO BEACH - NIGHT

Mason and Florence sit on the beach next to a small bonfire. Mason lays on his back staring at the stars. He smiles as Florence looks at him.

SUPER: MALIBU, 1992

Mason points at the sky.

MASON
Mama! A shooting star!

FLORENCE
Whats your wish?

MASON
To surf everyday!

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Florence smiles, her eyes fixated on the fire, she coughs.

CUT TO:

INT. MAHASAGARA FAMILY HOME - DAY

SUPER: 1997

Mason, 13, runs down the stairs in full sprint. While he runs he puts on his wetsuit. He runs into his moms room.

There are old bowls piled on her nightstand. A plethora of medication lays scattered on the floor. The walls lined with surfing posters are torn and hanging.

Mason ignores the mess of the room.

MASON

Mama! The swell is the best I've ever seen it, let's go!

Florence sits on the side of her bed, her head in her hands. Tears stream between her fingers. She looks up at Mason, her figure is gaunt, hallow, and pale, a polarizing difference from her first appearance. She raises her head and looks at Mason. With pain she opens her mouth.

FLORENCE

I can't honey.

MASON

Your not going to go out on thee best day I've ever seen?

Florence stands up.

FLORENCE

I can't today, I'm sorry.

Mason shakes his head and leaves, slamming her door shut. A torn poster falls from the wall.

CUT TO:

EXT. ZERO BEACH PARKING LOT - DAY

SUPER: MALIBU 2000

Mason, 16, pulls down the trunk of the truck, and slides his surfboard out. He quickly waxes it and runs towards the ocean.

A car door closes.

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Florence walks around the backside of the truck and looks out at Mason. She watches him sprint along the beach and dive into the water.

Her face is gaunt, her hair shaved, and her eyes are sunken in. She wears a jacket and a blanket wrapped around her chest.

She sits on the beam alongside the parking lot and looks at Mason, who is now paddling out towards the waves.

She coughs, putting her hand up to her mouth, only for her to pull away revealing blood.

She watches Mason catch a wave, he rides with elegance in his footwork, like a dance, just like she used to.

She smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Doctors swarm around a hospital bed, the heart monitor beeps in a subliminal yet rhythmic way. Through the scattered doctors, Mason sits in a chair waiting to catch a glimpse of the action. His eyes are watery yet tears don't stream from his face. The focus is on Mason's face.

DOCTOR 1 (O.S.)
The cancer is too widespread.

DOCTOR 2 (O.S.)
We will have to go through the
left pulmonary vein.

DOCTOR 1 (O.S.)
It's too late, it's inoperable.

DOCTOR 2 (O.S.)
We'll get morphine, dammit.

Through the doctors, Florence's face slowly turns towards Mason. Their eyes meet as Mason rushes towards his mom.

MASON
MAMA!

Florence reaches her hand out through the doctors, Mason grabs it. Mason stares at his mom, tubes run through her nose, and her face now equivalent to a skeleton.

Florence mouths slowly through hard breaths.

FLORENCE
I. (beat) Love you.

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Through her speech she smiles.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)
Remember. Go with the flow-

Florence chokes on her words.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)
Like life, right?

Florence smiles. He grin as magnifying as when she was on the waves many years ago.

Mason is now in full tears. He watches Florence close her eyes, the sound of the heart monitor begins too slow.

MASON
Mama No, please mama. Im sorry! I
need you. I need you. Mama! Wake
up! Please! PLEASE! (Beat) please.

Florence's hand slips out of Masons, falling to the side of the bed. Mason rests his head on her chest, as the doctors watch the emotional display.

Mason cries.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

A bonfire rages as Mason sits beside it staring blankly into the flames. His eyes look burnt out, he continues staring motionless. Right as the pain kicks in and water begins to form, he blinks, sending tears down his cheeks. The light of the fire reflects in the tears.

As he looks into the fire, visions of his mom flow on screen. The first surf lesson, the surf trip they took, surfing together. The images pick up pace, as Mason notices a consistent theme in the images: surfing.

In a fit of rage, Mason heads towards the surf shed.

He pulls out the boards and throws them onto the grass.

He picks one up, his first board and begins to smash it against his knee. After a struggle, he gets the board to break in half.

He throws it into the fire.

MONTAGE OF MASON BREAKING BOARDS

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He breaks the boards and throws them into the fire. The fire grows larger, as he breaks each board. The rage in him is visible, as he smashes each board with more intensity than the predecessor. After smashing his mothers board, he falls to the ground crying, emotional spent.

MASON
No more. No more.

FADE TO:

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAY

SUPER: MALIBU, 2021

Mason, mid 30's drives along the Pacific coast highway. He rides in a red truck similar to one his mom used to drive. He stares at the road in front of him.

From the passenger seat, noises imitating gun shots begin to dominate the audio. The camera PANS to show a boy, 8, playing with a toy star fighter.

Mason smiles.

FLORENT
Papa, you're dead. I just shot you.

MASON
If I'm dead whose going to drive you?

Florent looks at Mason.

MASON (CONT'D)
Ah- ha! I win. Now for lunch I think we should go-

FLORENT
Woah!

MASON looks over at Florent, his eyes are fixated on the ocean, on Zero beach. The waves are curling with light mist on the lip, a soft takeoff as surfers young and old ride the waves.

MASON
You know your dad used to surf.

FLORENT
Really? Show me! Show me!

MASON
It's been too long, I can't.

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FLORENT

Please!

Mason looks at the beach, he sees the surfers, a haunting sight, a lost memory, yet one which is not unwelcome. The audio goes silent, except the beating of his heart.

MASON AGE 8 (V.O.)

Just like mom.

FLORENCE (V.O.)

Follow its flow, and let the momentum do the rest. Just like life right?

Mason looks at his son.

His heart beat calms.

MASON

We are gonna need a board aren't we?

Florent smiles.

The truck drives around the bend towards the town.

An image of the ocean waves crashing, the foam washing ashore.

CUT TO:

INT. SURF SHOP - DAY

The door to the shop opens, a bell rings letting the owner know customers arrived.

Mason looks around the store in reclusive nostalgia, he feels the boards on the rack. The rails soft to the touch, the fins like daggers on the wall. He focuses on a red longboard. He walks slowly to its holdings, hesitant to take any step closer. He stares at the board with confusion, yet puts his hand out. He touches the front deck, closes his eyes and puts his head to the board. The board is the same model as his mothers old board.

MASON

Mama.

Florent looks around the shop in pure wonder, his eyes consuming the array of colors and life within the store. He grabs a board from the rack.

FLORENT

Papa! Can I get this! Please!
Please!

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Mason stares at his board. Images of Florence fill the screen.
He smiles.

He turns to Florent and nods.

MATCHCUT TO:

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

The shot mirrors the beginning. Mason pops out of the wave.
Right beside him Florent pops out from under the wave, he is
coughing profusely.

Mason laughs.

MASON
You better keep paddling or the
next wave will crush ya.

Mason continues paddling. Florent follows suit.

JUMPCUT TO:

The water is calm. An in between set has made the water flat
and smooth. The sun sets on the ocean as Mason and Florent look
out at the water.

Mason looks to his right and sees Florent, he is smiling and
giggling as he rolls over on his board.

The sun finally sets.

Mason rides a wave, through the sea mist, he sees the
silhouette of his mother in the ocean, he smiles.

Florent looks in awe as Mason rides the board with elegance in
his footwork, like a dance.

He watches a wave approach. As he begins to paddle into the
wave.

FLORENT (V.O.)
Just like dad.

END.

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