



## Surf's Up

By Larry N. Sapp II

A new dawn lightens up a dark sky just before the sun peaks the horizon for another day. A handful of surfers prepare themselves and their surfboards on the San Clemente, California beach. One surfer, Jack Cahill, is already in the water catching a wave. Watching him riding the wave you know even if he wasn't the only one in the water you'd be watching him anyway. Jack makes it look so natural that it makes you want to go out and surf even if you have never done it before.

Jack is nineteen years old and been surfing since he was seven when he was introduced to it by his best friend, Steve who's father taught him and then Jack. That first time is one of Jack's earliest memories and one that he treasures. From then on Jack spent every moment he could at the beach and in the water. He absolutely loves it and surfs for that fact alone. Now he is on the Pro Surfing tour and looks like he will be crowned this years Champion Surfer. Many of the surfers have nicknames. Jack is known as "Crusher" because he is known to crush waves when he is surfing and girls' hearts when he isn't.

Now Jack is surfing before the sun comes up and the water gets too crowded. Right now he is in his element. This is where he lives life and he loves this even more than when he is competing and winning in front of his adoring fans. For

Jack it isn't about competing or about money. But since he graduated from school it is nice he can make money doing what he loves and what he does best.

Beautiful wave, beautiful sky, peaceful and yet powerful scene as Jack continues to surf. Only now it is the middle of the afternoon at the Pro Surfing competition as Jack "Crusher" Cahill takes the point lead. He rides into shore and walks up the beach. Fans and some press from surfing magazines flood him. The crowd surrounds Crusher as he continues to move forward on the beach until he reaches his spot where he plants his surfboard and answers questions while signing autographs.

"Crusher, after capturing the point lead half way through the season and keeping it all the way to this final event, how do you feel about being the odds on favorite to becoming the year's Surfing Champion?" asked by a print journalist with his notepad ready to write down Crusher's answer.

"I haven't won anything yet." The crowd of fans jeer. Crusher smiles and continues, "But if I do it will be nice to be recognized for doing what I love to do." Another reporter interjects, "And you do it so well. But the points show that it is down to this event. What if Jarod Thompson wins today?" Crusher shrugs it off and says, "According to the points he would have to take first place and I would have to be in last. That will never happen!" The crowd of fans cheer. The same reporter continues, "Then after you win, what will you do next?" "I will wake up tomorrow morning before sunrise and be ready to hit the water as soon as it is light enough and surf all day without it mattering to you, to the judges, the Pro surfing tour and without the crowds around!" Crusher dries off his head, throws the towel down and walks off.

Most of the crowd disperses except for three girls who run to catch up to Crusher. One of them puts her arm around his. "You know it would be great if you would come to our party tonight." Crusher smiles as he continues to walk. "What's in it for me?" Another girl, Kirstie hurries to step in front of Crusher stopping him in his tracks. "I would do anything for you." Crusher again grins and replies, "Didn't you do anything for me last week?" "Yeah, several times as I remember! But this time it will be even better." "Oh yeah. How?" Kirstie scrambles to think of something. Crusher side steps her and continues to walk. The third girl quickly comes to the rescue, jumps next to Kirstie and says, "Hey Crusher!" He turns around but walks backward. She continues, "I'll be there this time!" Crusher stops. "At the same time?" Kirstie and her friend look at each other, smiles and then back to Crusher. "Of course!" "Okay, I'll be there!" Crusher turns around and walks into the public beach bathroom. The girls jump with excitement as the first girl says, "He's coming. Now everyone will be there and my party will be the greatest of all." The third girl turns to Kirstie with eyes open wide, "You were with him last week?" Kirstie smiles and nods her head yes. "Oh

and you didn't tell us. Tell us now!" The girls walk away as Kirstie begins to tell them.

A few minutes later Crusher grabs his board and rushes past the crowds on the beach and back into the water. Kirstie and the other girls are joined by a few more whom all jump and cheer for Crusher. Two other girls lying on their towels watch the celebration. "Why do they get all excited." "Jillian, its Jack Cahill. The Crusher." Jillian shakes her head. "Have you seen him? He acts like it is all about him. I wouldn't waste my time. He'd only forget you the next day." "Maybe but I bet it would be worth it!" Jillian shakes her head in disgust.

On the water Crusher sits on his board waiting for the right wave. A few feet away, Jarod Thompson paddles on his board next to Crusher. "So you going to be the 1987 surf champion?" Crusher smiles and answers, "This is the last ride of this event and I don't think anything can stop me from beating you." Jarod sarcastically laughs, "You have had a very good season. If I didn't have the flu during the Quicksilver event in San Diego last month, I'd have a least as many points as you, probably more." Crusher looks directly at Jarod. "You're dreaming. I was leading in the points before Diego and I have ever since. Including this event." Jarod slowly shakes his head and says, "This event isn't over yet." The both of them stare each other down for a few moments. Crusher breaks away and looks behind him at the wave developing. Jarod immediately checks it out. Crusher is laying on his surfboard paddling to catch it. Jarod quickly lies down and does the same. Because Crusher is on the breaking side he has a slight advantage of catching it first. Jarod uses all of his strength and forces himself next to Crusher and pushes him away. Jarod catches the wave as Crusher is forced behind it and now watches Jarod. Crusher yells, "Damn it. You cheater." He continues to yell at Jarod and doesn't see another wave crests just above him. Crusher turns and without any time to react sees the wave engulf and crash on top of him. Crusher tosses under the water to the forces of the wave when all of a sudden his surfboard hits him in his back with tremendous force.

Back on the beach the entire crowd jumps to their feet. Lifeguards rush into the water. The event announcer comes on the PA and says, "Back away from the lifeguards and the waters' edge everyone, please. Give them room." Everyone waits with hope that Crusher is okay. The lifeguards reach Crusher and quickly place him on the rescue board. Crusher is unconscious as they bring him back to the beach. Once at the shore they raise the rescue board up and carry him to the parking lot where an Ambulance awaits. The crowd, although in shock, follows at a safe distance up the beach and near the parking lot as they place Crusher into the Ambulance and it drives away.

## 2

Several knocks on the door awaken Jack. He rubs his eyes, shakes his head and sits up using his arms to prop himself up. The knocks continue and Jack uses his arms to lift his legs off the bed one at a time and places his feet onto the floor. He positions his wheelchair at an angle and transfers himself into it. Unlocking the wheelchair brakes he rolls out of his bedroom and through the unkempt living room including the roll over an empty beer can. Jack opens the front door. Three teenage guys greet Jack. "Hey Mr. Cahill, is Chase here?" Jack scratches his head turns around to look into the house and replies, "No. If he didn't answer the damn door, he must not be here." "Oh, okay. He was going to give us a ride to school today, but that's cool. Thanks anyway." The guys turn around and leave. Jack closes the door and looks around the living room. Besides the mess there are the memories of old accomplishments hanging, most of them slightly crooked, of his surfing awards and newspaper articles that feature, Jack "Crusher" Cahill of twenty years ago. One of them is of his surfing accident and talking about his paralysis.

Jack rolls into the kitchen that is just as a mess as the living room. He opens the refrigerator to find it nearly empty with only a few odd items, some condiment bottles and no food. There is one beer can and Jack picks it up. It is already open and feels rather light as if it is empty. He shakes it a little, raises it to his mouth and tries to take a drink anyway. Nothing. He closes the refrigerator door and toss the can in an already overflowing trash can in the corner of the kitchen. It hits perfectly on top but causes three or four of them to crash to the floor.

"Jack! Jack are you here?" Jillian comes through the front door carrying two coffees and some doughnuts. She walks toward the kitchen as Jack rolls to the kitchen entryway. "There you are. Here you go, breakfast as usual!" She walks up to Jack, bends over and gives him a kiss. She backs away only a couple of inches and pauses to look into his eyes. "Good morning." Jillian then backs up and goes to the table to set down the coffee and doughnuts. Jack sighs, "I guess. Chase's friends came by looking for him. As usual he isn't here." He rolls over to the table and opens the lid on the coffee. Jillian cleans up a few more empty beer cans taking them to the trash where she wraps up the trash bag picking up those that fell moments ago. "I'll get that" Jacks quips. "I know" Jillian says knowing that he wouldn't or else it would've already been done. Tying up the trash bag she sets it near the kitchen entryway and places a new bag in the trash can. Jack opens the doughnuts and eats one. Jillian mentions, "You need eat, take your shower and get to the shop." "I know, Jillian. You don't need to tell me everyday." "Somebody does." "What the hell does that mean?" "If I didn't you wouldn't get to work or at least not until middle of the day." "So what." "So what? So what about all the business you're losing? I remember when you got up before sunrise to get to the beach." "That was a long time ago. I am a different person now" "Yes you are but what's inside your heart is the same. What makes you tick is the same."

"Whatever." Jack pauses for a moment and thinks about it and then drinks the last of his coffee. "I'm going to take my shower." Jack stops and turns around. "Oh and my truck is still in the shop. Can you give me a ride?" "Yes, Jack." Jack rolls off to the bathroom while Jillian goes to the sink to do the dishes.

### 3

Jack's son, seventeen-year-old, Chase and his sixteen-year-old girlfriend, Tara just picked up breakfast from a fast food drive thru and parks in the parking lot to eat. Chase tears into the bag of food as Tara tries to help and get her own. Eating Tara still manages to get out a few words. "Why don't we skip school today and go surf." Chase chokes a little on his food, coughs and quickly takes a drink to help swallow it down. "I can't I have a test today." "Oh come on. What about just this morning then? We can get back by lunch." Chase shakes his head. "No. We don't need to go today." "I know we don't need to. I just want to. Don't you want to?" Chase looks over at Tara and shakes his head no. "What about the competition this weekend?" "What about it?" "Well don't you want to practice? I know you're the point leader but "Zoolander" Zeke is not far behind." Chase gets upset shaking his head and hands. "Do not speak his name. I will whip him and show everyone that I am a champion." "So lets go get in the water and get ready for this weekend." "I don't need practice. You know that by now. It is all natural for me." Tara sighs, looks away for a moment and then asks, "Is your dad going to be there this time?" "I doubt it. He always says that he will but never does. He hasn't seen any of my competitions." Tara moves her wrappers and drink to turn toward Chase. "You should make him drive you to one. Then he'd see how great you are." Chase shakes his head. "I don't think so. He seems to get all he needs to know by the awards and press I get." "Don't worry he'll be there at one soon." Chase disappointedly shrugs and starts the engine. "So can we skip school this morning?" "NO!" Chase aggressively drives off in a hurry.



### 4

Raymond Chang, a college age young man sits on the hood of his car in the parking lot of "Sunrise Surf Shop" Jack's aging and lackluster business. Ray has been working for Jack since he was a kid. He started out running errands for Jack and although he doesn't seem to have a job title, or as of lately a paycheck,

he continues to put in hours assisting in the shop. Ray has admired Jack or what he once was as the legend of Jack the "Crusher". In fact that is what seems to adorn most of the shop. Surfboards and clothing all designed by Jack has his signature "Crusher" logo on all of it. But as time as moved on and because Jack doesn't do much anymore the legend of Crusher has faded much like the Sunrise Surf Shop. Jack continues to hang on to it and is probably why he has kept Ray around because Ray helps keep the legend alive by talking about Crusher's accomplishments in the shop as the customers come in and during the quiet times in between. Those quiet times are now a lot longer and get longer each day.

Ray has a sketchbook on his lap as he sits on his car waiting for Jack to show up and open the shop. He seems a bit intense in his drawing in the sketchbook until Jillian drives up with Jack. Ray quickly closes up the book and jumps off the car. "Hey Crusher how are you doing, man?" Jack pulls out his wheelchair that is folded up and behind his seat. "Fine. What's up, Ray?" Jack continues to transfer into his chair. Ray shifts attention to greet Jillian. "Hello, Jillian." Jillian smiles and returns the greeting. Ray returns to Jack as Jack opens the shop. They all follow him in.

The shop is small, dark and dank. Three circular clothing racks that seem crowded and unorganized cramp up the front of the store. Some wetsuits hang on one wall along with surfboards on a rack that holds them upright. The other walls are windows although you'd hardly recognize them from the old name brand stickers, flyers of out dated events and dirt that cover them.

"Hey Jack I have some more ideas I'd like to show you about how we can liven up this place." "Not now, Ray." Unfazed Ray replies with optimism and excitement, "Okay. How about later?" "Yeah, yeah, later." Ray sets his book down on the sales counter and prepares the cash register to open the shop. Jack rolls to the back where he designs and makes his surfboards. He turns on the light and there is more of an open feeling in the room then in the storefront. Jillian follows closely behind. "I really think you should listen to Ray. He is a smart kid and after all that is what he is in college for." "In college for?" "Yeah, you know in business marketing. He's sharp." "Well when I feel I need help running my shop then I will ask for it." Jillian gets in front of Jack to get his undivided attention. "Look at this place. It hasn't made enough money to pay the overhead in several months. You need to do something." "Yeah, yeah, okay. I'll think about it." Jack goes back to shaping a surfboard. Jillian shakes her head and goes back to the store. Jack aggressively sands the surfboard in a frenzy and then abruptly stops to contemplate about what is really going on.

Jillian looks through Ray's sketchbook while he is busy opening the store. "These are really good, Ray." Ray stops for a moment and looks at Jillian. "You think so?" "Yes I do. You keep coming up with great ideas." "Thanks. Maybe someday

they will be put to good use." Jillian smiles and nods her head with a worried yet hopeful look. Ray goes back to work. "We need to open up some. I wish we could get these racks outside. Like a sidewalk sale." Jillian's optimism returns. "That is a great idea." She hurries around the counter and goes to the front door. She opens the door, steps outside and turns back to notice the racks are too large to make it out the front door. "There has to be a way." She walks back in and looks at the clothing rack. Ray shakes his head. "We'd have to take all the clothes off and then find a way to fold it or break them down to get them out there." A pause as he looks at Jillian. Seems impossible and then Jillian smiles. "Then lets do it." "Are you crazy?" Jillian's smile grows wider as she takes a handful of clothes off the rack "What else are we going to do today?" Ray smiles too and grabs some clothes. "Okay but we should do this so it's easy to put them back on when we get the rack outside." They place the clothes on the floor in a specific order to type of clothes. Once done Ray looks for a way to take the rack apart.

Jack hears a noise and turns down the music in the back of the shop. He rolls out to the front of the store. "What the hell is going on here?" Jillian and Ray freeze at Jack's anger then look at each other and back to Jack. Jillian breaks the tense silence by giving a don't care attitude, smiling and saying, "We're re-organizing." A man wearing a business suit walks through the open front door and is stopped by the clothes on the floor and the rack nearly in pieces. Jack looks at him. "Jimbo. They let you out of the bank during daylight hours?" "Very funny, Jack. We have to talk." Jack turns and rolls toward the back shop. Jim steps over the clothes and carefully past Jillian. "Hi, Jillian." "Hello, Jim."

Jim walks into the back shop where Jack has resumed work on the surfboard. "So what's up?" Jim takes a deep sigh. "I don't know how to tell you this but you have to come up with some money." Jack looks puzzled. "What do you mean?" "Jack, we go back a long way." Jack interjects, "Yeah I can remember when we would hit the water together." "Those were good days. The bank is going to foreclose on the shop." "What the hell are you talking about? I may be a bit behind, but I'll make it. You know it." "Jack, you're more than a bit behind. You're four months behind and I cannot take the heat any longer." "Did you call Graham?" "Of course but he hasn't answered or returned my calls for weeks now." Jack rolls over toward Jim. "Okay, I will take care of it." "Thanks, you know I have always helped you Jack but my hands are tied now." "It's okay. I promise." They both head into the front of the store. "You got thirty days." They go to the front door where Jillian and Ray are hanging the last of the clothes on to the rack outside. "Thanks, Jimbo. Take care and I'll call you." Jim smiles while shaking Jack's hand. He bids farewell to Jillian and Ray then walks off. Jack looks at Jillian and Ray and the rack. He shakes his head and rolls back inside. Jillian and Ray smile at each other. Jillian says, "Okay we got two more." Ray nods his head "Let's go."

## 5

The painted sign on the door says, "Graham Davis, CPA". Men and women in business suits are going through files, the desk, computer and collecting most of it into boxes where men in blue jumpsuit uniforms cart them out of the office and down into waiting trucks. One worker is pushing a dolly with boxes stacked up out of the office and through the hallway toward the elevators.

Jack exits the elevator and immediately rolls to the right. He approaches the hallway and turns left to follow it down to the office. At the same time he makes the turn he meets with the man pushing the dolly with boxes and they nearly crash into one another. "Whoa, sorry I didn't see you." Jack responds, "That's okay, I didn't see you either!" Jack rolls around to continue down the hall. The man says, "Have a good day." Jack replies, "Thanks. You too."

Jack enters the office with all the activity. One of the men in suits quickly walks over with his hand waving as soon as he recognizes Jack and says, "Whoa, whoa there. You cannot enter here." "Who the hell are you? And where is Graham?" The man pulls out his badge and shows it to Jack. "My name is Agent McFarland and we do not know where Mr. Davis is. Do you have any idea where he could be?" Annoyed, Jack replies sarcastically, "I would've guessed with your wife, but I obviously don't have as much information as it seems you guys have." Agent McFarland bites his tongue, smiles while shaking his head and then asks, "What is your name?" "I am Jack Cahill. Can I at least ask what is going on here?" Agent McFarland has a quizzical look on his face as he turns and walks over to the desk. He picks up some papers and with them in hand he turns back around toward Jack. "A.K.A the Crusher?" "Yeah, I'm Crusher Cahill." The agent continues, "It looks like you were a client of Mr. Davis." "Were a client? What does that mean?" Agent McFarland turns to the desk again to grab a file. "Seems Mr. Davis has taken off somewhere and has taken a lot of his clients' money with him. Including yours." Agent McFarland hands Jack the file. "In fact he has also arranged some large loans on behalf of these clients, including you and your business, Sunrise Surf Shop. He set up various dummy accounts off shore then transferred it between them and several others only to finally end up in some Swiss bank account. We can only presume." Jack closes the file and asks, "And now he is missing?" "Has been for the last two weeks. His wife, not mine, was the first to report him missing." Jack a bit embarrassed shakes his head and then asks, "Any leads? And what is the chance you will recover my money?" "No and nearly none."

One of the other Agents interrupts, "We just about have everything." Agent McFarland nods his head and continues with Jack. "We have your contact info here in this paperwork. If anything comes up we will let you know." Agent McFarland turns to grab a box off the desk. Stunned, Jack stares into space.



Agent McFarland turns back to Jack. "I'm sorry but you're going to have to leave. We have to lock up." Jack still stunned turns and rolls out.

## 6

At Jack's house Chase searches through the kitchen pantry, cabinets, and refrigerator. He locates a can of Pringles in the fridge, pulls it out, opens it and finds there are only a few left before it is all crumbs. Chase eats them while pulling out a 2-liter bottle of Coke. It too is less than half full and Chase unscrews the cap and takes a drink right from the bottle. Chase takes it all with him and goes into the living room where he sits comfortably on the couch.

Jack flushes the toilet in the master bathroom and joins Chase in the living room. "So, Chase why are you not out there catching waves right now?" "Because it is 5 p.m. and the breakers are not hitting that well at this time of day." Jack nods his head, "That's right I forgot." Chase shakes his head and responds, "What a shocker." "Excuse me! What the hell is that suppose to mean?" Chase sits up and sets the Pringles on the coffee table. "Well if you would get out there and back on the board maybe you wouldn't forget so much of what it is like out there." "I meant that I had forgotten the time of day. This has been a day from hell and I can't wait for it to be over with." Jack opens a can of Budweiser and takes a long drink. Chase leans back into the couch. "Oh. Well, still I don't know why you are still avoiding the subject of surfers with disabilities. I found another website talking about them and their passion for the water." Jack interrupts with his disdain for what Chase just said. "What the hell do you know about passion? You surf as if you're at an insurance seminar." Chase takes offense and stands up raising his voice. "How the hell would you know anything about how I surf? I have been on the pro tour for the last 10 months and you still haven't been to any of my competitions." Jack returns defensively. "I have seen you surf." "Oh yeah, seven years ago from your truck in the parking lot with a pair of binoculars. Did you really think you could see me that well?" An awkward pause as Jack has no response. Chase shakes his head and concludes. "You know what? No never mind. Fuck this and fuck you. I do not need all of this shit. Tomorrow I have another competition in Diego. Maybe you'd like to come see your son do what you used to do, only better." Chase turns and walks away. He puts his hand in his pocket for his keys and finds a paper. He pulls it out, opens it from the crumpled mess, recognizes it and turns back to Jack. "Here. It's the phone number and website for the disabled surfers association. Just in case you ever get the need to practice what you preach." Chase throws it on the coffee table near Jack. Chase then turns and quickly leaves.

Outside, Jillian carries bags of groceries from her car across the lawn and toward the front door. Chase comes storming out the door and right past Jillian. Jillian

lightly spins as Chase goes by. He stops after a couple of steps and turns back around to Jillian. "I'm sorry Jillian. You want some help?" Chase walks back to carry some groceries. "No, that's okay, Chase. I've got it." "Are you sure? You have been like a mother to me. More than my own mother. But I cannot take his shit any more." Jillian nods her head. "I know it seems like he doesn't care, but you are sometimes the only reason he gets up out of bed some mornings." "Well he has a sure weird way of showing it." Chase starts to walk away backwards while still facing Jillian. "I've got to go." He then turns and goes to his car. Jillian has a concerned and understanding look as she turns back and resumes walking toward the front door.

Inside Jack has transferred from his chair to the couch where he is packing his wooden pipe with weed and then frantically searches for his missing lighter inside the specially made wooden stash box.

Jillian steps inside the front door. "Hi there baby. How are you? Jack acknowledges with a grunt as he frantically continues his search. Jillian heads to the kitchen and asks, "What did you say to Chase?" Jack doesn't even look up and asks, "Do you have a light?" Jillian sets the bags of groceries down on the kitchen table. "Oh, no hi, how's it going." Jack stops his search, sighs as he leans back in the couch with the pipe in his hand and looks at Jillian. "Hi, how are you, how's it going in your purse and is there a lighter in there." Jillian picks up her purse that she set down with the groceries, digs in to grab the light and tosses it to Jack. "Thanks." Jack lights up his pipe with a long drag. "As soon as I put this food away I am going to make you some dinner. Are you hungry?" Jack nods his head, takes another long drag. He holds it and tilts his head back to rest it on the couch and then slowly exhales.

Jillian brings the last dish of food to the table where Jack is already heaping mounds on his plate. Jillian sits down and starts to put food on her plate. "You know we should really talk about, I mean we should think about, moving in with each other." Jack doesn't stop eating. "Not this again." "Well this is just as much about being personal as it is about economics." "What the hell does that mean?" Jillian sets her fork down to focus on Jack. "It means, I am looking for some way to help you out." "Help me out?" "Help us out. I can only do so much and helping you pay for this place and my place and food and without much coming in from the surf shop. I just think it makes sense." "Of course." Jillian gets frustrated. "What are you so afraid of? I have been with you for the past 17-18 years ever since..." Jack looks at Jillian. "Since? Go ahead." "You know, since your accident. And when everyone stopped coming around, who was still there? And has been for all the years since. Can't you see how much I care about you and love you? So what's the big deal?" Jack stops eating and leans back from the table. He pauses and then replies "I am going to come back. I will make all this right and then the financial things will all be in line." Jillian shakes her head. "I know. You have said that time and time again but this time it's different. There is

a lot more going on and a lot more at stake.” Jack again pauses with no reply. Jillian takes a final bite and then stands up. “Listen, I have to go. I’ll be back in the morning. Just leave all of this and I’ll clean up then.” She walks over, bends down and kisses Jack. He responds with a kiss. “I’ll see you then,” she says as she then leaves out the front door. Jack pushes away from the table and goes over to open the refrigerator door. It is now stocked with food and what Jack really wants as he grabs a beer. He opens it right there and takes a good long drink.



## 7

Chase and Tara walk from the parking lot to the San Diego beach. It is crowded with spectators, reporters, professional surfing officials, and corporations from Pepsi, Quicksilver, Vans, Budweiser, Oakley, Billabong, Element, Roxy and many others trying to sell their products by sponsoring everything from swimsuit competitions to hot dog eating contests. If it weren't for the name on the banner it would be hard to tell it is a surfing competition.

Tara is filled with energy stemming from her excitement. “This is it. One more run and you will be the winner and take more of a lead in the championship points! Aren't you excited?” Chase forces a smile. “Yeah, it's great. I can do this and when I win the championship next weekend I'll be set. And so will you.” “What do you mean?” “If, I mean when I win the championship, Rip Curl has made me an offer of big bucks to endorse them.” Tara walks in front of Chase and stops him. “But that will mean you have to use their products, their boards.” Chase walks around Tara. “Yeah so what.” “So what? So that means you won't be using your dad's boards. And you are the best advertisement he can get.” Chase shakes his head. “And you would think if it was that important to him he would be here. But do you see him? Hell, no he isn't here. He is never here.” “Yeah well he needs you even if he isn't thinking about it.” Tara stops and Chase continues to walk down the beach toward the crowds. He turns and as he is walking tells Tara, “Well it is time for me to start taking care of me.” Chase turns back around and walks into the crowds where adoring fans and reporters smother him.

Tara throws her arms up in the air in disgust and turns back toward the parking lot. As she walks, Ray pops around a car on his way to the beach. "Hey Tara." "Hi, Raymond. How are you doing?" "Same ol', same ol', you know. And you?" Tara shakes her head but with a smile to keep it light. "I really don't want to get into it. So are you becoming a filmmaker? I always see you here at the events with that video camera." Ray lifts up the camera he has in one hand. "Oh, yeah. Well I like to edit it together with some music and cool stuff on my computer." "That's good. Have any good stuff with Chase in it?" "Yeah, some but you know I try to capture all the good stuff – like the swimsuit competition!" Tara nods toward the beach. "Well you better get back to it. They are about to start the finals and of course Chase is in it. That is if you can get away from the beach bunnies at the barely wearing a swimsuit contest!" Ray chuckles and replies, "Thanks. Take care." Tara nods her head and smiles again. Ray takes off in a hurry to the beach.

Chase surfs another nearly flawless wave with technical perfection. He then walks to the shore where people come running up to congratulate him even before the scores are announced. A friend comes up and takes his surfboard to carry it up for him.

Chase makes it up the shore to where the crowd is and a reporter from Surfer magazine breaks through the crowd that is surrounding Chase. "So how confident are you that you will win the championship next week?" "Anything can happen, but if the waves are right and I catch one, I can guarantee it! After all I am the best!" "How about your dad? How is he doing and has he taught you anything about surfing or given you any advice on dealing with the stress of a championship season?" Chase sighs and then answers "He is doing fine. And although he never surfed for the fame of it and mostly just because he loved it, he hasn't taught me much. I am much more technically talented and gifted than he ever was." The reporter's eyes widen with shock of such a bold statement. "Wow, okay. Well good luck next week." The reporter then leaves and the crowd continues to hover over Chase as he eats it up.

## 8

Chase's mother, Jack's former girlfriend, Kirstie Penderson knocks furiously on Jack's front door. As soon as she gets no answer she walks in as if this was a habit. "You cannot ignore me, Jack." She walks into the living room where Jack is sprawled out on the couch asleep. Empty beer cans surround the couch as is his open stash box, pipe and water bong that is laying over and spilled on the wooden floor. Kirstie kicks a couple of the beer cans on the floor to get closer to Jack. "Wake the hell up you waste case." Jack stirs and looks up to see Kirstie. "Ohhhhh." Jack then buries his head. "Come on. I have to talk to you." Jack stirs again, sits up and then although he really doesn't want to hear the answer, he

asks anyway, "Okay what the hell do you want?" Jack rubs the sleep out of his eyes and then looks for a beer can that might have some left in it sitting on the coffee table. Shaking each one and then sitting it back down on the table. Kirstie continues her rant. "I cannot believe you. This is not how I want Chase to see what grown adult life is like." Jack positions his wheelchair so he can transfer onto it. "Well yesterday he told me where to go and I wouldn't be surprised if he doesn't come back." "Where to go? I think you're already there, Jack." Jack situates himself on his chair, unlocks the brakes and rolls to the television where he pops out a videocassette from the VCR on the shelf right under the television. Jack sets it on his lap and continues onto the master bathroom in his bedroom. Kirstie follows him into the bedroom where Jack opens the bottom drawer of his dresser and tosses the video tape into it where a lot of others lay. Kirstie remarks, "Is that all of your X-rated porn tapes?" Jack rolls into the bathroom and leaves the door open. "Please shut the fuck up." He inserts his intermittent catheter and places the plastic hand held male urinal to catch the urine. Kirstie walks around the bedroom and asks, "Do you even know where your son is today?" Jack flings his head back, "Oh, shit. Yes, I do. Do you?" "Yes he is at the surfing competition in San Diego. And where are you? Here passed out from too much beer and weed. Again." "I don't see you there supporting him." "I am not the one he looks up to in surfing." That's your area. Even though you are still hanging on to the fame that has passed you by many, many years ago." Jack empties the urinal into the toilet and then flushes it. He set the urinal on top of the tank and turns to face Kirstie. "Oh, Fuck you. It was that fame that had you throwing your legs up in the air with no resistance." Jack turns back to the sink, washes his hands, and splashes some water on his face and hair. Kirstie continues, "Yeah, and although you didn't last very long, at least it was back when you could fuck."

Jack rolls out of the bathroom with a stern look on his face. "What the hell would you know? That was a month before my accident and you sure as hell weren't around when I went into the hospital or anytime after that. Well not until you wanted to tell me you were pregnant with my baby." "Yeah, well I had my hands full. I couldn't play nursemaid to you like, Jillian did. Before your accident she never even gave you a second glance." Jack rolls out of the bedroom and back through the living room to the kitchen. Kirstie continues, "She just needed someone or something to take care of. A new gimp seemed to perfect timing." Jack stops and turns around. "Okay now you've gone too far, bitch. First of all Jillian was much more of a woman back then and now then you'll ever be. She wasn't with me because of the fame or so she could show her friends who is fucking her. She liked me for me. And what the hell did I say about you calling me gimp?" Kirstie gets a mocking look on her face while shaking her head slightly from left to right. "Ohhhh, that's right I am not suppose to say gimp, because I am not a gimp." Jack turns back to the refrigerator and pulls out some orange juice. "You don't understand." "Listen I just came here to tell you that I am sick of asking you for the child support check each month and I am going to take

you to court.” Jack stops drinking the orange juice from the carton. “What the hell for?” Kirstie gives a sarcastic sigh and answers, “For back child support. Chase’s expenses have gotten a lot larger the past couple of years and you have barely contributed.” “Barely contributed? He has been living here. I take care of all of his needs and have for nearly the past three years.” “Yeah and this is the environment in which the judge will grant me the money and restrict you from seeing him.”

Jack rolls to the living room. “I can’t fuckin’ believe you. You don’t need any money. Why don’t you sell that new Lexus you have?” Jack points out the front door at her car in the driveway. “That is a lease and Stephan helped me with that.” Jack rolls right at Kirstie. “Get the hell out of here.” Jack acts like he is going to run over Kirstie as she complies and heads for the front door. “Fine and you better stop all this drinking and especially smoking all that pot. Do you all of a sudden have glaucoma?” Jack responds, “No I have something just as bad. I cannot use my legs. I cannot feel my legs. So what is wrong with a little weed to relieve some of this fuckin’ stress I wake up to every morning with my wheelchair staring right at me?” Kirstie has no response. Jack continues, “Just get the hell out of here and don’t come back here again. If you want to talk call on the phone like everyone else.” Kirstie opens the front door with Jack right behind her. She turns and answers, “Yeah like everybody else – because no one wants to come here to this dump. And if you would just answer your phone once in a while, I wouldn’t have to come here.” “Yeah, just fuck off.” Jack brushes his hand in the air toward her. Kirstie gets to her car door and says “I will see you in court, Jack “Crusher” Cahill.” She gets into her car and drives away. Jack shakes his head and goes inside.

## 9

Jillian and Raymond are at the counter of the Sunrise Surf Shop dreaming over some advertisement designs and marketing ideas for the shop. Jack rolls through the front door. Jillian lights up and rushes over to him. “Hey, baby. How did it go?” Jillian sits down on his lap sidesaddle, leans over and kisses him. He kisses her back and then responds, “Not good. They said my truck was fixed but as I was driving out of the parking lot it was making the same sound on the passenger side. I was so pissed.” Raymond asks, “Are they going to fix it?” Jack continues to roll further into the shop and toward the counter with Jillian on his lap and for safety she wraps her arms around his shoulders and neck. “Hell yes. I took it right back to the garage door and the mechanic was already outside and could hear that damn noise. He might not be able to hear anymore.” Raymond gives a little laugh and says, “Did you yell at him?” “I yelled and cursed and told them I was not paying for any more repairs to getting this done. I mean I had just wrote a check to them for eight hundred dollars.”

Jack reaches the counter and Jillian kisses Jack on the cheek and then pops up on her feet. "Ray and I have been working on some ideas I think you will really like." Jack reluctantly asks, "What is it?" Jillian hands him some of the papers they have designs on. They contain clothing, beach shorts, t-shirts and swimsuits all designed for women. Jillian excitedly talks about the idea. "See, there are a lot of girl surfers out there now and we need to bring them in here." Ray adds, "And if they come, then the guys will come too! Either with the girls or because of the girls!" Jillian pipes up again, "And both will be spending money! We can use it." Jack flips through the pages with an expressionless face. "Jillian also suggests, "We should also come up with a new logo. Something with more color, more flash. That's what the kids are into these days." Jack hands the papers back to Jillian. "Yeah, sounds great but all of this takes money. Money we do not have. Excuse me, money I do not have." Jack rolls to the back and enters his workroom. Jillian attempts to stay positive and tells, Raymond, "He'll come around. At least this time he said he liked the idea!" Jillian gives a big sigh a bit deflated and concludes, "Just where are we going to get the money." Raymond raises his eyebrows and says, "I have an idea." Jillian perks back up, "Really. Tell me about it." The two of them begin to talk quietly as Raymond tells Jillian of his plan.

## 10

Chase and Tara drive back to Orange County from San Diego. Tara leans over and kisses Chase on the cheek. Chase smiles and says, "That's not the only thing you can kiss!" Tara sits back in her seat and smacks him on the shoulder. "Shut up." A pause as the two avoid looking at one another and then playfully catch the other looking their way. Tara smiles, lets out a little laugh and says, "Not while your driving!" Chase smiles real big! Tara changes the subject. "You were really good out there today." "Yeah, I know. That's what I do. I do everything I do the best I can. That's the one thing my dad did teach me both in words and in actions. Although he doesn't really live that way all that much anymore." Chase sighs and adds, "Fortunately surfing is what I do best already!" Tara smiles and with another pause in the conversation she looks at him with understanding of him wanting his dad to be more of what he was. Chase continues to keep his eyes on the road as he is driving. Tara moves some of his hair behind his ear. "You know, Courtney is having a party at her house tonight. Her parents are in Maui again and everybody is going. You want to go?" Chase looks over to Tara. "Well you know I was hoping we could spend time 'kissing' one another tonight. But I guess we could put it off until after the party." Chase gives a devilish grin. Tara bites her lower lip, grins back and says, "I'll kiss you

there if you kiss me there first!" Chase continues his devilish grin, "How about at the same time!"

## 11

Jack and Jillian sit at the table of their favorite restaurant. Jack drinks a Corona from the bottle as Jillian sips her wine. Their food arrives and they begin to eat. Jillian skips the small talk and says, "You know how I have always loved you." Jack takes a bite, looks a little puzzled and responds slowly, "Yeah." "And I have always been there for you. I cared for you when no one else would." Again Jack responds the same way, "Yeah." Jillian takes another bite and all is paused while she chews enough to respond. Jack takes another drink from his beer. He sets it down and takes another bite. Jillian swallows and continues, "Well I have because I truly believed you would change."

Jack stops chewing and prematurely swallows his food. It is hard to swallow and he grabs his beer and tips it up to drink it until it is all gone. He sets it down on the table and motions to the waiter to bring him another. He looks at Jillian, "Change? Change how?" "You know, people change. And you have changed, just it has been for the worse instead of for the better." Jack takes a final bite, sets his fork down and repositions himself in his wheelchair preparing for a serious discussion. "So what kind of changes are you expecting?" "Well you know mostly with our relationship." "Our relationship. And how does that need to be changed? Am I not giving enough? Am I too dependent on you? Do I not satisfy you in bed?"

The waiter just stepped up and although is a little embarrassed for hearing Jack's last question, still looks a little like he wants to know the answer. He finally sets the beer bottle on the table and takes away the empty. Jillian leans in a little to answer, "Of course you do. We do satisfy in bed." Jack sits up a little bit and only loud enough for Jillian to hear responds, "Remember the last time. You shook so much you knocked the pictures off the bookshelf next to your bed!" Jillian looks around and smiles with a bit of embarrassment. She leans back a little and closes her eyes halfway. "Oh, yeah. They way you touch me. Kiss me, use your tongue on me!" She slips further into reminiscing. Jack sits back in his chair, relaxed and slightly proud of himself for still being able to sexually satisfy a woman.

Jack grabs his beer and takes another long drink. He sets it down, "So what is the problem?" Back to reality Jillian shakes it off. "No problem. Well maybe we could do it more often." Jack sits up, "Three or four times a week isn't enough?" Jillian just smiles. Jack continues, "Well I guess you are getting to that age when women peak!" Jillian nods her head and then tries to change the subject. "That is



not what I am talking about. Change in other ways.” Jack tries to stay on topic so he doesn’t have to talk about what he knows she really wants to talk about. “You know before we go home tonight we can stop off at adult store and buy a new toy!” “Really?” Jillian then shakes her head and sternly says, “No! Listen this is important to me.” Jack straightens himself out for the serious talk. “Okay I am listening.” “Thank you. I just think that it is time we took things to the next level. My niece, who is fifteen years younger than I, is getting married. Meanwhile we still haven’t even moved in with each other.” Jack takes a big breath and responds, “This is really not a good time for this. My business is failing, my son won’t talk to me all the while his mother is suing me, my accountant is no where to be found and has left me with more debt than I even knew I had and now you are demanding we get married. This is just not a good time for this shit.” The mood has turned very serious. Jillian speaks softly, “It is never a good time with you Jack. The fact of the matter is I am out of time.” “What does that mean, you’re out of time?” Jack drinks the last of his beer. Jillian sits up. “I have been offered a job, a better job, paying a lot more and challenging me more.” Jack also sits up and leans forward, “That is great news. So what’s wrong with that?” “It’s in Boston.”

The waiter comes by and asks, “Is there anything else I can get you?” Both shake their head no. “Okay I will leave this with you.” He sets the check down on the table. Jack pats his pockets for a wallet that isn’t there and even if it was would be empty at his time. Jillian sighs, picks up the check and says, “Don’t worry I’ll get it.” She digs in her purse for money – she wants to leave cash so she can leave without waiting. Can’t find enough so she pulls out her credit card and sets it on the table with the check. Jillian then reveals even more news. “And to make matters worse I got a call from my father today. Seems my mom has a tumor and going in for a biopsy.” The waiter comes by and gets the check. “I’ll be right back,” he says. Jillian set her purse down on her lap. “I do not do what I do for you just out of some kind of sympathy or because I know I am the only one who will and who knows what will happen to you if I don’t. I do it because I love you. I honestly love you.” The waiter sets the receipt and credit card down and thanks them for coming. She signs the credit card slip and puts the card back in her wallet. Jillian stands up. “So it is up to you. What is important to you? And if you can find the answer before I find mine, please let me know.” Jillian does have a concerned look on her face and then turns and leaves. Jack is stunned, pauses and then slowly rolls out.

## 12

Chase and Tara arrive at Courtney’s for her party. There is a lot of people and a lot of music playing. They are invited in and make their way through the crowd. Everyone they pass greets them. Courtney crosses their path. “Oh, thank you

both for coming. Great job today, Chase. You're awesome." "Thanks" Courtney says the beer is on the patio and leads them through the crowd there.

Two kegs each in their own plastic barrels with the tops cut off and filled with ice to keep them cold. Both have their attendants manning the pumps as if they are the authority because they are the self-proclaimed kings of partying. Chase fills up two plastic cups for him and Tara. They hang out and drink their beer and laugh with friends.

Zeke Wolffe walks through the crowd toward the patio with two girls, one on each his arms. Zeke is Chase's biggest rival on the surfing circuit and the closest to him in the championship points. Zeke could win the championship by hitting it next weekend. But it also means that Chase would have to come in about fifth place which is highly unlikely to everyone but Zeke. Many give Zeke the same kind of praise and treatment as they did for Chase as he makes his way to the patio.

Zeke makes it to the kegs and addressing the person at the pump, "Pour me and my ladies a beer, Napoleon Dynamite." The guy looks offended but then quickly complies. Zeke notices Chase and makes his way to him. "So how is the star of the moment? Congratulations on today's victory, Chase. But next weekend in Huntington you'll be chasing me!" The crowd all gives their "ooooo's" Chase blows it off. "We will see." Zeke retorts, "We'll see? Is that the best you can do? Tell me did your drunken old man give you any tips on how to win? Oh wait he wouldn't know would he?" Zeke mockingly laughs and some in the crowd does the same. "He can't give any tips because he never won a championship." Tara sees how pissed Chase is getting and leans over to him and says, "Let it go, baby. He isn't worth it." Another friend next to Chase adds, "Besides there is no way you would come in last place and give him the opportunity to win." Chase calms down and takes another drink from his beer. Jillian leads him away from Zeke and the patio as they make their way back inside the house. Zeke cannot let it go. "Unless you don't show up or maybe the waves will crush you like they crushed good ol' Jack Crusher and then turn you into a gimp like your daddy o." Zeke starts laughing hard as those around him follow. Chase throws his beer to the ground and lunges toward Zeke. Chase tackles Zeke to the ground and the two duke it out with a lot of anger.

At the front door the police enter and run everyone out as they make their way to the patio. No one on the patio notices the police officers because of the action between Chase and Zeke until they show up. Everyone scatters as the police focus on tearing the two of them apart. Tara stays along with a couple of friends pleading to the police that it isn't Chase's fault. It falls on deaf ears. One of the officers grabs Chase and once separated from Zeke, that the other officer is holding, he says, "Okay you two. You're coming with us." Tara continues her

pleas but it does no good as the officers cuff both Chase and Zeke then head them out to the patrol cars.

## 13

Outside of Jack's house he transfers into his chair from Jillian's car. She stands behind him holding his chair in place. The silence is deafening. Jack situates himself in his chair and turns around to face Jillian. "Do you want to come in?" Jillian shakes her head. "No I got to get home. I've got a lot to do." Jacks sighs. "Okay. Sure." Another pause. Jillian is waiting for Jack to say something since her declaration of love and threat of leaving. Jack is trying to find out what he feels so he can respond. Nothing from either one. Finally Jillian shakes her head and turns to walk around the back of the car to leave. She stops at her door and looks at Jack. "I have to know one way or the other. And soon." Jack nods his head. "I know. And thanks for dinner." Jack turns and rolls toward house. The first tear from Jillian rolls down her cheek as she bites her lower lip, looks down and shakes her head. She opens the door and leaves. Jack reaches his front door and turns around to watch her car drive off into the distance.

Inside Jack opens the refrigerator and looks at all the food. He reaches in to find a beer. Suddenly in frustration he slaps the food out of the way in his search. "Ahhhhh, damn it. Where's the fuckin' beer." He locates one in the back of the lower shelf. There is actually several beers back there but being on the lowest shelf and with Jack about to lose his balance from leaning over too far in his wheelchair adds to his frustration. He grabs the beer out and cracks it open to quickly take a long hard drink. He drops his arm at the end of the drink and takes a big breath and lets out a long sigh. Jack closes the fridge door and turns to roll back into the living room.

In the living room he rolls over to the coffee table picks up a video cassette tape that is without a case and marked in handwriting, "This is from today. Ray". Jack rolls over to the VCR and puts the tape in. He rolls over to set his beer on the end table and transfers onto the couch. There he reaches for the VCR remote and presses Play. The television shows the video of Chase's surfing competition from earlier that day that Ray shot. Jack reaches back into the end table drawer and pulls out his wooden stash box. He picks up his wooden hand held pipe and packs it with the little bit of shake, pot that is left in the stash box. He quickly grabs the lighter and takes a hit from the pipe. He exhales and looks around. The place is only partly a mess. He notices his trophy's, pictures from his competitions, and the framed news articles of his many victories. Then notices the one about his accident. Jack looks down at his beer. He shakes it a little and then takes another long drink.

The phone rings and Jack answers. There is a serious look on his face that suddenly becomes even more pale than it was. The police inform him that they have his son in custody and request that he come down to the police station. Jack hangs up, takes another deep breath followed by the last drink of his beer. He tosses the empty beer toward the kitchen and then quickly dials the phone.

## 14

Raymond drives Jack to the city jail at the police station. "Thanks, Ray. Jillian just left a few minutes before and yet her cell phone must be turned off or something." Ray smiles, "It's okay. You know I am happy to help whenever I can." Jack responds, "Must truck is done but I didn't want to bounce another check to pay for the repairs. I've got to get this whole money thing with the accountant straightened out." "It's really okay. You know ever since I was a kid and my mom would bring us down to the beach I would come over to your shop and hang out. You always allowed me to just be. Taught me about your passion for surfing and that always enchanted me. Over the years I loved hearing you tell the stories of when you surfed." Jack has to ask, "So why didn't you ever learn to surf and get that feeling of being one with the forces of the ocean?" Ray shrugs and says, "My father was always at his office and I had no one to show me how to surf or do anything for that matter." Jack looks over at Raymond and begins to listen more intently. Ray continues, "I have always admired you, Jack. You knew what you were doing. You loved what you were doing and you never got upset or yelled out at me when I would get in the way. Then when I got old enough you hired me to work there. That was the greatest. And back then business was good and you could afford it!" Jack nods his head, smiles but turns his head toward the window, "Yeah, those were the days. I don't know what we are going to do now though." Ray responds, "Well that is what I wanted to talk to you about." Jack turns his head back toward Ray. "About what?" "Well my father is getting on me because he paid for my college and because he is such a business man, he wants me to get a real job and quit hanging out at a surf shop." Jack looks forward. "I kind of understand what he is saying." "Yes he wants me to be a business owner like him. So I had a great idea on how he can get what he wants and can be proud of me all the while I can be like you and do what it is I love to do." Jack has a puzzled look on his face. "How?" Raymond smiles and with enthusiasm continues, "Well I proposed and my father agreed to loaning you the money needed to get the shop up and running in top form again." Jack smirks, "What's the catch?" Ray shakes his head, "There's no catch. Well kind of. I become a full partner with you in the business. And we have to implement some changes." Jack quickly interrupts, "What changes?" "Relax, Jack. Nothing too big. You continue to make your surfboards the way you want them. Just make some marketing changes. I have a complete plan that I proposed to my father and he liked it." "What plan?" Ray continues without being condescending, "The one I have been trying to show you for the past several months but you're always

to busy to look at.” Jack looks sternly over at Ray. Ray looks back but still in his positive way. After a pause Jack smiles real big, closes his eyes as he shakes his head into his hand. Ray’s smile just gets larger. “So what do you say?” Jack looks back and returns to some seriousness. “I don’t know, Ray. I’ve always done things myself and my way. But if we do this, there is one thing that I want.” Ray looks over to Jack who is smiling again. “What?”

The two drive into the Police Station parking lot and get out to go inside for Chase. Jack transfers into his chair and as they go toward the front door. Ray concludes their conversation, “So we’re partners?” Jack stops, “You know Ray, I’ve always known you’re more than a surf shop rat and actually have always been a good friend and I think we’d be good as business partners too.” Jack smiles and with that Ray’s smile grows even larger as he pats Jack on the back and the two of them go inside.

## 15

Jack rolls into the lobby area where Tara gets up from her seat and quickly walks over to meet Jack and Raymond. Tara also quickly defends, Chase. “Hi, Mr. Cahill. It wasn’t Jack’s fault. That damn, Zeke started it all.” Jack nods his head and primarily to calm Tara down, he replies, “I know. I know.” They continue to the counter to talk to the police clerk.

While waiting to be helped, Chase’s mother, Kirstie and her current wealthy boyfriend, Stephen walks right up to Jack. She immediately confronts Jack. “So this is what happens when he is in your care, huh?” Jack turns around and rolls his eyes as soon as he sees who it is. “What do you want? I’ve got this handled.” “Oh, yeah I can see that. In your usual ways my son is now in jail. You’ve obviously handled it so far.” Jack shakes his head. Tara tries to defend again, “Mr. Cahill didn’t do anything. It was Zeke...” Kirstie immediately interrupts, “Nobody is talking to you.” Jack waves his hand in between the two and firmly says to Kirstie, “And no one is talking to you.” “Oh, well I am the one talking and you’re the one listening.”

The people at the police counter turn and look at all the commotion as they accept the paperwork handed to them by the police clerk and then walk away. The police clerk then asks, “And how can I help you?” Kirstie walks right up to the counter blocking the view of Jack and the police clerk, as she then demands, “I am here for my son. Now please go get him right now and I will deal with this at home.” The police clerk annoyed by her superior attitude answers and responds, “He was here first. Sir, how can I help you?” He points to Jack and waves him to the counter.

Jack smiles at Kirstie as he rolls up to the counter. "Thank you Officer. I am here for my son." "Name?" Kirstie tries to get in, "His name is..." Jack waves his arm in front of her as the police clerk sternly looks at her. It all causes her to pause, sigh and reluctantly shut up. Jack returns his focus to the police clerk. "His name is Chase Cahill." The police clerk looks up the name in his computer. "Oh, yes. Here we go. He was involved in a fight with another boy. We are not charging with disturbing the peace but he was intoxicated and we are charging him with being a minor under the influence." Kirstie rolls her eyes and has to say, "Sure this is how he is when he is under your care." Jack tries to ignore her and asks the police clerk, "So what does this mean for right now?" "Well neither of the boys have been in here before and the judge has a standing rule in these cases of a minor to allow release into a parents custody. Providing you agree to make sure he shows up for his court date which the judge will most likely sentence him to community service for first offense." Jack nods his head in agreement, "Sure I will make sure he is there in court." The police clerk follows up, "Well there is still the matter of the bail." Jack pats his pockets for his wallet knowing he doesn't have it or any money if he did! He turns to Ray but Kirstie takes the opportunity to pipe back up, "We will pay for his bail." Stephen pulls out his checkbook. Kirstie continues, "Under the condition that he returns back to my home. His home." Jack sighs knowing his hands are tied he looks again at Ray who sadly shakes his head no that he can not do anything. Jack returns his focus to Kirstie and the police clerk, "Fine. Whatever it takes to get him out."

Kirstie then motions to Stephen to finish writing out the check. Jack dejected rolls away from the counter. Of course Kirstie follows and says to him, "Well now we have two court dates! One for Chase and the other back in to the civil court for our matter of past child support." She smugly smiles and turns around back to the counter. Jack sighs and feels the weight on his shoulders grow.

## 16

At Jack's, Chase picks up clothes from the living room in his half full duffel bag. Jack just sits staring at Chase. "We'll get through this son." Chase shakes his head as he continues to pack, "You just don't get it." Jack turns upset that Chase doesn't recognize he is caring about him and retorts, "Oh, teach me then. What the fuck is it that I am not getting?" Chase stops packing and turns to look straight at Jack. "We make a hell of a pair. I surf just because I can and you, you love it but don't surf." Chase returns to packing. Jack pounds his fists down on his useless legs. "What do you want me to do?" Jack then pats his wheels and throws his arms up in the air. "Huh? What the hell do you want me to do?" Chase stops again but this time kneels down to be eye level with Jack. "I want you to try, dad. That's all. I give you all the info and support. I offer to take you and go out

with you. I give you the phone numbers where you can learn from those who have already learned how to surf with a disability.”

Jack rolls over to pick up one of the dusty trophies and shaking it in his hand he says, “Oh, yeah that’s all I need. The great Jack Crusher needing instruction on how to surf.” “Dad, you had to learn how to do everything again after your accident. What is so different about surfing? What the hell are you afraid of?” Jacks blows off some of the dust from the trophy and sets it back down. “You want to know what I am so afraid of?” All calmed down Jack looks directly back at Chase who nods his head, yes. “I’m afraid that if I fail then what would everyone think about the great Jack the Crusher Cahill. And more importantly what would my son think of me if I fail.”

“I wouldn’t care. I would just be proud of my dad for trying. Trying to do what is that I know he cares about a lot in his life. Trying to share it with his son. Share the soul of surfing that all he does right now is talk about. I would think he cared enough for his son that he would do try whatever he wanted and not care about what others think. That would prove to me that you really did care for me. That’s what I would think.”

A pause as Jack tries to think of something to say in response but cannot find the words. Chase breaks the silence by putting the last item in his bag. “But I guess you don’t really care or care enough.” Chase heads to the front door where he turns back to Jack. “I’ve got to go. Take care, dad.” Chase leaves.

## 17

The next afternoon, at National Auto, an auto repair shop, Jack waits in line for his turn at the counter. The clerk invites him over to the cash register. “Hello Mr. Cahill. How are you doing?” Jack is used to people always remembering him and his name but ever since becoming disabled it is more for that reason then his star status when he was surfing. “I’m doing fine. I’m here to pick up my truck.” “Oh sure. And because of your check...” The clerk looks around and leans over the counter to try and be discreet even though that in itself is bringing some attention because the clerk must lean over the high counter. “...as we spoke on the phone, your check was not honored, so how would you like to pay?” Jack opens his wallet. “Yeah that was a bank error, but you still accept, “In God We Trust” don’t you?” Jack waves cash. The clerk smiles and with a shocking tone replies, “Of course, Mr. Cahill. But it comes to eight hundred, sixty-eight dollars and forty-two cents.” Jack says, “I know. It is fixed this time? Someone actually took it out for a test drive to confirm it?” The clerk has been nodding his head with every word Jack said but still answers, Yes, Mr. Cahill and again we are sorry. There are no additional charges.” Satisfied with the answer Jack replies, “Here you go.” Jack counts out eight one hundred-dollar bills and four twenty dollar bills. Because of

the counter being so high, well from a wheelers point of view, the counter is ideal for an able bodied person to raise their arms and set them down to write out a check. But even though the clerks computers are all down lower behind the counter the top of it is just above Jack's head. He awkwardly hands the cash to the clerk who in return hands him back his change and the keys to his truck. "Thank-you, Mr.Cahill. If there is anything else we can do please let us know." "Sure will. Thanks."

Jack turns and rolls toward the front door where Raymond stands up from the waiting chairs to meet him. "Thanks Ray. I appreciate all of this." "No problem, Jack. Shall we get back to the shop?" "Actually, I need to go see Jillian. You go back and open it up. I'll be there shortly." Ray opens the door and they both exit.



## 18

Jack drives with the window down and the wind blowing in. He smiles as he looks across the road to the beach. He turns to go into a residential area. Jack drives up the back way and although her house is on the corner of the block he goes into the alley and parks in her driveway. Jack gets into his wheelchair and rolls up to the closed garage door. It is lock so he goes over to the back yard gate and finds it locked too. The chain link fence is rather low. That is of course dependent upon your perspective. It is only waist high which for an able bodied person would mean simply lifting their leg and could go over it. An inconvenience for them, but to a paraplegic in a chair, it is Mount Everest. It is moments like these that are a stark reminder of Jack's reality of his physical limitations. It is a real bitch when it is something this simple. But as with many things, Jack doesn't waste time thinking about it and begins to yell toward the house. "Jillian. Jillian I am here. I have to talk to you, baby. I know what I want. I want you, baby. I am here. Let me in!" No answer. Jack rolls down the driveway and around the house on the sidewalk. He is happy and smiling. He knows what it is he wants and more importantly he is now willing to take the action required to make it happen. Much like when he was younger and that came as second nature. Jack gets to the front



of the house and finds a real estate “For Sale” sign planted in the front yard. Jack’s smile disappears. He quickly rolls up to knock on the front door and rings the bell. No answer. He looks in the window. The house is empty. Jack lowers his head and rolls back to his truck.

## 19

At the county courthouse, Jack, Kirstie and her beau, Stephen listen to the judge rule in the case Kirstie brought against Jack. The judge clears her throat and then says, “Mr. Cahill, the case about the past child support is quite clear. Although your son has been living with you for the past two and half years you never petitioned the court to have the child support modified to reflect the new living arrangements. Therefore as far as the courts are concerned you are in default of two and half years of child support. More on that in a moment. Ms. Penderson, you did present a case where it is clear that Mr. Cahill’s behavior around his minor child is very questionable. And for that Mr. Cahill I am ruling that your son, Chase Cahill be removed from your residence and visitation is limited and restricted from your residence until you submit and successfully complete the court appointed counseling sessions on family responsibility. You can then petition this court for a change in this ruling. Therefore Ms. Penderson your petition to have your son returned to your full custody is granted. But since you completely admit that you have had no financial expenses for your son since he has been living with Mr. Cahill, I am ruling that the fifteen thousand dollars in back child support be suspended. Mr. Cahill, this means that so long as you complete the counseling I mentioned and you begin to pay the agreed monthly child support to Ms. Penderson starting this month – within 7 days, I will not require you to pay that back child support. But if you fail the counseling and or to provide the child support payments until it is completed or modified by this court, then I will require you to make full restitution. Is that clear? Do you understand everything I have just said?” Jack nods his head and replies, “Yes, your Honor. Thank you.” The Judge then looks at Kirstie, “Ms. Penderson, do you completely understand everything I just ruled on?” In her typical fashion she responds, “Yes, your Honor but I think...” The Judge quickly interrupts, Ms. Penderson. I did not ask you for your opinion on this court’s judgements. I do not want to hear anymore about the case. You presented it and then rested. All I asked you for and all I want is an answer to my question, do you completely understand my ruling as I have described today?” After a sigh, Kirstie then responds, “Yes, your Honor, I understand.” “Good and then with that this case is adjourned.” The judge then slams the gavel down. Jack quickly rolls out of the courtroom. Kirstie and Stephen follow.

Outside the courtroom, Kirstie catches up to Jack. “I hope you know I did this for Chase.” Jack smirks and shakes his head, “Then you should be happy with the ruling. But just ask yourself this question. Do you ever think of anybody else?”

And what do you think will make Chase happy?" Kirstie retorts, "Chase would be happy if his father would take more interest in his accomplishments." Kirstie then turns and grabs Stephen's arm to leave.

## 20

At the exclusive Five Star "Fulton House" restaurant Jack, Raymond and Raymond's father, Adam Chang finish their dinner while talking about the business of the partnership. Jack is distracted by all that is going on and especially Jillian being gone. Mr. Chang asks Jack, "All the business plans that Raymond has drafted looks good. Tell me Jack, what is your vision for the future of the Sunrise Surf Shop?" Jack chokes a little on his last bite of food. While trying to delay to find an answer Jack continues to chew his food. As he finally swallows he also puts his finger behind his collar to try and loosen the necktie that he is already uncomfortable in wearing. Mr. Chang looks over at Raymond and then back to Jack hopeful for his answer. Jack clears his throat and says, "I would like it...my vision is...for the Sunrise Surf Shop to return to its glory days and become successful." Mr. Chang pauses for a moment and wipes his mouth with his napkin. "That would be good. If you both would excuse me for a moment. I'll be right back." Mr. Chang stands up and walks to the restroom.

Raymond leans toward Jack and lays into him like never before. "What the hell is wrong with you?" Jack responds, "Nothing. What?" "Jack, this is so important. My father is very business minded and although he looks at the numbers he has to be at least confident in both of our commitment to this project. That is a sign to him that this is a good investment." Jack wakes up from his distraction, "Project? That's all this is? The shop is a lot more important to me then some school assignment." Ray quickly apologizes, "Of course, Jack. You know I think it is extremely important to me too. It was a poor choice of words. I'm sorry." Jack retreats from his defensive position. "Yes, Ray, your right. I'm sorry." "Now if you want this to work just tell him what you feel about the shop." Jack nods his head in agreement as Mr. Chang returns.

Ray immediately gets the focus back to the question so Jack can answer it again. "Jack was telling me more about how he sees things going in the future for the shop while you were gone." Mr. Chang nods his head and says, "Well share it with me, Jack. You have been at this for a long time and my son has worked there because he enjoys it. Now you are in some financial trouble and I understand that it is primarily because of the accountant running away with your money and leaving you with new debt. But I want to know that if I put up all of this money what is going to happen to the shop. The business of the shop?"

Jack nods his head while he exhales and then responds confidently looking at Mr. Chang. "I understand. And I appreciate you considering this partnership between your son and myself." Jack takes a drink of water then continues, "It is true I do not know that much about business. I have lasted this long mostly on the early success of the shop. But that has been gone for some time. That is why, regardless of whether you invest in this or we seek other funding, I want Raymond as my partner. He is great at marketing and coming up with plans and means to make those plans work. I know surfing. Something that I think I even failed to remember until recently. But I am focused on making the best surfboards, clothing and accessories for those who live and love to surf. Combined with Ray at the helm of our marketing I know we can return to being a surf shop of choice by not only those who are local surfers, but those who visit from around the world to surf here in Huntington Beach."

Mr. Chang sits back in his chair. Ray adds, "And to help that along, as I wrote in the business plan here on this page I am going to get a internet webpage for the shop and we can sell everywhere without relying on customers having to come into the..." Mr. Chang interrupts, "I know Raymond. I read it." He leans forward and signals the waiter to return to the table as he concludes, "This is all good and is what I wanted to hear. I am convinced that you both are going to give it your everything to make this shop successful again. Along with the solid business plan I know that this is a sensible investment. You may not succeed, but I believe that if you don't it will be because of outside forces you cannot foresee or predict. But the business plan seems to cover many of those issues and because of your attitudes and commitments you have the edge. And for that I say we have a deal. Now, let's celebrate." The waiter arrives and Mr. Chang orders a bottle of Dom Perion. All three have smiles as Jack reaches over to shake Mr. Chang's hand.



## 21

The next morning Jack shows up at the surf shop before anyone else! A first in a long time. It isn't at sunrise but it is well before his usual noon arrival. Jack rolls in and wants to open up with more light but cannot even get close to the windows. He grabs a broom from behind the counter and starts to sweep from right there and moves around to the front of the counter. He stops for a moment and looks around. He sees the shop back to being filled with people who want him or rather his boards and beach related clothes. He smiles and returns to cleaning.

Raymond walks in, pauses with a shocked look on his face and then the two look at each other, smile and Jack reaches out to shake his new partner's hand. Raymond rubs his hands together as a sign he is ready to work. Jack points to the windows and tells him of the problem he has with all the clutter obstructing his path. Ray nods his head and says, "I completely agree." Ray happily moves things around.

Later that afternoon while Jack is busy shaping a surfboard in the back of the shop he is struck by a great idea. He stops work, looks for some paper and pen and then rolls out to the front of the shop and is pleasantly surprised the place is bright and open. Of course it still needs some work that they will get done when the money arrives but is already a huge improvement. Raymond works on a marketing plan at the counter as Jack asks for a sheet of paper and a pen. Ray answers with fulfilling his request. Jack quickly writes and draws his recent inspiration. Jack shows Ray and the two shake their head in approval of the new design. Ray shows Jack part of his work and Jack also agrees!

## 22

A couple of hours later back at home Jack looks at the mess. No one here to save him now. Chase is gone. Jillian is gone and the dust is as thick as the memories displayed all around. Jack takes a drink of his beer and then gets to work cleaning the place up! Once he is nearly done and the place looks great, the phone rings. He answers and with a happy, accepting nod he thanks the caller and leaves.

Jack pulls his truck into the parking lot of the Ability Waves Surf Shop. Jack rolls in and is pleasantly greeted by another wheeler, George Cannon the owner and operator of the shop. George smiles and says, "Ah, you don't have to say a word. You're Jack Cahill, the Crusher!" Jack smiles almost embarrassed by the celebrity status George is displaying toward him. Been a long time since someone he didn't know gave him that kind of attention. "I am George Cannon. We spoke on the phone. Glad you came." Jack shakes his hand. "Thank you. As I told you I haven't been back in the water since my accident. And I really need to get back in there and not only for me but also for someone very dear to me." George happily responds, "Not a problem. Although some techniques you will have to adapt for yourself, most will come right back to you. My biggest obstacle to getting back to surfing after my hiking accident, was myself. Come on back here." George and Jack go to the back of the shop where George shapes his own adaptable surfboards.

"This is what I do and you can see how it is a bit different." Jack is excited that this does appear to be a real possibility. He will return to the surf and that in itself makes his heart beat faster with excitement. Jack runs his hand over a surfboard that is nearly complete and asks, "So will you teach me how to shape my own

board?" George gives a little chuckle that says he can relate to Jack's desire, "Of course I can. But first lets start talking about surfing and the differences you will experience in the water." Jack nods his head with a smile and the two of them begin the lessons Jack needs to re-learn to surf.

## 23

That night Jack is intently working at his computer at home in his bedroom. He is going through his drawings on paper and converting them on to the computer. He looks at his watch and is shocked at the time. He rushes to the kitchen and opens the oven door to reveal a frozen pizza that is far from its state when he placed it in there. Some smoke follows. Jack searches for something to grab the pizza out of the oven with. In a rush to get the pizza out before it burns too much, he picks up a couple of rags he left on the counter top earlier that day when he was leaning. They are still damp with the cleaner in the bottles that are still on the counter right next to the rags. Jack uses them in his hands and after getting the pizza close to the edge of the rack he burns himself. He drops the pizza and one of the two rags he had in the right hand that he burned. Jack shakes his hand, rearranges the now single rag and grabs the pizza again. This time he gets it out and sets it on the counter. He then closes the oven door not noticing the cleaner rag that fell to the bottom of the oven. Jack then notices the smell and raises his hand with the rag to his nose. The offensive smell has him realize that he just used the cleaner rags to touch the pizza. He lifts the edge of the pizza and with a disgusted look he angrily throws the rags far down the counter. He turns and rolls back to his room and work without turning off the oven.

Back in his bedroom, Jack picks up the notepad he was working from and tosses it with a pen on his bed. He then goes over and transfers onto the bed and positions the pillows and himself for comfort to work more with his notepad. He designs a new logo for the surf shop that reads, "Jack & Jillian" a play on the Jack and Jill everyone is familiar with. Jack feels this will be a new look and show the expansion to include clothes and surfboards designed for the female surfers as Jillian had mentioned. While he draws shades on the logo over Jillian's name he pauses to think about her. He knows he screwed that up. She was one that truly cared about him and didn't do any of it because of his fame – or rather past fame. And it wasn't because she felt sorry for him either. She always treated him as a person or a person with a disability and never as a handicapped person. Upon reflection he gets even more comfortable by sliding down on the bed and places the notepad on his chest. It doesn't take long and he falls asleep.

The chemical cleaner agents that saturated the rag that fell into the oven have evaporated into a light fog by the heat inside the oven. The rag had been propped up next to but not touching the heating element on the bottom. Now that the fluid has dissipated, the rag falls over and touches the heating element. It catches fire and quickly spreads to the rest of the rag where it becomes a fireball.

Now with limited oxygen and the chemical agents in the air the oven explodes! The oven door blows off and the fire expands with the oxygen in the kitchen catching much within reach on fire. The kitchen soon becomes engulfed in flames.

The fire spreads into the living room as the smoke begins to fill the whole house. Jack coughs a couple of times and it wakens him. Jack notices the smoke and flickering light from the flames in the living room and quickly transfers back into his wheelchair. He rolls to the bedroom doorway and covers his mouth with one hand and with the other hand he tries to wave off the smoke in front of him seeking a safe path to the front door. The flames are in half of the living room and he would have to cross over them to get out the front door. Jack makes a roll for the front door – it's now or never. He leans forward in his chair and rolls as fast as he can. The heat from the fire has slightly warped the wooden floorboards. Some dip and others wave upwards. Jack's front wheels catch a dip in the floor and that stops his forward motion. Actually because he was travelling so fast only the chair stopped going forward. The motion caused Jack to fall out of his chair and as he hits the floor his chair pops backwards and rolls out of sight behind the smoke that is getting thicker and thicker. He props himself up and looks around to notice that the flames are closer to him than the front door and they are traveling toward him at a rapid rate. He looks back toward the bedroom where his chair has disappeared in the smoke and then back to the front door. Does he have time to get his chair to make it out? Does he even have enough time to crawl on his belly dragging his half paralyzed body out the front door before he goes up in flames?

Outside the fire department shows up in two trucks with their sirens blaring. They immediately get hoses out and hook them up to the hydrant a couple of houses down. Meanwhile the senior firemen assess the danger and if there is anyone inside will they be able to safely extract them. They determine that this is the time and they can make one attempt to locate any survivors. As soon as they reach the front door the living room window blows out and flames sprawl all around the frame of the window. The firemen are knocked down by the blast.

The firemen quickly get on their feet and charge the front door. The flames surround the front room and the smoke is thick. The lead fireman yells out asking if there is anyone in there. As they move forward they find Jack dragging himself along the floor to the front door. Both firemen bend down and help Jack up. "Can you stand?" Jack coughs and responds that he is a paraplegic and his chair had rolled behind him. The firemen carry Jack out the front door. The ambulance has arrived and is waiting with a gurney at a safe distance on the sidewalk. The firemen set Jack down on it. They then join the other firemen and fight the fire. The EMT's roll Jack into the ambulance and drive away.

## 24

Ray slouches down in a chair in the hospital room where Jack is sleeping. Jillian enters the room and Ray stands up to greet her. The two embrace and Jillian thanks Ray. "Thank you so much for calling me. How is he doing?" Jillian goes over the bedside and holds Jack's hand. Ray briefs her. "The doctor said that he has a minor concussion and smoke inhalation but should make a full recovery. They want to hold him overnight." Ray pulls the chair up for Jillian to sit and remain holding Jack's hand. "I'm going to go get some coffee. Do you want anything?" Jillian looks back at Ray and says, "No, thanks." Ray adds a comforting pat on her shoulder and excuses himself, "I'll be back." Ray leaves.

Jillian sits down and stares at Jack. Jack stirs and Jillian stands back up. Jack's eyes barely open. "Jack. Jack, it's me, Jillian." Jack squeezes her hand and tries to talk. "I...I thought...you were...gone." "Jack. I told you I had to go help my father with my mother. I was coming back." Jack's eyes are as open as they can be as he looks directly at Jillian. "Good because...I need you. I love you." Jillian smiles and leans over to kiss Jack. Jack breaks from the kiss to conclude by saying, "But I am not sure you want...to move into my place now!" Jillian smiles and playfully shakes her head.

## 25

The shores on both sides of the Huntington Beach pier are filled with competitors, spectators, media reporters and more sponsors than at any other surfing event. This is the final event to determine who is this year's world surfing champion. Chase has the lead by only a few points from his main rival Zeke whom he fought with at the party. Both Chase and Zeke cruised through the opening rounds and moved here to the finals with only two other surfers. Chase has surfed through the first and second runs in this final round. He waits in the water for his turn at the third. He needs to get more point distance between him and Zeke. This and the fourth run are all that is left in this final round.

Chase is up and then will be followed by Zeke on this run and then in the fourth Chase will surf last. A slight advantage mentally speaking because then he will know what he needs to score to win. The fact that he didn't anticipate the championship being this close going into the final event here in his home of Huntington Beach or even this close during the event has his mind focused on that rather than his surfing. He catches a good wave and turns it into a good run. Well good for the points but Chase and some of the others know he could've done better.

Zeke by contrast is doing very well on his third run. He is hitting all the needs for good points and even though he is very competitive you can tell he is having fun while surfing. That makes the difference, as he is able to score more even on the technical points. The lead Chase has is now less instead of more like he wanted. It will all come down to the fourth and final wave. Zeke is within striking distance of winning the event and with it the championship points to over take Chase. Pressure is now even more.

Chase walks onto to the shore with his board under his arm. There are a few people that rush down to meet him. Tara of course being one of them as she consoles him right away, "It's okay, baby. You will get him on the next wave." Chase shakes his head. That is not what he wanted to hear. Rather he would've liked to hear how great this run was even if it was a fabrication! The egos of some competitors need to be stroked even when they themselves know better.

Chase and the crowd around him move further up the shore so Chase can get his energy drink and prepare for the last wave. A reporter from Surfer magazine comes up and of course Chase grants an interview with him. The reporter starts with questions about the competition and race to the championship trophy. Then asks, "Word is you are now living in the San Fernando Valley instead of the local residence here in Huntington." Chase quickly answers because no surfer wants anyone to think they live more then a few blocks from a beach! "I am temporarily staying at my mother's." The reporter follows up, "Is that because of the fire at your father's place last night? And by the way, how is Jack the Crusher Cahill doing? Is he still in the hospital?" Chase's face goes completely pale as he is stunned by the news. His frozen stare at the reporter is finally broken as he searches around the beach and starts to run toward the parking lot. Tara quickly follows and catches up right next to him. "I will drive you." Chase does not miss a step as he looks over at Tara and nods his head yes.

In the parking lot Chase tells Tara he will need to get his cell phone out of his car first. Before they go in their own direction the loud speaker calls for Chase to enter the water for his final run. Chase stops and briefly stares at Tara and then says, "I don't care about the championship." Tara asks him if he is sure. Chase responds, "I care about my dad more then I do about any stupid competition. I want, I need him more then all of this." Tara nods her head. The voice over the loud speaker returns, "Chase Cahill. This is your final call to check in for the final wave of this event." There is some noise in the background of the voice over the loud speaker that is faint but still can hear someone saying, "Give me that damn mike." The original voice fades as he hands the mike over, "Of course. Here you go." The faint voice is now easy to distinguish as he says, "Chase. Chase this is it, son. You can do this." Both Chase and Tara's eyes get real big and they turn and run back to the beach.



At the stage made for the event and facing the beach for the judges to view and the announcer to broadcast the event, Jack sits in his chair waiting for Chase to return. "Chase are you out there? Come back, son." Just then Chase and Tara break through the crowd surrounding the stage. Chase stops as soon as he captures the view of his father on the stage. Jack sees Chase. A big smile over comes both Jack and Chase's face. Chase rushes the stage and jumps up to greet Jack. Chase kneels down and embraces Jack who wraps his arms around his shoulders. The crowd applauds and the two break and look around. Their focus quickly returns to one another. Although it has been said before, Jack gives Chase a bit of advice. "Listen son. I know I have not been the example of what I have been preaching to you for the past several years." The announcer over hears Jack speaking and cleverly moves the mike for everyone else to hear. Jack continues unaware and uninterrupted. "Do it from the heart. Yes, technique is good, is important. You know that and I know you have tremendous talent." Chase softly interjects, "How would you know? You have never seen one of my competitions." Jack smiles and shakes his head no. "That is where you are wrong. I have seen every one of your competitions. Although, because I was embarrassed to continue to ask for help getting me and my chair over the sand so I could watch you or have to be forced to sit in my truck in the parking lot and watch using binoculars like some kind of pervert. Like I did for the first few competitions. So ever since, Raymond has been video taping all of your events and I made sure he got that tape to me right afterwards so I could watch it." Really?" Jack nods his head, "Yes really. Now listen one more time please. As I was saying, you have the technique, the talent to win but I want you to forget all about that. All of that is now instinct. The edge you have been missing is right here." Jack places his hand over Chase's heart and pats it a couple of times. "Now go out there and don't do it for me. Don't do it for the points, crowd, the sponsors, or just to win. Do it for yourself and do not think about winning. It doesn't matter if you win or not, just surf from the heart. As with everything in this life, do it from your heart. And if it happens to you have to do something, like school or work to pay the bills, and you cannot do it from the heart, then put your heart into it." A pause as everyone contemplates the advice for themselves. The crowd then burst into applause and Jack and Chase finally realize everyone was listening to their conversation. They smile and as the announcer moves the mike away from the two of them, Jack embraces Chase again and says, "Now go out there and do it from the heart."

Chase grabs his board and runs into the water. He hits the first wave that looks even halfway decent instead of looking and waiting for the perfect wave like so many of the pro surfers do at the competitions. Chase makes it look so graceful, easy and beautiful making all the skill shots needed in the process. When the run is over he reaches the shore where the crowd rushes him again. Everyone knows he is a winner regardless of the points that have not been announced yet. Zeke humbly enters the circle of fans and extends his hand to shake with Chase.

Chase pauses as Zeke then congratulates him. Chase then smiles and shakes Zeke's hand. Chase then runs to the stage where Jack is waiting.

Once on the stage Chase kneels again to be next to Jack and at eye level. The other competitors from the final round stand next to Chase and the announcer as he reads the judges' verdict. "Thank you all for being here. The fourth place award goes to Brad Hunter from Australia." The crowd applauds as he is handed a small trophy and handshake. "And in third place we have, Jon Alvez from Hawaii." The same reception happens and everyone now aches with anticipation of the next announcement. "And now let me also thanks and congratulate all of our surfers on an outstanding surfing event." The crowd applauds again and wants the announcement of the winner. "And in first place of this the Quicksilver Surfing event and as your new World Champion Surfer, Chase Cahill." The crowd erupts in cheers and applause as Chase turns to Jack and the two embrace again. Jack then pats Chase on the back and nods to the announcer to remind him that he now needs to accept his reward. Chase feels like he has already won with Jack but stands up and walks over to accept the large trophy and the oversized winners check for forty-five thousand dollars and made out to Chase Cahill. This is just for this event and later he will receive one for being the World Champion.

## 26

The Sunrise Surf Shop has the framework for an additional room on one side where two construction workers continue to build. On the other side where the front door is located the four parking spots in front are filled with racks of clothing and customers looking to add to the items they have draped over their arms. Jillian walks out to ask if anyone needs assistance.

Inside the shop the look is inviting which is a hundred and eighty-degree turn around from the way it was. Raymond is busy at the cash register where there is a line of customers ready to check out. Jack rolls out from the back where he shapes the boards and announces, "Everyone. Here is the latest surfboard design." That cues Chase to carry out the new surfboard that proudly displays the new logo, "Jack & Jillian" that is all over the other surf boards and clothing. The customers whose hands are not full of merchandise clap with their approval. Chase sets it up in an open display rack that holds other surfboards standing up and with the new logo as well. Chase turns and says to Jack, "Okay if that is all, I am going to hit the waves." Jack looks over to Ray who quietly asks the customers to hold on for a moment and reaches behind the counter and lifts up a new surfboard. Chase immediately smiles and tells Jack, "I don't need another new board and you know I am only using and endorsing your boards." Jack smiles, Ray smiles, Jillian steps in carrying some clothes for a customer and smiles. Jack says, "It is not for you. It is mine." Ray turns the board around to

reveal it is a specifically designed surfboard for those with a disability. Chase's smile grows to the maximum as he looks at Jack and says, "But it has your new logo?" Jack tells him, "That is the advantage of making my own boards for a long time! The guys at the shop you told me about gave me the specs and I did it when you weren't around!" Ray says, "Come on, guys" and takes the board toward the door. Jack stops Ray. "Aren't you forgetting something?" The light bulb pops on and Ray nods his head. He turns to the surfboard rack and grabs the one on the end and put it under his other arm. Chase pipes up again, "I told you I don't need another board." Jack shakes his head and replies, "It is not for you either." Ray turns his head and announces, "It is mine!" Chase looks shocked, "You? You're finally going to surf?" Ray responds, "It was the deal maker your father insisted that I also take lesson and quit being a surf wannabe rat around the shop!" Jack rolls to the door, "Come on are we're going to miss the good breaks." Chase follows and asks, "What about Jillian?" Everyone stops as Jillian smiles and responds, "No, not for me. Besides someone has to stay here and run the shop while you guys are out there." Chase smiles back to Jillian and they all continue back out the door. The customers continue to shop.



27

In the water right behind the breaking waves Chase, Ray and Jack, who is laying down on his board and is propped up on his bent arms all notice the next wave coming and begin to paddle to catch it at the right moment! They all catch it and at safe distance from one another they happily surf from their hearts all the way into the shore!