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# National Lampoon Presents: Surf Party

By Unknown

As you go forth  
on your journey, and lead us  
into the next century,  
I know that you're going out  
into this world and will give  
one hundred and ten percent.  
You are the best  
and you are the brightest.  
We could be looking at the  
future leaders of this country.  
Writers, senators,  
and scientists.  
Humanitarians and  
heads of industry.  
A lot of years have  
passed since that graduation.  
And coming out of continuation  
school, I had no clue what we  
were gonna do with our lives.  
But I knew for sure that none  
of us were gonna become senators  
or scientists.  
Just ain't gonna happen.  
Sparky was a wild one,  
man. The beauty of Sparky  
was that you never knew  
where he was comin from.  
Who took a dump in my mouth?  
Sparky would rip  
off a line of "fuck you's"  
better than  
anybody I ever heard.  
I'm gonna castrate you  
and fuck your mother in the  
fucking ass with your own  
fucking dick. Fuck you!  
Shit. Lardo? He was everything  
you could've asked for in  
a friend. He was funny, he was  
charming, had a way with words...  
Dude, shit happens.  
Did pretty good with the chicks  
and always seemed to make  
light of a serious situation.

My fellow Americans, I'm  
pleased to tell you today that  
I've signed legislation that  
will outlaw Russia forever.  
We begin bombing  
in five minutes.  
Together, we were one.  
I mean, we had it all.  
At least I thought we did.  
And every summer, we'd  
get a visit from Iris.  
Iris!  
Anne wants to know when  
are you coming to The Hut.  
There's coffee in the kitchen.  
And then there was Anne.  
Johnny boy, why is the  
door closed with a girl inside?  
Give me five minutes, Mom.  
I'm having sex!  
Johnny, stop that, now! Bad boy!  
What will the neighbours  
think - girl in your  
room and the door closed?  
They'll think I'm getting laid!  
Like we always said, a little  
bit of booty never hurt nobody.  
Growing up as a kid  
on the beach was a blast.  
I mean, everybody  
knew everybody.  
The surf was always good,  
and every night was a party.  
JD! What's up man?  
Hey, Skinner!  
What's happening, dude?  
Somebody's parents were always  
gone for the weekend, and if  
that didn't happen, we'd take  
it to the Shelburn House.  
But what went down  
over the next 24 hours is  
something I will never forget.  
So check this out.

Every kid has someone  
they look up to, right?  
Whether it's a baseball  
player, a rock star,  
or drives a race car - a hero.  
Well it just so happened that  
my hero, he lived right down  
the street. And this guy had  
the ability to make you feel  
like you were walking on water.  
What's up?

Hey.

Twenty, twenty-five,  
forty-five,  
fifty bucks. One more  
payment and it's mine.

Hi!

Hello!

Morning.

Hi, hello!

Hi, hello! Sorry it's so  
early, but, um, this may be  
a little bit embarrassing,  
but we're lost.

Would you happen to know where  
1117 Shelburn Lane might be?

I do.

Oh, great.

Oh good.

That's wonderful.

Excuse me.

Yeah, okay. Oh, thanks.

Yuppies!

You know what?

Day after graduation,  
summer's callin';

I'm gonna give you your board.

Just pay me when  
you got the cash.

Here's your board.

This is um, you know,  
it's your board. I mean,  
I made it for you, so you  
take care of the board and

she'll take care of you.  
Now go on.  
Make me proud.  
Hey Mooney.  
Wanna come?  
No, I gotta work.  
Two, q, a, n.  
Five, seven, four.  
Hey, JD!  
How's it goin?  
Hey, Del.  
Surfing, huh?  
Yeah, I was.  
Q, a, n.  
Hey, I found this seaweed  
with these shells.  
It's sparkling, see?  
Oh yeah?  
And this.  
Sea glass.  
Q, a, n.  
I'm not really in the mood  
for a nature study right now.  
Q, a, n.  
Five, seven, four.  
Five, seven...  
Oh shit.  
Fuck!  
Nice!  
Wake up,  
Venture! Whoo! Ha-ha!  
Watch your  
fucking driving, asshole!  
You stupid blind fucker!  
What the fuck, man?  
'Sup, man? What are you  
gonna do, huh? C'mon!  
Get the fuck back in your car  
and drive back to your stupid  
valley and stay outta my city!  
Fucking Venture surfers!  
Yeah, you say that, and then  
you drive off, you pussy!  
Fuckin Souther!

What's up, JD?  
Que pasa, JD!  
I lost my board, man!  
Maybe someone took it.  
Took it? No one takes  
surfboards around here, Amigo!  
Hey, Harry.  
Hey, JD!  
Where's your board?  
Gone? I don't know.  
Maybe someone stole it.  
Stole your board?  
Uh-huh.  
Mother-fucker!  
Mh-mm.  
Beer! I don't spend  
every day working my ass  
off at the DMV so you  
can buy beer, old man!  
I didn't buy it!  
JD gave me one.  
What?  
J, did you give him beer?  
No.  
Where's your board?  
Rise and shine, ladies!  
C'mon, get up.  
Why are  
you doing this to me?  
You know, in some  
countries, this is considered torture?  
Listen up!  
JD lost his board!  
So?  
Well, so you guys should  
go help him find it!  
He lost the Mooney?  
Yeah, the Mooney!  
That shit didn't happen!  
It happened!  
Seriously, you guys should  
go help him find it!  
He should help me find the bong!  
Oh, God!

Where is it?  
Dude, why?  
I don't know.  
I mean how does something  
like this happen?  
Dude, I have no idea.  
Mooney's gonna kill me.  
I mean, it's  
just kinda incredible that  
your board would just be gone.  
I know.  
Hey, what's goin on, guys?  
Sparks!  
Punk!  
Hey, Bro!  
Where's your board, man?  
Dude, my board got pilfered!  
Dude, don't flip out, alright?  
I can't fucking  
believe this shit!  
I'm gonna fucking  
kill all of 'em!  
I mean, they just come,  
and they just take our fucking  
boards like it's nothing? These  
are our boards, our property.  
Fuck them! Fuck off...  
Alright, I'm here.  
Where's the fire?  
Thank you. Okay, um,  
can you fold these please,  
and then put them  
outside when you're done?  
Only because I need  
you in my life.  
Love you.  
So how's things?  
Oh, you know.  
Same old together one day,  
broken up the next.  
Back together again.  
On again, off again.  
Sex one day, no sex the next.  
It's nice to know we

have the same problems.  
...their fucking beating  
heart outta their chest and  
show it to 'em. Gonna...  
Yeah, I...  
uh Anne?  
I'm not fucking around!  
Yeah?  
That boy's not  
good for business.  
They just fucked with Sparky,  
and Sparky's gonna fuck 'em up!  
That's just Sparky.  
He breaks it, he buys it!  
All day!  
Pretend this little fuckin totem  
poll's their fucking face!  
Whoa.  
Hey, JD, um...  
Um, where's your board?  
It's gone!  
Hey, JD.  
Hey, Iris.  
How's your mom?  
She's in Vegas with  
her new boyfriend.  
Hey, did you look up  
and down the beach?  
Of course.  
Ah, please. Come on!  
Well, wait. Maybe the  
tide took it out, Dude.  
How many times a  
year do I go out?  
A lot.  
And how many times  
have I lost my board?  
A lot.  
Yeah, and how many times  
have I swum in to get it?  
As many times as you lost it.  
Right. And how many times was  
it right there waiting for me?  
Yeah.



Every time.  
Exactly, Dude. Every time,  
except this fucking time.  
Whoa! Did anyone hear  
about Reagan bombing Russia?  
What?  
Reagan.  
Reagan's bombing Russia.  
I heard it on the  
radio this morning.  
Shhhh. You're that  
stoned that Reagan is talking to  
you personally through a radio?  
No, no.  
I'm not that stoned.  
I'm that stoned.  
Dude, me too!  
Let's get more stoned!  
What am I gonna do, man?  
Fuck! This is,  
this is a symbol  
for all that's sacred  
to our way of life.  
So, what? Is something  
sacred to your way of life?  
Wake up.  
A surfboard is the most sacred  
thing to our way of life.  
It's, it's um  
it's your girlfriend,  
your car and  
your dick - all in one.  
Guys, he's like a Mexican Jesus.  
So, uh, Jesus, what do we do?  
We do what we do whenever  
we don't know what to do.  
Party at the Shelburn  
House again, Anne? C'mon -  
gotta meet some new people;  
withering away over here.  
Oh God, Iris, please! Shut up!  
Have some fun! Lighten up!  
I want to have fun.  
I really do.

Okay, then have fun.  
Uh. Okay,  
who's gonna be there?  
Well, who do you think?  
Um, JD, Lardo, The yard guys,  
Mike Moke, um, James, Bernard-  
What?  
What is your problem?  
I just, well, look.  
I wanna meet some guys who are  
into the same things I'm into.  
Um, Iris, boyfriends aren't  
into poetry, painting and art.  
Just have some fun,  
for me, please, please?  
Yeah, for you.  
It's easy for you to say.  
You've got sunshine  
boy out there.  
Okay, that's not that easy.  
Know what? First chance I get,  
I'm getting outta here.  
I'm going to New York and  
I'm gonna be an artist.  
You know, I don't care about  
being rich or famous, dude.  
I just wanna work,  
and keep my edge.  
Your edge.  
Yeah. My edge. And  
when I do get a boyfriend,  
he'll be into poetry,  
painting and art. You watch.  
Um, news flash, Iris. Hmm.  
Boyfriends who are into  
all that already have  
boyfriends of their own.  
Crap.  
I got an idea!  
Oh really? What?  
Let's flash Sparky.  
Okay.  
You ready?  
Yeah.

One, two, three!  
What the hell is wrong with you?  
Alright, JD. Tell me the  
story in excruciating detail.  
Alright, so...  
I was out on my board  
and then like all of a sudden  
out of nowhere this like  
perfect wave just comes at me.  
So I paddle into it, right? And  
I get up, and I lay down like  
this sweet bottom turn and then  
like, I was right there, yeah.  
I'm right there, and the wave  
just starts throwing its lip  
over me, just like throwing  
it over me like that.  
It was like the most  
beautiful feeling of my life.  
And what happened  
after that, man?  
Uhh...  
C'mon, man. You had  
to see something, bro.  
Yeah, uh, I'm  
looking around, and...  
and I see Del!  
Yeah, man! The first person  
I saw on the beach was Del!  
Del!  
Hey Del!  
Oh. Hey, Guys.  
What's up?  
Hey.  
Hey, hey.  
Everything okay?  
Yeah. Del, uh, listen.  
Do you remember seeing  
me this morning?  
Sure. It was about 08:57,  
close to nine. I tell time by  
the sun and I usually get it  
right within a minute or two.  
Alright, well, look, my

surfboard got stolen.  
Did you see anything?  
Yeah. Did you  
see anything?  
What do you mean - the Souther?  
He was driven' a Datsun 2802.  
It was orange.  
Do you remember anything else?  
Dudes, you can't get the  
right answers in life unless  
you ask the right questions.  
Whoa.  
2QAN574.  
So, what  
is the right question?  
I don't know.  
Really, JD, if I could find  
the guy who did this to you,  
I would kill him.  
No. You know what?  
I wouldn't just kill him,  
I'd beat his ass first,  
and then I would kill him.  
No. You know what? I'd  
kick his ass and kill him,  
but first, I'd steal his board  
so he knew what it felt like.  
Shut up, stupid.  
Why would he steal JD's  
board if he already had one?  
What?  
If he had a board  
to steal, I mean.  
I'd steal that one.  
Wait. What?  
Which one would you steal?  
I'd steal 'em both, Dude.  
Yeah.  
I'm a badass.  
Okay, so how are we  
gonna find this guy?  
Oh, she said something  
about that Souther  
in the Datsun, yeah?

Yeah, right.  
The orange 2802, huh?  
Yeah.  
You stupid blind fucker!  
Ahhh!  
Oh fuck.  
Here we go again.  
What!  
What, Sparky?  
What, Sparky?  
What? I saw a guy  
driving an orange 2802,  
but I didn't think that  
anyone would fuckin steal  
a board so I didn't even  
get a good look at him!  
Dude! Relax!  
What? Fuck you;  
I'm not gonna relax!  
What? You're just  
remembering this now?  
I'm gonna fuckin kill this guy!  
Hey, hey, hey, hey!  
Who, the Souther?  
Yeah, man. He was driving  
around in this sleazy fuckin  
pick-up-some-pussy-valley-boy  
car with the  
board hanging out the back,  
dude. Green and yellow, right?  
Yeah?  
Yeah? Well how do you  
know he was a Souther?  
Dude, he had a fuckin  
typical Ken doll haircut.  
Total valley  
boy faggy-ass shit, and-  
the fucker had  
pants. Like, slacks.  
Pants?  
Pants?  
Uh-oh.  
Hey guys, uh, look who it is.  
It's red bikini girl.

Red bikini girl.  
Coming straight for you.  
Check it out.  
What I wouldn't do to  
nib on one of those nibs.  
Dude,  
what I wouldn't do to  
suck on both of those nipples.  
A little bit  
of booty never hurt nobody!  
Your mom home, Sparky?  
Maybe we should  
go in and say hi.  
Yeah, I don't know.  
She okay?  
Yeah.  
Shit.  
What?  
I'm supposed to  
meet this kid today-  
I'm selling him my skateboard.  
You're selling your skateboard?  
Yeah, they're gonna  
shut off our electric if  
we don't pay the bill.  
Seriously, bro?  
How much?  
Sixteen dollars.  
Don't sweat it, Dude.  
Uh, we have to figure out  
this, uh, what is it 2QAN...  
Later.  
Later?  
Yeah, later.  
First we're gonna  
get sixteen bucks.  
You ready?  
Check this dude out.  
Mr. C, how ya doing?  
Hey!  
So, uh, anyway, Mr. Candidas...  
Candianadas.  
Uh, okay, so I see this  
bitchin' wave coming in,

right? I see this...  
I've already heard  
this stupid story from  
your step-father, the drunk.  
Oh yeah? He was in here  
already?  
Oh that's great, typical.  
Hey!  
Hey, so uh yeah, I was trying  
to tell ya a story, alright?  
So listen. So I drop in on this  
wave, and I'm like totally  
stoked and then it was like,  
I'm doin a cut-back and I lay  
it down with my hand and  
I'm like skimming it with my  
hand, and the lip  
starts folding over.  
It's like coming over me like  
this, so I'm like, "Whoa!  
"And then I'm like "whoa" and  
this giant liquid cavern of  
liquid water from  
another planet.  
Dude, I've been  
looking for these all day!  
Look what I found.  
Alright!  
Yeah, we'll have these.  
Beef.  
Uh, got any dough?  
Uh, no.  
Do you?  
Yeah, um.  
We're gonna have to come  
back for those later.  
Yeah, later.  
Okay. Catch ya!  
Let's get outta here!  
Feels kinda good, huh?  
What?  
Helping out Sparky's mom.  
She's a nice lady.  
Can you keep a secret?

Dude. Yeah.  
What- what's up?  
Alice is not really his mom.  
What?  
Yeah. She's his grandma.  
He just calls her that.  
Where's his mom?  
She bailed, man.  
Whoa.  
There ya go, son  
sixteen dollars.  
There you go; thank you sir.  
This is a nice couch.  
Got it at Sears.  
Now if the wife asks, I  
didn't give you any money.  
Sure; okay.  
Harry, Peggy works  
at the DMV, right?  
Um-hmmm.  
What?  
Alright.  
Bye, Marge.  
Okay.  
We got 2QUAN574, 1979  
Datsun, registered to a  
seventeen-year-old  
kid name Brian Kramer,  
212 South Valley  
Road, Valley Village.  
Here ya go!  
Brian Kramer.  
You don't know how much  
we appreciate this.  
Well, do me a favour.  
Don't kill him.  
Oh, and next time you  
sell Harry some stolen beer,  
get something better  
than this shit, please.  
Fuckin Southers!  
Oooh, stand by with the beer!  
If you barf,  
I am not cleaning that up.



That what dogs are for, tardo.  
Hey boys.  
Red bikini girl.  
Little bit of booty  
never hurt nobody!  
Do you think  
she's had a boob job?  
Hey mom?  
Yeah, honey.  
Can we like have a bottle  
of something, please?  
Oh go ahead.  
Take the half-bottle  
of vodka from the bar.  
But no drinking and driving.  
Okay. Thanks, Mom.  
You rock. Hard.  
Yeah well, I used to.  
Anne!  
Yeah!  
I found it!  
You found your board?  
Great!  
Hi, JD.  
Oh, hey, Brenda.  
What's this about your board?  
Oh yeah, we know where it is;  
I've just gotta go get it.  
Hey, can we go back to my house?  
I need to change.  
Yeah, yeah, sure.  
Need a hand, JD?  
Anne, your mom's like totally  
hitting on me, again.  
Mom, c'mon!  
We talked about this!  
Okay, we're going, Jeez!  
Wow.  
Bye! I love you!  
I love you, too!  
Have fun!  
How come  
you're never like that.  
Oh, there you are Johnny-boy.

I heard what happened.  
Oh, honey.  
Mom!  
The milkman told me.  
Oh, Johnny.  
C'mon, Mom.  
Oh, don't worry. We'll get it  
back for you, my poor baby.  
We're onto it, Ma, really.  
Oh, Johnny.  
I give you some stew  
to take with you.  
La Lumbie.  
C'mon, sweetheart, huh?  
Did you miss me?  
I need ya now.  
I do.  
Come on now.  
Come on.  
Here you go, honey.  
Jesus, Mom; I'm communing  
with my automobile, here.  
Oh Johnny, please.  
Just try it. Just try it!  
Alright, alright.  
Uh-huh.  
Yes, good.  
Uh, now can I go?  
Oh, yeah.  
Here, Anne.  
Hold this. I've gotta focus.  
Okay, baby.  
C'mon. C'mon.  
Come to Papa.  
That's it.  
Come one, come on baby, come on.  
Whoo!  
Atta girl!  
Good luck, Johnny!  
So get this. I totally  
saw this guy today, man.  
He's drivin' down the road,  
in this bright-ass orange,  
look at me, 2802; the typical

Souther. I mean, it seemed like his hair was personally styled by Vidal Sassoon. And uh, he was wearing pants. What? Pants. Pants! C'mon, I gotta pee! Everybody! We got a situation here, so listen up! These fucking Southers. They come to our beautiful beach, and they desecrate it, and I'm sick of it! It's over, and they're going to pay, now! Yeah! So fucking frightening. Totally. It turns me on. What? Whatever. God, you're so weird. Alright now, here's the deal. An elite team of us, a band of brothers are gonna go tonight, in La Lumbie and we're gonna find this guy and we're gonna bring my board back! We're going. No. Anne, no. I'm not going. Yes. Shut up, Iris. We're going. Shut up! Oh shit. My fellow Venturians, the time has come. Lardo! Fuck it. Mooney's? What are we doing here? There's somethin' I need to do. So Mike, I know I shoulda been more careful. I'm gonna get

the board back and I'm gonna  
get you that last payment, too.  
We got an address; we know  
where this guy is, so you know,  
don't worry.

It'll be easy.

These kids.

They're gonna run  
off to the valley,  
and probably get  
into a bunch of trouble.

Let's go get us a surfboard.

Mooney's comin with us?

Now we can take on the  
whole fuckin Valley,  
dude. Let's do this.

Why do you call your  
car La Lumbie, anyway?

Well, it used to be La Bamba,  
but the L's; they took over.

First it was Bomber,  
then La Bamba.

Now it's La Lumbie.

Yeah. Because le  
Ian lalk lin lels.

L, Pm S

W?

Le Ian lalk lin lels.

You can talk in L's?

Wow. I really gotta  
get away from here.

We're going to war,  
and we need war music.

We need a fuckin battle hymn.

Check the tapes!

To the tapes!

To the tapes.

To the tapes.

Germ.

Uh, Ramones.

Bob Marley.

I got the Thompson Twins.

No.

No Thompson Twins.

Pick a tape.  
Tape?  
Fear.  
Hell, yeah.  
Right on.  
Now that is road-trip music.  
Mooney rocks.  
Now, eh - turn it up.  
The valley of the shadow of  
death in all its wretched glory.  
Millions of Southerners,  
wearing pants.  
I hate pants.  
I hate pants, too!  
One of 'em named Brian Kramer.  
Yeah. Somewhere  
down in that cesspool of  
humanity is JD's surfboard.  
Watch for Van Nuys  
and turn right.  
I'm from here, remember?  
We need gas.  
Hey sparky!  
What's up?  
I challenge you to a sponge-war.  
Alright, you bastard,  
show me what you got!  
God, I can't wait to get  
outta here next month.  
I know. Parson's  
gonna be so cool.  
You'll be in New York,  
and meanwhile I'll be  
at UC Santa Cruz.  
Oh, but you'll like it, Annie.  
You'll love it.  
You'll meet some guy - an  
intellectual who surfs, and fall  
in love, get married, have  
babies, grow old, fade out.  
You make it sound so boring.  
Are you kidding?  
I wish I could do that.  
I'm, I'm too psychotic.

You got nothin'. Huh?  
Ah, but you'll be in New York.  
Your life is gonna  
be so awesome.  
I mean, I hope so. You know  
I just can't wait to visit  
all the places I've read about.  
You know, like CGBGs.  
Who's playing there now?  
Oh, Max's Kansas City where  
Louie and the Velvet Underground  
played with Niko; Grace Church,  
where Allen Ginsberg and Jim  
Carrol read their poetry.  
Someday I just really  
hope I meet Lori Anderson.  
Um, who's that?  
You know; she has that  
song, "Oh Superman. "  
I don't know it.  
Yeah!  
Whoa, whoa.  
Hey, whoa.  
Whoa, what?  
Yes, yes it is.  
Oh, gasoline!  
Why are they doing that?  
Uh, they lost a  
bet to Lardo's cousin,  
so now every time they  
hear that song, this ensues.  
That's the dumbest fuckin  
thing I've ever seen.  
Hey, Mike.  
Whoo!  
You alright?  
Yeah.  
There it is.  
This is the part where  
they cut to outside the car  
and we see like this jerky  
point of view thing.  
And there's this guy  
dragging this foot.

He's creeping up on the  
car, and we don't know it,  
but he's got a steel  
hook for a hand. Wheeee!  
Shut up!  
Just save it.  
Alright, seriously.  
What's the plan here?  
Torch the place!  
Sparky! Down.  
What if we sneak around the  
house and look in the windows?  
You're such a perv.  
That ain't a perv thing.  
This is James Bond shit, here.  
No, no, no. We get a brick,  
cover it in a towel, douse it  
in gasoline, set in on fire,  
and chuck it through the window.  
That's a bit extreme, Sparky.  
One more.  
One more what, Mike?  
One more beer.  
Yeah.  
Alright. So assuming our  
information's correct, my  
surfboard's in that house, in  
his car, or he hid it someplace.  
Oh my God. Just do something -  
anything. How 'bout that?  
Knock on the door.  
Totally.  
Uh, hi sir.  
My name's JD.  
These are my friends,  
and well it seems...  
We're here cause  
there's a problem with...  
Do you have a son?  
You see, my board  
was stolen today, and well,  
we think that maybe Brian,  
that's his name, right?  
That Brian kinda, well, that

he was the one who stole it.  
And we got a license  
plate from an eyewitness and  
we're pretty sure that he's  
the one who stole my board,  
but maybe we got it wrong.  
It's okay.  
Hello.  
Dude, you got it!  
Yeah, it was right  
there in his room.  
That was like, too easy, man. We  
should just get outta here, bro.  
No. We're  
not goin' anywhere yet.  
There's one thing  
I hate worse than a liar.  
And that's a thief.  
I need to apologize.  
My son's done a bad thing here,  
and I can understand  
you all being upset.  
What's your name?  
Mike Mooney.  
Well, Mike Mooney,  
I suppose you've got an  
idea of how you'd  
like to handle this?  
I think we'd like to  
handle it ourselves.  
My son stole a surfboard.  
He didn't kill anyone.  
That's understood.  
Alright.  
What's up with you?  
Nothing.  
C'mon, Iris. I know you better  
than that. What's goin' on?  
What?  
Don't "what" me.  
What's goin' on?  
There's nothing goin' on, Anne.  
Iris, speak to me.  
I know the guy,



okay? I know him.  
You what?  
You got it back.  
Right on!  
That's awesome!  
Nah, that was too easy.  
Yeah. Now what  
the fuck do we do?  
Why don't we just,  
ya know, go home?  
What? What? No, no,  
no, no, no. Fuck that, JD.  
We came all the way  
out to this Valley; we gotta  
do something to  
this fucking guy - c'mon!  
C'mon, JD.  
You got your surfboard back.  
There's still time to go  
back to the Shelburn House.  
I mean, imagine the look  
on everyone's faces when  
you come back with the board.  
No! Shhh No!  
Getting the board back's  
only half the journey.  
Totally.  
You know what you  
gotta do, right?  
I mean, you gotta find this guy.  
And scare the living  
shit out of him!  
Okay great.  
Uhm, so what do we do now?  
I don't know.  
I'll know it when I see him.  
That's it? We're just gonna  
wait here 'til he comes back?  
You don't get it, do ya?  
I can't walk away from this.  
I gotta, I gotta either wait  
here 'til he comes, or I gotta  
go find the guy. That's it.  
That could take forever.

I mean do you know how  
fucking huge this city is?  
He's at Buffalo Records  
in Tarzana. He works there.  
At least that's-  
that's where he  
worked when we were dating.  
You dated this guy?  
Iris, he wears pants.  
Idiot, you have pants on.  
That's completely different.  
He gave me records, okay? It  
lasted for like ten minutes  
and then I dumped him  
and he got all freaky.  
I didn't know he would do  
something like this, JD.  
I'm sorry, okay?  
I'm, I'm really sorry.  
Studies have shown  
that acts of revenge actually  
trigger a response in the  
brain's pleasure zones.  
Like when you  
eat or you have sex.  
Really?  
Yeah.  
And where did you get this  
little tidbit of information?  
Uhhh...  
Oh! Maybe it was in  
the American Journal of  
I-don't-know-what-the-  
fuck-I'm-talking-about.  
Ooohh!  
Ha ha ha.  
So. How shall we do this?  
Just take it  
nice and smooth.  
Alright.  
I can be smooth.  
Okay, I'll be  
with you in one second.  
That's it!

That's it right there!  
That is him!  
That is him! Go, go, go!  
Hey guys, be careful!  
You're gonna fuckin die!  
I'm gonna kill you!  
I'm gonna fuck  
you up, bro. Fuck you!  
C'mon Sparky, put the  
fucking rock down!  
Bros, guess who's  
calling the cops!  
Kill you!  
I'm gonna fuckin...  
C'mon, let's go. so. so!  
Cock sucker!  
Fuck you!  
Sorry, guys-  
It's amazing what someone will  
do to get the latest hit.  
It looks like the only hit  
they wanted was on you, Brian.  
How did we do?  
Huh. Not so smooth.  
What do we do now?  
Beer!  
Pierpont vodka, huh?  
Yup.  
That's imported, right?  
Sure.  
I hear them crazy Ruskies make  
this shit out of potatoes.  
Yep. Gonna need  
to see some ID.  
Just kidding!  
Oh, yeah.  
Thanks a lot.  
There ya go.  
Can you change four bucks?  
Need some help?  
I got it.  
Have a good day.  
Happy New Year, Chief.  
C'mon, baby.

How's it goin'?

Hey. Kenny, so uh, yeah.

I see this bitchin' wave comin in, and it's like pitching over. I'm like scratching for the outside, like goin' like this, and it's like pitching and then it slams me on the ground, man. And I'm like, whoa getting worked, dude, and then...

Do you surf?

No.

Hey man, I do this thing with my hair; it's killer, bro.

Ready?

So you're from Venture, then.

Yeah.

Yeah, yeah, I can tell. These are sixty-nine cents, here?

Yep.

In Venture, they're forty-nine cents.

Hmm. Then why don't you go buy one in Venture?

What kind of lifestyle do you live?

That's insulting.

Have a beer with Fear, boys.

Yeah.

You guys aren't gonna believe this. Mooney went with the guys to find JD's board. Wasn't he in 'Nam?

No. We saw Apocalypse Now like nine times.

Hey, everybody listen up! Those guys make it back with the board, we're letting 'em on the deck!

Bitchin'.

Whoo-hoo!

Fake set!

I don't get it.  
This guy dated you  
and you dumped him.  
Why'd he steal my board?  
I didn't do nuthin' to him.  
I have no idea, JD.  
I told you; he's just a freak.  
So.  
This is the most exciting  
stake-out I've ever been on.  
It's like a surf  
contest with no swell.  
Everyone's just sitting there  
waiting for something to happen.  
Not the West  
Coast invitational's.  
You goin' to that, Mike?  
No, I'm out.  
What? Why? You killed  
it last month at Pismo.  
Killed it! Dude,  
I finished thirty-fourth.  
Comes a time to move on.  
I surf for the fun of it and  
shape for the love of it.  
So.  
I was just thinking.  
You know in a couple months  
summer's gonna be over.  
So what?  
That always happens.  
So, we're all outta  
high school, now.  
And some of us are gonna  
go to college, get jobs,  
and start  
doing adult stuff.  
Yeah, and shit that we hate.  
Well look, all I'm  
saying is, you know;  
things are gonna  
be different, now.  
Man! I hate this shit.  
Start talking about the future;

getting all high and serious.

Shit.

I don't know what I'm

gonna do in an hour!

Yeah, and that's really fucked.

What are you saying,

Anne? A lot of people,

they stay in Ventura -

keep partying, surfing.

People like who? Harry, who,

ya know, gets kids to steal

beer for him? I mean, great

fucking role models, JD.

Well you think we should

buy into this shit?

That we should start

working and wearing pants?

Is that it? Huh?

Buying insurance?

Get a vacuum cleaner and shit?

Yeah?

You really think that this

is all there is to life?

Maybe.

If I thought that, I would

so fucking kill myself.

You don't

have to, you know.

You don't have to

buy a vacuum cleaner.

What choice do you have, Mooney?

We need more beer.

I'll go,

Me too.

Are you okay?

Will you help me, Lardo?

Yeah.

Those guys were acting

like such guys, tonight.

Yeah.

This pet's having

like no effect.

Um, you just gotta give it

some time to kick in, ya know?

Careful, dude.  
Just thinking about Iris.  
Ann's goin'to college.  
Probably meet some guy.  
Iris is moving to New York.  
How do you guys  
do that, anyways?  
Do what?  
Do chicks and all, man?  
Easy. You just put your  
hand here, inside their leg,  
and then you  
just slide it up.  
Slide it up.  
It works every time, man.  
Feels pretty good.  
Not your own leg, man.  
The chick's.  
Well, iris's apple wine  
works pretty good, too.  
It's just like drivin' a car.  
What would you do if  
you were gonna go on a  
long road trip with Lumbie?  
Get in, start her  
up, and take off!  
God, no.  
Listen.  
Ya gotta... ya gotta  
sweet talk her a little.  
Give her a little  
loving, nurturing.  
You baby her a little.  
You check her um, you  
check her fluids, make sure  
there's enough lubrication.  
You kick the tires, make  
sure your rubber's good.  
And if you feel  
confident, and ready,  
you slide in the driver's seat.  
You tickle the starter  
and you turn her over.  
Then you slip it into drive

and you gently start  
to push her forward.  
And then you're on your way.  
But that's when you have  
to, you have to listen to her,  
really start to pay attention.  
And as she starts to warm up,  
her temperature starts to rise,  
that's when, you know, you  
can pump her a little harder,  
you know?  
And she'll let ya  
know when she's ready.  
She'll start to hum.  
When she starts to hum you go  
pedal to the medal, as hard as  
you can for as long as you can.  
That's, that's when it's good.  
That's when it gets, you know,  
that's like you're a machine on  
an open back road somewhere in  
America with nothing but like a  
forest or corn field on either  
side of you with stars in the  
sky, and no traffic lights.  
There's no coppers, no worries.  
That's just, that's  
as good as it gets.  
That's-  
that's being a man;  
that's heaven on earth;  
that's what that is.  
What does all that have  
to do with getting women?  
You don't have to worry about  
it for a long time, uh, Sparky.  
Alright, where's the turn?  
It's coming, I think.  
It's either coming  
or we passed it.  
What?  
Turn here.  
Turn here!  
Okay, okay!



Take the  
back streets, okay?  
Okay. Valley View,  
Valley Lane, Valley Drive.  
Great! They're all  
the same stupid name!  
Man, we're gonna miss it.  
Miss what?  
The fight!  
Lardo, you are so busted;  
you wanna see the fight.  
Yeah, I kinda do.  
Okay, where are we?  
Lost.  
Totally and completely lost.  
I'm leally leally lost.  
Oh ly Lod; I Ian lalk in leis!  
Not funny, Lardo.  
What have you done to her?  
Alright, what just happened?  
Well, I think we're out of gas.  
You just filled it up.  
I only put one dollar in it.  
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.  
Doomed.  
We're all doomed.  
Whoa.  
Whoa, what?  
You hear that?  
I don't hear shit.  
That's just it.  
Ya can't hear the ocean.  
That's weird.  
Ya can't hear it;  
ya can't smell it.  
Yeah.  
Whoa! Shit!  
What's he doin'?  
Shh! I can't hear him!  
Okay, boys!  
You can come on out!  
Sparky! Psst!  
You got something to say?  
Why'd you do it?

Do you even surf?  
Then why steal a surfboard?  
It was stupid.  
Just forget it.  
It's too late for that,  
Brian. Just tell him.  
My girlfriend...  
Iris. She broke up with  
me, for some, uh, surfer.  
So you were just pissed  
at some random surfer?  
And so you decided  
to steal my board?  
What's the fuckin  
logic in that, huh?  
You got your board back!  
This is over.  
That's not for you to say.  
Now the way I see it is  
this you have two options.  
One, you can call the cops,  
or two, you can dole out  
a whipping for yourself.  
What's it gonna be?  
I'll take option number two.  
Dad, these guys are  
gonna fuckin kill me!  
Brian, don't embarrass  
yourself any further.  
You get three swings.  
That's all. Fair?  
Fair.  
I sot him!  
That's one.  
Fuck, Sparky!  
Piece of cake.  
C'mon, man; he's drunk. He  
doesn't know what he's doin'!  
I said three swings. That  
counts. You got two left.  
Wait a minute.  
He said one of you guys gets  
three swings.  
He already took one.

So he's gotta take  
the other two.  
I mean that's the rule, right?  
Three swings; one guy.  
That's what he said.  
Fine.  
You hear that Sparky, huh?  
Two swings.  
Two swings.  
Just get me close.  
I can't miss him.  
Get in there.  
Hi, fairy-boy.  
Fuck!  
That's two.  
That should count  
as two and three!  
Keep quiet. Take your licks.  
He hasn't even hit you.  
Get up, Sparky; get up.  
Ya gotta get up! C'mon!  
You got one more! One mo-  
he's laughing at us, man!  
One more; one more, Sparky!  
Come on! Come on!  
Don't laugh at me!  
Dude.  
You laughing at?  
This is your last chance.  
Then I'm taking my boy  
inside and that's it.  
Come on, Sparky.  
Get up, man.  
Get up; ya gotta get UP-  
Get up, Sparky!  
Get up! Come on!  
Alright!  
Oh shit!  
Sparky, man. Sparky,  
you did it, man! You did it!  
You nailed him, man.  
You got him. You got him.  
Sparky? Holy shit;  
he's asleep! He's asleep!

Alright, then.  
You fellas satisfied?  
Now I want ya to make up.  
Shake hands.  
I, um, I'm sorry, man.  
It's cool.  
No real harm done.  
You Okay?  
C'mon, Bri.  
Let's get ya inside,  
get an icepack on that jaw.  
Excuse me.  
I never got your name.  
Sam.  
Sam Kramer.  
I just wanna say, it was,  
uh, real nice meeting you.  
I just, I wanted  
to say that to ya.  
I was gone a lot when  
he was growing up.  
Didn't do a very good  
job there, I'm afraid.  
Most of the time, you do the  
best you can do, and hope the  
rest just falls in line  
and sometimes it does.  
Don't forget Sparky, there.  
Wiener man! What'd you do -  
go down to Ventura and,  
uh get more wieners?  
Ha, ha, ha, ha.  
Hey bro.  
Kenny, dude. I ran outta gas  
about a mile down the road,  
and yeah I was just wondering,  
can I borrow a gas can?  
Oh. Man. Well,  
uh this isn't Ventura.  
You know, we sell gas cans;  
we don't just lend 'em out.  
I'd be happy to sell ya one and  
I'll sell ya some gas, too.  
Oh, yeah.

How much are they?  
Three dollars.  
Three dollars?  
Yep.  
Yeah, I got three bucks.  
I got three bucks  
somewhere here.  
One. I got one.  
Hold on.  
Two, two twenty -  
ut- three bucks.  
And fifteen cents.  
Yeah!  
So then I guess you  
have enough to get, uh,  
fifteen cents worth  
of gas, wiener man.  
Hey, bro, look. can you just,  
can, give me a break, man.  
Let me borrow the gas can; I'll  
bring it right back, dude.  
Look, man, we sell em, okay?  
We don't rent 'em.  
Dude, where are your friends?  
Lost in the valley of  
the shadow of death.  
This whole day has been like  
one endless bummer, dude.  
Hey bros.  
How's it goin'?  
Do you like have a gas can I  
can borrow? My car ran outta  
gas, and well, this dude  
won't let me borrow a can.  
Ah, you ran outta gas, huh?  
Yeah. It's just  
like a mile up that way.  
We got some beers leftover  
if ya help us out.  
Yeah, sure, man. Sure.  
Bitchin' can, dude.  
Thanks.  
Hop in!  
Man, I just wanted to

fuckin kick that guy's ass.  
You know, just,  
just kick his ass.  
One punch.  
Just one fuckin punch.  
You got one punch.  
Well, yeah, but, I mean I  
should have fucking pounded him.  
I should kicked his fuckin  
teeth in, man. You know what?  
I'm gonna go back in there.  
You wanna come?  
He said three swings, Sparky.  
Who gives a shit what  
that old fucker said.  
I'll kick his ass, too.  
Fuck, Sparky.  
I'm sick of it, man.  
Ya talk all this bullshit;  
I'm gonna do this and I'm gonna  
do that and you just get  
drunk and you don't do nuthin'.  
You don't do shit.  
So shut up, alright?  
You okay?  
I just wanna go home.  
Thanks, bros.  
Hopefully it'll fill up and  
we'll be able to get outta here.  
Hey wait.  
What are your names?  
Esmeralda.  
Guinevere.  
Esmeralda and Guinevere, huh?  
Hey, where you from?  
Africa.  
South Africa.  
Johannesburg.  
Can't you tell they're  
just fuckin with us?  
That true? Were  
you just fuckin with us?  
Hey listen guys.  
Thanks so... we need to...

I don't think so.  
Get the  
fuck away from me!  
What the fuck?  
Go, Anne! Go!  
Fuck!  
C'mon!  
You like that?  
Hey asshole!  
Later, bitch.  
Pieces of shit. Get in your  
fuckin piece of shit van  
or I will fucking  
smash your brains out!  
Come on!  
Get in the Lumbie!  
1 Hey, what about our beer?  
Shit.  
They're gonna follow us.  
No they're not.  
Fuckers.  
Whoa.  
They're here.  
Alright.  
Thanks for comin, Mike.  
I'll get ya that money, too.  
Ah, just give it  
when you get it.  
So?  
Gotta grab my skateboard  
outta the back.  
Hey Sparky.  
Hey.  
Thanks, dude.  
No really, I mean,  
that shit I said before,  
it's just, I don't know.  
Weird fuckin night, huh?  
Yeah.  
I just...  
If I gotta have  
someone at my back,  
I'm just glad it's you, dude.  
Yeah?

Yeah. We're gonna be talking  
about this for years.  
We will, won't we?  
I'm gonna catch  
some zzzz's, man.  
Yeah.  
You goin' surfing later?  
What else?  
You know, I actually enjoyed  
myself tonight, man.  
Me too.  
Later, Sparky.  
Wait.  
Now I gotta find my tape.  
Uh, I got it.  
Cool.  
I gotta go to work.  
So I guess I'll see you?  
Of course.  
Hey, uh, you know whatever  
happened back there...  
Oh, he just, he just  
roughed me up a little.  
Fucker he tore my shirt.  
Yeah, I mean, you're, you're,  
you're okay, and I'm okay,  
so we're you're good,  
right? You're, you're okay?  
You know what?  
I mean whatever doesn't kill  
you makes you stronger, right?  
Whoa.  
Dude, I didn't make that up!  
Still good, though.  
Yeah?  
Later?  
Sure.  
Hey, I'm really sorry that  
prick stole your board, dude.  
It's not your fault.  
I know that.  
Later, gator.  
Nice work.  
Hey. Later, Darling.



Tell your mom I love her stew.  
Tell your mom I  
love her daughter.  
You're such a liar.  
What? I'm so totally  
committed to you.  
Yeah, you're  
committed to something,  
but it ain't me, babe.  
What's that supposed to mean?  
When you figure it out, call me.  
Hey Lardo, what do  
think it all means, man?  
What?  
The whole thing, dude. I mean,  
this guy gets dumped; he  
steals my board, he doesn't even  
know me, and Del just happens  
to be there, and it's like  
we get this name and because  
of that we go to the Valley?  
Yeah, yeah, yeah. No, no,  
we're building over in Ventura.  
Oh it's wonderful,  
four stories.  
Brian Kramer, bro.  
He turned out to be not such  
a bad guy - just some dude  
who got dumped - by Iris.  
Bro, she took his heart  
and she just like ripped  
it up into pieces. She's  
fuckin vicious, that girl.  
Well, we got your board back.  
Shit!  
Man.  
Oh, Shit!  
Ah.  
It looks okay, dude.  
It doesn't look too bad.  
Whoa!  
No!  
At that moment,  
it hit me.

It wasn't about a surfboard;  
it was about the journey,  
with my friends.  
Lardo and I are still  
the best of friends.  
He has a beautiful daughter  
now and always makes the best  
of every day - in typical  
Lardo fashion, of course.  
Sparky lived every day like  
there was no tomorrow.  
He rode his last wave in  
at the age of twenty-five.  
He was truly one-of-a-kind,  
man, and I'll always remember  
the crazy shit we  
used to do together.  
Nobody did it like Sparky.  
Miss ya, bro.  
Iris went to New York  
and became an artist,  
just like she said she would.  
She's not rich and famous yet,  
but she still keeps her edge,  
and visits Ventura  
whenever she can.  
Anne found a great guy  
willing to commit to her.  
She's married,  
has a beautiful boy,  
and I still remain great  
friends with her and her family.  
My hero Mike Mooney.  
He's a family man, now.  
Still the legend on Pierpont,  
and hand-shaping surfboards  
in the same garage -  
for the love of it.  
Hey.  
There's been a whole  
lotta change in Ventura,  
but then again,  
lots of things have  
stayed the same - like Del.

And as for me,  
I got a beautiful wife,  
four great kids,  
play music with my friends,  
and still surfing -  
in Ventura.