EXT. EGYPTIAN DESERT - DAY

We FADE IN on a hot, sweltering Egyptian sun. The sun brightly shines over the surrounding desert.

ADAM (V.O.)
"Dreams". They're defined as cherished aspirations, ambitions, and ideals. You know what the key word of that is? "Cherished".

We fade to images of THE KARNAK.

THE LUXOR TEMPLE.

THE PYRAMIDS OF GIZA.

ADAM (V.O.)
Dreams are associated with what we love and cherish, and by extension, shape who we are. And just like us, they evolve and grow.

Modern images of SKYSCRAPERS.

CROWDED HIGHWAYS.

A HUGE MALL.

EXT. MALL - DAY

ADAM (V.O.)
If your dreams don't mature, in a way, neither will you. You have to dream big.

A few SKATEBOARDERS skate in front of the mall, trying various tricks with varying degrees of success. A security guard comes out, telling the skaters to leave.

ADAM AMER, a skinny 16 year old with a semi-growing mustache, watches from the sidewalk. He smiles at the security guard as the guard proudly runs of the other skaters, then walks back into the mall.

ADAM (V.O.)
For me, it's all about the trick.
(beat)
And this is the story about the time I landed that trick.

Adam hops up when the coast is clear, grabbing his skateboard and climbing some stairs.

His friend GEORGE, also 16, wears a NY Yankee hat with an oversized jacket and carries a small digital camcorder, sits in position below the stairs, waiting to film the moment.

Adam takes a breathe as he puts his foot on his board. George gives the signal he's ready, and Adam takes off on his board.

He flies over the steps, almost stopping time as he spins his board under his feet. George is in awe at the spectacle, cheering his friend along. Adam starts to lean forward...

SPLAT. The frame freezes on Adam's face just as it meets the concrete very, very hard.

ADAM (V.O.)
This? Not that time.

George rushes over to check on Adam. Adam sits up, rubbing his cheek.

GEORGE
Dude, are you okay?

Adam checks to make sure his teeth are all okay.

ADAM
Yea. No major damage. I think I'm good to go.

George takes Adam's hand and pulls him to his feet. Adam is still feeling the fall, and tries to walk if off.

GEORGE
That was so close. You're almost there. Really thought you had it that time. At least we got some more good footage for the bloopers, tho.

ADAM
Yea. It went SO great.

GEORGE
Wanna try it one more time?

ADAM
Yea, give me a minute.

Adam grabs his skateboard, inspecting it. He looks at it with lots of love, carefully making sure it's okay.

Adam walks back up the stairs, still stretching out the impact of his last attempt. He gets into position, and looks back to George, again kneeling at the bottom of the stairs.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Ready?

GEORGE
Ready. Let's do this.

Adam again pushes off, and begins towards the stairs. He starts the trick, but gets his feet and board caught up beneath him, and again crashes to the ground knees first. He rolls over as his board rolls off in front of him.

George again rushes over, checking on Adam.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
That looked like it hurt.

ADAM
Yea. I think I broke my soul.

Adam sits up, grabbing his knees.

A SHADOW appears in front of them. Adam and George look up at the person blocking the sun.

They see the security guard, KHALID, standing over them. He's a well built man, about the size of Adam and George put together. He picks up Adam's skateboard.

KHALID
No sliding in front of the mall.

He turns with the board to walk off.

ADAM
Hold up! Give me my board.

KHALID
Not yours anymore.

He continues to walk away. George rushes over in front of Khalid, trying to block his path.

GEORGE
Dude, you can't just take his board like that.

KHALID
Watch me.

He walks through George, and through the front door of the mall.

GEORGE
Well, that sucks.

Adam stares at the door.

ADAM
I gotta get my board back.

GEORGE
Just grab another one from home.

ADAM
No. That's my favorite board. My oldest board. He's not keeping it.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Khalid walks into the security office, and walks over to a locker. He tosses the board into the locker on top of a small pile of other skateboards. He smiles slightly as he closes the locker, locking the door.

Khalid walks over to a desk and sits as he starts to fill out a small amount of paperwork on a clipboard.

A KNOCK at the door.

Khalid looks up. Adam and George stand smiling and waving. Khalid lets out a sigh.

KHALID
What do you want?

ADAM
My board.

KHALID
I told you, your board has been confiscated.

GEORGE
You mean you stole it.

Khalid looks up, more aggravated now, then gets up and walks over to the door.

KHALID
No, it's been CONFISCATED. You kids keep ignoring the rules around here, then expect special treatment when you are punished for it.

ADAM
We weren't bothering anybody. You saw that.

KHALID
Rules are rules.

GEORGE
I don't think the rules say you can just take our stuff, dude.

ADAM
Look, I won't skate around here anymore. Just let me have my board and we'll get out of your way.

KHALID
Sorry. Can't do it.

Khalid walks away from the door back into the office.

INT. MALL FOOD COURT - DAY

A SODA FOUNTAIN pouts soda into a cup.

BURGERS flip on a grill.

FRENCH FRIES are lifted from a deep fryer.

The two boys sit at a table with some fast food hamburgers, fries, and drinks in front of them. Adam looks particularly saddened.

GEORGE
Don't worry about it, dude. Just grab another one from home.

ADAM
No.

GEORGE
It's just a piece of wood. It's not that big of a deal.

ADAM
It is a big deal. It's MY board. He's not gonna get away with this.
(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)
I promise you that.
(beat)
I've got a trick to land.

GEORGE
So, what do we do now?

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Khalid sits at his desk, watching a football match on one of the security monitors. He eats a sandwich for lunch. He goes to take a bite...

Another KNOCK at the door.

Khalid scoffs and puts the sandwich down, as he wipes his hands with a napkin. He goes to the door, and opens it, and scoffs even harder.

Adam and George.

ADAM
Look, I got together what I could. Let me buy my board back.

KHALID
No.

ADAM
Come one. I have 100 bucks.

GEORGE
That's got to be more than you'll make all week.

Khalid fails in hiding his anger, although he tries.

KHALID
What part of "no" do you two not understand? Now get the hell out of here.

He shuts the door in their faces.

ADAM
Thanks, George.

GEORGE
Well, it's the truth. No worries, though. I have a plan.

The two walk away discouraged.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Two mall patrons, a pair of attractive young females, exit the rest room, and begin walking down the hallway.

They pass Adam and George, who are peaking around the corner looking at the door to the security room.

ADAM
This is so stupid.

GEORGE
It's simple. That's why we didn't think about it before. As soon as he leaves, we catch the door. Bingo.

Through the glass we see Khalid approach the door.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Here we go.

Khalid exits the room, turning away from the boys and walking down the hall.

George and Adam spring into action, rushing towards the down while trying to "sneak" as much as possible.

The two boys make it just in time before the door closes, catching it and preventing it from closing.

They give each other a nod and smile, and enter the door.

They turn the first corner, stopping when they find the only thing that could stopped them. A locked door..

ADAM
Well.

GEORGE
That was...unexpected.
(beat)
But we still got this.

He takes two paper clips out from his pocket, unfolding them.

ADAM
What the hell are you doing?

GEORGE
What's it look like I'm doing?
This is 101 level stuff.

ADAM
You watch WAY too many movies.

Nothing happens. Door is still locked.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Any more bright ideas, 007?

GEORGE
Give me a hair clip.

ADAM
Why in the hell would I have a hair clip?

George thinks for a second.

GEORGE
Then there's only one thing to do.
(beat)
We have to steal the keys.

Adam shakes his head.

ADAM
You're an idiot.

The two exit the door and walk away, again discouraged.

EXT. MALL - EVENING

The two friends sit on the steps outside the mall where they earlier were trying tricks. The sun is setting, giving off a golden glow to the surrounding area. George continues to try to convince Adam of the perfect plan.

GEORGE
So all we have to do is get an outfit. We need to get one that looks like his, then I think it will work.

Adam laughs George's "plan" off, as he looks over towards the dumpsters to the side of the mall's parking lot. He sees Khalid taking a cigarette break and texting on his phone.

Adam gets up and begins walking towards Khalid. George eventually notices in the middle of his rambling, and hops up.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Adam, wait! We don't have the smoke bombs or walkies yet!!

Adam walks up to Khalid, who finally notices him.

KHALID
Look, I'm getting REALLY sick and tired of you two.

ADAM
Then give me my board back.

George finally catches up to Adam, both now in front of Khalid.

KHALID
Go home. I'm not going to tell you again.

ADAM
I can do this everyday.

Khalid grabs Adam's shirt collar, nearly lifting him completely off the ground.

KHALID
You punks never learn, do you? You're nothing more than a nuisance. An annoying bunch of kinds with an annoying hobby.

Adam doesn't flinch.

ADAM
And you're just an uptight rent-a-cop who apparently got picked on one too many times in high school. Four years of wedgies lead you to a lifetime of pushups?

KHALID
Somebody needs to be taught a lesson.

ADAM
As soon as I find someone qualified to teach me, I'll let you know.

Khalid tightens his grip on Adam's shirt. As he does, Adam spits in Khalid's face. George is horrified.

Khalid punches Adam in the stomach, dropping him to his knees. He grab Khalid's shirt, and punches him in the midsection again. Adam groans in pain.

George rushes back over to where they were sitting, trying to grab his camcorder.

Khalid lets Adam loose, dropping him on the ground.

KHALID
Don't come back here again. Next time you won't be so lucky.

Khalid walks back through the secured door into the mall.

George quickly rushes back over to Adam. Adam sits up, clutching his stomach.

GEORGE
Adam! Adam, are you okay?!

ADAM
Yea. Thanks for the backup, bud.

GEORGE
Sorry, man. I panicked.

ADAM
What, and you had to grab your stuff?

GEORGE
Hey, at least this camera is worth something. I'm not the one out here getting my ass kicked over piece of wood and four rubber wheels.

ADAM
You and that stupid camera. You might as well--

Adam stops. A lightbulb above his head on the side of the mall above the door turns on, literally right above his head. Adam smiles as he looks at George.

ADAM (CONT'D)
What time does the mall close?

GEORGE
Bout an hour and a half I think. Why?

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - NIGHT

Khalid walks through the security office, and tosses a coffee cup in the trash can. He stops at the locker containing the skateboards.

He opens it and grabs a skateboard. He stares at it, shaking his head.

KHALID
So stupid.

He puts the board on the ground, and attempts to ride it. He pushes off slightly, arms out for balance, when he loses it and falls off the board.

He grumbles as he stands, and looks at the board. He stomps on it, breaking it in two. He smiles as he looks at the wrecked board.

Khalid proceeds to return near his desk, where he looks over at the monitors, and sees the steps from where he was outside earlier. He stops dead in his tracks.

More skateboarders.

KHALID (CONT'D)
Enough of this.

He hangs up the phone, and looks at the screen. The group of young teenage skaters are doing tricks, laughing, and having a good time.

He rushes out of the office, grumbling to himself.

EXT. MALL - NIGHT

Khalid comes out through the front door of the mall, stomping his way towards the skateboarders.

KHALID
HEY! GET OVER HERE!

All four skaters look up at Khalid, and immediately get on their skateboards. They take off past him, and go through the front door of the mall.

KHALID (CONT'D)
Oh, no. Not today.

Khalid begins to run back towards the mall door. As he gets close, two more skaters zip past him on each side just as he gets to the door.

Khalid turns around, and again begins to chase the skaters.

INT. MALL - NIGHT

A few more skaters burst through the front door. Around ten teenage skaters are now flying around the mall in every direction, laughing and doing tricks at every convenience. Patrons try to get out of the way as quick as they can.

Khalid runs after a few of them, then a few more. There's nothing he can do. He's trying do what he can. He grabs his radio off of his belt.

KHALID
Home, this is 118. I'm gonna need whoever's available on level one.

A skater brushes next to Khalid, who chases the skater.

KHALID (CONT'D)
YOU!! COME HERE!!

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Khalid chases the skater down the hallway, where the kid turns the corner by the security office. Khalid turns the corner.

Adam. Smiling and leaning on the security room door.

KHALID
You think this is funny, huh?

ADAM
Hilarious.

Khalid looks around at the empty hallway, and walks over to Adam.

KHALID
I told you, didn't I?

Khalid hauls back and smacks Adam, knocking him against the wall and halfway to the floor. Khalid towers over him, again grabbing his shirt. A small bit of blood is on the side of Adam's lip. Khalid draws his hand back.

GEORGE (O.S.)
Yoo hoo.

Khalid stops, and looks through the glass behind the first unlocked door of the security room door.

George stands there smiling, camcorder rolling right in Khalid's face. George walks out, smiling as big as can be.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Pretty sure you don't want this bad boy getting out, do you?

Khalid smiles, and lets Adam go. He steps towards George.

KHALID
I don't think I'll have to worry about that.

ADAM
I wouldn't say that.

Khalid turns around just as he reaches for George, to find ten skateboarders standing around holding phones taking video of Khalid and the two boys.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Might be hard to destroy them all. Don't you think?

GUARD (O.S.)
HEY! You kids get out of here!! What the hell is going on?!

An older security guard rushes down the hall towards the trio.

GUARD (CONT'D)
You kids get the hell out of here right now!!

The skateboarders oblige, all turning and taking off, all still with their phones.

GUARD (CONT'D)
The hell is going on here, Khalid?

Khalid looks back, unsure of what to say.

GUARD (CONT'D)
What happened to him?

He nods in Adam's direction, blood still on his lip.

KHALID
Him? Well, he, uh--

ADAM
I fell. He was just helping me get patched up and trying to make sure my board wasn't broken.

KHALID
Yea. Just helping out a kid in need. That's all.

GUARD
What about these other kids?

Adam looks at Khalid.

ADAM
Just some friends. Making sure I was okay.
(beat)
This nice apparently called you guys right before he found me, and didn't know they were just checking on me.

GUARD
You still know you can't bring those in here, right?

ADAM
We know. Won't happen again, sir.

GUARD
See that it doesn't. Next time be more careful.

He looks at Khalid.

GUARD (CONT'D)
I'm gonna go make sure these kids clear out of here.

The other security guard turns and walks back down the hallway.

KHALID
Why?

ADAM
You know why. The board.
(beat)
And you have my word those videos and pictures never reach any of your bosses. Or the cops.

Khalid smirks, and begrudgingly walks into the security office.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - NIGHT

Khalid opens the locker, and retrieves Adam's board. He looks at the cheap designs and wear and tear on the board, and gives the slightest hint at being impressed.

INT. MALL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Khalid walks back out with the board.

KHALID
All this for a cheap piece of wood?

Adam smiles.

ADAM
Oh yea.

Adam catches the board as Khalid tosses it to him. Adam looks at it lovingly, and turns to walk down the hallway.

KHALID
You know this doesn't change anything after today, right?

Adam continues walking.

ADAM
I do. AFTER today.

EXT. MALL - NIGHT

Adam walks out, and lays his board on the ground. It rolls a few inches, and stops. He puts his foot on it, and smiles as he pushes off, gliding on the pavement.

George stands by the stairs.

GEORGE
See? I told you it would work.

ADAM
Yea. "You" sure did.

GEORGE
I think this calls for a celebration. Let's go get some REAL food. My treat, amigo.

ADAM
Sounds good.
(beat)
But first, we have something to do.

George smiles.

GEORGE
Damn right. Let's do this.

George gets his camcorder into position at the bottom of the stairs, and gives a thumbs up to Adam.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Alright. This is it. I can feel it.
(beat)
No warm ups.

ADAM
Nope.

Adam pushes off, and accelerates towards the stairs.

He flies in slow motion upon takeoff, his legs and board doing an elaborate dance of movement.

George cheers on, also in slow motion.

Adam begins his descent, and perfectly places his feet on the board. He lands the trick triumphantly...

SNAP.

Upon hitting the ground, Adam's board splits in half, right down the middle. Splintered. Gone.

George's face is a mixture of shock and horror.

Adam lies motionless on the ground, before slowly rolling over.

GEORGE
DUDE! Are you okay?

Adam looks over at the broken pieces of his board. Shattered.

George looks heartbroken, and lowers his head.

Then, Adam begins to laugh. After a moment, the laughter builds.

George is unsure at first, but then he starts to laugh also. The two continue to laugh harder, until each is clutching his gut. The laughter is so intense it hurts.

The boys eventually stop laughing, as Adam goes over to his board. He kicks the pieces, and looks back at George.

ADAM
Did you get that?

GEORGE
Yea. It was glorious.

ADAM
Good.
(beat)
Now let's go get some food. I'm starving.

The two friends walk out of the empty mall parking area, dimly lit by a couple of street lights.

The SKATEBOARD lies broken on the ground, lit under the streetlight of the parking lot.

A SHADOW approaches, covering the board. It's Khalid.

He holds another skateboard from the locker, and looks around, double checking the empty area. No one is around.

Khalid places the board on the ground, and again tries to slowly push himself on the board, quickly losing his balance and almost falling. He catches himself, curses a little, and gets on the board to try again.

And again. And again. And again.

Finally, he completely wipes out, and the board shoots out from under him, causing him to fall hard flat on his back.

He sits up, looks at the board, and begins to laugh.

We then FADE OUT and BEGIN CREDITS.

THE END.