

IVY sc. 1/2

1.

IVY sides

EXT. BEACH - MORNING

DIXON rides a modest wave in to shore as IVY, 16, athletic, naturally beautiful, with a goofball sense of humor, leans against her board, watching.

She applauds Dixon as he emerges from the surf, pleased.

DIXON

See? Huh? That's what I'm talking about.

IVY

Not bad, dude. I'd say you're a pro out there. You know, had I never seen anyone surf before.

Dixon flops down on the sand next to her.

DIXON

You're just jealous. 'Cause I've mastered your little sport in what, like five days?

IVY

Five days? Get out. For real?

DIXON

Hell yeah.

IVY

Huh. You'd think you'd pick up a little technique in five days.

She hops up on his board and imitates him, scrunching her face and squatting, as though willing herself not to fall.

IVY (CONT'D)

I'm serious, man. You look straight out of some Japanese game show.

He pushes her off the board, playfully.

DIXON

Hey, I owned those last few waves.

IVY

"Waves" is a pretty big word, cowboy. Those were ankle snappers. I hear there are some pounders coming in On Saturday. Come on down then and we'll dance.

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DIXON

I can't this Saturday. I have plans.

Ivy reacts, stung, but quickly tries to mask her feelings with banter:

IVY

Oh, right. The mysterious older woman that I keep hearing about. Who no one's actually seen. You sure we're not dealing with a Dixon and the Real Girl situation here?

DIXON

Trust me, she's real. Her name's Dani. She's a d.j. I met her on Teddy's boat party.

IVY

Oh. Well, hey. Bitchin', I guess.

DIXON

She's cool.

IVY

Or desperate. I guess it depends on how you look at cradle robbing.

DIXON

Seriously, the age thing doesn't even matter. She's smart and funny, and we're into the same movies.

IVY

You're into all douche-y movies.

DIXON

Oh, now you're the genius film critic?

IVY

I'm just saying, I go on Netflix and type in "lame," it's gonna come up, "you might also like Dixon's queue."

DIXON

It's just pretty intense, you know, to have such identical tastes, you know? It's like we... we finish each other's sentences.

IVY

There's some mad-libs I'd like to hear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIXON

I think you two would really hit it off.

IVY

Whatever.

A beat. Dixon stares at Ivy. She looks away.

DIXON

What gives?

IVY

Huh?

DIXON

Why are you getting all pissy?

IVY

No idea what you're talking about.

DIXON

You're the one who brought up Dani.

IVY

And she sounds totally rad. And I can't wait to meet her and hear you guys finish each others' sentences. How about a dinner? Hey, the Cheesecake Factory has an early bird special; I'll bet that's something she'd be into.

DIXON

(playful)

You're almost cute as the jealous friend.

IVY

And you, as the kept boy toy? Not so much.

Ivy gets up, wipes sand off. Grabs her board.

IVY (CONT'D)

If you decide you feel like playing with kids your own age this weekend, you know where to find me.

She jogs off. Dixon watches her go, intrigued.

END