

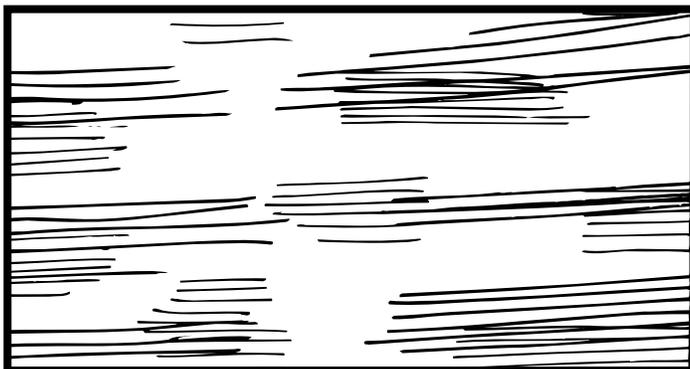
A wall stares at us.

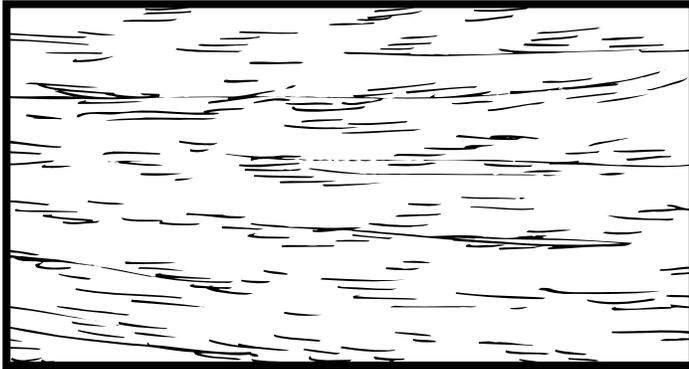


Two renegade ants begin some graffiti work.

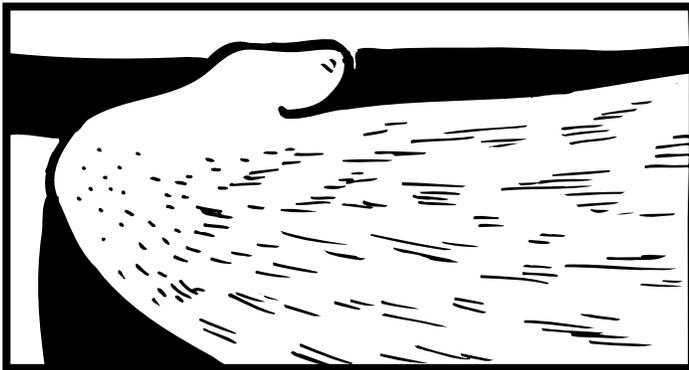


The wall reacts and the ants gleefully escape.

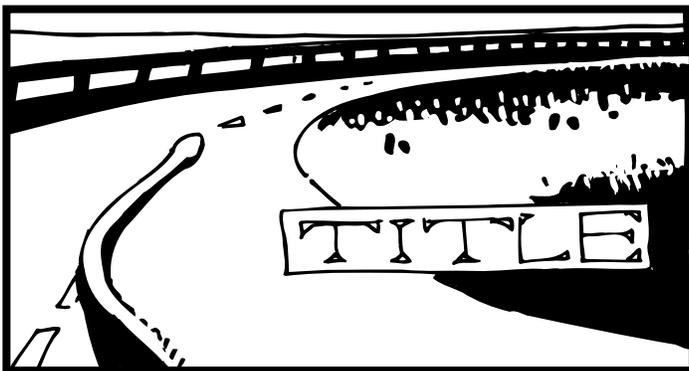


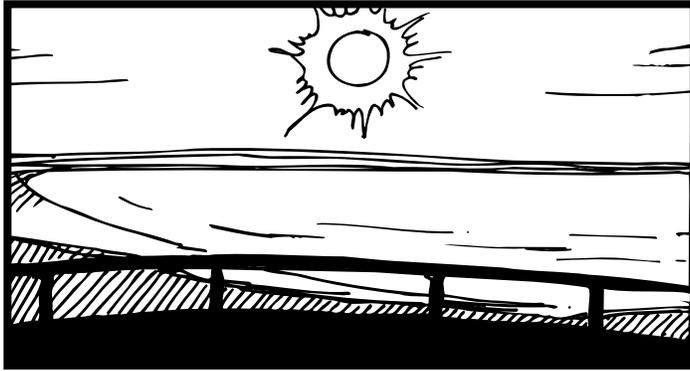


A blur of mosaic patterns passes by the camera , gradually forming into the skin of a snake.

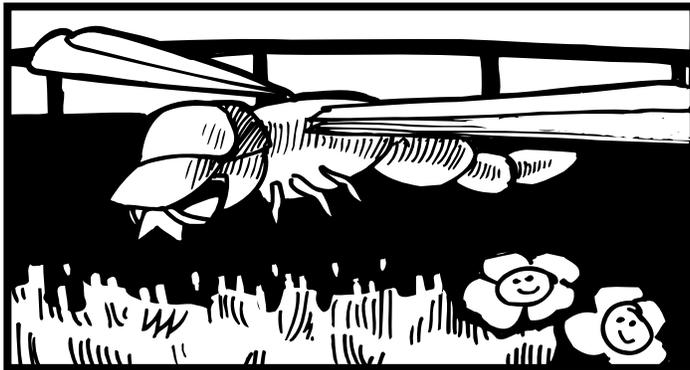


A snake glides by and our title is revealed.

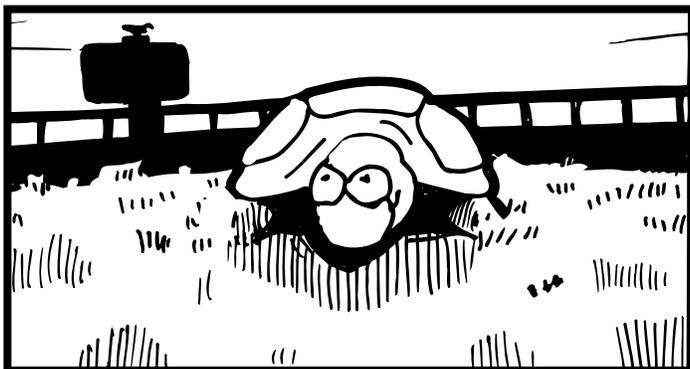




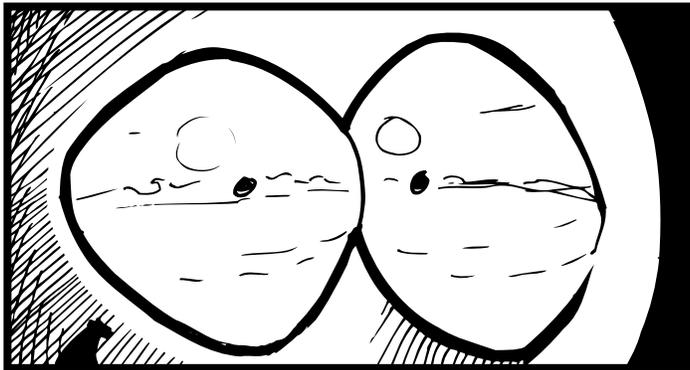
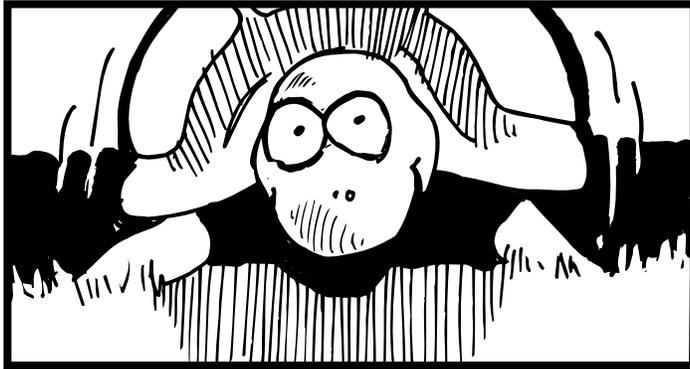
The camera begins a full 180o turn across the beach before us. It is a beautiful sunrise.



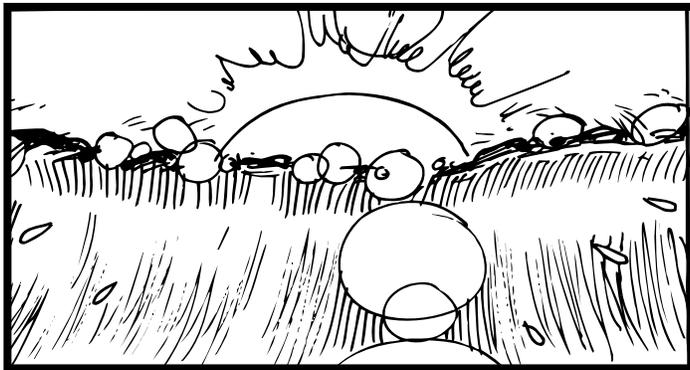
A 'copter-like dragonfly scoots and settles upon the beach's road-sign.



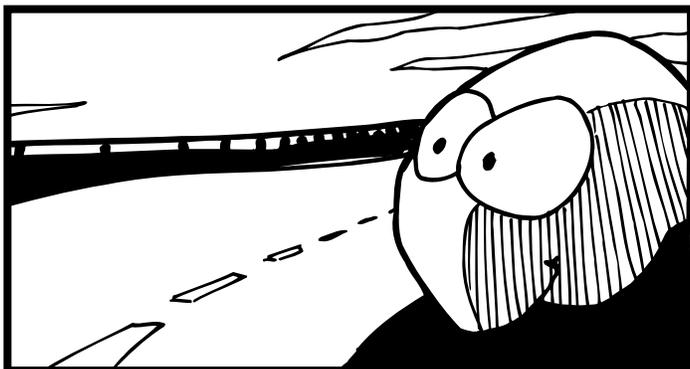
We end our 180o turn and truck back from the advancement of a turtle.

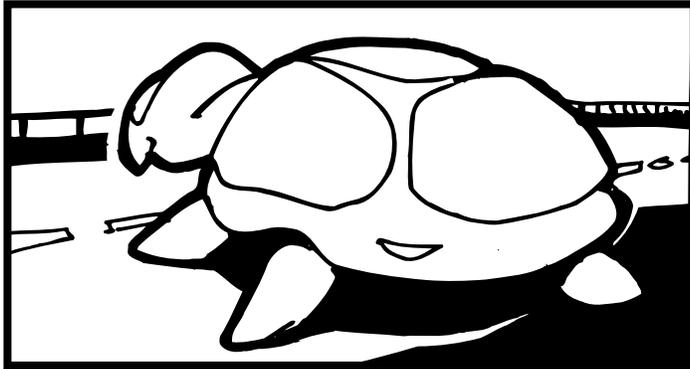


He moves to greet us
and the object of his
desire is clearly
reflected in his eyes:



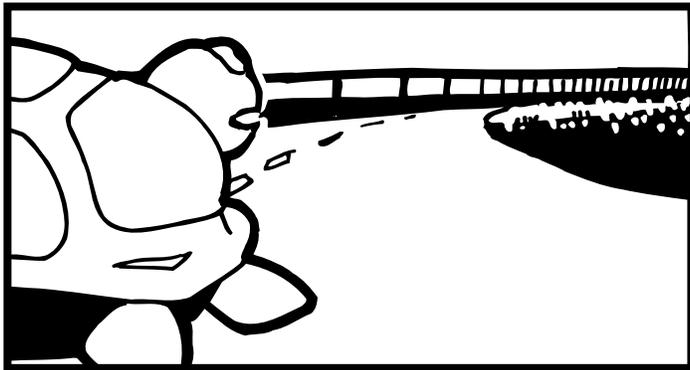
The beach's golden
surf.



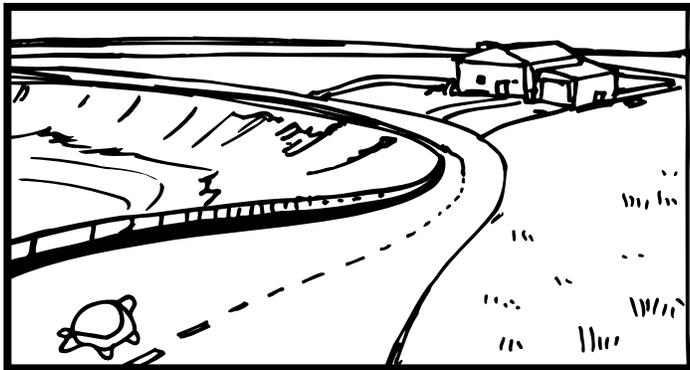


The turtle begins his slow journey across the highway.

The key word is SLOW.



An abrupt crash of Heavy Metal music blares across the sky.



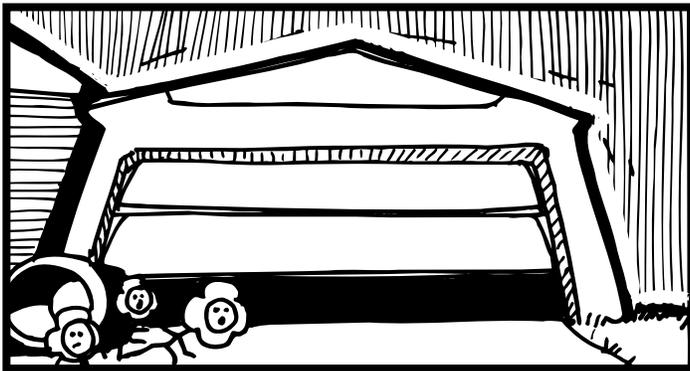
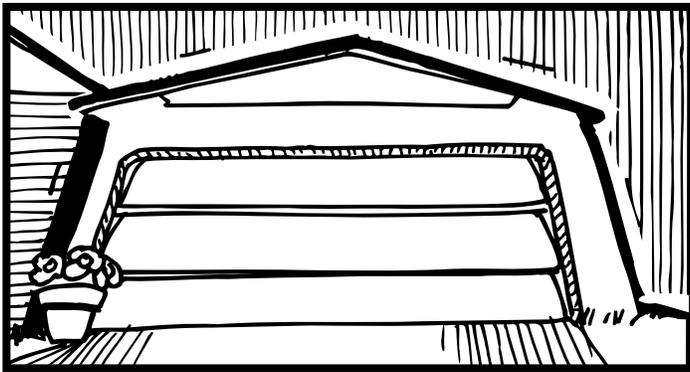
Camera cranes up to reveal a road-side beach house. The garage throbs with the bombastic drum-noise.

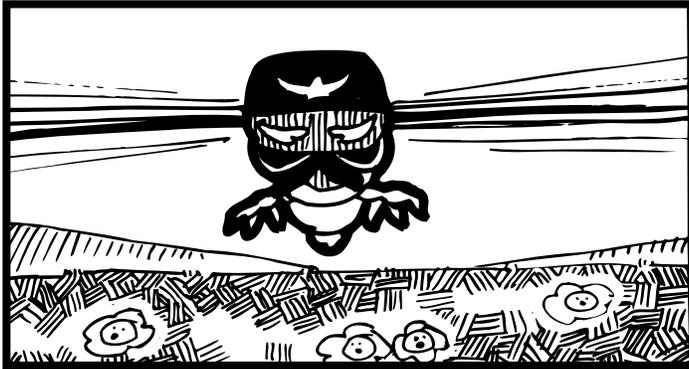


The snake turns to observe the commotion.

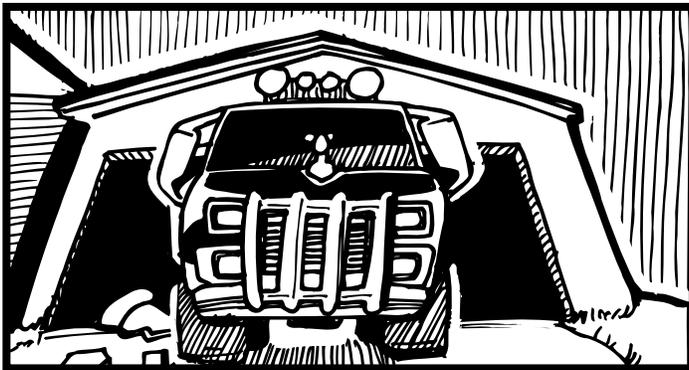
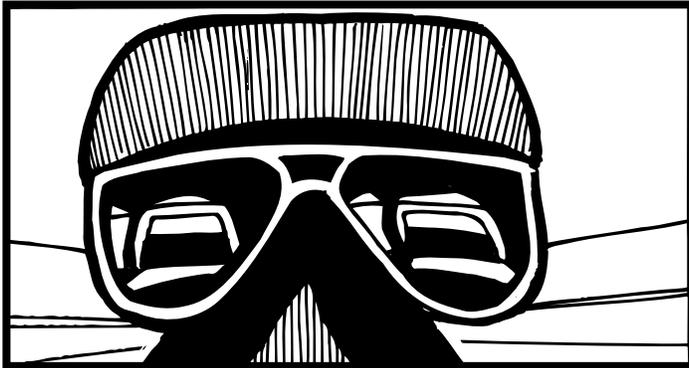


We crane down before the garage. The noise shakes the daisies from their flower pot.

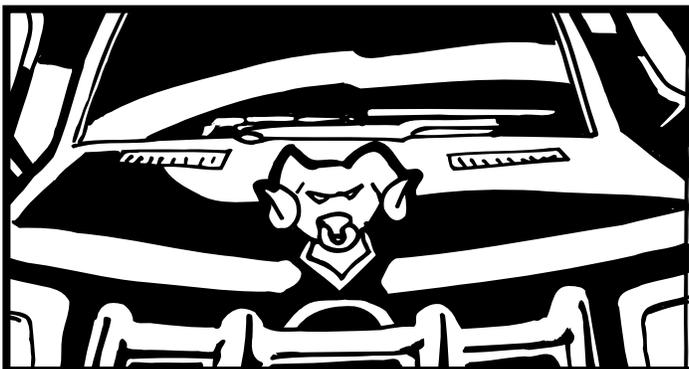


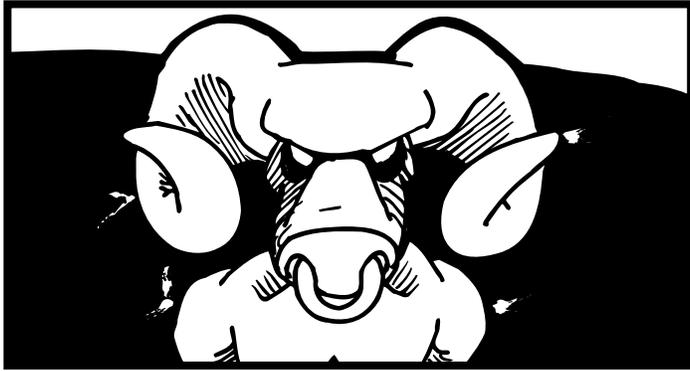


The dragonfly is not amused. The garage door can be seen opening in the reflection of the mirrored sunglasses.

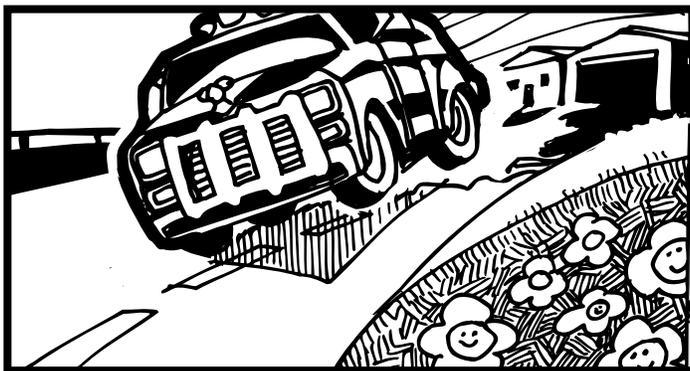
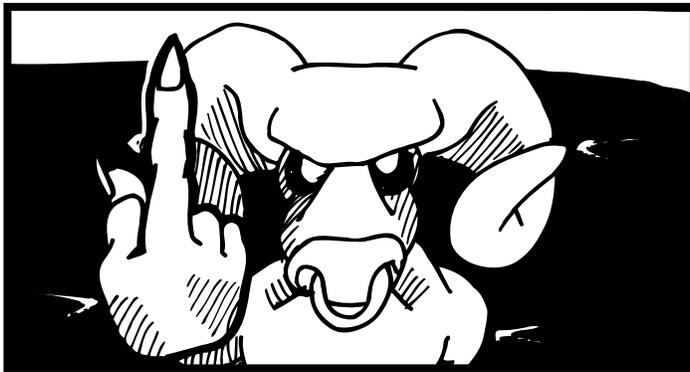


The garage door has opened and a pick-up truck crawls out.

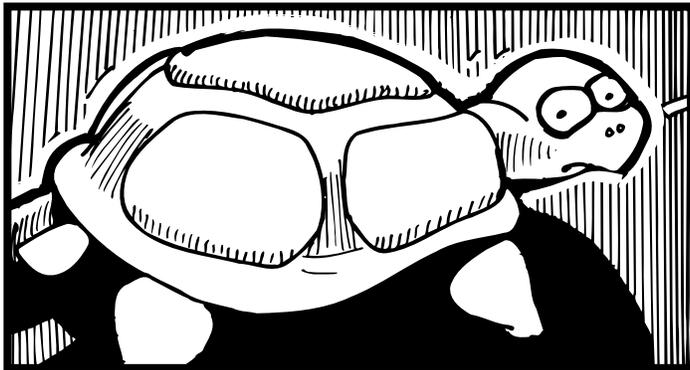




A chrome metal bison
stares the turtle
straight in the eye.



The truck screeches
out of the driveway
and onto the turtle's
homicide trail.



The turtle runs as fast as he can. This is still too slow.

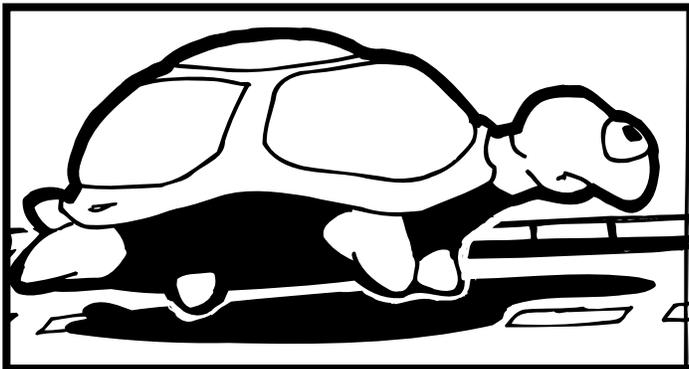
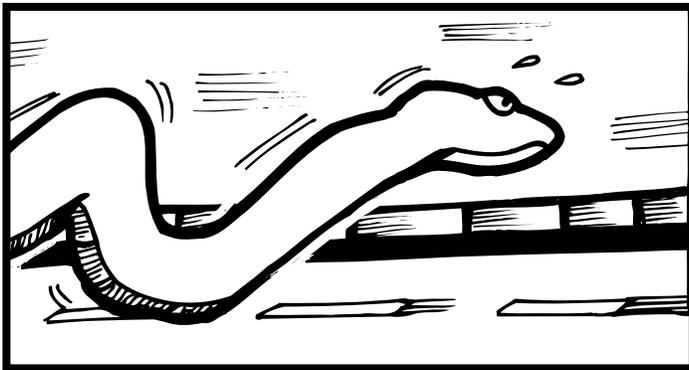
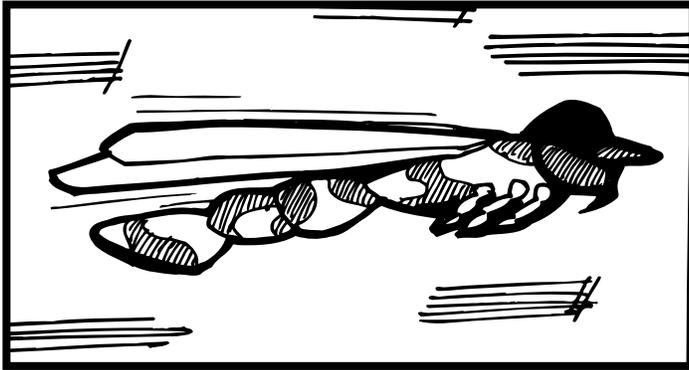


The dragonfly and snake tear down the road in a frantic escape.



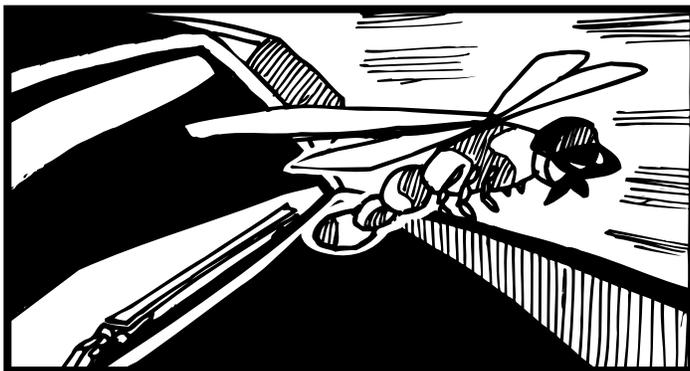
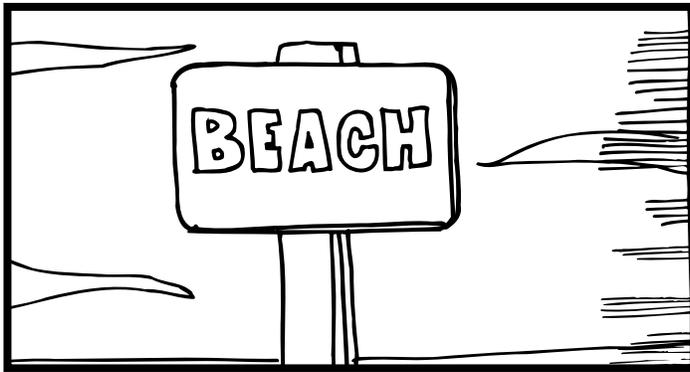
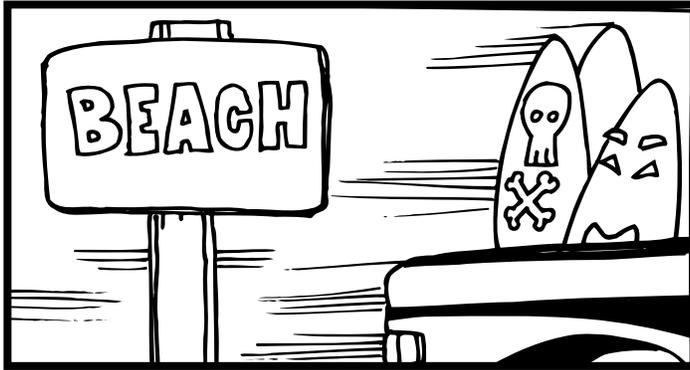


The truck advances closer while the three creatures run for dear life.



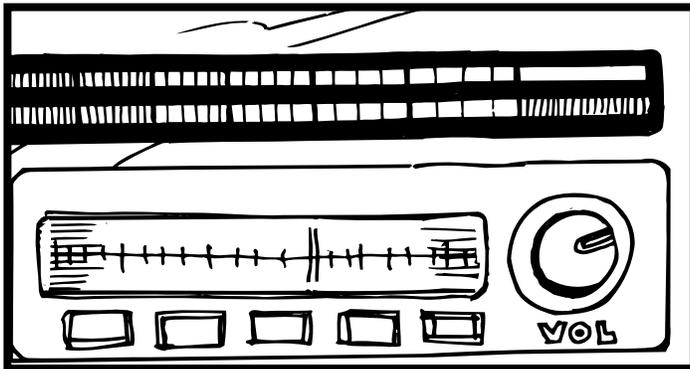
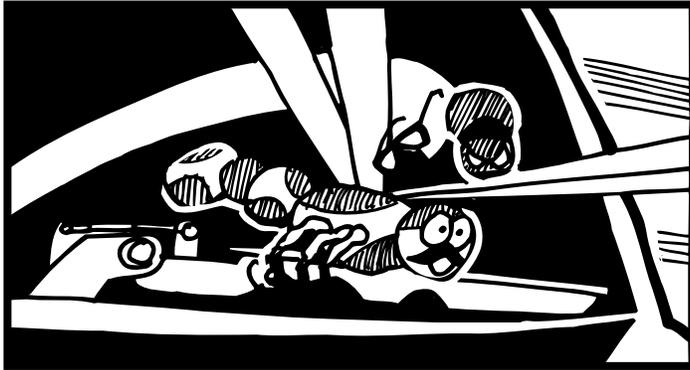


Surfboards snarl and
gloat in the truck's
cargo bay.
The beach is their
target.

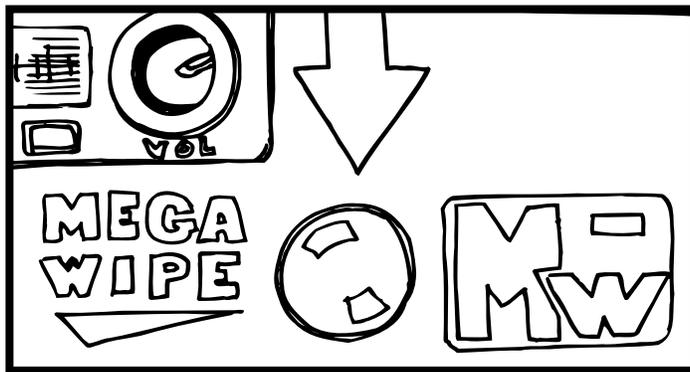




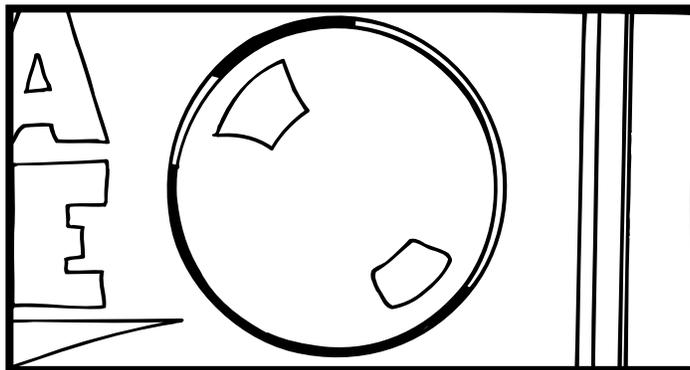
The dragonfly loses his distance, and his accessories. It is pinned against the windshield by the wind pressure.



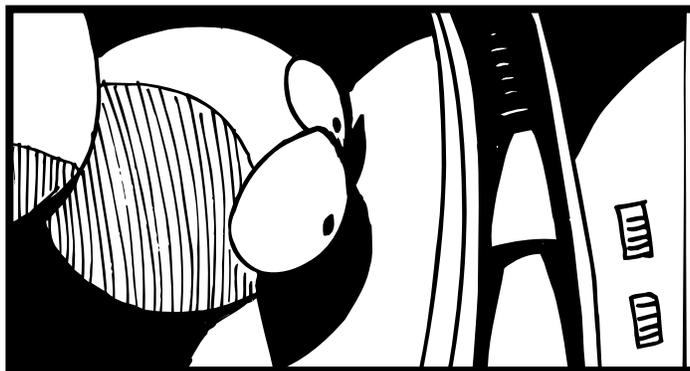
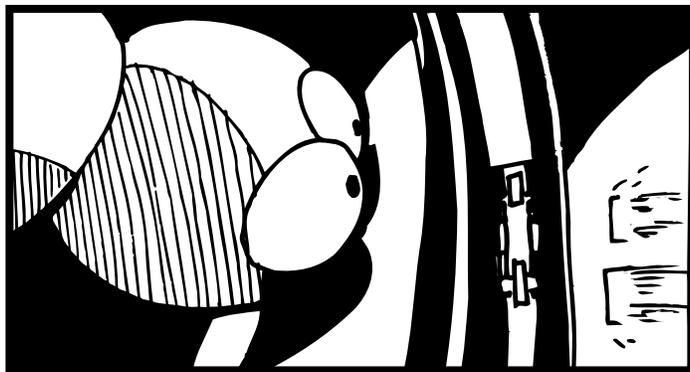
Inside the truck, the Heavy Metal music blares louder.



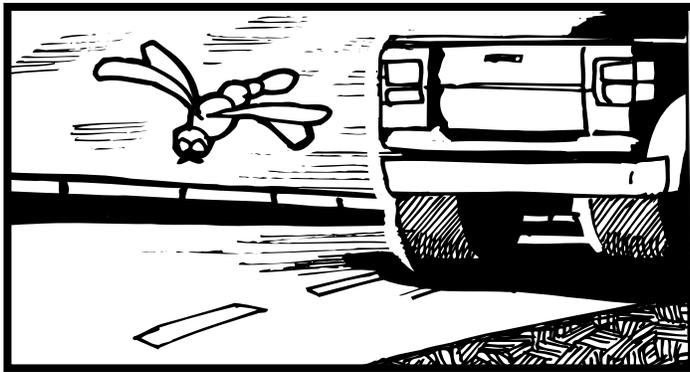
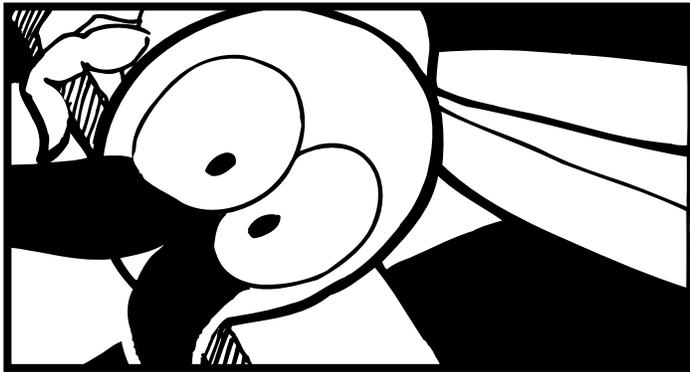
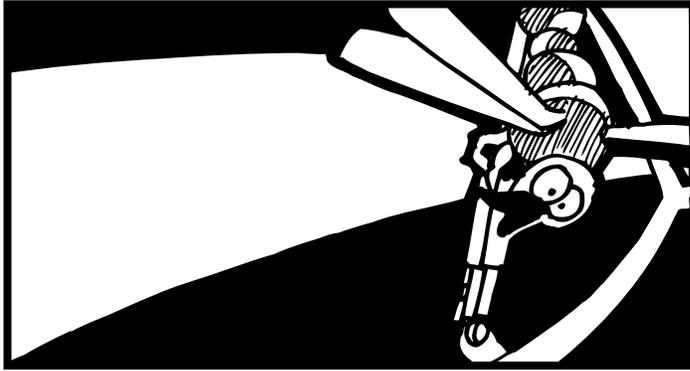
We scan past the cranked volume control to the "Mega-Wipe" button.



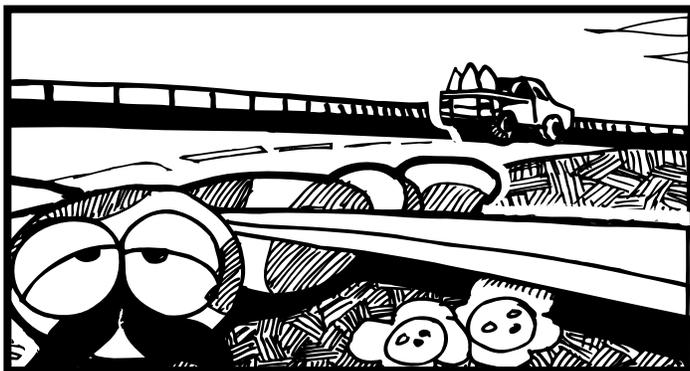
The red button fills the screen with it's forecast of a bloody demise.



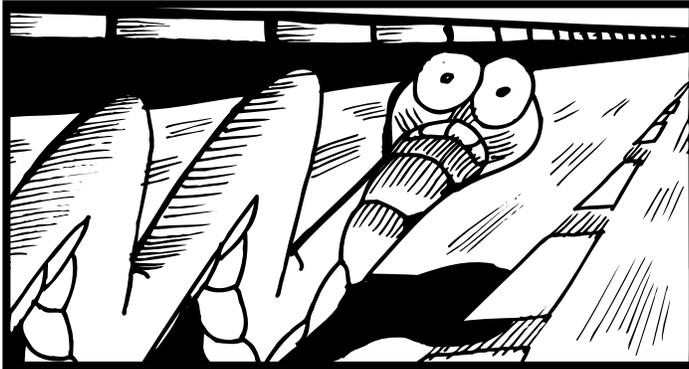
The dragonfly watches the wiper bend with the strain of noisy but unseen hydraulics.



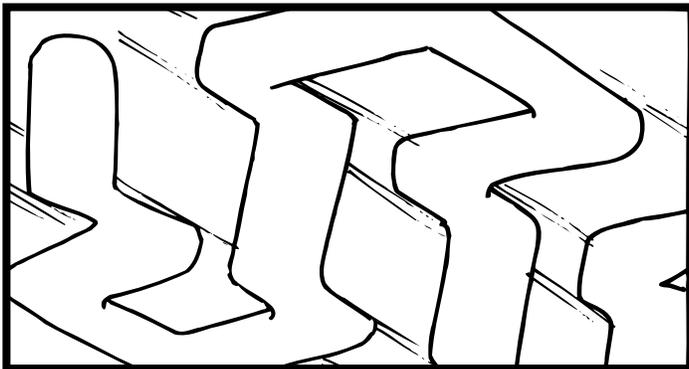
The Mega-Wipe bats the dragonfly through the air and onto the road.



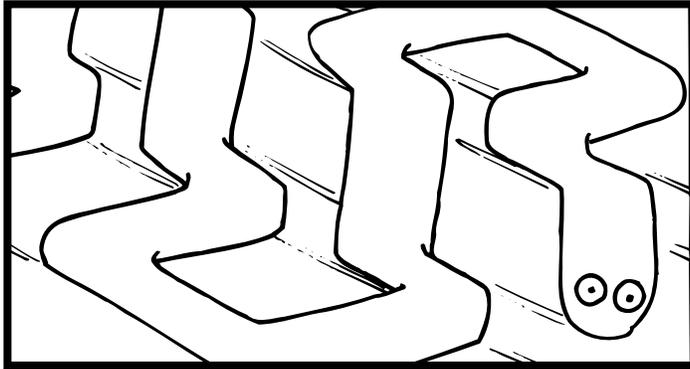
It's 'copter hat tops the dazed beast's head with a crown of defeat.



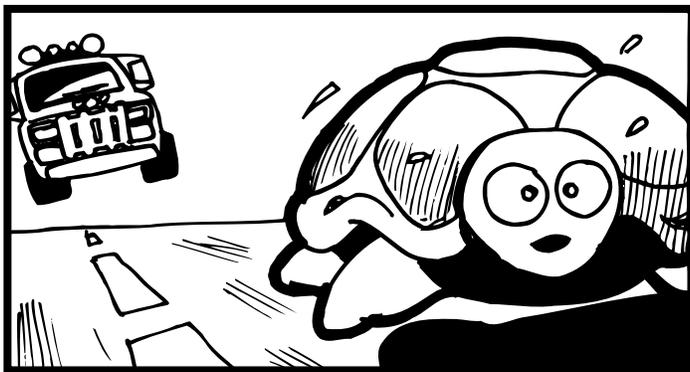
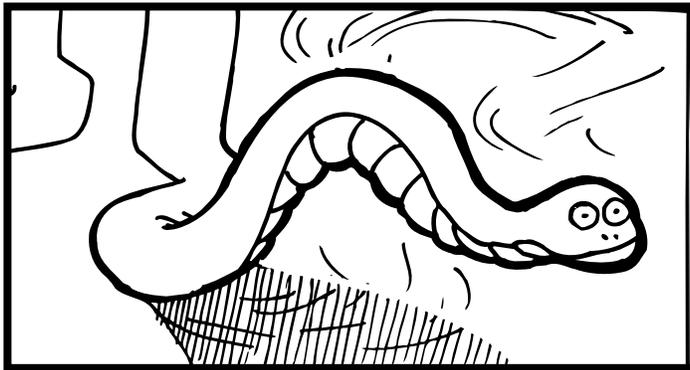
The snake releases a primal scream.



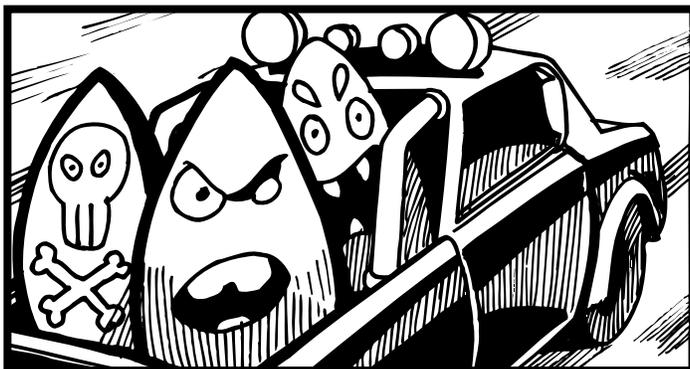
Tire tracks remain from behind the vehicle's path.



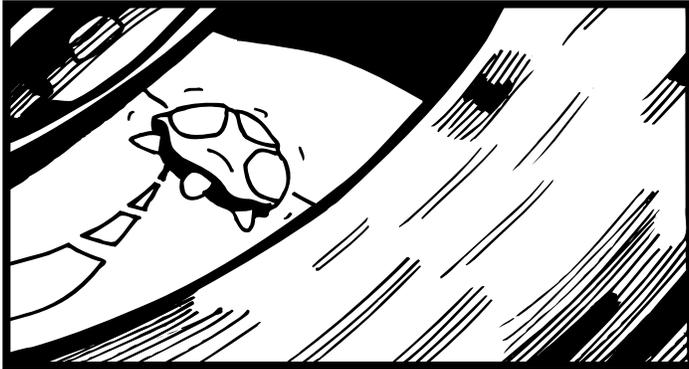
No, the snake mould-
ed the tire pattern
around itself.



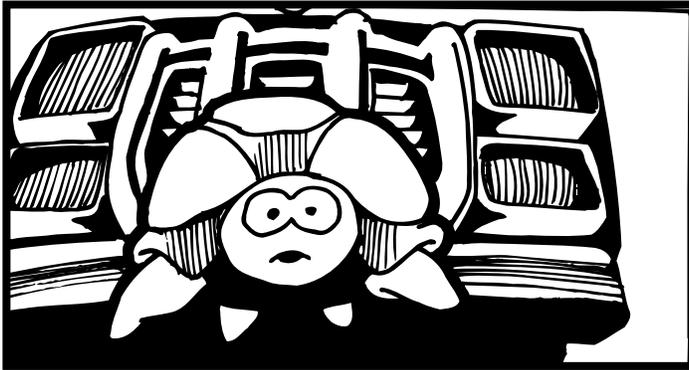
The turtle remains in
the chase.



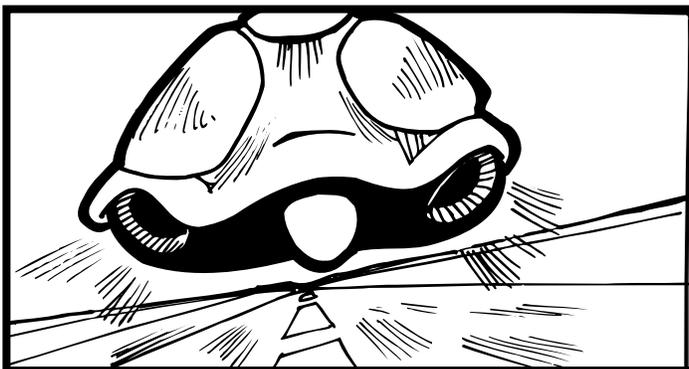
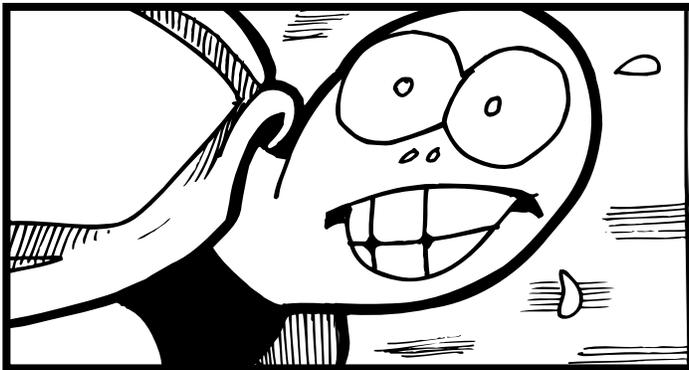
The surfboards emit
guttural laughs.



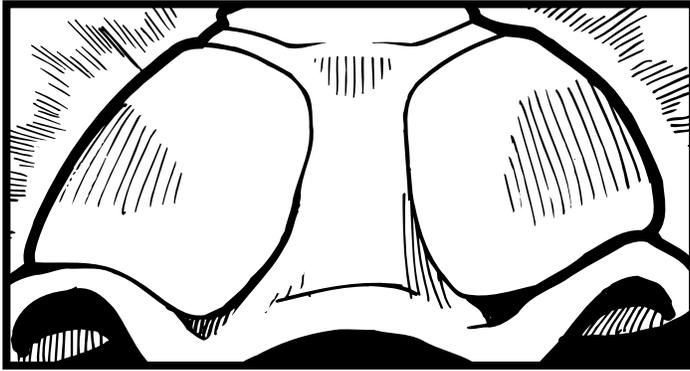
The turtle can be seen running in the reflection of the truck's hub-cap.



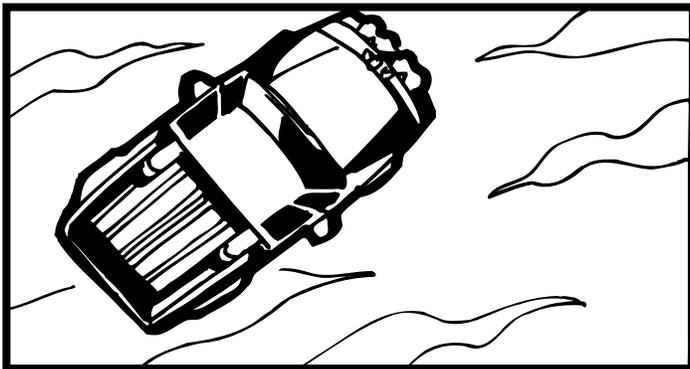
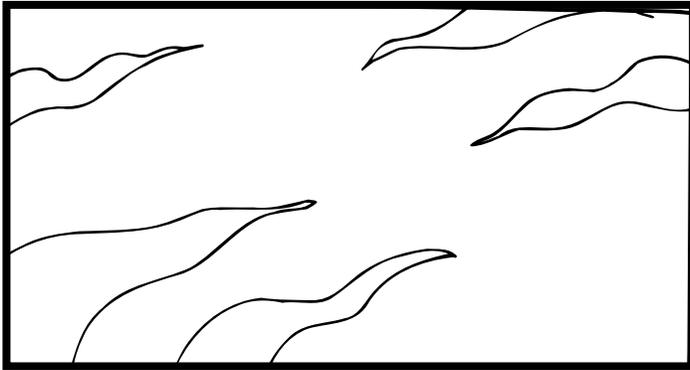
The turtle is nudged by the truck and he is now in serious trouble.

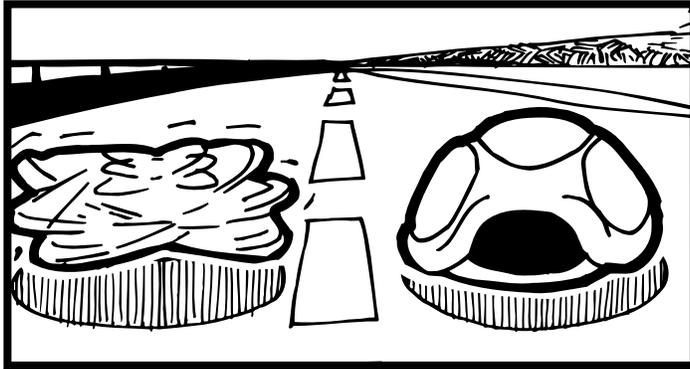


He stops in mid-chase and retracts his limbs.

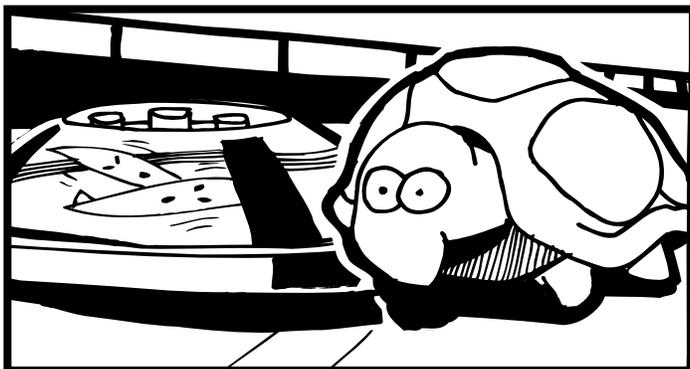
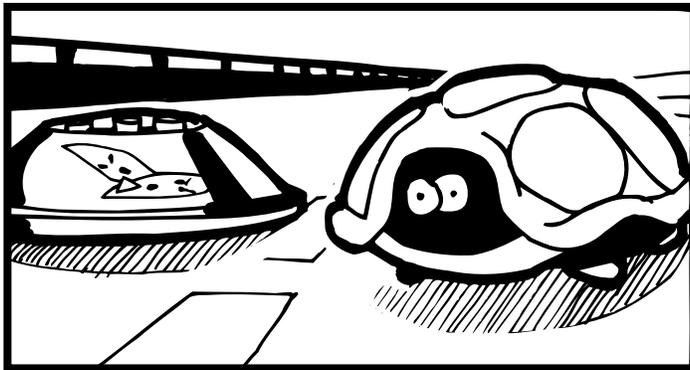
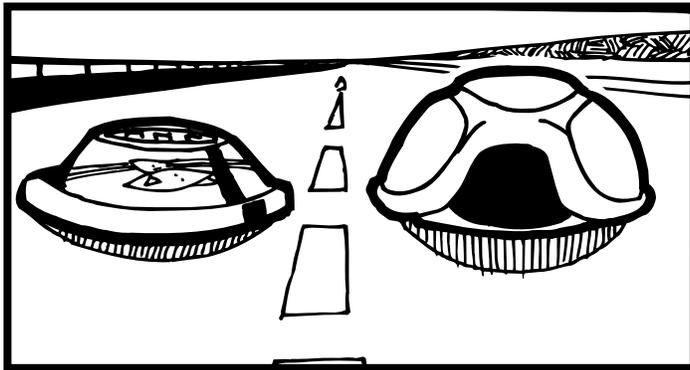


The truck is totalled
and goes into orbit.

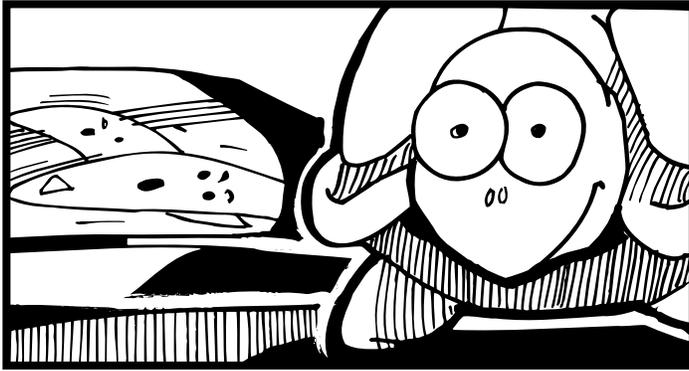




A hubcap falls amidst the din of the crashing truck.



The turtle takes a peek outside and smiles.

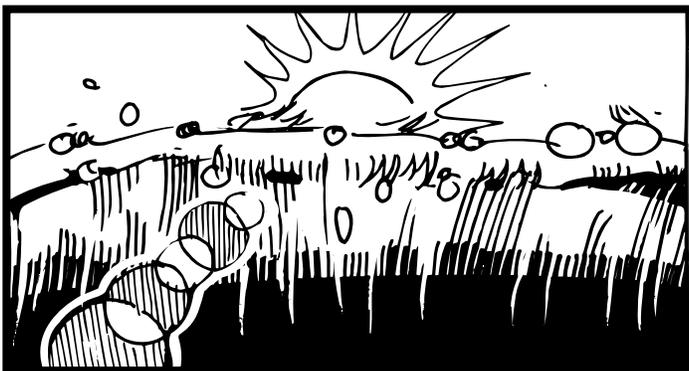
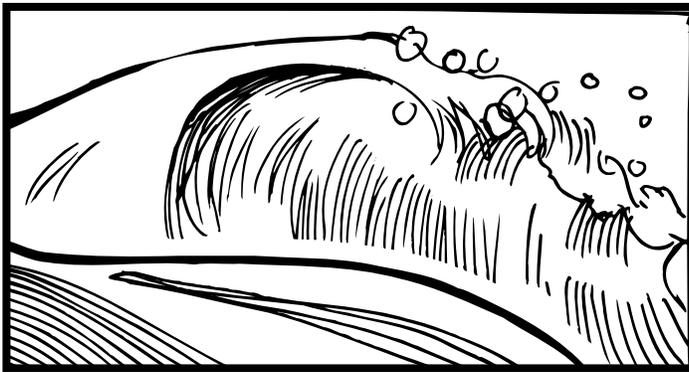


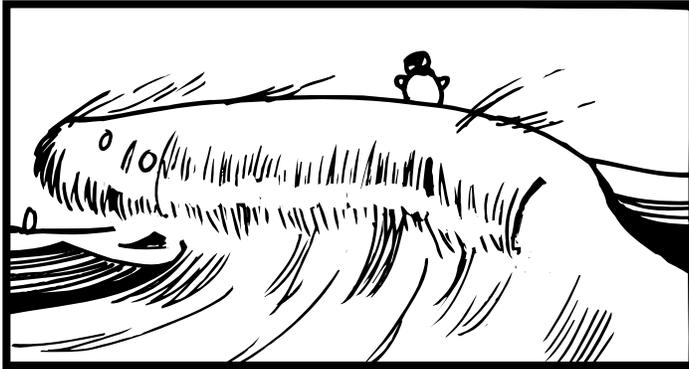
In the hub-cap's reflection, the surfboards can be seen sputtering like fish out of water.



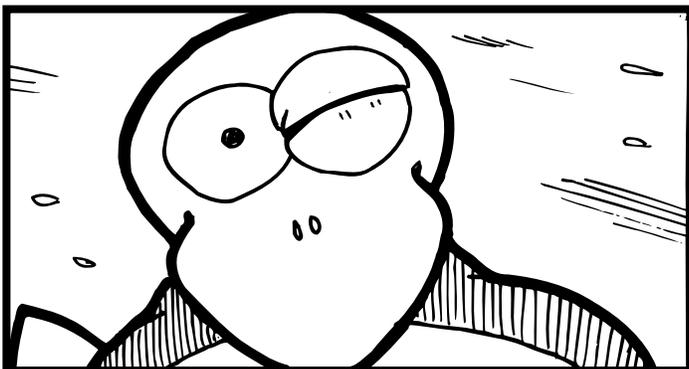
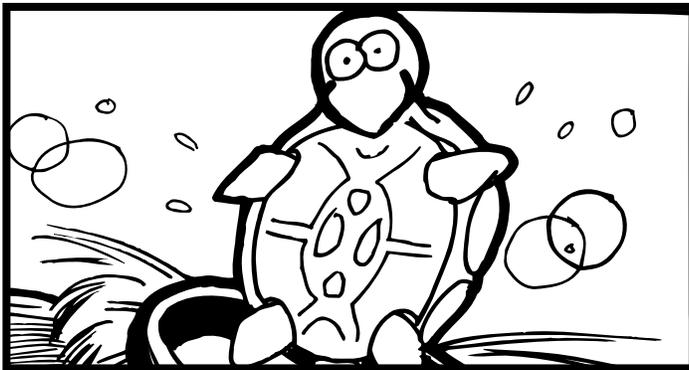
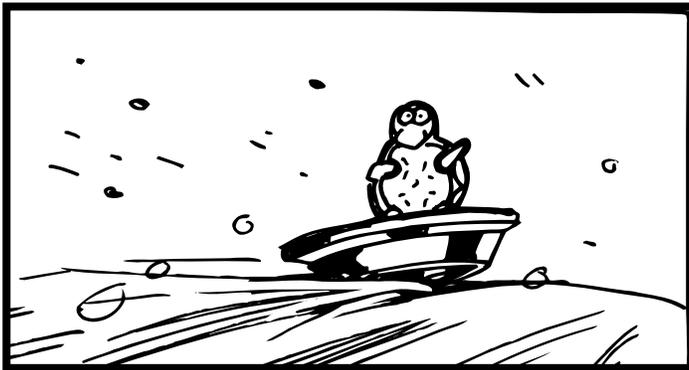
[Click here for a sample of the keyboard intro from Van Halen's "Jump"](#)

Surf. Golden, sparkling surf.

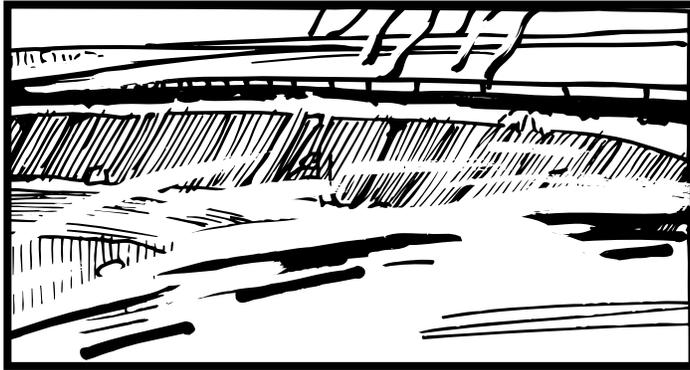
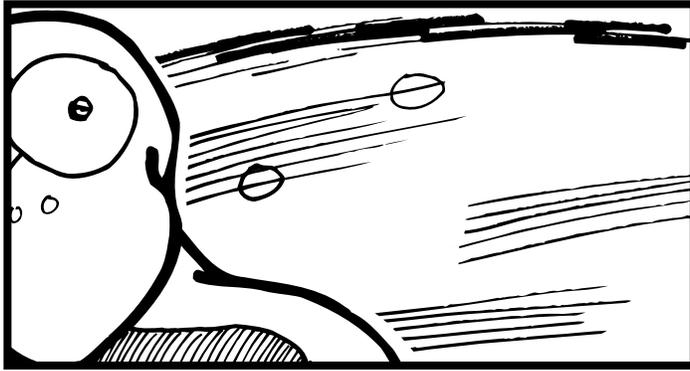




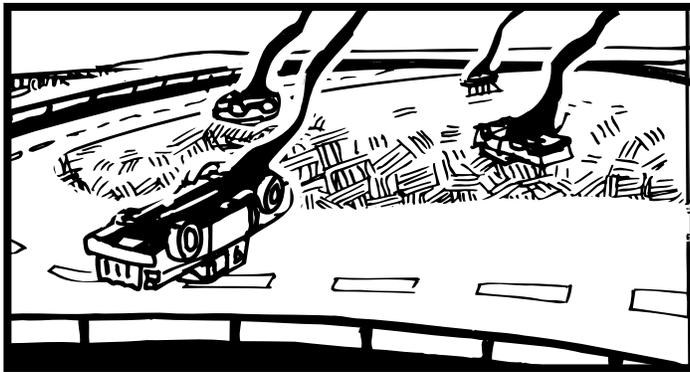
Here comes the turtle, riding the hub-cap and having a "real good" time.



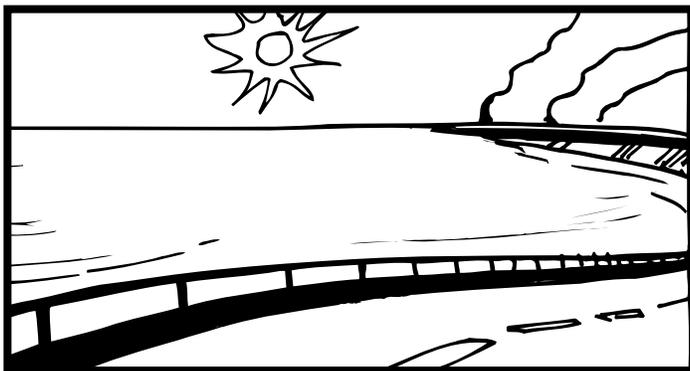
He throws us a wink and travel past.



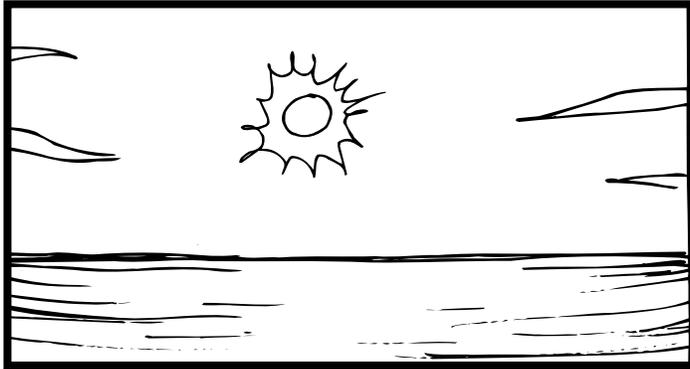
START TITLES



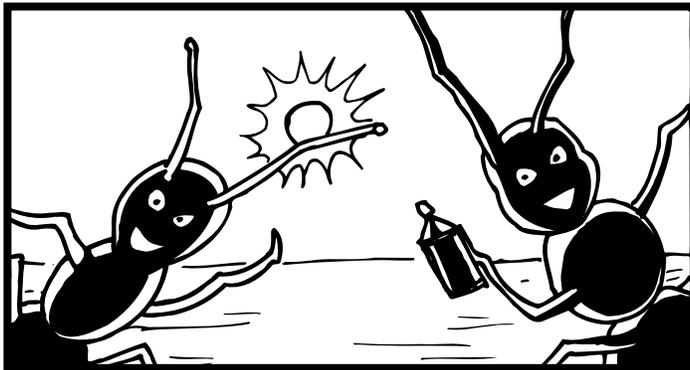
Under the titles, we see the wreckage of many cars. Bonfires of wreckage smoulder in the distance.



The turtle has made a career of turning the tables on vengeful drivers.



We see the golden sunrise once again.



The ants are back!
They spray-paint the camera lens.



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Ontario, Canada

THE END