

Superhero Sunman, Sky Vignette#3
- missing race part up the Pacific
Coast, Sky almost running into Kay
at bend in the cliff faced highway -
(car trouble) and Sky barely evading
going off the cliff after rolling over.
- Carman Keddy c2021

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

EXT. VIGNETTE 3 OPENS SOMEWHERE L.A. -SATURDAY 4PM 19/11/2011

By billboard sign ad for L.A. Extreme Carshow 2011 under spitting rain clouds, brisk wind rippling his clothes and brown hair, Matt Speedman-Dangerton, "Dash", spots a cheery Thanksgiving's Day poster on a building wall by him. He reaches into an inner jacket pocket, takes out an ink marker, draws an X across the sign. He steps back, looks at it, smiles quirkily.

EXT. LAGUNA BEACH - MEANWHILE SAME TIME

Under roiling dark clouds on a beach amid gusty winds, Sky Kid Anderson holds a surfboard. He scans the raw wild waves.

BLACK GIRL, TWENTY, BIT PLOMP:
Going in, you? Sure be mean shi..

SKY:
Don't scare me none.

BLACK GIRL, TWENTY, BIT PLOMP:
Man, got lay back some you! Else
not be eating no turkey dinner this
week. Be fishes main course inste..

SKY:
Have be starving to go chew on me.

He laughs, magnetically. She has fight to stay consternated.

BLACK GIRL:
I'm serious now.

SKY:
(smiling sanguinely)
For you, I'll sit this one out.
Satisfied now??.. .

BLACK GIRL, TWENTY, BIT PLOMP:
Sure not soon as turn my back on..

SKY:
Scout's honor. Ok, rogue's honor!

INT. MATT'S HIGHRISE PENTHOUSE - SAME DAY, DUSK AFTER SUNSET

Under sky mostly cloudy yet with night fast growing, Matt leans on rib high wall of his penthouse balcony on top L.A.'s tallest condo building. He surveys the sweep of the city.

Matt poses hands so appears from his perspective they clasp the city between them. He twist hands like squeezing it dry.

INT. L.A. EXTREME CAR SHOW 2011 - SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 20TH, 2011

Matt Dangerton-Speedman walks into the Prototype Concept Cars display showroom of the L. A. Extreme Car Show, 2011, stops amid the dense crowd. He closely scrutinizes in turn, each of the concept cars, appraising, comparing them to one another.

He compelled by the two most futuristic, adjacent prototypes, Speedtah 21C-X1 and ZKi Crave SP. He walks entranced to them, in-between, runs hands, sharp eyes, along their sleek curves.

He retraces his steps back to the front of the concept cars, stands frozen there near breathless. He eyes probe the powerhouse engines underneath the propped open hoods. He withdraws back, reads over the specification cards beside each car.

Matt places palms out like two plates of a balance scale. He "weighs" the near equal vying worth on either palm for each car. One hand edges down on side of the Speedtah 21C-X1.

His sole focus hones in on that car. He bows again into the engine block of it. Every component, wire, bolt, he probes. Spell's broken by someone close behind speaking at his back.

RANDOM CAR SHOW ATTENDEE:

Suure nice enough of a race, *cat!*..
huh? This beast *could* be the bes..

MATT:

(pointedly disparaging)
Is, best! But *how* would ***you*** know?

RANDOM CAR SHOW ATTENDEE:

Don't get all riled now! *Jeeze..* .
(to his wife a ways back)
Did you hear that! Thinks he's know
it all. Knows zip jerk all like!

The man sulks back to his wife, who casts a sour eye on Matt, to no affect. Man glances back over a shoulder, shakes head sternly. He leads wife off with him. They melt in the crowd.

Matt peers about crowd to see if anyone else watches him as discerns all the security cameras and systems too. Deftly he takes out a small electronic device from a jacket pocket palm-ing in one hand hidden from view. Other hand goes in another pocket, pulls out small pliers and a slim soldering iron.

Where car's hand size electronic control box lies, he snips a couple of it's connecting wires, solders them to own device. He pulls back adhering tape non-sticky layer on top of that, slides it hidden below control box, pushes it up adhering it.

Sky Kid Anderson walks into showroom, spies suspiciously Matt bowed over the C21-X1. He stealthily strides in behind him.

SKY:
Got some bite, don't she now?

Matt jerks back, banging top of head off the propped hood.

SKY:
(greatly amused)
Bet that stung swell.

MATT:
What hell you doing here? *Still* spying on me - cars and hogs aren't your scene, your wayward twin's.

SKY:
Why, something *more* you trying to frig with like say this one of kind extreme car. *Purrfect*, but oh hear, tragically headed for da scrap-heap after it makes the car-show rounds. Speed-freak connoisseur, right?..

MATT:
You not a speed, plain ole freak? In fact, both. Not as matters to..

SKY:
Burns you up, not a thing **do** about it, for all your stock options and connections. These companies don't want let their secret ingredients stray from these steel-clad trunks.

MATT:
Nothing can elude **me!**..

SKY:
Really.., oh wait, I have! Never beat me once on the waves, *legal!*..

MATT:
Haven't got it? Only winning matters. Weren't sharp enough quick to stop me winning. Then. Not ever be!

SKY:
Ever? Like to **eat** your words, huh!?

Matt points at the Speedtah 21C-X1.

MATT:

That, in my collection by tomorrow!

SKY:

Aren't you afraid I'll spill the beans on you planning to steal the world's most technologically advanced sweet, speed machine..?

MATT:

But *one* car on face of the Earth with half a chance to take her on.

Sky follows Matt's gaze to the Zki Crave SP.

SKY:

*Race?! You want **me** race...*

MATT:

Race? Be up coast to San Fran before got chance to stick your wad at gum alley in San Luis Obispo.

SKY:

Like any way could just roll these beauties on out of here. Got more security on these than Fort Knox.

MATT:

Already done.

SKY:

What these, mirages?

To make his point, he slaps resoundingly hard the steel side of the Speedtah C21-X1. Matt cringes like car's already his.

MATT:

Mere formality.

SKY:

*Formality *be* you signing into jail.*

MATT:

Drop by midnight, got guts enough..

SKY:

Really think, I'd break the la..

MATT:

Sky Anderson, sunk to level of but another armchair rebel. Tisk.

SKY:

Even if got on road, never get up coast. PD, roadblocks, helicopters, *traffic* - ever hear of *those*?..

MATT:

Mapped and wrapped. To boot, best real-time algorithms I ever wrote. Not much into gaming, levels, are..

SKY:

Fantasy-land. What makes think yo..

MATT:

I *model* games. Everything can be..

SKY:

Can't "model" me cause ain't going fall down your Madhatter hole..

MATT:

Need more, incentive? Sure your Kay not mind some financial security, new romance, now that you have eschewed this material world. Maybe like go for a spin in the fastlane.

SKY:

Have go through me first.

MATT:

Stuck in a rut **you**? Here a chance to stoke your strut. Say, *impossibly* you win, she'll be off-limits.

SKY:

Did it.., be *last* time. And if you break word, when I win, I'll make *your* life miserable. Got that?..

MATT:

The armchair rebel stirs to life. Even thinks, got a fat chance in..

EXT. HIGHWAY IN SIGHT OF EXTREME CAR SHOW LOCATION - MIDNIGHT

Sky driving worn jalopy, pulls onto highway shoulder opposite the convention center. Cell phone on passenger seat rings. Sky stares at it ring few times. He grabs and flips it open.

SKY:

Packed it in, huh?!..

An annoyed pause.

MATT:
Look behind you.. .

Sky looks into the rear view mirror as a non-discrpt eighteen wheeler truck pulls off onto the shoulder in behind him.

SKY:
How'd you know where I'd be?..

MATT:
Easy as pie to track a cell.

SKY:
(beside himself impressed)
So you **got** the cars?!.. . *How on..*

MATT:
Trade secret. Smoke and mirrors and digital wizardly. Someday over,..
(rare streak camaraderie)
a beer.. No time now for your small talk. Roll your piece of crap car on into the back of the rig.

SKY:
Thought you wanted to race.. .

MATT:
Once get to the coast.

SKY:
Cannot mean taking the One with..

MATT:
What *not up* to it? No?..

SKY:
Got admit you got, gall. But stay on it long, won`t get far before..

MATT:
All hell breaks loose. Leave route to me. Let stay on my bumper long as half as good on wheels as say..

EXT. SANTA MONICA - TWELVE FIFTEEN AM

The tractor-trailer pulls into parking lot of a warehouse. An automatically controlled bay door flips up all the way open. Rig rolls into the warehouse, the bay door closing behind it.

INT. INSIDE THE WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Sky stands between his jalopy, and the Zky Crave SP, both already unloaded, parked, in corner of the warehouse. He watches the Speedtah 21C-x1 driven by Matt roll, rear end first, down ramp running off back of the rig to the floor.

Matt backs car along the floor in a fluid arc that swings it back-end first close in front of Sky, Matt braking there to abrupt halt. Window in car closest to Sky slides all way down.

Through window, Matt throws Sky a wrist watch. He catches it.

MATT:

Synchronized *exact* to mine. Map in Crave got route marked. Got hit the time cues. Adjusted it so the ZKy *should* hit them. Not sure **you** ca..

SKY:

What if wrench gets thrown in?..

MATT:

Contingences, on the fly, adapting, what makes a game, interesting.

SKY:

All just one big *game* to you!

MATT:

Everything not one? Lucky, I don't lose at games, contests.

SKY:

Unlucky for you, I don't too! Fair, square. Won't already be on look..

MATT:

Won't know gone for least four hours. Be past halfway there then.

SKY:

Not if keep on shooting the breeze!

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HWY AT SANTA MONICA PIER -TWELVE THIRTY AM

At stoplights, the Zky, Sky inside, and Speedtah, Matt in it, lie side by side in adjacent North-bound lanes of the Pacific Coast Highway. Light yet red, Speedtah squeals through the intersection. In the Zky, Sky`s foot twitches on gas pedal, at last, depresses it. Zky half to them, the lights turn green.

