

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

Superhero Sunman - re: Sky,  
Sky whose alterego is Sunman

Vignette 2 of Sky: Skyfall Vignettes

Characters and Script by:  
Carman Keddy c2021

TITLE

Written by

Author's Name

Copyright (c) 2020

Draft  
information

Contact  
information

**(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)**

SKYFALL Vignette #2 L.A., Night, Rain, Hollow-eeen 2011.

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD, LOS ANGELES - NIGHT, OCTOBER 28, 2011

Night, rain. Seen blurry from back is Sky as skateboards in, out of right lane of traffic north up Sunset Boulevard, sleek cars whizzing by fast. Cab passes, screeches brakes swerving by, pulls onto curb-side ways up from Sky. Driver's window slides down, the face of big black man thrusting out of it.

Big Black Man:

(yelling back to Sky)

Why hell you doing in this boy? Wanta a ride anywhere. No charge..

Sky flips board in hands, walks to cab. Amazed he smiles.

Sky:

Do that, would you..?

BIG BLACK MAN:

(he smiles)

Don't make a habit of it. But man, not be right pass by. Where be go-ing in such surefire hell of rush..

SKY:

Nowhere. Had get out.

BIG BLACK MAN:

Woman trouble? Crabbin fever huh?

SKY:

Got be a freebird, hey..

BIG BLACK MAN:

You know lots folks having Hallow-eeen bashes tonight.. . Myself, I'm kicking off, going to this comedy joint - ever hear of a Flack Haps ?

SKY:

Rings a bell.

BIG BLACK MAN:

Hop in. Have the Flack educate your white soaked dumb ass.

SKY:

Know this city like back of..

BIG BLACK MAN:

Like I own this mother freaking..

Sky chuckles. Seeing Sky reach for money inside his pocket, the cabbie begins to protest until sees Sky peel off a damp but otherwise pristine hundred dollar bill from nestled among twenty more likewise bills.

Cabbie:

Could sworn you be broke as one these painted ladies over there.. Hell bells, somebody big ain't you?

Sky:

Not so big as you big guy!..

CABBIE:

That goes without saying !!

SKY:

Guess was..., one swank hotshot.

CABBIE:

I know ah, Sky, somethang or other.

SKY:

Anderson. Sky Anderson.

CABBIE:

The Kid!!

(lets out whistle)

Man, one whack extreme nutcase you. Jumped outta planes and crazy shit like that. Ain't seen nuthin on TV bout you lately. You still...

SKY:

Only for kicks..

CABBIE:

Cashed on in, hey, hey. Living the life, free easy. Set pretty. Can't see guy like you rolling wild round in the rain, no got chauffeur, you? Hey, I`m cool with that. Whatcha, some kind of recluse now too..?

Cabbie:

(seeing Sky smile)

What hell, are! Not flipped off the burger grill sizzle onto the ground cold `ve you. No give rides to no..

SKY:

(grinning)

Sure can take care of yourself.

CABBIE:

Got that right! Used be wrestler, tough nut. Tank-man. Won no cause wuz think-man. Not sum muscle head.

SKY:

Think not run over any cars on way over. Crush them good and proper.

EXT. DRIVING THROUGH L.A. TO CLUB MAVERICK'S FLAT - NIGHT

Shots of driving the short but words apart distance from Sun-set Boulevard to Leimerk Park area of the city, onto near by Maverick`s Flat centered deep in this predominantly black com-munity, past recent encroachment (Sept-Oct 2011) of graffiti.

Cabbie spots a very obtuse of parking place, only spot free close to club`s marquee sign. Cabbie whips cab into it. His grin confirms his satisfaction at knowing city inside, out.

INT. INTERIOR OF MAVERICK`S FLAT, MID SHOW - MOMENTS LATER

Cabbie bursts through doors into the club, costumed people in front of him backing out way of his bulk. Club`s filled with blacks excepting a few scattered other folk. Sky enters club, not at all ill at ease. Cabbie looks back, discerning that.

CABBIE:

Hell you so smug? You ain` t black..

His attention`s diverted by crowd going wild reacting to the show under way - black comedian Flack Haps physically rolling along stage with odd motions, convolutions of his body, face.

CABBIE:

Happy`s burning the joint down, to-niight! Dat for sure!  
Fun-naay!

Before serious rough cabbie now is as giddy as a preteen boy. Meantime, as always happens with Sky, ladies all around the club gaze his way with more than passing interest. The cabbie looks about the ladies from lingered gazes at the beauties, to glances at the most ancient, but all seem fixated on Sky.

CABBIE:

Blazing smoke up my.., is that?

Flack Haps rises, lies mike on the stand before him.

Flack Haps:

Everyday Flack`s Happoween then!

Cabbie and Sky head for a side table, Flack staring at them.

Flack Haps:

You saying first half my act not worth seeing? Sauntering in so..

Mack saunters exaggeratedly across the stage their way.

Cabbie:

Don`t go giving me grief now Haps, working man. Not like this..

Flack Haps:

Not be Sky Kid Anderson! Become a ghost you! Up shows near Halloween.

Cabby`s aghast, taken aback.

CABBIE:

You, know, the Flack?..

Flack Haps:

Used run with the brother. Why not come on stage. See you got anything better do than interrupting my ass. Looka all the ladies still into you

He swoons mocking like one. Sky rueful beams, looking round.

Sky:

Got it, never lose it, hey?

Flack Haps:

(back himself..)

No joke. Two of a kind we, haw.

SKY:

(Brad Pitt like)

Don't want steal your thunder!

Flack Haps:

Like if.... That twin brother of yours, ain't seen longer than you.. Knock off did you? People ya should seen how they tried outdo ta other.

SKY:

Away four years. Nice 'nuff spat.

Flack Haps:

Why gone all half Hollow-seen!?!..

Sky shrugs.

INT. MAVERICK'S FLAT - AFTER THE SHOW

Camera tight on Sky back, Flack Haps nearby gaffawing..

Flack Haps:

So you hi-tailed your...?

Sky (V.O., ..AS REFERRED TO in Vig 1)

So made it off in the wick of time. Way Kay walked meant business, can be a handful. Who needs that! Give a guy some O-two, hey. Man, but how stoked sweet she was lookin. A gas, her waiting on door to open wide..

Flack Haps:

Thought you two were tight as ..

SKY:

Letting board slide off the top. Giving me grief over it.

Flack Haps:

Don't squash yo pumpkin to pulp l..

SKY:

Lost edge. Not squished n burned like you. Then come back to seed.

Flack Haps:

Don't do crazy chute no more?..

SKY:

More crazy as.. . But why for..

Flack Haps:

Never found dad? Now twin brother gone. What got is a crib ripped apart good. Sure feel off, the, hook, Mr. Hollow-een man. Get back with your Kay. Be thankful what got man! Got my shit together woo whack-ity whackity woo, sure you can too.

SKY:

Woo whackity whackity woo..

Flack Haps:

WOO WHACKITY WHACKITY WOO!

Flack Haps and Sky:

WOO WHACKITY WHACKITY WOOOOO!

EXT. MADAME TUSSAUDS WAX MUSEUM - NEXT NIGHT, OCT. 29, 2011

October 29th, 2011, outside Madame Tussauds Wax Museum, its marquee declaring "Here Tonight: The Dead Celebrities Halloween Costume Ball 2011", a steady stream of costumed people attired as past departed celebrities and historical figures, walk from cars, taxis, underground parking to museum, enter.

In goes giggly duo of Marlynn Monroes accompanied on opposite arms each by Humphry Bogart in Casablanca vintage white suit. Behind them waddles the rotund trio "Alfred Hitchcock, W.C. Fields, Marlon Brando", behind them Sammy Davis Jr. and Dino.

Limo rolls up to, stops by the curb at the entrance. A driver gets out, walks to the passenger door, opens it. The legs of a lady extend out the door, her high heeled feet sliding down to the sidewalk. The other passenger side door flings open, and a figure in helmet and oxygen mask and in a silvery 50's retro futuristic flight suit costume with name patch etched Kittinger on it, scrambles out of the limo, and hops, slides over both back ends of the car, over to curbside open door.

"Kittinger" reaches down his hand to the woman inside, grasps her hand reaching back to him. View inside shows it's Kay, her face unmasked, but costume identifying her as a young Eli-zabeth Taylor, black wig, gown, jewelry styled to T like her.

Kay:

Sky, you can be a lout sometimes, but you never lose the charm long.

Sky:

Why Miss Taylor, can't believe any-one treat you poorly let alone me.

KAY:

You know nobodies going to know who heck you are in that rig. More like think you're that Armstrong guy or who the other guy, who broke like..

SKY:

Speed of sound. Chuck Yeager be he.

KAY:

You know if you like called me sooner, not this morning, we could have coordinated our costumes.

SKY:

Think Kitt have loved to court Liz, had the chance, not so far fetched.

KAY:

Yeah but not have took her to a fancy ball in flight suit, and space helmet!

Sky pulls oxygen mask down his face, reveals bemused smile.

SKY:

What, don't like to make a splashy big entrances no more..., liz?

KAY:

Very funny. Thought you been in the pits lately. Bought a fresh new supply of laughy gas now have you? You, back to your old self now??

SKY:

Now Kay don't see you dressed as the Spanish Inquisition, so...

KAY:

Meaning, you don't know, for sure..

SKY:

Meaning tonight, have fun, you, me and all of Madame Tussaud's ghostly menagerie of the rich, famous and fabulously departed, repartying.

Kay spots a dead ringer for James Dean spotting her, smiling at her beguilingly, Natalie Wood beside rolls eyes at him.

KAY:

There a guy like party with.

SKY:

Him huh, he'll roll your car right off the road, then where you be. Oh yeah, ghoul celeb fan cemetery.

KAY:

I any safer around you? The whack stuff you always egging me to do?

INT. MADAME TUSSAUDS WAX MUSEUM - MOMENTS LATER

Sky, oxygen mask dangling by his side, and Kay, weave through the crowd of costumed living and wax inanimate. Sky sees Dan-iel Craig's Bond figure. He goes to it, adjusts Bond's tie.

He looks to next wax figure, Jessica Alba, leads Kay by hand to her, guides her in by Alba, steps back to look them over.

SKY:

You know, you're almost as..

Kay thrusts her hand over his mouth.

Kay:

Like to hold that thought..

She removes her hand.

SKY:

Serene? Sure as sweet. Up til..

He smiles.

KAY:

You drove me insane again!

SKY:

Mad crazy for me. Hey, got a surprise for you at our table.

KAY:

Got a table? Isn't that expens..

SKY:

Shh, you'll make Jess jealous.

INT. ANOTHER FLOOR IN THE WAX MUSEUM - MOMENTS LATER

Elevator doors open, reveals Kay, Sky and few guests including one living, celeb couple dressed as deceased celeb couple Clark Gable and Carol Lombard, and a realistic "Heath Leger" Joker - not surprisingly in one corner kept well clear of.

Kay enters floor, also crowded with celeb adorned, and tables accompanied by a famous wax figure. Sky enters behind the Joker out elevator, hands pointed up atop own head. Kay looks back stern. Sky drops hands, pats unsuspecting Joker on back.

Kay spots at table near left the imposing wax figure of Simon Cowell, table otherwise vacant. She yanks Sky over to Cowell.

Kay:

Like you, get the table with Simon!

SKY:

What? That's not the one. But hey since already here, why don't I ..

KAY:

You knock it off already.

SKY:

(ignoring her, bemused)

..introduce you to him.

Sky goes beside wax "Simon", puts a pal arm about Cowell's shoulders, leans in like to speak as a waitress eyes Sky across the way, worried he may damage the wax icon. Sky winks to waitress, lightly lifts arms slightly above its shoulders.

SKY:

So Simon, have I got a treat for you tonight! Look no father for your next American Idol than over there and my girlfriend Kay.

Kay fidgets seeing most the crowd standing, seated, watching them now also. Even wax the Conan the Barbarian seems stare.

Kay:

Skkyyy. Everyone`s...

SKY:

She`s got a fabulous voice, you`ll never think she sings like a cruise ship singer or eek as horrid, just horrid, like she`s on a beauty pag-aent stage. She`s a beauty though!

KAY:

Skyyyyyy.....

SKY:

Kay why don`t you sing somethin..

Kay briskly steps ahead, pokes Sky. She whispers in his ear.

KAY:

I am not going sing in front of..

SKY:

(to.. wax Cowell)

A terrible thing, stage fright...

Sky rubs hands down Kay`s shoulders, to soothe. She unteases.

KAY:

Had enough fun..,now

Sky turns her around toward the table occupied by wax Brad Pitt and Angelina Jolie, leans head in to her ear, whispers..

SKY:

But not apparently them. Turn away, turn away. Our table`s this way.

He points to opposite side of the elevator. Kay shakes her head, chuckles, now joining in..

KAY:

They are so so nosy... . Think they were the paparazzi instead..

She looks in the direction Sky points away from `them`, sees their table is presided over by the wax Will Smith.

SKY:

Me and Will are tight..

KAY:

Like I'd but that.

SKY:

Me, and wax Will.

Sky swings his arm towards their table, waits for her to join him. She takes his hand, and they walk to their table, and, wax Will. Sky fist pounds the wax Will Smith's hand.

SKY:

Oh yeah, she`s cool too.

They sit at the table. Directly to right of them is the Clark and Lombard dressed celebs. Sky looks oddly at them..

SKY:

Funny that...

KAY:

Funny what?

SKY:

Oh nothing. Odd they there.

KAY:

How`s that?

Sky turns undivided attention to her, smiles quirkily..

SKY:

You`ll see..., later...

KAY:

Later, what later! There more?..

INT. ROOSEVELT HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT, 2 AM (OCT. 30TH, 2011)

Kay and Sky come in through the entrance doors, into the lobby of the elegant Roosevelt Hotel Hollywood.

KAY:

Sure not sparing no expense to-night! You not planning on...

Sky:

Popping the question..

KAY:

Are you....

SKY:

On a first date...

KAY:

..real date in a while.., you mean. We`re been going together...

SKY:

..forever. That make us ghosts. Ha.

KAY:

Wow, taking this Halloween thing a bit far aren`t we. Uh, isn`t this Hotel supposed to be.. haunted. That remark back there, about..

SKY:

Clark and Lombard. Supposed be seen in here her ghost. And also..

KAY:

Marilynn Monroe. In a mirror or something was in her room, like

SKY:

Yeah. Also got Montgomery Cliff, and..

KAY:

Wait a sec. You`re not thinking there`s like a kind of ghost club here or something. What you want, to go chat with them too like the wax.. . No you cannot want to..

SKY:

Want to what...

KAY:

Ask them about your dad. If he`s.. . My God, you are thinking just that! Just when think finally going start coming back round, stop fall-ing.. No wonder why so giddy toni.. Wait you not see something alre..

SKY:

Like voice in my head saying `Book a room there and they will come..`.

He laughs, she pokes him for the second time but harder as they walk the last couple steps to the reception desk, the lady clerk there already all ears on their conversation.

INT. ROOSEVELT HOTEL ELEVATOR.. - MOMENTS LATER

Inside an elevator, just her and Sky, Kay watches the floor numbers go up. When it reaches the lit number of their floor, the door opens and Kay begins to exit. But Sky snatches hold of one of her shoulders, gently pulls her back inside.. Be-fore she can utter a word, the doors slide closed, and ele-vator got back underway, up...

KAY:

Don`t got another...

She sees now that button`s light for the penthouse floor.

Kay:

You cannot have booked the..

SKY:

That`s booked years in advance. I just arranged for a.., visit. Key you have for our studio suite room.

KAY:

You and that dam charm. So what`s in.. . Oh, Clark and Lombard must have stayed.., there.

Not going to have me dress like her or anything are you... .  
What that Jimmy Stewart wax figure get you all acting weird  
too like in a Hitchcock movie like.

SKY:

Vertigo.

KAY:

Thing you don't have!..., but I do..

Elevator's ping in arriving at the Penthouse floor startles  
the distracted girl. Goose pimples rise on her skin as the  
doors whip open. She backs away into Sky's arms. His smile,  
warmth of boby, arms, comforts her, some..

SKY:

If there's any ghosts about Kay, I won't let them bother  
you, much..

KAY:

Yeah you and what ghostbuster... .

They walk into the dark room lit only by the night lights of  
the city and the moon. Kay hastens for the lights switch.  
Sky intercepts her hands.

SKY:

Wait. We'll wait and see..

KAY:

(trembly)

With the lights out..

SKY:

Romantic isn't it...

He takes hold of her hand, rubs it.

KAY:

Sure, romantic like a carnival fun house.

A bump of a noise that startles them. Silence. Another bump,  
makes her jump. She squeezes her eyes closed tight.

Kay:

Is she.., here. Sky, is she..

Sky;s not looking at her, but hard at a far wall. She stares there but sees nothing, but maybe a faint glow, more like a trick of the incoming city lights..

KAY:

You see her, don`t you.

To Sky`s eyes alone, glamorously glown dressed transparent Carol Lombard saunters through Kay but stops before Sky, reaches her ghostly hand down on top his, lifts it up to her cheek. Kay sees only Sky`s hand rise like being guided up.

KAY:

She`s, she`s touching you...

Lombard bows, places mouth by Sky`s ear, kisses it lightly.

SKY:

He with you, over there..

KAY:

Who, what.. ..

CAROL LOMBARD`S  
GHOST:

(whispering in his ear)

Gable. The hell I know where he gets to. Oh, not him. Your father.. . Someday you`ll know.. .

SKY:

Cant tell me. Or wont.

CAROL LOMBARD`S  
GHOST:

Not for me to say... . Look and look and maybe will find what you need find or not. Way always been.

She moves her lips in front of his.

CAROL LOMBARD`S  
GHOST:

You mind. What Clark dont know...

She kisses Sky on the lips, sighs.

CAROL LOMBARD'S  
GHOST:

Such a lovely boy.

Reluctantly she turns aside, starts walking away, into  
through a wall, stopping half way to look back.

CAROL LOMBARD'S  
GHOST:

Open you eyes wide. See what only you can see..., feel.

SKY:

What lies in the...

But shes moving rest of way through wall, til out of sight.

Kay:

In the, in the, lies in the what..

Don't let the Sun down go on me begins playing in Sky's  
mind.

SKY:

Kay, don't let the sun go down on me, alright.. . Never go  
out.

KAY:

Where that come from. She was here wasn't she, You saw her.  
Said aome-thing. Got you all weirded out now.

SKY:

Something, nothing... .

KAY:

So very like a ghost...

Sky smiles. So very like a ghost indeed.

Kay:

Now can we go! Can't wait to see our room. Uh hope Will Smith's no..

Sky:

No Will. But now Jimmy Steward,

(imitates Steward)

that rascal.. .

KAY:

Not trying no dresses on or chang-ing my do no matter what he says..

INT. KING STUDIO ROOM IN THE ROOSEVELT HOTEL - NEAR 3 AM

Kay and Sky lie side by side on the bed in the warm confines of their room, the bed behind an perforated wood partition. Kay's snores, Sky's arm tucked underneath her head, her pillow. He awakes from a dream, dozy turns on side to watch Kay. He's surprised by sound like someone's kicked the entry door.

He shakes his head to see if he's still dreaming. Second kick at door snaps him wide awake. Hasty but carefully he slides back his arm from under her neck, Kay stirs, turns on side to-ward him, hand slips down his cheek but she doesn't awake.

Sky in sport shorts gets out of bed. He walks to door, stops few feet shy of it, stares at it. Door knob begins to glow red. Sky trusts hand on knob, repeals hand, seared by heat of it, yet hand's unburned. Yet concerned, his eyes hunt around.

He sees his shirt lying on a chair, goes picks it up, wraps it around his hand, hastily turns knob again, opening the door, it swings wide open from his strong kick outward on it. Sky jumps out into the hallway. Seeing nothing, he eases door closed, careful to leave it slightly open. Rush of air from nowhere knocks him against the door. It fully shuts, locks. He shakes his head annoyed.

He looks to side at now dead air there, peers down long hall in time to see a spectre of elegant man begin to pass through wall at end of hall, drink in one hand, lit cigarette other.

SKY:

(smiles to himself)

No other than Montgomery Cliff.., in the whiff. Hey, you like to talk awhile huh? Got a thing want to..

Half through wall, "Cliff" pauses, distracted puzzled he turns head back to look at Sky. He sees him, seems sense in Sky something of awe. He points cigarette at the stairwell door. Shaking head, he off walks rest way through the wall.

Sky goes to the stairwell entry door, pushes it open, enters the stairwell, pauses on the landing. He looks up, down.

SKY:

Suppose next see Marilyn herself. Be not such a bad thing..

Behind back appears ghost halo of man in mid fifties that bears an aged family resemblance to Sky. He speaks.

Ghost figure:

Long time, no see....

SKY:

Dad.

Sky turns to face his dad, examines his face, wavering.

SKY:

Are you.., gone.., I`ve been, forever, hoped... . Be still..

Ghost form of his dad:

Am I... , Am I not... , still.. ?

SKY:

Don`t you know? Um, you like aged. Ghosts don`t grow old, do they...

GHOST FORM OF  
HIS DAD:

All pass, sooner, later.. . You one that sees.. .

SKY:

Barely, present unseen, future.

GHOST FORM OF  
HIS DAD:

Be one those. Huh..

SKY:

You can`t say...

GHOST FORM OF  
HIS DAD:

Fate funny.. No one.., gets know, all, not even you..

SKY:

This not all in my head, right.

His dad rapidly fades til barely visible. Sky throws his arms around him to hold, withstrain him, but only air remains. Sky feels cold chill of air yet by one ear, there hears dad waver-ingly whisper like straining hard from dissipating all away.

GHOST FORM OF  
HIS DAD:

..will.., need..

SKY:

Need. Who? Me..? You..

GHOST FORM OF  
HIS DAD:

Only you.. can..

SKY:

Can, can what...

GHOST FORM OF  
HIS DAD:

Through..

SKY:

Through, what..

GHOST FORM OF  
HIS DAD:

Burns...

SKY:

Burns..., what, why...

GHOST FORM OF  
HIS DAD:

To..

SKY:

What, the other side..., to...

GHOST FORM OF  
HIS DAD:

If.., not.., di..

SKY:

If. If! There an if.. . Always an if. Wait can you, could see, too..

No response.

SKY:

Damn. Did it again. Gone like the wind. Don`t suppose come back huh.

Nothing.

SKY:

Didn`t think so...

He feels some..one, unseen, sweetly run gently a soft hand across his face, sees face, upper torso of Marilyn Monroe, in a fuzzy white wrap, materialize before his face. She winks at him, draws in close, lightly kisses him on his mouth. She backs away, stops, touches a forefinger on his lips. Slides it off, turns, walks silkily up steps, fading into thin air.

SKY:

(satirically bemused)

Now know must be dreaming it all.

INT. END OF HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Sky re-enters hallway from the stairwell. He hears a loud thump at far end of it from their hotel room. He smiles:

SKY:

Back..., are you.. .

Nothing. But an deep through sense of dread..

SKY:

Not..., you..

The whole hallway appears erupts into an inferno about him, whipped by a furious wind like in a firestorm. Something all solid black leaps inches out in front of him, whirls about him like a tornado. As quick all's gone but subdued lit hall. Sky stands there bewildered. Behind, his room door opens. Kay exits out it in a blue silk nightgown.

KAY:

(walking to him)

Sky. Thought heard like a wind or.. . Why you out here like 4am. Not still chasing down.. . Why you're shaking, you never shake, ever...

0004000013B4000002B3