

Superhero Sunman - Born of Fire and Sky
(movie one of the two of the origin story)

Screenplay and characters by:
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Superhero SUNMAN - Born of Air and Sky

First of two superhero SUNMAN feature length motion pictures which
together span the debut origin story of superhero SUNMAN.

by
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Based on original SUNMAN screenplay: SUNMAN - Born of Fire And Sky

Previous Original Draft by
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Note first scene location should be set at an Los Angeles beach, had put in Lawrencetown beach for to superhero SUNMAN (TM) movie: 1st few minutes. copy as script to use for a mock rep of the scene here.

1. EXT. BEACH Lawrencetown B sub. for L.A. Midnight

A dark crescent of beach faces a moonless black ocean. A lone figure surfs far out on moderate sized waves. He carves, glides through, the waves effortlessly. Fade out.

2. EXT. THE BEACH sub. Lawrencetown B for L.A. Pre-Dawn

Long, deserted sandy beach prior dawn. Out beyond, a dark expanse of ocean with moderate surf. There's a ruby glow at the cloudless sky horizon. A breeze lightly gusts.

Comes into view, seated back from the waterline, a lone man, about twenty-five, who wears red swim trunks. Athletic lean build, handsome in rough way with unruly ample blonde locks. Blue, short surfboard is dug upright in the sand behind him.

Nearby a large golden retriever watches the shore foam lap about it's legs. It looks back eagerly at the man.

He ignores the dog, scans the waves, horizon. Resigned, it trots back near him, sits down, and faces the ocean, too.

Down the beach some surfers stand shoulder deep in the waves as a clique of mostly male, jostling, surfer youths arrive.

The man rises to his feet before the brightening glow on the horizon. He spots a baton like piece of driftwood, goes pick it up. His dog gets up, eagerly follows. He heaves the stick out into the ocean. The dog charges into the waves after it.

The lab swims vigorously out to the floating piece of wood, seizes it in his jaws, turns about, and swims back to shore.

The man watches his soaking wet dog near shore. It clammers onto dry beach and comes to a stop at the feet of his master. It stands there expectantly, prize in it's mouth, drops it. The dog looks wantonly up at the man, tongue hanging out.

He reaches down and picks it up. Feigns throwing it back at the ocean. The dog charges back out towards the ocean a few steps, stops, puzzled. It turns around and heads wearily back to the man. He's laughing at the dog's miscue.

YOUNG MAN:

Fell for it again, ole pal! You'll never learn, huh... ?

The dog looks like it almost comprehends. In sudden great convolutions, it shakes off it's water laden fur, spraying the man with salty sea water.

YOUNG MAN: (cont'd)
Okay! Now we're even, alright! *Not so dumb...* Still want to play, huh?

He drops to his knees, grabs the dog's neck, wrestles with it awhile. He collapses breathless flat back onto the beach. The Sun begins to rise above the horizon. He props his upper body up and stares at it. The dog lies down beside him.

YOUNG MAN: (cont'd)
Just look at that Sun! Never will tire of it, never! That Sun's my inspiration - bet you didn't know that, huh? Yeah, long as she shines on me, I'll shine!! Kindred we is, soul mates. Like you and me, pal.

He rises to one knee, picks up the stick. The dog leaps to it's feet, wildly enthused, eyes fixed intently on the stick.

Sky lowers the stick to the dog. It grabs ahold of it in it's jaws. They play a game of tug and war with it.

On the beach a good distance behind Sky, walks toward him a reddish auburn haired, twenty something, very attractive girl, in a skimpy red bikini.

As she nears the back of the young man, the dog abruptly lets go of the stick. The man's perplexed.

YOUNG MAN: (cont'd)
What, don't want to play no more?

The dog lays it's head on the man's shoulder, watches the woman. Sky hears someone is near, but doesn't turn about.

CUT TO:

EXT. ON THE WOMAN'S LEGS, FEET IN SAND - DAY

In slow silky gait, under well proportioned legs, her bare cute feet sink one after another into the loose sand.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH AREA AROUND SKY

Sky still faces the ocean knelling as she stops behind him.

YOUNG MAN:
Up early, hey, Kay! Didn't think
you breathed til *at least* ten..

KAY:
Not *always* Sky. *Do* like sleep, you?

SKY:
Sleep? Hey what, some of me sinking
into your pretty little head ..!

KAY:
(coyly)
Yeah right! No, not, today, Sky. I
was.., ahem, rudely awakened.

SKY:
Yeah, and by what?

KAY:
No, whom. You mm have got a guest..

Sky, intrigued, twists around, looks up at her. He sits back, leans on his arms, legs bent at the knees in front of him.

SKY:
What? At dawn? No one gets visitors
at dawn! What an old flame,.. *two?*

KAY:
Oh, you wish Sky, (but) you wish..

SKY:
So who then ?!

KAY:
I really can't say.. .

Kay sinks onto her knees. The dog comes up to greet her. She rubs the dog's neck, much more tenderly than Sky had.

KAY: (cont'd)
Hi-ya, Beaute, you beaute.

SKY:
Hey, this is Sky, remember, your
sometimes boyfriend.

Kay continues to adore the dog, ignore Sky.

SKY: (cont'd)

What, some kind of conspiracy or something? The Big Secret at Dawn - Think I saw that one somewhere, ha.

KAY:
Nope, not telling. I ah promised!

SKY:
Come on, Kay! I won't let on you squealed. Can keep a secret, too, you know. I'm a big boy now... .

KAY:
Think so, huh..? Ha, well, not so sure you'll grow up, Sky, ever.. !

SKY:
(widely grinning)
Ouch... .

Sky falls flat back on the sand like he's been shot.

After a couple seconds prone, Sky playfully lounges forward and pulls Kay down along with him onto the sand - Kay shrieks and giggles. Sky props over her, tickles the ticklish girl.

KAY:
(laughingly)
Still not gonna tell..

SKY:
So you're not, huh ?!

He messes around with her tidy, though sand speckled, hair.

KAY:
Hey - cut that OUT... !

SKY:
No, not til you tell me... .

KAY:
Ain't no way, Jose.... . Hey, but lay off the hair, would yah.. *Now!*

SKY:
Well, okay then.., but not until you give me a kiss, instead.. .

Kay indignantly pushes Sky back on his rump where he awaits still expectant. She sighs then playfully crawls forward until she leans over him. She inches her head closer. Her lips halt inches before his. She eyes him with demure wonder.

Sky grasps her bare shoulders, edges his head up. Their lips meet in a long smouldering kiss. They roll-over. Sky ends up overtop her. Sitting upright, he caresses, smooths her hair.

KAY:

Can't lay off the hair, can you?

SKY:

Nope. Nor you. Funniest darn thing.

KAY:

If you weren't such a...

SKY:

Great catch!

Kay starts a protest. Sky smothers it by another kiss. Beate nuzzles in-between them. Laughing, Kay and Sky fall back in a heap onto the sand, entwined together.

Scene swirls, drifts about the three. Shot rests when it looks out past them at the rising Sun. Image of them blurs as view zooms closer, closer on the shimmering brilliance of the Sun, til it seethingly, blazingly, fills the entire screen.

FADE IN:

EXT. BEACH FRONT CLIFF BACKED ABODES OF SKY - PAST DAWN

Near cliff backed, above high tide, reach of beach, Sky walks into view going towards a small mobile trailer. View looks behind him, reveals the distant waterline of the beach, the Sun low above the ocean horizon. View looks in the opposite way, out Sky's own perspective eyes as he nears the trailer.

He spies jutting out from the far back corner, the toes then feet of a man's dark tan cowboy boots. View of the jeans-clad legs stuck in them grows. The tilted down, tapered end of a cowboy hat appears of the figure who leans behind the corner.

One plaid long-sleeved arm of the figure tosses a stone at empty beverage cans arranged on a weathered bench horse. One of the cans is knocked asunder. Cowboy hat tilts back down.

Sky walks by the corner enough out from it to remain bathed in sun. In full view, shadow, leans the figure, of similar build to Sky. His face is hidden under the tilted cowboy hat.

SKY AND FIGURE:
(in perfect unison)
 Hi, bro... . So how's it, *going* ?

Figure nudges up his cowboy hat, uncovers very same beaming face and smile as of Sky's own, *right now*, indistinguishable but for the figure's slightly different hair style, and the presence of his unshaven whiskers, a few day's old.

SKY:
(mimicing Valley talk)
Like, aquatic, Jase, you squirt!

SKY: (cont'd)
 Thought you were out Australia way, still, bustn' dirt bikes and stuff.

JASON:
 Yeah, did that awhile.. .

SKY:
 So what brings you back - not just to see your big bro.. , *right* ?!

JASE:
 I hum, brought back a.. , surprise..

SKY:
 Always one for surprises. Got yanked out the womb a couple minutes late. Up and over-fried you. *Lucky not burnt to a crisp!*

JASE:
(tipping cowboy hat more)
Like you ain't just twice as crazy?
Took you out raw so you ain't got no sense of normal in you, matie.

Sky chuckles and Jason joins in. Sky spies a young woman's well heeled shin, ankle, foot in an elegant red pump, jutting out from the next back corner.

He drifts her way, eyes moving up one, then two legs, to a short, red, breezy summer dress, bare shoulders, and a bright blue eye, gorgeous face under a short cute blond hairstyle. Leaning against the side wall, worldly-wise seeming, she looks wistfully off along the cliff-side, away from Sky.

She slowly turns Sky's way, looks him over, slightly amused, otherwise unreadable. Jason walks in from behind Sky, stops beside him. Jana's gaze drifts between them, *comparing*.. .

She zeros her gaze only on Sky, scrutinizes him. Her jaw drops, a little. Absolutely *identical to a T with Jason!*

Sky, dumbfounded himself, lets out a long slow whistle.

SKY:

This is some surprise, alright !

JASE:

Thought (even) you'd be impressed!

Kay walks into view from several yards behind, headed towards Jana. She takes note of all the talk as she nears Jana.

SKY:

Trying to outdo me one, Jase ?!..

JASE:

Why, you think I did?!

KAY:

Hey! I'm right here, you know!

SKY:

Was gonna say, not saying he had.., think both you ladies are equally..

SKY AND JASE:

(mischievously grinning)

.. just as fine !

Jase heads off to where Kay stands a few feet aside of Jana. Sky and Jana remain locked face to face a couple feet apart. Jase stops before Kay likewise. He gives her a bemused wink.

JASE:

(extends arm towards Jana)

Kay..., Sky, my fiancée Jana Wilks.

Jana, elegantly coy, offers her hand to Sky, who grasps it. Their eyes glaze deep into one another. Jase stirs uneasily.

JASE: (cont'd)

Hey now Sky - mine! Kay, yours!

Sky breaks out into a big sheepish, gleeful grin! He comes over to Jason and pushes askew Jason's cowboy hat.

SKY:

But had you going, and big-time!

Jase's eyes roll skyward. He jabs a sucker stout punch at Sky's shoulder, but Sky catches ahold of his arm, pulls him in toward him. They embrace awhile, then stand face to face.

Sampled song ..There's Nothing Stronger Than Our Love, plays.
As Sky talks, he catches Jase off-guard by a short sharp jab.

SKY: (cont'd)
Real happy for you bro! Had to
happen to one of us, *someday*, hey?
Better you than me, huh, squirt?

KAY:
*Still here! You know a really big
engagement diamond is a girl's best
friend, Sky...*

Jana smiles, warmly, at Sky, winks. He returns a big loupey
smile of his own. Jana turns to face to Kay, offers her hand.

JANA:
Just horsing. I'd heard about these
Anderson boys. Ha! Hi, Kay, Jan.
They *always* like this together?

KAY:
You got it!

Jana turns back to Sky. Kay twitches some.

JANA:
I couldn't believe my eyes.. .

SKY:
Could've fooled me!

JANA:
Thought the Sun was playing tricks
on me! It's good to finally meet
you. Jason had kicking kangaroos in
his knickers to get here, pronto!

SKY:
My my my..., but you are a delight!
I see Jase has picked up some of my
good taste..., *hey, Kay?!*

Jason scuffles behind Sky. Kay comes up near Jase.

JASE:
*Brother - you ain't never dreamed
of great taste like mine!*

Irked, Kay pokes Jase a blow into his upper other shoulder.
Jase winches, then grins and Sky-like messes her hair, some.

JASE: (cont'd)
Ah, er..., in all matters 'cept you!

KAY -&- SKY CHIMING IN:
 (slapping off Jase's hand)
Damn right!

JASE:
 Hell, Sky, how about we *just..*

SKY AND JASE:
...swap them right here and now!

JANA ,AND, KAY
 Not gonna..., ever, happen.. .

The girls stare bemused at one another.. . Together, they turn to face the "boys".

KAY AND JANA:
Right ???.....

The ladies burst out in laughter! The men join in. Beaute trots in, stops, between them. It looks curiously at Jase, then Sky, then Jase. He whimpers oddly. Sky notices, strokes the dog's head as Jase starts patting it on it's other side.

SKY:
 That's right Beaute, never seen my uglier half before, have you!?

It perks it's ears. Then stares at Jase, taking to him, *more*.

JASE:
 Think otherwise, don't you, Beaute!

Jase rubs the dog vigorously. Sky joins in, competing with Jase in doing so. They cease, stand up. Look one another over one more time. View swirls about them, thus, then closes on their faces. In-between, in the distance, the Sun, higher.

An eerily stout wind, chill off the ocean, out of nowhere, whips through their hair, knocks Jason's hat right off. He doesn't pick it up. Odd looks on both. *A past eerie memory!*

View closes on their faces, more. Sky, facing the Sun, more, is bathed in an orange reddish sheen. Jase's face, more in shadow, is pale. View closes on Jase, alone, fades out slow.

EXT. SMALL AIRPLANE, FLYING - NOON

Last vestage of Jase's face fades to white. View pulls back from a white cloud, into a mostly blue, noon day sky. The Sun glints brilliantly off the side of small silver aircraft. View closes in on the closed door of the airplane.

EXT. INSIDE SMALL AIRPLANE - NOON

Sky, in a blue jumpsuit, rigged to sky-dive, seats near the door of the snug confines of the aircraft. Kay, not wearing a parachute pack, seats beside him, farther from the door. Just beyond, a few ready to use parachute packs lie on the floor.

A sharp eyed, mid-forty, rugged, black man, rigged to jump, stands a few feet in front of the door. He eyes Sky and Kay looking at each other, silent, amid the clamor of the plane.

Sky gazes at the gruff expression of black man who stares at them, and smiles broadly. This annoys the man. Kay laughs.

BLACK MAN:

Get the hell out of my face, Sky!

SKY:

(laughs, winks at Kay)
You ever smile, Wild Bill?

WILD BILL (BILL):

You ever don't!?

SKY:

Nope, never! Right Kay?

KAY:

(sighing)
Never. Why I so love you, dear.

Sky squirms uncomfortably as he stares into her eyes, quickly averts them. Wild Bill chuckles. Sky looks at him surprised.

WILD BILL:

Try getting out of that one! Hum..

Sky flashes him a hot eye, turns from the two to ponder on the closed door. Bill's etched frown returns. Kay sighs, louder. She looks at Bill. He shrugs the barest of a shrug. She resumes her probing stare on the back of Sky's head.

Sky twists about slow to face her. He leans in close, stares at her unwaveringly with alert eyes. Kay's taken aback.

SKY:
 Kay, you ever, you know, jump?
 Like, no better time than now! Old
 Bill, take you down, piggyback.

Sky glances at the all ready to don jump packs near Kay.
 Teasingly grins at Bill.

SKY: (cont'd)
 Won't you, Bill?

Ill at ease, Bill is gruffly queasy. Sky chuckles at that,
 returns to face Kay, giving her a bit more breathing space.

SKY: (cont'd)
 You're had all the ground training
 you need. The whole "*bill-shot*".

KAY:
 Take a rain-check, *thanks anyway*.

SKY:
 You don't know what you're missing!
 It's like, like.., great sex, more,
 the most incredible rush!

Sky leans in *really* close, pulls lightly at her jacket.

SKY: (cont'd)
 Don't you need to just, *let go*.. .

KAY:
 (deliberately smirky)
 What, my jacket?

SKY:
 Ha ha. Of this.

He tries lift one of her planted feet. *Can't*. Points at her
 midst, *at her fear*. Kay pales, trembles, gulps. She shakes
 her head slowly, apologetic, usual bright eyes tinged sad.
 Sky tatters on letting it go. Kay breath of relief turns into
 surprise when Sky waxes day-dream like into one last attempt.

SKY: (cont'd)
 You know when life throws it's
 baddest ha screwballs. Closes in
 all around. You feel confined,
 afraid to move, you know locked in,
 inside yourself. Heck, and you
 liable to just become a veggie.

Sky piercingly smiles at her. Kay frowns. *Like her, now*.

SKY: (cont'd)
That's when...

Sky closes one of his fist demonstratively tightly. Slowly opens it, like there releasing pent up, compressed steam.

SKY: (cont'd)
 (blows *steam* from palm)
..got to let it go! Free-fall! Wow baby! Right into the arms of the.., dream, the hope, ..love, whatever. The greater all. The cheesecake!

Sky snaps out of his muse with the widest of grins. Kay return smile quivers. She places a hand over her other hand to conceal her trembles. Sky spots that. He gently but firmly sandwiches her hands between the safety of his two hands.

SKY: (cont'd)
 That's why I do it. You understand? Only way to free my soul! Woo look at me, I'm totally wired, and haven't even jumped yet. Don't you want to feel that! This!

KAY:
 I..., I..., I don't...

SKY:
 (capping with laugh)
Trust...(life). Only thing I do...

He releases her hands, they slightly tremble, and leans back. Sky's apolegetic now. He sighs. Breaks into a teasing smile.

SKY: (cont'd)
 Sure don't want to come along for the ride?

KAY:
 You trust this, why not, in me.

Sky's the one taken aback now. Bill leans forward with a look of gruff satisfaction.

BILL:
 TKO in the 12th round, folks!

Sky, on the cue, slow motion feigns taking a TKO head punch. Recovers to resort to try and mess with Kay's hair. Kay in a no nonsense fumed state, catches both his arms, holds them. She places them firmly back by his sides, holds them there.

Kay sees vague dread, loss of sureness disturb him, lets go.

KAY:
 Sky, look I didn't mean to.. You
 had a vision again?

SKY:
 Weird vibes. Something not, right.
 Before he left, Jase and I had a
 pretty good spate, even for us.. .

KAY:
 (smiles sheepishly)
 I know.. . Over me.

SKY:

 Yeah. And hardly a peep from him
 five years but through Mom. But,
 there's something, more, beyond.. .
 As fuzzy as coughed up fur balls.

KAY:
 He just came around is all. Look,
 you, Jase, you're not your father!

SKY:
 (with satiric edge)
 As everyone keeps telling us. And
 saying how alike we are, too. Ha.

KAY
 Like as not just me, put a damper
 on you, hey? Rain-check, Sky, okay.
Later ! Sometime.... .

She leans in and kisses him. In mid-kiss, Sky's frown turns to smile as he gets the double meaning in her words. Bill watches them with a sour face.

BILL:
 Would you stop that! We're near
 overtop. Sky..., OVERTOP.

SKY:
 (breaks free of the kiss)
 Say something, old man?

BILL:
 Who you calling old, diaper ass!

Sky smiles, sticks a thumb in his mouth, makes a loud pop noise as he pulls it out from against his cheek.

Bill, very annoyed, glares at Sky. Sky smiles more widely. Bill waves dismissingly at Sky's chest, at his jumping gear.

Sky mouths "okay boss", grins, and begins tightening his straps, tests the fastenings, adjusts everything just so. Bill follows suit. Sky swirls his neck, arms, torso, looses. Bill remains as sternly rigid as ever.

From the floor, Sky picks up, cradles in his arms a bright red, and yellow SUN image emblazoned, sky-diving board. Bill draws in close to the closed door, near Sky to it's side.

BILL: (cont'd)
All secure, Sky? Okay. I'm opening
up. Clear?

Sky nods. With a powerful thrust, Bill slides wide open the door. Powerful, roaring gusts of wind rush into the plane, pommel them. Out through the gap is blue sky. Bright glints from the Sun, unseen above the plane, glint off metal parts.

Bill holds onto one side of the gap, Sky the other. Sky sucks in a deep breath of air. Eyes gleaming, he glances at Kay.

SKY:
(amused, yells over roar)
Later.. . I'll hold you to that!

He reaches out his free arm, reassuringly grips her shoulder.

KAY:
Get out before I kick your butt.

Sky bends a little and twists his rear towards her.

SKY:
Here try!

BILL:
Hey, no horsing around. Ain't no
frigging.. . You don't jump now and
I'll kick your butt, but and good.

Sky returns him the obligatory annoying grin. Kay holds a interior support brace with one white knuckled hand though she's tettered. She leans her face up close to Sky's ear.

KAY:
(rather re *engagement*..)
Hold you to it, you know, *too!*

Sky with-tracts his arm, straightens and uncomfortably faces her as Kay widely smiles at him.

BILL:
Overtop!

Sky gladly turns aside from Kay to face the gap. He plants one free hand to one side of it as his other holds his board into his chest. He solemnly contemplates sky and abyss.

Sky twists about, flashes a grin at Bill, startling him. Sky reaches his board up above his head with both arms, turns back around. He whoops loudly, leaps out the door, ahead of a swipe of Bill's foot aimed at his rear. Bill turns to Kay.

BILL: (cont'd)
And he calls me wild. You got
yourself one handful Kay.

She nods distractedly. Cautiously she leans in to look over the edge, down at Sky as he recedes, fast, farther below, sees Sky curl into a ball. He brings his board near his feet.

EXT. FREEFALL - NOON

Sky secures his feet in the board's foot restraints. He assumes a crouching stance. The board slows his fall rate and skitters in the turbulence. Sky checks his wrist altimeter.

He surfs air like an ocean wave, cutbacks in out over it's pseudo *face*. Snow-boards bent aside leg flares left, right.

He turns abruptly perpendicular to the flow of the previous general one way sideways motion, snakes a line now "forward".

He spreads his arms straight out either side of him. Brings them in nearer, nearer, til tucked around his waist as he twists his torso, legs and board, round and round, faster, faster, underneath him, til he's but a blur of motion.

In full spin, he flips his body upsidedown, his board, feet rotate above his head, a rapid swirl like a helicopter blade.

He flips his fast rotating body from vertically up, down, to a sideways orientation with respect the ground, and spins the length of his body, round and round that orientation - his body looks like a helicopter blade that twists as it turns.

Yet spinning sideways, he slows to stop the board's twisting motion til it appears Sky's just riding around and around the endless curved wall insides of an invisible tornado twister.

Sky casually spirals out of the spin until he's back upright, skies small board motions like down icy snow. Ground looms. Motion calm, he spots two figures and a dog, on the ground.

EXT. AIRPORT RUNWAY AND BLACKTOP EXPANSE - NOON

Jason, Jana, in sunglasses, watch Sky above. Beate nearby roams. Sky skies sinuous back forth, snake-like in azure sky.

JANA:
Wow, that was *something!*

JASE:
That's nothing.., *watch this!*

JANA:
(turning her eyes up)
More?! Isn't he too..

JASE:
Almost. Almost.....

Jase grins. Jana, a whiter pale, gasps. Sucks in her breath.

EXT. FREEFALL - NOON

Sky quickly checks the altimeter, needle crosses into the red. Hastily Sky pulls a wire. Small cannisters, one apiece attached to his shoes, throw out streams of white smoke. His other hand clutches the chute release handle at chest level.

INT. INSIDE SMALL AIRPLANE - NOON

Bill and Kay arch heads as far out the doorway as they can.

KAY:
Sky, no, no, not *now!*

Sky spins about, a twisting drill bit. Flips head over heels.

BILL:
Damn it Sky! Knew I should have gone down too! You damn fool.

EXT. FREEFALL - NOON

On third flip, Sky curls into a ball, plummets down, a spinning cannonball. The ground nears. Eternity of seconds pass.

EXT. AIRPORT RUNWAY AND BLACKTOP EXPANSE - NOON

Jana's aghast mesmerized eyes flutter. Even Jase is worried.

JASE:
 (muttering under breath)
 Too low Sky. Too low... .

EXT. FREEFALL - NOON

Sky yanks the rip cord handle. His body jerks up as the ribbonlike chute exits clean out the backpack, catches air, and billows out. Smoke ceases to pour out the cannisters.

Sky maneuvers furiously the guide wires, gains control of his flight-path, and catches every bit of extra lift possible, as the ground rushes at him, Jana, Jase, on it, directly ahead.

Coming in fast, he levels out, his feet a few feet above ground. His feet touchdown directly in front of Jana and Jase but his legs in all out sprint carries him far out beyond them, suspends his chute in the air an extra few seconds, before it flops down into a long heap behind him.

Sky yells a big whoop. Gestures pumped thumbs-up to Jase.

JASON:
 (yelling back)
 Holy crap, Sky! Near bought it!

Jason strolls on over to him. Jana, pale, trails behind.

SKY:
 (teasingly grins)
 Nah, under control, bro, all the way. What, *unnerved* you..?

JASON:
 (saving face laugh)
 Notta chance, you whacked wing-nut!

Jana joins Jase at his side. Jason turns aside to her.

JASON: (cont'd)
 Not bad, my big brother, huh?

JANA:
 (begrudges a smile)
 He's so *totally* bad! But, terrific.

JASON:
 Don't be going overboard. Nothing I can't do twice as good!

SKY:
 Not if he's above ten stories, ha.

JASON:
 (glaring)
 So I like the ground. Solid, bro. I
 smoke your ass there, and good.

SKY:
 Think so, huh? Heat's making him
 delusionous, ha.

Sky places a hand to Jase's forehead. Jase knocks it off.

JANA:
 Think you both, could, hum, tone it
 back, hey? Damn near passed out..

Beaute trots to Sky. Sky bends to pat him, looks up at Jana.

SKY:
 Got your money's worth, huh?!

He stands, puts an arm about Jase, who follows suit. Mildly
 apologetic, bemused, they smirk at her, grin at each other.

SKY AND JASE:
 Ole crazy gene runs in the..

The plane lands not far beyond. Sun blazes off Sky and Jase's
 sunglasses. Stiff breeze rips all. Runway grit swirls dust-
 devil trails. The brothers obscured in one dust-devil appear
 ghostly shrouded, surreal. Jana gasps. Brothers puzzle at it.

JASON:
 Something wrong?

JANA:
 Ah, just..., nothing....

SKY:
 Sure? Ha, we two Andersons, side by
 side, overpowering stuff, hey?

The teasing twins notice Jana's eyes turn beyond them. The
 plane stops some yards behind, sideways to them. Hatch opens.
 Hastily Kay jumps out the few foot drop, and scrambles toward
 Sky. Bill swings down the plane's steps and wearily descends.

SKY: (cont'd)
 (tapping his watch)
 Took the long way down Kay.

KAY:
 Long, and sure! (pause) What in
 hell got into you out there!?

SKY:
Had it all worked out..

KAY:
To the last micro-second??!

SKY:
(infuriating smile)
Exactly....

JASON:
(to stem the *big* fight)
What about we get the hell outta
here, grab us some grub. Starved!

Sky messes the distracted Kay's hair. This time she punches him hard in the kidneys. Sky catches himself from buckling. He eases an arm over her shoulders. She tries shake it off. He hugs her more firmly. Intensity of her ire fades, some...

Jason heads off, pulls Jana along. Kay stares at Sky. He drops his arm, puts his hand in hers. Her fingers grip it.

SKY:
You're all the safety net I need.

Her grip eases, she smiles. *Nobody could hate Sky for long.*

EXT. FREEWAY FROM ABOVE - AFTERNOON

View looks onto a dense rush of vehicle plying a maze of wide freeways which go off in various directions. The freeways interconnect and merge here and there. A hot Sun hangs above in the near cloudless blue sky.

Two Mustang convertibles, red, race each other, weave through traffic. Lead changes hands back and forth Closing in view sweeps down to car height level across their path.

Jase drives one car, Jana with him. She grips with both hands the bottom of her seat. Sky drives the other. Kay's with him. She loosely braces herself. Beaute's in the back seat, eager.

Open road ahead, the Mustangs draw abreast. View cuts on by Kay, on by Sky, out on across the freeway gap, and on, by Jana, right across and by Jase. View cuts onto only Sky, Kay.

KAY:
Take it easy. Enough for one day!

SKY:
Always take it easy, hon.

KAY:
Not with Jase around..

SKY:
Damn if I let him waste me, ha.

KAY:
Yeah..., *what about us?!*

Sky leans over. Kisses her on the lips. Slides back.

SKY:
You worry way too much...

KAY:
You not enough!

The Mustangs approach a construction zone that blocks off all but the three right-most right lanes. Ahead, two eighteen-wheel trucks abreast but for the in-between open middle lane.

View looks in on Jana and Jase

JANA:
Jason! Aren't you taking this sibling rivalry far too..., fast!?

JASON:
Snowy day in L.A. before he bets me on wheels.

He reaches out a comforting arm upon her arm. The car swerves some. She tenses, more.

JASON: (cont'd)
Jan relax. Almost at the turnoff.

The Mustangs pull into a side by side share portion of the middle lane. They near the back of the trucks, middle lane gap between the trucks a few feet less the car's width span.

View into both cars. Jase, Sky, try to nudge their cars ahead of the other to pass through the gap. The girls squeal. Jase, Sky, exchange glances across the back-top, both self-assured.

Split-screen view into the cabs of the rigs. Faces obscured under wide brim baseball caps, the drowsy sole drivers each check their side mirrors, see the vying cars, become alert.

One shakes his head The other scratches a craggy beard. They look across the gap between them, shrug to another. They ease their rigs closer together. Each picks up a CB radio mike, as they take another look back, the cars as determined to pass.

The drivers tip back their caps, reveal somewhat familiar faces. They look over to each other gravely.

RIGHT SIDE TRUCKER:
One of these fools gonna go for it.

LEFT SIDE TRUCKER:
No room, Jack. That'd be crazy.

RIGHT SIDE TRUCKER:
Ain't gonna stop them from trying.
Think it's them Anderson boys.

LEFT SIDE TRUCKER:
Thought one was away. Must be back.

RIGHT SIDE TRUCKER:
Aw shit. We got a no win situation.

LEFT SIDE TRUCKER:
So what do we do brother....?

High view on freeway. View in Jase's car. He presses down on the accelerator. View in Sky's car. He does the same. Jason eases ahead, Sky's car a few inches across from him. Sky's car pulls dead even, slightly ahead. View on Jase. He puts more pressure on the accelerator, pulls back dead even.

Each truck veers to either far side of the three lane wide freeway expanse. Gap between trucks widens. Not wide enough for both to pass through, both Mustangs pull into it.

The construction zone begins to open an extra lane. The trucks veer to the far sides of the widening freeway. The two Mustangs, abreast, pass between the two rigs, so snug they rub aside them a couple times, send off a stream of sparks.

The side by side cars pass by. The rigs recede fast behind.

View in Sky's car. He's waves an arm back at the rig drivers.

KAY:
Could've got us killed, Sky!

SKY:
Just knew be an extra lane open..

KAY:
Sometimes you really spook me.

SKY:
(laughing)
Out of our systems. Exit's ahead.

Sky waves his arm over to Jason and points out their exit ahead. Jason, in the right lane, accelerates. Sky speeds up his car, catches up. Right lane exit looms nearer, nearer.

The side by side cars lurch the same time to take the right exit, bump into each other. They ride the arching lane side by side, their off-pavement, shoulder-side wheels swerve in the gravel. Cars back-fish. Sky, Jase correct, keep control.

Nearing the lane's junction stop sign, Sky's car eases back, first, falls behind Jase's lead. Jase eases back but keeps a yard lead right til each side by side car stops at the sign.

Though no cross traffic approaches, the cars remain stopped. In each car, Kay, Jana, give each twin, *more*, annoyed looks.

KAY:

Thought you were in a hurry?

Sky grins goofily.

SKY:

Thought you weren't!

Sky gestures ignoramusly for Jase to go first. Jase burns rubber, squeals tires. Sky burns rubber, squeals tires. The girls are thrown back hard into their seats. The Mustangs peel left, race side by side down the long straight cross road into the distance. View fades into black.

EXT. OUTSIDE BURGER JOINT - EVENING

Jana, Jase, Sky, Kay stand beside the Mustangs, parked together in front a neon lit fast-food burger joint. Beaute watches them from inside Sky's car. Light of day fades.

KAY:

Haven't seen you like this since..

SKY:

Last time Jase was back in town. Five years ago. You and I just starting to get it on heavy. Then you, ahem, fell for Jase..

KAY:

Don't listen to him, Jana! Rather the opposite. Only one Kay. And Sky has cold feet, again, so Jase..

JASE:

Let a gem like you go to waste..?

SKY:
Who knew, Jase, a gem stealer?

JASE:
Left her slip off your finger, man.

Jason puts his arm around Kay.

JANA:
Reliving history, are we? Maybe I
should slide on back down under.

Hastily, Jason takes his arm off Kay, puts it around Jan.

JASE:
Ha, been you and I, bet Sky have
made a play for you.

JANA:
Like our heads aren't spinning
enough. Pull that racing stunt..

KAY:
..again, and you'll both be looking
for.. new gems.

INT. COMEDY CLUB - LATER

Half-filled, dimly lit dingy comedy club. Round tables face a raised stage. At the mike stand, a young Asia man does his comedy routine. At one table Sky, Kay, face Jase, Jana. Their faces glow red from the cube shaped lamp on their table.

Except Jase, his face partly hidden by his re-donned cowboy hat. Sky wears a tilted up Angels ball cap and jacket.

Kay has on an enticing blue rose, low slung dress. Jana, a semi-formal, black cocktail dress. Their jewelry's sparse, gold babbles, rubies on Kay. Jan, silver necklace, sapphires. Both have tied up their hair in simple but elegant style.

Amid the half-interested din, the Asia comic tells his last joke to a round of groaners from the audience. A large girth man at the bottom of the stage right steps, shakes his head.

He scans the restive crowd. He spies Sky. Eyes light up. He beckons Sky to go on-stage. Half the crowd looks Sky's way. Sky ignores the man and continues a chat he having with Kay.

Cheeks flushed, the big man fumes, waves, more agitatedly, as he ascends up the stage stairs, and goes mid-stage. He stands there and points out for Sky the vacant mike stand.

Disinterested, Sky seeps a drink. His table companions, share puzzled looks, glance between Sky and the man on-stage.

Sky crouches in close to his table mates, smiles bemused. He leans back, bends about to briefly look over, wink, at the man. Crouches forward to hover over his drink. He grabs the half-full glass, downs it with one long gulp. Wipes the drink's residue foam from his mouth with the back of a hand.

Likewise, Jason downs the rest of his drink. Tips his hat.

Disgusted, the big man jumps heavily off center-stage, almost knocks over the stage closest tables of two couples. They hasten to steady them. He charges on over to Sky's table.

The man flushed, out of breath, stands behind Sky, yet faced away. Jason leans back in his seat, tips down his cowboy hat more to cover more, most, of his face. Jana's flabbergasted.

The man familiarly nods at an apologetic Kay. He awkwardly double-glances at Jana, taken by her unfamiliar beauty. He gestures her a small wave of a hand, musters a smile her way. He hardly notices the cowboy hat obscured Jason beside her.

His gaze, anger returns on Sky. He roughly pulls Sky's chair aside so Sky's faces him. He squats, glares eye to eye at Sky. Sky evades it, looks at Kay, hardly can hide a guffaw.

View swings around them, then out among the other patrons, most of who watch the drama that unfolds at Sky's table.

THE BIG MAN:

Why you ignoring me, Sky?!

Sky gaze remains on Kay, draws the man's eyes her way.

THE BIG MAN: (cont'd)

Oh hi Kay. Foxy as ever, always!

He turns back to Sky, pins his hands firmly on his shoulders.

THE BIG MAN: (cont'd)

Playing me for a chump? In front of your new pals? I don't much enjoy..

SKY:

Jana, **JASE**, Marty Burg. Owns this tin dime joint.

MARTY:

Glad to..., Christ. J, talk of the..

Jason leans in, tips up his hat to expose all of his face.

Marty goes over to Jase and bear-hugs him.

MARTY: (cont'd)
 How the sweet Mary Lou are you?
 Damn, heard so much about you down
 under. Boy, near damn crazy as Sky
 here. So this your gal? Damn, you
 Andersons sure know how to pick em!

Jase grasps Jana's hand, holds it against her thigh.

JASON:
 Looks like you got Marty's AOK, ha.

Jase rises, and puts his arm around Marty.

JASON: (cont'd)
 Oh but for the record M, Sky ain't
 half as near crazy as me, nor as
 sharp, fun, nor as good lookin'.

Marty queasily ponders that. Sky and the other laugh.

SKY:
 Guy's got delusions. Jealous as
 hell of me. See what I had to put
 up with all these years, Marty?
 Imagine, like looking in the mirror
 at that impertinent pup impression
 of me.., not knowing it's place,
 always chasing it's own tail. How I
 ever raise him, half as good as me?

JASON:
 Ale's going to Sky's fat head, M.

MARTY:
 Split you two meglo-egomaniacs
 apart long enough for Sky to do the
 floor? No-one the hell's drinking!

SKY:
 Don't know Mart, got Jase, and his
fiancee here. Bigtime celebrations!

MARTY:
 Ha. *Yeah right*. Think you can fool
 ole Marty twice in one....

Marty's jaw drops seeing Jason sheepish, red, blush.

MARTY: (cont'd)
 Holy H. Never thought see the day..

SKY:
Join the club.... .

MARTY:
Talking about *the club...*, never
known you to pass up a chance to..

SKY:
Let go the ole rip-cord??

Sky grins mischievously.

JASON:
Go on up, bro. Break an ego! Love
to see you crash and burn!

SKY:
Yeah, you think.. ? Alright, Marts,
this one's on me.

MARTY:
So what you waiting for, formal in-
vitation, limo? I'll go intro you.

Marty straightens up, glances at Kay. Eyes linger on Jana,
guiltily look away from Jason, who bemused, tips his hat at
him. Marty gives him an irked second look, amusing Jase more.

Marty begins grinning. He crouches, bent legs spread wide,
and pantomimes he rides a horse and waves a ten gallon cowboy
hat. He begins swivelling his hips around like he's Elvis.

MARTY: (cont'd)
(bursts into laughter)
Yee ha ha, yahoo, oowa ooo!

His heavy weight lighter, Marty ambles away, up on-stage. He
leans slightly down to the mike held in the stand.

MARTY: (cont'd)
Folks, got a real treat for you
here tonight. Many of yous may have
caught his act at Marty's, but not
often enough. Man's a real beach
bum, yeah one crazy son of a wave.
But, hey, who isn't in these parts.

Marty takes the mike, wanders with it. Points at Sky.

MARTY: (cont'd)
Sky Anderson, L.A.'s cure for
traffic ulcers. Drink up folks!

House lights dim, ragged smatter of applause. Sky rises slowly. He's hit, dazed by a blast of bright white spotlight beam. Sky humorously tries to shake it off, shrugs. Grins.

Arm raised to block the tracking spotlight, he saunters to the stage steps, up them, over to Marty at the mike stand. Sky takes the mike, mouthing sarcastically, gee..., thanks.

Sky turns Marty away from him. He points off-stage. Thumps Marty on the rear. Marty half-turns around to protest. Sky turns him back. Marty shakes his head as he trudges to the steps, down them. Sky watches him go. Turns to the audience.

SKY:

Guy's a stage hog. Hey, Marty?

Marty hugs himself, stoic. Breaks into chagrined, grin.

SKY: (cont'd)

Yeah. Ha. Hey all. Before I get started, like to make a public service announcement for Marty. The management requests you all spend lots of the green. But don't drive, huh. But you can drink and..., golf.

Delayed audible moans among the patrons, a few clap, laugh.

SKY: (cont'd)

Going be one of those nights, huh?

Sky gazes at Marty. He sweats, twitches. Tugs at his collar.

SKY: (cont'd)

Let's hear it for Marty!

Sky claps hands slowly. Hesitant audience begin to join in.

SKY: (cont'd)

(wipes his brow)

So you do know how to clap!.. Know what? Paramount wanted to make a cartoon movie on Marty. Adventures of The Mart-man. But there wasn't a rating looowwww enough.. Ha. Maybe try the grunge network, uh, Marty?

Marty pulls his pants, lower, makes an odd face. Many of the patrons laugh, clap.

Amid their clamor, Sky's legs buckle. The audience hush, turn their attention on him. Sky, wobbly, frantically grabs at the mike stand to steady him.

It wobbles, itself, around in his hands, almost tips over. Strife spreads through the crowd. Most, puzzled, look down to the carpeted floor. A few quickly duck under their tables.

Jana's wide eyes look over at Kay, Jase, both calm, bemused. Jason smiles, at her.

In mid-wobble, Sky straightens, steady, slack, casual. The crowd's murmur diminishes. Heads tuck out from under tables.

SKY: (cont'd)
Feel that?

Sky saunters from the stand to center stage's edge. He kneels there. Looks down at one middle-aged man seated right below.

SKY: (cont'd)
Feel the ground shake, sir? Ignore it, quake's in China. *Quake's in..*

The man gives Sky back a blank, confused stare. Some in the audience clap, laugh, most of it is..., unsure.

SKY: (cont'd)
You see, sir. China owns so much of the States, now, whatever happens there, going be felt here, too.

Number of a-ahs, and, moans, ensue from most of the audience. The man shrugs, blankly. Sky sighs. He spots teenage girls to the right. He gets up, walks over to the stage-edge there.

SKY: (cont'd)
(to the girls)
Oh, you girls got it, huh? I'm impressed! Let's hear it for the Collage girls. Hum, teach you how to add yet?

The cutest of the girls plays along, shakes her head.

SKY: (cont'd)
Didn't think so. The new Math. Not Calculus, no. It's Calcu..., *lator*.

Much more laughs, claps from the audience, warming to Sky. Sky soaks in it. Casually he walks back to the stand. He sets the mike back on it.

He leans in to speak, notices mid-crowd, one tough looking, heavily bearded man, beside his ill-matched attractive blonde date. Sky picks up the mike. Beside the stand, he pointedly stares at the man. The man shifts uneasily about in his seat.

View looks past Sky's back out onto the bearded man.

SKY: (cont'd)
 (mischievously smiles)
 You, sir, I'll get to you later.. .

Sky's attentive eyes wanders from the man on through the crowd. Most patrons avert eyes from his direct gaze. Sky pauses to seductively smile at those who don't avert eyes.

Abruptly, Sky crooks his head up at the ceiling, closes his eyes, breathes in deep. Hush descends for these few seconds.

Sky slowly levels his head. His eyes re-open.

SKY: (cont'd)
 Say, what about all these new gangs
 in town - cropping up faster than
 the mayor's expense account, ha,
 or.., Britney's latest mini-skirt.

SKY: (cont'd)
 No seriously, getting kinda scary
 out there, isn't it?

Sky eyes scan the crowds' concurring nods. Land, and stick, on the bearded man. Most everyone turn their heads his way.

SKY: (cont'd)
 In here too, the likes of you, sir!

The bearded man growls, grins. Sky feigns a shudder, laughs.

SKY: (cont'd)
 Anyway, what was I saying. Oh yeah,
 the gangs. ..You've all heard about
 the Crips and the Bloods, huh? Tip
 of the gang-berg. Seems like a new
 gang crops up everyday. Chief says
 it's a passing fad, tell that to
 your unfriendly neighborhood thug
 as he dices up your face for fun.
 Poor thug, his dad skipped out,
 never got him an erase-o-matic -
 you know you make those squiggly
 line drawings, ha. So he... .

Sky stares at the bearded man puzzled, rubbing his beard. Abruptly he chuckles.

SKY: (cont'd)
 Took you awhile? Me, I never could
 make a face look right on those..

Sky squiggles his face. The audience laugh.

SKY: (cont'd)

So it goes.. . Not the Chief's fault though. He so understaffed, he's thinking seriously of, on the sly now, passing out cardboard police badges in cereal boxes. Eat like a cop, be a cop. Make you feel real secure now, don't it?

Sky holds the mike, wanders the stage and makes eye contact with audience members. Near the edge, he stops mid-stage.

SKY: (cont'd)

Gangs are one thing. Thing that really scares me though is the brat, whoops domestic child, next door. You know with those high powered squirt guns they sell nowadays. You see some them? I'm telling you, front lawns like Rambo training camps.

He knells at stage's edge, looks out into the audience awhile like he watches kids fight water wars on suburban lawns.

SKY: (cont'd)

Whoa, getting a vision, get those..

Sky cocks his head like he sees something. Nods with a smile.

Want to know, huh? The Squirts - bound to be *that* gang sometime.

A mix of groans, claps, and laughs from the audience.

SKY: (cont'd)

Didn't say I had great visions!

He lapses into silence, slowly turns his head stage sideways. The audience direct gazes at the unseen Sky sees. Lighting crew stream a flickering square box of light out from there.

SKY: (cont'd)

(his voice hushed low)

The movies and shows they watch. Seen more ways to blow-up, waste, terminate, dissemble, annihilate, puff, crackle and pop, than Rachel Ray knows recipes to cook meatloaf.

View looks at Sky from the side, swings to a stop behind him, takes in the hushed audience out beyond Sky. View cuts to a slanted down angle that looks down on him from the front.

Sky turns his eyes back to face the audience and rises stiffly. He inhales a deep breath, goes back to the mike stand, puts the mike back on it. He faces the audience, smiles, stands there mute. Audience rustle in their seats.

Sky, *mal-cheivious* alive eyes glance aside at Marty, uneasy again, then sets his gaze back on the bearded man. View from front side on of Sky, begins to swings slowly across, on Sky.

SKY: (cont'd)

Oh, by the way, Chief's got a secondhand job. Made himself the top squeeze on the vice squad. You see all the top brass department heads get together once a week, all put their heads into vices, and the Chief turns the knobs until they all get yanked real good, a curtesy for the Mayor's Police Budgetary and Monitory Commission. And what do they come up with? The new force reduction strategy. So it goes... .

Sky pauses to lampoon a smile.

SKY: (cont'd)

So now Aspirin sales are sky-rocketing. Not to mention the crime rate! So the Commission boys, and the token woman on the board, are all barking up the wrong tree, huh? We need more community beat cops, right... ? ~~(MORE)~~ But hey, you know what the real cause of all the crime is?

Sky waits for the murmurs to settle some.

SKY: (cont'd)

Indigestion. Spicy and greasy food! Fast food joints, Mexican, American Chinese, curry chased by pop sodas. And lots of beer. Right sir?

Sky watches the bearded man soddenly nod. View close-up on Sky as his smile widens. View on Jana, Jase, Kay, rueful.

SKY: (cont'd)

Why you think they have all those commercials on TV, huh?

SKY: (cont'd)

Yeah, all those products that alleviate indigestion? They know! Heck, the Commission should create a media wing, and hook up with NBC, CBS, ABC, FOX, hell even cable too. Cause if you got indigestion, you don't got respect for no-one. Ha, dude over there's nodding. Hey, I'm just joking, a joke, surfer dude.

Sky incredulously shakes his head. He plants his eyes on Kay.

SKY: (cont'd)

But damn, force reduction, it's great for overtime pay! Right boys?

Sky waves at a table grouping of obvious off-duty cops. He continues to generally address them.

SKY: (cont'd)

You know how much the average cop gets nowadays? Next guy you see jacking your car or CD player, check see if he's wears the blue.

One officer gives Sky a hard glare. His table mates laugh.

SKY: (cont'd)

Oh, not you, huh? Sure you haven't seen my CD collection lately?

The man squirms, grudgingly smiles. His table mates jostle him, laugh at his expense. One points into the man's jacket. Sky turns his attention to the bearded man.

SKY: (cont'd)

How about you, sir? No, hey. Sure? Ha. But there's no denying it, there some serious structural flaws in our sun fun city.

Mike in hand, Sky prowls the stage in a muse, trance, makes unexpected eye contact with people at this table, that.

SKY: (cont'd)

Rich cats. Poor cats. Big rats. Some blame it all on Washington. Rats, Washington. Do go together, huh? And drugs. Some of the whackos running Washington not so different than your neighborhood ice-man. Sad isn't it, used to hear the jangle of the ice cream man's bike cart..

SKY: (cont'd)

Now all you hear, see, street hype,
the AK-47s of street ice-men. Lots
of the squalor though caused by the
local jurisdictions. They drop off
their poor, sick, disturbed, their
homeless right down on Skid-row.

Sky stops, closes his eyes, draws in a deep breath.

SKY: (cont'd)

Boy how things change - blink an
eye, and heaven, it sure begins to
look a lot like hell.

Audience, dead silent, in a hushed awe. High view aimed front
on Sky starts slicing down across him. Halts, freezes on him.

SKY: (cont'd)

Me..? Sometimes I just have to get
far away from it all... .

View swirls around Sky. Back in front, on him, recedes a
respectful ways, rises a few yards, stops, it's eye on Sky.

Sky reaches into the inside pocket of his ball jacket, pulls
out a pair of cool blue lensed sunglasses. He puts them on.
Out of a side pocket, he pulls out a small CD player. He lies
it down mid stage. He presses a button. No sound.

Sky squats down about it. Audience stir, puzzled. Droning
sound of a small aircraft plays. Audience, hesitant, nod.

Sky pretends to slide open the "plane's" door. Sound changes
into a roar of fast rushing air. Sky screws up his face like
air's rushing by. Like out of breath, he shouts to be heard .

SKY: (cont'd)

That's why, jump out of, airplanes.
Real smart, huh?

Several in the audience reply: yeah; not too smart; dumb.

SKY: (cont'd)

Oh come on! Just try it sometime.

Sky eyes catch, single out the stoic bearded man.

SKY: (cont'd)

Make your life hellava more fun!

The bearded man shades his head. Seems to think on it, more.
Playing along, he nods. The audience laugh heartily.

SKY: (cont'd)
 No, life's not so bad when it's
 rushes on past you at two hundred
 miles an hour!

Sky leaps out of the pretend plane. Arms flail out to either side of him. He leans his upper body out as far forward he can without falling over. Big satisfied smile fills his face.

View on Jase grinning. He glances at Jan amusedly shaking her head. He casts a probing look at Kay. Tension's in her smile.

Kay notices Jase's stare, covers with a goofy smile, turns her head back around to watch Sky. Jase sees her hand, taunt.

Sky arcs his back, clasps arms together out back behind him. Glides through "air" right some, left, back straight ahead.

Audience sighs.

Sky's eyes widen in alarm. He flails his arms, torso wildly. Audience eyes widen in entranced shock. Table talk ceases. They lean forward in their chairs. View draws in on Sky.

The CD player emits a loud thud and Sky collapses down to the stage floor in a limb strewn heap. He lies there unmoving in the total silence of the club. Kay's eyes look horrified.

Sky stirs. He settles into a comfortable seated position on the stage. He smiles.

SKY: (cont'd)
 Til you hit the ground! Then it
 smarts pretty good.

Sky rubs his behind, ruefully.

SKY: (cont'd)
 But seriously folks. I'm still here
 in one piece, am I right? No
 really, when I'm floating there in
 the sky, Sun sparkling down on
 everything far below, even down on
 Angels Stadium. . . Whole city like
 it's a sparking diamond. Just like
 you're right back there in Heaven.

View from high sharply down, front on, Sky. His eyes close. His head slumps over, his body totally relaxes, blissful.

His eyes snap open. He leaps up, dusting off phantom dirt.

Sky puts the mike back on its stand, beside it, preoccupied, fusses with his ball-cap, this way, that. Notices audience.

SKY: (cont'd)

Speaking of Angels.. . Aren't they doing great this year! If great's a great big belly flop. *Sure good at that!* Can't even give away their ball jackets, they're *that* bad! Okay, so *I'm* the one who took one. I got hope! Stay in the game you guys, *some century..*, who knows?

Sky takes the mike, roams the stage again. Stage-side view swings through, by him, onto the table of Jason and company.

SKY: (cont'd)

About taking it easy, not so easy growing up a twin! No not a Minnesota Twin, but that's got to be pretty tough too, huh? No, with an identical twin. Oh so, sir..

Sky waves at one nerdy young man who points over at Jase.

SKY: (cont'd)

See you got twenty-twenty eyesight. 'Cept for when it comes to clothes.

Sky hones on a twenty-ish, still surprised, uncontrollably giggly, pretty black girl.

SKY: (cont'd)

Oh, didn't know there's two of us!

Sky spies a faint white, disdainful, scowling, elderly lady.

Lady, don't faint on me - it's not all that too bad. Well... . Maybe it is, hey Jase?

Jase nods ruefully but grins as well.

SKY: (cont'd)

Yeah, like growing up with Ed MacMann - the things you have to put up with. A few good things though, always got someone to laugh at your lame jokes! Oh wait, to laugh *at you* as you crash and burn.

Sky waits as the applause ceases. He extends an arm at Jase.

SKY: (cont'd)
 Let's hear it folks for my twin
 bro, Jason Anderson.

Jason gets up. He sweeps his cowboy hat off his head in a sweeping arc and he bows deeply, back up. He doffs his hat, tips it up, down in greeting. Aims an index finger at Sky, pretends to fire a gun. Blows away pretend gunpowder fumes.

View on Jana tickled with Jase's performance. Jase turns to her, bows a little, tips cowboy hat just for her. Sits down.

SKY: (cont'd)
 What a ham! So folks think you're
 seeing double tonight, huh? And not
 just the drinks, Miss. Don't let it
 bother you, he's just a glitch, the
 boys over at Silicon Valley working
 hard on it. Yeah after they finish
 their Grand Theft Auto marathon.
 And what about those geeks down at
 JPL? Still haven't found life on
 Mars yet. Don't know why anyone
 want to go there, anyway. Ever try
 Martian food? No? Gives you big-
 time indigestion? Salty as heck.

Many groans from the audience, delayed smattering of claps.

SKY: (cont'd)
 O but if you put on your rose
 colored Ray Bans, inhale the ozone
 deeply, Jase kind of looks like a
 young Brad Pitt, *on a bad face day!*

From Jase, the loudest groan in the house.

SKY: (cont'd)
 And those two absolutely gorgeous
 women you see him with.. . He's
 just the warm-up act.

Sky extends his arms in front of him, sways them back, forth.

SKY: (cont'd)
 (singing)
 Na na na nah, hey hey eh, goodbye.
 Na na na nah, hey hey eh, goodbye.

Some join in. Sky stops singing, swaying arms, to watch them. They draw silent, tuck arms back down. Sky beams a big smile. Jase laughingly mouths several times No Way, shakes his head. The girls laugh. Audience erupt with laughs, claps.

SKY: (cont'd)
 You're been great folks.

Sky sways his arms again, re-voices the chorus while he saunters over to the side stage steps. Ceases that as he goes down them. Marty bear hugs him as he's passes by. Sky pries apart his large hands, arms, freeing himself from their grip.

SKY: (cont'd)
Marty, not here. People watching.

MARTY:
You always got to be the wiseguy?

Sky's surprised, taken aback. He ponders on Marty's insight.

SKY:
 Should have named you Smarty, huh?
 Don't know, guess maybe..., I do.

Sky's smiles as he walks past Marty. But once by Marty, he goes back to his table in a thoughtful, deep muse.

At the table, Jase, the girls, sense something awry with Sky.

KAY:
 Something wrong, Sky?

SKY:
 Me, nah.. . Nah.

JANA:
 Good then. Me, Kay, got to go to the ladies room. Freshen up.

KAY:
 We do?

JANA:
 Yes. We do.

Jana takes her arm, almost pulls Kay up out of her seat. They gracefully traverse the way across the club to the restrooms. Sky, Jase savor watching them, their bodies, on the way over.

Some women, both in women only and, couples, table groupings, who see Kay and Jan pass into the rest-rooms, cast flirting eyes, looks, gestures across the span of tables at Jase, Sky.

SKY:
 My act must have been too much for them..

JASON:
Or bladders can only hold so much.

SKY:
Stick with being the straight-man!
Speaking of that.., never took you
for the settling down type. You're
more like me than, well, me.

JASON:
That mean you and Kay...

Jason twists his closed fist hands in opposite ways.

SKY:
Know me Jase, I'm a free-bird.. .
Can't get pinned down, not, yet.
Hey, the gals are coming back.

The brothers watch the woman arrive. The women standing, and the guys eye their opposite sex companions, suspiciously. Kay starts settling down into her chair.

KAY:
What you boys been talking about?

Jason opens his mouth but Sky intercedes to talk, before him.

SKY:
(grinning quirkily)
Oh, *nothing* in particular..

KAY:
So not about Jan, or.., *me*?

Kay looks Sky dead in the eye. He squirms in his chair. Jason has a gleam in his eye as he enjoys Sky's discomfort.

From the club PA system, the song Let's Dance, sung by David Bowie, begins and continues playing. Some couples drift over to a small dance floor area at one side of the club. Dance.

SKY:
How about a dance? Ya, *let's dance!*

Sky starts to reach over for Kay's hand. Jana swiftly reaches on by Kay and intercepts to hold Sky's hand in hers, instead. Kay, and Jason, startled, drop their jaws in initial shock.

JANA:
Mind if I...?

KAY:

Oh no, go..., right, ahead...

Sky rises, his hand still locked inside Jan's. With his lampooned smile, he enjoys the humor in all the *unrest*.. .

SKY:

Have her back before midnight,
pumpkin breath.

Jason slides over to the chair next to Kay, Sky's, and puts his arm about Kay's bare shoulders. She starts to reject it, relaxes, smiles coyly, and allows it to rest there.

JASON:

Don't rush. I got Kay *here*... .

He snuggles up to Kay. Kay feigns a shocked response, laughs.

SKY:

Ouch!

JANA:

Don't think *I'm* a fair trade? I
think I resent that... !

His arm frees from her hand, goes about her waist. Sky pulls Jan in close. Eases off seeing Kay give him a hard stare.

SKY:

You two gals just are the two most
spectacular foxes in this whole
darn joint, hey, in all L.A. too !

JANA:

Heard the man. Let's dance, okay?
Kay, Jase, joining us? No??

Jase nods no, leans back and enjoys Sky's sixth sense ill-ease. Jase leads Jana to the dance-floor by way of Jase.

SKY:

Don't talk about us *too* much, huh?

View swings up, swirls about them, about the club, dissolves.

INT. COMEDY CLUB / DANCEFLOOR - NIGHT

View resolves on Jana and Sky. They dance amid a few couples.

SKY:

Jana, you're a swell dancer.

JANA:

Call me Jan, or Jay. Jase *does*. Ha.
Superb dancer yourself, lessons?

SKY:

Ha, adventure had once, long story.

Sky mischievously grins. He stops grinning, brows furrow.

SKY: (cont'd)

Jay?? You mean *like* Kay..?

JANA:

(smiling, amused)

Yeah something like. Calls me his
Jay-bird. And this Jay-bird has
caught herself a fox. *One of them*.

SKY:

Kay, Jay, Jay, Kay.. Sometimes it's
bizarre being a twin.

JANA:

First time saw you together, I was
taken aback. You're so alike.

SKY:

Hard to tell apart. Boy the gags we
used to pull. Never once caught
doing the change-up. But we'd never
pull that stunt with you gals.

JANA:

You are Sky, right?

SKY:

Tell you a secret, despite all the
hype, at heart, two of the biggest
cowards when it comes to love.
Winning, losing, it. Why I was so
surprised...

JANA:

Afraid huh? Of the C word.

SKY:

I dare guess that one?

JANA:

Sky! Commitment. Wasn't easy
lassoing Jason. Lucky fell on him
like a ton of sassy spring cow. How
Jason puts it, anyhow.

SKY:
Poetry not a family strong point.
Ha. From the Cartwright school -
all charm, no rhyme or meter.

JANA:
Yet, something deeper to all this..

SKY:
Psych major? Jeez! Thought jumping
out of airplanes a tad risky - no,
not compared with pyschoanalysis
and dancing with your bro's girl.

JANA:
Ah, joking around when the iron
starts to burn. How like Jase.

SKY:
Me and that lump?

JANA:
It worries me.

SKY:
What?

JANA:
That you're the second most thing
Jase talks about.

SKY:
Wait, *only* the second? What more
all important than his big bro.

JANA:
Guess..

SKY:
Oh, *yeah*. Jase and I alright! Ha,
corrupted him long ago. So, *that..*

JANA:
You two, so close. Cringe to thi..

SKY:
Whoa! Pretty heavy stuff for an
engagement party! Should be talking
how big a rock that cheapskate got
you. Big, is it?

JANA:
If.....

View looks on Sky from an odd askew angle.

SKY:

If, one of us gets pancaked. Don't worry. Won't happen! We're two of the most indestructible guys going, trust me! Ain't neither one gonna die til the party's over, and we fall off the edge into the sunset.

JANA:

Will you ever get serious?

SKY:

Not wall street suits. Nuff about me, how about you. How'd you meet squirt?

JANA:

You won't believe this...

SKY:

Try me.

JANA:

He saved me from the thrashing jaws of a great white shark!

Jason keenly curious sees across the floor, Sky's jaw drop.

SKY:

What? That's incredible! Even *for..* Ah! Kidding me, right? Now I know why the damn fool loves you. Sharp! And beautiful. You're not going to tell me, are you? I'll find out, you know. Jase never could keep a secret from me. *Okay*, until today!

Sky irked, ruefully looks over her. Beyond her, Sky sees Jason wink at him, annoyingly lean back in his seat, tilt way up his cowboy hat to fully reveal his top mane of hair.

INT. COMEDY CLUB / AT SKY'S TABLE - MOMENTS LATER

Jana and Jase sweep close by Jason and Kay at the table, and on back out into the midst of the couples on the dancefloor. Kay leans in over the table, to talk in close with Jason.

KAY:

Talking about us, don't deny it. So what's it take, get an Anderson to.

JASON:
What?

KAY:
To give it up!

JASON:
A wrist-lock like you wouldn't believe!

He rubs his wrist ruefully. Smiles.

KAY:
Oh well, one down. One to go!

JASON:
Kay, I, um, wouldn't get too - don't let the fact you're twins fool you. Really are two different cats. Some times I have as hard a time understanding Sky as the next guy, or gal. Look, if I was Sky...

KAY:
Flirting with me? What'd Jan think?

JASON:
(face flushes)
Jay, Kay.

KAY:
Jay, huh? So, you think, if I took the plunge.

She shudders, shivers. Subsides. Doesn't go completely away.

JASON:
Long ways down! No guarantees you'll land on your feet. Sky, it'll take time. Took me time.

KAY:
You're not hitched, yet.

Wary he rubs his finger's engagement ring, looks out at Jan.

JASON:
(wistfully morose)
Good as, damn! Ha. Always thought I'd be the last! Big brothers are a real pain in the ass!

Sky double-takes, perplexed, Jase's glare over at him.

Jase tips his hat down over his eyes, sighs for effect. As from Jase's perspective, the view blacks out.

INT. COMEDY CLUB / AT SKY'S TABLE - MOMENTS LATER

View quickly from black to rising view of Sky leading Jan to their table, to shot on Jase, ending tipping back up his hat. Song playing ends. Dance-floor couples return to their seats.

Standing at the table, Sky spies conspiratorial glances being exchanged between Kay, Jase. Jan, quizzical, seeing Jase's wistful, forlorn look at her, almost tips back over her seat.

SKY:
(as he sits down)
Well, isn't this cozy?

Kay averts her eyes. Darts them over on Jana, coyly.

KAY:
What say we dump these deadbeats?

JANA:
And get us some real men!

SKY:
Honey, we're as real as you get!

JASON:
Double that!

KAY:
Double trouble that, you mean?

SKY:
Why we put up with women?

JASE:
Don't know? Getting old, bro!

SKY:
Traitor!

JASE:
Skum-bag!

SKY:
Horse-ass!

JASE:
Reject!

Sky reaches out his arm, locks it around Jase's, his hand locking fist in fist with Jason's hand.

SKY:
Missed you, bro. Great to have you
back, dirt-bag turkey breath.

JASE:
Hey, missed you too, *almost*. Slime!

Kay, Jana eye one another, eyes roll up in their sockets.

INT. SKY'S TRAILER - FIVE AM

Near total blackness in the small confined of Sky's trailer. Moonshine shaft shines in by partly shaded window onto Kay, Sky sleeping side by side on a bed, covers half off, Sky's arm across her shoulders. Beaute lies nearby on the floor.

An indistinct noise outside, nearby. Beaute awakens. Ears perk up. Sky's eyes drowsily open. Kay stirs.

Another noise. Sky's eyes open wide. Beaute attentive, sits up. Sky slides arm off Kay, gets up quietly. Kay turns over.

In swim trunks, T-shirt, Sky walks to Beaute, pats her. To her, he points an arm to the door, the outsides. It wags its tail, agreeing. With assured cautious air, he opens the door.

Under pale glow of moonlight, Sky see nothing. He hears a noise out back, head ticking to one side. Sharp tinny noise, something soundly struck, falling to ground. Sky smiles.

Sky strides around the trailer, sees Jason leaning against the trailer. Jason nods at Sky, turns his eyes back on the bench-horse, couple pop cans yet atop it. Jase tosses the stone in his hand. With a perfect strike, knocks over one of the cans.

SKY:
What you doing here, again?

JASON:
(grins)
What, disturb your beauty rest?

Jase twists his head back some, at the trailer.

JASON: (cont'd)
Kay?

SKY:
Dead to the living! As usual.

JASON:
 Couldn't sleep.

SKY:
 Yeah? Something bothering you? Like
 hum.., impending matrimony? Ha.

JASON:
 Ye.., no, nothing. Just, restless.
 Being back home. Boy, got the life
 here. Off the tracks of nowhere.

SKY:
 Wanting to be me? You? Thought you
 always just wanted to best me.

Jason smiles in agreement at that. Turns frontwards, picks up
 a stone, and lofts it up, down, up down, in, out of his hand.

JASON:
 Just saying, ain't got a worry in
 this whole, wide world.

SKY:
 Exactly! Way I want it. **You??**

Jason uncharacteristically stoic, just stares back at him.

SKY: (cont'd)
 Something, *more*, bothers you. All
 the excitement, didn't notice it
 much. That *really* why you here?

Jason smiles beguiling, ironic. Sky smiles, rueful, irked.

SKY: (cont'd)
 Not gonna tell me, are you?

JASON:
 Just you take care, alright. Me,
 all be fine. Can take of myself.

SKY:
 Me?

JASON:
 Maybe the cold feet talking? Maybe
 want to see the Sun rise one more
 time, just me and the *old* bro, huh?

SKY:
 Warm your so hitched life? Ever and
 after, ha!

JASON:
Careful. May forget we is brothers.

Jase puts a head lock hold on Sky. Sky worms free, puts a wrist-lock on Jason, bending his wrist back. Jase's shirt sleeve rides up, reveals a tattoo on the insides of his wrist. A full moon, partly obscured by brooding dark cloud.

SKY:
 Never could take me.

JASON:
 Dream on, Sky. Skit on back to Kay, mattie, not be long fore you be roasting on the altar of love, *too!*

Jase walks by Sky, around the trailer, out front. Goes to the front window, looks in on Kay, asleep. Moonlight shines full on her face. Sky comes alongside Jase, looks in on Kay, too.

SKY:
 Maybe, right. If you *could* do..?

JASON:
Am going do...

SKY AND JASE:
It!

They turn from the window, burst into laughter. Jase quiets.

JASON:
 All history, eventually, right? And life don't give no-one two shots at the can. *Even* the free falling Sky!

Jase grins at Sky's shrug. Sky brow furrows. In a hushed tone of voice, from surprisingly deep and murky depths, Sky adds:

SKY:
 'Cept with us Andersons, future's not so, sweetly predictable? *Dad.*

They lock eyes. An abyss of total still, murky silence.

JASON:
 Gotta go. Lady may awake.

SKY:
 Yeah get your cactus hide on back over to Jan. Burn baby burn, ha!

Jase sighs in jest. Grips Sky's arm in solidarity, passing.

Sky watches his twin pass under the only pool of artificial light near, a fragile light pole plugged into his trailer. Watches him recede, eerie down the beach into black of night.

EXT. SKY'S TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

Sky, alone, out behind the trailer, picks up the last stone Jase held, didn't throw. Sky takes aim at the last remaining can on the bench-horse. He biffs the stone at it. Misses... .

He frowns. Grabs another loose stone nearby. Throws. *Misses*. He shakes his head, chastened, incredulous.

INT. SKY'S TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

Jase stands at the bed, Kay sleeps soundly on it. He stares at the closed door, bothered, out the window's pre dawn dull light. Kay speaks without turning over or opening eyes.

KAY:
Something the matter?

SKY:
Naw, go back to sleep.

KAY:
You coming in, soon?

SKY:
Yeah. Surf's the pits. Go back to sleep. Everything is..

Kay's starts to snore, already back asleep.

SKY: (cont'd)
... *fine?*

Sky slips in beside Kay. Leans up to look on her. Toys with her auburn hair. Even in sleep, she twitches. Sky grins at that, places that arm around her. Lying on his side, presses up close. Lifts his head over hers, peers out the window.

INT. SKY'S TRAILER - MORNING

Sky awakes, Kay yet sound asleep. Sky gets dressed quickly.

EXT. OUTSIDE SKY'S TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

Sky opens, peers out the door. Sunny. But chill breezes stir.

Sky shivers. Shakes his body to warm, invigorate himself. He suddenly walks around to the back. The unstruck pop-can yet lies solitary atop the bench-horse. He shakes his head at it.

Kay appears around the corner, not dressed but wrapped in her bed sheet, hair in contrast, tidy. She comes up beside him.

KAY:

Something the matter? You look..,
ill. Was that Jason, last night?

Sky nods. Looks by the trailer, long out into the ocean. He glances at her, returns his gaze back ocean-ward. Kay rubs his back, forearm soothingly. Drops her arm about his waist.

KAY: (cont'd)

Come back inside, huh?

Sky nods mutely. *No retort.* Kay brows rise. She eyes him. He notices, kisses her on the head. Kay, bewildered, watches him go on by her out of sight around the trailer, headed in.

Beaute passes into view at the corner, sits near it, looks at Kay, looks where Sky had passed, back at Kay. She shrugs.

KAY: (cont'd)

Chill in the air, huh, Beaute?

INT. SKY'S TRAILER - MID AFTERNOON

Sky, in bed on his back, lies half awake. Kay, crossed half over him, toys her fingers on his chest. Clock reads 3:13 PM. Bed-stand, cell phone rings. Sky, taunt, stares at it.

KAY:

Well, aren't you going to..

Sky continues to just stare. She tenses. On the fifth ring, she clambers over him, and grabs, bobbles the cell phone.

KAY: (cont'd)

Hello. Oh, Jan. *What?* Looking for..
, Jase? What? Sky, too? No, he's
right here, still in bed with me,
ha. Yeah, real late, for *him*.. .
Whoa, I'll get him for you.. . Sky?

She swings the phone over to Sky. Hesitantly, he takes it. Kay stares intently at Sky as he speaks.

SKY:

Yes. No. Was here, real early. I..

SKY: (cont'd)
Thought was headed right back on
to.. . Right. No? Maybe wanted some
space, huh? Sure, just walking off
a bout of cold feet. Sure.

A pause on the line. Sky doesn't at all look sure.

SKY: (cont'd)
Yeah, call you, shows up here. Hey
don't you worry. Turn up. Sheepish
as an old sheep-hound. Yep.

Sky turns the phone off. With furrowed brows, he seems older.
Kay sits next to him. He senses Kay's stare, growing alarm.

SKY: (cont'd)
(awkwardly joking)
Hey, that's Jase for you. Stirring
up the dust devils.

KAY:
You really think.. ? Like you're
holding something back on me?

SKY:
Me? No. Yeah, nothing? Not like
this skipping out part not happened
before... , right?

KAY:
Tell me about it. Ha. Yeah and one
of the original Kamikaze twins too.
Now that's not so reassuring.. .

Sky takes ahold of her hand, pulls her arm around him. Puts
his arm around back of her too. She snuggles in close to him.
He lies his head on her shoulder. Over it, ponders the door.

SKY:
Out burning rubber, that's all.

EXT. TIME OF DAY AND NIGHT PASSING - DAY/NIGHT/NEXT MORNING

Time-lapse of Kay, Sky, Beaute, in vicinity of the trailer,
along the beach. Sun seen rising, falling. Sky, Kay enter the
trailer well after dusk. View on the trailer. Night passes.
Light goes off inside, later back on. Stays on, through dawn.

EXT. ON, AND BEYOND, AND AWAY, FROM L.A - EARLY AFTERNOON

High above, panoramic view from the outskirts of L.A. back on the city's distant horizon central skyscrapers, and more in the forefront, its towers built along the length of Wilshire.

View swings around to opposite direction, onto ribbons of freeways that stretch everywhere off into the far distance. View begins to quickly track along one stretch of freeway.

Time-lapse shots, as the freeway heads into more and more barren, increasingly desert landscape, and less built areas.

EXT. RAMSHACKLE RACETRACK - MID-AFTERNOON

Wide view looks on a ramshackle racetrack, battered stands, finish line view building, beyond, its great dirt expanse of parking lot, empty but for a few beat-up cars and pick-ups.

Sun glistening, red Mustang races down empty road towards the track. Swings fast off onto its dirt entry, sprays behind it dirt clouds. Drives through the lot, into, along the track.

EXT. RAMSHACKLE RACETRACK - MOMENTS LATER

Mustang comes in fast into the pit stop area, towards someone in overalls, body hidden under open hood of an old model blue Porsche. Mustang makes a squealing brakes stop next to it.

Sky with blue sunglasses on, emerges from the Mustang, goes over to the front bumper corner of the Porsche, leans on it. Hidden man continues to clang away at the car's engine guts.

Sky shakes his head. He pokes his head under the car's hood. Brown Asian man, mid to late thirties, his head under backwards pulled Dodger's ball-cap keeps on messing with the car.

Without a look, man goes to grab a wrench from a tool box. Sky grabs his wrist mid-flight. Man grudgingly looks up. Sky lets go of his wrist. Man squints, sun behind Sky casting him amid long rays. Man grabs, raises wrench to shield his eyes.

MECHANIC MAN:

Sky? Thought it was you.

Sky nods, and smiles his loupey smile.

SKY:

Hey Harry. See Jase around?

HARRY:

He back in town? Why no-one told me. Harry, last to know. And me, taught him all he knows to drive.

SKY:

Don't take it personal, huh? Only back a couple. Ha. As a couple. Fool's practically hitched. To a gal, name Of Jan.

HARRY:

Noooo. Not the Jason I know!

He nudges Sky with one oil greased hand.

HARRY: (cont'd)

(grinning widely)

Oh, I see why you ask about! Old habits die hard. Skip town, he?

SKY:

Can't say for sure...

HARRY:

I tell you. Won't find him til he wants be caught. Coyote in him.

SKY:

Second name's Wiley, huh?

Harry is perplexed. Sky shakes his head, irksomely grins.

HARRY:

Don't know bout that. Maybe Willie?

SKY:

Sometimes, you amaze me Har. Ha.

HARRY:

All I know, cars. You tell brother of yours, get his behind down here. Ain't so smart knows it all!

Harry throws the wrench with a loud clang into the toolbox.

SKY:

Ha. Now that, I know for dead-sure!

HARRY:

You not too!

Sky lifts sunglasses. Rueful, eyes him. Shakes head, grins.

Sky airily slides the shades back down over his eyes.

SKY:
Say Harry, think you can get this
rat-trap up to speed? Jase beat me
by a nose, other day.

HARRY:
Anyone can. Be me. Got *fast cars*..

SKY:
Always do, hey? This one will do.

HARRY:
You say so?? Look, you no worry on
Jase. Fool, but he no fool. *Hey?*

Sky clasps Harry's hand. Lets go. Shoulder pokes him.

SKY:
Gotta go. Take care *car*..-man.

Harry oddly peers at Sky heading to, getting in, the Mustang.

INT. INSIDE SKY'S MUSTANG /DOWNTOWN - DUSK

View close on blue eye lens of Sky's sunglasses. View fades into the nearly screen filling, blue glass of a skyscraper's window walls seen out through the front window of Sky's car.

View of Sky's mustang parked on the side of a busy downtown L.A., many lane, street. Sky sits in the driver's seat, Kay his passenger. His face is flushed, eyes confounded, puzzled, as he watches the endless stream of vehicle traffic ply up, down the street. Listless, he gazes at the downtown towers.

Sky looks over at Kay. She imploringly nods towards the cell phone in Sky's lap. He hesitates. Sees Kay nod at it again. Sky picks it up briskly, holds it awhile, draws in a breath.

KAY:
Go on!

Sky tensing, punches in a number. Waits for the reply.

SKY:
Mom, Sky. Hey, Jason drop by today?
No? Why I ask? Oh, nothing much.. .
Just, ahem, kind of lost track of
him.. . No, I'm sure he's not up to
some kind of trouble, mom.

Sky rolls his eyes over at Kay. Listens on the line awhile.

SKY: (cont'd)
 Yes I remember when. Not teenagers
 anymore. Okay, so that last year.
 Yes, and that too. And that. Yes.

He pulls the phone from his ear some, half hears the rest.

SKY: (cont'd)
 Yes. Mom. I'll find out what's up.
 Yeah, take care of myself too. Yes,
 be sure to visit you real soon.
 Call me, he shows up. Okay. Got to
 get going now. Bye... . Bye. Bye!

Sky, exasperated, frazzled, presses the hang-up. He shakes his head. He puts up his arms, to stretch. Kay goes over onto his lap, underneath his arms. Sky arms drop down around her.

They sit silent, watch the cars. Eyes become alert anytime a red car or Mustang passes, sullen, when it's not Jase's car. View stares on stream of red car lights receding into night.

EXT. MOUNTAIN LOOK-OFF - NIGHT

View fades in on spider's web of lights. City of L.A., its lit buildings at night, its incessant traffic on its grid of roads, seen far below from a high vantage point look-off.

Kay, Sky, Jan, stand outside near Griffith's Observatory, at it's parking lot Look-Off. A low barrier stands between them, and the steep abyss, with L.A. Beyond. Beate wanders nearby.

Corner of Sky's eye, likewise Kay's, rests on Jan, who stands in-between them. Jan looks straight ahead, sullen, down at the city. Corners of Sky's, Kay's eyes, catch one another's.

Brisk breeze rifles through Kay's hair. She shivers. She rubs her arms over her body, shrugs over at Sky. He shrugs back. She nods at him annoyed. Get's no response, action from him.

KAY:
 (startling the silence)
 That Jase, way too much, huh, Jan?
 Can't believe he'd pull a stunt..

JANA:
 ..like this. What I think.

Jan, ashen, turns to look at Kay.

SKY:
Think Kay meant..

Sky's voice tails off, as Jan turns her ashen face his way. Sky gulps. Looks away, back, jokingly musters soothing grin.

SKY: (cont'd)

Hey, maybe Kay's right. This is Jase. Jase, huh? Got a wild streak *almost half* as big as mine.

Kay nods a rueful smile, Jan, a worn smile, in agreement.

SKY: (cont'd)
Just wait until I get my hands on him, huh? Make him wish he weren't my dumbest only brother... .

Sky conjures up a chuckle. Kay joins in.

JANA:
Thanks Sky. Know you're trying. But somehow don't think.. . This time..

Sky's, Kay's chuckling fades off into the solemn spell Jan's cast. Night wind the only sound. Sky looks down on the cold sparkling lights below.

SKY:
Getting cold. Let's go.

He puts his arm about Jan, Kay not objecting. Sky revolves around in behind Jan, his arm remanding on her. He gets in-between her and Kay. His free arm swings on over about Kay.

Both woman snuggle for warmth in against him.

SKY: (cont'd)
Jase, find his way back to his watering hole. No matter *what!*

JANA:
But what if he can't?

That floors Sky. Takes a couple of seconds for him to summon up all the comforting hopeful, joking mirth yet left in him.

SKY:
Then I got both you ladies all to myself, huh? Am I right?

He laughs. Kay, incredulous, Jan, laugh, despite themselves.

INT. SKY'S TRAILER - DUSK (TWO NIGHT'S LATER)

Sky stands at the window, looks out it. In pearl white, low cut, short silk negligee, Kay watches him with nervous angst.

KAY:
Been two days. Shouldn't we call in
the police? Now?

SKY:
Only make a bigger deal than it is.
Jason doesn't need that baggage.

KAY:
Think you're in denial!

SKY:
What?

KAY:
Of the chance that..

SKY:
What, Jason.. ? Look, he's no wimp
who'd just let himself.., what, get
bumped off or something? *I'd know.*

KAY:
Well you don't, know. Even you,
can't see everything.

They eye each other, stalemated. Kay softens.

KAY: (cont'd)
Meant an accident or something.. .
Wait, who said anything *about..?*
What you holding back from me?

SKY:
It's you the one that holds back!

KAY:Y:
Me? You turning *this* around on me?

SKY:
Get off my case, alright! Yes you.
Who's so wrapped up in her little
own safe, dream doll's world. Can't
imagine something bigger than just
herself. Can't believe, trust...

KAY:
You talking to me, about *trusting*?

Kay's fury turns into insight, an ironic biting laugh.

KAY: (cont'd)
Oh, I see! About me not jumping?

SKY:
(with ironic smirk)
No, Kay, this *is* about you!

KAY:
No, Sky, this is about you. You're so afraid to death, you can't even get yourself to.., act like a man. Face up to the.., possible, facts.

SKY:
Not "man" enough for you now, huh? Well, thanks for letting me know.

KAY:
Frig, Sky, just call! For Jan. You don't, I will.

SKY:
Fine, go right ahead.

Sky gathers together his jacket, shades. Puts them on.

KAY:
Going somewhere?

SKY:
The heck getting out.

Sky yanks the door open. While in mid-stride out it, the phone rings. Sky halts. Kay's rattled, frozen in place, too. Chest heaving, she breathes in, out hard. Oddly seductive.

Another ring. She pounces on the cell phone that lies on the bell. Brings it up to her face. Answers.

KAY:
Who is..? Oh, hi Gloria.. . Sky, your Mom. Wait a second?

KAY: (cont'd)
Sky! *Your mother*. She wants to...

SKY:
Out the door. Going, going, now.

Kay springs over to the door before Sky gets out through it, thrusts the cell phone into his hand.

KAY:
You're not. Take it. It's your mom
for blazes sake.

Sky takes the phone, wearily carries it over to his bed, sits down on one corner of it. Kay sits down on her side in the middle of it, her bare legs curled out along it's surface.

Sky runs his eyes down along the length of them, linger on her cute feet. She shifts her legs, coyly seductive.

KAY: (cont'd)
(coy imploring smile)
Go on. Talk to her.

SKY:
Mom? No sign. Police? Don't think
there's any need.. Mom? Mom? Speak,
would you. Who? No need to put.. .
Hi, Grandma. Yep I heard Mom. Yeah,
know she's worried. Yep, I promised
to.. . Alden? You don't underst.. .
Look could you put Mom back on.

He lies phone aside. Alden's dreary voice drones out it. Sky hears his Mom on the line call his name questioningly.

SKY: (cont'd)
Yeah still here. Yes, I'll handle
it. Sure nothing more than a hill
of beans, but if it'll make you.. .
Love you too. Yep, I'll drop by.

Sky eyes Kay accusingly.

SKY: (cont'd)
No. I'm quite alright. Not uptight.
Don't worry about me. You know me..

Sky runs his hand through his hair, makes it more unruly.

SKY: (cont'd)
Okay. Never blue. Got to roll with
the punches. No, not making a joke
of. Come by. Promise. Bye. Bye!

Smouldering Sky shuts the phone off, places it in Kay's hand. His hand lingers on hers to keep the phone closed tight in her fist, feels the heat of her skin. His grip loosens. From her hand, he runs his fingers along her leg from thigh down.

Sweeps them along across her ankles, abruptly withdraws them. He gets up.

SKY: (cont'd)

Yeah, I'll handle things. But now, I gotta go. Understand. You're so incredible, Kay. Like to jump all over you, right now. But, I got to, go inside, awhile. Nobody telling me, playing me what to do, feel.

KAY:

I.., understand.

SKY:

Nah, don't think so, really. It's okay. No one ever will.

Sky leans down, kisses her on her lips. Straightens. Picks up the sunglasses, puts them on. Grabs a red wave design emblazed skateboard, and heads out of the door, left open. Kay stirs uneasy, afraid, for him.

KAY:

Sky....?

No answer but the dead silence of the deepened dusk of day.

INT. POLICE STATION /MAIN ENTRY ROOM - LATE NIGHT

From unseen interior, close view on heavy dark oak door. Its barged wide open. Sky breezes in on by it, on into the large reception, entry room of the main L.A. Police Station. Plain white faced clock on one wall reads 4:23 AM. Three late night duty officers instinctively withdraw their guns, raise them.

Sky raises his arms up above his head, mockingly waves them back and forth. The officers rush in, crowd around Sky, one grabs him in a bear hug, one searches him for hidden weapons.

One officer surveys them, Sky. Face flickers in recognition.

OFFICER ONE:

Sky? What the hell doing here this hour? Don't got no waves to chase?

SKY:

Just raining some Sky down on you guys, and gal.

Sky nods, smiles flirtingly at the uniformed receptionist.

His arms sagging back to his sides, Sky brings the smile, turned askew, around onto the officer who knows him.

SKY: (cont'd)
Seems like I'm only half myself,
tonight. Ha. Half gone missing..

Officers raise, narrow, eyes, peer on him like he's crazed.

SKY: (cont'd)
My brother. *Comprendo?* Gone.

Officers continue to cautiously evaluate his crazed manner.

SKY: (cont'd)
Think I can get some service here?
Or this station self-serve only?

Sky chuckles at his own joke. One officer grabs Sky's hands, pulls them behind his back, snap them together in his cuffs. Sensing Sky's distress, lone female officer's face softens.

FEMALE OFFICER:
You come to report a disappearance?

OFFICER ONE:
(wisecrackingly)
Runs in the family.

SKY:
(reading the name-tag)
What you saying, um, officer, Andy.
Just cause my dad, went poof...

Sky waves his face like he looks on a cloud of smoke. He doesn't wait for the non-flustered man's reply. Turns back his attention on the female officer.

SKY: (cont'd)
You prove again, Miss.., Daltez,
that woman are the smarter sex.

View ascends up Sky, and tilts straight up until it looks straight into the plain white ceiling light above Sky's head.

INT. POLICE STATION / CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

View drops down from a similar light, into a snug confined office space. Window side is dominated by a large desk, a chair behind it, on which sits the large imposing frame of the black Chief of Police in his fitly trim early fifties. Sky's sits loosely on a hardwood chair well back of the desk.

CAPTAIN:
 (formal, keen edge air)
 ..d that's the places can think of
 might show up at. But not so far?

SKY:
 Yes. Look, got you out of bed for
 big bunch of nothing, Chief, Jerry.

Sky grins at Captain's discomfort being first name addressed.

CAPTAIN:
 Captain Jerick Jackson, to you.

SKY:
 Whatever you say, Jer.. .

CAPTAIN:
 Jerick Jackson! Bunch of nothing
 huh? Like all that biz about your
 father kind of bunch of nothing?

Scoring a sharp barb right to Sky's heart, he sternly smiles.

SKY:
 No.

Sky looks away. Back. Hides any sign of his lapse of pose.

SKY: (cont'd)
 Just that mom, she's worried.

CAPTAIN JACKSON:
 And that fine woman, a real sharp
 shooter, your mom, you don't want
 be getting her all worked up. Got
 every right to be worried with your
 family history. You let the real
 pros get on the case - that'll give
 her some comfort.

SKY:
 Oh you mean like your crackerjack
 job to find my dad? *Mean like that?*

CAPTAIN JACKSON:
 No.

Sky's turn to smile. Jackson shuffles. Gruffly he leans in.

CAPTAIN:
 Know the likes of you Sky. Think
 can do anything all on your own!

Sky leans back in his chair smiling, thinking he can.

CAPTAIN JACKSON:
 Seriously Sky. Aren't you just
 taking it all too lightly. Man's
 been off the radar map two days.

SKY:
 And you're like all the women, mom,
 Jan, Kay, jumping to conclusions,
 all dizzy where there's no fire.

Jackson leans back, evaluating, giving due consideration.

CAPTAIN JACKSON:
 Say maybe you're right. Too early
 to call one way or another. Yeah, I
 sure do recall some of the pranks,
and worse.., you two desert rat-
 scalls subjected us, fuzz, to.

SKY:
 (smiling irksomely)
 Like I say, just *another..*

CAPTAIN JACKSON:
 Let me finish! Okay? But so let's
 say you're wrong. It ain't none of
 that but something *deadly* serious.
 Need all the resources we got then!

Jackson sits authoritatively upright in his chair.

CAPTAIN JACKSON: (cont'd)
 (sternly compassionate)
 I think you should prepare for...

SKY:
 Taking it into stride, own way. Not
 nine, fourteen, nineteen, any more.
 See no marbles...

Sky turns out his pockets. Loose change falls out, clatters.
 Jackson shakes his head at yet another Anderson prank. He
 gets up, goes around the desk, hovers over above, beside Sky.

CAPTAIN JACKSON:
 Yeah. So like how you come barging
 into this bastion of the law? Oh
 but do believe. Ain't never got no
 marbles in that head of yours, son.

Jackson places a fatherly hand on Sky's shoulder.

CAPTAIN JACKSON: (cont'd)
 Not on a million bucks see me fling
 myself out a perfectly good plane.

Bemused, Sky imagines he watches on the wall Jackson jumping. Puzzled by Sky's grin, Jackson stares at empty blank wall. He shakes his head, removes his hand, returns to his seat, sits.

CAPTAIN JACKSON: (cont'd)
 Plain ole nuts! You're not going to
 go *real* nuts on me, are you Sky?
 You boys, closest set of brothers I
 ever seen for all the quabbles. Can
 hardly stand the sight of mine.

SKY:
 He, you? Yeah. I buy that.

CAPTAIN JACKSON:
 Yeah. I that...?

Sky quite cheerfully nods. Moment of personal qualm, Jackson.

CAPTAIN:
 (regaining composure)
 One thing *though..* , Been *some*
 extra shit going on lately.

In thought, he clasps his hands together on top of his desk. Sky snaps upright in his seat, leans in some, sharply alert.

SKY:
 Yeah, like what?!

CAPTAIN JACKSON:
 Something of spike in robberies.
 Crime scenes razed. Guns, chems,
 took. Few guards knocked off. Not
 much by way of stolen valuables.
 Just some kind mean spited rampage.

Jackson ticks his head. He leans far forward in his seat.

CAPTAIN JACKSON: (cont'd)
You, Jase, not got caught up into
 something like that, now? Huh? Hum.

Sky nods no, troubled curious of Jackson's line of thought.

CAPTAIN JACKSON: (cont'd)
 Remember few times, some big ole
 bonfires you boys got a-going, we
 got to go and put on out.

SKY:

Just incredible, way your mind works. Beach bonfires, parties. Every kid in California makes them! Okay few campfires a little hairy. Hot foot or two got out of control.

CAPTAIN JACKSON:

Just you keep on remembering **all** you boys put this force through over the years. Then you see why not even you off the hook, yet..

SKY:

The freaking... Knew coming here a mistake. Me and Jase can take care of ourselves. And each other.

CAPTAIN JACKSON:

Afraid like it or not, it's official police business now.

Satisfied, he sits deeply back in his plush chair, tips of fingers mated to their opposite hand digits, held in front.

Flickering fluorescent lights in his office, and, from the city outside, garish neon billboard lights incoming through the window, play their tricks on Jackson's eyes as they survey for every possible hint or crack of strain on Sky's face.

Sky's face, lit so, seems to trickle with strange red, blue, yellow, flickering energy. Jackson rubs his eyes. He picks out of his shirt pocket a pack of gum. Unwraps and chews all.

From his pants pocket, he fishes out a sat-on battered business card, flings it at Sky. It lands between Sky's sneakers.

CAPTAIN JACKSON: (cont'd)

Take that. Someone you can call.

Sky leans over. Brings back up the business card. Reads it. Card of a renown private practise psychologist specialist.

CAPTAIN JACKSON: (cont'd)

Take you gratis. No doubt real far-out client for her to probe into.

He smiles acridly. Sky tosses it at the waste bin, misses. Jackson controls a surge of anger. Stands, steadfast makes way to the card, grabs it, takes over it to Sky. He puts it inside Sky's shirt pocket. Sky goes to try remove it. Jackson presses his hand down on the pocket firmly, pinning it in.

SKY:
How about you focus on finding
Jason. Not all this nonsense, huh?

CAPTAIN JACKSON:
Most crime *is* nonsense. Nonsense *is*
my business.

Sky's grim face turns to grin. He gets up, goes in behind,
beside Jackson. Leans in over his shoulder, talks in his ear.

SKY:
Not so real good at cheering people
up? Don't get up, find my way out.

Sky goes over to the door, opens it. Is about to leave..

CAPTAIN JACKSON:
Sky...!

SKY:
(hanging on the door)
Yesssss....?

Jackson walks up in close to Sky, eye to eye.

CAPTAIN JACKSON:
We'll, hum, be needing to ask a few
more questions later. Stick around.

SKY:
(grinning wryly)
What, prime suspect now? On the
slithering edge of looney, too?

CAPTAIN JACKSON:
(eyes narrowing)
Are you?

SKY:
(shakes head laughing)
Boy, you are way too much, Jer.

CAPTAIN JACKSON:
Jackso.. Can't take a joke? On your
side. Til facts tell another story.

Play of lights makes Sky peculiarly illuminated. One side
shades of neon, other pale fluorescent, ghostly. On the neon
lit eye of Sky, Jackson imagines seeing roiling dragons of
tumultuous flame. Jerick wipes his eyes. Illusion's gone.

Sky turns, walks out. Jackson goes and stands in the doorway.

CAPTAIN JACKSON: (cont'd)
Caught your act, other day. Think
you're overboard rough on the blue?

No reply. Jackson senses the smile on Sky's back hidden face.

CAPTAIN JACKSON: (cont'd)
Job's no picnic, you know. Might
consider trying it, someday...?

Sky stops mid-stride, turns about. Grins irksomely bemused.

SKY:
Blue blazes, no way! I *look crazy*?

CAPTAIN JACKSON:
Get the hell out of my face! About
enough of you for one night.

Sky laughs. Turns, walks away, expectant of one more halting remark. None, over his back waves an, departing gesture, arm. Jackson walks slowly behind, out to the station's entry room. Shakes his head. Can't help rueful smile watching Sky depart.

Gum chewing, Hispanic officer brushes by Sky on way out the station's door. Jackson watches him walk on over to him.

CAPTAIN JACKSON: (cont'd)
New, aren't you? Santors, is it?

SANTORS:
Santors. Emile Santors. Capt-ian.

Grins, smacks gum, impertinent. Hovers in Captain's shadow.

CAPTAIN JACKSON:
My luck, get *all* the smart alecks!
You told you can chew gum in here?

Santors stares at Captain Jackson chew his own gum. Jackson frowns. Pulls out own wad of gum. Slams down into waste bin.

CAPTAIN JACKSON: (cont'd)
Here for a reason or just browsing?

He steps in to glower over Santors, whose grin grows wary.

SANTORS:
In from late patrol, Capt-ian.

Santors carefully treads a small arc back away from Jackson.

CAPTAIN JACKSON:
That's Cap-tain! Captain.

Jackson's eyes peer over to, pierce through the exit-way.

CAPTAIN JACKSON: (cont'd)
Worried about that boy. Things not
right with him. Twin brother awol.

SANTORS:
Anytheng to do with..., thenk?

CAPTAIN JACKSON:
Who the hell knows. Anything
possible in *this* city!

Jackson rolls kinked neck. Forcibly opens wide sleep deprived
eyes. Smooths down his wrinkled uniform that looks slept in.

CAPTAIN JACKSON: (cont'd)
Got ourselves a round-up to do.

SANTORS:
(smirkily)
All the usual suspects, Capt-ian.

CAPTAIN JACKSON:
You want to *stay* on the force *long*?
Yeah? Learn when to shut the trap.

SANTORS:
Trap? Cap..., Cap-**tain**?

Jackson smiles. One thing gone by the book this night.

INT. POLICE STATION / CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Captain Jerick Jackson stands behind his desk in the lights
out dark of his office. He stares out the window, across the
street, on the pulsating neon lit signs. Leans his burdened
bulky weight on sill. Sighs. Neon mood reflects in his eyes.

He grabs out his pocket a new pack of gum. Hesitates. Shrugs.
Begins to pop out the gum tablets, popping them in his mouth.

View closes on the neon lights. Fades to black. It *lingers*.

EXT. LOS ANGELES AREA BEACH - NIGHT, DIM FIRST GLOW OF MORN

View fades in on stretch of ocean beach. Waves wash onto it.

Seen from behind, Sky drifts aimless down the beach in the general direction of a near distant camp bonfire. Four late teenage couples sit on behinds or lie out, snuggled close to partners. Blankets stretch loose over them. One couple kiss.

Teenagers startle as Sky passes near, vacantly passes on by them, turning once to look through them into the beyond, fire-light reflected flickeringly in his eyes. They watch with subdued, puzzled curiosity, Sky recede off away from them.

Some of the teens make screwy faces behind his back, laugh.

TEENAGE MALE:

What the hell up with that dude?

SECOND TEENAGE MALE:

And who the hell freaking cares?

Bored with him, they snuggle in more closely with their gals.

High view slants on Sky, small in distance. He recedes farther away. View from him onto the deep darkness of the ocean.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS ASCENDING ROAD - AFTERNOON, WEEK LATER

Deep blue of ocean fades into the deep brilliant red of one side of Sky's Mustang. One white spot of sun reflects off it.

High view follows Mustang wind, rather fast, sharply snaking, back and forth, Beverly Hills ascending road. In front passenger seat is glimpsed Kay. In back behind her sits Beaute.

Sky, eyes beneath blue shade sunglasses, absorbed in driving, tightly grips the wheel, wordless. Kay looks out her window. She sees her tousled hair in the car mirror, tries fixing it.

EXT. SKY'S MOTHER'S HOME / ESTATE - MOMENTS LATER

Mustang, in an estate bearing, slow speed, narrow section of the now extremely winding road, pulls off it onto one long driveway. Rides up to a wrought iron gate. Extending both ways out from the gate is a ten foot high wrought iron fence. In distance, amid groomed shrubbery, lies an estate home.

Sky waves an ID magnetized strip card through a card receptacle entry device on his side of the lane. Gate sides swing open. Mustang drives by them. Behind, gate swings back shut.

Mustang drives into the half circle arc end part of the lane directly before the several yards recessed back, estate home.

Security cam view on Sky, Kay, Beaute as they emerge from the car, parked at the walkway leading to the Moderne style home.

INT. SKY'S MOM'S EXPANSIVE LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

In an elegantly fine furnished, high ceiling, expansive, imposingly formal, living room, assembled are Sky, Kay, Jan and several more: next each other, a late forties couple, sandy gold hair woman, striking, the man boorish, stiffish; a gray-ing, spry woman, late sixties, in red gown; austere shroud of dark hair girl, fourteen. Beaute lies on marble tile floor.

JANA:

..been a week already. Were supposed to be discussing wedding plans at a horse ranch today... . Going to surprise everyone and announce our wedding date.

SANDY HAIR WOMAN:

Oh how just like my Jason. Springs surprises on folks. Sky, too. Now, now, Jana, why don't you go and lie down awhile. Alden, take her over to the guest house's best bedroom. Poor girl needs some good downtime.

Man beside her, Alden, in brisk awkward demeanor, walks over to Jana, bends his arm in the direction of the glass-doorway that's in the middle the glass wall that stretches along the side of the living room facing west, beyond it a large yard.

Jana grabs hold his arm, shaky. Stiffly Alden guides out to, through the doorway, along a pathway that winds out of sight.

View down over those assembled in the living-room, stifling in their own spots in it as they, wordless, watch Jan depart.

Sky drifts to a wall that holds tall bookcases full of books. The title spine of one catches his eye: A Cloak of Black, by Gloria D Anderson. But for lettering, book's all solid black.

As he pulls it out in one hand, another book, blue hued, next it, pulls his eyes: Life With David Anderson - The Fun, Joy, Toils, of Living With and Loving a Futuristic Mad Genius.

He pulls that book out with his other hand, lies it atop the other book. He opens it's front cover, reveals it's jacket's inside panel. Top of the panel is a full color photo picture of Gloria Anderson (recognizable as the sandy hair woman in the room as she looked more than twenty-five years ago) and David Anderson.

In the photo, they are kissing on a beach, near the ocean. Both barefoot, David's in a tailored black wedding jacket, no shirt on, wearing shorts. She's in a low cut breezy yellow, shift of a short dress. Before them is an alter made of beach stones, driftwood. Surrounding it in a circle laid on the sand are long stem white roses. Six foot high, white torches, ablaze, are even spaced along that circle. Stiff wind blows.

Photo comes to life like we watch that scene of the couple, kissing, at their wedding day ceremony. Onto the alter, David douses a liquid. He lights a match, and tosses that down onto it. The alter ignites into one huge flame. The couple jump in surprise, laugh wildly. He leans over, kisses her, long....

The present. Gloria Anderson looks down over Sky's shoulder upon the picture of her, and David Anderson. She smiles.

Sky turns about to face her, backing up a yard. He positions the books out before him, each held flat out in either hand. He makes like he weighs them against one another on Libra's scale. First one dips lower, then the other. Then all's even.

All stare on Sky. Watch him go over to the recessed fireplace and place atop it's mantle the blue book. Faced in toward the fireplace, Sky leafs through the pages of the black book.

Viewed close, flipping of the pages wipe across the screen.

Sky twists about, leans back up against the mantle, sees that all watch him, closes shut the book. Runs a finger along the title back spine, stops finger on his mom's name, the author.

SKY:

(with a gruff laugh)

Still can't believe you wrote that.
Everyone thinks us Anderson kin all
kooks now. Guilt by association...

GLORIA ANDERSON:

Aw Sky. We are all kooks, right?

SKY:

Only dad's disappearing act, what
with Jase and all, going be once
more all the talk of tinsel town.

GLORIA ANDERSON:

Nobody knows what's really what
with your father. None of us. I
don't believe he just would have..

SKY:

..run off? Tossed aside us all?

GLORIA ANDERSON:
 Yes! Maybe fell down into some deep
 dark black hole, but not...

Sky laughs, joins into the metaphoric train of talk.

SKY:
 That would be dad, alright? Been no
 light or tail seen of him since.. .

Sky tosses the books into an empty armchair. Black one lands
 spread-out facedown atop the other. On it's mostly all black
 back cover, overprinted a loose mosaic of strange symbols.

Sky eyes the symbols, like trying to make sense out of them.

SKY: (cont'd)
 But ha, not so reassuring either..
 One link goes down, maybe another,
 and pretty soon the whole chain..

GLORIA ANDERSON:
 I'm sure the same's not going to
 happen with you, Sky! Or Jase.

SKY:
 Captain Jackson's not so sure...

GLORIA ANDERSON:
 Don't you ever think bad of your
 dad. Or yourself. Jase. We don't
 know anything, for sure.. .

SKY:
 Don't help one squat. Not knowing!

Kay struts on over in-between the two of them.

KAY:
 (skittishly concerned)
 Gloria... He's not been himself.. .
 Even as whacked he usually is..

GLORIA ANDERSON:
 Never seen him so.. . Not even
 right after....

Her remembrance is interrupted by sight in the corner of her
 eye of the dark haired, morose girl coming alongside her.

EARLY TEENAGE GIRL:
 Not true! Jase would never do that.
 Not Sky too. Anyone, that'd be me.

GLORIA ANDERSON:
 Look what you've done. Got Jacky
 all troubled. More than, normal..

Gloria takes the girl's hand, rubs it soothingly. Sky walks up close to Jacky. Wipes away the tears in her eye. He rubs her back comfortingly. She hugs him. Sky smiles down at her.

SKY:
 Nah, just saying what other folk...

Sky sees there's no beguiling her. He knells down in front of her, holds each of her shoulders, and turns dead earnest.

SKY: (cont'd)
 Nobody, me, Mom, want to think
 something bad.., might have.. . But
 Jacks, this ole world not always
 way we like, or want, it to be..
 All I was saying. Just need to be
 prepared, for.., whatever.

SKY: (cont'd)
 You can't just give up on Jase.
 Dad, too. And.., me.

SKY: (cont'd)
 Who said anything about... .

KAY:
 It's okay, Jacks. Sky's just coming
 around to taking this all seriou..

JACKY "JACKS"
 How would you know, huh? I know
 Sky. He's giving it up. And maybe
 it's all because of you!

KAY:
 What!?

GLORIA ANDERSON:
 How can you say such a bad thing to
 Kay? Jacks, you go and apologize.

Kay, Jacks trade glares, Sky knelt, uneasy, in-between them.

Through the window wall Sky sees two men approach down along the winding path to the living-room. One is Jackson, in a grey, tight fit of a dark blue business suit.

Other man wears an impeccable fit, medium brown suit. Above average height, some, his lanky, gaunt frame, seems tall.

In stark contrast the suit, the stubble of his unshaven face, his unkept hair, dark sunken, sullen eyes, sad but alert on verge of wild, his pale, grave, sunk face. He walks heavily.

Jackson opens door. His grave associate goes by, intent to look dead eyes ahead, right on Sky. Jackson shakes his head, swings behind him. Enters, his bulk like the lighter of them.

Grave man wanders the room, picks up, looks at, feels, this, that, puts them back down. All eyes follow him, even Jackson.

Middle of the room, he stops to stand and turn an icy probing stare on all, in turn. Even, second-last, Jackson. Last, Sky.

He maintains his sharp hard stare on Sky. Deep in thought, his hands rub the stubble of his jaw, his creased forehead.

Jackson fidgets. Twitches, irked with eyes only on the man.

CAPTAIN JACKSON:

Ahem, we interrupting anything?

Startled, all but grave man. All eyes turn to Jackson. All eyes but smiling Sky, grave man, eyes affixed each other. Jacky looks back to staring battle between grave man, Sky. She bristles, afraid of the eerie stranger. Runs out of the room.

CAPTAIN JACKSON: (cont'd)

What got into her? Ash, you quit that spooking of people, huh?

Sky breaks his staring match, comes over to greet Jackson.

SKY:

(grinning)

Hi Jack. But, no. So why don't you come on in, already. Oh, but you are. Knew everyone be here, huh?

CAPTAIN JACKSON:

Told you, force gets things done. Got eyes everywhere. On everything.

SKY:

Ha, say hello to Big Brother Blue.

Sky twists towards the grave man who still eyes him.

SKY: (cont'd)

So who's the new kid? He mute?

Even the grave man chuckles, smiles a little, in a grimly bemused way. He goes over and picks up the black cover book.

CAPTAIN JACKSON:
 Detective Ashley, Ash, Daggers. On
 loan from Special Crimes Task Team.

To all's surprise, Ash walks over to Sky, holds out one gaunt hand for a handshake. Sky taps it with a closed fist. Grins.

CAPTAIN JACKSON: (cont'd)
 You'd make a great couple. Both you
 got lousy table manners! But, Ash,
 here, despite appearances, got one
 sharp eye. Other's not bad either.

Ash plods a wary half circle around Sky. Stands, in-between Sky and glass doors. His sun blocking shadow runs over Sky.

SKY:
 So Ash...ley..

SPECIAL DETECTIVE ASH:
 (with the grim smile)
 Ash. Nickname. Fits, no?

SKY:
 So Ash, you're good?

SPECIAL DETECTIVE ASH:
 (acridly)
 So I'm told. Depends on whose...
 your, point of view, don't it?

He makes deliberate show of leafing, scanning the book pages.

SKY:
 Okay then, a week down, and you
 don't got nothing! Not so hot shot?

GLORIA ANDERSON:
 Sky, behave! I'm sure, Ashley, Mr.
 Ash is trying his best, aren't you?

Ash grants her a gracious, chilly fond, nod. A parched grin.

GLORIA ANDERSON: (cont'd)
 And the Captain too.

Captain Jackson puffs in pride. He eyes her with affection. He floats to the center of the room, near her. Once standing there, he shifts about, nervously. He smiles on her, overly warm. Notices people, Sky watch. He averts his face from her.

CAPTAIN JACKSON:
Can be sure, we'll turn over every
damn stone can be looked under.

SKY:
Where? The deserts of Utah? Mars?

Gloria flashes Sky a stern, chastising eye. Soothes Jackson.

GLORIA ANDERSON:
Hasn't taken this all too well.

Kay comes up close, next to Sky. Holds his hand. Jackson's
own attention is back all on Gloria.

CAPTAIN JACKSON:
I understand. Must be real hard on
all of you. Ahem.

Sky's shakes his head in mocking disgust. He strides up in-
between Gloria and Jackson. Stands there, facing Jackson.

SKY:
Enough all this bull, *Jack*. Not be
here, *socializing*, if you didn't
have.., something, to tell. Right?

Jackson, consternated, at being read, becomes all business.

CAPTAIN JACKSON:
Boy, you surprise me. Not as slack
you seem. We, received a note. Sent
to the station. But as you'll see..

Jackson pulls from his jacket, a plastic, evidence bag that
holds in it a neatly folded twice, piece of ordinary loose-
leaf paper. He pulls from another pocket a clear plastic
glove, puts that on the hand not holding the evidence bag.

His gloved hand pulls out the note in the bag. Unfolds it.
Everyone, but Ash probing the book, crowd in around Jackson.

View on the note folded out flat in Jackson's gloved hand.

THE NOTE READS AS:
Here's a real laugh for you. You
think you're free-falling, carefree
as the wind. Truth is, you're not,
no more! Because hereon I control
everything, everyone in your life.

Gloria, Kay gasp. Sky eyes are aflame. Ash piercingly begins
observing those closely, grimly grin, like at an inside joke.

Sky, incensed, grabs the note. Crumbles it up tight. He whips out a plastic lighter from a shorts pocket, sets the wad aflame. He biffs the burning note at the open girth of the fireplace. It lands amid the burnt charcoal bits of cold wood that lie in it's burning pit. Ask watches it burn mesmerized.

Jackson is frozen, dumfounded. He watches the note burn a moment, shakes off his spell, charges over to the fireplace. He grabs the note out of it. Burns a finger, drops the note. He furiously stomps out its burnt crisp remains by his shoe.

CAPTAIN JACKSON:

Cripes! What the.. Lucky got it photocopied. Boy, you got to get yourself und..

SKY:

..der *control*... ? Seems like someone wants do it for me...

SPECIAL DETECTIVE ASH:

(suspiciously dead at Sky)
Wonder just who *that* someone is...

Jackson hastens to intercede.

CAPTAIN JACKSON:

Ladies, don't put too much into this! We get all kinds of crank calls, notes. Cases like this, all over the news, rouses all the nut-case jobs. Like the attention.

SPECIAL DETECTIVE ASH:

City this size, stir a stick, get a whole zoo-full of crazed..

SKY:

Seem to know a lot about it..

SPECIAL DETECTIVE ASH:

(ruminating wry grim grin)
Been there. Swear to God hadn't.. .
Now, I'm here. Too bad for you?..

Sky, had enough, thrusts an arm across Ash's back, guides, drags the man out the glass doors, to stop few yards outside.

EXT. GLORIA'S OUTSIDE (LIVINGROOM) WALKWAY - MOMENTS LATER

View looks on by those mulling inside, watching, on through glass doors onto Sky and Ash, standing, facing one another.

Beaute trots to the window-wall, presses his nose against it.

Sky, still an arm over Ash, with it, pulls him into a huddle. Their backs face those inside. He begins to speak in whisper.

SKY:
 (with pointed laughter)
 Okay, so what you *really* think?
 Your theory. Think *I*, do it? What?

Ash mechanically removes the arm off his shoulders. Squints, rubs his eyes, burning in bright sun. Turns some, out of it. He looks distantly off into air, the sky. Turns eyes on Sky.

SPECIAL DETECTIVE ASH:
 Got here, maybe four, five things.
 Couple linked together. Who knows?

Sky shrugs at his slack grim implications.

SPECIAL DETECTIVE ASH: (cont'd)
 One: Note's a ruse. Say your
 brother, caught up in drugs.. .
 Someone wants score settled, him
 gone, caput. Have cover.

SKY:
 What! Total baloney! That's so..

SPECIAL DETECTIVE ASH:
 Maybe.. Or, got other trouble. See.
 Could be guy himself. Don't want be
 found. Skipped off. Get for fraud.

SKY:
 You're so out of your freaking
 skull! Jase never go so far..

SPECIAL DETECTIVE ASH:
 Only a little way, *far*..,huh?

Sky glares at him, unable to deny the little truth in that.

SPECIAL DETECTIVE ASH: (cont'd)
 Go on? Yes? Okay, note real. Big
 screwball, his sick games. Maybe
 reason, maybe no. Maybe one A-one
 nutso. Maybe say, like you, some..?

SKY:
 Keep that up, maybe we see.. See.

Sky laughs. Ash cringes. Eyes Sky over, one so hard to goad.

SPECIAL DETECTIVE ASH:
 Three. Family. Friends. Who one
 knows. Most times. Jealous. Grudge.
 Spite. Stature thing. Trapped by
 family ties. Lot to gain. Spooky
 crap in closet. In there, snaps.

He points at Sky's head. Sky's mouth is agape, the endless
 gall. Ash walks by Sky, stops near the doors. Eyes Beaute.
 Further in, behind the dog, Jackson regards them intently.
 Ash slackly nods, grins. Turns his back to him to face Sky.

SPECIAL DETECTIVE ASH: (cont'd)
 Four. Random thing. Wrong place,
 wrong time. Accident. Fall off a
 cliff. Ain't no-one going to find
 you. In time. Or hum run smack into
 a gang. You look at them the wrong
 way, they don't like it....

Ash in dull wonder gazes by Sky, over the impeccable green.
 He fishes out of his coat a slim dark cigar, lights it up.
 Sticks, smokes it loosely in his mouth. Sky grows impatient.

SKY:
 Five. You said, five...

SPECIAL DETECTIVE ASH:
 Five?... .

He turns to the door. Peers at Gloria, coming abreast of
 Jackson. Nervously Jackson smiles, fiddles with this, that of
 suit, hair. Chats an awkward aside. Behind, Alden returns.
 Stops well back, beside a worried Kay. There he languishes.

SKY:
 Five???

Ash opens door, stops half by, turns head on Sky. Chuckles.

SPECIAL DETECTIVE ASH:
 That be all else. This place one
 crazy town, huh? Memory gone. Held
 for ransom. Unknown obsessed lover.
 Whole thing, one clowns's joke on
 us. You make jokes, no? On pol..

Ash turns back to door, starts going through. Sky strides
 briskly to it, bars, stops Ash's way forward with one arm.

SKY:
 Joke, this is not! You understand
 me? May be some clown. But no joke!

SPECIAL DETECTIVE ASH:
Unless joke on you! Or you, clown.

Ash is darkly very amused. He flicks his cigar at Sky, it lands at Sky's feet. To his chagrin, he see Sky broadly smile in admiration, and, just plain to irk him. Succeeds a moment.

SPECIAL DETECTIVE ASH: (cont'd)
Funny time to smile. Got a psycho,
might like to string out the, fun.

SKY:
Yeah? So why you into this stuff?

SPECIAL DETECTIVE ASH:
Thing I do good, hum. Pay tax-man.

SKY:
And....

SPECIAL DETECTIVE ASH:
Sport of. Cat, rat games. I, pit-
bull, goes after cat, sometimes the
rats. Guess, satisfies the craving.

Eyes staying on Ash, Sky takes off sunglasses. Smiles wider.

SKY:
Yeah, figured something like that!

Ash's face reddens, infuriated. People inside are astonished.

SPECIAL DETECTIVE ASH:
You keep out of it. Know what good!
(SKY:)
So, no happy endings in the litany?

Irritated, he swipes aside Sky's barring arm, heads in, stops just inside the room. He taps his watch, at Jackson. Jackson nods, annoyed. Reluctantly he extricates himself from Gloria.

Sky enters, stops near Ash. Jackson comes on over to stand in-between them. Ponderous, he glances at Ash, then on Sky.

CAPTAIN JACKSON:
Sorry we didn't have better news...

Sky, mute, puts back on his sunglasses. Is unreadable. Jackson deliberately rubs his abdomen, addresses Ash gruffly.

CAPTAIN JACKSON: (cont'd)
Let's go. Getting heartburn.

SPECIAL DETECTIVE ASH:
Always got heartburn. Me, never.

CAPTAIN JACKSON:
Cause you don't have a heart, huh?

EXT. GLORIA'S OUTSIDE (LIVINGROOM) WALKWAY - MOMENTS LATER

High view surveys the expansive grounds out front the estate. Ash shuffles to his slate grey car parked near Sky's Mustang, and a few other cars out in the driveway, near the walkway.

Ash opens the car's door. Leans his elbows on top of it, and takes in the grounds, distance leading to Sky, who stands in the grand house's main entrance doorway, awash in sun's rays.

Jackson, on walkway halfway between, lugs his weight of office while he heads on way to the dark blue sedan beside Ash. He arrives at his car, gets in, ignoring Ash observing him.

Ash starchily waves at Sky, unwavering. Ash puts on brown lensed sunglasses, swings about the door, on into his car.

The Captain's car pulls out, heads off. He's followed close behind by Ash. Sky watches the cars recede away. His mother appears in the entrance beside Sky, rests her hand on his.

Her bright eyes are misty, near distant as Sky's. Kay appears from behind in the vantage gap in-between them, *outside them*.

INT. GLORIA'S ESTATE'S SUN-ROOM - EVENING

Red, sunset, light streams into a large sun-room, splinters into shards off a few hanging metallic models of futuristic space ships and space habitats. Into the room comes Sky, holding a half-full glass of some beverage. He stands in the middle of it, fascinated, observes the models.

His eyes slide from them, out the window wall, and on a neat sparse stone garden, low hanging Sun in the distance beyond.

Behind Sky slips in the room elegantly, the elderly, spry, dignified woman seen before in the living-room. She stops, stands, couple feet behind Sky, sharp alive eyes on him.

She seems to wonder about him, a little sadly.

Sky takes a big gulp of the beverage, draining it. He places the glass on a small, round, glass-top table. Light rays reflect in light sparks off the glass.

Sky turns, weightedly, about to face the woman.

SKY:
Grandma. Thought you were resting..

SKY'S GRANDMA;
So I was, not as young as I.. .
But, how are you, doing, Sky?

SKY:
Fine Eve. Just.., fine.

SKY'S GRANDMA EVE /EVELYNN:
Now why don't you go tell your
grandma the truth...

SKY:
But, I am.. .

He sees his grandma shake her head, lightly but unfaltering.
Sky flickers her a rueful grin, laugh.

SKY: (cont'd)
Know me too well, grans, huh?

Sky grows serious, falling under a moody spell.

SKY: (cont'd)
Yeah? ..well rotten. This thing is
eating me up alive. As bad.., worse
than when... . Got a dead feeling
happening inside me.

SKY'S GRANDMA EVE /EVELYNN:
To be expected. You boys, so close.

SKY:
Jase's more than my twin. He's my
other half. Always been, in here.

Sky points somewhere vaguely within his body, at his soul..

SKY: (cont'd)
No matter however big a dust-off.
Now, I got a bad feeling that..

SKY'S GRANDMA EVE /EVELYNN:
Sky, stop that, hear me... .

SKY:
But you know how I see things..

SKY'S GRANDMA EVE /EVELYNN:
 Know that's not always so plain as
 the nose on your face, I know. Oh,
 been some times....

SKY:
 (grins, remembering)
 Thought saw it all so right as day.

SKY'S GRANDMA EVE /EVELYNN:
 Things you see, glimmers in a fog.
 Don't think God lets anyone know
 anything for certain sure. Past,
 present, future. Maybe, testing
 you.., huh?

SKY:
 Ha, like to think of God as the
 whole collective Cosmos, progres-
 sive interplay of everything. As
 things happen to befall, as we make
 happen, not some..

SKY'S GRANDMA EVE /EVELYNN:
 To each, his own. How like your dad
 you remind me. But ah, so, if that
 the case, how you see anything..?

SKY:
 Never could out-argue you.

SKY'S GRANDMA EVE /EVELYNN:
 Thing I do know. Must never give
 up. Give up hope. Sky, don't you
 ever give up on Jase! Tell me!

SKY:
 You don't understand. I feel, help-
 less. Things out of my hands. Wast-
 ed, useless. Last morning saw Jase,
knew something was up. Could have..

SKY'S GRANDMA EVE /EVELYNN:
 And could Jase have pried something
 you didn't want to tell out of you?

SKY:
 The hell no! Remind me never to
 play chess against you.

SKY'S GRANDMA EVE /EVELYNN:
 Where you think your father's
 smarts come from, huh?

SKY:
Thanks for trying. Still not the
land of Oz. Stuff happens for real.

SKY'S GRANDMA EVE /EVELYNN:
This the boy I helped bring up.. ?

SKY:
Some good jokes grow old, and cold.

SKY'S GRANDMA EVE /EVELYNN:
Let it go, whatever it is has got
into you. None of this your fault.

SKY:
I.., can't. Not right.. . I.. .
Sorry, Grams, I got to go. Say my
good-byes for me to Jan and Kay.

SKY'S GRANDMA EVE /EVELYNN:
You leaving, without Kay?

Sky leans over, kisses her on the forehead. Turns and heads
out the sun-room's outside facing glass doors. Runs down the
path as it curves around from side to front of the house.

SKY'S GRANDMA EVE /EVELYNN: (cont'd)
Oh Sky, what's happening to you?

Gloria bustles into the sun-room, comes up to Eve. She sees
Sky disappear out of sight round the side of the house.

GLORIA ANDERSON:
(unsettled and disturbed)
What's up with Sky? Kay's still in
the living-room. How she going to..

SKY'S GRANDMA EVE /EVELYNN:
Sky's not himself. He worries me.

Gloria places her arm around her Aunt. Hugs her into her
side. They both stare at spot where Sky rounded the house.

EXT. GLORIA ANDERSON'S ESTATE DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Sky's Mustang peels out, sharply takes the sharp corner bend,
speeds down the drive's linear extent away from the estate.

EXT. VARIOUS CITY OF L.A. VANTAGE POINTS - DUSK/NIGHT

Mustang cruises through some dusk into night L.A. vistas.

EXT. ISOLATED LOOK-OFF UP ATOP THE HILLS - NIGHT

Mustang's pulled over alongside a hilltop portion of Hollywood Hills winding road. Lights of the city shine far below, off into the city light reflecting, smog haze horizon.

Sky gets out of the car. Leans up against it. He watches two police squad cars begin going by. One slows as it passes the suspicious Mustang. It stops a short ways up the road.

Seeing the police car turn on blaring flashing lights, its siren, and begin to turn right around, Sky hops back into his car, spins it one hundred eighty degrees around, and pulls onto the road ahead of the squad car closing in fast behind.

Sky races into a bend out of view, squad car in hot pursuit.

INT. MARTY'S COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

Sparse crowd watch an Hispanic comedian on-stage at Marty's.

HISPANIC COMIC:

..but then I get wise, I say, know
who I really am? Harrison Ford..

Some sporadic laughter, one big woman noticeably squealing.

HISPANIC COMIC: (cont'd)

Yes. I am famous Hollywood actor.
You hear of Indiana Jones? Yeah.

The comic crouches in an action pose, slackly grins in Ford's imitation, flips on a pantomime Indy Jones' hat, and holds, balancingly, in one hand the pantomime grip of a whip. He lashes the pretend whip out, vocalizes it's sharp crackle.

HISPANIC COMIC: (cont'd)

No sir, better not think of messing
with me. What? Isn't he Americano?
No, no, me. All make-up, what they
call appliances. Isn't it just so
amazing what they do in Hollywood?!
So go on, scat now. That's right!

The comic soaks in the, mostly, somewhat amused audience.

HISPANIC COMIC: (cont'd)

So amigos that how Harrison Ford
saved my can. Yes, true story sir.

Comic walks over to stage edge spot nearest the heckler.

He pulls out of his pocket, unfolds, a large Ford head-shot. He positions it to face the audience alongside his own face. He turns it, himself, aside, as if he looks at himself in a mirror, sees his own mirror image in the likeness of Ford.

He turns the image back to face the audience. He alternates pointing at it, then pointing at his own face. Ceases that to ,squintingly, search through the audience like for someone.

HISPANIC COMIC: (cont'd)
 Spielberg, you out there? Need a
 Indiana Jones twin brother, I play.
 No, how about putting me in Ameri-
 cano Graffiti? Thanks, you've been
 a great, okay so so, audience.

View slanted down from behind the comic out across the club and onto the entry way spots Sky enter the club. He plows a path through the room towards the stage, bumping into folks.

Sky arrives at central front of the stage, a few feet below. He plants his arms on it, pivots, jumps his body up on stage, goes right up to the dumbfounded comedian, frozen in place.

Sky takes the mike from the comic's hands. Comic backs away. His hands wave in front of him in acquiesce. Sky turns and faces the audience. Marty, flushed, hastens out the side door leading into his office. Behind Sky's back, the comic agitatedly, repeatedly points out Sky, for the benefit of Marty to take action. Marty futilely shrugs.

View on Sky curtly pacing up and down the stage. Audience hum. Most look like they figure it's all part of some act.

Center-stage, up front near the edge, Sky knells on one knee.

SKY:
 Hey any of you know what this city
 is? City of angels you say miss. Oh
 tinsel-town huh sir? Silicon mounds
 - good one. No, all wrong. A stink-
 ing cesspool, what it is. Yep, once
 bought into all the roller-coaster
 ride hype. Post cards. And what I
 get? Stabbed in the heart, yeah
 that's right. No, not once. Twice.
 Oh think I joke? Go ahead, laugh.
 Everyone laugh. Laugh it all off.
 Get drunk and have a laugh on me.

Marty rushes up the side steps on-stage as people in the audience become surly, begin ridiculing Sky. One throws his half full drink at Sky, bit hits Marty in the chest instead.

Marty vies to wrestle the mike from Sky's hand. Sky deftly tucks under, around Marty. Surprising dexterous, Marty reaches over Sky's shoulder, snatches part control of the mike. The audience overhear their conversation via the open mike.

MARTY:

Sky, what the? Lost your mind? Go home. Get some rest. Want me to d..

SKY:

(sagely out of touch grin)
And why don't you go get lost, huh?

Sky yanks mike from stunned Marty's hand. Addresses audience.

SKY: (cont'd)

Hey, everyone, you all go get lost too. Me, all I want to do. Ha.

Sky tosses the mike skittering across the stage, mike screeching with shrill feedback. Marty tries grab him in a bear-hug. Sky shoves Marty back with surprising strength. High view on people near the stage getting up in alarm, backing away.

Sky strides to the steps, starts descending. Marty charges across the stage, flies down the steps, and, tackles Sky, thrusts both down the last two steps. Sky's pushed over to, and pinned against the side wall by Marty's bulk and grasp.

MARTY:

Hey, listen. Me, your friend, you know that. Anything you need bud, I'm here. You want talk, we'll go talk, uh? But here, not the spot to be getting things out your system.

SKY:

Understand.., nothing. Thanks, but not in the mood. Got to go. Enough of a mess for one night, huh.

Sky's wry smile disarms Marty. He relaxes. Sky scoots out from under him. Sky bristles for the exit, gives patrons quirky smiles passing by them. Marty eyes his receding back.

MARTY:

You take care, man. Nothing stupid!

SKY:

(hidden dismissing smile)
Stupid things just up and find me, Marts.

Sky looks about the yet stirring, unsettled audience.

SKY: (cont'd)
 Sorry for the ruckus, guys. One
 real bad case of indigestion.

Marty shakes his head. Even nuts, Sky's the knack. Sky pauses at door, shields eyes under his blue sunglasses. He turns, looks at Marty, slightly nods. Turns back around, flings open the exit door open. A brisk gush of cold night air rushes in.

EXT. RAMSHACKLE AIRPORT - NIGHT PASSING

Sky leans back on a decrepit airport building wall. Night air rushes down a nearby, deserted, crumbling, pitch-dark runway.

Around a nearby building corner, heard, a raspy cough, another. Sky's eyes look there, dully await. Ash emerges from behind it. Disinterested, Sky returns his gaze out before him.

SPECIAL DETECTIVE ASH:
 Club owner, Marty, you know. Called
 station. Said might end up here.

Sky doesn't respond.

SPECIAL DETECTIVE ASH: (cont'd)
 Let him get you, uh? Way he wants..

Sky's eyes flicker with ire. He leans sideways to face Ash.

SKY:
 Thought you had it in for me?

SPECIAL DETECTIVE ASH:
 You. Him. Someone..., want control.

SKY:
 (begrudgingly grins)
 Never say, uh? So, think Jase sti..

SPECIAL DETECTIVE ASH:
 Must suppose aye? Way I see, longer
 he hold your brother's fate over
 you, more he feed off you. Got the
 control now. You do him good. More
 he suck you dry, deeper he drink.

SKY:
 So telling me he's won.

Ash walks up to Sky. Raps him on his knuckles with a lighter.

SPECIAL DETECTIVE ASH:
Then don't know why I'm here.

Ash disdainfully twists about, stiffly starts shuffling off.

SKY:
No wait.

Ash stops, stands, back planted to Sky. Waits to hear more.

SKY: (cont'd)
You sure this what what.

SPECIAL DETECTIVE ASH:
Might. Unless you want the two girl
all for yourself.

Ask peculiarly laughs at what passes as a joke from him.

SKY:
Hey, hum, thanks.

SPECIAL DETECTIVE ASH:
Only do my job. No crisis center -
get? Work it out. Fall far you got.
Maybe, too far? Time comes, you
choose, what, huh?

Ash with uncharacteristic god-fatherly yet ghostly, stride walks to the corner, passes out of sight by it. Wind whips up a whirlpool of pole-light lit girt where Ash had stood. Sky rubs his eyes - wonders if Ash had really been here at all?

INT. SKY'S TRAILER - NIGHT

View fades in from airport pool of light into pool of light beneath the lamp on Sky's beside stand. Sky lies in bed, fitfully half awake. There's a knock on the door. He rolls over.

A second knock. His eyes snap open. He whips up in bed, jumps off it, hastens to the door, swings it wide open, expectant.

Kay's there. Sky turns despondent, walks away. Anyway, she walks in, to a wood chair. Sits. Sky sits on the foot of the bed, facing away from her. He looks on her, his eyes hollow. Impulsively, Kay goes and hugs him. Sky shucks off her arms.

SKY:
Don't want company. Ditto sympathy.

Sky gets up, irritated, faces a wall looking away.

KAY:
You shouldn't be alone, now..

SKY:
Don't think I can hack life, solo?

KAY:
Don't put words in..

SKY:
Shush. Just go, okay, Kay. Hey.

KAY:
No time for wise-cracks. Quit
hiding behind a joke for once! If
you can't turn to me when...

SKY:
I'm useless to pick up the chips.

KAY:
What, bought into what Jackie said?

Sky doesn't answer, freezes his gaze on the floor.

KAY: (cont'd)
Well, I won't go. Leave you like..
You need me. Just look at you!

SKY:
What I need is for you to go. Why
can't you accept **that**?

Sky gets up, takes her arm. He pulls her to the door, with
measured but firm, determined strength.

KAY:
You don't know what you're doing!

SKY:
Just the way it's got to be. The
stars have spoken.

KAY:
Oh, see now. Stopped believing you
could create your own true destiny
a long time ago. Not overnight. Not
because of all this. Living out on
this beach cut off from the world.

SKY:
Looks like you got me all pegged,
Kay. Found me out. Now please go.

KAY:

Okay. Want wallow in you own personal ocean of self pity. Fine by me!

Sky holds up his arms, upturns his face skyward, pantomimes rain pours down on him from above, pats his hands across his head like he wipes away the drenching. He looks back on her.

SKY:

Do that, gee thanks for your cue.

Kay begins a protest. Sky closes shut the door on her. He stands in place, peering longingly sad through it. He twists so his back's on the door. He slides down to a hunched sit.

Kay knocks a few times at the door. Frustrated, she pounds her fists heavily a last time on it. Nothing. Resigned, she slumps away to her compact car nearby. Fires up its engine.

Sky listens. Total silence. He rifles through his hair. Sobs.

SKY: (cont'd)

(looking through ceiling)

Jase, love you brother.

View fades out from Sky in dim gloom to a total blackness.

INT. SKY'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Amid otherwise total dark, view on the orange yellow, battery low, dim glow of a novelty item, a suspended orb of the Sun. View moves a few feet over from the item, onto Sky's face dimly lit by it. He lies in bed, flat on his back, eyes open.

He glances past the orb on a palely lit crowd of championship trophies, awards, plaques. Several top amateur and pro athlete of the years, ones for skateboarding, surfing, sky diving, aerial surfing, even some for dancing and comedy.

He slides his gaze onto more awards, these for scholarly achievement, head of class, most likely to excel in science, high school science show first places. Most promising science major freshman. Some invention patents include ones for surf and sky board designs, and one for a sky flying suit.

Between the displays, a current year calendar. Noticeably, none of the awards, seen, more recent than a few years back.

Sky's eyes fall on a red neon digital display clock. It reads four twelve AM. His stare sees it change to four thirteen AM. Phone next it rings. Rings again, again. Again. Rolling snappily to it, he snatches the receiver. Holds it in mid-air.

Bare but for orange shorts, Sky brings phone to his ear. Listens. Dead air. Even Beaute's asleep. Sky starts to hang up.

ON PHONE MALE STRANGER VOICE, ALTERED:
Don't.

Sky's eyes dart about the trailer. Nothing. He spies across the trailer a curtain bare window. He carries the wireless receiver to the window. Eyes search outside. Nothing but black.

SKY:
You're out there...

ON PHONE MALE STRANGER VOICE, ALTERED:
Nothing to find. All, inside, you?

SKY:
Nice try. How about you end this.

ON PHONE MALE STRANGER VOICE, ALTERED:
Hapless. Hopeless. Alone. Not even sense to bug the phone. Pathetic. Everything about you in my control.

Sky pulls receiver from his ear. Angrily, he puts it back.

SKY:
Don't know what your problem is b..

ON PHONE MALE STRANGER VOICE, ALTERED:
..control how you feel. Anyone in your sorry life I choose let live, die. I own you. And not one damn thing you can do. Hear that sound?

SKY:
Wait? There's no..

ON PHONE MALE STRANGER VOICE, ALTERED:
Sound of the sky falling. Like father, like son, ..like brother.

SKY:
Jason. He's..

ON PHONE MALE STRANGER VOICE, ALTERED:
For me to know.. .

SKY:
This about money? I can get it. Me? Let's me, you, creep, have it out?!

Sky, in full plain view out the window, grins savagely.

ON PHONE MALE STRANGER VOICE, ALTERED:
Not long I got what I got. Got it.

Phone line goes dead. Sky drops the phone, charges to, out, the door. Eyes pans, ears listen, everywhere. Not one stir.

I/E. NIGHTMARE - NIGHT

Swirling smoke-like shades of grey mixing in browns, reds. Within vague human shapes. An anguished strident voice..

JASON:
Sky. Help me bro. I'm drowning.. .
Why can't you do.., anything.

One human shape drags the other deeper, deeper in the shroud. Shape of a third vague human shape appears into foreground, tries to swipe aside the fog of smoke. It only grows thicker.

SKY:
Where are you?! Talk to me! How can
I find you? How can I save, you..

THE STRANGER'S VOICE:
Too late. For that. What's done..

JASON:
(voice fading away)
You saw.. . Didn't stop.., it. Why?
Getting too.., too, now too.. .

THE STRANGER'S VOICE:
Late. Too late. What's done.

Now only Sky, in the central midst hollow of a fire-storm funnel cloud swirling about him, closing in thicker, hotter. Sky, lungs burning, starts choking, gagging. Sinks to knees.

SKY:
(screaming loud)
Stop it. I'll telling you! No. No.
Can't be.. . Too, late. No. No. No.

View up from Sky. Onto total black void above. A cloaked head looks down on Sky though it. Sky appeals up to it.

SKY: (cont'd)
I beg you to...

THE STRANGER:
(drawing down close)
Own you. Own you. Own. Own. Own.

Sky leaps, grabs at the figure. Arms sweep through smoke-fog. A harsh laughter resonates. Grows louder, piercingly shrill.

INT. SKY'S TRAILER - DULL GREY EARLY DAWN

Sky, drenched, clutching his sheets, awakes. Bolts upright.

SKY:
Holy shit. This can't be happening!

INT. SKY'S TRAILER, THREE WEEKS LATER - DAY

Sunlight streams into Sky's trailer through the curtain-less window. Sky, facing up, lies flat back on the bed in several days slept in T-shirt and shorts. Trailer's an unruly mess. Incessantly beeps the open line cell phone, strewn on floor.

Beaute lies in the big heap of unwashed laundry on the floor. Sky's skydiving gear, and clothing, is piled in its own tall mound off in one corner. Good sized picture of the twins together, fourteen, lies half propped up at the base of one wall.

Knock at the door. Another. Another. Another.

SKY:
Go away.

Sound of key in the lock, turning. Door swings open. Kay, dressed in crisp green dress, comes inside. Edgy, she faces Sky. Beaute awakes, ears perking. She happily trots to Kay.

As Kay pats the dog, it turns to look back on Sky, hopeful.

KAY:
You got to snap out of this. Now!

SKY:
This, what?

KAY:
Get with it. Your life.

SKY:
Yeah? Why?

Forlorn, she looks on him, tears up. She goes sit on the bed.

KAY:
Just incredible. Always indestructible. Now here you are. Throwing it all away. Sorry for yourself.

Resolutely stoic, mute, Sky dully regards her.

KAY: (cont'd)
This is not..., easy for me. You
shut me out. I can't, can't..

SKY:
Can't what? Jump?

KAY:
What, jump into this abyss with
you? No. I can't fall to the depths
you're willing to plunge.

Again the stoic mute treatment from Sky.

KAY: (cont'd)
Can't put up with this, anymore!
Left out. You know, goes *both* ways.

Her defiantly alluding, divisive, tone shakes Sky.

SKY:
Both ways? What that mean?

Excessively sharp dressed, groomed man, with an air of success about him, steps into view, stands, in the open doorway. There's a sense of something foul, off-setting about him. Least to Sky's innate sixth sense. Derisively, he eyes him.

KAY:
This, you got work out on your own.
I tried. I can't do anymore. Never
could jump of that stupid flying
tin can, could I?

She quickly stands, goes alongside to Sky on the bed, leans down, kisses him, on the lips. She bends up, goes half-ways in-between Sky and the stranger, stands there. Regards Sky.

KAY: (cont'd)
Goodbye, Sky. I still..., love you.

Disconcerted the other man comes beside her, reaches his arm in about Kay's waist, hugs her into him, into his possession.

THE OTHER MAN:
Got bad luck, man. Feel for you.

His words ring false, hollow. Not well mated to a thin grin.

SKY:
Well, don't!

His eyes fall full, persuasively on Kay.

SKY: (cont'd)
Was real good? Fun ride. Ha.

KAY:
Yeah, Sky. It's just, too..., late.
Forgive me. (pause) Maybe, if..

Stranger briskly sticks his gold wrist watch before her eyes.

THE OTHER MAN:
We got to go.

Near tears, Kay nods. Other man, deliberately, tucks her face into his shoulder, turns them about, leads her out the door. Beaute growls at the stranger as he passed by her.

Devoid, Sky eyes the empty doorway. He closes shut his eyes. Beaute glumly looks up at Sky, as worried as a dog might.

INT. MARTY'S COMEDY CLUB - EARLY EVENING

Marty's Club. Through the entry door, early twenties, slim, street cool, although overly loud, for comic effect, dressed black man breezes into the club.

He spies Marty standing, leaning over a table, engrossed in conversation with a couple of gorgeous young women. He jaunts his way over to Marty, grabs him by the arm, drags him aside. One of his eyes though sticks on the women.

BLACK COMIC:
Keep a seat warm, you fine looking ladies. Need to borrow Marty.

MARTY:
You see I was..

BLACK COMIC:
Yeah, yeah, yeah. Back in town..

MARTY:
No, really?

BLACK COMIC:
Stick to the day job. So gonna put me in the rotation. Hey, place dead as the rats used to have in my digs. Where the devil's Sky? Friday night, Mart, his gig night. Gone a month, and damn, all but folded up.

BLACK COMIC: (cont'd)
 Got to get the whole gang together, right? Me the Ace, you King, Kay the Queen on arm of Sky the jokerman. Mother-freaking royal flush. How we supposed-ta break the bank without the Sky?

MARTY:
 We?... . Not heard, huh?

BLACK COMIC:
 (nudging Marty)
 What to hear haven't heard all before.

MARTY:
 Jason got back a few weeks ago, goes missing. Sky and Kay now splits-ville. Sky's all broken-up.

BLACK COMIC:
 No shit. Damn. Hit Sky hard, huh?

MARTY:
 Tell you, never seen a guy go down so far so fast. Faster than that first girl in Jaws. I mean the guy used to carry the Sun on his back.

BLACK COMIC:
 Noo. must be bad, make you so mush poetic.

MARTY:
 How about you just get your ass up onto stage. Natives are restless. Darn near cannibalistic.

BLACK COMIC:
 Like that, feed your Ace to the wolves?

MARTY:
 Yeah.

BLACK COMIC:
 Didn't I know it! Don't you worry about the Sky. Built of better shit than both of us put together.

MARTY:
 Hope so.

BLACK COMIC:

Hope all we got. Ha, hope my ten shows up tonight. Oh lookie at that one coming in. I think I sees the woman of my dreams, Mart.

Comic peels off a sports jacket, drapes it on Marty.

BLACK COMIC: (cont'd)

Got work to do. Ooo, I work so hard for you. So so hard, for you honey.

MARTY:

Swear I be at the lunatic asylum.

BLACK COMIC:

Your call. I look good? So good!

Marty shakes his head. Comic ignores it. He races up to the front of the stage, jumps up onto it. Snags mike from stand. Back to crowd, he whirls, whips, front forward to face them.

BLACK COMIC: (cont'd)

Hello you all. Name's Ricky. Ricky James.. . No, not the.. . Bros but no bros, get my drift.

He aims his eyes on the woman he spied entering. She's seated near the stage in a low cut, high leg slit, tight, red dress.

COMIC RICKY JAMES:

(extends arm at her)

Hope not let down cause mean to satisfy, you, before night is through. Yeah, like to wax the floor with you. Oo. My. Oh excuse me my breathen. Getting myself fixed up here.

Ricky jogs to, down the stage steps and on over to the woman's table. Stands, gawks at her. Woman smiles, squirms, relaxes, becomes coy and enticing. Ricky smiles gleefully, displays, it, as he looks all about the room at people.

Playing it up for audience eyes, Ricky takes the woman's hand, brings it up to his mouth, kisses it. Again. Again. His eyes roll in their sockets. Fascinated, the crowd giggle.

Abruptly he bends upright. In turns sheepishly, and scoldingly, at the voyeuristic engaged patrons, he scans everyone.

COMIC RICKY JAMES: (cont'd)

Got cha. Ha. Like did you believe that film, The Bodyguard. See it?

Ricky converses as he traverses his way back on-stage.

COMIC RICKY JAMES: (cont'd)
 Yeah, right! White honky dude body-guard hooks up with *the* most devine Queen of the Night, Miss Whitney. Ex-cuse-see-me! Man, can't believe they turned me down. So what I was twelve. Okay, fifteen. What Kev got I don't got? Know what I mean girl.

Ricky juts back and forth, laughs.

COMIC RICKY JAMES: (cont'd)
 You know it! You know it. Whitney, I'm game for a sequel. Bring it on.

He jabs chest. Stops, publicly mortified. Assumes firm, ready for action stance. Stern, he picks out from his pants, silver shaded sunglasses. Dons them like David Carusso. Folds across his arms. Stands stoic, aloof. Warily, he cases the room.

His gaze seizes on the woman in red. He tips up his glasses.

COMIC RICKY JAMES: (cont'd)
 You want protection? I got protection! No, ha. Seriously, my friends! But, you, got be married right? Too too hot hot for loose on the trot. Be smooth Ricky, smooth. Don't blow it. On the side, later.

He winks at her. Blows her a kiss. The crowd claps.

View pulls back from Ricky, his words, the crowd murmur, becoming obscured, inaudible. Back over the heads of the patrons to the back wall, through it, out into the night.

INT. SKY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Bare light bulb. View pulls back, wide, to reveal a bathroom mirror, the reflected view of Sky, shirtless, disheveled. He leans into the mirror, arms extended out, hands pinned on the vanity to prop him up. He peers through his mirror eyes.

He looks down on the vanity counter. On it is strewn in large red block letters, the words: YOUR DESTINY - NOW I OWN.

INT. SKY'S BATHROOM - EARLY MORNING

In Sky's bathroom, Ash, and Sky.

Sky's put on a beat up Angels jersey. Ash is wearing a near as impeccable dark suit as the one he wore before. Ash inspects here, there, nothing appears to stand out. He turns his scrutiny onto Sky.

SPECIAL DETECTIVE ASH:
Curious. Not a trace. Prints we pulled, yours. Your gal, dog. No fabric, hair. Not drop of sweat other than girl, you. Big mystery, no?

His eyes narrow, and drill into, Sky, perplexed.

SKY:
So guy's a real sick pro.

SPECIAL DETECTIVE ASH:
Sick, yes. Pro? These types not so slick. What I know. *Most* peculiar.

SKY:
If you're implyin...

SPECIAL DETECTIVE ASH:
Facts say all. Facts all I see.

The two lock into a mutual stare. Ash grins morosely. Sky grins back with as much ironic defiant ire left inside him.

EXT. AIRPORT WHERE SKY SKY-DIVED BEFORE - EARLY MORNING

Bright sunny day, a few lazily floating clouds. Brisk swirly breeze blows loose girt down the length of the airport runway. View pans, catches sight of, far left, a lone figure, several hundred feet up the runway away from the small dilapidated terminal building. View closes in behind the figure enclosed under the hood of a tattered ash grey hoodie. Flight jacket pokes out underneath it below the figure's waist.

Figure drifts farther up the tarmac, along it's paved edge beside the fine dirt area bordering it. Seen in distance are a few airplane hangers. The few mechanics who attend to small aircraft inside and outside the hangers glance at the figure.

View sweeps ahead of that figure, looks back. Figure's face is hidden by the side of the hood. Beyond him, near the administrative terminal building, a scattered few cars are parked.

Taxiing down runway to take-off speed is a four seat, single engine, blue Cesena aircraft. Ten of yards away out front of the hooded figure, it passes on by him. Further up the runway it takes-off into flight. Sun glints bright sparks off it.

Back of the man view spies him stop, stand, watch plane fly.

It's dreary drone augments the sullen whisks of hot dry wind. Figure turns gaze upon the Sun, raises an eyes shielding arm. His attention wanders onto the sweeping veils of blown grit.

He pulls off the hoodie, revealing an unzipped flight jacket. That the figure's Sky, hair disheveled, eyes waxy, face stubbled. He tosses the hoodie aside, billowing, blown by wind.

View on Sky through a sunlit, suspended veil of grit. Cloud passes over the sun. Its shadow makes its way up the runway, down upon Sky. He sinks to a haunched squat upon bent knees.

He stares at loose ground beside him, idly excavates a fistful. Slowly, he opens his fist. Dirt sprays out the growing gaps between his fingers, scatter in windblown loose streams. Some of it blows into his eyes. They water. He rubs at them.

In the distance, a dark hair twenty something female in tight cut-off jean shorts, walks around the corner of the terminal. She spies Sky. Mills about, staring in fascination his way.

Sky with dully perked curiosity regards the distant woman between the open cracks of his now fully open fist. Corner of his eyes catch a black man, wild Bill, emerge from the open hanger nearest, but in behind, the woman, on his way to her.

Sky sits down on the ground, his knees bent out before him.

Woman watches Sky sitting in the barren landscape alone while Sky's eyes follow Wild Bill come the last ways up to her and stop right-side just behind her. Bill regards the back of the dark hair, shapely attractive woman, her gaze intent on Sky.

Bill shakes his head woefully. Looks back and forth between Sky, the woman. Eyes stray upon her loose, open neck blouse.

Bill reaches from behind, lays hand on the woman's one bare shoulder. Startled, she half turns, sighs in relief sensing Bill's authoritative aura. She looks back puzzled at him.

WILD BILL:

(sighing)

That'd be Sky. Been hanging out here last few days.

DARKLY ATTRACTIVE WOMAN:

No... . *The Sky*? Sky Kidd Anderson?
I don't believe it! Ha. Can't be!

WILD BILL:

Well believe it. What a damn waste.

WILD BILL: (cont'd)
Can hardly bear the sight. Him
like.., hum, *someone* should...

DARKLY ATTRACTIVE WOMAN:
..go over and..

WILD BILL:
(at first nods)
..shake that boy up. Anyone can, be
someone like, hum, you..

DARKLY ATTRACTIVE WOMAN:
You don't even know me.

WILD BILL:
(looking her over)
Know enough.

DARKLY ATTRACTIVE WOMAN:
Gee thanks, I think? But you don't
seem to approve much of me...

Bill blinks, oddly off-guard, and stuttered for an answer.

WILD BILL:
Not for me. Yah type. Ah, Sky *whole*
different dog.. . Likes *all* kinds..

DARKLY ATTRACTIVE WOMAN:
Does he now? Think I'll just go
have a walk on over to this Sky,
rock in the ground, over there. Ha.

WILD BILL:
(with lame grin)
Heard Sky called many things, some
by me don't *want* hear! Never that.

She laughs, amused. She slips from under Bill's hand. His arm
drops deadweight heavy. She saunters off to Sky. Bill fixates
on her swaying gait. Shakes head, maybe a type *he'd like too!*

Mischievous, she glances back, smiles. Bill averts his eyes.

Sky sees the woman saucily stroll near. Glint of sun reflects
off his eyes. She stops in front of, over, him. Sways, hands
clasped behind back, chest edged out. Coyly, she looks away.

Sky in stupefied bewilderment, some spark, looks up over her.

SKY:
Don't suppose you jump?

DARKLY ATTRACTIVE WOMAN:
 You speak! Kind da depends. *Should I?* And *why* you wanta know, huh?

View curls, spirals, slowly about them.

SKY:
 Just..., curious.

DARKLY ATTRACTIVE WOMAN:
I bet you are! You're curious.. .
 Sky? The *Sky*. Sure don't *look* it.

SKY:
 Don't suppose *you* got a name, *too*?

WENDY:
 Wendy. Pleased I think to meet you.
 Knew it, first time saw you here,
 even drooping like one sick puppy.
 Ha, drill sergeant there, can't say
 poodle squat without dropping your
 name. Seems you the missing link
 around these parts, or something.

Sky replies by getting up, dusting off. He kicks up ground that wind blows away. He looks one way, another, not on her. Peers down expanse of the tarmac off into no-wheres horizon.

WENDY: (cont'd)
 Heard about it.

Sky bristles. Forces himself not to look on her.

WENDY: (cont'd)
 TMZ. Sky, two years ago, extreme
 sport world champ, now a beach bum
 recluse who wanders streets of the
 downtown at night. That L.A. Times
 feature story about your twin brother
 disappearing, not a trace since.

She hesitates. Sky's ears redden, burn, in expectation... .

WENDY: (cont'd)
 Like, your..., dad. Boy, say that's
 one heavy load to carry all alone.

SKY:
 (an acidic laugh)
 But my load to carry..., right?

WENDY:
So that why you don't jump no more?

SKY:
Just what kind of jumping you mean?

WENDY:
One with slippery tongue. That'd be your Indian name.

SKY:
Could fit. Ha. So mean now, or the competitions?

WENDY:
Now's more easy one to figure.

SKY:
Figured meant nothing to me. Lot of commercial artifice. Not the freedom, juice. The joy. Just all game.

WENDY:
How about money, fame, the fans? People say you were best ever.

SKY:
Best ever at *everything*! Ain't never did save the world, *my* world.

WENDY:
Your world's not over..

Sky indifferently shrugs. Enigmatically chuckles dryly. A far beyond, he spots Bill, arm shielding his eyes, stare at them.

SKY:
Here for Bill's jump session?

WENDY:
Did piggy-back once. Just got some urge to go solo.

SKY:
First time, you *get* one shot. Best be a real good one. But Bill, give you the whole nine yards, before..

WENDY:
How to boost gal's confidence, not!

Sky irksomely smiles, comes in close to her, buttons up two, three buttons of her unrestrained blouse, enclosing it, some.

WENDY: (cont'd)
I know you that well?... . Your
legend does precede you.. .

SKY:
(laughs)
Jump-suit'll keep a lot in. Still,
don't want have stuff popping out..

WENDY:
Oh. So you going to, stick around?

SKY:
Just may and do.. .

I/E. JUST INSIDE, OUTSIDE AIRPORT HANGER EARLY AFTERNOON

Sky and Wendy lounge just inside an open airplane hanger. A couple bunches of a motley few others of varied age, sex, nature, are farther inside. Bill, nearby, surveys them.

Sky inspects Wendy. She's got a half zipped up jumpsuit on. Its straps, buckles, dangle loosely. Two parachute backpacks lies below between them. Wendy flightily twirls. Straps swing side to side about her. Sky's brows rise, doubtful.

WENDY:
Don't like my dancing, for you..

SKY:
Sure you taking this um, seriously?

Behind them, Bill's grabbing, draping parachute packs over his shoulders to take over to the others for them to put on.

WENDY:
That be jumping, or..., us?

Sky shakes his head, mirthily taken aback. Avoids answering by intently attaching parachute pack to her back, tightening, and fastening up the straps, buckles and latches. He grabs the zipper, posed mid-breast, pauses. Wendy looks down at his hand there, bemused. Sky whips the zipper up disconcertingly.

SKY:
There!

WENDY:
Stuffed in tight alright. Think I
need and get some air.

Sky grabs backpacks, leads her outside the hanger a few feet.

Bill pauses to curiously glance at Sky and Wendy. Distractedly frowning, he hands out the last chute. He gets absorbed in the task of attaching a backpack on one of the jumpers.

SKY:
Not afraid?

WENDY:
I look like a stone? Yeah, some.
But hell, born to fly. What my mom
used to say. Got to trust moms, uh?

SKY:
Funny. Grandma says same about me.

WENDY:
Ha, see! You turned out good at it!
Why not me, too?

Sky's grave unconvinced expression perturbs her, some.

WENDY: (cont'd)
Yep, born to fly, just not sure
about the landing part. May go..

She purposely teeters. Drops deadweight back onto her bottom.

WENDY: (cont'd)
..wickedly squat!

View spins around her, and Sky, laughing, despite his doubts. Bill amidst latching up another chute pack, stares on out at them in grave disapproval, stoic alarm, at their shenanigans.

SKY:
Hope not huh? Really nothing to it.
Done it thousands of times. Whiz,
bang, in the bag. First time, two,
got to keep a clear head. No panic.

WENDY:
Thinking I'll go crazy on way down?

Sky shrugs. Wendy pales, her confidence deflating.

WENDY: (cont'd)
(getting up, unsettled)
Oh, pump a gal up, would you? Okay,
then.., how about you hold my hand
through it. Come on up with me.

Seductively, she draws in close to him, slips her arm around the small of his back, pulls him tightly up against her.

SKY:
 (pulling her off him)
 Can't do. Heard me. Gave it up.

WENDY:
 No. Just be there, for me? Safety
 net. See me get off okay. That's
 all. Can't you even handle, that?

View lassos a slow spiral motion about them, closes tighter.
 Sky looks here, there, at her, not, in deep tugs of conflict.

WENDY: (cont'd)
 What think God punishes you for
 having fun, sticking fear, danger,
 in his face. Come on, the famed
 dare-devil of all time, Sky Kidd
 Anderson, afraid! Even to go up!

Sky's shaky, teetering on his feet, but for real.

WENDY: (cont'd)
 Become a.., coward?

SKY:
 Look, I'm not afraid. Never been
 afraid, of anything. Ever. It's got
 nothing to do with that!

WENDY:
Whatever you say.. .

She regrets her flippant remark, sensing something, darker..

WENDY: (cont'd)
 Oh. Oh. Just don't believe, trust,
 in.., *yourself*, anymore!

SKY:
 As does everyone else, now.

WENDY:
 Ah. Ah. Ah. Aaahhh.

SKY:
 You the wee bit concerned you want
 to be trusting your life at fifteen
 thousand feet in the hands of some-
 one with big issues? Could lose it.

WENDY:
*Put that way.. No! Ha. Weird, feels
 like you always been here for me.*

SKY:
Yeah? That is weird.

Sky gazes hard at her. Gust of wind whips up a thin cloud of girt passing in behind, and on by, Wendy. Sky's eyes fall off her to watch the twisting hollow funnel of dirt traverse, recede away down endless runway into vast blacktop emptiness.

WENDY:
Say, anyone home? I going have to drag you up? Ain't exactly ladylike thing to do. But, if I have to..

SKY:
Okay... .

He plants his feet in jest. Taking his cue, she seizes his arm. Tries to drag him. Sky resists. Back in the hanger, the others are all suited up now and gathered together. Bill looks from them to closely observe, perplexed, Sky, Wendy.

Wendy tugs harder. Sky ceases resisting, shoots ahead, sending them skittering. Sky steadies her before she can fall.

BILL:
Oh, brother!

Outside the hanger, Wendy walks ahead of Sky toward a small plane with its side door open. Behind them, the others in the hanger exit it on way over there too. Bill trails behind all.

SKY:
You always been this stubborn?

WENDY:
(glibly smiles)
Like to get my way, ha. You bet!

INT. INSIDE SMALL AIRPLANE - AFTERNOON

Plane's airborne drone. Plane trembles in pockets of turbulence. Wendy and Sky, chute packs on both, sit along the wall facing the closed hatch door. Within the confined area are the other jumpers. Bill scours them in turn with sour faces.

His inspection falls on Sky. He frowns deeply, rubs his hand across his chin. Sky smiles, irreverent, glib. Bill glares, turns aside his disgruntled face, clambers over to the door.

WENDY:
What's that all about?

SKY:
Don't know. Maybe thinks I may try
see what it like to be a rock?..

WENDY:
(taunt edged)
That so? Ha...

SKY:
(smiling)
Maybe.... .

Wendy's puzzling bemused dismay is disrupted by Bill yanking open the plane's door. Roaring gush of incoming wind propels her up against Sky, half atop him. She looks unsettled, ill.

SKY: (cont'd)
Going to chuck, opps, chicken out?

Wendy pulls herself back upright, reviving.

WENDY:
You?

Unflinching, slightly smiling, Sky doesn't reply. Wendy eye-brows rise, mockingly. She resolutely half crawls on over next to Bill, before the front midst of the open gulf of air.

Bill's eyes widen in surprised alarm. He grabs her by waist, pulls her back behind him, up next the safety of plane wall.

BILL:
Sky, got you acting nuts already?.
Not hooked in or nothing. You just
wait your turn, hear me?

A voice squawks in his earpiece. Bill addresses the jumpers.

WILD BILL:
Listen up. We got attitude.

Bill crawls into the plane some, leans over, raps the shoulder of a man in his late fifties, hooks in his safety strap to an overhead bar, helps guide him up front of the yawning gap.

BILL:
Get set now. Goin unhook you.

The man sucks in a couple of breaths. Bill seeing his taunt fingers relax, unhooks him from the bar. Taps him on back. Man hesitates. He breathes deep. Leans forward, drops. Bill worriedly watches until he deploys his chute. Sighs relieved.

WILD BILL:
Okay, you next.

Cute blonde, about twenty, eagerly charges up to the open hatchway. Bill hastens to halt her before she almost goes right over and out. He curtly snaps her safety line on. Bill deliberately waits awhile before he taps the impatient girl.

She jumps explosively out of the plane, whooping so loud Bill puts his hands up to his ears. He leans out, shakes his head.

Jumping couple, thirties, in quick succession do the plunge.

Bill eyes the last of the other jumpers, a heavy set, heavy bearded man, forties, a tough nut. Bead of sweat forms, runs down the man's face. Bill points at him to come up to jump. The man shakes his head. Bill persists with his pointing.

The man forces his bulk over into position. Bill quickly snaps in the safety line, doubtful of it. Man averts looking out, down. Bill plies apart the man's clasped hands, places each hand to grasp the lips of each side of open hatchway.

The man half begins to hyperventilate. Bill tries calm him.

BILL:
Hardest part is, letting go..

Bill waits for the man to settle, some. Taps him. The man stays put, grasps sides witheringly hard. Bill gets angered, raps him harder. The man gives Bill a desperate hot look like he may charge him. Bill in gesture folds back his hands.

WILD BILL:
Okay. Okay. Ain't gonna force guy
like you, for and sure. Okay.

Man calms. Bill unsnaps him hastily, leads him back far inside. Man huddles, rubs his thick neck, looks into his lap. Sky tries suppress being too amused by him. He spies Wendy wind around Bill, get in place to jump. Sky lunges out, grabs the end of safety line from Bill as he's about to snap it.

SKY:
Take it from here, Bill.

WILD BILL:
Get the hell out of my face..

SKY:
(resolutely smiling)
Said, take it from..

WILD BILL:
 Heard you the first time.

Not pleased, he withdraws back but warily watches Sky.

SKY:
 I'll see she gets off okay.

WILD BILL:
 Who to watch you? So don't splash..

SKY:
 (laughing)
 Go for squash? When not up to it?

WILD BILL:
 Taking before, or right now...

The odd, noncommittal smile from Sky. He twists about, holds Wendy with one hand about her waist. Other hand reaches over to fall upon one of Wendy's hands on the lip to one side. Plane rocks in a brief bout of turbulence. Wendy's alarmed.

SKY:
 Ha. Ain't nothing to what coming..

WENDY:
 Oh, that a promise..., ha.

SKY:
 Have to see..

Sky unhooks her from the safety bar. Helps position her body.

SKY: (cont'd)
 Ready?

WENDY:
 Could be... Well. Here goes.

She doesn't jump right away.

SKY:
 Well...??

WENDY:
 Wish me luck first, okay.

SKY:
 Trust me, you'll do okay.

WENDY:
 That a proposal I can't refuse?

SKY:
Not so fas..

WENDY:
Can't talk now, got to jump out a
airplane. (pause) Hug?

Ruefully chagrined first Sky concedes and gives her a hug. Behind them, Bill's about as disdainful as one can possibly be.

WENDY: (cont'd)
Had better got my back. Don't make
it, going come back and haunt you!

SKY:
Maybe already do. Ha. But frig,
would you the jeepers jump, today!

Giddily she laughs. Faces ahead. Trembles. Sucks a breath.

WENDY:
Okay. One. Two. Threeee....

Her leap sends her plummeting down. Sky's oddly frozen bleak gaze down is disrupted by Bill's restraining hand on his arm.

BILL:
Think best you stay put, huh? Man,
but you sure know how to pick em!

SKY:
(*precipitously* laughs)
They always pick me. Me charm..

Sky backs hard into Bill, breaking his hold, and jumps out. Bill scrambles up to the brink of the abyss, holds on to one side with both hands, is billowed by the in-rush of wind.

He agitatedly stares down at Sky, rapidly accelerating away, fast bridging the gap between him and Wendy as he slices down through air, head first, arms before him joined to a point.

EXT. SKY AND WENDY IN MID SKYDIVE - MOMENTS LATER

Sky closes fast from above on Wendy, a few yards before her. He flattens out, catching air. Slows to her same fall rate. Concern in his eyes, he mock pulls out several times his ripcord release. He mouths now. Taps agitated at his wrist band height altimeter, needle in red zone. Do it now! N O W! Now!

Wendy nods her head. Puts her hand on the release handle. She sees Sky looking relieved she's about to pull, him look down.

..him relax. She hesitates. Hand quivers on handle. Relax..
 ..*too much*, his whole body become too carefree unrestrained,
 careless, crazed look eyes locked on the fast nearing earth.
 Wendy continues to fall next him, Sky's spell unshaken a couple ticks of the clock. She tilts upright her body, falls faster, drops, some, below him. Altimeter's bit past the red now.
 Sky snaps aware of her like struck by a terror, pain, of vast depth that looks not only at but into and through her. Couple precious seconds pass. Registers in him, she won't pull til..
 He does....

EXT. ROADSIDE THAT GOES PAST THE AIRPORT - NEXT MOMENT

At ground level, a compact blue car is on the road shoulder pulled off the road that runs along and on past the airport. Kay's posed against the side of the car, watching up though binoculars the impending skydive disaster, her face ashen.

KAY:
 What the hell Sky. What the.. Pull!

SKY AND WENDY IN MID SKYDIVE - NEXT MOMENTS

Sky slips back into his assured, fearless self. He gestures at his release handle, her's, his, her's. Mouths.. Do It !

WENDY:
 (yelling at top of lungs)
 You first!

Sky reads her lips. Smiles reknown Sky smile. Pulls. Small drogue chute whizzes up. Wendy pulls right after. Her drogue rises. Sky's main chute is yanked up. Her's. They unfurl.

Sky furiously gets his lines, chute under control for the imminent landing. His concerned eyes sneak a check on Wendy. Astonished, his jaw drops. She's as coolly in charge of her chute, her precipitous landing approach as he. Yet..

..Sky manoeuvres deftly to drop faster, gets from above to below her, a few tens of yards off to one side. He sweeps in above along the runway at a high speed with a still insane vertical drop pitch and drop rate. Somehow he absorbs with flexing knees the hard contact with the pavement at a full all out running dash, proceeds some hundred yards along the runway before tripping into a rolling fall along the tarmac.

Wendy lands a ways back of Sky, hard but not as much as him, running at full tilt. So hard she inadvertently runs right at Sky just as he lifts his upper body from the ground. He sees her charge, her begin to trip. He reaches up, wraps her in his arms, cradles one hand under her head, rolls her, then, a few times further down the pavement, to a stop. Wendy atop.

Behind, their chute lines, chutes, are all entangled. Wendy flabbergasted stares down at Sky. He bursts out laughing.

SKY:

One hell of a ride. Wooo!

Wendy slaps him across the face. Again. Sky catches a third.

WENDY:

You damn near got me killed!

SKY:

Didn't look it. Man, but you are good. Bill, he put you up to it?

WENDY:

Nope. Disabling the auto drogue chute pull, all my doing. So I've jumped a few, hundreds, of times. But flipping fudge, knew you'd gone crazy some, never figured this far. What in hell got into you up there?

SKY:

Wish I knew myself...

He rolls her over, so he lies atop of her, now,

WENDY:

Way you looked at me. Like at a ghost. Wait, you lose someone, gal you loved, somehow, before... .

SKY:

Some things one keeps inside, huh.

WENDY:

Got himself some secrets, this one.

EXT. ROADSIDE THAT GOES PAST THE AIRPORT - SAME MOMENT

Roadside, Kay watching Sky and Wendy through the binoculars. In tears, she pulls them off her eyes. She heaves them into the back seat of her car through an open window. She opens, gets in, the driver side door. Revs. Peals out onto the road.

EXT. PARKING AREA OUTSIDE AIRPORT BUILDING - WHILE LATER

Wendy, Sky, hauling repacked chutes, walk the last ways up to some cars parked out in front of the airport's main building.

WENDY:
Where's your car?

SKY:
Don't got one. Hitched here..

WENDY:
How'd you get about when your bro..

SKY:
Jase here. Had ourselves a couple of wicked sweet rentals. Darn near torn the guts out of them, ha.

WENDY:
I believe it. So why no car?

SKY:
Ah, don't like to guck up the world too much, you know, normally.

WENDY:
A surfer dude with principles he *sticks* to? Hmm, need a ride back..

SKY:
Offering or wanting get your way?

She eyes him coyly, responds by walking beside the driver's side door of a sleek, classic model, yellow Dodge Talon.

WENDY:
Hop in. Got a spot to show you.

SKY:
What hop in with this strange woman I just met? Speaking of, you do got a last name, too?...

WENDY:
So right, *I'm* the strange one now? Yes, I got a last name. Think I was Madonna? Dey, Wendy Dey. Get it!

SKY:
Pulling my leg, right? Mind I call you Gust-tey?

WENDY:

Not a real, good, comic, are you?
Yeah right. Here Gusty, good ole
Gusty, go and fetch the bone. Name
like this, think I'd go make it up?

She gets into the car. Sky opens the passenger door. Starts getting in, halts midway in, leans in towards, over, her.

SKY:

Hey wait. Name, the name, sounds
familiar.. . You're, *somebody!*

Sky's answer, a mischievous sparkle in her eye. He observes her face closely as he sinks down into his seat. Before he shuts his door, Wendy pulls the car out. Sky slams door shut. Mute, she proceeds to the roadside exit. Stops, looks at him.

WENDY:

Okay, so I've been in the spot-
light some, too... Not so much,
lately. Took time off. Actress.

SKY:

Figures!

Wendy pulls out, swings one hundred eighty degrees taking the lane headed on back to L.A. . She talks as she drives.

WENDY:

Maybe saw me in A Dance Too Deep?
No. Fire and Ice? That Love Thing?
Okay, so not exactly blockbusters.
Mostly click flicks, ha. You'd dig
Fire on Ice though. Play a former
ice dance Olympic champ who stum-
bles on this crazy government pro-
gram to make cyborgs designed to..

SKY:

(grinning, at her)
That's plain whack. What she do,
cut them up with her skate blades..

Goaded, Wendy, whips into the passing lane, flies by cars.

WENDY:

As a matter of fact... . You can
lie, anytime, you know?

Sky amused gaze on her turns to astonished disbelief. Keeping eyes on her, he leans back deep into his seat, smug. Repeatedly, Wendy eyes dart from the road suspiciously back onto him.

SKY:
Knew your name was familiar..

WENDY:
So you did see...

SKY:
(in wondrous disdain)
Arthur Dey's daughter. *The lawyer.*

Wendy's foot pushes down on the accelerator, more.

WENDY:
You say it like I got the plague.

SKY:
Big scandal, why you took time off.

WENDY:
Can't pick your folks, right, huh?

SKY:
Touche. Mmm, you..., *got it.*

WENDY:
Now what I got? Social disease?

SKY:
No, ha. Them lawyer daughter eyes.

With them, she stares scathingly discerning at him. Flicks, with an actor's theatrics, her head back ahead on the road. In awkward silence, she rips by cars, trucks, other vehicles.

SKY: (cont'd)
(sarcastic lopsided smile)
Fire on the Road. Now *there's* a
part *says* meant for you... !

EXT. FREEWAY SHOTS OF MOVING TALON - EARLY TO LATE EVENING

Wendy crosses over two lanes, cuts perilously close in front of a far right lane car, onto the Pacific Coast Freeway exit.

Various views on the Talon blazing it's winding way up the coast along the freeway within sight of the Pacific Ocean.

With evening sun low over ocean, Talon turns off the Coast freeway at an exit sign indicating ahead a beach cave area.

INT. INSIDE THE DODGE TALON - MOMENTS LATER

Sky leaning forward, cranes his neck to look out the windows at their current road travelling location.

SKY:
Never been this way before..

WENDY:
Sure you haven't! Ha..

SKY:
Where you accosting me?

WENDY:
Away...

SKY:
Away? Away from.., what?

WENDY:
Everything! Youse grouse self.

SKY:
That me, not the normal.. . Won't
like any me on an empty stomach!

WENDY:
Who says I like any you right now?
Don't worry. Got food in back. Men!

Sky mouths ouch, laughs. He blindfold masks his eyes with his hands. Opens a crack in his fingers to peek at her. Removes his hands from his eyes. Shakes his head ruefully playful.

SKY:
O beware the wicked scorn of women!

To Sky, unexpectedly softening, Wendy takes one hand off the steering wheel to caress Sky's hair. Car swerves sharply. Sky thrusts one hand onto the steering wheel, helping steady it.

SKY: (cont'd)
Wherever you taking me, let's get
there in one piece, okay?

EXT. CANYON CLIFF BEACH PARKING LOT- EVENING

Talon pulls into a ground and loose stone parking lot on a low bluff above a long arcing beach with tall cliff faces running along behind it. Wendy and Sky get out of the Talon.

Wendy goes to the car's trunk. Sky stretches beside the car. She opens the trunk, pulls out a stuffed backpack, drops it at Sky's feet, heads off for a natural gap in the buff that leads down to the beach. Sky loosens up some more, sees her get a ways off, jogs on over to her to catch up.

SKY:
What the hurry?

WENDY:
Ways to go. Don't want to get all trapped by the tide, now do we, ha, when it comes back in.

SKY:
Sounds..., dangerous.

WENDY:
Thought you like that...

SKY:
Yeah, when know which way is down.

WENDY:
Well you don't know me..

SKY:
You telling me you're danger, besides in the air and on the road?

WENDY:
(glibly merry)
What do you think?

SKY:
(smiling)
Don't make it too hard to guess.

She gives him a quirky smile, starts racing down the beach. Sky watches her, sway, a few seconds, charges on after her.

EXT. RUGGED, CLIFF BACKED BEACH NEAR CAVE - WHILE LATER

Wendy emerges around a bend near the cliff face, slowing from a run out of breath. Sky, pack on, emerges just behind, catches, grasps her about the waist from behind, twists her down around to land on the sand. He flips, falls a few feet past.

SKY:
(gasping, laughing)
You're a danger hard to catch, too.
We here? Don't see nothing special.

Wendy gets to her knees and points to a four by two foot dark gap in the cliff-face wall, part hidden by boulders, scrubs. Sun's low over the horizon, tide's stopped going farther out.

SKY: (cont'd)
That? Not crazy about tight spots.

WENDY:
Insides of planes don't bother you.

SKY:
Yeah but sky..for Sky just outside!
This lot more like Jase's thing.

Wendy curiously regards him. She's struck by an odd thought.

WENDY:
(peculiarly earnest)
Maybe him tucked inside, what?

Sky, shaken, shudders in distraught. Eyes her hard, warily.

WENDY: (cont'd)
(appalled great regret)
Strike that! Please! Don't know
what got into me to say that. Maybe
a get-back, don't know. Forgive me!

Sky ceases glaring seeing she's aghast. Looks aloofly away.

SKY:
(looking back on her)
Yeah well, owed me one. You really
want me, us, to go in there.

Wendy nods, tempting, alluring but comforting gleam in eyes.

WENDY:
Scared of something after-all huh?
Being trapped. Be okay, don't fret -
I'll protect you from your fears.

SKY:
(laughing)
But who'll protect me from you!?

INT. ENTERING, THROUGH, IN, CAVE INTERIOR - MOMENTS LATER

From dark cave interior, view looks out it's narrow opening. Broad shaft of red sunlight beams tapering swath of light in. In the gap coming in, Wendy ahead and Sky haltingly behind, block out in-streaming light into body matched long shadows.

Wendy snaps on the bright cave flashlight in her hand, illuminates the bend in the cave's path that curves into blackness, and, a small stream that gurgles down the middle of the cave. Water drips from the ceiling. Sky's gulp resonates loudly.

WENDY:
 (chuckling)
 Don't be a baby! Something not so
 so far, I want you see.

Sky takes her trailing hand, relaxes some. She leads him deeper into the blackness but for what's lit by the narrow beam. They round a couple more bends. They see upon the side of the next bend, light coming in from somewhere beyond the bend.

Sky surges ahead of Wendy, surprising her. Cave becomes cavernous. Slim shafts of light from the outside sky pour, puncture, down through fissures, slivers, in the cave ceiling. Amberd by near sunset light, everywhere smooth crystalline ceiling, walls, floor, stream, glisten, reflect shards of light.

Wendy smiles at Sky's wonder-struck amazement.

WENDY: (cont'd)
 See, not so bad!

Sky kneels by the brook, runs a hand through the cool water.

SKY:
 This your hideaway or something?

WENDY:
Isn't it. Place I go when I want to
 get away from it all. Pretty soon,
 you'll know *all* my secrets.

SKY:
 (standing, smirkily grins)
All? That even possible...?

Wendy breezily brings her body, face up next close to his.

WENDY:
 (whispers in his ear)
 Got a start on it, okay? How about
 you tell another one of yours?

SKY:
 Okay, happen to know the Earth's
 really flat, after all.

She brings her head back directly in front of his, perplexed with the riddled obscurity of his answer.

WENDY:

Oooo. How so?

SKY:

One goes walking along this world, minding one's own business. Next thing you know, you fall right off the edge, into the void. Ha. Don't spread it around.., cause a panic.

He picks up a stone, throws it into the brook.

WENDY:

Oh, *philosophizing* comic, no less, uh? But no, not going to get off the hook so easy! Fair's fair. Maybe you can tell me how come why you became some kind of hermit crab?

Sky looks off over her shoulder, light reflects off the brook, ripples across his face, distorting it.

SKY:

Isn't that obvious...

WENDY:

Yes, no. People say I'm good at reading people. And I's heard, around, ha, that you got, *and some*.

Sky's gaze, now attentive, returns back full on her.

WENDY: (cont'd)

Think you be blaming yourself, feeling somehow, responsible, for your dad's disappearing act, maybe other stuff, too. Took awhile, that to catch up to you. So already hitched up on that wagon then now you bro..

SKY:

Wait a minute. Jackson put you up to this?

WENDY:

That supposed to ring my bell?

SKY:

Captain Jackson. L.A. central?

WENDY:

Him? Know what's in the Times, TV news. Uh, what *put* my dad through..

Sky peers deeply into her, looks unsure of what exactly seems to be the entire truth, as what he can read of her, but for..

SKY:

Not on Jackson's dole, anyway..

WENDY:

Gee, thanks for that slim vote of confidence. Um, you need to express what's eating you up to s.., to me.

Sky's lapses into deep, tumblingly conflicted thought. Wendy places her hand on his shoulder. Chamber fast is growing dimly lit as last remanding rays of setting sun fall into it.

WENDY: (cont'd)

Good as time as any, huh? Ha. Plus I only charge half as much a therapist. Ha. Save you some couch time.

SKY:

(rueful grin solemn edged)
You a pit-bull in a former life?
Okay, okay. I do got a *sense* of things.., just not clear as day. Something about dad *is* to do with me, me and Jase, only don't know what. Something to do with Jase *is* about me, but don't know what.

WENDY:

And family may just have the crazy gene too! Ha. See, good at it, too.

Sky shakes head, laughs, at her ever growing amazing wonder.

SKY:

Maybe, detective work should be your calling, after all.

Wendy's flashlight's become nearly the only illumination left inside the now ghostly shadowed cavern. Sky looks about the cavern into it's darkened recesses. He shivers. Wendy puts both her arms around him, rubs one of his arms to warm him.

WENDY:

What is it?

SKY:

Whoever got Jase thinks he can play God games with me. Control everything. Do anything to *anyone* in my world. Sure you want to be with me?

Wendy cradles a hand behind Sky's neck. Her lips move slowly in toward his, his in to join hers. They kiss. Kiss goes on..

Sky begins to break down, starts crumbling upon his knees. Wendy's arms tighten on him, prevent him falling, steady him.

SKY: (cont'd)

Knew something was wrong. Just let him go, go. How can I live with that? Look myself in the mirror?

WENDY:

Fight back. Like today, jumping. In yourself, trust. Find a way. Long as you resist, can't control you.

SKY:

Jase for starters, opening move. No knowing what, who, be next. Got the cards all stacked in his favor. Try nail a shadow in the dark. Can't. I resist, he'll escalate. No winning.

WENDY:

Sure a guy. No doubt, there's been whole lots of jaded ladies...

Sky concedes her a chuckle, spark of fire in his eye.

SKY:

Sure enough been a few here, there.

WENDY:

(laughing)

That's the Sky who can get it on.

Only light in the cave now is from her flashlight. She flicks it off, throwing the cavern pitch black. Sky catches a gasp.

WENDY: (cont'd)

(unseen, only heard)

Don't worry. I'll protect you.

SKY:

Get a guarantee on that? The tide..

WENDY:

We won't be, *that*, long.....

SKY:

Speak for yourself, ha.

His laughter resonates, re-echoing in the darkness.

EXT. OUT ON THE BEACH NEAR THE CAVE - NIGHT

Slimmest of rising crescent moon night on the beach, looming shape of the cliffs near the cave faintly discernible. Tide's fast coming in. Already its near right up to the steep cliff. Sky and Wendy sit on the ever narrowing beach space before a fast diminishing campfire surrounded by stacked beach stones.

SOUNDTRACK...

(fades up low, continues)

*..summer breeze makes me feel fine,
must be the Jasmine in my mind...*

Last remains of sandwiches, crumbled ball cellophane wrappings lie between them. They sip from mugs with some beverage in them. Sky flicks the last dredges of liquid out his cup, gets up, watches tide consume more beach twenty yards off.

SKY:

Time to go.

WENDY:

And what spoil the moment?

SKY:

(winking at her)

Think drowning will do the same,
don't you think?

Sky's gaze falls mesmerizingly on the fire's smoke shadows. To Sky, Jase waveringly materializes in them over the fire.

Figure turns from Sky to look, attracted, wonderingly upon Wendy. Lets out a silent low whistle, turns back facing Sky, smirking. Chidingly, he tips his hat at Sky. Next, slides it down over his eyes, face, when, the rest of "him" gets blown asunder by a brisk cold wind.

When Sky feels Wendy's eye drilling on him.

WENDY:

You saw..., something, just now?

SKY:

Feel he's alive. Having fun messing
around even when his bod's MIA.

WENDY:

Wowsa. Knew bond between twins is
strong but. So why can't he just..

Sky shakes his head like saying, *not so clear-cut as that.*

SKY:

Mostly me picking up vibes, what he'd think, do, feel, he were here. But felt the thread, faint like music from an almost sealed lead box.

WENDY:

Thread...?

SKY:

Some forces in life go beyond understanding. Going call the Guinnesss peeps, now are we?

WENDY:

(laughing)

No, why, *should* I.....?

SKY:

(laughing back)

Naw, get us *both* thrown in the looney bin! So, we can go? Fine.

Sky picks up, stows, their litterings in the backpack. Wendy takes the pack from him, gets out two couple foot long wooden torches, small can of lighter fluid and a sparker with slender neck. She sprays the torches with fluid, sets them ablaze.

She throws a hotly emblazed torch, it's flame blowing wildly about in the stout breeze, over at Sky. Not expecting it, he one hand catches it where its flame burns, burning himself. He bobbles, drops it to the sand where it remains ablaze. He picks it up, carefully.

SKY: (cont'd)

Anyone tell you not to play with fire?

WENDY:

No. You?.....

SKY:

Apparently big *no* here too.

He makes a snarky smirky face, hefts the backpack onto his shoulders, starts heading in on up the beach, Wendy the one this time who pauses to watch awhile before following behind.

EXT. ALONG BEACH NEARING THE PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Approaching the path going up to the parking lot, Kay and Sky walk along the narrow swath of beach not yet overrun by tide.

Wendy strides out right in front of Sky, turns to face him as he stops before her. She brings the swirling flame torch up close to his face. Its flickering light plays on Sky's face.

WENDY:

Kay?

SKY:

(with a quirky grin)
Name sounds sort of familiar...

WENDY:

Quite! Bill told me about her. You two got a long history, huh? So why you not with her then? Not here..

SKY:

Maybe didn't want her past the wall. Have to deal with the real retard I am.

WENDY:

Mean the boy inside that's afraid of getting trapped, afraid of shadows in the dark. Casting his own.

Wendy places her free hand's fingers on Sky's cheek, silkily caresses them over it. Torch in other hand sways unattentively unsteadied, flame drawing dangerously close to Sky's face.

Sky thrusts out his non-torch holding hand, places it over her hand on her torch, gaining part, steadying, control over it. He pushes it several inches safely away from his face.

SKY:

Don't get me wrong. Kay's great. Times we had, lolling on the beach, chilling it out on the town.. Firecracker too, her own way. Got a wicked comeback laced with scorn.

With her part hold on it, Wendy presses in her torch towards Sky against his partly yielding resistance. Torch comes to stalemate rest a few, just safe enough, inches from his face.

WENDY:

Sure she is... . Pretty, huh?
Bosom? Your type?

SKY:

Absolutely gorgeous. Out of this world sweet. Green eyes pretty as can be. Only, she can't let go...

SKY: (cont'd)
 (laughing)
 ..oh, not in *that* way..!

Aimed at him, Wendy applies more inward force on her torch. It inches closer to his face despite his straining resistance. His sparring smile begins to waver.

WENDY:
 What afraid I'll burn you.., again?

Sky summons, uses enough force on his hold of her torch to slowly draw it back, aside of his face. Wendy pulls her hand back off his cheek, extends the forefinger. She places the tip of that finger on his forehead, grinds it lightly there.

WENDY: (cont'd)
 SSzzzzz. Ha.

Her other hand, on her torch, slips away from under from Sky's hand upon it on off the torch. Sky's hand seizes the only hold on her torch before it falls to the ground. He brings her torch into the hold of his other hand, so that it holds both his own torch and hers, together.

Sky walks to the tide's edge, stoops and sweeps the two flaming torches in his one hand through the water, dousing them.

SKY:
 Enough playing with fire for one night...

WENDY:
 Not, quite. My vacation place is not so far. I promise to drive you back first thing in the morning.

SKY:
 Ah, but in one piece?.....

INT. FANCY DOWNTIME DINING ESTABLISHMENT - NIGHT

Well heeled cliental of couples, business associates, entertainment peeps, dine in a crowded elegant night club. At back on stage performs a pretty, young blonde woman singer. She's in midst of singing song: *Ain't No Sunshine When He's Gone*..

View finds Kay seated at a table with the man she was last seen with. On the white fine tablecloth, the man's expensive looking meal remains half-consumed. Kay's is hardly touched. The man picks listlessly at his food, mindful Kay's not eating. She drowns the half full glass of red wine in her hand.

A couple of empty bottles of an expensive red wine lie on the table. A kneeling waiter attending the next table rises up.

KAY:

Mr. waiter man, over here.

He comes over. Kay points at the wine bottles.

WAITER:

Another for the miss?

She nods. Her date touches together the tips of the spread apart fingers of both his hands. He tilts them up, down, up.

MAN:

Don't you think you've had enough?

No reply. She looks away, out the window near her that looks out into the dark of the night of the city outside.

EXT. FRONT PATHWAY TO WENDY'S VACATION HOME - NIGHT

Under black night on a front walk lit only by slender black lamp poles, Wendy and Sky walk up to the front doorway of her cosy looking vacation home. They stop in front of the door.

WENDY:

Well, here we are! Ha. Whew, what a whirlwind of a day. Never thought things whiz on by so.., fast.

SKY:

Skydiving for you, ha. Before you know it, got your lines entangled.

WENDY:

Think that what this is? One big mess of entangled lines? What now, want to cut them away? Be free..?

SKY:

(grinning satirically)
You mean this second? Long walk..

WENDY:

Brother, I got me a live one.. .

She fishes out her key, puts it in the keyhole, opens, holds open the door. Interior's pitch black. Queasy, Sky hesitates.

WENDY: (cont'd)

I'll protect you. Go on..

INT. WENDY'S VACATION HOME LIVING ROOM - NIGHT, LATER

Sky sits sunk well down into the corner of a plush red chest-erfield, Wendy on top his lap. She runs her hand through his hair. Living room's lit only by many lit red candles that are strewn all about. Sky eyes play around the room on them.

SKY:

(funnily serious)

You really do like things.., hot. Only hope you put fresh batteries in your smoke alarm? Speaking of.., got a fire extinguisher handy, fire-truck, squadron...?

WENDY:

What and put out the fire..? Don't think you want that, do you? No.

Sky kisses him on the lips. When their lips part, she keeps her head very close in to his. She whispers in his ear.

WENDY: (cont'd)

So why **are you** still here...?

SKY:

Guy's a guy, ha. Even when chips are down. Guess trouble, and especially gals, ha with problems, take a shine to me.. .

WENDY:

You *encourage* it, my guess.

SKY:

(laughing at that)

Not *only* that..

SKY: (cont'd)

(grows serious)

But, no joking, troubled people always getting attracted to, or, ha, against me, like I got in me some kind of like this searing gravity like I don't know, the Sun, what can scour them, cure them, I don't know, purify, help save them. Free them, cut them free from the bonds of their own disturbed gravity what binds them. So they can start fresh, anew. Ones that want it. Others plain like me gone.

WENDY:

Wow. So lot deeper than you seem.

WENDY: (cont'd)

That why you here. I'm the one who needs saving here..., you saying?

SKY:

Do you..? Ha. Maybe. But, think this time.., more like.., me. Cause the damnest thing is.., I feel what's in me could implode.., carry me away into...

WENDY:

The abyss, like maybe what took your father? So fly right into it's face huh to spite it. Why you jump. Why you got near no fear. Why you make light, fun, of everything?

SKY:

(grins)

Out there, can take me anytime it want. But hell how it frees the weight off me. Just wanting to live, be so alive. Not giving a..

WENDY:

Except.., today, almost had you!

SKY:

For first time. Weren't for you.

WENDY:

Make sure its the last time, uh?

Wendy laughs, at the oh so incredulously funny spectacular mass weight of it all. Sky joins in.

SKY:

Yeah it is pretty amazingly way out there, isn't it?

He screws up his face crazily, making him look as bizarrely goofy and idiotically spaced out as he can.

WENDY:

You're incorrigible.

She gets up off him. Drops her hand to him. He takes ahold of it, follows her gentle tug to stand up next to her. Lets her lead him to her bedroom, eyes albeit warily on the candles!

I/E. DREAM - CONTINUOUS

Wavering visually, the view looks down on the twin boys, JASE and SKY, eight years old, gleeful, as Sky chases Jase down a long hallway. THEY run on a beeline to pass on by their mom. She looks sternly amused at them, and verbally scolds them.

View at the kids' level sees JASE, laughing, swerve past her grasp. Right behind him, Sky runs to pass by his mom too but he's caught up in her grasping arms.

Sky looks very annoyed seeing JASON get away. He squirms and tries to break loose. He pinches the back of his mom's wrist, and she lets go of HIM. Sky charges back off after Jason, now nowhere in sight but he hears Jase laugh a ways ahead of him.

Sky slows to a walk, peers back for his mother's reassurance. But he can barely see her, then not at all, as all the space behind him darkens into blackness.

Off kilter view sees Sky, perplexed, walk briskly forward as the space ahead dissolves into nothing. He vanishes into it.

Sky walks up from the far end of a long, stark, spottily lit corridor. Lights flicker, threaten to fail. There's a hissing sound of loose electrical connections, and an acrid odor.

Surroundings resolve to a jail block. No-one's in the closed shut cells he passes. Cast through their iron bars into the corridor are shadows mingled with rays of stark naked light.

Partly screened by a smoky pale, Sky now appears naked as he comes to a standstill. Smoke flails from him in eddy swirls.

View sees SKY up close. He passes under the ceiling's single line of well spaced bare bulbs. Each explode in a splitter of sparks, go out, as he passes them, leave behind him darkness. HE stops, looks behind him at that black space without light.

He looks back forward, sees something indistinctly. Sky moves ahead toward a flash of movement behind what's now a solitary cell at the closed end of the corridor, tens of yards away.

Closer, Sky makes out shrouded in smoky shadowed haze, the indistinct figure of a man. Out through the bar gaps, he holds onto the cell door. Sky's wide-open eyes gawk at him.

The figure beyond the door leans forward to reveal the slim cowboy hat he wears as it's brim pokes through the bars. His shrouded face becomes clear enough for Sky to see it's Jase.

Jase smiles at Sky, too widely, as if contrived, controlled.

JASE:
 (satiric, mirthful mouths)
 Save me brother.

Sky tilts his head aside, confused, confused more as Jase smiles more assuredly odd, like at an inside joke. In slurred motion, Jase swings free one arm towards the back of his cell at a flickering play of orange red light and smoky shadows.

Sky gasps discerning the fire that growls and grows, nears.

Sky tries to grab the one arm of Jason yet protruding out the bars but the gap between them widens inexplicably. Sky runs harder, desperate to bridge the gap faster than it grows.

Smokes pours out the door. The fire leaps up to the cell's ceiling, rolls forward along it until it's right over Jase.

JASE: (cont'd)
 (laughingly implores..)
 Save me brother ?! Ha.., Huh?

Jase's twists his face half-ways back to see the fire. His cool wavers into fear, image of the flames cast in his eyes. Horror consumes Sky's own eyes. Jase turns back, thrusts his arm out the bars to join his other. They reach out for Sky.

With every ounce of energy left, Sky lunges over the couple yards left between them. One hand grabs one of Jase's arms. Smoke heavily pours around them. The heat's intense.

Sky's other hand grabs a bar to hold. With shocked surprise, instantly burnt, and, frozen! Sky lets go of it. He recovers to use it to grab a second firm hold on Jase's arms.

Jase eyes Sky, afraid, resigned, sad but glad Sky's with him.

SKY:
 I'm here, brother. Anything I can..

Jase at last smiles a real smile, tinged with sorrow regret.

JASE:
 Nothing.. . But be here... .

SKY:
 Not enough! Must be something I..

JASE:
 ..can do to save me. Not this time.
 Wish to God there was, for you.

SKY:
 There's always a way, somehow... .
 Nothing huh.. You not afraid?

JASE:
 (managing a grin)
 Somewhat terrified. *What can you
 do?* You the one who don't scare.

SKY:
 Plenty scared now.. .

JASE:
 (managing to jest)
 Yeah, living without me won't be
 easy for you.

SKY:
 Afraid for me then, huh? Got the
 same blood in us to the end, huh?

JASE:
 Afraid you won't let go... You got
 to let go, now! Or we both go down.

SKY:
 I..., can't !! ..just...

A wind tugs just on Jason, thrusts at him towards the fire. Flames are unaffected. Wind grows stronger, strains Jase's arm holds on the bars and Sky's hold on his arms and hands. Jase's feet and legs lift off the ground, fly out behind him.

SKY: (cont'd)
 Got to hold on. Hold! Jesus Jase,
 I'll pull you the bars I have to!

An opposite wind tugs back away from the cell against Sky. Its counterpart tears the opposite way at Jase. Sky's own legs lift under him, fly back behind him. Jase's arms unhook about the bars but Sky hands grab his before he's flung back. Jase's cowboy hat is yanked off his head back into the fire.

Jase's fingers begin to let go one by one despite Sky's hold. View watches Sky's own fingers begin to lose their grip. Sky gives Jase an embracing look.

SKY: (cont'd)
 (coughing in smoke)
 Love you bro. I'm sorry, sorry I..

Sky breath is taken away in hurricane force wind, the gagging smoke. Exposed skin is being singed by bright flame embers.

The two brothers peer focused now only on each other eyes. They smile, for each other. Jase winks as his last fingers break free. He starts flying into the fire as Sky's slammed through the air in the opposite way back down the corridor.

JASE:
Good bbyeee, Skyiiii.... .

Sky sees Jase pass into the fire, through it unconsumed until the obscurity of fire and smoke blocks all view of him.

Corridor becomes a vertical shaft Sky spirals down through at high speed. Space dissolves into blue ocean. He's drowning.

INT. WENDY'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING STILL DARK OUT

View looks on Sky lying face-up in bed. His eyes open, startled. Gasping, he bends forward quickly to sit up in bed, bed coverings tossed aside. Wider view sees Wendy, in a silk red negligee awaken shaken beside Sky. Seeing Sky, she calms.

WENDY:
(poking him in side)
Oh, shit, you scared me! Sky, what is it? Have a nightmare?

SKY:
Hold me. Just hold me.. .

WENDY:
Poor darling, Wendy's here. It's alright, alright, ha.

SKY:
Glad you're here.

WENDY:
More glad than if Kay was?..

No answer, but a irksome twinkle in Sky's eyes.

WENDY: (cont'd)
Want to talk about it?

Sky weakly smiles. He sinks back down to lie face-up in bed beside Wendy, lapses into prolonged pondering frown. Wendy snuggles up to him. Sky stares mutely at the ceiling. Wendy caresses her hand back and forth across this chest.

April Wine song, I'm On Fire For You, begins playing softly.

Lying sideways, Wendy raises up her head up over Sky's head.

WENDY: (cont'd)
 You know I can be bought..ha, but I
 don't come cheap!

Sky slowly breaks into smile.

SKY:
 Never figured you'd be.. .

WENDY:
 Yep, expect all your heart and
 soul, and mind, all mine.. .

SKY:
 (grinning)
 What not cash, mansion, fast cars?
 Sounds pretty steep for..., **me!**

WENDY:
 Oh, want those too, ha! No, I mean
 it. All of you or all bets are off.

SKY:
 Oh you are a cruel wicked woman!

WENDY:
 Cruel to be kind..

SKY:
Very kind..... ?

WENDY:
 Very!

SKY:
 Well then, I'll think about it.

WENDY:
 Don't think long...

She turns away onto her other side, haughtily. Sky turns on
 his side too next to her. He whispers in her ear.

SKY:
 Don't imagine I will. Boy, but you
 are something else.

WENDY:
 Think I have what you need, maybe.

SKY:
*Could be the start of a beautiful
 relationship.*

Sky lies back flat down, solemn. Wendy snuggles back up against him, content yet worried. Her sleepy eyes droop. Sky's stare at the blank space of the ceiling.

Wendy reaches one arm over to him, lands her hand softly on his forehead. It sinks down over his eyebrows. Her fingers gently pull his eyelids close. Her own eyes close.

WENDY:
It'll be alright.

SKY:
Only wish...

She places one of her fingers over his mouth. Half asleep, she slides over top on Sky, pins her elbows either side of his head, hovers low over him. She slowly sinks down on him.

She blows into his ear, nibbles it, takes a sharp nip. Sky, startled, winces. Moment later Sky abruptly flips her over underneath him. Kisses profusely her neck, cheeks, mouth. View de-focuses into a blur.

EXT. WENDY'S BACK BALCONY - MORNING

View remains a blur, but brightens. A morning radio male deejay radio host is heard:

DEEJAY:
Hello Los Angeles! What a scorcher we got out there this morning! Talk about scorching, baby, we got the hottest new hits here on WOBI-FM. First got to pay the bills. Back in two with this week's chart topper.

View resolves to a back balcony perched over a steep cliff facing the ocean. Freshly *clean-slaved*, wearing but shorts, Sky sits precariously on top one corner of the balcony's sides. He watches the low on horizon Sun, scans the waves.

Wendy, in the red negligee but with a loose red robe dangling over it, enters the open glass door entrance just enough to stop there, lean against the edge of one of the glass doors.

Gusty breeze catches her loose robe, flutters it wide open. She hardly notices. She watches Sky intently. He hops off the ledge, goes and picks up a deck strewn shirt. Pulls it on.

WENDY:
Going somewhere.... ? Ha.

SKY:
 (as irons out neck kink)
 Things to do. It's...um, personal.

Wendy comes over to Sky, lays her elbow on his shoulder, and leans in on him to pin him tightly up against the abyss side.

WENDY:S
 Yah? Something *better* than me, *Kay*?

Sky smiles. He kisses Wendy on the cheek as he deftly slides around her, goes by. Support gone, Wendy awkwardly stumbles forward towards the abyss. Without looking back, Sky extends an arm behind him and grabs one of her arm, steadies her.

Sky lets go, resumes heading for the exit. Wendy rushes in front of him, blocks the entrance ahead of him. The last of the radio commercials end.

DEEJAY:
 Hey, all you L.A. darlings, take a listen to this: **There's Something**, the new one by **Lighthouse**. It's blazed it's the way to the top of the charts. Yeah, like an out of control wildfire up in the Hills.

WENDY:
 About your brother, right?

SKY:
 Just trust me.

WENDY:
 Ha, do sheep trust wolves?

SKY:
 (feigns wide-eyes, smiles)
You a sheep?

WENDY:
 You are coming back, right? Like I need the bother. Ha.

Wendy grudgingly slides aside. Sky kisses her head.

SKY:
 Yah. *Maybe*. Save me some leftovers.

He grins, bemused, unfathomable irksome. Abruptly he messes with her hair. He's puzzled Wendy doesn't protest. More surprised as Wendy grabs the back of his hair, tilts his head back, and kisses him smotheringly until he pulls her off him.

Sky ponders her. Leans in near her ear as he brushes by her.

SKY: (cont'd)
Say Kay, who?....

Wendy watches Sky jaunt out of sight through the doorway.

EXT. FREEWAY - MORNING

From a view from above, SKY's open roof, red mustang traces a path through downtown L.A. roads.. .

EXT. FREEWAY - MORNING

Mustang races down a freeway, the city being left behind. Sky, troubled, guides the car by instincts, reflex, rather than by conscious control.

CUT TO:

SKY looks at himself in the rear view mirror, his mirror glasses re-reflects his own image. Sky turns on the radio.

The song There's Something begins playing.

(MORE)