

Superhero Sunman - Born of Fire and Sky  
Part 2 (2nd movie) of Sunman's origin story  
feature movie script  
Characters and screenplay by Carman Keddy  
c2021

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EXT. FREEWAY - MORNING

Fade in, exact replay of first Sunman movie's ending as the song heard then on the soundtrack, *There's something*, plays..

Sky stands on the shoulder of a freeway, hitching a ride, arm extended out, thumb in hand poking up on display for the cars whizzing by. He throws at them his most compelling smile.

A few more cars flash by. One heavy duty, brand new, shining red Ford truck screams off onto the shoulder a ways past Sky.

Elated, Sky jogs to the truck cab, opens the passenger door, is amazed to see an attractive red-hair woman's the driver.

REDHEAD:

What you waiting for, *an invitation?* Hop on in.

SKY:

Don't even know where I'm headed.

The redhead looks him over more than a little taken by him.

REDHEAD:

Go wherever you want to go honey.

Sky shakes his head, in fascination.. *always the same thing!*

SKY:

How about next used carlot you see?

REDHEAD:

Sure you don't want to go farther..

Sky grins a warm letdown no. Woman sighs, rips the truck back onto the freeway. Sky grabs hold of the hand hold. She looks over at him, too amused for Sky's liking, at his discomfort.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF L.A. USED CAR LOT - MID MORNING

Sky stands in midst of a used carlot in a run-down corner of outskirts L.A., red truck cab pulling off onto an off freeway road. The redhead waves her hand back at him. Sky waves back.

Sky watches the truck cab recede, turns his attention on the motley bunch of used cars in the lot. Seedy man in an ill fitting suit waddles his way on over to Sky, stops close in back of him. He puts his arm around Sky's shoulders.

USED CAR SALESMAN:  
 Real beauties, ah? Now I ever see a  
 young man got a keen sense of cars,  
 that'd be you, sir. In the biz long  
 enough, can tell that right off.

SKY  
*I'm sure you can....* . Hum, don't  
 got a lot to spend.

USED CAR SALESMAN:  
 Now you seem a nice young fellow,  
 think I got me some sweet wheels  
 for you for a steal of a deal.

He starts to smugly head off towards an old rundown tan Ford Duster. Sky allows him to go. Man stops few yards off, turns, waves back encouragingly for Sky to follow. Sky shakes his head, amused, shuffles up to him. They go up to the Duster.

USED CAR SALESMAN: (cont'd)  
 (winding polished pitch)  
 Got some miles on her, other than..

SKY:  
 Take her.

USED CAR SALESMAN:  
 What? Not even going to look her..

SKY:  
 (grinning, winking)  
 No need to, *right*? How much..?

USED CAR SALESMAN:  
 Four..., three..., thou..

Salesman wavers, looking over his such a likeable, trusting, no fuss, customer, feels a strong rush of guilty conscience.

USED CAR SALESMAN: (cont'd)  
 You know kid, took a real shine to  
 you first thing. For you, let her  
 go for a, seven fifty. Er may like  
 to get her brakes checked. And, er,  
 holes in the gas tank. Suspension..

SKY:  
 (smiling wryly)  
 Sure to be sure to. Take a cheque?

USED CAR SALESMAN:  
*Good for it?* Ah, ah. Got us a deal.

He thrusts his hand in Sky's, shakes it vigorously, relieved. Sky smiles warmly, making salesman suspicious he's been had.

EXT. DESERT FREEWAY OUT OF LOS ANGELES - EARLY AFTERNOON

Sky's beat-off Ford Duster plies speedily but wobbly down a freeway out of the city being fast left behind. Troubled, Sky guides it by instinct, reflex rather than conscious control. Beaute sits in the front passenger seat, stares out at cars.

SKY looks at himself in the rear view mirror. Mirror glasses re-reflects his own image. Sky turns on the radio. High view follows the Duster stream passing on by a number of vehicles in the torrid stream of traffic leaving Los Angeles.

EXT. DILAPIDATED GARAGE - AROUND HIGH NOON

Duster heads down a rutted, old, two lane desert highway, towards a dilapidated gas station and garage with a large lot of untended brush, near full of older vintage sport-cars.

Pulls off the road into the garage lot, amidst the old cars.

Grimy faced, sweaty, wiry Mexican, oily rag in one hand, the other a soiled wrench, emerges from the gas station building. Stops just outside it, eyes warily the wreck of a Duster, the back Sky's head in the driver seat, looking the opposite way.

Sky turns his mirrored sunglass eyes over onto the mechanic. Seeing Sky, man breaks into smile. Walks over to greet him. Beaute sits up in front seat where lying, he'd been hidden.

MEXICAN MECHANIC:

Long time, no see... Go got lost somewhere? Forget about Jose.

SKY:

You mean the best damn mechanic this side of the Sun? No way! Ha.

JOSE:

To bring piece o shit into my gar..

SKY:

Fixed it enough to get me here. Ha. Thought you'd like a challenge hey.

Sky grins irksomely. Eyes drift off Jose to the Mexican girl, slim, pretty, about sixteen, just come out of the garage. She waves meekly but merrily over at Sky. Sky waves back, winks.

SKY: (cont'd)  
Your girl's become a real looker.

JOSE:  
Desert water makes for good bloom.

Sky laughs along with Jose. With gleam in eyes, looks at him.

SKY:  
So you still got her?..

JOSE:  
I got her.. ? Who pays me to keep her, uh? Sure I got! All one hundred percent meano machine of her.

SKY:  
Need to take her out awhile. Out into the desert. She up to that?

JOSE:  
Desert? Over hundred ten degrees out there. Real hard on the engine. Why you'd be.., not going to see, um.. . *That* such a good id? Had it pretty rough. Rough enough, huh?..

Sky shifts uneasily, looks off away into the arid scrubland. He looks back at Jose, worried, squinting at Sky, sun being right over in back of him.

SKY:  
(coaxing but wry smile)  
I'll go easy on her, for sure.

JOSE:  
(with ironic thin grin)  
When you ever take it easy on anything! Yourself? Near three months fixing her up last time.

SKY:  
(jokingly)  
Don't think I've mellowed none?

Jase gravely shakes his head, a *definite no*. Sky laughs. He takes his sunglasses off, with a wrist flick flips the arms together shut, slips the glasses into a shirt pocket.

SKY: (cont'd)  
You worry way too much, mon amigo Jose. Bring her back in a few days.

SKY: (cont'd)

I'm done, you go soup her up back  
good as new. *Better...*

JOSE:

*Anything left of her....*

Jose is hesitant. Sky nods him towards a garage building. The man begins slowly trudging away to it. Sky smiles behind him.

JOSE: (cont'd)

No rush, aye Jose?

Jose pauses in his tracks, irked, wily wise deep in thought.

JOSE: (cont'd)

You best not be soo anxious to be  
getting there. Watch yourself. He's  
liable to walk the plank, take you  
with. What's done, done and gone.

Jose wipes his hands like away of whatever past there is...  
He begins to resume his trudge. Slows even that to quip...

JOSE: (cont'd)

Ain't no point looking for trouble.

Jose stops to regard his daughter, posed in a corner of the station's doorway, drawing Sky's eyes her way. She smiles, waves again at Sky. View on her becomes watery, wavering..

EXT. DESERTED HIGHWAY MIDST OF DEATH VALLEY - LATE AFTERNOON

..becomes blue water mirage floating on the far horizon of a crumbling, long thin stretch of Route 66 amid parched desert.

Yellow jalopy emerges into view from far right travelling to left. It races at high speed towards the mirage. View out the car's windshield spies the constantly ever distant mirage.

Air's still, dry, hot. Expanse all around low barren desert shimmering under blazing sun in cloudless sky. Few beads of sweat drip down Sky's forehead, down beneath his sunglasses, down his cheeks, off his chin, as he drives. Beaute's tongue hangs out droopily as the dog pants, head hung out over the car side catching what little cooling wind of motion it can.

Jalopy passes through the view down Route 66 west at the Sun.

EXT. DESERT HOME DWELLING AND COMPLEX - EVENING

View fades up to more desert landscape along Route 66, but Sun in evening sky is lower and more suspended sand reddened.

Yellow jalopy heads towards a hanger structure on the far west horizon. Sun glints bright off its silver metal skin. A few small structures and an adobe home dwelling are near it.

Sky watches the complex of buildings to his right grow. At their dirt road entrance, swings on into it at speed, swerves in an arc completely around, comes to screeching tire stop.

Emerging from the home, obscured eerily amid the desert sand fog sent up by the car, is a sullen man, forties with a sharp keen edge in his eyes. He stops, stares hard awhile at the car. Slowly grinds his way to it. Entire time Sky looks away.

Nearing the car, the man casts a withering look through Sky. Sky shifts uncomfortably *feeling* it burn right through him.

Beaute jumps out of the jalopy, goes to greet the man. Stops a few feet before reaching him, uncertain of him. Sky turns his head around to look on the man. Lifetime of troubled history passes between them. Arid smile spreads over Sky's face.

SKY:

Unc. Blue bulldog age since last..

MAN:

(harshly)

Why you coming around here? Now.

SKY:

(tauntly)

You not heard, Nate?

NATE (NATHAM ANDERSON):

Yea, heard all right. Ain't that far out in the woods..

Sky looks around at the lifeless desert with nothing astir.

SKY:

(grins wryly)

..woods?

NATE:

Expectin' me to help you out? Then come to the wrong place. This here's Death Valley. Don't call it that for nothing...

SKY:

(laughing)

Lowest middle of nowhere in all the U.S. of A. to boot. Still bottling up the hostility, I see.

NATE:  
Mind my own business, that what you  
mean.. . Others should right enough  
mind their own.

SKY:  
(grinning sagely)  
Meaning me...

NATE:  
(with disconcerting smile)  
You, Sky, most of all!

SKY:  
How you figure.. ? I'm blood.

NATE:  
Bloody nuisance right enough agree.  
You'd 'cuse me, got work to do.

Nate starts to go. Sky flings open his car door, pops out of the car, goes to Nate, arrests his departure by a restraining hand-hold locked on his arm. Beaute jumps out, stays nearby.

SKY:  
Damndest thing, need you. So don't  
turn your back on me, on the fami-  
ly. This time, now. While Jase is..

NATE:  
(indifferent, avert eyes)  
Not my concern. Your turn come  
around. Nothing I can do.

Sky spins around to face him close up.

SKY:  
No, huh? So what's your concern?  
Yourself? Huh. Ever since.....

NATE:  
None your damn business. Like I  
said. You want to know something,  
what.., profound? Here it is. You,  
I, can't change one goddamn thing!

Nate's harsh demeanor crumbles, becomes sadly apologetic.

NATE: (cont'd)  
What.., happens.., to you. Me.

SKY:  
Ah, the power of positive thinking.

NATE:

Ain't got so much that yourself,  
uh? Oh heard about the mighty Sky  
come crashing down. Hanging about.  
So don't you go round thinkin' you  
so different! You come here expect-  
in' me tell you, all gonna be al-  
righty right. Oh, that you'll glide  
on by through this like everything  
else come before. Well, ain't like  
that. Anyone knows, that'd be me!

Wild eyed, Nate grabs Sky wincingly hard on both shoulders.

NATE: (cont'd)

Tellin' you just so you don't go  
hanging onto false hope. Cause,  
you'll go on alright, like me, but  
you ain't never goin' be the same..

Nate leans in uncomfortably very close, his eyes slicing dead  
on into Sky's. He points at his own head, finger spiralling.

NATE: (cont'd)

Cus, always gonna burn inside *here!*

He backs away. Abruptly pokes his head back towards Sky once,  
pointing at Sky's head, then his. Resumes drifting away.

SKY:

You saying, ..no hope. For Jase?

NATE:

Listen but don't hear! Can't change  
nothing, nothing that already done.  
Can't speak for the future, you?

SKY:

What if maybe *I can...*, some..

NATE:

So do all could, can? *More..?* Sat-  
isfied? Got blame all out your sys-  
tem, taking it out on yourself? No?

SKY:

***More? ..than I can?*** That a riddle?

NATE:

Not only one got the third eye. So  
close but can't see his own face.  
Hope *be* had, it *be* there. ***If past  
ain't already swallowed it up away.***

SKY:  
How I do anything? No trace, nothing tangible to find, fight, but a shadow. No control over anything.

NATE:  
But over yourself, huh?

SKY:  
You one to talk! Whatever the hell you do when dad went missing? *Your* twin. Your other half!

NATE:  
So you be wanting to be me, then? Be all my regrets all over again?

Nate runs his hands down his own chest, sweeping hands then away right off of him, like wanting be rid of himself, in the past. His eyes become watery, in his regret, in memories.

NATE: (*cont'd*)  
You know why. Thing you feel. Figure, runs in blood. Crazy streak. Grows, gets strong, one day, takes us off, one at a time. Find never after. Or survive, one way, other.

Sky's indignant response reflex conflicts his same doubts.

SKY:  
Saying you, I, think. Jase own do..

NATE:  
Thought was no use to try, then. Been nothing to prove me wrong. Got the blind spot, could not see. Nothing cept he was gone, all left behind dry, desolate as desert wind.

SKY:  
So why you here still eating yourself from the insides out?

Nate's angry glare turns wryly glum, despairingly arid.

NATE:  
*Why the wind blow? Just do. 'Cept path we be sent on, we choose.*

Sullen, he pats Sky on the shoulder, summons a weary smile, hints of former gleam back in his eyes. Walks off, out of the view on Sky and westward beyond him towards near setting sun.

Through Sky's eyes, see Nate recede his eastward way towards the wide open hanger building. In the distance, long shadows are cast off a range of mountains miles away. Steel hanger is now enshrouded in a uniform sunset ruddy hue. Inside the hanger, glimpsed from afar, all manner of odd shape contraptions.

Sky's view from afar looks about the objects. Sky shakes his head wondrous. He grins, takes off for the hanger behind his uncle. Travelling before both their own long cast shadows.

Nate enters hanger, disappears within behind metallic, composite, plastic, all manner, of heaps of sophisticated construction. Behind long bench tables full of tools, manufacturing equipment, among levels of wall supported shelving packed to the rafters with more stuff. Even the ceiling suspends from various length of steel cables, scale model futuristic craft.

Among the grounds are artistic sculptures formed of pieces of hued glass, mirrors, lenses, prisms, odds and ends chunks of metal, wood, rock, junk, desert bone. Some of them catch bits of faded sun especially the suspended or moving part mobiles.

Sky pauses a few yards in front of the hanger. Kneels, picks up a handful of parched sand, stands. Lofts the sand into the air, observes the stout evening breeze swirl it ghostly away.

Sky turns to face the hanger, sees Nate come back to the open entrance. A wryly stern smirk on his face, Nate chides him.

NATE: (cont'd)

Think you were thirteen still.

Sky comes up to him.

SKY:

Well unc, the way I feel sometimes, still. Can't take the boy of the..

NATE:

Man? Humph, ever a man in that boy?

Nate surprises Sky by a sly smile. Though frazzled some, Sky grins back as he makes his way past Nate into the hanger. He wanders amid the neatly cluttered plethora of inventiveness. Nate, following, observes Sky's keen interest on the objects.

SKY:

So whatever do you do in here, Nate? Run your own space agency? This place makes a NASA assembly shop look like, ha, a retirement home on activity day.

NATE:

Takes my mind off things.

SKY:

Lot of things spinning around in that noggin. Like dad.

Sky stops to look over closely an orbiting space station community habitant model. Nate comes up beside Sky.

NATE:

Him and I, was best two engineering critters this side of El Paso.  
(wistful, vulnerable)  
Whole world, *and beyond*, ours for the taking.

SKY:

Not to mention the ladies...

NATE:

Them old days, sure tooting. Before Gloria in the picture, course.

Sky ponders some hidden significance in Nate's words. Until, his attention's absorbed by a half car, flying vessel model suspended from the ceiling in a area of space all its own.

SKY:

(going over to it)  
What's that?

NATE:

Quarter scale Skyflyer. Only the wave of the future, that all.

SKY:

Nifty looking beast. Got to love that name, ha. It, hum, work?

Sky's skeptically ironic smile irks Nate.

NATE:

What in hell you think? Course it works! I built it. Okay some ideas your dad's, but all the rest mine. Umph, had your mind right, you be making stuff better. You and Jase.

Alarmed he'd unthinkingly spoke, Nate tries glib over it.

NATE: (cont'd)

Desert sun ain't fried my egg yet!

NATE: (cont'd)  
 And that ain't two dimes to rub  
 together to some other stuff I got  
 cooking. Ha! Do it work? Ha. Do the  
 sun go around the Earth? Does it  
 work....

I/E. INSIDE AND OUTSIDE NATE'S HANGER - MOMENTS LATER

View of hanger from a ways outside. Skyflyer model zips into  
 view from within the hanger flying out it eight feet above  
 ground. It makes a sweeping full circle turn, slowing rapidly  
 down to near walking pace of speed as it reenters the hanger.

It slows to a hovering full midair stop in front of Sky and  
 Nate, their backsides against a central long work bench. Sky  
 reaches to, touches the top front of the craft, rubs his hand  
 across its upper hull. Righting horizontal plane, it tilts  
 itself level where its pushed down by weight of Sky's hand.

SKY:  
 (in complete awe)  
 Seems almost, *alive*... .

NATE:  
 Damn near is. *If not*. Least pretty  
 damn autonomous if one wants it be.

SKY:  
 Can it manoeuver, in tight spots..

NATE:  
 See for yourself.. . Point to where  
 you want it to go.. .

Like a kid in toy paradise, Sky grins flabbergasted from Nate  
 to gamely awaiting vessel, nods. It nods back. Sky laughs.

SKY:  
 Want me tell you where to go, huh?

Again it appears to nod. Sky scans a way through the interior  
 of the crowded space, starts pointing out with his finger an  
 intricate path through the precarious interior, up to the far  
 wall, around the central bench over to, down, the next aisle  
 way, back around their way but up, to swing around, about the  
 suspended objects, then back by them on way out the hanger.

SKY: (cont'd)  
 You sure..

Sky's answer is in Nate's eyes turning to watch the craft go.

Precisely it follows every nuisance of Sky's directions. As it sweeps by them toward the outdoors, it picks up a burst of rapid acceleration. Out its sides, back, it sends out blazing sparks of fire, light. Sky, Beaute, out front, race after it.

Outside, the craft bends into an ascent straight up. High above, it loops into a sharp arc in Sky's direction that turns into rapid vertical dive down at a point in-between the hanger and where Sky stands. Nate watches beside the hanger.

It aero brakes nearing Sky. Path bends into an descent countering arc. It breaks last grip of gravity's downward pull at about three foot above ground, pulling to level flight there. It sweeps up slightly to pass two feet above Sky's head on way away from him, towards the nearly set Sun on the horizon.

Sky's mesmerized gaze on it is interrupted by Nate in behind.

NATE:

How that for a Sky show! Could do it all her own doing too...

SKY:

Her? Sounds like you got a crush.

NATE:

So if I do? More on the full scale!

Nate laughs merrily wry, childlike carefree. Craft sweeps a broad arc back on a path aimed at them. It drops, slows. With nary any wash of sand, it lands, stops foot before them.

SKY:

Bet shake up the tech monks down at Industrial Light and Magic even! Wait, you got a full scale, too?

NATE:

Nothing more you could do yourself!

SKY:

Gave it up, um but this stuff, her, pretty darn seductive alright, ha. Thing about all, Uncle Nate, you're as out of it as me. Holed up here. Bet nobody's seen nothing. But me.

NATE:

Come here to scold me, huh? Or here for someun to tell where you got go to get back on with your own life? Nothing to get here. I'm both sides the coin. Moving on moving nowhere.

NATE: (cont'd)

So don't go acting all smart-ass.  
When you don't got the fire burning  
inside you to be getting on. Like  
things fine enough as are. Keep own  
to you, and you don't get any more  
pain you don't need. Live, die. Let  
time pick through the ashes after.

SKY:

So much dust in the wind..

NATE:

Like you saying something profound.  
Wasting it on me. Come back when  
you got it figur'd out yourself,  
you know something. *Then you know!*

Strong dry wind smears Nate's tangled hair above wild eyes.  
He taps his head. Taps his chest, heart, his outstretched  
fingers linger there. He turns, starts walking to the hanger.

NATE: (cont'd)

(chuckling under breath)

Dust.., what we are, alright.  
..dust in the wind...

Sky watches him recede, hair rusted by rays of red sunset.  
Sees him disappear into the recesses of the hanger. Stares  
some more. Turns, faces the skyflyer. Amused wonder returns.  
He picks it up, turns it about in his hands, inspecting it.

Motion behind catches Sky's notice, he turns. The red painted  
frame doors of the mostly window expanse of the hanger are  
sliding together from either end of the opening gap. Inner  
set of all metal doors are sliding closed too at slower pace.

From within, Nate comes into view, stands center posed in the  
closing gap. The window doors close in him. Nate draws back a  
few inches to let them pass in front of him shut. Steel doors  
still inch in towards where he stands. Amber and red glow of  
sunset glints off the door windows, giving it a somber auburn  
look of light fading awe. Nate's obscured by the reflections.

View looks across front one side of the hanger, on out across  
the desert to the horizon in front of the hanger, sun resting  
right atop the distant mountain range. Sky stands sideways,  
glancing between them, craft still in his arms. Sun glints  
off it right into his eyes. He looks down, ponders it there.

SKY:

Wonder if ole Nate'll mind.., me  
taking you out for another spin..

Sky grins, takes it to jalopy, drops on back seat as Beaute hops in. Jarred loose, a marked map, blueprints, fall out.

SKY: (cont'd)

Cripes, map marking where he got the full scale stashed. Well, he want the mini-model back, have to look me up. Needs dig himself out of the pit he dug himself, anyway.

Sky stands beside the car dusting himself off of the desert. Sun's almost all behind the mountain tops. A stout wind whips through the desert-scape, swirls dust-devils along it. Sky's eyes follow one blowing towards the hanger, steel inner doors about to pass in front of Nate. They swallow him inside. Forlorn weariness grips Sky staring at maroon rouge hued hanger. He turns about, observes last of sun, day, vanish into night.

Sky feels suddenly worn out, body leaden like desert aged. He slowly opens his car door, drops down heavily into the driver's seat. He grinds the car into the hard sand, earth, slowly turning the car to face opposite away from the hanger. He stops car. He begins to rev the engines, yet at a standstill. He looks back at the hanger through his side mirrors.

SKY: (cont'd)

Great to visit but way too easy to grow old way too quick, huh Beaute? Give me L.A. baby. Here I come...

His gas pedal foot's quivers about to slam down on the pedal. But, flash of brilliant light, loud boom, behind, drive his eyes onto the rear mirror. An immense growing yellow orange, and white, ball of fire engulfs the hanger like a sunrise.

Brilliance plays a trick on Sky's eyes, he imagines he sees Nate in the forefront midst of the expanding fireball. Him smile. Searing secondary explosions in the hanger, series of corresponding loud concussions, destroy hanger, and illusion.

SKY: (cont'd)

Nate.. no! Not you, too. This can't be happening. This is.., insane!

View sweeps on by the roaring fire, on by Sky, swirls up, up, looks dizzily down on the scene, on Sky, alone in the desert.

EXT. DESERT GAS STATION - NIGHT

Sky, inside battered, dust smeared, phone-booth, perched next to the Route 66 Highway, an, as battered, smeared gas station seen in behind past the ancient gas pumps. Rusting heaps of trucks, cars, tractor, lie scattered about the station's lot.

Mountain range looms, a dark mass in the now near distance. Clear sky's purplish, not yet plunged into deepest night. Sky finishes punching in the numbers of a telephone number.

SKY:

Wendy? It's Sky. Remember me like just yesterday, huh? Hey, look, not coming back to L.A. right away. Oh, didn't know I'd left. Anyhow, something horrible's happened. Can't explain right now. Everything gone nutso. My life, going up in flames.

Sky half listens to her long reply, glances out the booth. A faltering light on a metal pole flickers on near the booth. Station's roadside big blue and red neon sign sputters, some its lettering staying dark. Casts the booth in neon sheen. Same plays electric pulsating illuminance across Sky's face.

SKY: (cont'd)

Sure, sure got it. Sure, need you. But.. Yes, a friend too.. Got what waiting for me! Sure yeah tempting. Know then I won't be too long, huh? No, can't come right now.

Sky sees an indistinct face look out the window the station office window. He turns his back on it's stare out on him. Huddles about the phone cradled between shoulder and face. He twists an occasional look back on the gas station. Another long reply, the other end. Sky extends the receiver an arm's length away from for awhile. Brings it back to speak in it.

SKY: (cont'd)

Uh, uh, Wendy, uh, you take care, alright. No, not trying and scare you. Just some serious weirdness I got to.. . Look, I'm going down the coast to see this friend of mine. Help me get my head together. No, no-one to be go getting jealous of! No, not Kay. Not Glenn Close type are you? No? Don't look like her anyway. Ha. Don't know, Few days? See you.., in.. . Bye. Goodbye!

Sky hangs up the receiver on it's cradles near exhausted.

SKY: (cont'd)  
Wendy! Sure *owns* that name alright!

Sky senses he's being watched. Turns. Bewildered faces a flashlight turning on, aimed at him, from outside the booth.

Woman, blond, forty, wearing blue-jean shirt with station's name on it, holds the flashlight. She taps the booth with it.

GAS STATION WOMAN:  
Got a problem here, mister?

Sky slides opens the booth door.

SKY:  
Sky, name's Sky. Plain got trouble.

GAS STATION WOMAN:  
Girl?

Sky nods, ruefully smiles, in part agreement.

GAS STATION WOMAN: (cont'd)  
Needs yourself a real woman. I do anything for you, handsome?

She presses up against him. Lets down her hair.

SKY:  
Gets real lonely out here, huh? Ha. A dew, orange juice, and a tank of gas, and I'll get on my way.

GAS STATION WOMAN:  
Not exactly what I was thinking.

SKY:  
I know.. . Take a rain-check..?

GAS STATION WOMAN:  
Can't blame a gal for trying, uh?

Sky picks up, wipes his damp brow with a red handkerchief.

SKY:  
Gets hot out here, don't it?

GAS STATION WOMAN:  
(laughing)  
Not like you going find out, now.

Cautiously wary, but relieved, Sky joins in the laughter.

EXT. BY SIDE OF HIGHWAY ROUTE 66 - DAYBREAK

Jalopy, with Sky dozing in the driver's seat, Beaute asleep on his lap, is parked off the side of Route 66. Large highway sign with distance left to go to Los Angeles lies in front.

Its dawn. Sun begins to emerge from behind the mountains. Its first light falls on Sky's closed eyes, stirs, awakes him. Surroundings here are footland grassland, scrubs, trees. Eyes glassy, Sky puts a hand up to block the sun. He shifts in his seat, so his face is shielded. He falls back asleep.

I/E. MEMORY MONTAGE VISITED IN DREAM - VARIOUS

Inside dream, Sky, eight or nine, is inside a small aircraft, hands on the steering controls while he sits on the lap of a young man whose family resemblance indicates he's his dad. The plane passes into an enveloping white cloud. Then..

Age thirteen, Sky's flying in a hang-glider, near as high in clear blue sky as a nearby Santa Barbara area mountain top. Hang-gliding above him is his father, five years older. Sky looks up at him. His dad gives him a thumbs up gesture, which Sky returns back to him while grinning widely, gleeful.

Sky sees his father begin to pitch down, dive sharply. Looks on, fret with worry, until his dad levels his flight. Then..

Sky, same age, wanders about a large workshop with an assortment of space age models of spacecraft, space stations, orbital, moon, planet, surface community structures strewn about. His dad in back of him watches him wondering at them. Then..

Strewn models dissolves into look-off expansive view of greater Los Angeles seen from a home's Hollywood Hills top, front yard. Fourteen, Sky's alongside his twin brother Jase, their dad a few feet behind them. Dazzily odd, he passes in-between his two sons, walks off away from them.

Wind gust whips Jase's baseball hat off his head, on over the steep hills drop-off below their lot. Cap spirals down, down.

Spiralling motion embeds into it a dizzying evolving montage of recent events: Jason, him, Kay, Jana, behind his trailer; Jase knocking off the popcan with a rock, metallic bang; racing Jase in-between the rigs; seeing Jase last time he did at his trailer; Ash trailing behind him along a dark alley; seeing Kay leave with the other man;

himself in a grey hoodie skateboarding late night in a deserted, skyscraper surrounded downtown parking lot, himself surfing alone under half moon..

..fading to pitch black in which torments the distorted voice who called him, said had Jase; torch igniting into flame illuminating the cave's interior where Wendy had taken him; out cave's day lit mouth; him first meeting Wendy at the airport. Dissolves to desert evening, Nate being swallowed inside the hanger, it blowing up. Engulfing smoke becomes midday clouds. Through which he, Wendy, plunge free-fall without parachutes.

Sky awakes startled, shaking, in the yet cool desert morning.

EXT. HIGHWAY ONE OUT FROM LOS ANGELES - MID OR LATE AFTERNOON

Sky is driving the jalopy down coast along the Pacific Ocean on Highway One out of L.A. . His eyes droop under intermittent spars of shadow and light sun-cast across the road. Local rock song station plays Freebird on his car radio-CD.

In his stupor he notices a fast orange blur in the rearview mirror. Eyes focusing, blur becomes orange Talon closing in at very high speed. Its familiarity doesn't register to him..

SKY:

This Highway One or Maniac Alley? O  
freedom to drive like crazy, that's  
the real American dream, Beaute.

Dog looks puzzled. Sky laughs, tiredly, at him. Talon nears back of his car at a highly dangerous rate. Dawns on Sky, its Wendy's Talon. Peering hard in the mirror, he sees her in it. He turns up the song's volume, accelerates hard the Jalopy.

EXT. PAVED RIGHT SHOULDER HIGHWAY ONE - MID AFTERNOON

Pulled ahead a marginally safe distance, he yanks on steering wheel, pulls the Jalopy off onto the shoulder, keeps up speed as Wendy pulls on the shoulder in behind him. Sky slows car. Wendy slows hers. Cars stop, Wendy's car in-behind his. She pulls her Talon beside to right, of his, on the shoulder.

Sky, in open top Jalopy, opens his mouth about to speak into her open front passenger window, hesitates, awhile befuddled.

SKY:

How in blazes you fin..

WENDY:

You're not so hard to find. Your little sis shared my opinion you shouldn't be going off alone.., unchaperoned. And well, seems be only one person down this way she figured you be wanting to go see.

SKY:

(unusually sharply upset)  
Thought I conveyed the impression, maybe I'm wrong??. I needed to do this alone! Don't think I got any control over my emot..

WENDY:

..tons? No. But who does. Ha. Maybe here out of my emotions for you.

Wendy shoots a retort reacting to Sky's overly touched look.

WENDY: (cont'd)

And you being a danger to yourself. Like it or not, right for now, your pain is my pain. You really threw me for a loop you know. So like to help you muddle through all this. *That such a crime?*

SKY:

(laughing)  
Can't convict you on it, no. So why you take the old road, not the 5?

WENDY:

Know you enough, ha. Must've looked over a thousand strange cars till I laid my sights on you. So figures you'd be in a yellow Jalopy.

SKY:

Afraid I'm headed for a relapse uh, come to rescue me, from myself?

He throws his arms up like in surrender to the cosmos.

WENDY:

Again. Ditto. I'm good at it. Whether you know it or not, I'm now your flame, one that burns inside you to keep going on. What sense it make you be going off without that now!

She laughs. He drops arms, laughs at her acute bizarre sense.

SKY:

Woo, who am I to argue with my  
flame? Flame to put out my shadow.  
Least you're intense. Strange but..

WENDY:

Scintillatingly dazzling no less.

Sky leans as far out of his car as can, sniffing the air.

SKY:

If only you didn't look'n smell so  
good, tell you to turn back around.

WENDY:

Poor Sky. *Didn't stand a chance.* So  
why we stuck here. Let's go and see  
this old friend of yours.

View from freeway from its other side, away behind them, angles across the its lanes on them in the cars. View moves forward trained on them, takes an increasingly more direct sideways view of blue expanse of the Pacific Ocean along HWY one.

EXT. HIGHWAY EXIT - LATE AFTERNOON

Sky leading the way in his Jalopy, Wendy follows close in behind as Sky pulls his car onto the exit lane off HWY one for Freeway Five, headed further down-coast towards San Diego.

EXT. FREEWAY EXIT - LATER AFTERNOON

Sky is pulling across several lanes of crowded freeway. Wendy keeps in close behind him, perilously cutting off other cars. Sky sticks extended arm out over his driver side door pointing towards an exit for a highway headed inland.

He turns onto the its exit ramp, Wendy right on his bumper.

EXT. FREEWAY EXIT - LATER AFTERNOON

Jalopy, Talon ride side by side on two lane section of sparse used highway going their way on into mountainous territory.

## EXT. WILD ANIMAL PRESERVE - EARLY EVENING

On a badly rutted dirt road up in the mountains, the Jalopy, Talon right behind, head towards a compound of small buildings, tents, and other structures and their big lot of land with caged enclosures and some fenced off parcels of land. Birds and all manner of mountain native wild animals can be seen in the cages, and amid the fenced areas.

They pass by a battered old, roadside wood sign that reads: Private Wild Animal Preserve Ahead, Next Right. The cars proceed to right turn and onto, along the hard earth driveway. Park on a fine gravel patch that serves as parking lot.

Already parked are a few rugged SUVs, pickup trucks with empty cages on their backs, and, a couple of enclosed back van vehicle designed for the transporting of wild animals.

Sky and Wendy get out of their cars. Mull about near them.

An native Indian, handsomely, featured man, youthful, thirty-ish, exits a nearby hut seeming perplexed in surprise. Sky recognizes the man, begins striding gleefully smiling to him. Watching curiously, Wendy slowly winds her way in behind Sky.

Man's jaw is agape in pleased wonder. Sky arrives before him. He gives Sky a friend's, albeit powerful, hug. He backs off, looks Sky over. Some reserve workers now mull about watching.

NATIVE MAN:

Not seen you in a bear's age. Where you drag your hide about to, man?

SKY:

(eyes mischievous)  
You know, here, there. This, that.

The man takes a long look at Wendy. Pokes Sky in the chest.

NATIVE MAN:

Especially that, huh?

They laugh heartily. Man gestures for Sky to introduce him.

SKY:

Wendy, this here is Matt Hawk-feather. My best new old pal since the wildfire of, what, of o, o?

Matt nods. Wendy extends her hand. He grabs her wrist, pulls her in up against him, gives her a bit more tender bear hug.

MATT HAWK-FEATHER:  
Glad to meet you, Miss...

Pulling back, flirtingly bewildered, he beholds her. He *now* takes her hand, brings it up some, turns it knuckle side atop. Bows down. Kisses the back of her hand. Returns upright.

MATT HAWK-FEATHER: (cont'd)  
(musing)  
Wendy. A.., Wendy.

WENDY:  
You're surprised, aren't you? Wondering why *I'm* here, not a.., *Kay*?

MATT HAWK-FEATHER:  
(winks evilly at her, Sky)  
Well.., never know for sure with Sky *who* to be expecting on his arm. A Kay does ring pretty familiar.. . Don't it, Sky? You *coyote boy* you.

Sky sheepishly grins. Wendy eyes him investigatively coy.

WENDY:  
Coyote Boy, huh?. O brother.

SKY:  
Coyote boy. At your service!

Sky takes a sweeping bow. Howls a few times. She laughs. Matt laughs even more so. Le looks lovingly on Wendy.

MATT HAWK-FEATHER:  
Coyote boy sure enough got you hooked, ha. Yeah, so Sky's one of a kind, fun guy. Not so much as me...

SKY:  
Down hawk, down hawk. Taken.

Matt touches together the below thumbs parts of each hand, extending out the rest of his hands, fingers apart, to form the shape of hawk wings. He flaps them like as a flying hawk.

"Wings" of hands rise first then meander about before him, sinuous like a hawk gliding on air thermals. He "soars" them right around Wendy once, twice.

WENDY:  
Trying eat my goat, ha. 'Cept you, *both* of you, are whole other kind of critter. Two sorry scurvy rats.

Matt withdraws his hands. Cups them together in the shape of a mouse or rat, scurries the "rat" here and there on a level "ground" plane through the air in front of him. Stops his rambling rat couple times to sniff at, first Wendy, then Sky.

Hands back before him, he flings arms apart. Flare of hot flame, brilliant light, flash where his hands had been cupped together. Cloud of smoke lingers there, begins to dissipate.

MATT HAWK-FEATHER:  
 (not put off any, grins)  
 Take that as a compliment, my lady!

Sky's eyes stray off Matt to a black woman, maybe thirty, coming out a large tent some hundred yards behind Matt. There's a noble air about her as she walks, her back oddly too erect.

Dark sunglasses shield her eyes above high cheekbones. Her face, delicate smooth like soft china yet seems strong like made of obelisk. She picks her way slightly hesitant, calculatingly yet gracefully to them, ears intent on every sound.

She draws abreast of Matt, stands beside him, a cherry aura pervading around her.

SKY:  
 Matt, you been holding out on me!  
 Who's this sultry temptress who  
 stands before us? Hey, bud, ha.

MATT HAWK-FEATHER:  
 Me? Nothing of you two, three,  
 years. Come in here like a high  
 holy chief with a gusty new gal...

WENDY:  
 (plaintive to Sky)  
 See what I meant about my name!

THE BLACK WOMAN:  
 Hush. Don't be all disturbing the  
 spirits now. Sound of the wind.

Silence descends but the stir of wind. The black woman elegantly extends an arm out before Sky. Her hand wavers there, drifts sideways. Sky's eyes alight in awareness she's blind.

He looks at Matt questioningly. Matt just nods at the woman's hand. Sky clasps his hand warmly into hers. Wendy hastens to clasp her own hand about theirs.

SKY AND WENDY:  
 Hi I'm..

THE BLACK WOMAN:  
Sky and Wendy.

WENDY:  
How could you kno....

MATT HAWK-FEATHER:  
Ear of the Owl, she has... Sure do.  
Yep, blind as a bat. Like a *bat*....

SKY:  
Except a bat *sees* in the dark. Ha.

THE BLACK WOMAN:  
(as their hands part)  
Silka, my.., name. My, we don't get  
many quests from the city out here.  
Suppose you be wanting to hear my  
story? Matt so loves telling it...

Sky, Wendy, turn to face Matt expectantly eager, to hear it.

MATT HAWK-FEATHER:  
Mauled by a grizzly bear when she  
was four. Blinded her. Darn near  
broke her back right in two. Some-  
how, bear got ashamed what he did.  
Let her be. This girl is strong.  
..survive something like that for  
whole week in the wild. Not me.. .  
Not *that* tough!

Sky and Wendy look on Silka with great awe. She smiles.

SILKA:  
Enough of that already!

Matt steps up, wraps one arm about Sky, other about Wendy.

MATT HAWK-FEATHER:  
Woman's right. Come Sky, we got a  
whole lot ah catching up to do.

Matts leads them, under his embrace, towards a campfire area  
out beyond the tents, the cages of wild birds, small animals.

MATT HAWK-FEATHER: (cont'd)  
What this I hear I been hearing  
about your brother be missing..?  
Want to hear all about it.

Matt stops in his tracks, remembering something, *pressing*.

MATT STRONG-FEATHER:  
 But even that, got to wait. 'Fraid  
 me and Silka got something real  
 special we got do. Almost time...

He looks at Silka. Despite her blindness, she seems see that.

SKY:  
*Time....??*

Scene begins fading out slowly. Matt veers off to one of the covered trucks, begins packing nearby stuff into the tarpon covered back, torches, odd carved objects, bird feathers... Sky, Wendy, Silka slowly behind near the truck, stand, watch.

SKY: (cont'd)  
 Don't mind we tag along?

MATT HAWK-FEATHER:  
 (stopping packing to beam)  
 Sure as hell insist you do! Some-  
 thing everyone should see once.

EXT. COVERED ANIMAN TRANSPORT TRUCK - MIDNIGHT

Silka and Wendy are seated together on a bench on one side of the canvas covered back of the truck, facing Sky on the opposite one. The truck moving at freeway speed jostles them.

SKY:  
 Not going anywhere near, huh?

Silka nods. Smiles.

Truck begins to slow. Sky crawls over to the open back end of the truck, looks out around the canvas sidewall, forward. He sees a large sign indicating a border crossing into Baja California Mexico is up ahead. He lets out a slow whistle.

SKY: (cont'd)  
 (calling back to Wendy)  
 Holy smokes. We is going to Mexico!

WENDY:  
 Mexico? Si?

She peers inquiringly at Silka, Sky ducking back into his seat inside the truck. Silks shrugs, wryly smiles.

SKY:  
 Mex eee co, it is!

EXT. ROAD IN THE SIERRA SAN PEDRO DE MARTIR - EARLY MORNING

The truck, Matt driving, with Sky up front in the passenger seat with him, navigates a perilously steep, winding mountain road. They pass by a sign indicating they are in the Sierra San Pedro De Martir National Park, Mexico.

SKY:

Gather we getting somewhere, soon?

MATT HAWK-FEATHER:

Know when we get there. Life's a highway.... .

Sky smiles. Sinks, sleepy eyed, back in his seat, hands going behind the back of his head to cradle it. Closes his eyes.

SKY:

Wake me up when life gets off the highway to take a leak, would you?

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP AREA OF SIERRA SAN PEDRO - MID MORNING

Sky awakes, startled by the truck's lurch to a stop. He's surprised to see a gathering of native American Indians from the aged to running around small kids. Several stand right up against the truck looking in on them. Sky makes a goofy face at the kids. They howl in laughter. Sky laughs back at them.

The gathered Indians, their huddled together vehicles, along with some bearing identification they're from the San Diego Zoo, are scattered about on a high look-off area in the park.

SKY:

(turning to Matt)

San Diego Zoo. Wait. I know what's up. California Blue Condor release!

Matt nods solemnly. Abruptly grins. Sky laughs. Turns to observe the native folk dressed in modern simple clothes, all but some traditionally attired in leather garments with head-dress bands adorned by feathers, shells, small animal skulls. Some hold artifacts of wood, shell. Some bows, native flutes, bird bone whistles, a contraption made of two bound sticks.

SKY: (cont'd)

These are your people, the Chumash. Why have they come so far to see..

MATT HAWK-FEATHER:  
 Blue Condor is spiritually im-  
 portant to my people. Many cried  
 when the last condor was taken from  
 the wild. Now we rejoice whenever  
 they are returned back free to the  
 land. Today we will celebrate  
 Earth, our mutual wild home.

Sky notices there's also some Mexicans present, and mixed among the people here, and some people of other races as Silka comes up to just outside Matt's door, Wendy likewise Sky's.

Matt, with binoculars hung around his neck, and Sky get out of the truck. The foursome gather in front of the truck, gaze out at the view from their look-off area. Sky notices some Indians eye him, *alone*, very closely. He points it out to Matt.

SKY:  
 What's all that about?

MATT HAWK-FEATHER:  
 Oh, I celled ahead. Told them I had  
 a special guest coming along...

SKY:  
 So? I'm not exactly Paris Hilton!

MATT HAWK-FEATHER:  
 ..just, guy by name of, *Sky*....

SKY:  
 Should that ring a bell to me? Ha.

MATT HAWK-FEATHER:  
 Chumash believe world consists of  
 three floating layers. Two of them  
 you could embody, Sky World, and  
 Water World.., oh even Chumash have  
 heard of the great former water  
 surfing, and, sky surfing champ,  
 Sky Kid Anderson.. .

Matt lets Sky soak in wondrous amazement. Resumes his tale.

Wendy, Silka stand either side of them, silently engrossed by Matt's recount of Sky's odd deep significance to the Chumash.

MATT HAWK-FEATHER: (cont'd)

Other layer, Middle World, where we  
 live.

MATT HAWK-FEATHER: (cont'd)

Some think twin of you, dirt-bike brother Jason be likened with that world. Sky World is supported by eagle. When it flaps wings sky moves, gives us phases of moon, motion of stars, planets, eclipses. Eagle is like your space soaring, dreamer of dad on whose wings what still moves your life journey. So you, Jason, father, combined something like parallel to whole Acorn of our three worlds, all but Sun. What too weird to them, here, now..

SKY:

It gets weirder-er? No way!

Matt grins, weirdly sanguine, enjoying Sky's incredulousness.

MATT HAWK-FEATHER:

That I brought you here today.

SKY:

You.. What you got do with it?

MATT HAWK-FEATHER:

Name's Hawk-Feather but most just think of me as Hawk. Remember one thing missing, Sun....?

Sky nods, concentrates to make sense of it. Matt smiles so wide Sky thinks he's being had. Matt interrupts his protest.

MATT HAWK-FEATHER: (cont'd)

We.., we pass from dark times of winter, into spring, when the great Hawk brings back the Sun on its tail. Same Sun God who lowered his torch to first light this world. Here, come tomorrow, first day of spring, I've brought **you** among us to celebrate our spiritual condor ceremony. *Sky, Sun, in one, you!*

SKY:

Holy crapola! Sun too! That I got something to do with, Sun, too. Cripes, you know I, had, glimpses, of, something about that. This is totally so so so... . Out there.

MATT HAWK-FEATHER:

Out there, big time! Big big time.  
And there's also Sky Snake, Milky  
Way, who by lightning from his  
tongue brought us use of fire. Ha,  
you sure got serpent wit of tongue.  
And don't get me talking about Sky  
Coyote.. . And case you go getting  
big headed, water world the Chumash  
believe was made from pee of frogs.

SKY:

So I stink a little...

MATT HAWK-FEATHER:

No, you stink a whole whole lot!

They burst out laughing heartedly, the woman joining in.

WENDY:

I can vouch for that!

SKY:

(doing best ignoring that)  
We having the ceremony now?

MATT HAWK-FEATHER:

Now to watch. Tonight we celebrate!

Matt raises binoculars to his eyes, directs them on a spot on the next nearby high ridge top. Sky squints his eyes on the spot. He sees a large wire cage there, it's door swung open, with four rather large young blue condors yet within it. He notices also the carcasses of carrion set on the jagged rocks near the cage, where are gathered some adult, free Condors.

Matt hands Sky the binoculars. Sky uses them to observe the not yet cage free Condors, and the wild ones content to linger on the ground with no seeming desire to fly, *either*..

SKY:

So why are *none* of them flying?  
Even the wild ones?

MATT HAWK-FEATHER:

(teasingly)  
Use your senses. Figure it out.

SKY:

You're a big help, not!

Still, Sky lapses into contemplation of his surroundings. He looks at the nearly scrubs, plants, trees, leaves, listens to the mid morning mountain silence. He notices the, stillness.

SKY: (cont'd)

Not a drop of wind. Not enough lift for them to ride on thermals. There one thing I know, it's thermals!

MATT HAWK-FEATHER:

Bingo. So we wait. Til the heat of day warms the ground, enough, for the air to start breathing again.

Sky nods, taken with Matt's Indian sense of words, the world.

He lowers the binoculars to observe the Chumash, Mexicans, other folk, including couple of San Diego Zoo team staff, the children playing, mothers keeping loose eyes on them, some of the older youth bored but many of the rest standing, sitting, posed looking toward the Condors. A murmur builds among them.

Sky feels it too. First uplifted stirs of warm mountain wind.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP AREA OF SIERRA SAN PEDRO - HIGH NOON

Noon sun's searing hot. Sky, Wendy sit near a steep drop-off.

Matt, Silka stand a ways off, mingle, chat with some elders.

Sky spies motion on the Condor ridge. One wild condor arches it's wings. Nine black and white feet of wingspan spread open, flat, it dips off it's rock perch into air, rises, soars on wind thermals. The other wild Condors follow into flight.

Entranced, Sky stands. Wendy, too, arm going about his waist.

SKY:

Boy, that is something impressive!

Noticing commotion broken out among the people, loud whoops, and some natives shaking Chumash rattles and clapping together the instrument composed of two strips of wood, Matt departs the elders and heads over towards Sky. Sky, engrossed watching Condors, is startled by Matt coming up behind him.

MATT HAWK-FEATHER:

You watch. Now they'll fly free!

WENDY:

I'll go fetch Silka to see this.

So intent on the condor cage, they barely notice her leaving.

A young Condor goes to the opening of the cage, sticks it's long neck over the edge, watches the wild Condors in flight. Another of his cage-mates comes up behind it. First Condor flexes it's wings repeatedly, seeming excited but nervous.

It flops itself wobbly over the edge, into the air. People watching them at the look-off along with Sky, gasp, as the bird, its wings spread out their full length flounders a-while. It catches a thermal, unstably rides it as far as a nearby big three branch sticking out over the edge. It makes a crashing landing into the needle folds of the tree's arm.

The second young Condor launches itself into the wild free air. Like the first, it struggles to achieve smooth flight. It winds up landing in the same tree nearby it's companion.

The two remanding young Condors seem curious, but only one of them ventures close to the edge. There, it appears content to just stare where the other Condors had flown.

MATT HAWK-FEATHER:

Always the homebody hold-outs, ha. Been in that pen few weeks to get adjusted to the wild. Just too comfy to up and leave right away..

SKY:

Felt like that not so long ago...

MATT HAWK-FEATHER:

That stuff with your brother...

Sky nods, elation turned downcast, remembering.

SKY:

Got to get with it. Change, somehow, don't know how. Be more, able. Be damn near invincible. Incredible. Know sounds kind of crazy. So **I can** take this thing on. Become so much more than, just, myself, now.

MATT HAWK-FEATHER:

Got a big task there my pal. Bigger than the *great Sky* you were even..?

SKY:

Yeah, bigger. Haven't been that great last couple years anyway.

MATT HAWK-FEATHER:

But fire of greatness yet burns in you. And you know. Even I see that.

SKY:

Yeah well. One thing to dream of it, another to make it hap...

MATT HAWK-FEATHER:

Sure *you* will find a way. Let Indian spirits guide you, perhaps..

SKY:

Yeah, whatever it takes.

MATT HAWK-FEATHER:

But come tonight, enjoy. Forget it all. Be free. From being you. Huh?

SKY:

You know, think you might just have saved my life. Bringing me here.

MATT HAWK-FEATHER:

Ha. Maybe in return you teach me to surf good, huh? Real good. So I can impress the ladies as much as you, ah, when Silka not around watching.

He jokingly winks. Sky grins scaldingly. Matt looks across way at Silka, starring at him. She spies Matt's guilty, merry look at her, starts walking to them, Wendy tagging along.

MATT HAWK-FEATHER: (cont'd)

Stirred me up trouble, I have.

Silka comes up to Matt, loops her arm possessively into his. Wendy likewise slips her arm into Sky's. Sky observes Matt's fingers open, fingers entwining reassuringly firm into hers. And how Wendy entwines her own hand into his own.

They all turn to face, watch the Condors in flight. See third Condor take to freedom wilds of the sky for the first time.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP AREA OF SIERRA SAN PEDRO - NIGHT

Mountain night. Chumash and their guests are positioned near a dug fire pit loaded with wood, kindling. More Chumash wear traditional clothing made of deer skin, though modernized to cover modest body areas. Clothes are adorned by shells. Some men wear headdresses, with eagle, hawk, woodpecker feathers.

All but the elderly men are bare-chested despite the chill. Most the men, including Matt, stand, dancing, chanting Chumash songs accompanied by the men playing Chumash instruments, clapping sticks, rattles, flutes and a whirled perforated piece of wood attached by cord. High pitched bows too..

Sitting with Wendy, feeling Wendy chiding eyes on him, Sky's eyes drift onto some of the cuter women in their skin skirts. Women of all ages carry or are emptying woven baskets, preparing for the feast, or are attending to the smallest children.

Sky's attention drawn to the rising feverish intensity of the singing, dancing, drumming. What appears to be a Chumash Shaman is now center of focus of all. He smokes tobacco in great long puffs of smoke that float up to the half moon above.

He shakes his shell necklaces. He does an odd entranced dance around and round the unlit fire pit, often glancing pointedly at Sky, coming and squatting right before him a few times.

Matt dances his way on over to Sky, taps Sky on the shoulder for him to rise. He whispers in Sky's ear as he stands.

MATT HAWK-FEATHER:

Here begins fun part for you. Shaman smokes tobacco to heal. Tonight for the land. Heal wounds caused by man well enough to provide for the Condors new to these wilds.

MATT HAWK-FEATHER: (cont'd)

But land's cold as winter night yet. Needs be warmed so Condors can live. Do what Shaman wants, okay!

Shaman winds about the fire pit again. Coming back, he heads right to Matt and Sky, stands there, solemnly. Music stops. He stuffs a length of tightly rolled bark into Sky's hands, puffs a big cloud of smoke at Sky, cups it into Sky's face.

Shaman next goes before Matt, agitatedly waves arms, hands, about him, points energetically for him to go around the pit.

Men begin to softly play their music, chant, again. Intensity rises gradually. Matt grins at Sky.

MATT HAWK-FEATHER: (cont'd)

This is my part.

Matt dances out into the center of the tribesmen ringed area, begins circling the fire pit in a swooping, darting hawk like dance stomping feet paced to the growing pounding, fervor of the music, chanting, stomped dancing beat of the tribesmen.

Shaman dances back, forth in front of Sky several times.

Stops before him. He sweeps his hands across the top of the rolled bark in Sky's hand, large flare of fire igniting magically atop it. Turning the bark into a bright burning torch.

Matt, the hawk, far end of the pit, senses the fire, draws in approach to it. Shaman backs away. Matt swoops ever closer in towards Sky in narrowing arcs back and forth before him.

Matt stops before Sky, flashes a quick smile, turns around to stand facing away from him.

MATT HAWK-FEATHER: (cont'd)  
Follow behind and dance like crazy.

Wendy squeals in delight as Sky follows Matt round, round the fire pit, dancing his best white boy imitation of Chumash dance, flaming torch in hand flaring, sending off sparks.

Sky gets quickly into the groove so well the watching tribesmen nod their heads in the wonder of it.

Shaman dances about them. Starts pointing at the pit. Matt spirals in dance to it. Stops over it. Sky stops behind him.

MATT HAWK-FEATHER: (cont'd)  
Now I go fly off. You stay put and  
light this sucker!

Matt swoops sharply away. Sky looks around the surrounding crowd of expectant faces. He raises his torch holding arm, lets out the loudest of whoops, biggest of blazing smiles.

Throws the torch into the midst of piled wood. Kindling catches wildly afire, sets the bigger chunks of wood afire too.

Matt yells out to Sky as he swoops, sweeps quickly by him.

MATT HAWK-FEATHER: (cont'd)  
Now we can feast soon! I'm hungrier  
than a bear.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP AREA OF SIERRA SAN PEDRO - NIGHT

Fire's dwindled to a low flame. Many Chumash sleep on the ground in sleeping bags or inside the several pitched tents scattered about. Matt, Silka, his arm around her, sleep together in the open air near a pup tent.

Wendy's asleep under a wool blanket. Her head rests on Sky's lap. He's sits a few yards from Matt, and, the fire-pit. His eyes droop watching the play of the fire's flames.

On the ground are stone Chumash vessels for food and drink. Sky's has a stone mug in his hands, dark liquid yet in it. He takes a sip from it. Gasps, from the strength of it. Noise of Sky's gasp rouses Matt, who lies facing Sky.

MATT HAWK-FEATHER:

(..hoarsely loud enough)

Man, you awake?! Things cloud your mind. You need to sleep, go beyond them. Drink up more.

SKY:

Wish it all was so easy. Eat. Drink. Sleep. Be merry.

MATT HAWK-FEATHER:

Never seen you so serious. Got to get back to the you who knows how to have, make, fun. Chumash think peace, wishes come when you give without wanting anything back.

SKY:

Don't they believe too in limitation, be happy accepting only the abilities one's given. Moderation too. Only taking, using, what you need to get by. But, I, need more.

MATT HAWK-FEATHER:

Yeah, maybe, *Sky*... Not something bigger than Sky, huh? In sleep, maybe you see what. You have so great need. If need be more, so *be* it!

Sky stares at Matt. Drains his cup. Pours it back full from a another stone vessel. Starts draining it too.

MATT HAWK-FEATHER: (cont'd)

Take it easy, some. Ain't Kool-Aid!

Sky laughs. Sips more slowly. Matt grins, shakes his head, snuggles closer into Silka, stirring some. Closes his eyes. Sky watches him, then a little more, his own eyes heavy. They droop, then close tight shut. He slumps, asleep, over Wendy.

## I/E. SKY IN DREAMLAND - VARIOUS

In dream, Sky smoothly surfs a big ocean wave nearing a rocky shoreline. Wave suddenly pitches well over him. It's overhang lip dives down hard on top of him, pressing him deep down under the ocean's surface. He fights turbulent eddies, struggles to swim back to the surface. He breaches into air, gasping.

High above him a hawk circles. Sky reaches his arm straight up. Hawk just circles higher, higher, til it's out of sight. Everything turns black. Sky hears, but can't see Jason.

JASON:

Need you brother...to save me...

His voice tails away. Replaced by ridiculing male voice.

DISTORTED MALE VOICE:

But you, Sky, can do, absolutely, nothing. Because I control everything. Why, can't save yourself!

Distorted voice laughs harshly. Darkness bursts into bright blue sky. Sky plunges down through it in jump gear without a parachute pack. He's tumbles out of control. Ground begins to loom large. Wendy appears in the sky near him, under a parachute. She reaches out her hand for him, but he's unable to grasp it. She fades away as he recedes far down below her.

Plateau rock ground gets very near. He desperately looks away from it, up to the sun. He sees flying toward it a California Blue Condor, with it's great wings spread wide. It starts to pass before the blazing orb, the orb growing ever in size.

Sky braces for impact but rock ground's hawk's tail feathers.

Sky grabs hold of the immense hawk's tail as it rises. Hawk keeps rising aimed straight towards the sun, the blue condor ahead appearing to be diving into it before them.

Sun orb grows and grows, fills the entire way before them. Great solar flares leap off it's plasma boiling surface.

Sky looks back away from it. Entire, small, blue white Earth lies there, floating alone in space along only with its moon. Oceans, clouds, ground, sky, all concerns there, a small orb.

Sky smiles. Turns back to look at the Sun ahead. Whoops, as hawk dives, he still holding its tail, right on down to it's surface. Together they flash brightly ablaze passing through.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP AREA OF SIERRA SAN PEDRO - DAWN

Sky awakes with start. He sees Wendy seated across from him, watching him. Sun's just starting to rise over the mountain ridge in front of it. Sky's the orange peach glow of dawn.

WENDY:

Well, that must have been some kind of dream. You.., just, whooped. Anybody I know....?

SKY:

(laughing)

Wasn't that kind of dream..

Wendy looks him over closely. Seems to her, so refreshed.

WENDY:

Whatever it was, you look.., different. Like, new... .

Matt standing, talking to Silka near their pup tent, notices Sky's awakened. Comes over. Notes how wide Sky grins at him.

MATT HAWK-FEATHER:

Damn. You saw! Spirits came to you. Showed you something. Whatever was, fly with it. High as you can. Whatever takes to be what you need be.

Sky sits up. Squats on his knees. Stares at rising orb of the Sun, drawing Matt's, eyes widening, attention that way. Wendy stands, oddly looks at them, curious what's going on.

SKY:

Got to tell Matt something.., only he can hear.

WENDY:

Telling me go scat, huh? Fine. See now what got into your Kay.. . Men and their secrets. All bottled up.

Huffily she heads for Silka. Silka watches her approach, senses something strange is going on. She scrutinizes Matt, Sky, her ears straining hard to hear any talk between them.

SKY:

(in barely audible voice)  
 Something strange happens soon, you  
 got to keep what you know about me  
 a secret. No one must suspect, any-  
 thing. I'm just Sky, alone. Got me?

Matt nods, engrossed but mystified. Silka's perplexed, even she unable to have heard Sky's such hushed tone of voice.

MATT HAWK-FEATHER:

If one thing certain in this world,  
 my pal, is, you can count on me.

Sky grins.

EXT. BELOW, ABOVE OCEAN SURFACE - DAYBREAK, COUPLE DAYS LATER

View beneath ocean's surface peers up through the blue filter of a hundred yards of water up to the streak of dawn sunlight cast along the ocean's surface, the early glow of day above.

Two bare arms thrust up towards the surface, either side of the foreground view, become view from eyes of the swimmer. Arms peel down out of view in a powerful swimming stroke. The view rises closer to the surface. Arms thrust up, down again.

Just below surface, arms thrust up into view. Fingers of the each hands are separately together, pointed up. Fingers explode through the rippled surface. Arms follow, up to shoulder's height above water, view breaking above the surface with them. Carried upward water cascades back down. From highest reached apex, arms drop down. Rap surface, make a big splash.

View some ways back below, looking up to the surface spies yet vertically oriented body of the male swimmer, in yellow rayed red swim trunks, treading water.

He flips hundred eighty degrees in arching motion, arms and head first, back down below the surface. View from directly below the diving man shows it's Sky. Sky flips back upright a few yards below the surface. There sweeps arms up and down so he remains posed in spot. Stares through ocean up to the Sun.

Seen from below him, fanning rays of sun filter down into the ocean, sparkle, shimmer on Sky on way down to farther depths. His face, bathed in the wavy liquid sun, is serene. His arms fall limp to his sides, and he begins to drop farther below.

He smiles. Explosively, shoots arms out before him, then back in powerful stroke, kicking furiously legs, feet. His surface approach is forty-five degrees slanted upwards.

He breaks the surface, levels to it's plane, slowing his strokes, swimming a more measured pace. Cliff backed shore's half mile distant.

EXT. ON, FROM CLIFF BACKED BEACH - UNDER HOUR LATER

Seen from the beach, Sky's much closer to shore. His perfect form, lean strokes is just as strong, smooth.

EXT. CLIFF BACKED BEACH, OCEAN FRONT - TEN MINUTES LATER

Sky swims toward shore amid three foot high waves now a couple hundred yards offshore. After short while, water depth's low enough for him to wade through it, yet breathing hard. Ocean drips off him. He walks in till he's on the dry sand of white beach. Wall of cliff is well further in from the ocean.

Inland a hundred yards, he pitches himself down on the beach. Rolls over to lie on his back. Stares at the sun awhile. Rested, he gets up, strides to the cliff face. Along it, towards a small trailer that's situated near it's base, his home.

At trailer, he stands before it. His focus sifts over to the cliff face, the sun posed ovetop it. He smiles. Walks up to the cliff base. Examines the sheer cliff face bottom to top. Shields his eyes from blaze of Sun posed over it's apex.

One hand tests out a crevasse hand-hold near head height. Its firm. He reaches other hand higher, wedges it in a small rock recess. Begins climbing, struggling with it. After ascending twenty feet, he gets into a smooth ease of climbing groove.

Twenty foot below cliff top, hundred feet above ground, Sky pauses to look back at the ocean, down at his trailer, grins. He scans for a hand-hold above him. Nothing seems near. He presses his hand into a marginal crack in the rock. Tries to lift his body up, reach for a firmer looking hand-hold higher up with the other hand. His fingers slip out of the crack.

He slides downward along the cliff. Other hand deftly snags a hold in a small hole. It holds his weight. His feet dig into cliff face thin cracks, helping support his perilous perch. Sky shakes his head. Smiles beaming. Searches with great care for a better ascent route of hand-holds. All seem dubious...

SKY:

(addressing sun above)

Either going to make it to you or die trying. Ha. Gonna happpen or it ain't, one way or the other.

With intense calm, he grabs a hand-hold above barely better than one that failed. Sweat drips off his forehead. He places full body weight on the hold, fingers straining. Sun blasted eyes see above the watery mirage of brother Jason, knelt atop the cliff, reaching down an arm for him. Towards that mirage, Sky determinedly, steadily climbs til five foot from the top.

He rests a moment, under a firm hand-hold. One arm free now, he shields the sun with it, the mirage dissipating. Sky sucks in deep breath. In swift motion, he dives bent leg feet into small crevasses, springs up off them, dives a hand into last hand-hold, propels upward. Swings free arm up over onto cliff top, scrambles rest of his body on it, all but calves, feet.

Cliff edge, he turns over, draws knees up, sits facing ocean.

On soundtrack begins to play song by Hendrix, I Kiss The Sky.

Sky stands. He surveys the flat plateau land atop the cliff. He sees an odd depression a hundred yards in from the edge. He makes his way to it. There, pokes about shrubbery around the depression. Is surprised to see an open abyss amid the depression that drops into black depth. He picks up a large rock, drops it into the three foot wide hole. It goes down, down, down... . So far, Sky can't hear it hit any bottom.

Intrigued, Sky looks over the lay of land. He spies a small Land for Sale sign a ways away. Grins at that. Spots another sign near the first: Danger - Beware Of Hidden Cave Holes.

EXT. CLIFF-TOP BUILDING DOME UNDER CONTRUCTION - EARLY EVE

Month later on the cliff-top, Sky sweats, holding a hammer. He backs away from the completed frame of a large dome structure and some solar panel arrays. He stops to survey the dome.

Original three foot gulf into the cliff diving cave found by Sky has been widened to a width near twenty foot judging from a central sag in a tarpon pulled across it. Over the sag sits joined center-point of the arched dome, steel frame members.

Two thirds up the frame members are joints that bow outward thus enabling the central top of the dome to be opened.

Tarpon side... moves. Back of the head of a black man pokes out. He turns his head around to face Sky. He's "wild" Bill.

WILD BILL:

You got one helleva lot space down there. What the freaking blazes you going do with all that? Planning to be crazy o mad genius recluse lik..

Bill voice tails off..., seeing Sky remembering dismay..

WILD BILL: (cont'd)  
Forget I said anything.

He clambers his stout, sturdy mid forty body out from under the tarpon. He tugs it back smoothly over the chasm.

WILD BILL: (cont'd)  
Ain't no god damn miner though!

SKY:  
(laughs)  
Even so. Doing great job. And that pack of pals you got starting out.

WILD BILL:  
Don't do half ass. Know what doing or not. Buds say you going all Brian Wilson. Lucky, lips sealed shut.

SKY:  
Never got done soon enough, other..

WILD BILL:  
(suspiciously inquisitive)  
How you get all the dough for this in the first place. Aren't you supposed to be a surfer beach bum now?

SKY:  
Forget my world championships. Dug me a hole couple years ago, put a nice big stash away, so sue me, ha. Sold me off a patent or two, too.

WILD BILL:  
(with grudging admiration)  
Never figured you as stupid. Even when you was acting it. Crazy, yes.

SKY:  
Gee thanks. Never figure you crazy, even now. Why you got my back, man.

WILD BILL:  
When this done, need someone do t..

Sky walks up to Bill. They shake hands, hug, ghetto style.

SKY:  
Know what you'd be getting into..?

WILD BILL:  
Got some idea. Bout going after..

SKY:  
You got no idea.., and how, ha.

WILD BILL:  
Whatever you do, make it real.

Orange classic model Talon screams along only access, gravelled road up here. Stops at its dead end. Car begins crawling over the few hundred yards between the road's end and them. A dark haired beauty gets out. Wendy. Standing in spot, she observes the dome frame with stuporous marvel.

WENDY:  
So this what you been up to! Hardly peep from you a month. Don't answer your phone no more? That C looking thing one uses to communicate over inconvenient long distances. So.., just been here dickering up here the whole time. Know how hard was for me tracking this spot to you..?

She walks half arc about the structure, half arc back to Sky.

WENDY: (cont'd)  
So what, exactly, is this?

SKY:  
Workshop thing. Felt like needed to come up in the world some.

WENDY:  
Up? This a guy thing, ha? What's with the big hole in the..

SKY:  
Floor, er, floor goes there. Had to hollow out underneath, get ready to pour in a foundation. Right, Bill?

Bill nods, rather sternly.

WENDY:  
Thought you liked things simple, cozy. Uncomplicated. Except me..

Sky takes her hand, leads her to the cliff edge. Stop there.

WENDY: (cont'd)

To think here all along, right above your trailer. Must have been working on this night and day..

SKY:

Pretty well. Used to be a small campground here. Ground subsidence made it unsafe for that. Still got power, water, sewage lines though. It's perfect, for me. Brought the whole twenty three acres.

WENDY:

Just for your own.., playground? Some kind of regression therapy?

SKY:

Maybe, ha. Only know my playground not for living in. Home down below.

WENDY:

Hey, this don't got to do with Ja..

SKY:

Unc Nate, got me thinking, I should do more. I was good with.., stuff.

WENDY:

Glad that whole business with your brother off your mind some. Not so much the being left out part.. .

Above view steeply slants on them, from over the edge.., and on by to the half constructed dome, Bill watching them there.

EXT. CLIFF-TOP BUILDING DOME UNDER CONTRUCTION - DUSK

Sky and Bill stand at cliff side. Wendy and Talon are done. Behind, part of the glass and metal skin of the large dome is attached to it's frame. Beginning of an elongated side chamber section with arch ceiling stretches out from the dome.

WILD BILL:

Not telling her about the iceberg..

SKY:

Iceberg? Oh, you mean all the stuff below. Not on your life. Hey, you becoming a late blooming comic now?

WILD BILL:  
Don't count on it.

SKY:  
(grinning)  
I wasn't... .

I/E SKY'S CLIFF-TOP DOME BUILDING - EARLY MORNING

Dome, enclosed, is bathed red in dawn Sun. Central top is ringed by a metal band beneath hinged parts of the frame. Elongated chamber off one side is enclosed, done too. From within it, Sky runs outside, out its entry door, Beaute trotting behind. Sky holds a slim device with knobs, sliders.

Sky stops, stands, some yards from the dome. He works the control box. The central top part of the dome's panels swing in unison outward, opening up the center of the dome to the sky. Sky whoops, swings his arm excitedly through the air.

SKY:  
(to himself, and Beaute)  
Like a charm. Smooth, baby, smooth.

He flips another knob. Dome closes shut. Sky slides down a knob. Large bottom portion of the dome rises up sixty five degrees, reveals the interior within. Former chasm's covered by a wood strip floor with some chairs, small tables, benches, a couple drawing boards, computers, scattered on it.

Sky presses a red button. All the furnishings move on out to their own spots along the perimeter of the large wood floor, leaving the center completely clear of anything.

Sky toggles a switch. Whole, wide, center part of the floor rises up. Ten foot high, it slides ninety degrees onto it's side. Slides over to the far side of the gap left beneath. Seen from Sky's shallow ground angle are top of a deep, wide shaft, and the top couple of floor leveled chambers, off it.

Sky, awed by his and Bill's work, walks into the dome, Beaute beside him, via the open side. He stops, turns, stands, looks out the side to the distant ocean horizon. He slides a knob.

Side drops down, encloses the dome. Some interior lights coming on automatically augment sunlight streaming in the windowed dome areas. Sky flips switch. Thin metal panels slide over glass dome sections while the top of the dome closes shut, amber glow lights in unison turning on add more illumination.

SKY: (cont'd)  
Darn super cool! Won't be long now!

## INT. INTERIOR CHAMBER SKY'S DOME BUILDING - NIGHT

Sky's on the second floor chamber down off the broad central shaft, standing near the edge of the shaft. The shaft has been fitted to a perimeter framework, and vertical rails, for lifting up a round section of floor it's width, that's seen over a hundred down feet below. A full scale prototype of the Skyflyer sits in the center of that base floor.

In shaft wall near sky, running from shaft base to top, runs a couple set close together vertical rails. Across from Sky, set on these rails, at shaft side, is a glass sided, ceiling, enclosed cage with steel mesh floor, a crude elevator.

Sky looks up through the open shaft top to the underside of the closed dome. The sun's image is painted on its central underbelly with blue sky painted below it to dome bottom.

Sky presses a button on the control device still in his hand. At the top of the shaft, shaft roof/ground level dome floor, yet suspended sideways, slides to the center above the shaft.

It flips slowly into a fully horizontal plane. Lowers down over top of the shaft, goes down slightly into the shaft, perfectly fitted. It stops. Bolts deploy into slots in the sides of the shaft roof. Sky smiles at it, gives it a thumb's up.

## INT. BASE FLOOR CHAMBER SKY'S DOME BUILDING - NIGHT

Sky sits slung back in a wheeled reclining chair near the sky-mobile model. Wheeled small table with hand-grip on one side lies beside him. On top is a laptop computer, open notebooks and pads, pencils, pens, clothing and other material swaths.

A skateboard lies wheels up nearby. Along a far wall is an long display case, surfboards, and, sky diving wear and gear arrayed in it. A big tattered cardboard box lies underfoot.

A large flat screen monitor is positioned off one side of the sky-mobile model, exploded drawing of it displayed on-screen, numbers changing values at various spots on the screen. Sky watches them as he punches keys on the keyboard in his lap.

Something about the displaying numbers puzzles him. He picks up the cardboard box. It's full of aged notebooks, some labeled Sky's Design Ideas, and Nate Anderson Research, and David Anderson - Conceptual Vision, and Space Habitation Research.

There's also a half unfolded Los Angeles map, photos of himself surfing, skateboarding, sky diving, tinkering with models, and of dad David Anderson posed with sophisticated ones.

Some photos are of David's identical twin brother Nate posed at his reclusive desert dome. Only clue they are not the same person are the few photos of David and Nate posed together. One of them has Sky, alongside his own twin brother Jason, posed in-between their father and uncle, their arms along top of each boy's shoulders, like they shelter them.

Some photos show Sky doing gnarly stunts while skateboarding, sky diving, surfing. In one, he rides an enormous ocean wave. In some photos, he's competing in world water and air surfing competitions. In other photos, he holds awards and trophies.

Some are of Jason and him together, like one where they are thirteen-ish boys bicycle racing each other. Some are of Jason alone, racing motorbikes. One's of Jase, mid twenties, in the Australian outback, arm about a gorgeous blond woman. Sky picks it up, and examines it with sadness tinged admiration.

Sky places the photo atop the pile in the box. He ploughs his hands deep down into the box.

He pulls from the box depths, heaps into a pile on the floor, a number of other items: Batman, Superman, Spiderman and other superhero comic books, DVDs, books, on various topics: physics book on the sun; physical training; martial arts; magic; illusion; culture and mythology; flight manual; comedy; psychology; criminology; American Indian lore; one on the California blue Condor; plus a few diplomas and papers of his, like his university freshman honors certificate, and a photocopied notification to cancel sophomore classes the same university.

Sky grabs a large drawing pad that lies upright against his chair, and a sharpened pencil off the table. Scribbles...

Time though the night passes away via interspersed shots of Sky making sketches of costumes, re-designs of the skymobile, or him calculating figures, or interacting with his laptop, and the big flat monitor display, or looking over plans made of his research complex, or reading parts of the books or notepads, or just pouring over a photograph, him sometimes seated in the wheeled chair, standing, or pacing, or riding his skateboard along the floor, or flipping ollies, Beate at times awake looking puzzled at him, or lying fast asleep.

Seated in the chair, physics book of the sun spread apart to a space satellite shot image of the blazing sun, his eyelids heavy, Sky reaches for the control device. The roof of the shaft high above opens, slides vertical, moves off to a side.

He presses another button. Small portion of the very top of the dome sections into slivers of segments dropping down, away from center, leave a gap open to the red light of dawn.

Sky closes the book, tosses it skittering along the floor. Hauls himself out of the chair. He walks tiredly over to a door cut into the chamber wall, Beate dutifully beside him.

They proceed along a dim lit corridor a short distance. Sky opens another door. Sun, risen over a ridge of land jutting out into the ocean, dazzles his eyes. Right before him is his small trailer, the beach out to the Pacific ocean shoreline.

Only Sky's head is visible above a thick clump of live shrub bushes, with additional driftwood, shrub branches, loosely, as if naturally, strewn in amongst it to add more cover.

They go out. Sky closes the door, its outside surface cleverly disguised just like the cliff face base where it lies.

Sky eyes alight on the perfect surf conditions.

SKY:

Wasted or not Beate, got to go  
catch me some ocean. These gnarly  
waves are way too good to pass up.

INT. SKY'S TRAILER - LATE AFTERNOON

In bed, Sky awakes. Drowsy eyes check a clock on his bedside table. Time, 4:11 PM, surprises him, rouses him to hastily get out of bed, put on pullover. He ponders his cell phone, turned off, his land line phone left off its hook. At last, he puts the land-line phone receiver back onto its cradle.

Land-line phone rings, rings. Sky hesitates in answering it. Snatches it. Receiver tightly to his ear, there's silence.

SKY:

This..., you?

Near silence on the other end, but for sound of breathing.

SKY: (cont'd)

Game's not going to work, no more.

DISTORTED MALE VOICE:

Think so? Getting to think you're  
bold enough to do something, are  
we? Think again. All your dreams  
will whither, die, time **I** chose.

There's more silence. Then..

JASON, SKY'S TWIN BROTHER :

Sky, hey.

SKY:  
Hey. Jase, you.., okay?

JASON:  
So.., far. But whack job here just  
said game clock's running down..

SKY:  
Can you describe..

Jason's voice abruptly is cut off.

DISTORTED MALE VOICE:  
(cheerfully satiric)  
All you up to, but what can you do?  
Time go by, gets shorter, shorter,  
all the time. Soon be no time. Keep  
building your false hopes, all the  
better when they so miserably fail.

SKY:  
Why do you hate me so?

Sky hears heavy, quickened breath. It regains composure. It stays on-line awhile until the phone on that end hangs up.

INT. FIRST CHAMBER DOWN OFF SHAFT - EARLY EVENING

Sky, in the living room sized off shaft chamber, nearest ground dome floor level, stands, futuristic goggles on. He's oddly gesturing into air his arms, hands, fingers. A glimpse is seen of the virtual world space he's sees, manipulates. Lying on a cushioned chair, Beaute curiously watches him.

Sky tips the glasses up onto his sweat beaded forehead.

SKY:  
So much to do. How can I go fast  
enough, uh? Got to find Jase and  
soon. Take care of that nutsoid.  
Before I crack, trying...

Sky gazes up through the open floor/roof above to the sun emblazoned apex underside of the closed dome.

SKY: (cont'd)  
Guy thinks I can't do nothing. As I  
am. Maybe so. So who? I'll tell you  
who, Beaute. SUNMAN! That's who!

He grabs the control device that's been hooked on his shorts. Presses button that opens up the dome above.

Evening daylight floods down the shaft into the chamber Sky's in. Low sun indirectly reflects off inner glass dome surfeits. Sky goes over to Beaute, rubs the dog's head.

SKY: (cont'd)

Promise you one think, won't let him get under my skin no more. But the Sunman gonna need lot more than sizzling guile, a stoked attitude.

Sky notices a photo lying on the floor of Jase, his arm about a worldly pretty blonde woman his age. Mouth becomes taunt.

SKY: (cont'd)

The Sunman gonna get you Jase to the altar yet, Jan!

Beaute jumping off the chair behind him, barks.

SKY: (cont'd)

Least you think Sunman will too!

Sky faces a full length mirror on the chamber's far wall. He forces his stained face into a stained smile. Turns around to face Beaute. Slips into a wry grin addressing the dog..

SKY: (cont'd)

*Not saying it gonna be easy..*

Sky bends down, wrestle plays with his golden lab dog.

INT. TOP FLOOR INSIDE SKY'S DOME BUILDING - NIGHT

Under the dome, closed except small apex section, half moon, bright nearby planet, shining down from the night sky, Sky, in the dim lit interior, stands at one end of a long table.

He adjusts the direction of a small tubular laser's red light narrow beam so it flows right into a prism set at the far end of the table. Beam splits apart into a fan of narrow beams, projecting, reflecting off, the far curved wall. He jots down notes in a paper note-pad, then keys in notes to his laptop.

He picks up a TV remote control, points it at a an array of several TV monitors each attached to their own DVD player. One screen flashes on, shows a comedy routine. Then one more, showing a science show toting prototype flying vehicles.

Another comes on, to super 8 transferred footage of Jase and Sky, as young teenage brothers, racing bicycles. Jase narrowly crosses a line on some pavement first. They get off bikes, argue over who's won. Get into a hotly contested wrestling bout on the adjacent L.A. hills area suburban lawn.

Their dad,unseen behind the camera, laughs at them.

Sky turns another set on. It shows martial arts footage. He tries imitating the moves seen. Meantime turns another on, a documentary on native American Indian tribes. Another. California Blue condors in flight. Another, a special on the sun.

He notices one yet blank set, turns it on as he jabs an arm at it. It shows footage of himself alternatively surfing, sky diving, skateboarding. He begins imitating his own challenging maneuvers there shown.

View slides off Sky, pans across other equipment, gadgetry, strewn all about the few work tables. Smoke effectors, lenses, mirrors, translucent chemicals in beakers, small stone bowls with powder of variant hue in them, light sources of all kind, even store bought forth of July fireworks rockets.

There's also a number of devices shown obviously meant for propelling projectiles, various shaped objects, material, or for creating, projecting, unguessable effects of some sort.

Sky, glancing over the huge array of stuff, ceases all other activity. He shakes his head in amused befuddled amazement.

SKY:

Boy, how I ever going to pull all  
this whack stuff together... .

EXT. OUTSIDE THE DOME BUILDING - PRE/DAWN

In predawn dim daylight, Sky wears the virtual screen goggles walking toward the cliff's edge halfway from the dome. He waves one hand about, on it, a skin tight control glove.

On sound-track strikes up the song.. Driftaway by Doby Grey. Wanderingly, Sky drifts dangerously close to the abyss. He seems to sense when he's very close to it, directs strides that would send him over the edge, rather toward safe ground.

Sun rises atop tentacle ridge of land out thrust into ocean.

INT. VIRTUALLY, WORKING OUT SUNMAN DESIGNS - AFTER DAWN

Sky views the virtual landscape he sees within the goggles. Real world outside the Dome before him forms the background, over which are computer work windows that he positions where he wants them on the screen. A bunch of file tabs lie low to the bottom of his virtual sight. In a couple open windows are various concept sketches for designs of the Sunman outfit.

In some window, objects of some function or other, revolve exposing various angled views of them in turn. One screen has images of the sun, each new one replacing the previous. Under each image are displayed new facts or insights about the sun.

Sky virtually grabs an object from a window, tries to fit it to one superhero Sunman conceptual attire in another window.

Dissatisfied by the result, he hits a file tab, bringing up a new window. Video plays of a small projectile shot at high speed at a loose, medium thickness, cloth-like swath of material. Projectile pushes the material in, before it, becoming taunt, springs back, flings the object back along with it.

SKY:

Works pretty good! Might sting some though. But man, am I glad dad had security clearance for all this government top secret stuff! Seems way too advanced to be real! Maybe to do with all his space research?...

Sky closes that window, begins to scroll SUNMAN garb looks, discards them all into the temporary waste basket. He opens a window, watches in it a video of a blue condor under noon day sun, soaring in the sky near a mountain sheer rock-face. It lazily rises in a sweeping spiral. It passes in front of the reddened real dawn sun that's imposed on the background.

Sky takes the goggles off. Rubs his eyes. Sees the real outdoors about him, cliff edge's a mere ten foot away. He goes right up to it's lip. Sits down there, legs dangling over the side. He looks at the sun. Averts his eyes when it burns into them. He reaches into a pocket and pulls out a pair of unique looking sunglasses, it's fabric band fitted right against his face, eye-lenses closely all encompassing his eye sockets.

Sky stares again right at the sun through them. Stare remains firmly locked on the sun. He laughs, on up to it.

SKY: (cont'd)

Least you won't make me blind! Ha,  
Kay was so wrong giving up on me!

EXT. OCEAN BORNE YAULT NEAR SKY'S TRAILER - EARLY MORNING

Gorgeous young lady, mid twenties, flowing auburn hair, sparkling emerald eyes, in an emerald bikini, holds the railing at the luxurious vault's bow peak. Her eyes scan the beach. She picks up binoculars that lie on a lounge chair, directs them to Sky's small trailer up against the cliffs. Dapper man, in crisp trunks, unsettling air about him, emerges from below.

GREEN EYES WOMAN:  
Can you get us closer to shore?

MAN:  
Want to run us aground? Isn't that  
Sky's place over there. That why?

He seems rather oddly amused. She swipes the binoculars off.

GREEN EYES WOMAN:  
*Why'd* you bring us by here...

MAN:  
Go up coast, got to go back down  
it. Still keen on him, Kay. What I  
heard, Sky's hardly home. No-one  
knows where he scampers off to.

KAY:  
Been keeping tabs on him?

MAN:  
So I like to keep an eye on my girl-  
friend's exes. You know he's got a  
new girl, right? Even she's getting  
stuffed. Shut out of his life too.  
He's not fit to worry your pretty  
little head over, anymore.

KAY:  
You're a secretive one, too.

MAN:  
Line of business, babe. Business.

Kay drills him an unsatisfied glare. Puts binoculars to her eyes, sets them back on Sky's trailer. Wave swell pitches her view up to catch sight of the only visible, very top of the dome set above the cliffs over Sky's trailer. She murmurs..

KAY:  
That wasn't there before..

MAN:  
You say something?

KAY:  
No. Nothing at all... .

INT. INTERIOR CHAMBER SKY'S DOME BUILDING - DAY

A few days later.. . Sky gets into the skyflyer where it lies on the base floor of the dome shaft. He shifts in his seat, getting comfortable. Awkwardly guides his hands to, onto, the various controls within its cockpit. He gives the various controls another look-over just with his eyes.

SKY:

Okay. Okay. Think I know what's what. Time to give this baby a try.

He firmly melds his hands to the steering wheel. His foot depresses a button between his feet. The Skyflyer quivers, oddly with nearly no noise. Sky depresses a button on the steering wheel. Vehicle rises vertically. Deploying other controls, Sky hovers it mid air, smooth as if parked there.

SKY: (cont'd)

This is way so too cool!

Fades in instrumental stirrings of the song, Under The Big Big Sky, on the soundtrack. It fades out.

INT. TOP GROUND FLOOR OF DOME BUILDING - SUPPERTIME

On shaft covering top floor, Sky works on the hallowed interior of a small round object, two linked sides opened up wide. The dome's windows that face inland are unshuttered. Puzzled Sky frowns inside the object at what's he fiddling on.

Over unseen speakers, he hears the noise of a car. He hastily places the object, gently, on a work table. Goes over to the dome remote control on a small table beside him. Picks it up. Presses a button quickly. All the open dome window steel shutters slide shut across over them. He flicks another button. View of an orange Talon on its last way up the dirt road to the Dome site displays on a small monitor.

He presses more controls. Everything related to his research work, recede into hiding recesses, closing cabinets. All but drawing boards with ocean surfboard designs on them. Sighing, he sits back into a deep plush chair. Waits.

He hears irritated knocking at the door. Sky smiles, lets her knock awhile more. He gets up, opens the door. Wendy's there.

WENDY:

Didn't I say to call sometime..

Her attention falls on the sophisticated device in his hand.

WENDY: (cont'd)  
What's that?!

SKY:  
Oh. Um, Ha these TV remote controls  
get more complicated everyday...

He slips it into a pocket before she can examine it more. Still curious, Wendy wanders about, checking out everything in the large room, including the wood slanted floor beneath her feet. She ends up in front of his drawing boards, staring at the surfboard designs on them.

WENDY:  
Built all this just for a place to  
cook up surfboards? How'd you get  
all this done in a couple months.

SKY:  
(wryly, shrugging)  
Little help from my friends? Okay,  
okay, so I built an army of robots.

WENDY:  
Would you cut that out, ha. But  
boy, when you get motivated, boy do  
you go way overboard, know that? So  
where's your dog?

Sky looks puzzled.

WENDY: (cont'd)  
Isn't she always by your side?

Recalling something, Sky shoots a quick peek at the floor. Sky notes Wendy own very intent look down where he looked.

SKY:  
Oh. Beaute. Yeah. Out. Um. Getting  
her groomed. In town.

WENDY:  
You, having Beaute groomed?

Sky nods.

WENDY: (cont'd)  
Mr. o natureell...?

Disbelievingly she stares. Sky boyishly smiles. Disarms her.

SKY:  
You, um, here for a *certain* reason?

WENDY:

Yes, as a matter of fact, guy who doesn't answer his phone no more.. Detective Ash wants to have a chat with you. Seven, sharp! Grungeland? Know it? Yeah. Got ahold of me, when couldn't get you. Seems he's been trying to reach you for a couple weeks now.. . Told him, I'd go fetch you. Don't show up, going to pay you a visit here himself.. .

SKY:

About Jase?

WENDY:

Asking me? Couldn't get a cent off that Ash, you try a million years. Tell you one thing. Gives me the sweet willies, he does.

SKY:

(laughs)

Maybe its these Santa Annas? Been kicking up pretty good lately. Everyone gets so edgy. Ha. Like, you?

WENDY:

You serious? You can't be...

SKY:

Okay, yeah. Sure enough, Ash has got him the right name, alright.

Together they laugh.

WENDY:

Mind I hang around as you get..

SKY:

Ah, give me a ride to the tailer? And drop me off at Grungeland...

WENDY:

Can't get ready up here? Come on Sky, what you really up to, here?

SKY:

Here. Ha. You came, you saw. Just an open comic book here. All.

He juts at his chest. Pumps his open hand in and out from it like in beat with his heart.

Sky: (cont'd)  
 (hamming it way up)  
 Just me, and my love for you..

WENDY:  
 Right. Whatever you say. I'm no  
 pullover sweater Valley girl. Not  
 Arthur Dey's girl! Not me! Not a..

SKY:  
 Still, pull you over me anytime...

WENDY:  
 Hate when you so darn lovably Ha.

She wheels about, goes out. Inside, Sky shakes his head in exasperated relief. Lets out a phew, draws in big breath. Goes out the door, a serene behumoured assured smile back on face.

Wendy stops, turns around so suddenly, ahead of him that Sky almost bumps right into her.

WENDY: (cont'd)  
 You know, I will find out. What's  
 going on inside, you. Rest assured  
 of that. Yeah, you're about as *open*  
 as whacked cerebral astrophysics..

INT. GRUNGELAND SEEDY NIGHTCLUB - MID EVENING

View inside seedy packed club, tightly packed with youthful, standing, street-ware clothed patrons. Tough clusters in the crowd are members of a seethingly uneasy mix of gangs, judging by hung low clothes, tattoos, muscled arms, suspicious bulges where weapons may be stashed or other illicit, stuff.

Suitably grungy band plays a small stage, lead by a gravelly voiced, small statue, dark hair, eye, fireball of a singer, backed by a punkish hard rocking band, propelled by a terrific drummer, who sometimes overpowers, drowns out the singer. Singer's in a writhing groove singing a punk rock version of the Crash Vegas song, On and On and On.

Those in the crowd not hard ass gang members, are dancing furiously on the small dance area before the band, and in their roving spots amid the rest of the club.

One person stands out. Late forty-ish, Los Angeles City Central Special Investigations Unit detective Ash. He Wears a dark brown, crisp, suit over a gaunt frame, face as gaunt, and grave. He's grimly bemused watching the crowd, that leave a clear space just around him.

But for one brave, spaced out, face pierced, tattooed, brown skin girl, in a short red mini skirt, braless long loose top, who wreathes a frenetic dance all around him then grooves up and down up against him like she's doing a pole-dance, Ash eyeing her with attentive pity lanced with sour admiration.

Girl brings her face up near his, lips an inch from his, her eyes looking deep within his eyes, him, like trying to figure him out, get under his hard shell. She kisses him, deeply, on the lips, then whirls right back into the crowd.

When she looks back at Ash, he, grins, ever so slightly. The girl smiles, rather sweetly. Becomes again lost in dance.

A tough, bulked up, large tattooed, white gang member, bumps hard into the back of Ash, hardly ruffling him. Ash just smooths out his suit jacket, and faces the youth head on, staring lifelessly deadly at him.

GANG YOUTH:

On-one hits on my woman? Gonna make you pay for that. In blood, man.

ASH:

Question is how much your own blood you want to spill?

Youth feels something hard pressed against his stomach. He looks down, sees Ash had slipped his hand into a suit pocket, corner of which, protruded by a hidden gun barrel, is poked hard against his rippled abdomen. The youth backs up, slowly.

ASH: (cont'd)

Sweet girl like that deserves better than a piece of shit like you. Treat her well, or be hearing from me. Put a rose on your grave.

Youth nods, keeping an eye on Ash's suit pocket.

GANG YOUTH:

Was only saying.. . Girl's a real ho sometime. I, protect, her. Just don't pay me my respect sometime. That's all. Know what I'm saying.

Something akin to grim understanding flicks on Ash's face, a fleeting moment. Replaced by hardest steel of look. Youth's expression registers that Ash, own ghoulish way, had respected him. Unthreateningly, he shoulder bumps Ash going by him.

GANG YOUTH: (cont'd)

We're good man. Good.

Mid evening daylight enters the basement level club as its entry door opens, bottom of it seen above a short set of steps going down into it. Sky walks down the stairs, stands at its bottom. Broad shaft of daylight spotlights him there.

His smiling presence, noticeable contrast to *the scene*, turns many sullen glaring eyes on him. Ash too. But girl who danced with Ash, she smiles warmly across the club at Sky.

Her boyfriend, cautiously wary of Ash, watching, walks up to her, whispers in her ear. Sweeps her under arm, as gently as a tough gang member under Ash's eye might. He guides her through the club to the exit, On by Sky, gang youth giving Sky a taunt look, girl sneaking a wink at him. They go out.

Sky walks to Ash's insularly clear spot middle of the club. Beside him, Sky trains a look back at the doorway.

SKY:  
So what the deal with..

ASH:  
Protect, respect. To eyes, here.

SKY:  
Gang hangout, huh? Why you want to meet me, here.

ASH:  
Good as any.

SKY:  
Real chat-box. Like it here, among the fallen. No need to answer, not that you would, not a question, ha.

Ash shifts, bit uncomfortably. Sky grins, reveling in that.

SKY: (cont'd)  
Mind telling me, what's up?

ASH:  
(harshly amused sarcastic)  
Social call? Old time sakes?

SKY:  
Really want to step on my territory, ha? Cause I can play that game!

Ash's slight nod concedes Sky's point.

SKY: (cont'd)  
Didn't think so.

ASH:

(his grimmest)

Caller, couple weeks ago. Said knew I was on brother's case. Told me, you been acting.., odd. Should keep tabs. Put best man on it. Told him to keep all under wraps, report to me. One I trust keep his trap shut.

SKY:

Find anything, should keep his tr..

ASH:

Tell, yourself? No? Dome building, you build, ambitious no? Something, drives you, now. Not about making surfboards, can be? Huh? Tell.

SKY:

Never been a surfer have you, ha?

Ash, blinks, concedes Sky's point, wile. Carries on.

ASH:

Pranks calls get. Some, don't much like, you. Wonder, not in good way, what become, of famous, champion Sky Kid Anderson? Glad about.. .

SKY:

(laughing it off)

So TMZ loves a celebrity crack-up!

Ash, blinks, again. He paces off a few step, back.

ASH:

(deathly sarcastic)

You, your brother, done wild stunts in past. Quite, um *popular*, with force, no? So busy, busy with you.

SKY:

Always loved company of the blue. Come on, teenagers, young guys, hormones. Got to play. Tear things up. Let off steam. Have fun. Not that you'd know that word.

ASH:

Boys become men. With, problems. Unresolved... . Turning, turning. Round, inside. Wild become, more..

SKY:

Wish you were a unresolved figment  
turning, round, in my mind now, ha.  
Look, figured you had more on the  
ball. More you look at me, less you  
get down into who's behind this.  
Time's getting short...

ASH:

(seizing on that!)  
Short? Why so say?

SKY:

(unsettled, some)  
Been near three months..., all.

ASH:

All? One thing do know, what you  
know, not telling, all... .

Ash disparagingly grim, grins. Sky rubs back his hair. Looks away, about those seethingly dancing, and, at the pockets of mulling gang members, Asians, Blacks, White, Latino, keeping company among their own, hair-trigger watch on their rivals.

Grooved performance by the singer, group on stage, of their extended rift of the song On and On, grinds to end. Hilarity of it all grips Sky. He turns back to Ash, broadly smiling. Caught off guard by that, Ash glares at Sky. Relents into a grudging small, almost comradely, dry smile of his own.

Ash walks by Sky. Sky watches him head to the steps. People get out of way of the shroud air about Ash as he goes on out.

EXT. SKYSCRAPER, DOWNTOWN LOS ANGLESS - NEARING DUSK

Sun just above the skyscraper towers of downtown Los Angeles, dips below its tallest. Shadows cast by the towers grow as time-lapsed time quickly nears sunset.

Back to normal time flow, sleek car of indistinct style parks alongside a street below the tallest tower. Almost imperceptively, it begins altering its design, from car to Skyflyer. A homeless wino, seated slumped near-by, is the only one to note and watch its transformation. He gets up.

WINO:

(to fast walking passerby)  
That. Car. Up and changed, it did.

Passerby hesitates long enough to take a quick look at the now fully changed car, perfectly still, and back at the wino.

PASSERBY:

Lay off the juice and you won't be seeing things, buddy.

Passerby hastens away. Wino with wonder, trepidation, approaches the Skyflyer, its interior hidden by dark windows. Next to it, he cups his eyes to the windows, tries look in.

Car starts changing more, shimmers, illuminating the deep shadow about it. Wino's startled. Backs away a couple feet. Shimmer grows intensely bright. Couple pedestrians notice that. One of them looks from the car all around the area.

PEDESTRIAN ONE:

Must be a movie shoot. But gosh darn, must've hidden the camera. Crew. Can't see a damn thing.

PEDESTRIAN TWO:

Got it all wrong Fred. One of those gotcha type show. Bet you anything, Ashton Kutcher around here somewh..

Pedestrian gasps mid-word as the odd craft become now the Sunflyer begins to lift, climb in near perfect silence straight up. It pauses fifteen feet mid-air. Gathering below a crowd of stunned pedestrians, and people getting out of mid-street stopped cars, or emerged from shops and offices, to watch.

SHOUTING ONE:

God Damn it's a God Damn UFO or something. Right here in L.A. . God Damn. Hilda, get out your video. For God's Sake, find the damn camera, already, would you! We got aliens, God Damn, among us! We'll get on the TV. Make a God Damn million bucks. Hilda....?

NEARBY DETRACTOR:

Fellow, you're nuts. Just some superhero movie someone making. No such things as aliens, here. L.A. . Come on, already! Come on!

SHOUTING ONE:

Think so. Ain't no flying saucers, huh? That, surely to God Damn is!

Sunflyer, in horizontal plane, moves across to the tower's face, stops, mid-air steady, few feet away. Pauses. Rises, quicker, up the window wall, its shimmering brilliance yet increasing, lighting the dark windows with a sunny glow.

View goes up with it, crowd noises faded. View down skyscraper at the midway up Sunflyer, on past, on ever growing crowd pockmarked with stopped, stopping police cars, the amazed officers from them. All below becoming the more ant-like small.

View close-up on Hispanic male and Jamaican female police officers, both mid thirties and leaned back on their own hoods of two parallel, closely parked together, squad cars.

JAMAICAN OFFICER:  
What you be supposing?

HISPANIC OFFICER:  
You know, Richard Branson, he,  
anything going on...?

JAMAICAN OFFICER:  
Branson? He a rich one, no? Don't  
the man live oversea?

HISPANIC OFFICER:  
Guy, over here in the U.S. of A.,  
all the time. Big stunts, guy does.  
Got all dough ray me, si, to cook  
that... thingamathing? See some  
decals or anything? See noth..

JAMAICAN OFFICER:  
Same what you be seeing.. .

View before Sky's eyes, out them, through Sunflyer's forward window, and, about on front mounted small monitors with video-camed views up, down, back, two sides, out the vehicle, his own self unseen. View out front shows craft ascending the tower's glass shell a steady few feet out. Cam view down pans on the crowd there, cam up, nearing top edge of the skyscraper.

View from crowd way up sees Sunflyer at brink of going over the top floor. Out Sky's eyes, the building's top edge slips down. Split screen view shows Sky's view, crowd's, as craft rises above the building, Sky seeing tower's roof come into view before him. Motion of the Sunflyer stops, suspending it in place just above, out from, the top of the skyscraper. It horizontally begins moving in til it's midway over the roof, where already lies a helicopter ready landing pad.

Janitor, on roof beside the closed, jamming, exit door he was working on, now gawks in awe of the spectacle before him. The Sunflyer getting suddenly all the more brilliant scares him. He hastily tries to unjam the bulky door. It won't bulge.. .

The Sunflyer, held in hover six feet above pad, its underside opens, interior beyond hidden by seething yellow light.

JANITOR:

(facing eyes locked on it)

Don't take me. Family to feed... .  
Please God don't let them take me!

Sky as SUNMAN, now an encompassing, outpouring blur of amber, yellow, red, pulsating, seething light, re-reflecting with-in a spheric shape bordered by the furthest projected extent of a fine substance, bent leg first, drops out the bottom of the Sunflyer. Gravity's grip plunges him down the six foot drop.

Janitor barely discerns a man shape, space age, sophisticatedly outfitted, figure centered amid a globular blaze of light, like as one encased in a ten foot wide Sun, drop to the roof. *Appear* to land with a cushioning crouch. Straighten up there.

Shell of light effect fades, leaves, barely seeable, the man shape, under the blaze of lights yet projecting out from *him*.

Outfitted as SUNMAN, Sky's glare-proof but light flared, at the edges, view sees the shocked man ahead of him a ways off.

JANITOR: (cont'd)

Please please to God don't take me.  
Still got a few years in me yet..

Sky, surprised, alarmed, by man's frenzied fright, on one of his light blazed hands presses forefinger to thumb. The light dims to low glow. Janitor's jaw drops, his fright replaced by a wondrous curiosity, his view partaking the, if so bizarre, recognizably man-ish figure of Sky in prototype SUNMAN garb.

SUNMAN's head, Sky's head hidden within, is topped by an all encompassing snug helmet, of pliable yet taunt, metallic yet leather-like, mirror like, reflective, shiny material, hued by changing colors, amber, orange, yellow, red, by the narrow bands going about it that illuminate it with their glow.

Head gear's *face* part has normally placed eye socket openings with sleek, gold-orange lenses curvilinear risen above the socket areas an half inch. There's a bulge in nose area.

A translucently transparent region of the fabric fits snugly over a discernibly human mouth and chin. But the light bending properties of fabric here obscures any precise description of whomever, ..if indeed human.., might be underneath.

The breathable material runs skin snug, yet plially loose, and flexible, further on down, along the neck. Flows out into the shoulders, arms, back, chest. And all way down figure's body *presumably*, given large areas of it are overlaid by a few surmounting, pocketed, layers of loose, airy coverings, one like a policeman's flap jacket over the chest, abdomen.

The open vest like "jacket" goes down the shoulders to the elbows. It's made of a bulkier thickness of the loosely rigid metallic leather/cloth material but hued in light reflective blue like the sky. Areas of the chest, abdomen, arms, legs, are emblazoned in slashes, streaks of red, yellow, orange.

Overtop all, including figure's trunk and legs too, there's a numerous array of outermost attachments. Bands, projections, openings, pockets of sorts, round glassy objects. Some of the latter now emitting the soft glow of light from the figure.

Figure wears futuristic cargo like shorts but snug to the leg, of medium dark, earth tone, tan color, that go half way to the knees, overtop the thin all body covering material.

Areas of the arms, legs are further shielded, cushioned, by overlaid bands of extra thickness.

Figure also bears a budging backpack slung over his back. And wears shock absorbent sneaker like shoes, a burnt orange.

But what the Janitor most stares at, is the central midst of the figure's chest where emblazoned is a large round yellow-orange light radiating image, identifiable as the sun.

Overtop a corner area of that "sun" is overlaid the silhouetting image of a large, broad wingspan bird, with a long neck, like as if its traversing across the very face of that sun.

JANITOR: (cont'd)

(quakingly, brave)

You, from a sun people race, or something? How could anyone live..

SKY AS SUPERHERO SUNMAN:

(amusingly laughing)

Too hot as hell there, huh? Not a chance of that! Lets just say I'm the Sunman and leave it at that.. .

JANITOR:

Sun.., man. SUNMAN. You're not going to...

SKY AS SUPERHERO SUNMAN:

Fry you...? No. Nooo. I'm a good guy. No, really... . Ha. Good.

SUNMAN sees Janitor's yet clings to stuck door's doorknob.

SKY:

If it would help...

Sky fluidly whips out of backpack an earth tone, light woven cloth, hooded cloak. He wraps it over his body, covering it. Pulls its hood overtop his head. Ceases all the light glow..

SKY AS SUPERHERO SUNMAN:  
That better? Not so.., drastic?

Janitor nods.

SUNMAN:  
That's right. Breathe in, out.  
Mind, I take a look around? No.

Janitor relaxes, seeing, sensing warmth of Sunman's smile.

SUNMAN walks over to the west edge of skyscraper roof. Frantic banging begins on the interior inside of the stuck door, SUNMAN takes a quick look back onto it.

SUNMAN: (cont'd)  
Stuck good. No need to rush, yet..

Jumping atop the low border wall, SUNMAN turns his view down through a gap among the downtown Los Angeles towers right on sight-line to the ocean setting sun. Serene aura pervades..

SUNMAN: (cont'd)  
(awed, him only to hear)  
So this is what it feel like to be  
a.. super, hero! Sweet! Like, like,  
a Batman, only for really real!

A cool stout wind whips across over him, getting him a shiver even beneath the warm embrace of his outfit.

SUNMAN: (cont'd)  
Sure just hope all the crap I got  
rigged works. Or just might end up  
one sorry piece of burnt toast.

SUNMAN notices a pool of standing water below the border wall, his SUNMAN outfit reflecting up to his eyes off it.

SUNMAN: (cont'd)  
Kay, if only could see me now! All  
fine now, yeah, not. Small problem  
of how to go pick up Jase's trail?

Door bursts open, pile of several people, including a couple police officers, spilling, falling out atop one another.

SUNMAN: (cont'd)  
Time to go getdangle.

He leaps of the wall back onto the roof. Walks calmly back towards his hovering Sunflyer, the ever increasing stream of door incoming onlookers, ringed back amongst their own, watching the incredible sight of him with wary awe.

JANITOR:  
(yelling out jubilantly)  
He's the SUNMAN!

Murmurs run through the crowd repeating, reciting that name. Halfway to the Sunflyer, SUNMAN stops, stands in place to survey the lined up band of onlookers, hushed in tense awe. Sky amused, smiles broadly. He sweeps an arm down, up, across before his body in a sweeping arc, blowing up, down with it.

SUNMAN:  
SUNMAN a sight or what?! But trust me, I am no joke! Real deal, here.

Crowd murmur intensifies as people exchange curt talk, looks. Many appear yet alarmed. Asian middle aged woman blurts out.

MIDDLE ADGED WOMAN:  
What business you got? With us? You up to no good? We done nothing....

SUNMAN shakes head ruefully, sneaks a glance on the Janitor, recalling his same initial trepidation.

SUNMAN:  
(smiling at her)  
Only business I got, lady, is I'm here to look over, um, take care, of this city, uh, awhile. Make it safe for living. So you all can um, live here in peace.., have fun, uh, under the sun. Day and.., night!

Crowd after hesitant pause, relax some. The most trusting of SUNMAN's bemused, charming gall, clap. Some grab things, cameras out of their pockets. Take pictures of the SUNMAN. Others, on guard, steady themselves like if readying for action.

SUNMAN: (cont'd)  
Might like to consider taking better care of, here, yourselves, some too, you know.. . Ah, see some of you getting restless. Don't want to overstay my welcome, do I ha? So uh pardon me folks, do got unfinished, uh, business to attend to..

A bravely terrified officer steps out from among the massed.

OFFICER:  
 Don't give a good crap what you  
 spout, whatever.. are, say you are.  
 Got to arrest you for trespassing..

SUNMAN:  
 (jokingly assuring)  
 Come on, officer. Just doing a  
 little ole sight seeing, tonight.  
 That such a big crime, now?

OFFICER:  
 Don't so much care what you doing,  
 now, but why the hell you doing it,  
 like that? Um, you're not.., not..

Voice lowers to whisper, afraid others may think him nuts..

OFFICER: (cont'd)  
 From..., elsewhere? Out there... .

SUNMAN:  
 Depends what you mean by out there?

The officer looks as mystified stymied.

SUNMAN: (cont'd)  
 Love to chat more, but got to go.  
 Gas bill's running up, you know..

SUNMAN points up at the Sunflyer. Officer distracted gazing  
 on it, SUNMAN sets it in motion, across to overtop himself.

OFFICER:  
 Hey wait one minute there..

Second officer filing in behind him, he begins charging the  
 tens of yards to SUNMAN. SUNMAN flings off enclosing cloak,  
 stuffs it in backpack. Instant later, he once move flashes in-  
 to the ball of intense pulsating light, temporarily blinding  
 the officer, stopped dead in tracks wiping his watered eyes.

SUNMAN deftly leaps, on spring aided shoes, right up on into  
 the underbelly opened Sunflyer, rising inside it to grab in  
 his hands a firm tight grip on the dangling cable there.

Hatch slides shut over the opening below. SUNMAN/Sky lowers  
 feet down atop it. Scrambles into the craft's pilot seat.  
 Hits button, craft tilting, moving sharply fast, up.., away!

SUNMAN:  
 School gymnastics sure paid off!

The Janitor atop the skyscraper jogs for the roof's edge. A boy, about twelve, races up to, by him, getting there first.

JANITOR:  
 (out of breath, huffing)  
 Whoa, boy, take it easy there. Over  
 a thousand foot down, yonder.. .

He grabs hold of the boy's hand. Together they watch the Sunflyer, slow, stop, to hover, perfectly still in place, several thousands of feet up higher and off to the west.

JANITOR: (cont'd)  
 My, my. Looks like the Sun's done  
 risen in the West already, and darn  
 if it didn't just go down! Who've  
 thunk, two sunrises the same day!

BOY:  
 Is, SUNMAN, a, real live Superhero?

JANITOR:  
 You asking me? Sure kid, could be  
 that well as anything.

Removing cap to thoughtfully scratch a balding head, the janitor's confused puzzled expression shows he's not sure of anything. Even less as Sunflyer shoots over, in a curved arc to an apex right back over them, the roof fully crowded with people now atop the tallest towering building in L.A., then descends in that smooth arc down towards the East following symbolically the path the Sun itself plied through the sky.

Loud gasp soars from the crowd as Sunflyer, yet above the horizon, vanishes into thin air, split screen showing why: Sunflyer transforming in rapid fire fashion back to the sky-blue Skyflyer, all illumination ceasing, making craft invisible at distance in the dusk. A bevy of police helicopters near, arrive at the tower it'd been at. Loom above it, aimlessly.

INT. SKY AS SUNMAN INSIDE THE SKYMOBILE - MOMENTS LATER

Sky out forward window and via the various screens, takes in the spectacle of his panoramic soaring bird's eye view of the city of Los Angeles, sparkingly lit by its endless matrix of turned on lights cast under the after sunset, deepening dusk sky. Sky peels off head gear. Eyes sizzle, giddily ablaze.

SKY AS SUPERHERO SUNMAN:  
 Ooh, baby, it's begun! Big-time.  
 Wooo! Watch out L.A., Sunman's come  
 out to play, tooo..night! Wooo!

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL GANG INFESTED AREA - DARK OF EVENING

Run of mill, large suburban drives along a near traffic-less road in the dark of moonless evening. Suburban derelict homes line either side of the darkly lit street, many of the street lamp bulbs busted out. Vehicle seems confused, slowing, stopping, crawling along. Stops again. Shoots off. Veers hard to the right for an intersecting side-road. Halfway on that, car sharply swerves right back on, down the road it'd been on.

A ways further down the road, car swings a complete U-turn, and goes hesitantly back on down the road the way it'd came. Takes left onto the road it'd before started turning onto....

INT. INTERIOR OF THE SUBURBAN SUV - MOMENTS LATER

Inside SUV, upper middle class black man drives two youths seated in the back, an Asian-black boy, about twelve, and a taller white girl in her mid teens. She fidgets about nervously as she looks out the car windows at the desolate surroundings, all so spookily devoid of life.

THE MAN DRIVING:

Trevor, know where we are now?

THE BOY, TREVOR:

How about like totally freaking lost, Uncle Randy! Told you where we *should've* got off the freeway!

THE GIRL:

I don't like it here. Not *one* bit! Scary, just like in the movies...

THE BOY, TREVOR:

(loudly, to start..)

**Boo!** Ha. Scared you good! Don't like getting spooked, Jenny? Ha. Me, I think it's kinda.., fun.

UNCLE RANDY:

Cut that out, Trev. Don't go spooking your sister more she is already. Get me!?! Trev?!

Randy slows car. Parks it roadside beside an unoccupied wreck of home, area pitch-black here. Turns head around to talk.

UNCLE RANDY: (cont'd)

Hey Jen, nothing to worry about. Be back on the freeway in a jiff.

JENNY:  
Still going to miss The Hills!

TREVOR:  
So what! I'm going miss Smallville!

RANDY:  
(chuckling)  
Glad you two know what's really important in life! Now let me think. We come this way in? Doesn't seem all too familiar.

TREVOR:  
Course you don't see nothing. Can't see a blasted darn thing here. So why none the pole lights work here?

RANDY:  
Um, busted out. It's not a.., good area. Think we're in South Central.

TREVOR:  
No way! Isn't that where all the gangs are.. ? Wicked! Just wait til I tell all my friends about this!

JENNY:  
If we ever get out of here!...

Randy, about to retort, sees a group of tall youth emerge from the shadows behind the car. He gulps. Hastily turns back forward to race the car off, but already right there before the car's hood are a trio of slackly grinning gang members. Center posed toughest one among them points a gun on Randy.

TREVOR:  
We are in **big** trouble! Boy, I wish Batman were for real right now!!

JENNY:  
(sniping sharply)  
How'd that help? He supposed to live in Gotham, anyway. Not L.A. .

TREVOR:  
Uncle Randy, **do** something, already!

RANDY:  
Can't! *That's* no play-gun he got.

JENNY:  
I'm getting really, **really** scared!

RANDY:

Look. Listen up! If we just stay cool. Maybe I can talk a way ou..

JENNY:

That all you going do, talk! God help us!

TREVOR:

(the one panicing now)  
It's over! It's all over! He's gonna shoot our lights out too!

Trevor picks up a steel case flashlight off the middle section of the back seat, grips it tightly. In shock, he plants his face to his window staring out. One gang member laughs seeing that, say something to his mates, who laugh. The gang member goes up right beside Trev's door. Trev stabs at the door lock mechanism, locking the door just as the gang guy tries to suddenly open the door with the outside handle. Randy and Jenny in a wild rush, lock down the rest of the doors.

Trev flicks on the flashlight, aims beam at the guy at his door. He jigjags his behind back along the back seat til he's bumped up close against his sister, the gang member keeping a close eye on him the whole time. He addresses his gang mates.

GANG LEADER:

Check this, kid's scared shitless!

His gang mates glare at Trev, make taunting faces. The gang member leader takes a few steps back along the SUV. Stops. Draws slowly again forward, faced sideways, until one side of his badly scarred face, his eye there, caught directly in the flash-light's beam, comes up against Trev's window. His eye drills into the terrified eyes of the boy, reminiscent of the T-REX scene in the first Jurassic Park movie.

Other side of the car, outside Jenny's window, another gang member presses his face up against her window. The family hear the car's tires popping. Hiss out air, the Suv sagging.

RANDY:

Keep calm. Just trying to unnerve us. Let them play their games. Keep cool, alright! Maybe get bored....

Someone at the rear smashes a baseball bat through the SUV's rear window, shattering a big hole in it. Jenny screeches!

TREVOR:

We're goners, we're goners. We're goners. We're goners. We're gon..

Trevor's eyes diverts onto a dark streak in the upper view out the front windshield. It swoops from the night, sharply drops to a smooth landing thirty feet in front. Hard to see in the gloom, it rolls slowly to a full stop twenty foot off.

TREVOR: (cont'd)  
Hey guys, you see that too..

RANDY:  
See. See what? Trev! This is no time to be making stuff up.

GANG GUY BEHIND CAR WITH BASEBALL BAT:  
Kid thinks he saw something.

GANG LEADER:  
Sure he do. His worst nightmare.

GANG GUY BEHIND CAR WITH BASEBALL BAT:  
No. Think see it too. Behind you!

The gang leader turns his head to look out before the car.

GANG LEADER:  
Now how'd that get.. , Hey, any-you see that thing there before?

They look about each others blank expressions.

GANG LEADER: (cont'd)  
What's the use of you all, huh.

Curiosity, bravado stoked gang leader approaches the sleek vehicle in a cocksure swagger, few hard-ass hommies following, one with the bat along Suv. Skyflyer converts to Sunflyer..

Gang leader two thirds way to the craft, its consumed with-in a blinding blazing ball of sun hue light. Tendrils of flame shoot out in all directions too. Ahead, reach with-in a foot of the, stopped in tracks, gang leader. Flames, only, stop.

Inside car, Trevor crawls across his sister, climbs overtop the passenger side seat, plops down into that front seat.

TREVOR:  
(wildly enthused)  
See that! See that! We're being saved by a UFO or something!

A great plume of water, tinted by the illumination the color of sun, ejects out all around, puts out all that was caught on fire, drenching the gang leader too. Sunman's (Sky's voice rendered as that) voice blares out, projected from the craft.

SUNMAN ,UNSEEN:  
Wouldn't get close, I were you, ha.

GANG LEADER:  
What the fu., you think, you are.  
This is our hood. Don't give a god-  
damn how you can show your colors..

GANG GUY TWO:  
Raze, let's don't mess with., it.  
Got to be, like, um, supernatural..

GANG LEADER:  
Who made you lampchop? Not frigging  
supernatural. Don't be tripping  
that shit around! Got be what cops  
got new. Too bad, got the one.

Gang leader jabs one arm mockingly out at the Sunflyer.

GANG LEADER: (cont'd)  
Too bad, for you!

Rest of gang, dozen in number, buoyed, shamed, take out their hidden arsenal of guns, AK7s, knives, protruding nail clubs. Gang leader looks back, chillingly smiles at his small army. Juiced, he arrogantly strides right up to the Sunflyer, puts his boot up against it. Gets about to kick it.

SUNMAN ,UNSEEN:  
Go break a foot on me, ha.

Gang member considers, nods, drops his boot upon the ground. In malicious deep thought, he walks beside the car. Stops midway down along it, where a driver-side car door would be.

GANG LEADER:  
One way or nuther, we going take  
*special* care of you, in there!

Rest of gang fan around the Sunflyer, but, a few feet back..

GANG LEADER: (cont'd)  
Rig best be bullet proof, man,  
cause in five seconds, gonno be all  
full of holes, right into you, man.

No response. Gang leader's unsure what to make of that.

GANG LEADER: (cont'd)  
One.

Before can say two, Sunflyer lifts foot off ground, begins to swivel at increasing pace, in place around itself. Gang leader, rest of the gang, back up ten feet as craft spins in circles, to be safe of getting struck. It lands back before the SUV. Same time, SUNMAN comes out a gap in the side. It shuts.

SUNMAN:

Two, ha. Name's SUNMAN. Don't like using lethal force myself, but you want to go right ahead and shoot, not much choice I got I guess, ha?

GANG LEADER:

What you do against all us?

SUNMAN:

Oh, not see what I got in my hands?

Gang leader, rest, see the small round amber yellow orbs that SUNMAN's holds in his hands, many more of which are ringed in bands around his arms on small launching projections.

SUNMAN: (cont'd)

(rather amused...)

Yeah those. Kind that go off pretty well right away. Can take me down a whole squadron in a single go.. . Let you see, you want, you don't disperse in say.. five seconds...

GANG LEADER:

What we shoot you first...

SUNMAN:

(laughingly)

Stand here if bullets could even scratch this fine piece of attire? Maybe crazy, just not that crazy! Oh, and that, set them all off! Set gosh darn impact automatic trigger.

Some gang members shy farther back off. Their leader looks disparagingly at his faltering ranks.

GANG LEADER:

Kook bluffs! Halloween threads on.

GANG GUY TWO:

Sure is sure.. Drive's real enough! Could of flew off. But Sunman dude, here, he come back, Raze! No-one that nuts. Don't want get blown up!

SUNMAN:

You want crazy, can give you crazy!  
Crazy crazy, crazzzy like the sun..  
..man, burning all you to a crisp!

Several flee off into the recess of night. Five stay. Raze's contorted face shows his conflicted thought. Face alights.

RAZE:

(grinning)

Check this. We shoot you, they go off like you tell, you go up with us, man! Expect Raze to buy that?!

SUNMAN:

Why I got the shock proof, threads, man. Give it a shot.., and while you be sitting up yonder on cloud nine, I'll go buy you a real nice afterlife card.

Raze's deep frown returns. Annoyed, he scratches his chin.

SUNMAN: (cont'd)

(slaphappy giddy wry )

Come on now. Let's be starting something. I'm game, you are! Say I start.., One.., Two.., Three..

In night sky, sight and sound of distant helicopters headed their way (..to light show the wrong side of town, observed). And along the ground grows the sound of police car sirens.

GANG GUY WITH THE BAT:

(even he wavering, now..)

Ain't worth the risk, Raz.. . Look too like whole damn police force be here soon.. . We got to get gone!

SUNMAN:

Four..Four and half..Five eights..  
Four three quarters and a dime, ha.

Raze backs a reluctant step back, another. Stops.

RAZE:

(pounds his chest)

Know you bluff man. Know. Come back my hood agin, won't be good on you.

Like he's had a second thought, Raze retraces his steps back toward SUNMAN, flipping out the blade of a switchback knife.

SUNMAN:

Step more, won't be good, on you..

SUNMAN drops to ground a bunch of the orbs. Instinctively, they seem to roll on own toward Raze. Raze eyes them, wavers mid-step as they surround him. He slowly withdraws back his foot, drops it beside his other, encircled now by the orbs.

He deeply ponders the placid eyes behind the yellow amber lenses of SUNMAN's face. Long while as sirens, copters near.

Defiant, he twists his back to SUNMAN. As preserving of what face he has left, he coolly strides away. Other four follow. Followed closely behind by the rolling orbs... .

Raze stops. Four companions pass by him. Stop ten yards on past, confused, unsettled under sway of their erratic leader. Raze inspects each in turn. Though scared stiff of Raze, two refutably shake their heads, jerk about sharply, race away.

RAZE:

Two you are dead men. Dead!

Incensed, Raze heads for the SUV, ignoring SUNMAN. Other two, including the one with bat, follow. Glance at SUNMAN as go by him. Orbs roll along right with and beside them. Raze points his gun at Trevor, who backs into his seat as far be can.

Boom, Boom, Boom. Several orbs vaporize blasting apart in a seething flash of brilliant searing light. Their concussions knock the three gang members to the ground a few feet back. They lie there stunned. Raze's gun been flung ten yards off.

SUNMAN walks up to the front of the SUV. Makes a thumb's up gesture to Trevor, smiles at him, then Randy, Jen. He turns, and looks at Raze, kneeling, eyeing his gun so close, far. Raze realizes he's being watched, twists about to see him.

RAZE: (cont'd)

Knew you bluff.

SUNMAN:

Oh those. Made to stun, for fun.  
Lethal's kinda real drastic don't  
you think? But.., now those...

SUNMAN points to several larger orbs clustering up near Raze.

SUNMAN: (cont'd)

(smiling warmly)

..these are the real bad boys!

For first time, Raze grins, respectfully impressed.

RAZE:

Make great homeboy, Sunman! Not goin' hurt them. Fun, all, scarin' them good. Steal things, could be. That all. Til you get me, mad!

SUNMAN:

(laughing)

Awful thing, temper, sure 'nough. Better ways to.., have fun. Huh?

Raze nods, somehow even he compelled under SUNMAN's own sway!

SUNMAN: (cont'd)

Don't learn them, next time...

RAZE:

Goin' let us go..

SUNMAN:

USA made of second chances, right? Got a minute, two, before cops...

Raze picks himself up, helps up his mates. They melt away into night, Raze taking a last glance back, grinningly yell.

RAZE:

Too crazy man to last long SUNMAN.

SUNMAN watches him vanish, deep in tumbling thought on those words. Trevor opens his door, charges over to SUNMAN.

TREVOR:

You're way better than Batman!

SUNMAN:

Batman's *only* in comic books, huh?

TREVOR:

Yeah, that's right! I'm not dreaming this up right? You are here?!

SUNMAN:

Scared off bad guys didn't I, ha.

TREVOR:

Sure enough did that, and how!

Trevor's uncle and sister get out the SUV, come over.

UNCLE RANDY:

Saved us, alright, Mighty impressive, Sunman! Anything do for you..

SUNMAN:

Ha. Why don't you just tell folk,  
they got a guardian against fear, a  
friend in SUNMAN! Superhero SUNMAN.

Distantly down either end the road, squad cars, lights illuminating the busted pole-lamp blackness, speed their way. Many helicopters, from all directions, loom increasingly large.

SUNMAN: (cont'd)

Got to go. Huh..

UNCLE RANDY:

Randy. Randy Stone. Tax Specialist.

He shakes SUNMAN's garbed hand. Holds it so tight, it traps him in place. SUNMAN looks nervously at the commotion seconds from them. He shakes his hand hard, enough to surprise Randy, free it. Sunman's surprised to find his business card there..

RANDY:

Ever get in trouble with IRS..

SUNMAN whisks out a skateboard from his pack hastily. Steps right away on it, propels it with one foot, and a burst from a flaring small jet of flame on the backpack. He yells back..

SUNMAN:

Know who to call..., Ha.

Rapid acceleration of the skateboard gets SUNMAN quickly to the Sunflyer, he jumping off it, swooping it up in arm, as he jumps into the opened side of the Sunflyer. It closes behind.

He jumps in the flight seat, presses button. Ablaze in light, Sunflyer shoots in high acceleration straight up, in-between two police helicopters a hundred foot apart, two hundred feet high, their pilots stunned by the flash of ascending craft.

Helicopters, ascending, turn sharply, try follow the Sunflyer as it veers and careens fast away in a crazy corkscrewing path, leaving them far behind.. Well away from them, to the pilots, all below, it seems to just disappear into the night.

PILOT ONE:

(jokes on mic to other..)

When I seen, er, *not* seen, that  
before. Oh yeah, couple hours ago!

..PILOT TWO:

This SUNMAN guy sure gets around.  
When you can see that rig of his.

On the ground, a group of officer surround the pavement on which Sunflyer had been, partly covered by a glowing golden yellow material patterned in letters that spell: **S U N M A N**.

EXT. EMPTY PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Behind a towering building, above its dark, night deserted, parking lot, the dark shape of the Sunflyer now Skyflyer, arcs sharply above to align with, dive down to the lot.

Ten foot above concrete, it makes level hovering circles in air spiralling to the center of the circles, stopping there. At leisurely pace, it drops straight down to a soft landing.

Immediately, Skyflyer converts into a nondescript car. Rolls out from the parking lot onto a downtown city street.

INT. INSIDE THE SKYFLYER NOW NONDESCRIPT - MOMENTS LATER

Top of SUNMAN garb off, own face exposed, Sky, behind the car's darkened windows that block sight of him, drives the "car" along the freeway amid sparse traffic.

SKY:

Cut that way close! Outta control.  
Let loose, cut me, us, in half. DS  
Inc. AI program worked fine though!

Sky whizzes by a few cars, already travelling fast...

SKY: (cont'd)

Act needs more, polish. Less, exposure. More armor on, us, help. Yep, the Sunman got to stay in one piece til he gets a chance to save Jase.

I/E. SKY'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Sky's drives car last of the road to his dome, onto it's lot, by the orange Duster now parked here, right through dome side protrusion wing entrance, opening for him. Closes behind him.

INT. BOTTOM LEVEL DOME BUILDING - NIGHT

Skyflyer back "itself" lies at its central place on the bottom level below the dome, shaft roof high above closed. Sky, in a loose, surf imaged, T-shirt, surfer shorts, is near the chamber's cabinet wall putting away the SUNMAN gear. Stashed, he gives it a pleased smile, slides shut the cabinet's door.

INT. THE PASSAGE FROM BOTTOM LEVEL TO TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

Sky rides a skateboard tiredly last few yards of under-cliff passageway to its exit door. Yanks it open, beach ocean air rushing in. Goes out, around hiding brush. Heads to his trailer from right behind it. He stops, stands by the back wall.

SKY:  
Best find way in less open. Hatch underneath? Short way for tunnel.

In the pre-dawn heat, fueled by stout inland breezes blowing offshore, Sky wipes away sweat beads on his forehead.

SKY: (cont'd)  
Santa Annas gonna burn down this city, don't let up, Sunman or not.

He heads around the side of the trailer, cautiously. He hears scratching on the inside of the front door. He smiles. Goes to, opens, the door, letting out Beaute, who romps about him.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN BEACH SHORELINE - DAWN

Sun rising over the ocean protruding ridge neck of land, Sky stands on the beach at waterline, all waves to the horizon flat. Beaute wanders about the beach. Comes up beside him.

SKY:  
(to his dog)  
One time glad no waves. All dogged out, ha! Still got to switch tires with the Duster. Last night you been there, have seen something wicked! Baby, I was hot! On fire!

Sky eyes gleam brilliantly in first rays of fiery sunlight. Turning his head into its shadow, that gleam subdues.

SKY: (cont'd)  
All that but a start. Gotta keep my chill on long enough, long nuff...

INT. SKY'S TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

Sky, Beaute, enter his trailer, early sun streaming in the front door. He closes it leaving interior in gloom, windows now blinded by solid blinds. In a corner area set as a dining area with table, chairs, a new desk-top computer lies beneath the table on the floor, a flat screen monitor atop the table.

Sky notes with curious concern the animated screensaver of a surfer riding an enormous wave over and over on the monitor. He walks over. Leans over it, his hands planted on the table.

SKY:

Leave on, Beaute? Just got, and.., up and hooked it to the net. Maybe busted? What, cause it come on by itself? Wonder.., if the net's on? Lucky nothing on it, yet, anyway..

Nervously laughing it off, taking hands off the table, Sky drops on his knees. Eyes posed just above tabletop level, he draws one hand instinctively towards the computer off switch.

Hand freezes inch from it, Sky spotting the animated surfer instantly replaced on screen by stark scrolling text, white over black background. Rolling slowly top of screen on down.

THE SCROLLING TEXT:

(screen bottom dissolving)

See TV news, Sky? The fireworks, show. Or too, busy? You think your cartoon disguise matters? To me? Your plastic smile can't elude the truth. I see, rule, your anguish behind your act of desperation. All so transparent you are to me. Once upon a time, so happy go lucky. Now so hopelessly pathetic. Only I own your fate. Your brothers'. You want find me so bad.., watch the wind. The winds will tell how you and this city's going to burn. And all because of you! Your "superhero" Sunman act inspired me to be more, so much more you could ever be...

The text abruptly freezes, dissolves quickly away.

SKY:

How he know I'm SUNMAN Beaute, how?

Block of text startling flashes, centrally placed, onto the screen. It doesn't scroll, just remains blaringly in place.

THE BLOCK OF TEXT:

Now you know the grip of righteous obsession. In its inferno you, your SUNMAN, will be consumed! Poor Sky, poor SUNMAN, sad impostor of hope.. I'm the only sun into which you'll plunge, and die, alone! So alone...

Text explodes apart, leaves behind the black background. Sky stares at it. He slumps into the screen facing chair. Fights back a surge of depression, helplessness. Idly, he slides forward the keyboard under the monitor. Flicks at keys. Several video playing, plus local newspaper front page showing, boxes spring up, cover all over the entire black of the background.

In the videos, local news-show hosts excitedly report, jabber about SUNMAN as both police, low res blurry, and citizen, shaky, zoom crazy, out of focus, footage run, show glimpses of SUNMAN's craft, SUNMAN, atop skyscraper, in the sky.....

Most the reports are awestuck wondrous, praise his deeds. But a couple of critical newspaper headlines seize his notice:

NEWSPAPER HEADLINE ONE:  
SUNMAN: Real *superhero* or fraud?

NEWSPAPER HEADLINE TWO:  
SUNMAN: Yes, too good to be real!

Those front page articles, while conceding SUNMAN's outer worldly performance and craft, claim his saving feat's an elaborate stunt the self-proclaimed superhero SUNMAN set-up by hiring the gang since he'd let them go. Beaute barks.

SKY:  
This town's incredible. Tries kick you down even before you get near the top. But I got bigger fish to fry, uh Beaute? Got to get to this lunatic before he lives up to his diatribe. From bush-fire into the fire-storm, guess jokes on me, so far... . But I swear to God, I'll get the last laugh on him!

Gleam in eyes, he ferociously grins. Tussles with his dog.

INT. SKY'S TRAILER - NOON

Sky lying askew deep asleep atop his bed, Beaute asleep too, strewn over his legs, the land phone abruptly rings, rings.. Sky stirs, opens an eye, forcibly closes it. Ring. Ring.... Sky turns his head sideways to watch it. Ring. Ring. Ring... He digs arm elbow in the bed, props head atop the arm's hand.

Ring. Ring. Sky slashes receiver from its cradle. Holds it up tight to an ear, steels himself long moment there's no sound.

WENDY:  
Sky! Sure make a gal wait!

SKY:  
Oh, it's just you.

WENDY:  
When I become a just you hum? Don't answer just listen up! Meet me five sharp, L.A. Prime, the Bonaventure Westin. Dinner then clubbing. Excuses not accepted. My..., birthday.

SKY:  
Hey, whoa..., I got important things to do tonight...! Er, ..birthday?

WENDY:  
Day one gets hatched..., ha.

SKY:  
(chuckling, sarcastic)  
Yeh, kind of know already what that means. Your..., birthday...?

WENDY:  
Don't go rubbing it in, okay? Just be there! Good. See you at five.

Click. Sky stares blankly at phone awhile. Grins ruefully.

SKY:  
Hey, Beaute when's being in a relationship like getting into the army? When you get drafted! And shafted! Even SUNMAN can't get out of this one. Got to be a way to do both....

Beaute rubs against Sky sympathetically. Sky rubs her ears.

SKY: (cont'd)  
Yeah, just imagine me actually being married to that one too, hey..?

Sky feels an odd tingling. One of his glimpsing perceptions of the future. Beaute eyes him quizzically, Sky observing it.

SKY: (cont'd)  
Oh, flash there! Strong sense tonight's engagement got a role in it for SUNMAN, *after-all*.... !!

INT. THIRTY-FOURTH FLOOR L.A. PRIME BONAVENTURE WESTIN - EVE  
At the swanky, top floor, L.A. Prime, New York Steak House...

..Wendy stands beside a city panoramic window looking out it, wearing roughly the same puzzling expression Beate had. She checks her watch. Thirteen minutes before five PM. She sighs.

WENDY:

Sky, why you always have to cut ev-  
erything so close to the edge.. ?!

She twists about to, ambers to the table nearest the window. Sinks into chair. Takes a large sip from a glass of red wine.

EXT. IN SPACE SUN TO EARTH (SCENE TRANSITION) - *EVERY SECOND*

Over eight seconds, each second representing a minute, view careens through space from behind the Sun at it's equator, on through its "back", its core, out its earth faced surface, on through space by Mercury, Venus, towards the growing orb of the blue ocean Earth, Sun's glint seen on the Pacific Ocean.

FADE TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES WESTIN BONAVENTURE EXT - MOMENTS LATER

High view, deeply slanted down, sweeps rapidly inland from over the Pacific Ocean near white front beach, on by all interceding natural and city landscape on a direct bead from ocean to towering cluster of L.A. skyscrapers, sun reflecting off the top floor window walls first glimpsed from afar.

Mid-air view shows Skyflyer on that high view route through the sky. Inside, Sky watches the skyscrapers loom large, his craft slowing in its fast closing approach to them. Near but yet high above the skyscrapers, the craft halts. Hovers.

High view slants onto sun faced sides of three adjoined cylindrical, thirty plus floor towers, blue clad in iridescent mirror walls, the L.A. Westin Bonaventure. Most bulged out area on each, along a sectional plane, reflect the west sun. Lone spears of hot light run up down through those spots.

EXT. SKYFLYER LANDING AT WESTIN BONAVENTURE - MOMENTS LATER

Skyflyer dives straight down at high speed. Ten foot above heavy, midtown Los Angeles supertime traffic near the Westin, the craft slows incredibly rapidly to a hover a couple foot above a stream of cars, flows forward at a speed matching those cars. It pitches steeply to a rolling landing on the road in the narrow gap between two cars, driver behind astounded. He reaches for cell phone cam. Drops it as Skyflyer converts to nondescript road car, veers onto side road.

Sky guides the car in a dizzying zigzag of rapid-fire turns onto other roads, comes neatly back around to exactly where he'd first landed, driving there same speed as the traffic. He heads it towards the nearby Bonaventure Westin.

EXT. NEAR THE BONAVENTURA WESTIN - MOMENTS LATER

Sky's car scoots on by inside another car about to park in the lone spot on this road a couple streets from the Westin, zips into the spot, other driver fuming. Sky smiles behind dark windows and sunglasses. Waits impatiently til he goes.

SKY:  
(sarcastically grins)  
Not like I was in a hurry, guy!

EXT. CONCRETE WALKING BRIDGE, WAY TO WESTIN - MOMENTS LATER

Sky scampers over a broad, street below overhanging, concrete pedestrian bridge that goes by a downtown YMCA gym. Heads on a bead beyond for one of the Westin's entry levels within the gigantic cold shadow cast by these sun blocking sides of it.

EXT. BONAVENTURE WESTIN AT FLOWER STREET- MOMENTS LATER

Sky, breathing hard, runs over the last few yards up to the pedestrian bridge now become plaza, above off Flower Street, blue glass entry for the Bonaventure Westin. Plants his cushioning hands up against the doors to bring him to a halt.

He backs off a few feet, bends over, placing hands on knees. Catches some deep breaths. He checks his watch. *Six to five.* He straightens up. Combs his disheveled hair with his hands. Goes right up against the doors, checks his appearance in it.

He smiles as his mirror sunglassed face smiles back. Til an odd sensation grips him, and, a cold gust of wind. *Those vibes of his..* . He puts his hand on the door. Hesitates.. .

Grins ruefully. With both hands, he shoves the door in hard, slips in through its gulf before it can swing back closed. From outside, Sky's back - Sky sealed within building, **fate!**

INT. FORTH FLOOR, PERIMETER WALKWAY ABOUT CENTRAL PLAZA - EVE

Sky walks in from the doors to the belly high, border wall edge of a fourth floor corridor that curves around the chasm of a six story immense central plaza encased by the grey muting gloom of the six floors of overlooking concrete courses.

He affixes hands atop the wall, looks down about the cavernous plaza, senses a pervading aura of dread. Faced into the, receding back, view, he walks along the corridor, hugging its border wall, legs like drawn heavily down by gravity's tug on the massive concrete weight of this place and his own qualms.

He slightly smiles only in passing by the inner wall mounted posters of movies with scenes shot here, especially the ones of *Strange Days*, *The Enforcer*, *True Lies*, and, *Nick of Time*..

SKY:  
(to.. Nick of Time poster)  
Sure enough do hope so, that!..

None's to hear him in the seeable curve of corridor ahead as he stands at the poster, paused. Its ironic humor seizes, buoyys him. He strides with renewed vigor for a spiralling stairwell that goes one floor down on way towards the dim blue, red, white light fringed plaza space and reflecting floor. He vaults the border wall, swinging legs on over it down to a step six feet down, almost colliding with an aged Asian man coming up around the bend. The stern faced man and Sky stand face to face. Sky grins.

SKY: (cont'd)  
Short-cut... . I'm, ..late.

AGED ASIAN MAN:  
Got stairs for walk. So walk.

Asian man surprises Sky with wink. Pats Sky on back going by.

AGED ASIAN MAN: (cont'd)  
Go on..., now. Waits..., she, un..

High plaza mid-air vantage point views Sky walk a few steps down, then charge, vault, full tilt rest of the way down, vanishing in turn under stairwell bends, re-emerging at the top of the stair courses, full four floors to the ground floor.

Sky pauses to stand on the black sea like floor of the plaza, gasp some, a few feet from the bottom stair. He spies all the long way across the plaza an elevator go up, one down, *there*, through top of the plaza's grey roof sky. Rueful, he sighs.

SKY:  
Down to go up *but* into what *mayhem*?

In hasty, but, measured pace, Sky makes for the elevators. Behind the crescent counter mid floor along that way, an Puerto Rican hotel manager in crisp navy blue blazer, pants, a tall, thin, ghoulish, male concierge in dark suit, and a stout solid built black security guy, eye him closely, rather curious.

Noting that, Sky going on close by, nods, grins. Laughs.

SKY: (cont'd)  
Gal waiting. And she don't like to  
wait.. . Know what I mean.. . Yep.

By, back to them, Sky takes a checked breath, discerning all the security cameras posted strategically *and* trained on him.

SKY: (cont'd)  
(under his breath..)  
Man, jumping staircases just got to  
be a capital offence in this place!

Behind, the threesome observe him more, become bored he's... , behaving. Look consensually about one another. Shake heads, shaking off their concerns. Become busied checking lists, answering calls, watching a few other shady types near about.

Sky passes by blue, white, and red, little lights shone black water pond, its central splaying water plume fountain, and a bar counter, stools, *bartender*, inset along the nearby wall.

BARTENDER:  
Be having anything tonight sir.

Sky nods no. Smiles for him, like sad he won't be. Bartender looks dismayed, like lonely posted at his island by the pond. Sharp dark suited clusters of foreign businessman types criss-cross the floor and a couple of loudly casually dressed family groupings, one IndoAsian, one another foreign origin. And a gorgeous blonde movie starlet turning Sky's surprised head.

The security man returns a last long look at Sky til he passes from view into the well of walls where the elevators lie.

Sky presses against the six floor high massive concrete wall facing the elevators. Looks up so contrasting a narrow chasm, here, imaging in a flash of day dream (*we see*), him climbing up it like an ascent route chimney in a sheer mountain face.

He interrupted mid-daydream by an Oriental foursome of two couples crowding into the narrow space between walls here, each couple going each side of him. Sky draws in forward close to the elevator doors, feeling oddly claustrophobic.

Ding, ding. Steel plate elevator doors slide open. Both the couple zip ahead, clamoring in, like at rush hour at a Tokyo subway station. Sky's practically propelled inside by them.

Sky goes to the outermost midst of the bulged out, half oval curved, floor to ceiling glass, back of the elevator, the two couples again positioned along the back either side of him.

Glass back's lined snug to the curved concrete wall behind, giving interior a tomb like aura that bothers Sky, frowning.

No-one presses any floor buttons right away...

.The Asian men staring stoically ahead at the door distracted as their much younger female companions, take several peeks at Sky and chitchat giddily in Japanese, seemingly about him. Their men curtly chid them. The ladies look at each other, begin giggling but the more. Men fume, burn hot looks at Sky.

Sky shrugs. Leaning back on arms, hands supporting them on the waist high, thick, round glass bar that runs about the back, he purposely irks them more by smiling on the women, who giggle anew more. The quite attractive one of them, quickly reaches out her hand, touches the top of Sky's hand, withdraws it as fast. She whispers to the other woman the other side of Sky something even obvious to Sky: "***I touched him!***".

Sky hastily reaches out, presses the floor thirty-five top floor button. Leans back again as elevator lurches, begins to swiftly climb up the concrete wall. He chats to cute one...

SKY:  
(with flirty grin)  
Going up? To the top. You...?

That woman smiles, rather all too warmly..., back.

ORIENTAL CUTE WOMAN:  
I..., we..., too. Top. Very top, too!

SKY:  
(winking at her)  
Thought so.. .

Men look like they'd like to run samurai swords into him. Sky tries to soothe them.

SKY: (cont'd)  
Just joking around. Joking??...

The men just give him one more sharp look. Return to nervily stoic staring at the floor numbers lighting up in turn.

Elevator plunges but upwards out its concrete coffin, the women gasping, like into thin air, the side that faces the evening sky as it goes up along the outside of one of the cylindrical towers from the seventh floor on, above the city.

SKY: (cont'd)  
(this time, to other lady)  
Catch you by surprise, huh?

OTHER JAPANESE WOMAN:  
You not..., ah, scare, of high..

SKY:  
Me, I sky-dive..., um, lots.

She doesn't understand. Sky points up high in the sky, demonstrates jumping out an airplane, freefalling. She nods, chatters excitedly to the cute one. Cute one's face lights up.

ORIENTAL CUTE WOMAN:  
You Sky. I, we see. On TV. **The Sky!**

OTHER ORIENTAL WOMAN:  
**One and only Sky!**

Sky's shrugs a.. yeah, guess that'd be me. Cute Asian makes a teasing remark to her male companion. He stabs a look at Sky. Sky smile tenses as he comes over, faces him but a foot away.

Man shoots his hand down inside his suit jacket, Sky raising his arms to take protective action. Once he sees gold plated pen and the exquisitely company logo-ed notepad in the man's hand instead of a weapon, he smiles, relieved.

ORIENTAL MAN ONE:  
You Sky. You sign. Me. Get Auto-graph, no? My Susio would like.

Man indicates his mate's Susio. She looks eagerly at Sky too.

SKY:  
Sure why not.

Sky takes the man's pen and pad, autographs top leaf. Gives man a quizzical look when he looks at the autograph, back up, downcast, until the man flips pad to the next leaf, points.

ORIENTAL MAN ONE:  
You, sign, more, please. Two, um, children. One me. Um, Wife, too. Please, write: You, are, greatest of world, like, me, the great Sky.

Man conspiratorially smiles. Sky raises eyebrows. Sky talks to him as he signs the autographs, the man wife's one last.

SKY:  
Lucky one Sky good for all, huh?  
Japanese..., ingenuity, no..

ORIENTAL MAN ONE:  
In..., gen..nu..., ity. Yes. Yes.

Man bows deeply. Sky returns an awkward bow. Watches man return to face the ascending numbers, twenty-five, twenty-six..

Sky turns, faces the outside sky. Ground and city fall away. He gets an odd, for him, unsettling sensation of vertigo.

SKY:

That never happened before.. .

He feels the cute Asian steadying him, place her arm about his waist, slip hand into his hand on the far side of him. In perfect English this time, she speaks ironically bemused.

ORIENTAL CUTE WOMAN:

Easier falling down than rising up.  
Looks like even the *great* Sky needs  
someone to hold his hand sometimes.

Sky presses his hand in hers, acknowledging her insightful affection before casually slipping his hand from hers. The elevator's cable coils over the supporting pulley above pulling their car up the last couple floors. They ascend them.

Elevator stops. Floor thirty-five. The cute Asian moves close beside her companion, puts her hand into his. He looks down at it, unused to such an open display of affection. Smiles. He looks back at Sky like in thanks.

EXT. BONAVENTURE WESTIN, SIDE OF SKY'S ELEVATOR - NOW

**OUTSIDE** view as seen from the ground from thirty-five floors below, some hundred yards back, sharply slanted **UP-TO** their pod like elevator posed atop, in the connecting wall inbetween two of the cylindrical massive towers posed delicately there on the exterior fragile window wall skin.

INT. BONAVENTURE WESTIN ELEVATOR - NOW

Door opens. As before, the Asians dart forward. But Sky remains behind, middle of car, his hand holding the door-hold button. He watches them recede, cute Asian and her man filed a little ways behind, otherwise, beside the other couple.

Cute Asian glances back behind. She winks. Gives Sky a little wave goodbye. She turns her head back forward. In sync the Asian couples veer right, Sky yet attentive on the cute Asian.

Look of guilty shock fills his eyes as he spies Wendy right ahead of him, **just beyond** where the couples had turned. Sky hastily covers with a grin. Ploughs out of the elevator toward her, quickly checking his watch on the way. Five o **six**.

WENDY:  
You're **late!** Neck, **sore...**?

Sky thinks "Incredible, double whammy in *just* four words!".

INT. L.A. PRIME IN THE WESTIN BONAVENTURE - FEW MINUTES LATER

Wendy, followed by Sky, enter the swanky L.A. Prime Steak House. Sky spots a small TV on the table of a well dressed couple in their fifties. Entertainment Tonight is showing clips of **SUNMAN** in action the last night, the volume low.

SKY:  
That **SUNMAN**, some incredible, hey!?

WENDY:  
*What...?!*

SKY:  
(back composed, grinning)  
On the set there. With, *Mary Hart..*

She turns, thankfully for Sky gets absorbed by the clips. The headline at bottom: **ET TONIGHT: ALL SUNMAN EXCLUSIVE SPECIAL!**

Blurred amateur video plays of **SUNMAN on the rooftop standing before the crowd, the police officer stepping out towards the SUNMAN. Rippling murmur among them as his craft goes over to SUNMAN and he eludes capture in the spectacular vessel. Mary Hart herself comes on next commenting on it all, same footage replaying in a smaller area behind her.**

WENDY:  
Wonder what she's got to say about..

Sky interrupts her brushing past to the monitor. He reaches down, pokes the volume button. Grins back, the sound rising. Sky to Wendy, the annoyed seated man with a scrub of a white beard in a collarless white silk shirt, the same time speak.

SKY:  
**SUNMAN!** *How great he is, you think?*

SEATED MAN ONE:  
Do you mind! We're trying to have an intimate dinner here... .

Sky's caught by surprise by him. By surprise again, wincing in pain as Wendy pokes him in the back of his shoulder.

WENDY:  
Sound like you were he, *basking...*

SKY:  
 (turning around to her)  
 Only just saying, pretty incredible  
 this **SUNMAN** huh? All. Uh? Huh? Hey?

Leans over, pitches her arm teasing. Ticked first, she grins.

WENDY:  
 Stop talking *long enough* we'd hear!

Sky opens mouth, shuts it closed. Nods. Turns to the couple.

SKY:  
 (winking back at Wendy)  
 I, um, never miss ET. Just want to  
 see what Mary Hart got to say about  
 SUNMAN. That alright by you er two?

The couple glance between each other. Reluctantly concur.

SEATED MAN TWO:  
 (to his companion)  
 Oh, really. Hear that? Got a fan  
 here. Lucky him, we're associate  
 producers, isn't that right, Eisal?

The flaming red head, hazel eyed, attractive for her age,  
 Eisal nods. Her companion takes her hand, and kisses it.

EISAL:  
 You're too much Armondo. He's  
 watching us you know...

ARMONDO:  
 You two still here. Look why don't  
 you just pull up a table already.

Sky grins. He goes and grabs, drags over, a nearby table, two  
 chairs, positions them so they can watch, too, while a couple  
 of the waiters, the manager, sternly fixated, look on.

Armondo and Eisal lean back in their seats taking with them  
 elegant cocktail glasses full of a white sparkling Napa wine,  
 judging by the label of the near empty bottle on the table.  
 While they sip their wine interested only in one another, Sky  
 leans in as close to the screen as isn't, too, rude, Wendy  
 watching him as much as of the footage of the **SUNMAN**.....

INT. ENTERTAINMENT TONIGHT ON TV AND LIVE IN STUDIO - NOW

MART HART:  
 An honest to goodness real life..

MART HART: (cont'd)  
 ..superhero, right here in L.A. .

WHATEVER CO-HOST:  
 Unbelievable... Me, I don't buy it,  
 this SUNMAN character. It's got to  
 be some outlandish prank, a publi-  
 city stunt put on by one of the  
 studios.. . Don't you think, Mary?

Footage behind them now shows the sky arching brilliance of  
 the SUNMAN's first flight above the skyscrapers. Mary cranes  
 her neck around to gaze amazingly at that.

MART HART:  
 Oh. I believe it all right. You see  
 that. Out, of, this, world! Bet you  
 one thing, the Ranton family sure  
 thinks so anyway, ha. Got to love  
 the guy's savvy, for sure..

WHATEVER CO-HOST:  
 Grant you that , Mary! Got it in  
 the guts department alright ha.

MART HART:  
*I'd say.....*

WHATEVER CO-HOST:  
 Err, unless it wasn't all staged as  
 some newspapers are claiming. Got  
 to agree with the L.A. Times my-  
 self, must be some actor got a big  
 movie deal. Studio put all that..

He looks back now himself on some grainy, zoomed out close-up  
 video trained on the vessel, more smudge than anything else.

WHATEVER CO-HOST: (cont'd)  
 ..thing, whatever it is, together..

MART HART:  
 May be, ha, if SUNMAN's from *here*..

WHATEVER CO-HOST:  
 Oh come on, Mary! An alien...?

MART HART:  
 Almost seen stranger things here..

WHATEVER CO-HOST  
 (chuckling)  
 Sure enough. Sure enough....

INT. L.A. PRIME IN THE WESTIN BONAVENTURE - NOW

Back on Sky and Wendy. To Wendy's view, focused on Sky, the TV screen in her eyes but a blur...

WENDY:

Taking an abnormal interest in it.

A moment until her words sink in, break his spell of revelry.

SKY:

Oh, yeah, Guess so. Wicked gig this SUNMAN's got! Not something you see everyday, Wen. Am I right..

WENDY:

Like to be um, him?, wouldn't you? So you could save Jase. Don't go be get getting any ideas, now.. Hear!

SKY:

(laughing)

Had a supership like him, you betcha, I'd be getting ideas...

WENDY:

Stop teasing. I was serious...

SKY:

(continuing teasing)

Oh yeah. Hey, why not!? *But... such a tough crowd to please... . Gotta boom, gotta bing. Gotcha.*

..imitating Billy Cyrstal...

SKY: (cont'd)

Nah. Ha. Who could live up to that kind of advance billing for long? *In this town!* Not even that SUNMAN!

Eisal, down in her seat listening in, starts staring at Sky.

EISAL:

Knew you looked familiar. Sky Kidd Anderson. Armondo it's...

ARMONDO:

(dryly witty, to her)

I heard. Thought he dropped off the face of the world a few years ago..

Her eyes becomes probingly scrutinous..., upon Sky.

EISAL:  
Behave yourself, Armondo, sure it  
wasn't that long. Was one who could  
be like SUNMAN be fellow like you.

SKY:  
(*deliberately* offsetting)  
Flattery will get you everywhere.  
You *hitting* on me Miss Eisal, ha?

EISAL:  
(quickly)  
No. No. Noo. It was just, a, ah, a  
complement. Right, Armondo?

ARMONDO:  
(..all too amused..)  
She was hitting on you! My cougar  
darling why'd your eyes wander when  
you got me, here.. .

He kisses her check, the tip of her nose, this time. Eisal's,  
still, most embarrassed, flushed... .

EISAL:  
Well forgive me for breathing.. .

Her composure recovers.. . She chuckles. Presses her Enter-  
tainment Tonight business card up into Sky's hand, anyway...

EISAL: (cont'd)  
You want to be on the show, give me  
a buzz sometime, alright? ET will  
help get you back on the map ha, of  
the world. Like this here SUNMAN.

WENDY:  
(uppity jealous shrill)  
Sky! Bruce Willis is on! In a movie  
with him once. What a blast on set!

SKY:  
What, Bruce Willis, no way!

Eisal sighs a little, retreats deep into her seat. All but  
Armondo, eyes locked on Eisal, become absorbed on the TV.

INT. ENTERTAINMENT TONIGHT ON TV, AND REMOTE LIVE - NOW

ET reporter, live on a movie set, is interviewing Willis.

PRETTY WOMAN ET REPORTER:  
Bruce - you're been an action hero  
many times yourself...

BRUCE WILLIS:  
(cutting in impishly)  
Know I've only been one in movies,  
right? Sure, sure, could be a damn  
good one in real life I wanted.

PRETTY WOMAN ET REPORTER:  
You are just an impossible..

BRUCE WILLIS:  
Dream. I am. I am. Glad you see  
that in me.

PRETTY WOMAN ET REPORTER:  
(giggling, recomposing..)  
What, I was going to ask..., from  
your perspective of having been a  
.."movie".. action hero, what do  
you think of this **SUNMAN**? How would  
you rate the **SUNMAN**?

BRUCE WILLIS:  
Got hairy sure enough sometimes.  
Living snot knocked the hell out of  
me more than once alright, ha. But,  
ain't done nothing "on screen" any-  
thing like this guy. So.., so far,  
got to hand the **SUNMAN** a perfect  
ten. What an entrance. Boy!

Bruce leans very close into the camera... .

BRUCE WILLIS: (cont'd)  
Listen up now **SUNMAN**, stop showing  
me up.. . Actor's still got to put  
the bread on the table, know what I  
mean.. . Wait a sec, could play you  
in the movies. Damn enough right!

The ET reporter smiles devilishly herself now confusing him..

PRETTY WOMAN ET REPORTER:  
Got a surprise for you Bruce...

BRUCE WILLIS:  
What? Sunman's here now?

..Not **SUNMAN**, but Demi Moore, along with Ashton Kutcher,  
appear in a bordering split screen window...

DEMI MOORE:  
 Who says SUNMAN got to be a guy?  
 And I could play.., her. You want  
 tough, I can play tough!

BRUCE WILLIS:  
 (To reporter, who blushes)  
 She does got the balls for it, ha.

BRUCE WILLIS: (cont'd)  
 (on back to Demi)  
 Come on, come on, Dem.., sure wo-  
 men's come a long ways yep, but  
 come on! Husky voice gives it away.  
 Guy said *himself*, *he's the SUNMAN*.

DEMI MOORE:  
 Isn't what he said, **I'm** the SUNMAN!

Bruce's perplexed. Counts fingers like it'd help him recall.

PRETTY WOMAN ET REPORTER:  
 She's right, Bruce.

ASHTON KUTCHER:  
 Hi Bruce. Don't even bother arguing  
 with her. She's *always* right!

BRUCE WILLIS:  
*Don't I know it! Don't I know it!*

ASHTON KUTCHER:  
 (evilly, the punch-line)  
*Picked* me right!

Bruce's face alights most triumphantly.

BRUCE WILLIS:  
*Always? SUN.., **MAN!** Not SUN-WOMAN!*

PRETTY WOMAN ET REPORTER:  
 (throwing back to Mary)  
 Think we've started something Mary.

MART HART:  
 Oh no! Ha..

Before show can cut from Bruce, he comes in close, pumps arm.

BRUCE WILLIS:  
 SUNMAN, the hell way to go! Need  
 help kicking butt, call my agent!

Shows cuts back, fully, to Mary Hart.

MART HART:  
 (to her co-host)  
 Or Demi's ha. Know how much their  
 agents pulled in for them...

WHATEVER CO-HOST:  
 Something astronomical!

MART HART:  
 Those kind of paydays, think Sun-  
 man's in the wrong line of work?

WHATEVER CO-HOST:  
 Or for that bonaza, already *in* it!

MART HART:  
 Boy, what a cynic! Well, it's not  
 only the big stars wonder-struck by  
 SUNMAN, this figure like torn out  
 from the pages of a comic book and  
 posed for superhero super-stardom,  
 in the flesh, covered in prime-time  
 in high Def, right here on ET. Aft-  
 er the break, the mayor of L.A, and  
 the state *governator* let us in on  
 what they think about the SUNMAN.

INT. L.A. PRIME IN THE WESTIN BONAVENTURE - NOW

Commercial coming on, Sky pulls their table back into its  
 proper place, leaving their chairs in place. Sky gathers in  
 their swank restaurant surroundings. Spots one obvious hard  
 on her luck young actress seated by herself off in a corner,  
 sipping a tea, looking around for potential movie producers.  
 He turns back to Wendy, restaurant entry coming into view,  
 about to make a remark about the girl.. .

But instead spots, with alarm, coming in the door, Kay, in a  
 hot black dress, her legs stunning in it. Accompanied by her  
 new beau, the sophisticate man Sky loathes. He's clothed in a  
 white silk jacket with matching silk tie, white as well snake  
 skin shoes, but black contrasting Hong Kong tailored pants.  
 Wendy notices Sky's ashen stare. Turns to look there.... .

WENDY:  
 Her. Kay. Isn't it! Still turns y..

SKY:  
 Know what happens when opposites  
 collide....

WENDY:  
Me and her.. Or you and that snake  
charmer.

SKY:  
(chuckling uneasy)  
Both.

WENDY:  
(ill-easily)  
So what happens....

SKY:  
You don't what to know!

*However, Sky spotted by Kay, jittery, getting to know what is making its way over to them, Kay and her companion. Few feet off, the man slackly grins, his arm tight around Kay's waist.*

SKY: (cont'd)  
Kay, looking aces, as always.

KAY:  
Sky, you, too...

*She laughs uneasily but warmly. Not so much looking on Wendy.*

KAY: (cont'd)  
(awkwardly...)  
See you pulled yourself together.  
Wish it'd been with me... . But oh  
well.., hey, life moves on, right?

*Wendy trying to avert a confrontation steps in, but into it.*

WENDY:  
Sky always sings your praises.  
Don't you, Sky?

*Like being caught in fire between jealousies, he mutely nods.*

KAY'S COMPANION:  
Thing of real beauty, she is.

KAY:  
Thing?

KAY'S COMPANION:  
A figure of speech, hon.

SKY:  
(steely smiling)  
Pardon me. Have we been introduced?

The man extends arm and hand. Sky just looks at it. The man withdraws his arm, noticeably ticked off, Sky enjoying that.

KAY'S COMPANION:  
Name's Gaiten. Gaiten Prye.

Gaiten faces Kay.

GAITEN PRYE:  
What you ever see in this jerk?

Prye sharply twists about to face, lean down over Sky.

PRYE:  
Thought you'd lost your marbles.  
Saw I see it, still are..

SKY:  
(jubilantly grinning)  
*Knew it!*

Prye's unsettled by Sky's reaction, opposite what expected.

SKY: (cont'd)  
Knew you'd show your true colors  
sometime... .

PRYE:  
Think you're a real smartass, don't  
you? What you got is one great big  
ego problem - like your name meant  
you to be something special. May of  
done some things in the past, but  
today just a whole heap of nothing.

SKY:  
(still grinning..)  
Even if so, still be standing heads  
and shoulders over you.

KAY:  
Sky, stop it. We could still be..,  
friends, sometime.., later..

Kay exchanges subtle contentious looks with Wendy.

WENDY:  
(probingly testy at Sky)  
Sure Sky would like that.

KAY:  
..don't ruin everything by being a  
complete idiot *all* of the time!

PRYE:  
 (smugly to Kay, ..Sky)  
 See my counsel has made an impact.

SKY:  
 (civilly prickly disdain)  
 What, you a lawyer?

PRYE:  
 No.. . Security specialist. LAPD  
 before. What I referred to, was..,  
 my counsel on the likes of you.

Sky grins slips away. A moment that Pyre seizes upon.

PRYE: (cont'd)  
 Everything not so funny now, Sky?  
 Your date here doesn't seem to be  
 enjoying herself, *either*.. . Guess  
 your re-acquainting with your ex-  
 girlfriend wasn't what she thought  
 was going be on *her* menu tonight.

Sky's on the verge on taking a run at Pyre. Until Kay places  
 her hand down on his shoulder. He feels its warmth, there.

KAY:  
 Don't.

SKY:  
 (wry back smiling to both)  
 Maybe some *other* time then...

PRYE:  
 Think that riles me? Kay, I know  
 how to clear a room of a belliger-  
 ent anytime, anywhere. Don't these  
 Santa Anna wind stir them up.

He's amused by his own banter. It wavers, seeing Sky oddly  
 smiling, arisen again from within that seemingly endless well  
 in Sky. Awkwardly, Prye herds Kay in one arm, heads her away  
 for a table the farthest possible from Sky and Wendy. Before  
 they get ten feet off, Sky makes a parting remark Kay's way.

SKY:  
 See you around, Kay.

Kay's twists halfway, soaking in his words. Prye nudges her a  
 sharp step ahead. Stumbling she yet tosses over back a reply.

KAY:  
 Yeah sure thing, Sky... .

A stark silence pervades the white tablecloth establishment, making it seem itself a shroud. Until Wendy breaks the spell.

WENDY:

Let's order already. All this drama's made me famished!

Sky spots, hails down a waiter, not so happy to be hailed. They look over the menus as the waiter waits. Not long as Wendy begins ordering:

WENDY: (cont'd)

Have the Diver Scallops. Then the Cadillac Margarita Seafood Tower. Seems appropriate hey Sky.

She glancing out the window atop this tower of a building.

WENDY: (cont'd)

Bottle your best California red wine. That okay, Sky...?

Sky satirically sanguine nods. Instinctively though reaches for his wallet, rifles through it. Wendy notes its stacked with many twenties..

WENDY: (cont'd)

Paying cash, huh? You go and rob a bank somewhere?

SKY:

Dividends? No. Bit squirreled away.

WENDY:

I'd say.... . What you going do, try to complete with him?

She nudges a shoulder towards Prye's far corner of the room, where he and Kay are also ordering, making a long time of it.

SKY:

Did say it was your birthday! Make up guilt? Your expensive tastes...

WENDY:

That it. Or get your vibes before..

Sky looks at her in way that says she knew too much about him already. Spots the solitary actress get a fancied up plate of macaroni and cheese. Sky sees it on the menu for nine bucks.

SKY:

Waiter, see that girl over there.

The waiter nods, befuddled.

SKY: (cont'd)  
 You go fetch that on over for me.  
 Tell that girl she can order any-  
 thing she wants, er, within reason.

WAITER:  
 You be paying for that...,too.

SKY:  
 (smile, eyes sparkling)  
 Be a good idea, now wouldn't it.

The waiter looks down at Sky with an admiring grin.

WAITER:  
 Comes in once a week. Orders the  
 same thing. Nobody ever did what  
 you're doing.. .

SKY:  
 Oh that's me, getting up to start-  
 ing up a revolution in good graces.

Sky slips waiter two twenties, Prye, and Kay, spot him do so.

WENDY:  
 (chidingly ironic)  
 Two not enough for one night..?

SKY:  
 Oh no no.. . Just..

WENDY:  
 ..being Sky!

INT. WESTIN BONAVENTURE L.A. PRIME STEAK HOUSE - MUCH LATER

At Sky's table, the seafood tower is near fully consumed. And Sky's plate of Macaroni, the bottle of wine, empty on the table and two glasses with pure orange juice coated bottoms.

Sky twists on his seat to check on Kay. Their tables' littered with, more, plates, much left on them of lobster, thick cut steaks. And three bottles of wine, with one of champagne.

WENDY:  
 Fixed up in high society, your Kay.

SKY:  
 O what, uh? Never like that before.

Together they watch Gaiten get up, wait for Kay to do same, not bothering to go behind her to pull out her chair for her. They don their coats. Prye, looking over at Sky first, chucks a thousand dollar bill down onto the table.

A female waitress scrambles over, wants to go break the bill. Prye waves her off, no. She gingerly picks up the bill, eyes it over, fascinated by it. Looks after the slick Prye departing, unsettled. She puts the bill up to a light, examines it.

SKY: (cont'd)  
 (most pleased amused)  
 See that. Even the waitress don't trust the guy.

WENDY:  
 Never knew one another before? Like say at Waterloo in a past life.

At the door, Kay tries to take a look back. Prye deftly cradles her head in hand, directing it forward and her, them out. Sky hastily gets up, starts putting on his sports jacket.

SKY:  
 I got to go now!

Wendy gets up, forcibly plants her hands one atop each of his shoulders. Presses down, planting Sky back into his seat.

WENDY:  
 Don't get off so easy this time!  
 Not tonight! Not on my Birthday!  
 Not if you were the **SUNMAN** himself!  
 Deserts, lounge just below, then..

Sky fails to hear more, spotting a business size card for a well known night club fallen on the floor where Prye left the L.A. Prime that wasn't there before. The **SHARK** nightclub. All the vibes within him scream out loud: **..and not by accident!**

SKY:  
 Shark Nightclub. For er..., dancing.

WENDY:  
 You listening.. Already said that!

INT. THE WESTIN BONAVENTURE LOUNGE - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

Beside floor to ceiling windows that curve around the Bona Visa Lounge situated below the L.A. Prime Steak House atop the Westin, as the lounge rotates all way along a panoramic view of the city heading now to pass by the low horizon sun..

...Sky seats fidgety next the windows, Wendy beside him one spot further in on the C-curved small couch facing a matching couch, table in-between them. On the table are the reman-ate drabs of chocolate ice cream on two white plates. Sky checks his watch, stands up, stares down as Los Angeles, its lights, revolve below, so close for action, *so far away*....

SKY:

Told the waitress right it's your..

Wendy's answer is curtailed by the approach of some waitress-es, one carrying a white plate with a slice of striped frosting strawberry cheesecake, a single lit candle atop the cake.

One waitress lays it down on their table. They begin to sing Happy Birthday. Sky leans in to Wendy, whispers in her ear..

SKY: (cont'd)

Can you eat that *real* fast!

Waitresses applaud thinking he said sweet nothings instead. They watch Wendy blow out the candle, cut out a first piece, take it to her mouth, then melt away back to other customers.

Rather devilishly.., Wendy eats her cake deliberately slow.., Sky checking his watch several times. Before she puts the last piece on her fork into her mouth, she pops a question..

WENDY:

So busy, busy, busy bee lately.. .  
So what you *really* been up to...?

SKY:

Oh just re-inventing myself..

WENDY:

*Oh really.* That involve *costumes*?..

SKY:

Noo. Just.., kicking around ideas my dad, uncle, I, and Jase, had.., once. Things we dreamed up, used to dream and wonder about... Imagine.

WENDY:

And nothing at all to do with say.. superheroes?

SKY:

You are one persistent lady, know that! No, not **SUNMAN** if you mean that. He be sitting here with you whittling time away? Can we go **now**!

WENDY:

Oh hell feel like dancing now  
anyway. You sure seem unnaturally  
attracted to that Shark Club to-  
night? Something I don't know?..

SKY:

(smiling most beguiling)  
Dance club. Perfectly, harmless..

He stands. Presses face up close to the window, a precipitous  
drop fraction of an inch away. Real quietly he asides, grins.

SKY: (cont'd)

**....not.....!!!!**

He turns around, leans his back's full weight against the  
window, making tipsy Wendy nervously out loud shudder once.

SKY: (cont'd)

I'll drive. Costa Mesa's a ways..

WENDY:

Yours or mine?

SKY:

Yours.. . Much nicer wheels.

WENDY:

Be getting into any more, trouble..

SKY:

Compared to way you drive, ha, not  
that you'd be in the condition to.  
Yeah, be a regular saint, promise..

Wendy looks as if now used at being suspicious of that grin..

EXT. HIGHWAY SEVENTY-THREE TO COSTA MESA - HALF HOUR LATER

From above, Wendy's Talon whips by car after car on the toll  
Seventy-Three that's bordered by concrete white walls. From a  
high vantage, not so far to the west the Sun dips below the  
horizon. View looks right above the Talon to the barely visi-  
ble Skyflyer plying the high dark air following the car.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE SHARK CLUB COSTA MESA - HALF HOUR LATER

Wendy's car slowly approaches glitzy front of the Shark Club  
as young trendy people, many Hispanic, woman in skimpy out-  
fits go to enter the large club, searched by security first.

Sky sees corner of eye blur of a car starting to depart its parking place across from the Club. Driving Wendy into her seat, Sky careens Talon into the spot ahead of other cars.

SKY:  
Close enough?

EXT. ATOP A FLAT TOP BUILDING NEAR THE SHARK CLUB - NOW

In the dim post sunset daylight, Skyflyer drops vertically down at high rate above a flat topped roof of a building near the Shark Club. Near the roof, it slows incredibly quickly to a hover just a foot above it, drops gently down that to land.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE SHARK CLUB COSTA MESA - MOMENTS LATER

Sky and Wendy, in her back baring red dress, cross the street over to the Club. They stand a moment before the glittery exterior. Sky takes Wendy's hand, heading her for inside. They get stopped by one of the two security guys. He wands, pats down Wendy. He moves over to Sky. As he tries to search Sky, Sky deftly moves back, forth between his two hands a palm fitting control device with a screen, eluding wand and pat down. The security guard does locate his cell phone.

SKY:  
That's okay, right?

BIG BURLY SECURITY GUARD:  
Yeah, why not? Just a cell.

Sky smiles, slipping his palm hidden remote into his pocket.

INT. INSIDE THE SHARK CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

View on inside of the entry doors sees Sky and Wendy enter the dark immensity of the Club. It's packed with young people, many of them wreathing in dance, and is awash in thin shafts and highlights of red, blue, purple, shades of light. Sky stumbles a step, eyes not adjusted. Regaining clarity, he spots a large tank of water centrally placed within. It holds live sharks endlessly on edge swimming by their prison walls.

Strident feverish rock song plays, befitting well the sharks. Wendy begins to grind her hips, legs, arms, to the heavy beat of the song. Sky looks at her. Wendy nods her head for him to dance. Amazingly Sky begins dancing, outdoing her own moves..

..as he leads them about the club, his eyes dart about searching for any sight of Kay here. None. His eyes look perplexed.

INT. INSIDE THE SHARK CLUB - SOME TIME LATER

Starting up, the song playing now in marked contrast, is a very sexy, Rihanna sung song, a hip-hop take on the Lambada.

SKY:  
 (eyes rolling up)  
*This* the song you requested?

WENDY:  
 How did you guess, ha? Thought it'd be a great song for you to free-fall groove on down to me..

They begin to sinuous wind and groove to the song, along with everyone else in the Club, but better.. .

SKY:  
 Your such a devious gal..

WENDY:  
 Wanted a dance you'd never forget.  
 Nor me. You seem so distracted...

SKY:  
 It's not, you. If I died tonight,  
 I'd still never forget this dance!

WENDY:  
 (looking perturbed)  
 That's a funny thing to say... .

Sky kicks his dance up a fiery notch to sooth her, but over her shoulder looks more for Kay..., at his watch, eleven.. . Over a few seconds, in time-lapsed strobe frames they dance the rest the dance. As the song ends, normal time resumes.

Sky's cell goes blaringly off. Wendy stares at it.

WENDY: (cont'd)  
 You expecting a call, now?

SKY:  
 (eying the phone too)  
 No.

WENDY:  
 Aren't you going to answer.

He flips the phone open, putting it so close to his ear, so Wendy can't hear anything.

SKY:

Yes?

THE STRANGER'S DISTORTED VOICE:

If the Sky can be at two places at the same time, then why *can't* you?

SKY:

Why?

THE STRANGERS MUFFLED VOICE:

Because I have your brother. Now how are you going to save him, and, Kay, at the Roxy, and.. your, oh, so dirty dancing Wendy there? How? Tonight, it ends for **all** of you, Sky..., **SUNMAN!** Oh one more thing, you call for help, Wendy will be dead in your arms. You want to go save Kay, leave her behind... . You got fifteen minutes. *Second more...*

End of the line phone clicks off. Wendy sees his stark face, as it probes pointedly all around them looking for anyone that could be near enough to carry through the threat. It's so darkly convoluted with people, it's an impossible task.

SKY:

(whispers in her ear)

Can you.., handle yourself?

WENDY:

You mean like.., fight?

SKY:

Like fight for your life...

WENDY:

Don't real like where this is heading... .

SKY:

Nor *do* I. Hum, you okay to drive?

WENDY:

Now?.. I have a choice?

SKY:

No. Hum, ever break into somebody's else's car? Rig it to go. Quick.

WENDY:

You been reading my juve record..?

SKY:  
You jacked cars?

WENDY:  
So another stage I went through.. .  
Still carry ha a screwdriver in my  
purse. Sentimental.

SKY:  
How'd you get that throu... Sure  
glad you did, ha. Okay, your car's  
not safe. You aren't safe standing  
here, now. My ride can provide some  
hum cover.., but it's only flight-  
worthy for one... .

WENDY:  
Your ride? Isn't your car back at..  
Flight-worthy? Hells bells, you,  
are, the **SUNMAN**, after all!

She looks at him wondrously impressed. Sky spots three men at  
different spots around them taking undue note of that.. .

SKY:  
And **SUNMAN**'s sure on the hot seat..  
. Look, jerk who's got Jase, he's  
going after Kay, the Roxy, I got  
fifteen minutes. Ain't no way to  
get there but my "wheels". There's  
maybe three in here. Likely some  
outside, maybe even one of the  
security peeps...

WENDY:  
Holy hell, you must have really  
ticked this guy off sometime! You  
mind telling me how we are going to  
get out of here.....???!!!

Sky smiles... . This time, it's most reassuring.... . The  
view drifts up and away on them, as Sky, pretending to nibble  
her her is seen whispering into it something we can't hear..

Alarmingly, Sky hugs Wendy so deeply like it's their final  
parting. He kisses her a long kiss on her lips. Backs away a  
few inches, the two glazing deeply into one another's eyes.

He taps lightly his closed fist against her hand. Glumly  
disturbed turns from her, headed slowly for the door.

Behind him the three suspicious men start edging to Wendy, but the now playing, furiously beating, song has driven the crowd into frenzied dancing, impending them. Wendy sideslips through the crowd keeping as much distance from them as she can, edging herself nearer the entrance exit.

Sky reaches door about fifteen feet ahead of her. He swings it open. Plants his arm across the frame, keeping it wide open. Same instance two things happen, Wendy charges for the exit. And through the doorway comes in a sustained blinding flash of light like the Sun itself is outside shining in.

Into that blazing embrace, Wendy exits, Sky slipping into her hands as she passes by, an odd looking pair of sunglasses she puts on. He puts on another pair of the same type sunglasses, and exits the club himself, the door closing behind blocking out the brilliant light...

EXT. OUTSIDE THE SHARK CLUB COSTA MESA - SECOND LATER

Sunflyer hovers eight feet above the middle of the road outside, blazing so brilliantly no one can make out Sky going underneath the center of it. Sunflyer lowers right down to the ground, Sky rising up within it through its open hatch.

Wendy's charging down the road. Confusedly, two groups of two men apiece stumbling forward down both ways on the street's sidewalks. Wendy spots a nice looking, sleek black sportscar, gropes for something in her purse, takes out the screwdriver.

Within seconds, the door's open, and she's in, furiously digging in under the steering wheel with the screwdriver. One of the men, eyes adjusted now, spots Wendy inside the car.

ASSAILANT ONE:

Up here. In a car. She's trapped!

Next instance the car's engine roars to life. The one who talked swears under his breath.

ASSAILANT ONE: (cont'd)

Back to your cars, now. Now! Go!

Him and other guy charge back up the sideway to their cars. Other two men race back down towards theirs. Sky in Sunflyer, through it's glare proof vision cam screens, sees Wendy do a wicked One Eighty, screechingly race her new wheels past the men, in their cars. They see her pass, begin turning U-ies...

SKY:

(grins)

Lucky, she's hell on wheels.. .

Sunflyer whips sharply up until well above ground. There it curves all the way back around in a circular swosh carved in the vertical air then at it's lowest point above ground comes back forward through it at high high speed.. rising at a forty five degree angled pitch.

SPECTATORS OUTSIDE:  
 (scream excitedly amazed)  
 Look, it's **SUNMAN!**

Club recedes far, further far back til no longer discernible.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY TO LOS ANGELES - MINUTES LATER

Wendy, having got on the more challenging Pacific Coast to Los Angeles is keeping just enough ahead of the two cars in pursuit of her. Their cars alternate from bursts of passing speed to more regular highway speed leery of attracting the attention of the police, even Wendy! *While* a crazed taxi driver tears up the road behind, on by them, like its on fire. Wendy, the men, look at that driver like he's the one nuts.

EXT. EXTERNAL VIEW ON SUNFLYER BECOME SKYFLYER- SAME TIME

Skyflyer soars through the dark Sky, the towering light of L.A. Center not too off distant.

INT. INSIDE THE SKYFLYER - SECOND LATER

Sky, SUNMAN attired is in the pilot seat, craft's auto engage red button lit, freed hands poking inputs on a small keyboard inset into the instrument panels before him. On a screen pops up a map of L.A. showing the downtown on up to Hollywood and beyond out along Sunset Boulevard. At one spot on Sunset, a red line juts up labelled: THE ROXY.

He checks the stopwatch function, counting down, on his wrist watch.., eight zero two, eight zero one, eight zero zero...

SKY AS SUNMAN:  
 Sure hope parking's not murder..

He becomes absorbed punching in new keyboard entries. On a few screens within, news reports begin rolling, one already shows amateur video of the Sunflyer scene at The Shark, luckily he and Wendy, all else, is near completely washed out. More key tapping, more local news reports, not on Sunman but on the worsening fire situation. Sky hones in on one report..

ROARING FIRE NEARBY REPORTER:  
 ..in sight for the string of fires.

THE BACK IN STUDIO NEWS ANCHOR:  
 Nor the Santa Anna conditions, Jeb?

ROARING FIRE NEARBY REPORTER:  
 No. Red Flag all the way well into  
 tomorrow. Here fire officials say  
 there may be suspicious origins to  
 at least a few of the fires, especi-  
 ally the couple begun this evening,  
 right around sunset...

SKY AS SUNMAN:  
 Set, I'd say. Whoever got Jase,  
 he's anything but not obvious with  
 those. Wants me to feel the heat,  
 the blame, for his whacked actions.

Report goes on to display a map of the three fires begun that evening. One location marked on the map makes Sky gasp.

SKY AS SUNMAN: (cont'd)  
 I know that spot... .

Images of his young teen-hood flash through his inner visions of memory , until seizing on just one incident.

EXT. BEACH BONFIRE HIGH UP ON BEACH - SUNSET, LONG AGO

Sky in swim trucks tosses a lit torch onto a great heaped mound of wood scraps, branches beginning a beach party bonfire on the beach as several teenage girls and guys watch in swim-ware, as well as Jase, across the bonfire pit from Sky.

SKY:  
 Happy Birthday Surprise, Jase!

JASE:  
 Do this for me, or you, ha,  
 birthday boy, too (two)!?

Bonfire takes off incredibly fast. Stout whirlwinds of a Santa Anna winds carries up embers. Set too high up on the beach, the fire embers carry on over to, catch afire, parched scrub strung out along and beyond the beach sand's further inland extent. Whole area becomes ablaze within seconds.

SKY:  
 That can't be so good.. .

EXT. BEACH BONFIRE HIGH UP ON BEACH - PAST SUNSET LONG AGO

Dark falling fast, area around the bonfire site, itself dripping soggy, doused out, as well as the blackened inland area all around and up inland quite a ways further in, is...

...beset by several fire-trucks, police cars, mulling about officers and policemen as well as Sky, Jase, and a few of the other teenagers, mostly the girls, gathered near the twins. One of the officer is pressing Sky through the ringer...

OFFICER:

Done some crazy stunts before Sky,  
but this one takes the cake.

SKY:

I, ah..

OFFICER:

Didn't think straight, boy. Want  
possessed you to put it here?

SKY:

Block the wind more, for the party.

OFFICER:

Lucky for you, we caught it in  
time. Just a couple of old sheds,  
some brush and trees gone up. Made  
a right mess of this place though..

JASON:

He did it for me.. . Didn't mean to  
be doing any harm..

OFFICER:

You twins always doing something,  
either all buddy buddy or going at  
it, slugging it out til Tuesday!

SKY:

Going to charge me, ..us?

OFFICER:

No. Not *too* much harm done, but  
sure could have been! Think a  
bright boy like you would think..,  
just a little beforehand. Let this  
a lesson, this could have been damn  
serious! Same goes for you, Jason.

Scene fades away back into present moment, Sky as **SUNMAN**.

INT. INSIDE THE SKYFLYER - BACK NOW

SKY AS **SUNMAN**:

No harm, no, foul..? Something got-  
've happened then, *more*. But, *what?*  
*Whatever it is, sure is rubbing it*  
*in my nose...*

Intense thinking runs through his mind awhile.

SKY AS **SUNMAN**: (cont'd)

Trying to *rub* out the past..., *my*  
*past*. Jase, Nate, Kay, Wendy..., me.  
That's his lo..., ill-logic! Some  
demented, regimented mind. A *mad...*,  
man! Made *mad...*, by fire! *By...*, *me?*

Thinking more, more, more, all Sky can think of over and  
over.. madman of order, and all he can see, is that officer  
who'd chided him, all those so many years ago.....

Sky hastily checks his watch: Three minutes, three. He peers  
out window. Near to pass overtop Hollywood, the craft soars  
above the slowly winding road atop it: Sunset Boulevard.

SKY AS **SUNMAN**: (cont'd)

Who have thunk, me **SUNMAN**, on stage  
before the bright blazing lights of  
the bright blazing city of Angels.

EXT. GENERAL AREA ABOVE, AROUND THE ROXY - TWO MINUTES LATER

High over Sunset, in Skyflyer, Sky sees down below him the  
neon lit sign entrance for The Roxy and vertical rectangular  
sign of neighbor club Rainbow.

Sky within checks his watch, one minute. He puts hand on a  
joystick. Skyflyer dives down over past the ROXY, pulls a  
dropping one eighty, slips behind Rainbow club out of sight.

From out back of the Rainbow, a nondescript car emerges. It  
drives up the road. Sky as Sunman sees three black sedans  
parked beside the sidewalk in front of the Roxy, one space  
directly in front of it left open. He goes past them down the  
street, whips the car through a U-turn, comes up to the open  
parking spot, slides into it.

Two men each from the two cars casually approach two secur-  
ity men posted at the club's entrance. The security men get  
set to search two of the men. Other two men crowd about them  
close enough to block view of the security from the street.

Busy with their searching task, the security men don't see one man each of the two standing beside each the two cars that are parked along the sidewalk on opposite sides of the club entrance., reach into the front seats of those cars.

They pull out self-supporting signs which are lettered with the words **LIVE MOVIE SET - THE ROXY CLOSED TONIGHT**. Those two men take up standing positions beside their signs. One stops a couple of flustered young women from going up to the club.

One of the security men spies that.

SECURITY MAN ONE:

What the.., nobody told me nothing about no movies being shot here tonight?

Very next moment, those security men groggily slump into the arms of the two suited men they were searching.

The two men holding them up quickly remove the security men's outer club security jackets, pass them over to the other two men blocking the view, who swiftly put them on instead. Those two men turn around to face the street, and appear just as if we were now the official club security.

The two holding up the groggy security contingent get out from under their suit jackets, two loose large basketball jerseys. They slip those onto the security men. The two suits walk the men, like they were drunk clubbers, on over to the backmost car, lie them down along onto the back seat as the security men fall fast asleep. They close the doors.

Those two men join the other man standing beside the back car making a threesome. They move up to stand beside the front of the back car. They wait staring at Sky's car ahead of them.

Two men come out of the front doors of the third car, the black BMW right in front of Sky's car. Couple seconds later, Gaiten Prye himself comes out of the road side, back door.

Other two men close shut their doors, one, Prye's door, too. Pyre comes around to the back passenger side open door, scoops within, brings out on his arm with him the groggy Kay, still in black gown. Man in front, slams shut that door.

Identity mostly hidden from view underneath a dark brown woven hooded cloak, **SUNMAN** emerges. All Prye's men eye him.

Not Prye. He faces the club entry, Kay in one arm. **SUNMAN** watches Prye left his other arm high, fist closed about something. Fingers open. Reveal some sort of device. Forefinger of that hand curls over to point on Kay.

Prye turns slowly about smiling. Kay in a stupor looks up.

PRYE:  
Welcome to my *fun...*, club, **SUNMAN**.

SUNMAN:  
Your...

PRYE:  
It is tonight.

Prye turns back around. Holds up again arm, hand, device. Unworried back's to **SUNMAN**, he leads Kay to door, stops there. There waits.. **SUNMAN** doesn't move. Prye speaks over his back.

PRYE: (cont'd)  
Come come **SUNMAN**. Must I show you everything?...

He twists curtly around with Kay. Tilts her head over. Slips hand under her auburn hair mane, lifts it up. Snug underneath about her neck is a thick gaudy necklace sparkling green.

PRYE: (cont'd)  
Wonder what'd happen I press...?

**SUNMAN** watches him lower his held aloft hand, present the device in its palm, the central button on it for him to see.

PRYE: (cont'd)  
....this.....?

He closes palm, swoops arm around displaying an explosion.

PRYE: (cont'd)  
(laughs)  
Just gaudy enough for this place..

SUNMAN:  
Why you doing this? Not your busi..

PRYE:  
Oh, you think you've figured something out already.., have we? Only one small part of the puzzle. One we used for our own purposes. It's so much more than what you'll ever imagine! Not that you have so much time left for doing that.. .

SUNMAN:  
All the help, had a hankering.. .  
So everyone know about.. me?

PRYE:  
 Mean this rabble? No. Count those  
 with clearance enough on one hand,  
 minus a finger or two..

Prye sees all his henchmen now very closely listening on.

PRYE: (cont'd)  
 (rather loudly for all)  
 Guess Sky Kidd Anderson would be  
 the only other one who'd know how  
 to reach the SUNMAN to aid him in  
 his search for his brother. Mind  
 telling me how you found him out?

Prye brings remote device holding hand up beside an eye, eye  
 thus only viewable to SUNMAN. It winks. SUNMAN seems to stay  
 totally stoic.., to anyone's eye but one as keen as Prye's.

PRYE: (cont'd)  
 Enough talk already. Let's go in,  
 have some, fun. While the night is  
 still young. Shall we go in, now?

**SUNMAN** nods. Slowly walks forward. All the other men file up  
 a few steps in behind but those posted at the live set signs.

A few spectators gather on the other side of the sidewalk.  
 One of the Prye's men quickly crosses the street.

SPECTATOR:  
 Hey, look, it's **SUNMAN**! He's making  
 a movie here. Knew it. Knew it all  
 along. Nothing but a big scam to  
 promote a new superhero movie!

He pulls out a small video cam, as Prye's man quickly comes  
 over to him. Prye's suit swipes the video cam from his hand.

PRYE'S MAN:  
 No video. This is a private shoot.  
 Give it back once they're done.

**SUNMAN** halfway to door, Prye opens the door and sweeps Kay  
 inside with him. **SUNMAN** as measured in pace goes up to the  
 door, and on within the dark interior seen through the door.

INT. INSIDE THE ROXY NIGHTCLUB - SECOND LATER

Two of the following men peel off to plant themselves just  
 inside, beside the exit. The other two keep nearby **SUNMAN**.

Inside cast on the black sheen floor, piercing the deep large interior are the club's distributed neon lights in blue, red, other hues. A taller than person sized square screen shines out with cool intensity psychedelic light patterns. A skimpy dressed young woman dances before it all by herself.

A long oval bar island is wrapped around up to upper waist height in its glowing, deep blue lit enclosure, the liquor glass bottles inside the island lit in glowing amber and other shades. Centrally positioned on the club's ceiling, a circular light, glows yellow, like it's very own sun inside.

Like the Shark Club, there's a big writhing crowd seething inside, mostly young clubbers but with a greater mix of somewhat older people. The attire's though more rowdy. Here the dancing, grinding to the piped in hard rock is.., rougher.

No-one takes any much note of the entry of the still cloaked **SUNMAN**, figuring him just another of the strange characters about town that drop on in here. **SUNMAN**'s eyes however point only one way, on Prye and Kay.

Behind **SUNMAN** on the large raised stage back of the club, the live entertainment for the night gets ready up on stage, donning guitars, getting behind drums sets, going up to mikes.

Prye counter to those around him dances with the stuporous Kay in a slow whirling seductive caress of a dance, purposely oblivious of **SUNMAN**, except for that closed palm of one hand laid atop one of Kay's shoulders... , for him to see.

One of the club girls comes up to **SUNMAN**, dances alongside him, like with him. **SUNMAN**'s distracted a little by her. Begins dancing a little with her, trying to move in dance with her without too much attention up close to Prye and Kay.

**SUNMAN** gets up within a few feet. Prye his head snug up against Kay's neck, her auburn hair, not looking up, speaks..

PRYE:

Not so close **SUNMAN**! Don't spoil a good party. So like her like this..

The band on stage begins to start playing...

PRYE: (cont'd)

Never seen a jealous **SUNMAN** before. Not that there ever was a **SUNMAN** before.. Don't worry. Very soon be taking her out of this place.

**SUNMAN**:

So why we here, the first place?

Prye doesn't answer. SUNMAN looks on him perplexed. Starts looking about to see what his four henchmen inside are doing. Curiously they're all not watching... him. Instead they appear to be searching all about the club for, *someone else*. They're also now all well out of earshot of them.

SUNMAN: (cont'd)  
 What the frig's going on. Who you looking for? Not about, me, at all?

PRYE:  
 (lifting head to look up)  
 Sure you don't know....

SUNMAN:  
 It can't be. **Can't! Be.** He's.....

PRYE:  
 Anyone know *that* for sure, huh?..

SUNMAN:  
 How he'd know to be, here, he was..

PRYE:  
 (disparaging...)  
 Alive? Knew your dad well..??

SUNMAN:  
 (jumping on oblivious how)  
 Part best communications whiz ever.

PRYE:  
 Field, I know.., well.

PRYE: (cont'd)  
 All this to smoke him out?.. What could he've been working on, tha..

PRYE: (cont'd)  
 Wouldn't you want to know.... . But there's no time. Don't want to overstay our welcome. Time to leave.

SUNMAN:  
 So what's, next....

PRYE:  
 Remove any will left in him..

SUNMAN:  
 By...

PRYE:  
Truly am sorry you'll have to die.  
And your brother. Out of my hands.

SUNMAN:  
And...

PRYE:  
Everyone. Even Kay here... Unless..

SUNMAN:  
I can save them. Save myself.

PRYE:  
Against a truly gone mad, madman.

SUNMAN:  
Not afraid of all this exposure...

PRYE:  
Me? Either don't exist, or won't  
soon as I leave this club behind.

SUNMAN:  
(super..., awed)  
*That high up..*

Prye smiles.

PRYE:  
So they like my own special  
talents, **SUNMAN**.

Prye brushes by right in front of **SUNMAN** with Kay, his closed palm on her shoulder deliberately within easy snatching reach of the device. **SUNMAN** just watches it go by him, knowing it'd do no good to try anything, now, just as Prye himself knows..

Prye stops two feet from **SUNMAN**. He kisses Kay there on the lips. **SUNMAN** twitches, tensely, having a hard time not to act. Their lips part. He looks at **SUNMAN**, who's burning up!

PRYE: (cont'd)  
Indulge me. One more last... .

He kisses her a second time, this one more deeply.

PRYE: (cont'd)  
..kiss. Last she'll ever have.. .

**SUNMAN**, teetering on the verge of imploding like an inferno, appears to have found, in Prye, an arch enemy for life...

Prye bundles Kay to the door, **SUNMAN** trailing, like in a daze. The four others curl out well back of him, following.

Prye stops at the door, men stopping in their tracks, allowing **SUNMAN** to get right up behind him. Prye twists his head around, whispers back to **SUNMAN** something only he can hear.

PRYE: (cont'd)  
No-one could've guessed, Sky, you'd go to such great extremes...

SUNMAN:  
He's my twin brother..

PRYE:  
Wish I had one....

SUNMAN:  
Don't. You'd destroy each other.

Prye takes Kay outside. **SUNMAN** waits a moment, goes out, the four others right after him.

GUY IN THE CLUB:  
Wasn't that the **SUNMAN** who left?

ANOTHER GUY:  
What'd you been drinking, bud! Some copycat dude in costume.., maybe.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE ROXY - SECONDS LATER

Prye walks up to his car, closer to the Rainbow Bar than the ROXY, black exterior shone by the Rainbow's rectangular sign, while **SUNMAN** stops out in front the ROXY near his vehicle.

Prye seats Kay on rear passenger seat, shuts door, goes to car's rear, leans on an arm whose hand he puts on the trunk.

Man at the set sign picks it up, carries it to the car, puts it in the passenger front seat, goes around, gets in the driver's side, closes door. One other suit passes by **SUNMAN**, goes to, gets into the passenger front seat. Closes door.

SUNMAN:  
Going to be a showdown, here, now?

PRYE:  
Not with me. Need a head start.  
Sure you'll catch up, but, by then, be nearly too late. Meantime, rest my men will keep you.., occupied.

One of the other men, their leader, comes up towards SUNMAN, stops a couple yards back. The rest of the men, but the one hastily grabbing, then stowing in the back car, the set sign, gather in nearby him. The other man comes up to join them.

PACK LEADER:  
Keep him more than occupied.. .

PRYE:  
Do that Gab, you'll get to be the next SUNMAN.. .

PACK LEADER:  
Hear that SUNMAN? Sun's set on you!

SUNMAN:  
He's making a joke.., of you, ha.

Prye ticks head amused, pushes off the truck, and goes to the rear passenger roadside door, opens it. He takes a last look back at SUNMAN, holds up the palm, opens it. Smiles.

He gets in the car. Engine instantly roars and the car starts rolling off. Makes a quick U-turn up ahead, and drives back SUNMAN's way, past him on way apparently for the downtown...

GAB:  
You just going stand there.. .  
Don't you got anything up your sleeve, now, dimlight?

SUNMAN:  
As a matter of fact, **Gabby**...

**SUNMAN** whips aside, off, his cloaking cape. His **SUNMAN** gear, head to toe, begins glowing yellow, orange, intensity slowly building. Gab feels the air about him get warmer. Gab pulls out a Magnum gun, and silencer, twists it on the gun. His men draw out their own hidden guns as well. All point on **SUNMAN**.

SPECTATOR TWO:  
(across the street)  
Look they're rehearsing a big gun fight scene now... .

GAB:  
Oh think you gonna spook me by your showman act? Know what I think, think you're in love with your own spectacle SUNMAN, know what I mean.

Jokingly looking around to his men, Gab guffaws. Couple of them tightly smile, rest remain hard-faced emotionless.

Police sirens are now heard now so far off... .

GABBY:  
Can't wait around **SUNMAN**. Afraid I  
gotta end cut short your act. Know  
what I think...?

SUNMAN:  
(ironically smiling)  
Again.....?

GABBY:  
Inside that **SUNMAN** outfit, only one  
big dark shadow left inside there.

SUNMAN:  
(even bigger smile..)  
Got to disagree.., on that one.

GABBY:  
Yeah, smart-ass. Even you could get  
out of this, gal's history, and..,  
Sky's bro. So you not gonna be such  
a big hotshot friend of his after  
all, soaking up all that Hollywood  
sun afire light, all those so ador-  
ing lolly eyed ladies, all to your-  
self. You're no sun. Just another  
regular guy like the rest of us.  
You ego-maniac..., freak.

SUNMAN:  
Same to you, ha. And I thought you  
just wanted to be my VBF...

On verge of exploding in temper, Gabby's fingers are very  
hair-trigger tense, twitching on the trigger.

GABBY:  
(tersely disparaging)  
Not a chance. Last words, *SUNMAN*?  
You got five secs...

SUNMAN:  
***Now speaking of sun afire. Let it..***

One second **SUNMAN**, next second **SUN**, reasonable facsimile of  
it as.. **SUNMAN**'s consumed all within a blinding ball blaze of  
intense yellow light, flames shooting out all about him like  
the solar surface itself, with solar flare extended tendrils  
out beyond up close to, by not quite reaching the men. Within  
the flames a liquid sprays forth like a plasma, except it  
doesn't burn physically, except when it hits the men's eyes.

There it burns like pepper spray... . The men drop their guns to rub their eyes from the stray, the blinding light, releasing their hands from the searing heat that's made their metal guns burn intensely red hot in their hands.

SUNMAN: (cont'd)

...be...!

Behind the blazing SUNMAN, the car becomes Skyflyer becomes Sunflyer, glowing strongly golden yellow amber, in rapid-fire succession, rising up same time fifteen foot above ground. It hovers forward right above SUNMAN, staying there steady put above him, bottom hatch sliding open.

From top of SUNMAN'S headgear, a new liquid is projected down in a flowing streams all about him, the same projected up and out the top of the headgear as a dousing, far reaching spray.

Its a combination of water and fire retardant. Near instantly SUNMAN is all doused, flames extinguished, his outfit staying dry, the water having evaporated in the suit's residual heat. Flames in the vicinity have been put out leaving Prye's men drenched. Sight clearing, they grope about for the guns.

Sunflyer lowers quickly to just above Sunman's head. Sunman springs up inside the Sunflyer before any the man can reach their weapons. One man grabs his gun just as the Sunflyer veers sharply up, twists sharply about in a steep ascending turn back towards the center of Los Angeles. He shoots at it but Sunflyer's now going even faster now the bullet itself.

SPECTATOR ONE:

See that! See that! See that! Now that's what SUNMAN's about! Way to go. Way to go. Way to go... WOO!

SPECTATOR TWO:

Man, that gonna be one great movie!

High up, out of range, SUNFLYER, this time not reconverting to Skyflyer, slows, keeps it's night Sun glow pulsating and lighting up the night about it. It heads out of the Hollywood area, towards the freeway aimed ahead for the skyscraper towers of downtown Los Angeles, the long tail of neck and neck indistinguishable red car tail-lights flowing a river of red.

EXT. BACK OUTSIDE THE ROXY - SAME TIME

Squad car after squad car arrive at ROXY, brakes screaming as they stop every which way. Police officers jump out of cars, charge over to the still staggered henchmen. Except Gabby who casually walks by, even greets a cop, on way to, in, his car.

He gently revs up his dark sedan in front of the Rainbow Bar and Grill, puts car in motion, turns right away, right, into the drive lane beside the Rainbow, between it and the Roxy.

He turns left to go in-behind the Rainbow. Few seconds later, car's on the lane beside the other side of the Rainbow. Car turns right onto Sunset, headed for the mess of police cars.

Going by the front of the Roxy, Gabby spies a gaunt black detective get out of that unit's dark blue sedan. It's Ash. But Ash's absorbed observing the scene ahead, doesn't see Gab grin at him, and all the gathered policemen as he slips away.

Ash goes to police Captain Jackson, in charge of the scene.

ASH:  
SUNMAN, here, tonight.

POLICE CAPTAIN JACKSON:  
Yes. Never been to a stranger crime scene. No one knows what the hell was going down. Or who the hell these clowns are supposed to be? Folks over there thought it was all a new superhero movie getting shot.

Ash scours around them. Sees a bullet hole in the henchmen's backmost car. He goes to it, pries bullet out, examines it.

ASH:  
Shots. Yes. Movie... Not.

POLICE CAPTAIN JACKSON:  
You're sure one conversationalist..

ASH:  
Not..., paid. To.....

POLICE CAPTAIN JACKSON:  
..talk.

Exasperated by Ash, Jackson eyes's turn to the sky, onto the far off pulsating glow of the Sunflyer..

POLICE CAPTAIN JACKSON: (cont'd)  
What's the deal with that. What SUNMAN all a sudden wants be seen?

ASH:  
Reckon...

POLICE CAPTAIN JACKSON:  
..so..... .

INT. INSIDE THE SUNFLYER - SAME TIME

Sky as SUNMAN, surveys his many screens, but mainly the forward down view on the river of red tail lights below.

SUNMAN:  
Talk about near impossible task.. .  
Know he's headed downtown, but, how  
to find his car in all that..

SUNMAN grins to his own inside joke...

SUNMAN: (cont'd)  
Oh yes. **That**.....

He flips a switch.....

Brilliant, fifteen foot broad at freeway ground level, highly focused beam of orange yellow light shoots forward down from the Sunflyer at a steep slant onto the freeway, illuminating the cars there caught within the beam like caught in a shaft of blazing sunlight out of the middle of the night itself.

EXT. MEANTIME, THE FREEWAY HEADED IN FROM SOUTH - MEANTIME..

..Wendy. View down on section of the Pacific Coast Highway south of Los Angeles headed in for the city, now not too far off, on sports-car Wendy jacked as the three dark high performance cars of her pursuers continue their pursuit of her. Chase's become recklessly precarious, pursuers frustrated.

INT. INSIDE WENDY'S JACKED SPORTSCAR - NOW

Furiously swerving, whipping by cars, Wendy talks to herself.

WENDY:  
Why oh why I never let sleeping  
dogs.., die. Whoever those goons  
behind are, sure can drive. Not go-  
ing let them wipe me out, not this  
girl, not without fight of their  
lives! Got to catch me first..

She spies a warming amber glow up top, out, of her front windshield coming in for L.A. from far off other direction. And the impressive sweeping beam it shoots down to Earth.

WENDY: (cont'd)  
Damn. Damn. If it ain't the SUNMAN!  
Still kicking, like me! Go Sky, go!

On the soundtrack the song, STOP AND STARE..., starts..

She blows past Porsche, Jaguar, the astonished drivers. She checks rearview mirror, the three cars yet hot on her heels.

WENDY: (cont'd)  
Oh brother.. . I got to really pick  
it up, now..... .

Eyes half on road, half on Sunflyer and helicopter trailing now behind it, Wendy, picks it up another notch! For next moments at least, she surges, more, ahead of her pursuers.

Til just two of the three black sportscars careen near out of control crazily around an interceding truck, again closing.

WENDY: (cont'd)  
One down.., anyway.

EXT. INSIDE THE SUNFLYER - NEAR SAME TIME

Sunflyer probes below with the sun spotlight for Prye's BMW, a stream of police cars gathering in line below back of it in an ever growing procession of flashing red and blue car-top lights, as well in air behind it, several police helicopters.

Sky as SUNMAN sees on a screen an L.A. road-map of the near about area that has glowing red dots denoting various locations on it, plus a glowing amber dot that shows Sunflyer's position as it travels above the freeway nearing downtown. SUNMAN taps the red dot just in front of Sunflyer's spot, but across to the west, on the Pacific Ocean shoreline.

SKY AS SUNMAN:  
Home sweet home.. . How I'd like to  
be there now instead of here...

He looks at the west facing screen showing the actual night view out westward from his high vantage point. He can see the high cliffs meeting the flat ocean stretching to the horizon.

..Is startled by a ringing noise. His cell phone. Warily he picks it up, makes sure not to answer til other side speaks.

THE STRANGERS MUFFLED VOICE:  
Know you're there SUNMAN.. To the  
west, you may want to see, this.. .

The line goes dead. Sky's eyes returns on the westward view as an enormous explosion out on the coast engulfs the whole western night sky, billows up up up in a glowing red mushroom like cloud, right where his Sun-Dome complex would lie...

Red dot on map showing screen, there, goes out! Sky as **SUNMAN** looks over on the screen looking down below. Most all of the police cars that'd been in the procession following below Sunflyer, now are racing ahead at high speed up on past him, heading for the nearest freeway exit that would take them out towards that immense conflagration out on the coast.

He checks rear view as all but a couple of the police helicopters veer off sharply for that way. As do a couple of the three TV new-station copters that's joined them, leaving one.

SKY AS **SUNMAN**:

Frig, that monstrosity is way the damn too smart! The mother of all distractions to lead the cops away, and.., by same stroke, wipe out any trace of **SUNMAN**, other than me..., and he's got that planned next!

EXT. MEANTIME, THE FREEWAY HEADED IN FROM SOUTH - SAME TIME

On the freeway now very near to central L.A., Wendy's car draws up in-behind several big rigs abreast each other over every lane ahead, their number a couple of trucks deep also.

Trapped there, the lead pursuit car closes in on her, with her second pursuer not far behind it closing in fast too.

The rigs furthest ahead peel off unto exit ramps, leaving up front only four rigs, but they're still abreast each other. Wendy swerves from one lane to another and back searching for a way by them. The two cars behind come right up behind her, then pull into positions on either lane right beside her.

Wendy looks over into the front side window of one of the cars, but can't see anything through its dark glass. Does see the window lowering to about 1/3 down, and the barrel of a gun being stuck through that gap, and being pointed at her.

She slams on brakes, snake tails, before regaining control. The other cars slam on their brakes, put their cars into reverse, draw on back towards her. As they get near again, Wendy slams on the accelerator, surges on by them in the open lane ahead of her still left open by the cars.

Middle-most lanes hogging rigs ahead lean respectively to the outside lines of their lanes, leaving a small gap in-between. Inside her car, Wendy smiles, recalling Sky and Jase's stunt.

WENDY:

Sky and Jase passed two cars in one  
..piece of cake get me by half one?

She floors accelerator. Car swerves dangerously, corrects arrow straight while shaking at verve of an engine blow-out. She forges into the narrow half lane gap between the rigs, sparks flying as she scraps lightly one rig, then the other.

Middle rigs pull farther over, into part of the lanes either side of them, to let her pass. Cars in pursuit of her, seize on that, side by side, accelerate on into the widening gap.

Back halves of the rigs swerve inward. Wendy shoots on past the closing lane gap from the middle of the rigs on back.

Pursuit cars are squeezed in-between the rear of the rigs, are flipped tumbling over and over high into the air. Moving forward by momentum, they seem going backwards as the rigs, barely hindered by the collision, continue driving forward.

Rigs not involved in the crash slow down as the tumbling cars near, then pass on by them. While Wendy's car pulls more and more ahead of the two middle rigs in the half lane between them. Those two rigs pull over onto their next lanes over.

The view back open now, Wendy checks her rear view mirror and sees the cars side by side in mid air crash down together one time more onto the concrete, this time explode into flames.

WENDY: (cont'd)

Hope owner's got insurance, cause  
this car's bound for a hole in the  
ground where the sun don't shine.  
But first, where it do..

Her eyes return up out onto the warm night glow of Sunflyer.

I/E. OUTSIDE AND INSIDE SUNFLYER - NEAR SAME TIME

High view along Hollywood Freeway heading for downtown Los Angeles on the out and inbound traffic, and the probing beam of Sunflyer's sun spotlight on the incoming cars. Further back and higher perspective shows the Sunflyer also in frame as the source of the beam. Beam makes a jerking ahead motion.

Sky as SUNMAN inside Sunflyer eyes on his forward down screen a trio of back to back identical black BMW sedans, illuminated within the light beam's road level radius.

SKY AS SUPERHERO SUNMAN:

More tricks. Guessing man pick the  
middle car. Lucky, I'm not he, ha.  
So which? Long as all togethe..

In mid muse, back BMW veers to Harbour freeway bound exit..,

..other BMWs continuing own ways up the Hollywood Freeway. As well they the Sunflyer but Sky watches the side, back screen.

SKY AS SUPERHERO SUNMAN: (cont'd)  
 Bingo. Showdown at OK Corral  
 somewhere downtown, no doubt  
 somewhere sky high.. Now to ditch  
 the black and white, don't think my  
 fiend take to more company well.

Sunflyer dives down a corkscrewing path. Following three helicopters whip right on by him at high speed. Then it flips around, flies upside down right back the opposite way toward the Harbour Freeway exit.

Couple of police cars that'd trailed it below, way up past the exit pull off sharply to freeway shoulder, trapped there from turning back around by the flow of traffic.

One dark blue sedan coming along Hollywood Freeway still not up to the Harbour Exit pulls off onto it as it gets there.

Otherwise, Sunflyer's left to itself. Its light beam again picks up the black BMW. It shuts off and the Sunflyer goes into Skyflyer mode, becomes near invisible in the night sky.

Inside the craft, Sky watches a line on a screen stretching from a representation of itself to the travelling along BMW, whose top appears be glowing strongly.

SKY AS SUPERHERO SUNMAN: (cont'd)  
 Infrared sensor works great! Beam's  
 heat lit that sucker up and good!

Revelry turns to frowning grin, expectantly juiced turpitude.

SKY AS SUPERHERO SUNMAN: (cont'd)  
 Wants a show? I'll put on a show  
 like this town's never seen! You  
 want to be the star-ticket tonight,  
 you had just better move on over!  
 How come everyone here wants to be  
 the feature attraction, even the  
 most whacked out loonies? Oh yes,  
 cause it's Hollyweird. Ha, look  
 who's talking. When this is over,  
 need a darn good shrink myself..

He laughs. Then face, as can be inferred of it, clouds over.

SKY AS SUPERHERO SUNMAN: (cont'd)  
 ..Anyone get out alive. Any ray of  
 hope be had against this madman.

Skyflyer in lockstep with it high above, the BMW exits off freeway, gets onto Second Street which goes on straight ahead right down into the central skyscraper midst of the downtown.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES AMID SKYSCRAPERS - MINUTES LATER

BMW travels Second Street nearing the cluster of the tallest Skyscrapers ahead. At an intersection, another black sedan turns right onto Second, proceeds in behind the BMW as the BMW enters the chasm amid the cavernous midst of the towers.

Further along, BMW slows, pulls into a street-side parking spot along a towering skyscraper, but not the tallest most First Interstate Building., which lies further on downtown.

SKY AS SUPERHERO SUNMAN:  
 (..up inside skyflyer..)  
 What? Passed chance to go to the  
 highest peak? Guy trying to throw  
 me off by messing with logic, me.  
 Still, the Sanwa Bank Building's no  
 small hill of beans either.

The following black sedan with no other parking space in sight, double parks right beside the BMW.

Skyflyer lowers. Inside, Sky watches a screen with magnified view down on Prye getting out the BMW. Prye goes around the back of it, gets Kay out of the back passenger sidewalk side. He brings her up next to the Sanwa. Two men get out the car. They come over up to Prye and Kay beside the Sanwa entrance.

Prye hands Kay over to those men, who take her inside. But himself stands alone outside. He looks up, curtly waves, up at him, grins slickly, twists about sharply, goes on within.

Skyflyer maintains a high hover overtop Second. Sky as SUNMAN indecisively watches closely the second car..

SKY AS SUPERHERO SUNMAN: (cont'd)  
 Come on. Make the first move..... .

As if hearing him, the driver door of the car, only, swings open. Out steps Gab. Like Prye, he goes to the Sanwa entrance but there stands in front of it. He looks up. Shoots skyward "the finger". Laughs. Goes jovially on into the Sanwa.

SKY AS SUPERHERO SUNMAN: (cont'd)  
 Who laughs best last Gab? SUNMAN!

Skyflyer descends rapidly for the ground. The many stories of the Sanwa flash by on its way down to landing on Second St. .

A sportscar comes in fast from the opposing direction on Second, closing on the Skyflyer. It slams hard on its brakes to stop, swerve wildly, stop, inches before the Skyflyer, as it converts rapidly into its nondescript car mode.

EXT. THE ROOFTOP ATOP THE SANWA SKYSCRAPER - SAME TIME

Roof-top entry door swings slowly open. Kay in Prye's arms is directed, pulled on through onto the roof, her hands bound by police issue hand cuffs though she's yet too weak knee groggy to make much of an attempt to escape anyway. The two men from his BMW come out the door. Stand either side of Prye and Kay.

Searing voice cuts through the cold biting high story wind from a male figure who's been there all along unseen, who's yet deep shadowed by an air conditioning structure on the roof, all its normal illuminating lights all busted out.

SHADOWED OUTLINE MAN:

Leave her be with me.

PRYE:

Don't need no more help, now? No?  
All set up just fine. You know this  
SUNMAN's no pushover?

No answer but the shadowed impression of a deep dark smile.

PRYE: (cont'd)

Okay, Sure thing. Guess I'm all  
done here.

SHADOWED OUTLINE MAN:

Yes, you're used me, very well.

PRYE:

Guy as smart as you.., could have  
done some real great things...

Only a cool silence which Prye could swear was laced with the deepest depth of stark raving mad sadness... .

Prye slides the remote control device in his hands tumbling on over across the roof-top surface towards the feet of the man in shadows. Kay, even in her stupor, gasps out loud... .

PRYE: (cont'd)

Know what, I'll get Gabby to come  
up anyway. He'd.., enjoy the show.

SHADOWED OUTLINE MAN:  
Of no consequence one way or other.

Prye looks down on Kay, peeks her a kiss on her cheek. He lies her sideways down to the ground. There jams into her bare shoulder the sharp jab of a needle. She begins coming back around, right away, out of her stupor. Not totally.

PRYE:  
Was a blast, Kay. But had a job to do, atlas. Can't let feelings..

KAY:  
Get, in way. You're.., as insane.  
But got no soul at all to know...

That infuriates Prye.

PRYE:  
You don't know, nothing. Things at stake, bigger than you, me. We are nothing. Dust motes amid the stars.

SHADOWED OUTLINE MAN:  
Let us be. This is my business now.

PRYE:  
Yes, of course. Too bad he never showed.., for all I did helping set this up for you.

SHADOWED OUTLINE MAN:  
Once all hope is dead, like mine..

PRYE:  
We'll see.. . *I'll* see, rather...

The corrected fine distinction darkly amuses Prye to no end.

He collects himself, smooths down his tie wrinkled by his bout of fury, and his, already sharply crisp, suit jacket. He twirls his hand in a circle. His two men crisply depart the roof through the exit door. He crisply follows behind them, closes the door in behind him with a resonating hollow thud.

Kay stares where should be a man not only shadow on the roof.

EXT. STREET LEVEL SECOND STREET AT THE SANWA - NOW AS WELL

Where nondescript car meets sportscar, Wendy emerges from the stolen sportscar. Moment later, SUNMAN out his craft. They face each other near where their vehicle also meet.

SUNMAN:  
 Sure glad you got free. But, you  
 shouldn't be.., here. Now.

WENDY:  
 What let you go to your funeral  
 pyre all alone..? You might just  
 bring along your own match, too.

SUNMAN:  
 (laughing at the pun)  
 Never live that down will I..? So  
 how'd you know where...

WENDY:  
 Didn't. Headed for First Interstate  
 Building.., then I saw..

She points at his nondescript car, then..Skyflyer.

SUNMAN:  
 You saw it, here?

WENDY:  
 I was looking, up, for it... . Knew  
 had to be around these parts near..  
 Always had perfect vision.

SUNMAN:  
 Use them eyes and get the hell ou..

WENDY:  
 Can't leave a good fight be, *seems*.

SUNMAN:  
 Look, you're another liability he  
 can use against me... .

WENDY:  
 Just imagine I'm another shadow on  
 the wall.., but the good gal one.

SUNMAN:  
 Are you?

WENDY:  
 Sometimes, ..most times, not, ha!

SUNMAN:  
 Clinical insanity to stick arou..

WENDY:  
 Yeah but in this asylum togeth..

SUNMAN leans over, kisses her on lips, she closing her eyes. He pulls back. Her eyes open back up, wanting it be longer.

SUNMAN:  
You've been in one too many action films. Think you are Bruce Willis..

Moment of humor passes into a deep night solemn silence.

WENDY:  
Kay up there? Yeah. Jason?

SUNMAN:  
Figure so... Time to see. Get that car parked quick! Don't want to get a ticket. I'll, pick you up there.

WENDY:  
Thought you said *that* couldn't..

SUNMAN:  
(smiling broadly..)  
*Dobson*, extreme times calls for..

EXT. THE ROOFTOP ATOP THE SANWA SKYSCRAPER - CONTINUOUS

Back atop the Sanwa, Kay and the shadowed figure.

KAY:  
Who, are.., you?

SHADOWED OUTLINE MAN:  
Right now, I'm a.., collector.

KAY:  
(sassily sarcastic)  
What'd a monster like you collect?

SHADOWED OUTLINE MAN:  
Everyone Sky knew and loved, closest of kin, friends, lovers. Every dream he ever had or will have had. His very *supposed great destiny*...

KAY:  
To...

SHADOWED OUTLINE MAN:  
Destroy it all. Til he's nothing.

KAY:  
What'd make anyone so possessed!

KAY: (cont'd)  
I can't believe Sky could have done  
whatever it is you suppose he did..

SHADOWED OUTLINE MAN:  
Only destroyed my life, my destiny.  
What *I* loved... . The love I *had*.

KAY:  
I don't believe a word of that! He  
may like to have a bit of fun, but  
otherwise he's...

SHADOWED OUTLINE MAN:  
No doubt he'll claim it was but a  
sad coincidence.. I see it differ-  
ently.

KAY:  
I'd say.....

SHADOWED OUTLINE MAN:  
You'd never understand not til your  
you Sky dies...

KAY:  
You expecting him? Up here....

SHADOWED OUTLINE MAN:  
My girl, don't you know.....?

KAY:  
What, not that he's the SUNMAN.. .  
Couldn't be possible.., could it?

SHADOWED OUTLINE MAN:  
See for yourself soon enough...

KAY:  
He's still alive isn't he? He's  
coming here, now. He'll save me and  
put an end to you instead!

SHADOWED OUTLINE MAN:  
Such faith in one so insubstantial  
yet so full of himself. Such spunk.  
Some ways you're so much like her..

KAY:  
Don't tell me this is all about a  
girl. That's so Sky! Finally got  
into girl trouble even in over his  
head! But how? What? Why? When...

SHADOWED OUTLINE MAN:

See the confusion setting back in.  
Prye just gave you a weak dose to  
negate the sedative a short while.  
Now your vision will blur..

Even as he speaks, Kay's vision becomes fuzzy. Knowingly he steps out of the shadows but we only see him out of Kay's own eyes, where in her blurred vision his face, figure, remains a shadow only this time of color, and oddly, a side effect of the drug, of red and blue, like a man afire drenched in rain.

SHADOWED OUTLINE MAN: (cont'd)

See now Kay, not merciless. Not  
like fate. You can go on into your  
dreamland, never know your own fate  
certain. And maybe your SUNMAN will  
come and rescue you and you will  
awake again in his arms, huh?....

Kay groggily nods, but yet with resonant terror in her eyes.

SHADOWED OUTLINE MAN: (cont'd)

That'll pass soon too.. .

He kneels, leans over to prop her head and upper body in his arms. Stares into those eyes, that face so like another's. He runs the fingers of one hand lightly along her cheeks, forehead, chin, lips, brushes back her hair gently off her face, tucks it beneath her ears, kisses one of them, whispers into them the same time. On soundtrack: This is How You Remind Me.

SHADOWED OUTLINE MAN: (cont'd)

Another world.., another life..,  
another fate... . Another, *when*...

He presses his mouth up gently against hers, kisses her. Lowers her back gently down unto the cold hard roof-top floor.

SHADOWED OUTLINE MAN: (cont'd)

Goodbye, Kay. Sorry you had to be  
in this. Just too late. Too late.  
To change anything.., now. Goodbye.

Somehow with some last incredible strength of will, fighting drug, terror, impossible circumstance, shadow, with hope...

Kay:

No.., goodbye.., to you... .

Falling half asleep dead to the world, her eyes droop. Seeing him just from behind, where his shadow falls...

..he gets up, searches about the sky. Nothing, yet, he looks back down on Kay.

SHADOWED OUTLINE MAN:  
And sorry you'll miss all the, *fun*.  
For your SUNMAN one last time.....

EXT. STREET SIDE PARKING SPOT NOT FAR FROM SANWA - NOW

Wendy's stolen car is tucked into a parking space a little ways further up on Second Street near the Sanwa building. Double parked next to the car behind it is SUNMAN's car..

Wendy gets out her car, SUNMAN remaining hidden within his. She walks over to his craft, to the front passenger side, raps hard on the hard window. It rolls down...

SUNMAN:  
Always hard on the merchandise?

WENDY:  
How can you joke, a time like this?

SUNMAN:  
There a better time? Get in. Quick.

The door opens all by itself, rising up like a Lambourgi. Wendy scrambles inside. Door slides shut. SUNMAN presses a button, vessel immediately converts back to Skyflyer.

SUNMAN: (cont'd)  
Hold on. Might get a little bumpy..

SUNMAN, guiding craft with a pointing laser tool he switches on and off at will, that projects onto, makes red glowing go point spots and connect the dots travel lines thereon, a screen with infrared view of the outside environment all about them, flips another switch. Skyflyer begins to follow as indicated by a glowing blue orb, the path on the screen, first rising just eight foot right up into holding hover.

This time in hover it shakes with unsettling vibration, seems to struggle with the extra weight its not designed to carry..

WENDY:  
(nervously chuckling..)  
Gal puts on a few extra pounds, and  
this is what you get... Grief.

SUNMAN:  
(grinning)  
All you ladies ever think about?

WENDY:

Just you keep on keeping this thing  
in the air, alright... .

I/E. FROM STREET LEVEL UP SANWA SKYSCRAPER - MOMENTS LATER

Skyflyer surges ahead out of its hover in level flight barely above the cars traveling on Second towards the Sanwa. Reaching it, Skyflyer hovers a moment, then presses sideways til up tight a few feet off from the row of second story windows. It slowly rises up the face of the mountainous skyscraper.

SUNMAN:

Keep an eye on the floors. See if  
you see anything unusual.

The craft continues to rise, its own distorted some reflection seen off the window wall. Nothing unusual can be seen on the passing by stories through impassive mirroring windows. Their mirroring show of Skyflyer, onto him inferred inside, seems to bother SUNMAN as he glances onto that view screen.

WENDY:

What's the matter? See something?

SUNMAN:

Whole reflection thing.. .

She gazes over, sense again of that strongest bond in him.

Skyflyer near summit slows last three floors, all them, only, fully white lit, to an ascent crawl. Rises over the top edge, turning as it does driver front end in towards the building.

Into view appears first the figure, a shadow yet amid dark of the night here, foot raised atop border wall, watching them. Then.., Kay lying on the roof nearby him. Wendy inside gasps.

Skyflyer shivers and shakes meantime trying to maintain its hover just ten feet above the roof, off it another five. Another man, Gab, barges into sight through roof's entry door.

He sees Skyflyer, pulls out his gun, points it that way. Shadowed figure waves down his arm for him to not shoot. Gab resists a strong urge to open fire. Shadowed man incongruously slips on dark sunglasses, walks away from edge, back to them.

WENDY:

Not going to take *him*, by surprise.

SUNMAN:

*It okay* I crack **one** nut at a time!?

Gabby chastened by imposed inaction, points for SUNMAN over to the shadowed figure's hand grasping an object within its closed fist, then sweeps demonstratively out wide his arms, mouthing the words *boom* the same time. He laughs afterwards.

Next moment, he's frowning deeply as in rapid descent, Skyflyer drops below the summit. Gabby races to the roof-top edge.

Skyflyer below amid the top three floors, only ones of the Sanwa lit ablaze in shining bright white along their perimeter length like Sanwa's an enormous lighthouse beacon over the Los Angeles night sky., wings over to and around the near corner, and on right in front of the Sanwa's opposite faced side. Middle of it halts, in a rocky hover. Lowers to hover across from the third-most high floor where a narrow terrace hangs off it's bottom. Moves in to *rocking* hover overtop it.

Skyflyer tilts sideways, moves closer, bottom hatch opening..

WENDY:  
What the hey... ?

SUNMAN:  
(jokingly but resolute)  
Dobson can't carry double any  
longer.. . Time to get out.

WENDY:  
Here? You can't take them on a..

SUNMAN:  
Just gotta have to, huh? Okay!

He points out the open hatchway, resolutely.

SUNMAN: (cont'd)  
Still got the screwdriver? Yep. Use  
it to get inside all safe and snug.

WENDY:  
Sure do know how to dump off a  
date, don't you!?

SUNMAN smiles. For her, way, way, way., too broadly at that. At last, her ire passes and she smiles tearfully back at him.

WENDY: (cont'd)  
Take care of yourself, okay?

She crawls from her cramped position inside, over to the lip of the opening. Gathers herself. Plunges out down. Lands down on the terrace below. SUNMAN leans back over his seat, waves at her, she waving back, then shuts the hatch closed on them.

Skyflyer moves out from the building. Back stable, it returns into a level orientation. Comes back around the building to a hover a story below where Gabby stands next the roof's wall.

Gab, smug, looking over border wall down, waving gun, taunts.

GABBY:

Why don't you come up and get me?!

Like to satisfy him, Skyflyer rises slowly. Gab watches it intently, backs off some from the edge, not quite so sure of even himself now.

Less so as Skyflyer with incredible burst of speed shoots up by top two floors and another night air floor's height above the roof, come to a hover just long enough to press forward over Gab, Kay, shadowed figure, on by them twenty-five yards, come as quickly on down to a soft landing atop the roof...

EXT. ATOP THE SANWA - CONTINUOUS

... a moment, two passes. The shadowry figure remains faces away looking into the night, but Gab comes away from edge to up a few yards off from Kay, gun posed in hand. He also slips out from his suit pocket, puts on, a pair of sunglasses...

SUNMAN exits from the Skyflyer, that stays still, unchanging. He walks casually in a few steps. Stops. Surveys the man turning his back to him, Gabby, Kay, around. No sight of Jason.

GABBY:

See what I got on SUNMAN. Not gonna blind me, this time. Best keep your distance too, not gonna let you get close enough to go all nova on me..

So.. SUNMAN steps as casually more steps in. Gab tenses ready to shoot before SUNMAN any much closer SUNMAN.. jumps, lands down on both feet, staying put there.

SUNMAN:

Close enough for you, Gab..

GABBY:

I should put a bullet right through that smile right now...

SHADOWED OUTLINE MAN:

(speaks over his back)

Why you play, even now? Like games, having fun, don't you SUNMAN? No matter whose lives are at stake?

SUNMAN:  
 Why don't you turn around, and see  
 what fun I'll have taking you down!

SHADOWED OUTLINE MAN:  
 Both know, too soon for our last  
 moves. Could try to save Kay but  
 where that'd leave your brother?

No answer.

GABBY:  
 So where's your smart mouth now?

SHADOWED OUTLINE MAN:  
 (to SUNMAN)  
 He's beginning to annoy me. Please,  
 do.., take him out now.

SUNMAN:  
 O..kay... .

Gabby waves his gun about with bravado, instead of keeping it aimed on SUNMAN, when its pulled right from out of his hand's grasp, zipping through the air on into SUNMAN padded glove.

GABBY:  
 What the....

SUNMAN:  
 Don't you know nothing stellar.. .

Without turning, the shadowed man applauds slowly... .

SHADOWED OUTLINE MAN:  
 ... the simulation of gravity with  
 a strong electro-magnet, when a  
 current's turned on. Knowing your  
 knowhow of science, atlas used only  
 things nonmetallic myself. You see  
 Gab, SUN's got a lot of gravity.

GABBY:  
 So how come wise-guy didn't try..

SHADOWED OUTLINE MAN:  
 Good to leave something new in  
 store later, right SUNMAN? To use  
 when the time's ripe to save your  
 brother, perhaps.. . Yet here we  
 still stand, playing silly games as  
 precious seconds, tick, tock, away.

SUNMAN:

Where is he!? He's near, isn't he?

Shadowed man doesn't speak, instead looks down at a dark duffel bag beside his feet with something bulky in it. He zips it open, pulls out a cowboy hat, Jase's. He dips down the front of it over his face. Only now, all his face but chin covered by the hat as he slouches, does he turn about.

SHADOWED OUTLINE MAN:

Not really a question of how near.

SUNMAN:

How long?!

His chillingly amused adversary presses one button of three what's on the control device held in one of his hands.

SUNMAN: (cont'd)

What'd you do?!

SHADOWED OUTLINE MAN:

Tell you in a minute. This city's so rush rush rush all the time. Bad for the soul.

SUNMAN:

What'd you know about that..?

SHADOWED OUTLINE MAN:

Thanks to you, how to lose one...  
(from anger flash resumes)  
No, no-one takes a minute to breathe in this stinking air. Think before they rashly act. Love what life they got. Or once had..

SUNMAN:

How long? Under a minute?...

SHADOWED OUTLINE MAN:

Look how you cringe, despairing..  
So under *my* control.

SUNMAN:

You want me to crumble to dust, like you. Well I won't go there. If there's no hope.., I'll accept it. But I won't surrender, not to the night, not you, but into the light.

Sunman's outfit begins to glow, warmly human sun-like. He begins to smile.. .

The shadowed man tries to break SUNMAN's will, by taking off the cowboy hat and toying with it in his hands, revealing same time the long healed scar over one eye but an otherwise yet handsome, mid forties old, face - that of the officer so long ago who'd chided Sky for the bonfire... .

SUNMAN watches the hat but with remembering warmth of Jason - inside his head a stream of flashback moments with him.

SHADOWED OUTLINE MAN:

Ah, just the *new* memories about to be lost. Got a lot of use out of this hat. Not much good to me now..

He tosses the cowboy hat out over the roof's edge...

SHADOWED OUTLINE MAN: (cont'd)

How...

SHADOWED OUTLINE MAN: (cont'd)

(looks at watch again)

..long.., say two minutes, or so..

SUNMAN hastily sets his watch to count down from two minutes.

SHADOWED OUTLINE MAN: (cont'd)

..to make, hum, a game of it, what say we play Let's Make a Deal?..

SUNMAN:

What? Make a deal? With you.. . Officer, Mitch?, Blacksen..?

MITCH:

Oh, do remember me.. . No time to go over old times now. No, deal with your destiny. You go save Jason, yourself, or not.., maybe you'll have one yet awhile longer. Still around, come on back, we'll talk old times... .

He grins misshapenly.

SUNMAN:

Save him, I don't got a, *clue*.., *where to*... Damn, that's *it*. You want me to try.., fail, don't figure I'll have enough.., time.....

MITCH:

So close, so far, ***funny*** thing time.

SUNMAN presses a button on his glove, Skyflyer drives up to him, lifts up at a forty five degree angle, its under-hatch opening. SUNMAN leaps on in through it, hatch closing behind him. Skyflyer whips ahead right over Gab's ducking head.

Over open air, Skyflyer lowers to the terrace that juts out from the third story below, no sign of Jase. Lifts up to the top most story, down to hover beside the second most story.

SUNMAN:

Which, which, which..?! Where would illogic and logic collide... Okay, okay, right in the middle...

He snaps a look at his watch.. : One minute, thirteen.. . Points the laser to a point inside the building across from them. The Sunflyer.., hesitates.

SUNMAN: (cont'd)

AT's got self protection..

He slams down a switch labelled AI over-ride. Grabs manual steering wheel, presses the acceleration button on the wheel. Skyflyer surges forward, crashes in through the glass window of the second topmost floor where lies the middle most room this side of the building. Sky slams down on the button, stop and hover.. . Obediently mindless now, it hovers in the dark room just below the ceiling and a few feet above the floor.

SUNMAN twist another knob, Sunflyer Mode. Skyflyer converts to Sunflyer. He slams down with each hand two more switches, External Light ON Low Intensity, and Emergency Exit, Below.

In through the opened hatch below, now pours in the light projected off Sunflyer that bounces off the floor on in..

Last he presses on the remote in hand a button labelled, Auto AI ON, as he jumps out the open space below into the room.

In the room lit now by the hovering Sunflyer, he spots Jason, seated awkwardly upon a metal chair, all tuft up amid wires hooked into a large cache of high explosives. Plus the count-down timer connected to that, forty-nine..., forty-eight... .

SUNMAN walks over. Jan Arden Song begins: **I Will Die For You.**

JASON:

Another step kaboom, floor, rigged.

SUNMAN:

Thanks for mentioning...

JASON:  
No prob. That you, Sky, in there.

SUNMAN nods. He smiles. Jason smiles back. Despite the dire..

SUNMAN:  
Wondered how you'd look dressed up.

JASON:  
*Same to!* Not a *good* time for jokes.

SUNMAN checks the timer, Jason twisting his head around to look too at the very same time... , Thirty, Twenty-nine...

SUNMAN:  
Gather not...

JASON:  
Got a plan?

SUNMAN:  
Not really...

JASON:  
Shouldn't you get one, soon..

SUNMAN:  
Guess so.. .

JASON:  
Whatever happens, no regrets bro..

SUNMAN:  
Not over yet...

Twenty two.., twenty one...

JASON:  
Pretty darn close, though..

SUNMAN:  
Have an idea...

JASON:  
Great, let me in on it?

SUNMAN:  
No time bro, present mo.. .

Sky grabs a double end hooked cable out of his backpack... .

SUNMAN: (cont'd)  
Tossing this, better not drop it.

JASON:  
Who am I, you?...

SUNMAN's retort is to throw, rather hard, the cable at Jase, who, for a moment, bobbles it. Eleven., Ten.. SUNMAN secures other hooked end to the SUNFLYER. Grabs for himself a tight hooked elbow grasp halfway in-between along the cable.

SUNMAN:  
Hold on....

JASON:  
Like what else, I'd do..

Four... . Three. SUNMAN flicks the switch labelled HOME on the remote in his hand. Instantly the Sunflyer surges for the broken out window like a blur of light its so fast..

..pulling along, riding the cable, Sky, and, Jason, along with Jason's entire encasing chair, in behind of it, and the explosive pile connected to the chair and Jason, further back, that getting tangled up still inside the room.

Second later, Sunflyer, it's cargo, outside, is rising up, taking with it Sky and Jason in mid-air on the cable, on up behind the interceding concrete, glass of the next story.

Floor below, a large explosion detonates within the departed room. Concussive blast and sideways out-rush of the expanding mushroom cloud of flame and intense heat billow out the open window while severing all remanding lines between expended explosive pile and Jase's chair. Flames extend out past, below Sunflyer and the dangling underneath twins as alarms blare.

Sky presses button labelled Stop and Hover. Sunflyer abides..

JASON: (cont'd)  
Sure do dig your new ride....

SUNMAN:  
Not too shady at all.

Of course, just then, it begins to shudder, rock, sputter.. .

JASON:  
Over warranty?

SUNMAN:  
Weight limit. Damaged? Maybe overstressed..? Got to cut loose soon.

SUNMAN hits four of the remote's buttons labelled in this order: SEQUENCE; DOUSE FIRE; LAND, PARK, CAR CONVERT. His forefinger hovers posed over a forth button, ENGAGE.

JASON:  
What you doing? Playing Gameboy?

SUNMAN:  
Nah, playing Sunflyer, ha. Hey look, gonna let go. Gonna give you a hand, help you climb up. Hang on to me from the front, okay? Over my shoulders. Don't push any buttons..

SUNMAN reaches his arm down to Jase, who takes hold of it with one hand as he dangles below at the cable's end. Jase starts climbing up using his other hand, SUNMAN's pulling, the short distance between them, the while taking dubious looks below at the flames shooting out from the building..

JASON:  
You sure about this?

SUNMAN nods, smiles down that irksome grin, as Jason gets up right before him and throws first one of his arm over one of SUNMAN's shoulders, then other arm over other shoulder, his hands and lower arms locking together behind SUNMAN's back.

SUNMAN:  
Hands up bit higher, please... .

JASON:  
(smiling ruefully)  
Something back there, I don't want to know about, huh?

SUNMAN:  
*Could be..*

JASON:  
Just don't burn my toast, okay?

SUNMAN grins mischievously, not so reassuringly to Jase. Lets go of the cable. They fall with gravity's sway toward the arm of flames, the billowing out red, orange, black smoke clouds.

Sunman presses remote's ENGAGE button. Sunflyer moves up, out some more from the building, hovers there like its thinking..

Sec later, just before their feet would dip down into the ribbons of flame, SUNMAN presses a button near at his upper chest near a shoulder. Jets protrude out the backpack, fire, shooting out plasmic like streams of fire, sending them up..

SUNMAN, Jason in tow, then directs the jets, them, sideways out away from the building. Beyond the outreach of flame, he alters their course, down by shutting off the rockets..

They free-fall down past the river of fire, two more floors down below til Sky re-ignites the backpack rockets, meantime pressing other button to out protrude and deploy other much smaller rockets extending from his gear's elbows, back of calves, even from the heels of his shoes.

SUNMAN adjusts thrust of the rockets just so for them to maintain a hovering position there two floors beneath the flames.

Above, Sunflyer springs to action. It arcs around, drops down to the flames' level but off to one side. Inside, it, on some view screens play infra-red imaged video via sensor cams looking into the ablaze room, changing computer graphics, numbers overlaid on them, analyzing. Images, craft meantime wobbly.

Sunflyer, shaky, *just* stable enough, leans in closer to the window, fires on into the burning room blasts of its water and fire repellent mixture. After few seconds, all the flames inside are extinguished. The alarms that were blaring go off.

Sunflyer comes up very close before the room's window. Inside the craft, the infra-red red screens show only residual glows of the yet warm spots. Over the screens, these words flash: Fire Out, Mission Over. Engaging: Land, Park, Car Convert.

SUNMAN and Jason watching it, like satisfied, the vessel, yet rocking noticeably, swings away from the building, dives down in an spiraling arcing pattern that brings it meanwhile...

...winging right around the Sanwa's far corner, and on out of sight behind its far side.

JASON: (cont'd)  
Got to get me one of those.. .

SUNMAN:  
Cost you plenty, ha.

Jason eyes wander to the backpack jets, fondly regard them.

JASON:  
Those came in handy, too..

SUNMAN:  
A lot SUNMAN but still a little bit  
rock and roll Sky!

JASON:  
That's my bro, always trying show  
me up. Outdo you double next time!

SUNMAN:  
Count on it. Now.., gonna have to  
leave you out of the rest of this.

JASON:  
There's more....

SUNMAN:  
He's got Kay up yonder..

JASON:  
Real a-hole! Sure you don't...

Jason's face alights spying his cowboy hat perched atop the terrace wall off from the floor one story higher up, this terrace that's an exact mate to the one on the opposite side of the building where Wendy was dropped off. Jase points it out.

JASON: (cont'd)  
Hey, can we make a pickup.. ?

SKY:  
Always the hat with you, ha. Yeah,  
sure thing... .

SUNMAN guides them up over to it, Jason swipes it off the wall into his one hand freed momentarily from its grasp behind SUNMAN. Flips hat onto head. Slides it down face, some.

JASON:  
You need get this done alone, go  
ahead. Need me some chill time,  
anyway. Just me and my cowboy hat.

SUNMAN:  
Thanks for protesting, not...!

JASON:  
Just go whack dip-shit one for me.

SUNMAN:  
(laughing)  
Sure to do. Sure to do.

SUNMAN: (cont'd)  
Hey, better hang onto that hat  
good, we're going in?

JASON:

In. There's no..., doors, bro...

SUNMAN:

Don't need one...

Jason grabs the hat in one hand, brings it behind SUNMAN, and locks his hands, hat, into place behind him securely. SUNMAN swings them sideways out from the building, down a couple stories, then right on in for the building face at an increasing pace for the one window on the lower floor there. Right crashing on in through it...

More..... Til back out again, and below part resumes.

SUNMAN outfit begins to glow, as he rises up to the roof's edge, ascends up over it but just three feet before the jets sputter out, run out of fuel. SUNMAN falls back down...

He whips one hand inside an open pocket flap on the chest side area on his SUNMAN outfit. Pulls out a length of thin metallic cable, end pulled hooked, other end left inside the pocket, seeming attached there, judging by the yank SUNMAN pulls on it hidden within that doesn't lodge it out.

Swift and forcefully, SUNMAN tosses the free hooked end up and over the roof's low border wall behind where it catches.

Taunting reaction on the line brings him in to the building's face, where he plants his feet like on a cliff face. Rapidly he climbs up for the top, one hand at a time on the cable, other hand grasping secure hand-holds on the Sanwa itself.

Good thing as above the hooked end apparently of own accord tosses itself up and over the inner edge of the border wall.

Cable plunges ground ward on past SUNMAN. He releases his one hand on it, other hand stuck in a secure crevasse on the Sanwa. His free hand pulls a small release latch by the pocket, and the cable part hooked within the pocket is jerked free by the falling cable's falling weight. Cable falls past by Jase.

SUNMAN turns off all lighting glow. Presses flat as possible close to the wall. Grabs out of the back pack, the shrouding hooded garment, pulls it over his head, about him, hiding his SUNMAN gear, making him hard to see in the top floor's glare, posed few feet below the roof top, few more, top of its wall.

Over border wall comes in view craning down head, eyes, neck, leaned over upper torso, gun in hand of Gab, searching below.

He sees cable falling, nothing else, becomes disturbed, puzzled. He scratches hair.

Lifts up his sunglasses so they rest on his nose, lenses up above his eyes. SUNMAN smiles, stealthily climbs a couple foot higher right under that very nose.

GABBY:

Damnest thing. No sign of the...

Below him, SUNMAN peels off the shroud's hood, rest of it off his shoulders. He gathers it in carefully in a big ball, then powerfully flings that ball outward.

It sails out sideways, drops flutteringly in the night air, down. Gabby surprised, alarmed. Next second, blinded by the continuous bright blasts of light shone up into his eyes from SUNMAN's outfit, relit up this time at highest intensity..

Within the confusion of the shielding blaze of light, SUNMAN pushes hard off and up from his legs dug into the Sanwa's wall-face. Body and legs all are set free of the wall but rise up in space not down from the force of his leap.

Backpack's sputtering jets, still sputtering, spring back to life, provide just the extra bit of lift needed....

..for SUNMAN to send one of his arms up over the border wall, and off the anchoring pivot point of that arm, swing the rest of his body and legs on over it, like over a pommel horse, his feet same time crashing into the upper chest of Gab bowling him back and knocking him unto the roof floor deck.

SUNMAN lands chest-ward down, half foot above and facing the rooftop, his hands planted on the rooftop below bent elbow arms that absorbed his impact like one doing a push-up, one that SUNMAN springs right back upright onto his feet off of.

Setting the suit illumination back on low, SUNMAN walks up before the prone Gab. Smiles down at him.

SUNMAN:

..of the Sunman?..

Gab slips his hand underneath him, slings the hand right back out, this time grasping the gun that he'd fallen right atop of. He quickly puts back on his sunglasses, gets up slow, all while keeping close eye on SUNMAN.

GABBY:

Never expected me to fall on top my gun did you, wiseguy?

SUNMAN:

Going to go all through this again?

GABBY:  
Like that wouldn't you... .

He walks up slowly to within a foot of SUNMAN, SUNMAN making no attempt to impede or stop him. Gab plants the barrel of his gun right up against SUNMAN'S chest logo crest, where inside his body his heart would lie.

SUNMAN:  
Bad spot. That is bullet proof!

Gabby hesitates a second, yanks the gun's barrel instead up an inch out from SUNMAN's mouth...

GABBY:  
Bet you not here too...

SUNMAN:  
(smiling)  
Perhaps not..

Gabby, surprisingly, pulls the gun back, down.

GABBY:  
Wouldn't let me do this unless you got a trick up your ass. Zap me dead with plasma before I pull that trigger. Something screwy.. .

SUNMAN:  
Maybe something like that...

GABBY:  
Good thing for you.., er me, we don't got to find out..

SUNMAN:  
And why's that, Gab...

GABBY:  
Just the messenger..

SUNMAN:  
Where's Mitch? Where he got Kay?  
Tell me, maybe get you cut a deal.

GABBY:  
Deal for me. That is a joke! I ain't sticking about to go do time.

SUNMAN:  
Where's Kay? Tell me! Don't want to see my dark spot, do you? Do you!

Behind there's a noise. SUNMAN swings about, sees Mitch beside the opened entry door's shadow, remote control in hand.

MITCH:

Ah, a crack in the light! Yet still all lit up, hoping against no hope.

SUNMAN:

Where is she?

MITCH:

Gab, go now! Take Kay to ground zero. Leave her there.

SUNMAN:

Ground zero...?

MITCH:

Sounds appropriate for someone called the SUNMAN, huh, ha, the place where you *will* die with her. Something I wish....

SUNMAN:

You're a real romantic....

Gabby walks past SUNMAN. Stops a few feet beyond him, and looks back on him almost apologetically remorseful...

GABBY:

Got to do. Got to do. Tracking on me somehow too. Blow me up to smithereens along with her, don't do...

SUNMAN:

Best you keep on going then...

GABBY:

Yeah... . See you..., er..

SUNMAN:

(smiling despite all..)  
..around.

He walks away somewhat sluggishly to the exit door, exits..

MITCH:

(slowly walking over)  
Don't mind him. Obligated...

SUNMAN:

How so..?

MITCH:  
 First cousin. My partner on the  
 force.., once. In Prye's grip now.

SUNMAN:  
 Why a sudden so open and chatty?

MITCH:  
 Even shadows have a time to depart  
 this.., thought you might like to  
 know, what you did, to me, before,  
 ..you join me.

SUNMAN:  
 Rain-check on that second part?..

Mitch smiles, if grimly, sadly, like one lost in the wilder-  
 ness middle of nowhere seeing humorous ridiculousness of it.

MITCH:  
 I do like your Kay.

SUNMAN:  
 So let her go. Let us, you and I,  
 have a go of it.... .

MITCH:  
 You know that this entire roof is  
 wired to go up. I could take you  
 out with me anytime I wanted.. .

SUNMAN:  
 (grinning...)  
 Why, that's a nice warm thought..

MITCH:  
 I know you as well as yourself,  
 you'd half enjoy that. Half that  
 don't fear anything of this world,  
 not even me - that don't care if  
 the Sky lives or dies. That'd feel  
 relief from the chance of carrying  
 my own.., burden, of destiny.

SUNMAN:  
 Of going..., mad?

MITCH:  
 Your father...

SUNMAN:  
 My dad?, you know something about  
 him? Is he alive?

MITCH:  
You always believed he went..

SUNMAN:  
Completely off the deep end?...

MITCH:  
Yes.

SUNMAN:  
Did he?...

MITCH:  
Always was a large bite out of the  
possessed mad genius now wasn't he?

SUNMAN:  
Not an answer. Of science, wonder..

MITCH:  
All mad creatures in the end...

SUNMAN:  
Speak for yourself.. . Why don't  
you just cut to the chase, huh? My  
car's double-parked. Parking ticket  
fines are just out of this world..

Even Mitch, chuckles, at that.

MITCH:  
Having fun.. .

SUNMAN:  
Fun?

MITCH:  
Again...

SUNMAN:  
Again?

The two men stare at one another...

SUNMAN: (cont'd)  
I know this got to be about that  
bonfire - there that day. One who  
gave me the forth degree... .

MITCH:  
Was the smartest cop on the force,  
right out of Princeton - advanced  
mathematics, game theory, science.

SUNMAN:

Explains how you'd be playing a game of light and shadow with me, so well... Still not, why?...

MITCH:

Old times... . We have such fond memories of them... .

SUNMAN:

(not guessing satirically)  
Just guessing, you not?

MITCH:

You know that man can't be really be like the sky,.. Sky? Or the Sun?

SUNMAN:

Beside them being all gas and we're not, well, not normally?

Sky turns serious..., deeply, deeply compassionately serious.

SUNMAN: (cont'd)

..Yeah, but one can try, aspire. Feel the sky's freedom, embrace the Sun's warmth...

MITCH:

Or the sky's wild abandon, the Sun's burning pyre....

SUNMAN:

What the freeck happened?!!

Just the deepest of cold night air stark silence....

SUNMAN: (cont'd)

Look I know it's got to be that whole not being able to be in two places at one time., your call at the Shark Club tonight. Man, that seems so so long ago., already.

MITCH:

Yes so long ago, but just like a moment ago, always... Why don't we go on over to the edge, have a look down over our city of Angels all lit up for the two of us tonight?

He walks in close to SUNMAN, *puts* his, non remote control holding, arm and hand over SUNMAN's shoulder.

Together they walk over to the edge of the building... . Lean over. Feel the whip of the high night air surge around them.

MITCH: (cont'd)  
..was headed home after my shift..  
just a few minutes until I..

SUNMAN:  
..but..., you got..., diverted...?

MITCH:  
Always kept the police band on. I  
wasn't far from..

SUNMAN:  
The bonfire site.., you responded  
there instead. I remember, you were  
one of the first on the scene..

MITCH:  
Yes.

SUNMAN:  
And...

MITCH:  
My place..

SUNMAN:  
Your place...

MITCH:  
She'd fell asleep. Left the stove  
going...

SUNMAN:  
..going.. . But, you, could have,  
got there, before...

MITCH:  
Funny thing space, and time... .  
Seems fire began short while after  
I arrived...

SUNMAN:  
..wrong place, the wrong time..  
because of..

MITCH:  
You.

SUNMAN:

An accident. That bonfire party for Jase on the beach, had one a million times before out there, no prob. But wind that night so cold down by the water. Teenagers don't always..

Mitch, hugs, Sunman, with his arm about his shoulder, in to him crazedly warmly, like the oldest of kindred companions...

MITCH:

(grinning oddly..)  
..think things out? Especially guy like you.. Always up to something.

SUNMAN:

(smiling at memories)  
Few ruckuses me and Jase, yes..

MITCH:

Ah, battling twins... . She..

SUNMAN:

No..

MITCH:

..was..

SUNMAN:

.. going to have...

MITCH:

Identical. In life, and...

SUNMAN:

You know Jase is safe now.. Can only take down, *one*, of us, me...

MITCH:

That'd have to..do, now... .

Without warning, Mitch shoves, both of them, over the edge of the building's low border wall. Over and down, down....

Crashing down to the narrow well of the terrace off the third below story, the story lit white ablaze brilliant in the beacon wash of its floor long wrapping ribbon of shining light.

Of course, it's SUNMAN who's the one that takes the brunt of the fall, landing on his back, Mitch's fall cushioned atop of him. Mitch's non-remote control wielding, arm broken, he slowly gets up, winching for the sharp stabs of pain in his arm.

He goes to the terrace's mid chest high, brown concrete wall edge, leans back along it, looking down on yet prone SUNMAN. SUNMAN stirs. Sits up with effort. Blurred sight clearing, he sees Mitch come over, lean down to tilt back his head.

SUNMAN:  
Lucky got me padding back there...  
Gotta install airbags..., sometime.

Mitch kicks him viciously in the chest, SUNMAN suppressing a groan. He flings SUNMAN back prone to the ground. Walks away.

SUNMAN: (cont'd)  
You knew we'd only fall, this far.  
She's here. Kay's here, isn't she?!

MITCH:  
(against wall turning in )  
Right behind you... .

SUNMAN sits back up, twists around, feeling a stab of pain from the one leg curled underneath him that's likely broken. Off in the far narrow curved end of the long narrow terrace, he sees Kay, eyes hazily sedated. From, her, hears a ticking.

SUNMAN:  
Set that damn thing when we fell.

MITCH:  
Back up. Cop always got to have..

SUNMAN:  
Where's the timer....?

MITCH:  
Internally inset mechanism. Radio controlled. No way to stop it, now.

SUNMAN:  
Two minutes...

MITCH:  
Less a minute and half, now. Go on,  
go join her there. Be so, touching.

SUNMAN searing look at him would kill. After a quick look at his watch, SUNMAN painfully gets up on one good, one bad leg, hobbles to KAY. Hooking one hand and arm over the curved end wall as a brace, he lifts Kay loosely up to stand beside him backed behind by the low wall so very high above the ground.

SUNMAN slips one of his hands out of sight behind her neck up against the back of the solid, unbreakable one piece, explosive necklace about her neck, hidden there beneath her hair..

SUNMAN senses something peculiar, notices a little red beam of light now posed directly on the most vulnerable weak point in his SUNMAN gear, his mouth region. His eyes follow the beam back to Mitch, moved in some to near the middle of the terrace, onto the laser sighted gun in his busted arm hand.

SUNMAN:  
Got you just where I want you now..

MITCH:  
A joker on til the end. But atlas,  
to be your very last...

SUNMAN:  
I.., do, feel, for you. What you  
have gone through.. . I.., know...  
something about, living through..

MITCH:  
Afraid its much too late for my  
redemption.. . Out of hands..

He demonstratively punctuates that by flinging the already irrelevant remote in one hand high up and on over the wall.

MITCH: (cont'd)  
Same as like that night, but only  
it's you instead of me. Places,  
lives, destinies, switched... . I  
almost, envy.., you.

SUNMAN:  
Oh, and why's that..?

MITCH:  
You get to go, too, along with your  
Kay. I only wish I..

SUNMAN:  
Had gone up with her...

MITCH:  
But you even denied me that. Funny,  
me a cop, couldn't protect his own.

SUNMAN:  
Yeah well, who could have known  
anything, only God or somebody, uh?  
(pauses to check watch)  
So you reckon, got to be less than  
twenty seconds now..? Give or take  
ten secs, or so....

MITCH:

(smiles, near final peace)  
Yes. Then, us. When your charade of  
sunshine like you never a bad thing  
did black as this, *that* night ends.

SUNMAN:

(grinning crazily.)  
Not on purpose, like you, huh..?

MITCH:

(as crazily grinning back)  
Make a difference? Feel as I felt,  
death of your soul before you die..

Amid her stupor, death at hand, Kay begins reviving, speaks..

KAY:

Save me, Sky..., us... .

They lock eyes like for the end (on soundtrack, I Would Die  
For You by Jan Arden), Mitch entranced, when most incredibly:

..SUNMAN's hand behind her neck, snaps wildly back and up,  
flinging out into mid-air the bulk of Kay's explosive neck-  
lace, all but for a neck wide missing section of it..

..which section itself falls by gravity off the wall top, on  
over down into the night's black. Two seconds later, a bright  
flash, and loud concussive boom, but the border wall, the be-  
low story is all what takes the brunt force of the explosion.

MITCH:

(screaming howling mad)  
HOW?!

SUNMAN:

Amazing how powerful they make  
those laser pointers these days..

But even now, it's not, quite, over.., gun, still, on SUNMAN.

MITCH:

Forgot one thing, my gun.

SUNMAN:

(making light if it first)  
Darn cops and all their back-ups.  
Look, it's not too late, now...

SUNMAN gestures over edge where time set fate timed out.

SUNMAN: (cont'd)  
 Drop the gun and let me take you  
 in, you.., I, we, can get some  
 help... . Find a way for you to  
 find some ray of hope, again..

MITCH:  
 Like a ray of sunshine through a  
 down pouring sun-shower...?

SUNMAN:  
 Yeah, something like that...

MITCH:  
 Could only live with myself,  
 though, if you were already..

Mitch's about to pull the trigger when the glass window a few feet over beside him explodes outwards with myriad flying out fragmented pieces of glass, Wendy, aimed for Mitch, charging on out onto the terrace through the descending shards, a rolled up bathroom robe protecting her hands, face and body.

Diving the last way, she slams hard into Mitch's side and his busted arm. Knocks him over, but not before his gun goes off.

...the bullet winging it's way to SUNMAN..., slightly off its previous line, but hitting him anyway, hard, on the temple region of his head gear. SUNMAN topples backwards, goes on over the side, losing consciousness on the way.... .

Maybe power of love, or the sheer power and adrenal strength found at a moment of crisis like when someone lifts up a car to save someone pinned underneath, Kay, snapped wide alert, grabs and holds steadfast onto one of SUNMAN's arms, rest of his body already over the edge, impedes him from falling off into the night by only her grasp on that arm, and her legs and feet that plant up against the inner part of the wall, preventing both from plunging down over the top of the wall.

Instant of crisis over, the strain saps her. Her arms, hands, near their breaking point..., with Wendy yet sprawled on the deck half knocked out, and Mitch, though badly hurt, more, now crawling slowly further up the terrace trying to reach the gun that was propelled a number of feet back out away from him, and all the rest. When...

..Jason surges on in by the broken window running at full tilt over towards Kay and Sky just as Kay's being pulled on over the edge too. Slamming into the wall to a stop, Jason throws down over it both his arms and hands, each arm reaching down, grabbing each apiece, an arm of Kay and of SUNMAN.

Wendy, recovering, stumbles fast as she can over to Jason, throws her arms over the wall too, grabs Jason's arms, helping to support Jason's grip on the two. Below the edge, SUNMAN's eyes open. Weakly, having to catch his breath as a sharp stab of pain grips him, he smiles over to Kay...

SUNMAN:  
(on ending line, smiles)  
Don't..., look down. It's..., far.

KAY:  
Too late, for that, now.. .

SUNMAN looks up at Jason. Kay dazily up too.

SUNMAN:  
Didn't I tell you to..

JASON:  
Stay out of it..

SUNMAN:  
Glad you didn't.. . Could you, hum,  
pull us up..., already...

JASON:  
Believe me, it's not as easy as it  
looks in the movies....

SUNMAN:  
(grins while winching)  
Try, harder.... ! Would you?

JASON:  
(grinning back down)  
You can be a real dead weight...

With all out effort, with Wendy helping along, Jason yanks mightily and pulls both of them up and over the edge, and on back down safely to the terrace deck.

Jason, and Wendy, in releasing their vice grips on the two, spill backwards down onto their backs.

Knelling down, right in back of Jason, laid out on his back, Mitch puts the barrel of his gun up against Jason's temple. Mitch gazes over to SUNMAN to make sure he takes it all in.

SUNMAN:  
What are you, a one man army..

JASON:  
Kinda wish stayed out of it, Sky.

MITCH:

Say, goodbye to your brother...

It's not the bright flash of light that travels at light speed from SUNMAN to Mitch, and right on by, seven times the distance around the Earth worth of mileage out into space before even one second's passed, and on by Mitch anyway long long before he can even register its presence, but..

..seen in extreme slow motion, the compresses wavering of the very air itself as it travels at supersonic speed over from SUNMAN to Mitch just as Mitch's trigger finger incrementally moves in on the trigger, hits its metallic sliver, starts pushing it back..

..that before trigger's far enough back to set the gun off...

..is what prevents Mitch from point blank shooting Jase dead.

..as it's that shock wave what slams into Mitch, throws the half knelling, half standing man forcibly on backwards....

..the gun going off only after getting jarred from its dead aim on Jason, the bullet itself, seen along it slowed motion path, slowly zipping into an unbroken window pane the next room over on the floor, ripping on through that, tearing that window disintegratingly apart into a million shards..

..that shock wave which carries along with it Mitch, on back, and up against the bordering wall, where the busted arm he tries to use as a stopping brace atop the wall has not the strength in it to stop his momentum as he topples, pivoting back first, on over the wall..

.. is what rather ends it, instead.

That and the bright flash of light from over the edge where Mitch has detonated himself.

JASON:

Why, he'd not do *that* instead.. ?

SUNMAN:

Saving it last for me... .

JASON:

One heck of a... , fart, *SUNMAN!*

SUNMAN:

Preferred you call it a proprog-  
ating plasmic shock wave, you know,  
like, in keeping with the theme..

JASON:  
Of SUNMAN. Like when the sun burps.

SUNMAN:  
Yeah, something like that...

WENDY:  
You two knock that off already..?

KAY:  
You kidding? They're only getting started...

WENDY:  
Well, all hell's breaking loose..

Indeed so.., as a whole skew of police helicopters, as well as TV news shows ones, both local and national network, are descending up, down, over unto their position on the terrace.

Kay slides on over next to SUNMAN, seats there beside him, cradles his upper body in her arms, leans her head down over his, their faces only inches apart.

KAY:  
Sky, hum, SUNMAN, you'll be uncovered, stay here much longer..

SUNMAN:  
That a bad thing.. . I got you, Jase, back, even got my own hide still on, shouldn't I just give it all up now...

KAY:  
No.., it's your.., destiny.., don't you think?

JASON:  
Still, dad, out there, maybe, somewhere..

SUNMAN:  
Let me think about it.. Maybe if..

SUNMAN begins messing playfully with Kay's long auburn hair that drapes over his own shoulders now. This time, she doesn't bother to swipe them away..., instead just moves her lips closer closer in to his until almost on them, pulling up his head gear from under his chin to reveal just his mouth.

KAY:  
..if....

SUNMAN:  
 (smiling)  
 ..you know...

A flood of memories careen through SUNMAN's, SKY's mind, of pass times with KAY, the good, bad, hot, but mostly the good!

Kay kisses him, and he, her, Wendy watching on, both jealous and touched... . Jason, just to be Jason, gets up, walks over to her, Wendy hardly noticing, eyes seared upon SUNMAN and Kay yet jaw-locked in their kiss.

Jason quickly whips his head sideways, and kisses Wendy a peck on the lips... . Wendy stares back at him astonished.

WENDY:  
 Aren't you engaged...?!

JASON:  
 So who's gonna tell, huh? You... ,  
 needed that just now.

WENDY:  
 What to fill in for Sky, who's..

Their eyes travel back on Kay and SUNMAN, still lip locked.

JASON:  
 ..still *messing* in action?

WENDY:  
 ..and how?! Ha, ha... . What it  
 they say about a good thing...

Jason chuckles. The press of the helicopter in close to them, oppressive, their flashing cameras, and, spotlights blazing down upon them all. They look back at SUNMAN.

JASON:  
 Hey, SUNMAN - time to get gone!

SUNMAN and KAY recoil back from their lip-lock.

SUNMAN:  
 Lost track of the time there..

JASON:  
 You know a way down?...

SUNMAN gets up, in pain, nearly buckling over as he puts weight on the busted leg.. , but hiding that, as well he can, not letting that on for all the cameras trained onto him.

SUNMAN:

Oh I think might know a way or two.

He moves along the wall, arms helping support him, to the center point along the wall's length. Stops there. For all the assembled helicopters SUNMAN waves, smiles.

With aid of the very last spurt available in his rocket jets, he blasts up atop of the wall. As the jets all sputter off for the last time, SUNMAN dives out in the night sky, his suit blazing up and out the likeness of the Sun's light., right on in between a couple of the crowding in helicopters.

The two pilots inside their copters react., same two as had chased after the Sunflyer before..

PILOT ONE:

(on com to pilot two)

Here he goes again...

Well below them, too dangerously far for most all but Sky down Sanwa's face, SUNMAN yanks out of his backpack, a little drogue chute. It whizzes up, tiny parachute snapping out full jerking on its line that in turn yanks out of the backpack the main sport parachute, designed for sharp manoeuvring.

SUNMAN winds this way, that for the fast rising up ground below. Near bottom, he whips his path way right around the building's corner headed for the other side, SUNMAN disappearing out of the view of all part the far building corner.

High up above, Jason stands next to the wall where SUNMAN had jumped, ..filling in for the assembled his own quirky smile, underneath his again donned cowboy hat, that he tips over at them, as several Swat officers in full black gear leap out of a couple helicopters and onto the terrace right beside him.

EXT. RUINS SITE OF SKY'S DOME - LATE DAY, NEAR SUNSET

Large number of police squad cars but just couple left fire-trucks are clustered on the lot near where Sky's dome complex had been, not too near as the entire ground on where it stood has collapsed in down a few feet, deepest in the middle. Nothing that'd been above ground can be seen except melted shards of glass, metal, of the dome that'd been blown asunder, everything beneath disintergrated - grounds charred smoking black.

Outside the perimeter of that sunken space stand a number of police officers with Captain Jackson out by himself, near Sky and Jason, hatless, the two together near about impossible to tell apart., with their mother, along with Kay, and Beaute, themselves gathered together not much further off.

Sky's and Jase's mom, Gloria, comes over to the boys, Jackson being interrupted out of his deep inspection of the collapsed space, his eyes catching sight of her and following her over.

Gloria, she goes directly over to, fawns over, speaks to..

GLORIA CHARLMANE ANDERSON:  
Sure you're not hurt, any, Jason?

SKY:  
(one not talked to..)  
Take more than a maniac to..

Gloria shoots a sharp scolding down onto Sky.

GLORIA CHARLMANE ANDERSON:  
Was I speaking to you... .

She laughs afterwards as do Sky and Jase, turns back to Jase.

GLORIA CHARLMANE ANDERSON: (cont'd)  
I mean, on the insides.. Something  
like, that, can linger.. .

SKY AND JASE:  
(chipping in, with, Jase)  
Like with dad, before...

GLORIA CHARLMANE ANDERSON:  
Something like...

To dispel the chill that's descended over about them, Sky pokes Jason hard in the ribs..

SKY:  
Ask him again, now.

JASON:  
Keep poking me, and you'll be the  
one hurting bad.

Kay's coming over towards them...

GLORIA CHARLMANE ANDERSON:  
Cut it out boys....

SKY AND JASON:  
..Guys! Grown-ups, us.. (now).

GLORIA CHARLMANE ANDERSON:  
That you are, boys...

Kay arrives, stands next Sky, slips her hand about his waist.

KAY:

Guy. Boy. Man?... But..all, mine...?  
 (she hastens to add..)  
 ..and, always, yours.., too.

Conversation ceases as a fast moving, brand new red Cobra heads up the road, nearing. Watch it pulls in, draw up not too far off where they stand. Captain Jackson takes his eyes off it to stare over on Gloria the few yards in front of him, contemplating, hard, making his own move on over to Gloria.

Sky slips his hand back about Kay's waist, his other hand clasping into her hand that's wrapped behind his own back.

Sky:

Ma, everything's back to normal, as wicked stoked normal as it gets with us Andersons... , ha.

Oddly she stares very deeply at Sky like trying to see in.

GLORIA CHARLMANE ANDERSON:

Is it, Sky? There's not more....

JASON:

(hastening to jump in..)  
 More... What more can happen what hasn't already just hap...

She's not dissuaded, yet..

GLORIA CHARLMANE ANDERSON:

More to come...

SKY:

(trying laugh it off)  
 Next you'll be thinking I'm SUNMAN.

JASON:

Him SUNMAN? More like me than..

SKY:

..far as anyone knows, just a one act wonder this guy, anyway... .

Her eyes narrow as, more probingly..., yet then relax..

GLORIA CHARLMANE ANDERSON:

Nobody be better for being him to protect this city than either one of you... But you know, how I so so worry about you, guys.. . My babes.

SKY AND JASON:

Like every mom ever was and to be.

She pats either one on the top of their shoulders. Spots Wendy and Jana getting out the Cobra, begin walking over..

GLORIA CHARLMANE ANDERSON:

(terribly bemused....)

More than a spot of trouble headed  
your ways just right even now... .  
Have..., fun, boys... .

She heads off away, Jackson spotting that right away, and heading off quickly on an intercepting beeline for her.. , even shutting off his ringing cell phone, putting it away.

Before Wendy and Jana do in seconds arrive, Sky leans over to Jason, whispers in his twin brother's ear only what he hears.

SKY:

Sure you're okay, bro...? Yeah?  
Anyway, sure good to have you back.

Sky leans back. Kay eyes Sky wondering what he'd said to him. Notices more particularly, Sky sliding his arm off from about her back, Wendy arriving where they stand, Jana yet a ways back, following in more slowly, her misty bright blue eyes fixed all upon Jase's..

Jason strides out past Wendy, winks at her as he passes by, goes right on over to Jana, there, wrapping Jan up into his arms, sweeping her around off her feet a few times in an embracing warm hug.. He kisses her on the forehead, the nose, then down on her lips... . Back behind, Sky shakes his head.

SKY: (cont'd)

Steals my best moves all the time..

Gloria looks bemusedly at Jackson, quickening his last few steps to get up beside her.

GLORIA CHARLMANE ANDERSON:

Something you be wanting from me,  
Captain Jackson?

JACKSON:

Wanting, I, er, no, I mean...

GLORIA CHARLMANE ANDERSON:

Nothing..., official?....

JACKSON:

No, um seeing, how, you holding up?

GLORIA CHARLMANE ANDERSON:  
Shouldn't you ask my boys that?...

JACKSON:  
Them? Never seen a pair better than  
them to joke off something as... .  
Got to talk to that Sky though a-  
bout this whole SUNMAN business..

GLORIA CHARLMANE ANDERSON:  
Well, seems free enough right this  
very moment to discuss it with you.

JACKSON:  
Didn't want to interrupt...

GLORIA CHARLMANE ANDERSON:  
No, just me, hum?

JACKSON:  
You're a hard woman...

GLORIA CHARLMANE ANDERSON:  
To crack.. . Way...

She and Jackson spy another car, a nearing benign grey Cadi-  
lac SUV headed up the road. It pulls in, stops, a short ways  
off. Gloria cuts out by Jackson, walks off towards it, twist-  
ing her head back to talk to him.

GLORIA CHARLMANE ANDERSON: (cont'd)  
..I prefer it, thank you. Keep on  
trying, someday.., may luck out.

JACKSON:  
But ain't so hard to figure out -  
hanging onto him. He ain't dead, or  
in some crazy bin somewhere, ain't  
going to up and return, now..

GLORIA CHARLMANE ANDERSON:  
Only time will tell.., hey?

She turns her head back forward, and recedes away from him.  
Jackson, rooted at his spot, watches on as her husband Alden  
gets out of the driver's side of the SUV, and waits there.  
Out front passenger side comes Jackie, Sky's dark hair, grave  
nature, teenage sister. She goes to front of the car, waits.

Gloria gets to the car, brushes by her impassively miffed,  
husband, puts her arm around Jackie, who looks over at Sky  
and Jason one gravely concerned look, before being directed  
under Gloria's arm for the far passenger side door.

Everyone getting in the car, Jackson trains his eyes over on Sky. Gruffly, he begins shuffling over to him. He gets there, pulls Sky off with him a few yards aside of the others, leaving Wendy and Kay uncomfortably together, and Jase with Jan.

SKY:

Thanks.

JACKSON:

Wha..

SKY:

Getting way too hot back there...

JACKSON:

Talking about hot..., how's it you got a-hold of...

SKY:

Heard about my bro. Found me out.

JACKSON:

So, you, yourself, know absolutely, nothing about who this SUNMAN..

SKY:

..is. Check. Nada. Not a clue.

JACKSON:

Will find clues, somewhere, someh..

SKY:

Find any.., yet, here?

JACKSON:

In this maelstrom? Ton of rock fell in on what must have been caverns underneath. Take a ton of money to get to bottom of it all. City won't be keen to foot that, and, as you can see, not hell of a lot left above of your, what was it, again?

SKY:

My surfboard designing digs.

JACKSON:

Oh, yeah, right....., that.

SKY:

Right. That. Case pretty well cut and dried hey? Tomorrow's headline - madman with a grudge runs amuck.

JACKSON:

Except for all the, help, he had.  
May be a protection or insurance  
scam, on the side, but seems, to  
me, something more mighty, odd...

Sky spots a familiar brown sedan driving up the road, nearing them. Wordless, they observe it pull in, drive to a stop within a few feet of them. In his brown crisp suit, Ash gets out. Jackson, cringing some, nods a curt greeting, but Ash focuses his grim gaze on Sky, who finds that again amusing, grinning.

SKY:

Usual cheery self tonight, Ash.

As expected, no response, Sky turns back to the Captain..

SKY: (cont'd)

Not going to turn all kooky, are  
you Captain, ha? More like, croon-  
ies of his, that all. Side deal  
thing like you said... . All this  
here.., no need to bring to dig  
this up, huh? Just tons of rock...

ASH:

All. To Feds.

JACKSON:

What? Feds? What they got to..

ASH:

Natural, gas, big, boom.

JACKSON:

Nobody going to buy that..

ASH:

Crap? Explosives? No...?

JACKSON:

Damnest thing, found nothing on..

ASH:

No cause. Here.

JACKSON:

Wait, that a.., cover story?

SKY:

Don't mind him, Ash, thinks weirdoo  
conspiracy going on. All left here  
maybe bits of sentimental stuff...

JACKSON:  
No. Never said that. Not at all!  
Just whole SUNMAN angle don't..

SKY:  
Add up? Guy wanted to help. To..

JACKSON:  
..save the day. Huh? Everyone's got  
ulterior motives in this city. SUN-  
MAN's got some answering to do, he  
took the law into his own hands.

SKY:  
And.., saved, the day, too, huh?

JACKSON:  
Got any, any more troubles, troubl-  
ing, you, come to me, er the force  
first! Or be throwing you in jail.

SKY:  
(smugly grinning)  
Mom sure wouldn't like that..

JACKSON:  
(getting steamed..)  
Mom or not. And I swear, SUNMAN's  
going to get his.

SKY:  
Why not tell him face to face?

JACKSON:  
What?

He turns around, looks to where in the sky SKY is looking, at the same glowing orb, the Sunflyer coming in fast, growing large. Within moments it's overhead in a hover. It drops to the ground a few yards away from them. Muddled about police officers scramble up behind Captain Jackson drawing their guns.

It rises up six feet, leaving SUNMAN down underneath it, but this time, hanging onto with one raised arm, a line connected to within the open hatch of the vessel. Jackson takes quick double-takes, at SUNMAN, at Sky, at Jason, at SUNMAN, at Sky and Jason, and then back, this time eyes locking onto SUNMAN.

JACKSON: (cont'd)  
Could have sworn...

SUNMAN:  
Come to say quick hello chief.

SKY:  
 (yelling out)  
 Did a great job SUNMAN!

SKY AND JASON:  
 Way the hell to go! Wicked!

SUNMAN:  
 No prob. Thought I could help. And  
 since I was around..., now...

JACKSON:  
*About that...*

SUNMAN just irksomely smiles., next moment yanked up within the craft, hatch closing. Sunflyer though just hovers there, all the officers inching to lay open fire on it. Jackson, after a long moment, waves at them to all lower their guns.

JACKSON: (cont'd)  
 Give SUNMAN a break, this time...

The Sunflyer, for lack of a better word, nods, down at him, next instant whipping up and away, soon near out of sight...

JACKSON: (cont'd)  
 Saw it, and still don't..

SKY:  
 Get him? Figure the SUNMAN's gonna  
 be sticking around, so, got lots of  
 time, to get it, ha, and him.

Sky sees Wendy headed over, side by competitive side along with Kay. Jackson sees it too.

JACKSON:  
 (one now chuckling amused)  
 Let's go, Ash. Boy's got incoming  
 fire of the jaded gals kind...

Not before.., Ash takes opportunity to brush up close to Sky, stick his angular sharp gaunt nose into to his face, speak..

ASH:  
 Be.., watching. You.

SKY:  
 Ash, you all full of.., ash!

Ash backs off, away, with Jackson, but stops a moment to gesture back with his skeletal long fingers from his eyes back to Sky. Take a telling look at the sky where Sunflyer departed..

Ash continues on past Jackson who stops in thought, looks back on Sky, girls now there with him. He itches for a proper moment to head back as Ash goes off alone to his brown car.

SKY: (cont'd)  
Hiya gals. Anything new?..

KAY AND WENDY..:  
..under the Sky?....

SKY:  
Same ole. Same ole, me. Ha...

KAY:  
What, I was afraid of..., ha.

WENDY:  
Lot of mileage in that ole sky, uh?

SKY:  
(chuckling, edgily)  
Not fair. Two against one... .

SKY: (cont'd)  
(yelling, joking, to Jase)  
Hey Jase! Got me a situation, here!  
. Come and help save me, ha.

Jase laughing, arm about Jana, begins leading them on over.

SKY: (cont'd)  
Wen, see you got new hot wheels?

WENDY:  
Wrung me a movie. Big advance. Gal  
tries win heart of a new superhero.

SKY:  
No shi..., chute.. ! For real?

WENDY:  
Yep. For..., real.

Kay eyes her sharply, slides *her* arm possessively about Sky. Jackson sees this as an his opportunity. He heads over.

KAY:  
Bet you have to fight for him, huh?  
Die at the end, do you? Ha?

With Jan, Jason arrives. Heard the talk, he bursts out laughing. Sky after cautious look at Kay, Wendy, joins in. Tension eased, all the ladies too. But getting here now, not Jackson.

JACKSON:  
 Primal wounds healed? For good?..

SKY AND JASON:  
 Anybody's?... You? Ash?..

EXT. THE DEVASTATED GROUNDS - JUST PRIOR AND INTO DAWN

Sky stand up close to the cliff-side watching out over the ocean, and the narrow slip of high land jugged out into it where the Sun's about to rise up above on into a new day.

Beat-up truck rumbles up the road, pulls in, drives right on over to Sky. Get out of it, on driver's side, Wild Bill, and passenger side, Jason. In wild Bill's hands are couple of big duffel bags, and tucked under one arm, SUNMAN's head gear. They walk on over to Sky beside the cliff's edge... .

Wild Bill drops the bags onto the ground in-between Jason and Sky, and himself. He hands the head gear over to Sky.

WILD BILL:  
 Be wanting this back. Going to be using it, more? Think?

Sky blazes him the irksome smile irritating gruff stern Bill.

SKY:  
 Heck o time last time out. All by..

JASON:  
 (gloatingly, warm)  
 Got help at end, huh? But and saved your sorry butt.., too!

SKY:  
 ..but next time, maybe too.., late?

JASON:  
 Height's not my thang! But...

The young men ally in bemused goading force to stare on Bill.

WILD BILL:  
 Don't you two be looking on me!  
 Help out anyway can, otherwise. Get few of my crew, in, too, you need..

Anderson boys laugh. Even Wild Bill joins in. All turn, watch the Sun crest over land, ocean bring a new dawn. Bill slips Sky typewritten note. Sky reads it: Knew You Could Handle It! Sky looks at Bill, who nods head no. ***Sky looks up in the sky!***

START OF THE FIRST SUPERHERO SUNMAN SEQUEL.....

News reports, right after of the previous movie end's events. Into that current time frame, thing with WB, into beginnings of new digs, new spot...., then timelapsing quickly ahead new enhancing things Sky's doing, with help, to upgrade SUNMAN.., meantime doing things as SUNMAN vrs crimalnal, gang, police corruption, other elements, saving people, reports good and bad, skeptical, rumors running amuk who SUNMAN is, Jason getting his own ideas, having probs trying out.., Sky himself too, question of how to become Sgy, with pointing to himself, maybe indeed as himself..... .

Beginning with a sunset? Night. Sunrise. Day. Sunset, falling into night....

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

still left  
Wendy jana sky jase  
Jackson sky, then ash, then bill,  
then sunrise, sequel prep.,  
overtones unresolved,  
fun bit with gab

NEXT TIME: And the vessel..... ( maybe real short bit..) ,  
what's become of it, and the new digs to start anew from...,  
All other loose ends tied except for those to be ongoing....

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

Items .. next help, wild bill, collapsed, called off - higher  
ups, jana and wen uneasily interposed, kay, knew you could..  
, sunflyer still ok... J/s

? Where sky all that time after the shark club... Sunmam  
skittled him ff tp safety

(cont'd)

Songs INVISIBLE, and brian mellow one..

Turn out the light, turn out the .. ,  
i cant make you live me, these final  
hours.. get to replace with seconds..  
Remember the line sm to kay.....,  
got to get her there in place for  
it, mitch off from wall, after an  
attempt.

Nother possible, Song... Ill be there, always, til the sun  
dont shine, ..., bon jovi

Song i bring the fire, let it rock.. shesaid let it rock..  
Also supergirl by christina acquira

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

..... The super EXTENSIVE big finale.....

Should be a-ok! Really accelerates everything in whirlwind to  
big

The rap, jubilant buzzing, gal gang member, arm about?

.....KAY FLASHBACKS BLITZ ADD PREVIOUSLY.....

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

..... 120 pages to go.....

Notes: set up for altered reality realm spin-off, addition of related capabilities, revise wendy angle - her prob to work try, cameo encounters re past episodes (hey isn't that over there... ), more societal diversity,