

Superhero Sunman - Sky Vignette Number 6
- Carman Keddy c2021

In the Vignette number 5 (can't find, Kay and Sky had broken up in dramatic fashion on New Year's Eve. Kay fling the diamond ring he had on him to give her, but then not, with doubts on marrying her cause he's also Sunman and it could imperal her. She got the ring from him and throw at him around the time was midnight during the countdown.

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SUPERHERO SUNMAN®, SKYFALL VIGNETTE #6 (FEBRUARY 2012)

INT. ROOFTOP DS INDUSTRIES HQ HIRISE, LOS ANGELES - MIDNIGHT

DS Industries CEO Victoria Blue stands at one corner atop the company's downtown Los Angeles, Headquarter's penthouse, atrium rooftop, fifty stories above the city. Amid the clear abnormally cool night, the city sparkles, seethes in motion.

She pulls collar tight about her neck, shivers, expels a condensed cloud of breath. Blue hair strewn by north winds, she looks electric under waning moon and a DS Inc. neon lit sign.

From darkness behind Victoria, "Blu", walks in, an, as tall girl around twenty of striking familial likeness to her. Her otherwise black hair is streaked with blue, and red, swaths.

THE GIRL:

Mother.

BLU:

Vanessa. My girl.

VANESSA:

What doing up here? It's cold and..

BLU:

Lonely? Not at all, *have my city..*

VANESSA:

Your city?..

Blu coolly laughs, eyes deep blue diamonds, chilly aflame.

BLU:

Mine and, *yours..*

VANESSA:

What about dad, Matt?..

BLU:

What *about* them??..

VANESSA:

Oh. Nothing *ever* about them *to..*

BLU:

Not like you. **My** heir to *all* this..

VANESSA:

Not like *too* soon, right?..

BLU:

You'll have *your* night, this city
your *own*.. . When *that* time comes.

VANESSA:

Thought, you know, *the mayor* runs..

BLU:

Money, power, influence runs it.
Never forget your place beside me,
at the pinnacle, L.A. spins under
our gaze to the beck of *our*, whims.

VANESSA:

Dad says you're power mad. Don't
you think bit *much* to think..

BLU:

Never known what like *not* have it.
When you take my perch, you'll real-
ize that without it, have been but
an expendable pawn in a chess game
played, controlled by other people.

VANESSA:

Couldn't I *share* it with my broth..

BLU:

Why my girl, be lucky can keep him
from wrenching *it* from you. Why, no
matter *what*, you must stick true *by*
me, your mother Blu..

Vanessa probes searingly the frigid depth behind her eyes.

VANESSA:

What you love more, power, or *me*..

BLU:

(smiles nonchalantly wry)
Don't have to chose *right* now *do I*?

VANESSA:

No. *Sure* cold *not* bother you?! Sh..

BLU:

My, but you shiver.. Go in, ready
for your jaunt to Lake Tahoe tomor-
row. I like the still, clears cob-
webs. Cold, it don't bother none.

VANESSA:

No, don't at all.

EXT. HIGHWAY 50 TO LAKE TAHOE - DAWN, FEBRUARY 10TH, 2012

Sky and three buddies including driver, are in an customized open interior (like bus) yet exterior battered mini van. Vacant seats are trundled with packs, stacked bundles of skis and strewn ski equipment. Radio is playing Highway to Hell.

Out window amid falling and fallen snow, Sky spies sign that warns that ascent up Highway Fifty to Echo Summit begins but mile ahead. Signs by it blare danger of cliff, rock slides on the opposing side of the road, and of a mountainside drop-off along their side of the two lane corridor. Another sign says the valley floor of Lake Tahoe lies ahead a few miles away.

An only part empty water bottle is slung by a mid twenty old, Mexicano youth from the back of the bus ahead at Sky's head. Without looking back, Sky reaches hand up in behind his head, snatches bottle in mid-air just before it'd have struck him.

ROWDY:

How in San Juan *do that* Sky? Swear got eyes back of your dense skull!

Sky turns around in his seat grinning wide as whips water bottle back at Rowdy. Reaching him, it bounces off his forehead. All laugh amused, even driver, the van swerving precariously.

SKY:

Saw your reflection, Rowdy. Still ugly as Stockton in a dust-storm.

ROWDY:

(ribbing back)
From one been gloomy as one.

Seat over from Rowdy, an Asian male youth his age observes..

CASP (SHORT FOR CASPER):

Since Kay left.. And that **VXY** shit. Wanted *pass* on ski heaven today! So whacked. Look it now! *So close* Tahoe, but ain't no cigar! This piece of crap can't take much more, Mac..

The heavy snow squall just begun falling, obviates visibility to near nil. Mack, the bearded, bit older burly driver plants face plush against the front windshield but can't see squat.

CASP:

Mack, ever get fixed *those* tires, brakes, transmission, lines, *and*..

Mack grunts, shrugs slack smile back at Casp. He leans aside, opens his side window, thrusts, jams more than half his body through it. He hooks his left arm outside, scoop sweeps forearm to clear away snow well laden on the windshield, *while..*

..van dangerously swings for the right edge of the highway, and the sheer plunge down off the mountainside there.

Sky couple rows back, leaps from his seat and bounds over to Mack. Reaching over Mack, he grabs driver wheel, turns it. Bus veers away from its imminent off road course to oblivion.

MACK:

Huh, guess *got* distracted..

SKY:

How bout stay *inside* to steer, hey?

ROWDY:

Yeah! Keep your snake-hide inside!

SKY:

Save free-fall time *for* the slopes.

MACK:

Got it. Now get hell off my back!

Sky smacks Mack on the shoulder. He smiles at his winch on way going back to his seat beyond. Sitting down, he notices a car's lights from behind quickly grow in brightness and ever more flood in on them. He looks over shoulder at the glare.

SKY:

Hey Mack, fast bogey there behind us. Heap *go* faster? ..like, *now!*

MAC:

This *white-out*? This road?? Up this grade? Bout at top of Echo Summit? *Who you think I am, Harry Potter??*

SKY:

(with irksome grin)
Brake and pull aside then, *Potter?*

MAC:

Can't slam them, least you like fly **off** the mountain. And *that S. O. B.* any second gonna be right up my..

CASP:

Swerving over to pass by us. Sure don't look *gonna* be **all** *clea..*

Sky stares back at a now discernible black Jaguar. He sees, hears, its front right bumper bang, grind by van's left back bumper. He feels van back-end tip in sideways while front-end tips out toward the drop-off abyss off the road's right side.

Sky's eyes unflinchingly track Jaguar's rapid fishtailing motion by, bore through right front windows, across the empty passenger seat space to the lady driver. He recognizes her as Vanessa Dangerton-Speedman. She looks back with a slim smirk.

She coolly smiles, waves, slams foot to accelerator. Jaguar shoots by van, veers back in their lane close in front, *spraying Jag's recoiled snow back on them* here atop Echo Summit.

Flung back snow wallops the van's windshield obscuring totally Mack's view. All occupants *but*, Sky, tensely gasp, feeling van's going sail ahead off the sharp road bend into thin air.

SKY:

Turn third to left! Hold easy..

No time to think, Mack complies. Windshield, shredding snow, opens gap for Mack to see by. Van, yet in midst of its lane, is winding the steep bend of the Fifty down off Echo Summit. White-knuckled, he gears to neutral regaining control of van.

MAC:

Great call there, Sky!

ROWDY:

See that **lunatic**, Sky? Got to..

SKY:

Trust me. Get nowhere *by* that.

ROWDY:

You **saw** who was?..

SKY:

Power is, what power can do.

CASP:

What, one of *the*..

SKY:

..supermost rich and *dame-ious*..

CASP:

A dame and Sky, figures. *How'd yo*..

SKY:

Over Echo nuff to know how bends so like know break at Mavericks.

ROWDY:

Right.. Swear, you're like extra-terrestrial supernatural sometimes.

SKY:

Rowd's jealous I'm going shred the powder snow like out of this world!

ROWDY:

If so slam good, why'd not compete at Northstar Pipe couple weeks ago.

CASP:

You know he don't do comps no more!

ROWDY:

Back in the heyday, sure and did..

SKY:

Make me sound ninety. Only been..

MACK:

Few years. Lucky for Rowdy, don't!

ROWDY:

*So holy Jose on wheels surfing, sky-diving, that kind shit. He ain't no never **did** a snow-board comp! Betcha scared of taking on likes of me..*

SKY:

Only thang scary, yur deluded eggo!

CASP:

Think so good.. Forget I beat your ass, Ro, and sweet, all last month? Right behind in points now too.

ROWDY:

Gonna rot there in my barrio, bro.

SKY:

Mack, see why all the bullcrap no..

MAC:

..worth the sheeet.

EXT. SQUAW VALLEY SKY RESORT "JIB" HILL - NOON

Casp, Mack, Rowdy and Sky snowboard stunt through awash white powder as blaze down parts of the new Jib slope at the Squaw Valley Ski Resort situated near Lake Tahoe North, California.

Sky zips along into an inclined chute angled so rises above, and exits off, right lip of the pipe course at a slanted ahead orientation as rolls onto the flat run above the pipe.

Sky flips into a somersault roll, sticks landing, hop twists board back toward pipe course below left. He slides over the right lip of the course, carves down right face and on across the bottom hollow of the pipe. He fast ascends the left face.

He soars high above left lip of the pipe. At highest apex of his flight, Sky spies behind across from him, Vanessa, going into, along the chute now. Flinging up, she double twists her torso along with the board beneath her, sticks her landing.

Sky descends down his side of curved wall, crosses over to the bottom of the right wall, goes up that wall face. Sailing above the lip, he back-flips head over heels, eyes tracking Vanessa behind him coming now down along off the left wall.

Sky lands well down pipe face, skis down rest. Passing along into the flat bottom, he juts board sideways. Edge grinds into the surface, abruptly halting him, a wave of snow flinging out. It cascades directly for Vanessa coming in fast behind.

She's blinded by the spray. Sky catches her. His twisting motion, her momentum propels them, entangled flying along, like a rotating torpedo borrowing through the snow fluff. Sky ends up on top of her. He brushes snow off her face, and her hair.

SKY:

You following me? Damn near knocked me and my buds off Echo Summit..

VANESSA:

Get over yourself. Didn't know you were in that death contraption..

SKY:

How's it right behind me now. Sure got good look at me passing by in your Jag. Lucky didn't report you.

VANESSA:

What good that do?.. You and your pals be ones cited for driving that accident wanting to happen. Sure my peeps dig up things on your bunch.

SKY:

Incredibly rich and powerful don't give you a license to be a..

She dismissingly smiles, slightly coy.

VANESSA:

Not according to my mother. Have you crushed like bug on a wall.

SKY:

Want be like her?? *Like* your brother.. Dead as ice inside. Want that?

VANESSA:

What's it to you?..

SKY:

Besides almost toast becau..

VANESSA:

..*your* friend can't drive for..

SKY:

..near run off a mountainside by a rabid, speed craze feline?.. . Your whole family *tree*, speed possessed?

VANESSA:

Enough of your lame Jag puns.

She shoves Sky back off of her, gets up, adjusts her ski apparel, checks her snow-board binding, Sky watching intently. She looks down at him, there grinning. Infectiously affected, despite herself, she smiles, though insidiously, back down.

VANESSA:

Think *even* now? Just you watch out for round *three*.. . Oh, amuses you so, does it? Won't *soon* enough!..

Sky grinning, more broadly, gets up, faces her. He wipes away strands of hair from her eyes curiously both chill and afire, back of fingers noticeably warm felt against her cool cheek.

SKY:

What amuses me, under that exterior permafrost, *I* get your fire burning. And oh, don't believe for a minute, didn't know was in the van.

She flashes from hot to cold, tantalizing evasive to cruel.

VANESSA:

Oh Sky, *must* have read Great Expectations. Don't stand a chance in *this* game. Give Kay my regards.., like she'd ever want see you again.

She smiles sensing burn, sting, of her remark on him. She turns to face the down slope, kicks off, snow-boards away.

SKY:
 (loud enough she'd hear)
 Don't have be your mother. All she got but squat. An empty shell.

VANESSA:
 (yelling back behind her)
 Not nothing. *She got me..*, and I, got her, and we, we *rule..*

SKY:
 (to himself)
 Dang it. Can't be falling for her!
 But frig saw. Not so far gone as..

Voice trails off as he gazes at her a fair ways down the hill from him receding, diminishing ever more more far away..

Casp hopping snow-board sideways, ascending slope, nears Sky.

SKY:
 Casp, got it all wrong - supposed to go downhill..

CASP:
 Wanted hear what **that** was about. She *the* one near ran us off.. . You two got pretty cozy there.. Kay, have a real hey-day, saw that..

SKY:
 Case forgot, dumped me and good!

CASP:
 Had a dime every time you or her dumped one another, go buy me another case or two of beer.

SKY:
 This time meant it. No way you could understand unless I..

CASP:
 You *what?*..

Sky, stoic, seems scan both Casp and inside his own mind.

SKY:
 Don't think can trust even you..

CASP:
Trust me with *what*? What are school buddies for if not trust with shit?

SKY:
Only person knows is Kay, and fam.

CASP:
Like how, perceive *stuff*..

SKY:
Why must had the thought. Sensed..

CASP:
Like see things before happen. Know things before can know. Figure what to do before humanly possible to..

Sky, uneasy, secret slipped, flips stance down-slope. He boards downhill. Casp follows suit, keeping close behind.

SKY:
Not like clear as day. You don't..

CASP:
Know, don't. Study gobs of data, amid that chaos find the imprints of user patterns at my desk job. Like read lay of a course like an open..

SKY:
Don't get how *you* ever became a data miner for Gopical.

CASP:
Pays good, and, let's me work when I like - so can board, *whenever*..

SKY:
Ideologically, not go against all..

CASP:
Like *how you had* toe the line all those competitions *you've done*?..

SKY:
Not, *now*. Freed. Starting get into what my dad was about. Space and..

CASP:
Figured sometime, get back to your brainiac-ness. Didn't we ace some courses in the day. Ones we liked.

Casp sees Sky see by his school pal gambit to dispel censure.

CASP:
So may cut *loose the noose, too.*

SKY:
But not, *now.., yet..*
(sees Casp concur)
Give it a think at Vertexity..,
sounds appropriate huh?..

CASP:
All the gang headed for, right?

SKY:
For the best damn nine thousand
foot high party ever..

CASP:
Don't seem at all depressed, now!
You *be* expecting that, wildcat?..

SKY:
Now who's *being* psychic?..

They approach a cheese wedge ramp. Sky surges in front of Casp, gets to foot of the incline first. He launches off edge into a backside rodeo, seven twenty, high in the air over the course below. The ranked pro Casp whistles at Sky's flawless execution, before he whips over edge too. To out-do Sky, Casp does the similar but more totally cool jump, Falling Star.

EXT. BOTTOM LOADING PLATFORM VERTEXITY GONDOLA TRAM - SUNSET

From platform, Sky, Casp, Rowdy and Mac plough into the tram packing its small space with the few other resort guests. Outside, late arrival Vanessa Dangerton scrambles from the base station to the platform and on over to, and into, the tram.

She crams against Sky as the tram door closes. She smirks.

VANESSA:
Too close for comfort now?

SKY:
If half chewing my gum here could
be called too close..

She jabs finger and thumb into his open mouth, extracts gum, plops it in own mouth, chews, Sky agape for a couple seconds. She chews like is imitating a produced, seductive sexuality.

SKY:
Not pegged you a used gum chewer.

VANESSA:
Figurative? Poor used and abused
Sky. For *all* his achievements..

SKY:
You are playing *her* to the number.

VANESSA:
Oh, Stella with touch of Jolie. Ha.
Such a strong character role model.

SKY:
For a cruel icicle in winter.

He hugs her in closely, to her, not entire, discomfiture.

VANESSA:
Why you do *that* for?

SKY:
Checking see if you *do* melt..

VANESSA:
(as coolly can summon)
Did.., *do*, I?..

SKY:
Try so not to, *but*..

VANESSA:
(quizzically sceptical)
But..

Sky smiles most charmingly amused enigmatical, while, one of his hands drops, squeezes, her butt. Her raised eye-brow, gaze of surprise magnifies more when he brusquely pats it, then retreats away from her the only few inches possible.

Vanessa brings hands up in the gap between, slowly claps.

VANESSA:
Gears thrown into reverse.. Think
you can play at *my* game, do you?..

SKY:
May be a pup, but not a dumb one.

VANESSA:
Yet once a dog, always the dog be.

Sky half nods, half conceding, delves into his *sense* of her.

SKY:
Underneath your shallow skin act,
feel somehow it's you *who needs* me.

He grins. She stares icily cold as can. Sky smiles wider..

VANESSA:
Need.., *not* same as, *want*..

SKY:
Need, and want, can merge..

VANESSA:
Or can, annihilate. **Pooff!**

She strokes back of hand fingers down his brow, cheek, slap taps his other cheek with front of the hand. Casper, overhearing, twists about mesmerized Sky to free him from her spell.

CASP:
Nothing good *come* of getting in
tight *with* her, Sky! You do, be
your own damn fault, the..

SKY:
Calamity of the femme fatale? Best
cut back on the film noire, Casp.
Besides, can take care of myself.

CASP:
Beware of famous last words, Sky..

Sky, *instead* electrified, two arm jestingly jabs Casp back.

SKY:
Become the designated party spoiler now ? All under control, pal..

CASP:
Ever that, Master Chaos in motion.

SKY:
..me, I'm the Doc Harmony of chaos.

CASP:
Not today. Backflip seven twenty?..

SKY:
Didn't want make the pro look old
dog. Knew you go ape Falling Star.

INT. VERTEXITY SKY RESORT TAMARACK (LODGE) NIGHTCLUB - LATE

Despite the forewarning, in the late night, dispersed crowd, lodge, Sky and Vanessa slow dance, snug if aloof, to the lone acoustic guitar musician. He's performing just the music line of, the song, All The Time in the World, by Louis Armstrong.

Through room's wrap around windows, caught in the lights outside, a light snow falls on the steep mountain slope falling two thousand feet down to Lake Tahoe. Tahoe's obscure lit by its distant lights set amid the sweeping night vista below.

Corner of the club at a table, sits Rowdy, passed out, with Mack seated with him, good as. Casper sits across from them, but is only half cut. He keeps a wary eye on Sky and Vanessa like ready to jump in to stop them from tripping off a cliff.

VANESSA:

Friend there, thinks I bite with lethal snake venom.

SKY:

Yep. But *you do*, right?

VANESSA:

I, say things, I *act* like..

SKY:

..invulnerable to *feeling*?

VANESSA:

..but you *feel*.., not so?

Arm wrapped around her from one side, other forearm stretched flush along her opposite side arm, Sky feels her, shiver.

SKY:

You?.. You're afraid of, *something*?

VANESSA:

Someone wants *to*..

SKY:

Your family, *lots* of enemies.. *That so*, why on Earth come here *alone*?.. Oh, cause *I be here*. Think *I can*..

VANESSA:

Save me..

SKY:

Then what's with the *Stella* thing..

VANESSA:
Half don't want be saved by you.
Like take down rabbit hole with me.

SKY:
Not Bugs cartoony kind, huh. Power-
full,. rich, if self-loathing, can
hire topnotch bodyguards, detect-
ives, you don't need me to..

VANESSA:
But its you, that.., I need to..

SKY:
Rescue you, be your catcher in the
rye, or.., be destroyed by you.

VANESSA:
..to ah love me, either which way.

SKY:
Not know *which?*.. Why *me?* *Think I..*

VANESSA:
Why anyone feel the, burn.

SKY:
Can I take a fortnight *or four* to..

VANESSA:
I'm afraid, past tonight could be..

SKY:
..too late. Wowsa, you are one heck
of a first date. Can I ask you one
thing, why think I'm so.., special?

VANESSA:
Thing with my brother, think you
got into, roved about DSI unseen.
Ever since, have had you watched
night and day. Sure, you know, *why*.

SKY:
From *then*, your *whole* family been..

VANESSA:
When mother said spotted your Kay
leaving premises, snuck into video
archives, saw snatches of you when
back-up power come on. Erased that.

Sky regards her, ponderously curious, intrigued as to why..

VANESSA:
 Moved through building like own.
 Know among the advanced tech DSI ex-
 plores, probes the psychic. Psychic
 invisibility *too* for security sake.

SKY:
 Seems Steven Jobs been a slacker..

Casper yet watching them intently, seeing them so intently en-
 gaged on past his tolerance threshold, erupts from his seat.
 He crosses over to, and in-between, them. He addresses Sky.

CASP:
 Have stop! Too much already *of!*..

VANESSA:
 Me? Hardly had few steep sips yet.
 (she laughs amused)

SKY:
 Made me offer impossible to refuse:
 to save a lady in blue in distress.

VANESSA:
 Should've worn blue low-cut number.

SKY:
 So buy one the resort shop, tommo..

CASP:
 Who think *you* are Sky, Tom Cruise?

VANESSA:
 Gotta need for speed and *I'm*, slick-
 est thing n sight any night he'll..

CASP:
 She'll tear you apart, Sky!

SKY:
 (laughs as usual fearless)
 Not that *so much* left of me anyway.

CASP:
 Think *of* Kay, Sky. **Kay!**..

SKY:
 Kay is, gone. Made that as clear as
 night. As can see, the sun has set.

Vanessa slips her cool fingers in-between fingers of Sky's
 hands. They peer into the night. Casp stalks off annoyed.

EXT. TRAM ON ITS TWO THOUSAND FOOT DESCENT - BIT LATER, NIGHT

Just beyond lodge, tram's begun its two thousand foot descent to Lake Tahoe, snowfall ceased, gave way to black sky night.

Inside tram is Casper, Sky and Vanessa. Taut silence pervades but for the cable grind, whining through its pulley supports.

VANESSA:

Take your *watchdog* everywhere wit..

SKY:

Casp just an old school bud. Likes think *can* keep me out of *too much* trouble. If Rowd and Mack weren't..

VANESSA:

Up to gills sunk into their table.

SKY:

Hey what's wrong with having two able bodied bodyguards on board.

VANESSA:

Think *he* cares a hoot *about* me.

SKY:

(smiling)
Think I *care* a hoot about *you*.

VANESSA:

Wouldn't *be* Sky, now, *if didn't*..

CASP:

May not be drunk, but the two of you making me *want puke gunk!*..

VANESSA:

(disparaging)
Quite the idiot poet..

CASP:

See that, *how* venomous, she *is*..

SKY:

Not exactly making *her* feel cosy.

Despite her apparent stoic demeanor, Sky removes glove on one of her mountain cold, chilled hands, holds her hand between his two, warming it. He's surprised as she pulls him in, kisses him on the cheek, then full on lips, pressing her hands to his cheeks. Casper, watching, exasperatedly shakes his head.

Hear song.. **Crush**, by Jennifer Paige: *Just a little crush. Not like I faint every time we touch. It's just some little thing (crush). Not like everything I do depends on you.*". It abruptly is replaced by a..

Loud bang! It's followed by few more. Tram lurches, knocking all off of feet, Sky landing atop of Vanessa like a blanket. Tram speeds faster faster, shaking wildly, down the mountain.

CASP:
(shouting above clamber)
See how she's a ton of danger..

SKY:
(ironically wry despite..)
This chat later, perhaps..

Have be, as doors rip off tram, already third of way down its descent, leaving open gulf. Recoil throws Sky off Vanessa and across to backside of tram. Severe twisting of the tram sends all for the open doorway, Vanessa and Casp in front of Sky.

Vanessa and Casp are flung out tram, Sky close behind them on same trajectory but, he spread-eagle flails legs back of him so knees, thighs, feet, jam in against the walls off to each side of the open doorway. He springs forth his upper body off from his midsection core, thrusting arms ahead. He hooks each under, either side of him, respective arms, and across necks, of Casp and Vanessa. His knees jam into walls, halting them.

As they dangle off tram, slope blurs on by twenty feet down.

SKY:
(straining, yells)
Casp, got let go, so can hold, her,
try break her fall. *Okay?*.. When
let go, brace for, your landing.

CASP:
Do same. Hide's tough as punk rock.

VANESSA:
He's *right* about me. *Why'd* you..

CASP:
Cause, he's Sky!

They exchange look of respect and sardonic but taunt grins.

SKY:
Ready.. . One, two..., *Threeeeeee*..

Sky unhooks arm from him. Despite anticipation, Casp casts away awkward, twisting askew. Sky forces shut alarm of seeing him tumble, swings freed arm under Vanessa's unheld shoulder. She swings from offset below to dead square hinged below from his armpits, his upsidedown, her upright, faces level apart.

SKY:
 (disarmingly suave)
 You, ready, to rock and roll..

Her abnormal, for her, look of trust merged to apparent slivers of piercing fear makes her seem genuinely soft at a deep place yet in her. Sky as casual can, mouths: three, two, one!

He slaps knees behind together, releasing their hold on the tram. Soon as feet clear edge, Sky twists torso as legs drop down, align against her legs, as well rest of him to her. His body spin twirls them into a lengthwise, mid-air barrel roll.

Careening tram passes on by over them, now nine tenths of way down slope fast headed for collision with the bottom station.

They impact the slope like a log orientated perfect to roll on its side along down the deep powder snow decline. Their speed rapidly decreases by their friction with the ground.

Hundred feet beyond their resting place, at bottom of slope, the tram slams full bore into the end of its run next the bottom station platform. It peels off from snapping cable, sails away, disintegrates as crushes against ground several times.

Sky on top Vanessa, raises foot off her, sees her eyes shut.

SKY:
You okay?! Vae, you?..

She opens eyes, septicly amused by his use of nickname.

SKY:
 Had me worried a mo there.. . But,
 you, feel, can move, anything..

She answers by raising hand, brushing snow merged with hair on his forehead. She lifts chest, kisses his forehead, nose.

SKY:
 Save that, for.. . Got see how..

Without wanting for reply, he leaps to feet, races up slope to find Casper. He spies his face down, heaped lump of body.

SKY:
 Oh no, no. You can't, **be...** gone.

He turns his old school pal face up about on back. He's unconscious at best. He checks his chest, it slightly heaves.

Casp eyes open. Sky, relieved by that, jokes..

SKY:

Did say, tough as punk rock!..

Casper's own initial relief, turns bleak as he realizes..

CASP:

Afraid, I.., *lied*. Can't feel a damn thing below my waist..

SKY:

Warned me she was danger.. Thought only be me *in* the line of..

CASP:

Don't blame yourself. Shit happens. You had try save her. I, you, have too. Crap sakes, but still here. Like be dead, not gave me a shot to hit the fall proper.

SKY:

You are tough as punk rock. Do all I can to help get you..

CASP:

On feet? Know me, be the bull in a china shop til. But sure like have you in my corner. More worried bout you my friend. *No regret*. Say *it*..

SKY:

(unconvincingly)

No.., regret.

Casp, sensing reply insincere, tries take new tack of raising an arm bent at the elbow, opening hand for a fist shake. Sky clasps it. Tight fist they shake, release that.

CASP:

*Now go get me some damn help, before I **do** turn blue, and red, like that frickin girl's hair..*

INT. VERTEXITY RESORT HOTEL - PREDAWN NEXT MORNING

Alone in room, forlorn Sky stands looking out at the police tape cordoned frozen bottom of slope where tram had crashed.

He hears door to the room open behind him. Vanessa enters the room, stands just inside room watching him. Sky doesn't turn.

SKY:
Not wrecked enough havoc for..

VANESSA:
My fault? Someone wanted to..

Sky turns about, facing her. She's neon lit oddly by resort lighting fanning into the room.

SKY:
Is, that, your fault?..

VANESSA:
Could be, could be not.. . You see anything, either way? Like to know.

She steps further into the room, gravely electric, curious, comes to a stop a few feet from him.

SKY:
Some of both.., feels.

VANESSA:
Look, it wasn't my fault your friend *got* in the way.
(coolly as afterthought)
Be okay? - I mean *except* for..

SKY:
Being paralyzed.. Should gone to the hospital. Insisted, stay. Said be good to get rest since going get grilled good more tomorrow by the PD. Decide if hero or try sketch me as a gnome somehow. Worse for you, want dig into everything about you.

Sky walks forward, stops right in front of her.

SKY:
No way to rescue *best* both the rub. Maybe not all to fault, but had..

VANESSA:
Chose, to stick by me. Best, save..

SKY:
You.

Background soundtrack song fades in, like from Sky's own pov: Always Love You by Whitney Houston "*Hmm bittersweet memories, that is all I'm taking with me. So, goodbye. Please, don't cry. We both know I'm not what you, you need.*"

VANESSA:
(contrary to song lines)
Cause *need* me, much as I need you.

SKY:
(whispering in her ear)
Need is not, same as.., love..

VANESSA:
Yet. What is love but obsession,
possession. Desire. Flame. Burn..

SKY:
Love, is.., forever.
(tad satiric, then scoffs)
According to the commercials..

VANESSA:
Nothing lasts forever *but* nothing.
Except the, now. You, and I here.
You don't believe in, fate?..

SKY:
Don't trust it, much. Or, *in* you..

VANESSA:
But *felt* it! When you held me, in
the tram. Something, *stirred*.

SKY:
Were vulnerable. The fear, *sharp*..

VANESSA:
More. Knew had protect, try redeem,
be, with me. That me, ice set on
fire. Wanted me, then. Why deny,
that fell for me much as I, for..

She places, cradles, her hands on the back of his head.

VANESSA:
You. Can, *have*, what you want. I
don't expect you have be *perfect*.

She presses her lips onto his. She pulls back to appraise his reaction, is surprised as he embraces her, kisses her wantonly. He twists her aside, presses her down onto her back atop the mattress. Standing over her, he freezes, become hesitant.

VANESSA:
 (rather coolly yet coy)
 Well, what you waiting for..

The scene fades out.

EXT. HIGHWAY #50, ECHO SUMMIT - NEXT MORNING, 8AM

Sky seated beside her, Vanessa drives her Jaguar, fast, up Echo Summit on way from Lake Tahoe away from glare of low sun behind them. Jag reaches the summit, slides across the yellow line into the oncoming highway lane. A blue 2012 Tiguan is headed right for them. Vanessa jerks the Jag back towards its own lane but the braking Tiguan clips its right back fender.

The cars flail out sideways, regain control. Tiguan pulls over, stops as near possible the highway drop-off edge. The Jag makes an one eighty turn, comes in and stops behind it.

Vanessa gets out, inspects the slight damage to her fender. She coolly starts to walk to the Tiguan as fuming Kay, Sky's ex girlfriend, as of month before, pops out of the Tiguan.

KAY:
 You insane, driving like *that*.. .
 Wait, I, know you.. . *Vain*-nessa.
 One put Casper into limbo traction.

VANESSA:
Not me. Someone *after* me. Get your *facts* straight.

KAY:
 You *brought* trouble along. *Why* he's so. *Stick* your claws in Sky too?..

Thinking on where he'd be, she sucks in her breath, hastily looks pointedly past beyond Vanessa, on in through the Jag's front windshield. In the passenger front seat, she spies Sky.

KAY:
 What's *he* doing, ***with you!?***

VANESSA:
His choice. Ask him yourself..

KAY:
 Wait, gone over to the dark side?..

VANESSA:

You the one that *dropped* the ball
on him. Blame yourself. O prefer be
considered rather the violet side.

Kay, infuriated, shoves Vanessa back hard. Sky seeing the
impending girl fist-fight before him, hurriedly gets out,
trots over in-between the women fighting over him. There, the
side of his face intercepts the punch Kay throws at Vanessa.
He brings hand to smarting jaw, rubs it as rolls jaw about.

KAY:

(yelling)

*How on Earth can **you** protect her?!*
Look where that got you! Casper's
been broke in two, cause of **her**.

SKY:

There was *no way, could..*

KAY:

But chose *shield* her, *over..*

SKY:

If **been** you, *I'd chose...*, **you!**

KAY:

So its **all my fault** now! For not
being **with** you. I don't believe
you! Now see, **so** right to break it
off. *Can go to hell, what I care!*

She spins about, storms back to her car, starts get in..

VANESSA:

Send me the bill. I'll pay for.

Kay, over her open driver side car door, drills eyes at her.

KAY:

Will **pay** dearly *no doubt* someday
for **who** you are! No amount of cash,
power, able get you off *that* hook.

Kay gets in car, slamming door behind, hastily turns car on,
whips it around going onto the lane headed from Lake Tahoe.
She zooms on by Jag and them, racing away down Echo Summit.

VANESSA:

*One to talk. Off like a hysterical
jackal car-iac. Hypocritical, say?*

Not amused by her witty spite, Sky replies exasperatedly wry.

SKY:
*Could you have caused any **more**
trouble?... . *Hard* to imagine so.*

VANESSA:
None of **this**, not been *for*, **her**.

Sky sticks his hands into his tussled hair, mind. He throws hands up into the air. He drops them down onto her shoulders.

SKY:
Can we just get back to L.A., you think, in *one* piece?..

VANESSA:
Don't tell me, you want drive the..

SKY:
Want lie back in seat, close eyes and forget any of this happened.

She smiles in an oddly sensuously, cool seductive way.

VANESSA:
Not *all*.. Was *our* fate. *Will* watc..

SKY:
..over you? *More*, mean?..

VANESSA:
Yes. Will try again. And again. Come *back* after me. I'm, *scared*..

She places a hand on his shoulder, glides it down his arm. As reaches his hand below, with it she turns his hand over so the palm side faces up. She traces with one index finger his palm's life line. She slips her fingers between his hand's.

SKY:
And I, *never*. Even of your mom Blu.

VANESSA:
Not as evil cold as everyone *mak*..

SKY:
Get see one way or other, huh?.. . What if I *change* you.. . Take you a-way with me, *from* her. *What then*?..

VANESSA:
Que sera sera.. . *What will be, be*.

As they regard each other, faint strains of *that* song play.

