

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

TITLE

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Superhero Sunman®, Skyfall Vignette #7 (March 2012)

EXT. HIGHWAY 50 WEST, FROM ECHO SUMMIT - DAY, LATE FEB. 2012

Seconds after Skyfall Vignette Six ends, Kay, in her Tiguan, speeds down Echo Summit as Sky, Vanessa, next the parked Jag, fast recede in her rearview mirror. Tears are in Kay's eyes.

(suggested) Song plays: The One That Got Away by Katy Perry, like Kay's point of view: In another life, I would be your girl. We'd keep all our promises, Be us against the world. In another life, I would make you stay, So I don't have to say: You were the one that got away. The one that got away."

INT. VANESSA DANGERTON-SPEEDMAN'S CLIFF-TOP HOME - NIGHT

In living room of Vanessa's luxurious, chic modern, cliff-top home above the Pacific Coast Highway near Los Angeles, with a window wall overlooking the ocean few hundred feet below, Sky stands couple feet back from it looking through. He's dwarfed by the spacious, cool, open sweep of room's interior space.

Vanessa comes into the room with a couple drinks in hand. She walks up beside him, stands by him, reflections of them there seen on the inner surface of the window wall. She passes him one of the drinks, keeps other one, takes a sip from that.

Vanessa:

Still, festering, see..

Sky:

Just cause three weeks later, don't make it any bet..

VANESSA:

His condition's improved..

SKY:

Too soon to say going walk again.

VANESSA:

But still, here, with, me.

SKY:

Any place other to go?..

VANESSA:

Then maybe do, belong, here.

SKY:

(chagrined wry smile)

So says current dictate of fate uh?

Her body posture bristles, brittle and prickly.

VANESSA:

So says. All know, not another attack on me since been here. Must be your charm.., of garlic!

She smiles. Sky twists sideways to face her.

SKY:

Yep. Kept away your mother whole time too. Not a vampire, perhaps?..

VANESSA:

Maybe should ask the latest company she took over. They'd think so.

SKY:

Thought the two of you ruled L.A. . What, via text messaging, Facebook?

VANESSA:

She's very busy you know. Don't get climb to near top of Fortune 500 by being chum, chum all the time. When needs me, flies me out or drops in.

SKY:

Fly huh? Did wonder about that landing pad in your backyard..

Sky walks slowly by her, stops few steps behind, turns to face her back. She tenses feeling awkward, him there. He comes up behind her, slides his head in over her shoulder.

SKY:

What I think, she don't particularly want to meet me. She, hum, disapproves.., of you, with me.

He withdraws his head back with a smugly satisfied grin. She snaps around to face him. Brusquely, she sharply retorts:

VANESSA:

If anything, mad at me not telling her was in danger. More so, for not allowing her put me into a literal, security, vacuum chamber. Sure not convinced, you can protect me!..

SKY:

(smiling gratefully)

Never felt ever so agree with her..

VANESSA:

(coolly clinical smirk)

Maybe she right. Think leave me only with you for a security blanket. Likely dozen guys with scopes in the bushes with an eye on me.

Sky ponders that tickled more. He traverses in front of her, to window, plants hands either side of his face against it. He sticks his tongue to the window as makes an oddball face.

VANESSA:

That necessary? Only make her, more, annoyed. At you.

Sky flips about, leans on arms pressed back onto the window.

SKY:

I want to take dinner with her. Just the three of us. Wouldn't that be, just so, sweet!

He strides past Vanessa to the middle of the room, stops there. He flails his body all around, looking up towards the ceiling as arms wind around with him like a human whirligig.

SKY:

(too assuredly)

Hear that Blu! Sure you know a quaint spot. So how about it?..

Vanessa hastens to him alarmed, grabs him, ceasing his spin.

Vanessa:

Stop it! Wait, you knew, all along!

SKY:

Always felt kinda crowded in here.. Noticed how careful, guarded, not to talk much, about me, you, were.

VANESSA:

Just because my mother, don't mean want her know all about everything.

SKY:

(smiling delightedly smug)

Shh, she's listening. Don't want to, annoy her, more..

Vanessa brings hand up, sorely tempted to slap him. She restrains impulse, brings arm down like freezing into an icicle.

INT. A QUAIN T IF EXCLUSIVE SPOT (DINING ESTABLISHMENT) - NIGHT

In a dimly lit, cosy, but richly toned, small restaurant, Sky and Vanessa sit at a small round table. There's a white table-cloth and lit candle in holder on it. An empty chair is posed on the other side of the table from them. They stare at that like expecting someone to materialize on it. Sky looks at his wristwatch, taps it checking if time's indeed standing still.

SKY:

Aren't CEO's supposed be punctual?

VANESSA:

Be glad, don't show up punchual!

SKY:

Hope that's most, unusual..

He grins. Vanessa, irked, lapses to silence surrendering the charade. In the dank still, into restaurant elegantly struts Blu, striking as daughter. She wears slate blue, power dress under a jacket. They spot one another. Sky smiles a greeting.

Blu disregards his smile, and him standing up. She walks over to them, rather to her daughter. She bends over her shoulder, hugs Vanessa slightly a moment. She bends up, first only then looks at Sky. A few moments pass before she extends her long slim arm, and slender, sharp fingered hand, toward him.

Sky takes it, bows full of his best beguiling charm. She with-draws hand. Oddly, she takes from her purse a robot, six inch-es high, made of articulated, composite material. Its face is congenial childish yet sophisticated mindful as appraises him with calculating sobriety. She places it on table's center. Fascinatedly Sky picks it up, puts down on table closer him.

SKY:

Always bring toys to break the ice?

Blu:

Not a toy. Sophisticated mini-bot by DSI. Thought delight one of so highly esteemed heritage. But has it skipped a generation with you?

VANESSA:

Mother! Can't you get through one whole paragraph before..

SKY:

Thought quite assuredly sanguine, myself. What's it, er, he do?..

(leans hovering over it)

Anything cool?

BLU:

(smiles frigidly mused)

Its a, she.

She removes a small controller device from her purse. She adjusts the modes on it, finds desired one, presses that.

Bot, animating, raises one of her little arms, using hand on it to scratch top of its, her, forehead, like curious of Sky curious of it. It lowers arm to side, walks few steps ahead toward Sky, stops, close to the edge of the table. Bending an elbow, she looks up at Sky as his face drops down very close.

Little Bot:

You are Sky, no?

Sky doesn't reply, rather lifts his eyes up at Blu.

BLU:

Gave her a primer on things, Sky.. But recognized you on own. Process-es, concludes, acts, in real-time.

Sky returns his gaze back down solely onto the bot.

SKY:

So what make of me, lit'l bot?..

LITTLE BOT:

(appropriately gesturing)

Do you mean, to, demean me, like some, object?! Do have a name! And can't surely make anything of you. Unless believe yourself an object..

SKY:

Ouch! You gave her an attitude!..

BLU:

No gave her a mind of her own.

SKY:

Suppose want see if I'd think she'd pass the Turning Test.

BLU:

Not exactly. Test on you. Judging how suitable you'd be for my girl.

VANESSA:

You are so horribly wicked!

BLU:

Am what have be. Like Sky under-stand, not with anyone's prodigy.

Sky leans back from robot, solidifying for more of an verbal assault from Blu. He's distracted by the Bot chiding below..

LITTLE BOT:

Going ask me what name is or not?!

Sky, insightful, smiles down. His smile becomes a smug grin..

SKY:

Could only be.., Kay.

LITTLE BOT:

(surprised and impressed)

How could you, know, that!..

BLU:

My, are quite the sharp one. So, how did you, ever, guess?..

Vanessa squirms uncomfortably, stares at Blu, trying sense if suspects anything, then at Sky. He is though serenely buoyed.

SKY:

This whole set-up. Come on! Want re-mind me of Kay so run back to her.

BLU:

So why don't you.., now.

LITTLE BOT.., Kay:

Don't I remind you of, her..

(adding a, pun..)

..a little.., some.

Sky leans sideways, in against Vanessa, reaching his arm back around her shoulders. Blu vapidly smoulders. He kisses her daughter on her cheek, then turns to reface the bot.

SKY:

Don't matter none. Moved, on..

He regards Blu with a steely, beaming, gleam in his eyes.

SKY:

Guess, have get used to it. Never, become you, long as she's with me.

BLU:

Don't expect that be long!..

She smiles as equally steely. She walks to the back of the empty chair, stands there. It dawns on Sky, his cue. He rises, crosses over to her chair. He pulls it back for her. Satisfied, she elegantly sits, her back rigid like an iron beam.

BLU:

Least got manners. Go ahead, sit.

Sky goes back to his chair, sits. The bot seeming to stare at him too intently, Sky picks up a table napkin, lies one corner fold of it over bot's head, rest of napkin covering "Kay".

SKY:

Three's company, four's a crowd..

BLU:

Speaking of.., company. Seeing so set on being with my Vanese, time being.., and your dad having been the David Anderson, genus extra-ordinaire, not to mention his bro..

SKY:

Wait, making this a job interview..

VANESSA:

Sure, he'd have nothing to do..

BLU:

Do trust got no current occupation?

VANESSA:

Was world best extreme sport cham..

BLU:

Was! Looked at other pursuits. Li-brary loans, web searches, hobbi..

SKY:

You can access stuff like all that?

BLU:

Not much of anything, can't.. .

(slackly smiling)

Point is, though you've run amok with all that extreme nonsense, always have kept in touch with your lineage, your dad's "wheelhouse", how believe put?..

VANESSA:

Said skipped a generation by him..

BLU:

Was merely implying to date seems, in that hasn't applied himself in any constructive, dedicated manner to all what he could, can do, with the esteemed brilliance from which he was.., sprung.

SKY:

That was some mouthful! Means think I took a super-long brain vacation.

BLU:

Haven't you? Why, you don't even got one solid inkling about what happened to your father.. .

SKY:

You meaning, you could?..

BLU:

Certainly do have the auspices..

VANESSA:

DSI into technology more advanced than you could ever imagine!..

SKY:

More than annoying toy robots even?

Sky leans back, smiling well pleased by his stinging wit.

VANESSA:

They have military models..

BLU:

And, those, aren't toys..

She leans in, grasps corner of the napkin over the mini-bot, lifts it off. Sky takes not as cheery, leery look at it-her.

BLU:

So maligned by Sky, my little one.

She pats her head, it seeming soothed by that. With controller, she turns the bot off, picks it up, puts it and the con-troller back into her purse, then zips the purse closed.

INT. SAME COSY RESTAURANT - HOUR LATER

Vanessa and Sky watch from table the back of Blu walking away for the door. She doesn't pause once to look back as exits.

SKY:

Wasn't she a ball of joy, not!

VANESSA:

Least didn't incinerate you.

SKY:

What, with freezer burn?..

VANESSA:

May not have noticed but she thawed some on you. Impressed her. Stood toe to toe. Not many don't whither.

SKY:

Not one of the many is me!

VANESSA:

Save the bravado. Like need later!

EXT. DS INDUSTRIES INC. RESEARCH COMPLEX - DAY

A black sedan rolls along the driveway looping up to the central building of the sprawling DSI research complex consisting of the wide expanse of a handful of high tech buildings.

Sedan parks before the walkway up to the building. Squinting eyes, Sky emerges from dim of Sedan on the backseat side into a blaze of sun glinting off building's polished metal facade.

He stands before walkway, is startled as Sedan behind starts, drives away. Seen from front on through its windshield, it's evident there's no driver - the steering wheel turns on own.

Sky shakes head, smiles ruefully. None in sight, he heads up the walk for the doors. Just before he gets to the few steps set in front of the doorway, doors slide open. Crisp black, business suit man steps through, stops past the doors closing behind, awaits Sky. Sky ascends stairs, stops before the man.

SKY:

Thought?..

Man (Host Guide):

She's a busy woman. Instructed me give you a tour of some of what do.

SKY:

Then you have to kill me, right?

Man (Host Guide):

If you, or we, like..

His deadpan either way fine equivalence is not so reassuring.

SKY:

I'll take for a joke.

Sky slaps the man on shoulder, jaunts on by him for doors.

Man (Host Guide):

She told me you may be, difficult.

SKY:

Me.., more a monkey barrel of fun..

Man (Host Guide):

Commerce and fun don't mix well.

Resignedly, he watches Sky try open, pass through the doors that remain firmly sealed. Sky quizzes a look back. Reluctant-ly, his host takes a small laser tube from his suit pocket, aims its coded blue laser beam at doors that obediently open.

SKY:

(whistling first)

Got get me one of those..

Man (Host Guide):

Let's hope that don't happen!

SKY:

Not much of recruiter sort, huh?

Sky smiles beamingly. The man shakes his disgruntled head.

INT. RESEARCH COMPLEX MAIN BUILDING MAIN HALLWAY - JUST LATER

Sky and company man stand partway down the long broad hallway from the entrance. Doors are strewn evenly along it, off each side its seemingly endless length. Sky notes titles of clos-est doors: Artificial Intelligence; Robot Locomotion; Self-propelled Transport; Space Structure Design; Recognition Tech-nologies; Future Prediction; Laser Application; Nanotechnolog-y; Interstellar Communications; Synthetic Life; Robotic Pro-totypes, Bioregenesis, Quantum Computation, Particle Physics.

SKY:

They do all that in here?..

Man (Host Guide):

Nuts and bolts done elsewhere in the complex's "nervous system". Re-sults passed along for more simulat-ion and number crunching here.

SKY:

Like main brain of everything here.

Man (Host Guide):

Got a common touch of grasping it.

SKY:

Wouldn't it all be hmm, vulnerable, lumped together in one spot.

Man (Host Guide):

All is backed up proper. And this young sir, is only the tip of the..

SKY:

(musing in wry awe)

..iceberg! Blu's iceberg..

Man (Host Guide):

A very well guarded, "iceberg..".

SKY:

Icebergs got melting point, are sub-ject to fracture, impact, collapse.

Man (Host Guide):

Maybe got head on your shoulders, after all. If precariously, so..

SKY:

But Blu knows it, else not be tramp-ing about your wonderful company.

Man (Host Guide):

Tramping about indeed. Your words.

SKY:

So going show me any nifty stuff, or just going trade barbs all day?

INT. INSIDE THE SPACE STRUCTURES DESIGN LAB - JUST LATER

Sky peers at a suspended space station model orbiting the moon as represented by a model orb too. Some men sit at work stations. Host standing behind, regards Sky. Sky looks back.

SKY:

Figured be most keen on this area of research huh? Why first on the..

Man (Host Guide):

Given father's renown in the field.

SKY:

Never, hum, worked for DS, did he?

Man (Host Guide):

Secretly?.. Not that I'm aware of..

SKY:

But he could have, hum, been, ap-proached.., been, enticed?..

Man (Host Guide):

Everything's possible. That's the company slogan.

SKY:

..or, persuaded.., coerced..

Man (Host Guide):

We abide by all proper and leg-islated legalities, I assure you!

SKY:

At the tip of the iceberg, anyway.

Man (Host Guide):

Blu informed me you might grasp at any straw to try assuage the unre-solved void left by the disappear-ance of your dad. We are simply one corporation among many engaged in this area of enterprise. It's but one of our many research realms.

SKY:

But you are among, or, the biggest.

Man (Host Guide):

Officially, or unofficially?..

Man smiles nonchalantly, yet too pleased, for it to be false.

SKY:

Don't imagine going tell?..

Man (Host Guide):

Don't imagine so.. But sure you'd like to move along, see more. Areas perhaps not so close a raw nerve?

SKY:

(at rhetorical wry best)

Yeah. Seeing scary monsters under the bed here are not there, hey?..

INT. THE A.I. FUTURE PREDICTION PROJECT LAB - HALF HOUR LATER

In a room packed with long rows of stacked computer banks ten foot high, various hue lit by countless LEDs on, off or flash-ing, Sky and suit minder stand wedged between two such rows.

SKY:

You're telling me there's some chance this hulk of machinery will someday be able to predict the fu-ture of, everything?!..

Man (Host Guide):

Most. More than mere hardware, soft-ware. All knowledge of fabric of ex-istance itself is being harnessed.

SKY:

That include.., hum, seers?..

Man (Host Guide):

You mean of the, human, kind?

SKY:

Of, hum, that, and ah any..., sort.

Man (Host Guide):

Why, harness whole sun itself, was availably possible, constructive.

SKY:

Suppose going tell me this soon be able to predict tomorrow's winning mega-prize lotto ticket number?

Man (Host Guide):

If not have, already..

SKY:

You'd make a great poker player. Made that sound believable.

Man (Host Guide):

Care to bet on it?.. But, no, not quite that far along, yet..

SKY:

Does it know what it does, know?..

Man (Host Guide):

It, know?.. It? Oh, please don't say it again..

SKY:

(giddy glad to say again)

You mean, this here tip of the iceberg. In this case, the pin-nacle, let me guess of.. "her".

Man (Host Guide):

Blu's most particular in her ways.

SKY:

She didn't actually name it after herself! No way! ..way?..

Man (Host Guide):

(taciturnly acrid)

..Way.

SKY:

But no way she could of herself, designed.. Now, why would her..

Man (Host Guide):

..son? He's, loyal to her, in his own way. And not like even official-ly on the principle design team..

SKY:

Why he not, be? He's a mega brain.

Man (Host Guide):

An undisciplined one. But you already know that. And that, on this topic, is all I got to say.

INT. SYNTHETIC LIFE LAB - ANOTHER HALF HOUR LATER

Sky's crunched over a long table, blocking from view one of what seems are numerous varieties of potted plants lying a-long it. Plants' pedigree forms aren't commonly discernible.

Plump, bald, badge titled, complex manager walks by host, to-wards Sky from other side of table. Sky lifts head, looks at him, revealing below an odd shaped plant, intense light shin-ing on it. Its wired to a mechanism recording energy output.

SKY:

This isn't, biological?..

Complex Manager:

Synthetic but mimics biological pho-tosynthesis so far sixty percent as effective. And it does, grow, too..

An original song-track song, Spark, Flame, Fire, begins play: Spark, becomes flame, into a fire roars..

SKY:

No sh..! Got yourselves makings of a whole plastic garden of..

Complex Manager:

Solely for the benefit of human-kind. They are our customers.

SKY:

Someone's got pay the bills, huh?

Complex Manager:

Surely don't think some nefarious scheme behind this?!..

SKY:

(offhandedly giddy)

Pulling your leg.. . Got you!

But way Sky says that doesn't fully reassure the complex's chief. He regards him with a uncomfortable suspicious air.

Complex Manager:

The people who work here do not doubt what we do is but for the..

SKY:

Good,.. of the goods.

Sky's audacious glee cracks even the stern facade of the com-plex manager. Chagrined yet boastful radiant sure, he smiles.

Complex Manager:

Do make, create, but the finest of goods, err cutting edge products, and systems, in all the world!

SKY:

That include coffee? Sure could use a heavy duty jolt right this now.

Manager looks at him blankly. Sky notes near them are three cola vending machines. He points at the enormity of them all.

SKY:

Should try getting into that. DSI's Finest High Octane Cola! Place bet-cha runs bout stoked on pop alone.

Sky's host walks by manager to Sky via gap between tables.

Man (Host Guide):

Blu right again, another thing..

SKY:

Bout me? So, what be that?

Man (Host Guide):

Said like think outside the box..

SKY:

The ice-box, huh?

He smiles unrelentingly smug at the mutely flabbergasted man.

SKY:

Really got loosen up a suit button guy. Else going suffocate in there!

EXT. OCEAN FACING BALCONY AT VANESSA'S HOME - DAYBREAK

Sky leans on railing of Vanessa's balcony deck as sun rises in east above the canyon behind house and him. He watches its mesmerizing rays streaking to west along heaving ocean waves.

Vanessa, in a silk, deep sea blue, negligee appears in view through the open glass doors behind him. She observes Sky a moment, then walks up beside him. She lies one of her cool hands on his. Icy breezes stir across them from the ocean.

VANESSA:

Made quite the impression I hear..

SKY:

Like stir the pot. It's, fun.

She lifts her hand off his, rather places that arm around his shoulders, drawing her face in very close to his.

VANESSA:

Having fun, can be, dangerous!..

SKY:

(elatedly dry)

Blu siccing loose the hounds of ice hell, already?..

She laughs dryly, leaning back.

VANESSA:

Not just, yet. So not scared a wit. Word, don't want push her too far!

She ponders the amber red sparks of reflected sun on ocean.

VANESSA:

You never seem miss a sunrise. Al-ways so fascinated with the Sun.. .

SKY:

My surfer, skydiver DNA, guess all.

VANESSA:

That, that all?..

SKY:

Yeah, what else it be, huh?..

VANESSA:

Yeah, what, ha?

She brings other hand across. Lying back of it on his forehead, she glides it down his face as stares at him intently.

VANESSA:

You don't, miss, her? Pine..

SKY:

For Kay.

VANESSA:

A fiery one from all accounts..

SKY:

Ah, a sun analogy. Always take this long to get to the point?.. Love to see the day, just two of you sat down for a girl to girl powwow.

VANESSA:

Do love to stir the pot. Like try get a ringside seat. Enjoy that.

SKY:

What another whack scene be, hey?!

Sky twists around, lying back against the railing. He smiles. Possessively, Vanessa places her arms around his waist, clasp-ing her fingers together in front like a belt buckle. Like on cue, a cloud crosses over the face of the sun, blocking its light as she presses in against him, kisses him, leans back.

VANESSA:

You don't need her, have me now.

SKY:

Do, I?..

VANESSA:

You the one wants to save me! Sure-ly must feel, solely, we must be.

SKY:

(laughs satirically)

Right back to square one ole Sol, Stell..

Her annoyed bat of eye pleases him more. He casually slides his arms in under her hands, snaps them ahead forceful enough to unzip, break free her clasp of fingers. Yet, he raises one of his hands, lies it congenially on back of her neck. His hand rubs her tense neck. He drapes that arm over her should-er. He leads them casually so encumbered for the open doors.

SKY:

Que sere sera, huh?..

EXT. IN SKY'S MIND WHILE DREAMING: ON THE TITANIC - NIGHT

Sky dreams he's on the upper deck of the Titanic at night. He's attired in period, well to do but roguish, dashing white suit with black vest. His arms to each side lie respectively wrapped about shoulders of Kay, in blue emerald gown, and Van-essa in violet gown. She wears blue diamond and ruby jewelry.

Sky leads them so adjoined toward the railing off one side of the ship near the bow. Vanessa and Kay dote on Sky, but cast hostile eyes when either of them looks on the other. Sky sees them look thus at each other, brow furrowing. He's interrupt-ed by sight of the white looming mass of the iceberg. Mesmer-ized he watches it cross the last few yards to impact. He and the ladies stumble, tumble, as iceberg slams into the ship!..

INT. VANESSA DANGERTON-SPEEDMAN'S ESTATE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

In bed, Sky awakens to sound of a loud thump downstairs like a thing heavy hitting the floor. Instinctively, he darts look beside him for Vanessa, sees but spread apart sheets there!..

SKY:

Dang!

He leaps from bed dressed in shorts, charges to door. He goes out it to the upper hallway, and its view to floor below. He sees below a big masked man pinning Vanessa to floor, one his hands held atop her mouth stifling her. Other hand holds a gun. Vanessa with both her hands is holding that hand back.

Without a pause, Sky plants hands on the railing. He uses his hold as a pivot, swings legs over the railing as he leaps on over it. Legs before him, he plunges forward down at the man.

Startled assailant flips look up, late. Curling legs in, Sky crashes cannonball into man's back, rolls off to hunched soft landing. Stung, Sky rises to feet slow, yet, fast enough to see laboring man remove left hand from her mouth. She gasps.

Man uses left hand to take a taser from one of his left pock-ets and to activate, back-swipe it ferociously at Sky's legs.

Sky kicks taser from his hand. It slides, spins across floor, bumps, stops against far wall next edge of the window wall.

Man shakes free his gun-hand from Vanessa's grip. He swings gun around for Sky too. Again, Sky deftly kicks his weapon a-way. Gun skitters across floor, comes to a stop by the taser.

Sky plunges across floor for them. Man behind gets up, charges for them too, and Sky. Sky gets there first. As he crouches down, he grabs gun, swivels in his crouch to face him. Man however, leaps over Sky and crashes out through the window.

Sky slides down wall to hunches relieved, stares at Vanessa knelling at the center of the floor. She now has a small gun held between both her hands at end of her outstretched arms, not pointed at him, but to where back of man's head had been.

SKY:

You pack a gun in your negligee.. Thought you only needed me for?..

VANESSA:

Even you sleep..

SKY:

Surprised you didn't pop him.

VANESSA  
Aim may been off, may ricocheted?

SKY:

Could've popped me, instead huh!?

She gets up, walks to him. There she slides her own back down wall to sit on floor by him next gapping smashed window wall.

VANESSA:

Be not such a great loss..

SKY:

No?.. Might I disagree.

VANESSA:

Maybe, some.. . You have shot him?

SKY:

No. Since no time to use it as de-terrent first, have thrown it out the window and..

VANESSA:

What, tangoed with a madman?

SKY:

Can handle myself. Since New York Muay Thai class. Way before, did..

VANESSA:

That Kay have popped him. If hit you instead, be a bonus for..

SKY:

Does, you know, love, me. No matter what says, does.. . How mad gets.

VANESSA:

So, not got over her!

SKY:

Said nothing about me..

VANESSA:

Didn't have to.

SKY:

I think, you play down how very bright actually are - you really thought first about ricochets?

VANESSA:

Suppose makes think me more chill.

SKY:

(laughingly)

At very least, deep ocean water runs through your veins.

He clasps her nearest hand, lifts it. He brings other hand over, lays it on top of her hand, rubs her hand between his.

SKY:

There. Feel warmer in there now?

VANESSA:

You may get over Kay..

Suddenly consternated, he removes hands from hers, gets up.

SKY:

Shouldn't we call police now?

She stands, faces Sky to answer him.

VANESSA:

Go through all that again? No thanks. This, a private matter.

SKY:

Blu'll settle it for you?

VANESSA:

Between, us, will. Did say I'm..

SKY:

Yet still no idea who, what, why?

VANESSA:

No, just never said.

SKY:

No, not. Anything got say, now?

VANESSA:

Just, the intruder didn't intend to.., I stood my ground, flipped him - know some martial arts too.., but he overpowered me. Wanted to..

SKY:

Whole thing, kidnapping plot? For your ransom? Then what deal at?..

VANESSA:

Knew you with me then. May of figured protect me from fatal harm. Us disabled, sweep in, swoop me off.

SKY:

Not so concerned for well being uh? All that, then tonight send one guy to cart you off away in the night??

VANESSA:

Anymore be seen. Must shut off home security, no calvary. See okay now. That noisy retreat like nabbed him.

SKY:

Not tell me! Know lots such things?

Their eyes lock in steely gaze. She turns her back to him. She starts walking away, stops, but doesn't turn around.

VANESSA:

(over shoulder)

Ever be as suspicious of your Kay? You think she's.., perfect? And no way, I ever be?..

SKY:

Not perfect. Close second, hah..

She turns, her face, body, vivid with oddly frigid anger.

VANESSA:

Could've died! Been satisfied was..

SKY:

True.., then?

VANESSA:

To you.

Her anger in flash evaporates, Benign, sardonic, she smiles. Indignantly or malignantly amused, to Sky it's tough to call.

VANESSA:

But, you ever be true to me? Huh?

EXT. BEACH FRONT ON OCEAN IN VIEW OF VANESSA`S HOME - DAY

Sky watches the waves as holds a surfboard that's dug one tip down into the sand. His dog Beaute lies beside him. The sun beams hot upon them. Several people are surfing but otherwise there's only a spattering of folk on the beach.

SKY:

Heya Beaute. Betcha like get back to the old stomping grounds, huh? Me, right with you on that..

He turns attention from the dog to the far horizon.

SKY:

(to self, of twin brother)

Wonder what Jase be doing?

(back to the dog)

Sure been away a long time.., hey? Wonder what think of me, now?..

Vanessa is now seen running casually toward him, wearing a deep blue, with red jagged stripes, one piece bathing suit whose open spaces make seem like a bikini. She carries her own surfboard as matches her bathing suit colors and design. Sky hears her and looks behind. He's surprised to see her.

SKY:

You surf??

VANESSA:

No. Thought, you'd teach, me..

SKY:

Not aware that's part of the job description..

She arrives beside him, breathless a few seconds.

VANESSA:

Not aware you taken a position yet?

SKY:

Are talking about DS, right?.. But, nope, still scoping the joint. Did take their IQ test, apparently have brain. Guy said get me to snuff in no time once cram down some private instruction. Wouldn't mind that.

VANESSA:

You may run into my brother. Helps train a few of the top recruits.

SKY:

So prepare us a boxing ring in advance, huh? Who you'd bet on?

VANESSA:

Let's not talk of him. More serious matters, like you learning me to..

SKY:

Don't want do this cause of Kay?

VANESSA:

Want do it cause of me. Hear its not so difficult..

SKY:

Yeah piece of cake! Not speaking of your brother, why never got him to teach you? Seems think he's um bet-ter than me. Wild delusions he got.

VANESSA:

Maybe just waited for my right guy to come along, and..

She seizes one of her hands around one of his wrists.

VANESSA:

Not like you never done it before!

SKY:

Got that right!

Sky enjoys her irked annoyance, until, she pipes back..

VANESSA:

Well, I'll let you know if you're any good at it..

EXT. THE OCEAN AT THE BEACH (OF PREVIOUS SCENE) - WHILE  
LATER

Various timelapsing footage of Sky and Vanessa in the ocean, with Sky trying time and again to teach her how to surf. Van-essa's no natural and Sky often rides on her surfboard beside her, steadying her, adjusting her stance and trying various ways to help her gain sense of balance, the flow of the vibe.

Finally on a nice wave, Sky hops off her surfboard, and Vanes-sa left on it, manages to stay on, ride wave strikingly well. Plopping off the board at end of her ride, surprised and elat-ed, she looks back at the equally as amazed Sky. He claps his hands slowly as he wades in towards, and right up to, her.

SKY:

Told you I'm good! Scratch good, great! You too, did, great there..

VANESSA:

I did! Good as Kay in no time!..

SKY:

Thought you said?..

VANESSA:

Like you not competitive.

SKY:

Don't have be. The vibe sweeps me along to the most extreme ride.

VANESSA:

No wonder Kay dumped you. Afraid your fat head ego might explode!

SKY:

Jealousy get you nowhere.

VANESSA:

Thought my brother's was unmatched.

EXT. OCEAN FACING BALCONY AT VANESSA'S HOME - SUN SETTING

Sky and Vanessa lie together next each other on the beach. Beate lays across bottom of their legs. They watch sun set.

VANESSA:

See how that gets into you..

SKY:

We go way back, ever since I can remember been me and the Sun. Only two or three when my father first told me all was known about it back then. And ever since, most all I ever done been connected with it. That seem uncanny or what, to you?

VANESSA:

Got say, some weird, but..

SKY:

Some super cool too, hey?!

VANESSA:

Tiny some..

Sun dips down from view below the horizon. Cool breeze comes off the ocean, sending a shiver over Sky, yet not Vanessa.

VANESSA:

Were all over me earlier about me not telling you more.. How about you? Not uncovered on own one thing about who, what, is after me. Why?

SKY:

Soaking in the landscape. Feeling how things are, how revolves.

VANESSA:

Been lying low all this time?..

SKY:

Confucius says, he who stick head up to blather first, gets it blown off first. Like keep mine intact.

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