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TITLE

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Superhero Sunman ®, Skyfall vignette #9 (May) 2012

INT. MODEST HOME IN MAYWOOD CALIFORNIA - 6:30 AM, MAY 1,
2012

Hispanic man, forties, busies in a small kitchen making fried eggs with hot peppers on a stove burner. His two sons, twenty and ten, watch as their sister, sixteen, with oven mitts on, pops open oven, withdraws a pan with baked bread taco shells.

Felipe: (younger son)

Not done yet, dad? So.. hungry!

Arizona ("Air", the older son):

How can a flea be that?..

Their dad twists around gruffly.

Lazaro (Lazar)

Told you stop calling him flea!

Arizona:

Why? ..Call tick? Doesn't fit name, no good. Same thing be..

Felipe:

Poppa. Make him take back.

Lazar:

Motha still around, cuff you one.

Luz: (the sister)

Want me do it. Like she do!

She lays pan down on counter, strides over toward Ariz. He stands up, with big smile, hugs his sister. Backs away.

ArIZ:

Joking. Little fart can take it. Know woke me up, so early..

Lazar:

Get you up early, good. Maybe like come with me my work today? See if?

ARIZ:

No way work in that meat factory. Vernon's a stinking hellhole.

LAZAR:

Not "good" enough for you?

ARIZ:

Got that right.

LAZAR:

So you bright. So broke ass, too! Know how high taxes be? Feeding, clothing, gas, keeping wreck of car going. All on me.

ARIZ:

Take care of round here.

LAZAR:

No, Luz do that.

ARIZ:

No while she in school. Flea gets home sooner. Keep outta trouble.

Philipe:

Called me it again!

Lazar:

What goin become, you? No good enough for you jobs round here. Not got expelled, had scholarship.. Be-come big something, sometime.

ArIZ:

Not my fault, all!

LAZAR:

Plenty.

EXT. RIVIERA VILLAGE, REDONDO BEACH CAFE PATIO LUNCHTIME

At a table under a cherry sun umbrella in the trendy outdoors cafe crowded with local young, rich couples, friends and some area tourists, Sky sits with Vanessa Dangerton-Speedman.

Vanessa:

Blu wants hire you. You'd excel at DSI, make waves of whole new sort.

Sky:

Think hop in line, after..

VANESSA:

She was naturally perturbed..

SKY:

Petranatural ly..

VANESSA:

Undefeatably. May as well join her.

SKY:

Risk me being fox in her hencoop?

VANESSA:

Sure can win you over. For, me..

SKY:

She's that devoted to you?

VANESSA:

Own way, as very dedicated to me..

SKY:

Same as loves you? Or just want control everything about you. As well the world, the future.

VANESSA:

Who's delusional?.. Work with her, you'd find she's not Darth Vader.

SKY:

Funny funny, cause my name's Sky too, huh? So maybe but a close fac-simile, uh? Lay off on Xena, if..

VANESSA:

You the one brought her into the cross-hairs in first place. Take you from the equation, no reason..

SKY:

And what about fate of the world?

VANESSA:

You really think she's that power-full as can affect everything? Wow! Who's one off their rocker. Work with her, you could influence her..

Her remark strikes Sky like a lightning bolt. He beams.

SKY:

Who not? And be an extreme sport.

VANESSA:

See. Can become one big family.

SKY:

If mean dystopianly dysfunctional.

VANESSA:

Extreme rich. Lush as Redondo too.

SKY:

Never been in it for the money.

VANESSA:

No? Competitions, endorsements been lucrative for you. Money moves moun-tains. Any mountains want moved..

SKY:

Like find what happened with my dad. Got enough already to..

VANESSa:

(scoffing)

Dwindling pidgins to what we got, together. Billion, pocket change.

SKY:

Billion buy trust inside me in this world, that all will be okay? That find what need find? Be satisfied..

VANESSA:

(inopportune humor)

Lay good down payment on the hope, resources, have best chance to..

SKY:

Hope stems from heart. From trust.

VANESSA:

Trust in your heart then meant to have everything need to find hope, resolution, includ..

SKY:

You..? What if lose trust and hope because got

INT. MEAT PACKING FACTORY, VERNON LOS ANGELES - ONE FIFTY PM

Ariz, and friends, Cesar, Juan, and Neva, all roughly same age, stand in front of the hood of a low-rider rigged, nineteen eighty-six, red Buick Regal. It's parked by the curb across street from a meat packing factory in rundown Vernon.

Cesar:

Why want take you see your ol man's factory. Ain't not but stale sweat and flippin, buzzin flies in there.

Ariz:

Wanted me come with today. Always on me to take a job at the plant.

Neva hooks her elbow into elbow of Ariz, bumps hip with his.

Neva:

Ain't nothing for you butta life of misery. You got aspiration. Double down that, me for you.

Juan:

Got skills man. You, special. You can't get out of hood, none us. Draw fantass far-out shit. Twists like pretzel on the tramp-o-line. Go get you a sponsor, man.

NEVA:

Don't think he try. No want no May-wood Mejicanos represent'in nothin. Not tagged all round like the Sky Anderson was. Ariz didn'cha say run into two years ago. Maybe help how.

ARIZ:

Why he do that for me? Heard around, got own troubles now.

NEVA:

Take me see him. I be your charm.

Ariz puts arm about her shoulders, smiles.

ARIZ:

Neva, you are my charm. My. Why I wouldn't be wanting you so close of him, doing my biddin.

NEVA:

Think stray like some mongrel rat?

Indignant, she slaps him across the top of his shoulder.

ARIZ:

He had it all. Me nothing. But you.

NEVA:

(wryly reproachful meant)

Don't make something you, soon, not that too, always, huh?..

Instantly Neva's regretful as her remark bites into Ariz, and he stomps off in a huff away from her. Neva runs after him.

Neva:

Don't mean that. Don't mean. Love you Ariz! Wanted get you riled so would, maybe try see, if..

She wipes fingers over furrows in his brow to smooth away.

Ariz:

Make it in game rigged mean?

NEVA:

Know it hurts. Deserve betta.

His fury dissipates seeing her concern, he wraps his arm around her waist, hugs her in to him. He twists his head around to look back at Juan and Caesar.

ARIZ:

Caesar, get us hell from here.

Caesar:

Don't know how your ol man works so long there. Maybe, Neva, right..

Ariz hugs Neva against him, slaps her on backside.

ARIZ:

Neva, she right for me.

Neva:

And I's know what right for you do. You do it, for me.

Her imploring pout softens his stance. He shakes his head in way that says he can't win but lose..

ARIZ:

I do it, for you. Mon diablo. Sky, he help, maybe be me, you, ticket to fame, don't crash in flame.

Juan:

See he rhyme too.

INT. SWANK SLEEK INTERIOR OF L.A. MARKETING AGENCY - DAY

Slim, athletically trim, Hispanic woman, sits on edge of her seat before desk cluttered with client dossiers. Her cheery keen dark eyes browses them, not finding one satisfactory.

She sees a dossiers strewn in a bucket, labelled, inactive, in far corner of her office beside her closed door. Peeks out above top on one folder a top quadrant of photo of Sky, only head in skydiving helmet, blazing eyes of face showing.

Engrossed by it, she dosen't note her door opening, and a fellow agent, male, entering..

Woman:

(smiling eagerly)

Ah Sky. Maybe just guy need to ignite this limp ass campaign.

He looks to where her eyes are transfixed on Sky's photo. He goes over to it, picks the photo from bin, takes it to her desk, throws photo on it. It however slides off to the floor.

Man:

Sky's burnt out toast. After we did his last deal, tried getting hold of him for two years with new ops, when still answered back. That year or two ago. His day shining in the L.A. sun is over.

She rises, goes to side of desk, bends, picks up his photo, holds it in front of her in one hand, like mesmerized. She turns it the underside wheree some information is printed.

WOMAN:

Two years under thirty yet. Still can represent the demographic.

Man takes photo from her, drops in waste basket by desk.

MAN:

Don't want to represent shit all. 'Above' all that now. Only thing above is the ground, not by much.

WOMAN:

Seen in tabloids, other day, going with Vanessa Dangerton. Sure don't say still all high faflouting pure.

MAN:

Another strike. Lost street cred total there, associated with the corporate likes of her and her mom.

WOMAN:

Lost it when signed first pro deal with us but kept hot as hell, gold.

MAN:

By gleam in eyes, not going drop it. Be my quest - swing away for the wall, Rosalie, all you want..

He withdraws wallet from his pants, takes two hundred dollar bills from it. He lays bills on corner of desk beside her.

Man:

Two C`s says lost cause to firm.

Ros: (pronounced: RaHS)

Make it five.

MAN:

Petulance cost dear, this time..

Ros:

I have my ways of persuasion..

MAN:

Recall Ros, never did get all wanted, with Sky.

Ros:

Want matter to you. Signed him to real sweet deals all same. Only one in whole city of sly ad agents did. That not exclusive enough for you.

MAN:

Sure, you only want land him for this account? For old time sakes?

Ros walks around corner of her desk, and close in front of it til next to her fellow agent. She leans back against desk.

ROS:

No doubt, yet fire enough in him to ignite this city sky-high wide.

MAN:

Starting with you, huh? But hey if you insist carrying on this wild sky chase, try land DSI's accounts. Means keeping on the side hooks off Sky. Saddle up to that galfriend.

ROS:

Not suggesting..

MAN:

Be creative.., all saying.

EXT. LAGUNA BEACH IN FRONT OF THE HOBIE SURF SHOP - DAY

Sky stands in bright sun outside the Hobie Surf Shop's large front window, surfboards stacked on display inside by it, his cell phone ringing. He reluctantly veers gaze off from the surfboards, to look down to the phone in his hand. He eyes with disdain the unlisted number indication on its display. He waits for it to stop ringing. Incessantly it goes on, on.

He punches the talk button, brings cell phone up to his face.

SKY:

(laconically)

You're reached the Sky..

Ros:

Before hang up.., give me a sec..

SKY:

Un-be-liev-able. Ros! No no no to whatever you going pitch me.

ROS:

Can't gal call for old time sakes? Been a few years..

SKY:

Right.. . How reach me? Phone's unlisted..

ROS:

You know I can't be denied when..

SKY:

When chasing down a deal.. . Like told you last million times, still no, whatever deal got up your..

ROS:

Aren't you just bit flattered I..

SKY:

..still think I'm a big ticket?..

ROS:

You were the biggest ticket going..

SKY:

Biggest sell-out ever you mean..

ROS:

Not so. People want want stuff..

SKY:

No you and your clients want spoon-feed spin them what they want must want. Using charming stars like me.

ROS:

Were greatest shining star of all.. The extreme appeal, par none.. And, you, did well by it..

SKY:

Trying forget all that. Don't know what possessed me.. . You..

ROS:

Fame, fortune, celebrity.., like grab anyone. The American way.. But, not me, you wouldn't..

SKY:

Go there.. . Even I can't be everything super to everyone..

ROS:

Just almost every gal, but me.

Noting her jealousy Sky smiles as walks away from surfboard shop, crossing the street. He heads down street in his direction as leads within few block to shore of the Pacific ocean.

SKY:

Bit of any exaggeration..

ROS:

Everything about you was an exaggeration then!

SKY:

And suppose, you want that me back, so can pitch some..

ROS:

One of biggest of big accounts..

SKY:

Think that matters to me..

ROS:

What heard, are enmeshed in serious tangle of change. Don't run with Vanessa Dangerton without, ties.. You need have own clout..

SKY:

(ironically)

Not exactly pauper. Thanks, to you.

ROS:

Is, next to DSI`s. Run afoul them, you'll need all can lay hands on. Did I mention, one huge account..

SKY:

Did I mention, not interested, not now, not ever.., more.

ROS:

But you rea..

Smiling, Sky presses stop button. He takes battery pack out of the phone, puts it into one of his short's pocket. Ocean spread comes into view in front of him.

SKY:

Time to grab me some space.. .

EXT. MONTEREY BAY

Rowdy, Mack, and Sky, with couple of girls their age, stand in wet-suits, each their arms wrapped around surfboards.

SKY:

Sweet dropped in. Didn't know if..

Mack:

Accept invite? No mat what, Rowd, I, you, be blood brothers forever.

SKY:

Wish Casp could be here. I had've..

Man's voice out of view shouts at them from behind. It's..

Casp:

Did what could.. May be down..

They twist around, look at Casp. Though sitting in a wheelchair, he's in a wet-suit, as is his girlfriend standing behind the chair, but he holds unlike them a body-board. Lies in his lap a handheld underwater propulsion unit.

CASP:

But, not down and out.

He pushes chair's sand adapted wheels ahead by his hands.

SKY:

Got new gal hey Casp? What happened with Brenda?

CASP:

(scuffing)

Thought two working legs better than my new not so much ones.

SKY:

Damn sorry about that.. .

CASP:

Don't be glum. Like left sometime anyway, know better off with-out. Got wrecked one way, other, even..

SKY:

I not been.. . But, was..

CASP:

Stop blaming self, Fudge. Jeez..

Sky smiles, brilliantly, a flash of his ole self.

SKY:

Maybe glum cause you retreads never wrestled me up a damsel, too.

CASP:

All need, another one all messing you up inside. No.., we thought, maybe...you needed, some family..

SKY:

(turning head about)

Fam? Not you.. Don't tell me. Can't be Jase, so got be, little sis? Been year. Don't see her, nowhe..

Spotting her, in wetsuit, but with flaming red stripes down either side, rising up from under a few foot depth of ocean behind them. Astonished, he grimaces as the guys whistle.

SKY:

Hey stop! She's my sis, think.., Change this much? Not the grey..

Rowdy:

What expect? She an Anderson. Part that family, red ocean tide, too..

Though she bounds jauntily enough through water to shore..

Sky notes, despite attire, in her yet tinged pale smile, the familiar ashen quality she'd had growing up as walks to him.

Jackie:

How going, Sky? Like been out of touch some lately, huh?

Sky:

Well look at you Jacks, now.

JACKIE:

Hum, not Jackie, now. Changed name.

SKY:

Did what?

She smiles, oddly half aflame, half grave.

JACKIE:

Embra. More, lively.., think.

SKY:

Hum, Em.. Little sis, Emmie..

JACKIE-Embera:

(tad embarrassed)

Heck, Sky, near eighteen now.

SKY:

If dad here, think approve. Were odd one out in the fam, huh.. But, hum, still some..

Embera:

Someone got take things some, seriously..

Rowdy:

That sure enough not Sky! Up to last while.. . We'll get him back soon enough to Mr. loosey goosey.

EMBERA:

Maybe better, some, grounded..

ROWDY:

The Sky grounded. Ain`t no why, no how, that stick long.
Right Sky.

Sky laughs, slaps Rowdy on the back, enough to sting.

SKY:

Rowd`s right. Snap back soon nuff.

The others palpably see Sky churn with anticipation..

SKY:

Yeah, thinking do something.., fan-tas-tic.., soon. Like old
times..

MACK:

Old times Sky. Only out of it bout year! A restication, all.
Word, you lose that Vanessa, set you free as a freebird
again.. Don`t know how got hooks in you, first place. Must
be good, some way, hey.

He gawfiles.

SKY:

Says, Mack with the one track mind.

MACK:

See what think, had ride on tractor all day with the highway
crew. So, going pull off sweet stunt? Jump?

SKY:

Just for me. No strings attached. Speaking of crew, not
invite Ray?

MACK:

Bud`s kid`s third birthday.

SKY:

What say about rest us wild bunch? None laid new roots yet..

Rowdy:

Never thought see the day Sky jabble on about laying roots..
.

SKY:

New Year's Eve near hitched to Kay.

ROWDY:

Forget, instead hacked free chain, got ring thrown back at you.

SKY:

Too perilous, for her then, now. Not that wants ever back. Seen her?

Casp:

Still comes by, once while. Helps.

Drop the guilt trip, you could too?

Sky's is torn between pang of jealousy and censure (of Casp 'seeing' his gal Kay), shame, and gratefulness.

SKY:

(regretful turning sour)

Why feel otherwise? Least, seems you be getting the door prize..

CASP:

Now jealous too? Incredible knar-ly! Think make play on your Kay.. Damn Sky, rise above, like always done! See me moaning about having legs that don't work for shit..

SKY:

Now..

CASP:

Never meant it that way.

MAck:

You bitches going catfight too?

Rowdy laughs.

MaCK:

Cause if are, going miss one terrific set of mf waves.
Instinctively they turn towards the beckoning set of waves.

EMBERA:

I'll cheer you. Been practicing..

SkY:

Surfing?.. And you always been so gravely afraid of the ocean sis, hell near everything. What gives?..

EMBERA:

Some Anderson had pick up the ball again you dropped.
Thought, be me..

SKY:

(charismatic grin returns)

Sure wasn't going be Kay.. . Never once could get her to jump.

EMBERA:

(she shutters..)

Surfing Sky, just surfing.. not jumping from a plane! Baby steps.

Sky:

Course little sis, course.

He hugs her into shoulder. He swirls his fist in her hair.

SKY:

Snookie snookie.

She giggles. Shrugs her head away, merrily whines..

Embera:

Didn't mean still a baby, Sky!

He leans back, looks her over.

SKY:

Yeah, just about all grown up.

Mack:

This set not going last long..

SKY:

Alright!

Sky peers at waves, yells a big whoop, others joining in. He goes to Casp, squats down face to face across from him.

SKY:

Mind if carry you over..

Casp:

Better than Mack. Drop me couple times for sheer fun of it, would.

SKY:

Wouldn't he, hah. Hey Mack, carry my surfboard down would you..

Sky lifts Casp and his body board from the wheelchair, and carries them to the shoreline, the others following them with their surfboards, Mack bringing both his and Sky's along.

Sky carries Casp into several foot depth of water, lies him down on his bodyboard on top the surface. Behind him, Mack hands Sky his surfboard. Casp holds onto the bodyboard with one hand, leaving other arm free to paddle through the water.

SKY:

Okay?

Casp:

No prob, take it from here. Thanks.

EMBEra:

Don't mind I keep eye on you, Casp?

CASP:

(acceptant, he smiles)

My guardian angel, huh? Sure.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN NEAR LAGUNA BEACH SHORE - SOON LATER DAY

Seen from ten feet underwater, Sky sits on surfboard. View lifts up through water to surface, above it, still on Sky. He spies good surfing wave approach, paddles hard for it with arms. Getting to it, he leaps to a stand atop the surfboard.

Behind, Matt and Rowdy ride own waves while Casp, south end of beach front not far from Sky, body-boards a wave wall too, as Emera surfs same wave a respectful not far distance back.

Sky snakes along wave so instinctively his eyes spy and watch ahead his sis and Casp. He smiles til gaze discerns how near they are to the hazardous offshore far south point of the beach. Immediately he shifts into a fast beeline for them.

Casp gleeful lulled in freedom of the ocean fails see his wave just ahead suddenly collapse turbulently. He smacks into the snapping wave smashing down. It drives him underwater on-to the strewn swath of rocks on the sand surface there below. His head strikes one, knocking him out. An undercurrent begins dragging him underwater oceanward.

Embera, face contorted for Casp, is thrown off board when col-lapsing part of wave reaches her. Sky behind pitches up over off top of his wave. Freed of it, he fast arm and leg peddles the tens of feet to where he saw them get swamped. He dives his head for look underwater, catches glimpse of still form of Casper heading oceanward. He begins peddling for him.

He catches up to him. Sky grabs hold of and brings to surface Casp, just as a nasty wave there snaps down. It throws Sky into the rocks below, and his forehead strikes one too. He passes out. The screen turns all over black.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN OFFSHORE OF LAGUNA BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

From black, screen becomes twenty foot under surface, sun-light fanned aqua, throughout which mass number of transparent, foot wide, gelatinous bulb Sea Nettles (poisonous jelly-fish) float eerily alien above dangling tendrils like up for Sun above. Another view shows Sky among them, whose droopy lid eyes watch. Amazingly, Nettles shy clear of Sky their stinging arms. Red streak spreads near Sky. His eyes close.

EXT. LAGUNA BEACH - SOON LATER DAY

All black. It turns into dazzling blue brightness of looking vertically straight up at sky above with the sun posed at its zenith blazing down. View switches from Sky's, to on him ly-ing on back prone on the beach, Ember, Casp, Mack, Rowdy, the girlfriends, paramedic, and onlookers all stare down at him.

MACK:

Smacked your head good.

Sky:

So how get here.., safe sound.

MACK:

Can thank your lucky stars, your sis near the two you when you got it. Dont know how grabbed both of you, but did. Kept afloat until the lifeguard jetski made it on over.

Sky looks around, getting concerned not seeing Casp about..

MACK:

Casp fine, just took in a lookover.

EMBER:

And you wonder Sky, why I always been so grave, before.. .

SKY:

(smiles)

But now so brave, too.. . Thanks.

Sky rises to one knee. Paramedic above shoots with-straining arm down on one of his shoulder preventing him rise more.

Paramedic on the scene:

Whoa, got get you checked too pal.

Sky knocks away his arm, pops to his feet, just a wee woozy.

SKY:

Been popped harder. Ill survive.

Paramedic:

Look, cant mess with.., cant force you go but strongly advise.. Anyone talk sense into this dude thinks he made of steel like Superman..

EMBERA:

Sky, just go, for me, okay.. Dont want you drop dead after just saved your butt, huh.., big brother.

SKY:

Im fine. Know dont got a serious..

Paramedic:

So know.. What you a psychic too.

Sky smiles bright at his own inside joke, if only he knew..

EXT. POWER PLANT BAR, LAGUNA BEACH - EVENING, SAME DAY

SKY, Rowdy and Mack with their girlfriends, and Embera stand together, along with Casper, in his wheelchair and his girlfriend attendant, inside the mod-industrial decor chatting. Club's otherwise full of a hip college crowd - ones standing groove to the electonica, hip hop song with primal drumming, that a performing live DJ plays.

MACK:

Why you even still standing, man.

He places his hands on either side of Sky's head, shakes it mockingly some between his hands, then releases his hold.

Casper:

Should gone in. Sprung me quick.

SKY:

(laughing)

Mack shake head any more, may have.

MaCK:

Could roll that thick skull in a cement truck, not crack open none.

SKY:

Just happy Casp didn't bite the biscuit. Be my fault, again..

Rowdy:

Got get you off that tired old tune! Seeing you scot free tonight, and here all these college ladies..

Rowdy puts two fingers into his mouth, piercingly whistles. College crowd dancing, mostly all women, jolt eyes on Rowdy.

Rowdy:

Friend here, Sky, needs someone to dance with. What say, hey?

Rowdy shoves Sky into midst of the pack of woman, who draw in close about him, leaving the few boyfriends they been dancing stranded standing at perimeter of the dance floor. Sky grins.

SKY:

As say, when in.., Laguna Beach, got do as.., the Lagunatas do..

As if on cue, the girls start dancing to the primal drum beat of the DJ's hip hop electronica song. Sky joins the frenzy.

Moving to middle front of the woman, Sky starts throwing down deftly suave dance moves, which the ladies resonate in turn.

Rowdy, Mack, Casper, Embera, shake their heads in not so much disbelief but renewed wonder at Sky's innate magnetism.

Mack:

Sky, not going have all the fun.

He bounds to nearby empty table, drums voraciously on it with hands, adding thunder to incessant tribal beat of the song.

SKY:

(yells over to Mack)

Not be a party, Mack not pounding the drums like a Mackiac.

Sky looks at his sister standing beside Casp in his wheelchair. He gestures to her to take him over into the fray.

Embera smiles. To ire of Casp's girlfriend, Embera puts her hand down into nearest one of Casper's. Her leading way, Casp wheels his chair with free hand towards the center of the floor. Sky and the girls respectfully melt back away, as his sis and Casp begin dance together, the DJ shifting into a melodic groove, Matt toning down his drumming some to suit.

As song comes to end, Embera kisses Casp on top of his forehead. Sky looks about the other women still standing around, points towards Casp. One after another they come up to Casp, and hug arms about his shoulders, kiss him on the head like Embera had, but, some, on his cheek, a couple on his mouth.

Sky comes over in front of Casper, knells down, raising one high five hand to Casper's shoulder level. Casp slaps it.

Casp:

Past`s past. What counts now. And wait see, get back on feet, too.

SKY:

Sure. Anyone, be you. Hey, I`ll drop in once in while, help.

CASP:

(teasing)

Sure not just to run into Kay..

SKY:

(smile coyly at first)

Well, if so happens so, too.. Can`t have you run away with my gal just because.., I.. . Okay, dropping it.

INT. BACK IN L.A., SOMEWHERE - COUPLE DAYS LATER

VANESSA:

Through with the escapades, Sky.. .

SKY:

What want chain me to you, and Blu.

VANESSA:

You need, be grounded. Look at the state your past you got you into..

SKY:

Not the ways back, me.. .

VANESSA:

You always been a loose canon.

SKY:

Not always bought and paid for one.

VANESSA:

You want to find more about your father you have to contain your-self, work with-in the system that has the might need. I have. And..

SKY:

DSI..

VANESSA:

Might to make right. You, alright.

SKY:

Or that might but a mighty blight.

VANESSA:

Don`t watch it, go off rocker like.

SKY:

Can`t think my dad went..

VANESSA:

You? Like son, like.. . Don`t be so sure what find be what want, find.

SKY:

No matter. Got know. Deal, then.

VANESSA:

Live long enough.., til..

He smiles.

SKY:

Long as live wicked sweet, til..

VANESSA:

Don't like sound of that. Not think-ing do something..

SKY:

Sick!..

VANESSA:

Slick.

She smiles despite self, oddly compelled by his wild streak.

VANESSA:

You do, think can, not let anyone, know.., be you? Go against your em-ployment chances, here..

SKY:

Time come, see how the wind blows. Cripes! Sound like dad near when..

VANESSA:

Maybe have watch over you, as you have watched over me..

SKY:

Jupiter, thought of that. You. Real-ly have that deep a feeling for me, now? Who said going be my "Stella".

VANESSA:

Saved my life twice. Don't you think, that alone, infect me.., with, you. Together, been drawn.

Ok. begins where.. Redondo Beach, the 12th (with big part of that the young w rich) richest area by per capital income in the united states (plus curiously a low property tax rate . High assessments means not need charge a high tax rate). in contrast with (working class, high tax areas of) maywood, 3rd smallest cirt in la district, laid off entire city staff and services like police, fire dept, and outsourced it all so not have go bankrupt, 97% hispanic or latino.

As a backdrop rather than a thread, idea of acceptance, rejection, nessim, community, opportunity - character, someone brilliant within challenging condition, perhaps tied into character from redondo beach

So how sky figure into all this? And in connection to long beach previous and environ and future tech themes

Do have hispanic tie in the previous, puerto rican, be the nexus connection to maywood - anyway for 2012 MAY's episode MAYwood fits in perfect with that..