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SUPERHERO SUNMAN®, VIGNETTE #5 (JANUARY 2012)

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD. AT EGYPTIAN THEATRE -NEW YEAR'S EVE 2011

A red limo on Hollywood Blvd. nears the Egyptian Theatre, tonight its courtyard enclosed with a tent for its New Year's Eve 2011 Party. Around venue, and spilling onto the Boulevard is a large crowd of revellers dressed in gowns and suits.

Before limo looms a few police cars. Officers stand in the area around the Theatre, halting, or directing to slow, the flow of traffic along the Blvd. to protect the party-goers.

One officer in the middle of limo's lane, stretches forth an arm at the limo, directing it to come to a stop while people cross the street to the Theatre. Driver side, limo window rolls down. Driver inside sticks capped head out it. Last of the people get across. Officer waves for the limo to proceed.

Limo driver sticks head in. He drives forward but veers to right so that front wheel comes up on the outer edge of the sidewalk. He straightens course, parallel straddles that edge of the sidewalk up to front of the Theatre, where he stops.

Irked officer strides for limo driver's door. He's halfway when hastily exits limo's other side, back passenger door, Sky, in chic black tux with red accents, white shirt, no tie. He winds in blur around limo toward the officer, cuts on in front of him before he gets to driver's door. Sky smiles.

SKY:

But a sec. Being dropped off.

OFFICER:

Nothing allowed here! Say, you Sky Anderson? Extreme stunts, you do..
Half a sec, I'll look other way.

Driver opens his door, brusquely gets out. Expressionless in dark sunglasses, he passes between Sky and the officer, goes around Sky, parks himself at the back passenger door on this side. He leans in over it, grabs door handle, begins open the door. Seeing that, Sky rotates round, shoves arm against that door preventing driver from opening it more than an inch.

SKY:

Allow me.., if that's okay by you?

DRIVER:

Whatever you want. It's your hire.

SKY:

Alrighty then!

Driver, more miffed to Sky's amusement, steps back. Sky opens door. Red pump, along with sleek, sheer nylon clad leg pokes out followed by lady's other shoe and leg. Sky reaches down an open palm. One of her hands ascends, grasps his. He helps ease her up. Her face comes in view, Kay. She wears a taunt, low top, plunging back, electric blue dress. Officer gawks.

SKY:
Welcome to Holly-woz, Do.

KAY:
If I'm Dorothy, who be you taking me to this grand ball into twenty twelve: Strawman; Tinman or Lion?

SKY:
Me, lion!.. Rahhh.

KAY:
Don't know why I ask? Course you'd be. What a glitter-fest crowd.

Kay squirms in her dress, adjusts breasts more snug in it.

KAY:
Think I look okay? This bunch a pretty sophisticated lot..

SKY:
But not a one as fabulous as you..

KAY:
Wow, trying make up in one line for all the grief, not to mention deadly peril, you gave me this year?..

SKY:
Do the trick for you?..

KAY:
Not even close - nice try. But least we'll make it to the New Year. Too late anything *else* can..

SKY:
(..as Steve Martin..)
Don't know Kay, this party going be like *some wild and crrazzzy!*..

KAY:
Not half as some wild and crazy as us dancing up a fire-storm.

KAY:(cont'd)

Sure do feel like letting loose ow!

SKY:
Leave eye *half* open. Be *my* body-
guard! Keep *me* safe and sound next
two hours to midnight. *Hear that?*

Faintly heard from main tent is DJ spinning The Bodyguard movie song, I Have Nothing. "*..I don't really need to..*".

"..look very much further, I don't want to have to go where you don't follow. I will hold it back again, This passion inside. Can't run from myself, There's nowhere to hide."

Kay pretend grabs from an air-wall a thin sword. She swings it above her head. She lowers it, level to ground, pointed ahead, until rests steady just below front of her chest. She presses tip out til juts in skin of Sky's chest, heart high.

KAY:
Can't *I* get you, like, into some
deep shit first, *then*, save you?..

SKY:
(ruefully laughing)
Touche! Hanging with wicked witch
of the west? Careful, super sharp.

KAY:
Sharp as pierce **your** heart forever?

SKY:
Oh baby, do behave..

Imitating Kevin Costner, he gently pushes aside her pretend sword. He wipes away a pretend trickle of blood where *it* had stuck into him. He lifts those fingers to mouth, licks them.

SKY:
Not salty. Sweet. As me.

KAY:
Don't you mean, sweet, as me..

SKY:
Not half as! Hmm.., that a Twilight
zomb moment or what?!

KAY:
We are so like movie nut-jobs!..

SKY:
We so live in the movie mecca-wood.

They crack up into a mutual laughing fit..

INT. IN BIG TENT OVER EGYPTIAN THEATRE COURTYARD - SOON LATER

Center of the courtyard packed with couples dancing, Sky and Kay dance to the DJ spun electronica song mix under a strobe assault of whirling lasers and flashing lights. Sky shouts..

SKY:
Some party, huh!?

Kay's jostled by inebriated man of an inebriated whirling couple. She glares. He shrugs, grins eyes back to his lady.

MAN'S LADY DANCE PARTNER:
Oppsy us.. . Ha ha.

KAY:
(irked, to Sky)
Yeah, if jammed in a tin can like a sar-dame is like fun.

SKY:
Okay. Need space. Say head into the Egyptian, go whiz back in time.

Kay nods. He takes her hand, leads her for the doors that open into interior of the Egyptian Theatre. Passing man who bumped Kay, he crosses a leg behind his knees, rams into him. Man trips back over it. Sky catches him halfway to the floor. He tilts him back up onto his alcoholically unsteady legs.

SKY:
Oppsy me.

Stuporous man glares. He swings wild flung fist at Sky. It errantly sails by but trips himself up. He pirouettes down. Sky catches him, saving him from hitting the deck once more.

SKY:
Sure rather dance with my gal Kay, here. Better let up guy. Lest you like miss *Miss 2012* roll on in..

Sky checks watch, hour to midnight. He snatches Kay's hand, lifts, propels, hands over the annoying, staggering couple. He merrily dashes them rest way to exit. Sky stops abruptly there, Kay carrying into his catching arms. He props her up.

Sky spies an Egyptian pattern, generally gold tablecloth on a table near him, goes to it. With a flick, he seizes it off table, nothing under it tipping over. He brings it over to Kay.

Sky drapes it passably like a Queen of Egypt dress on her.

SKY:
My Cleopatra, *your* pyramid awaits.
Read Egyptian's all decked like..

KAY:
Lived couple and half thou years
way *after* the great pyramid, you..

SKY:
Should had one! Imagine her and Anthony entombed together for all ti..

KAY:
..ime. Why Anthony, sounds like you want be *entombed forever with me?*..

SKY:
Slug me! I *say* what I just said?..

Sky, *feeling entombed*, eyes Kay hesitatingly, averts eyes to a passing waitress holding aloft a tray of drinks. He deftly grabs a beer off tray, plops ten dollar bill on it, indicates she can keep the change. He drowns half the beer. Kay stares.

SKY:
Beer. Big thing *then too!* Want one?

KAY:
Not. Have a wine, *or few*, inside..

INT. PYRAMID DECORATED INTERIOR OF THE EGYPTIAN - LATER SOME

Inside the austere, pyramid inner chamber like, red schemed, Egyptian Theatre amid the dense party crowd dancing here too, or seated at the array of white tablecloth, slabs of tables, Sky and Kay watch the DJ playing the room, and other couples.

DJ spins up an ancient Egypt aura infused, pulsating trance mix version of the song, "Rebel Yell", by Billy Idol.

Kay leans in to Sky, brings mouth to his ear as resounds from club in it: "In the Midnight Hour, she wants more more mo.."

KAY:
Heard him, the lady wants more..

SKY:
More? Not the midnight hour yet..

KAY:
Wanta dance with you now now now!..

This time, she takes his hand, instigates him into dancing. She shakes hips, throws hands up, swings them swaying around above her head. She screams along with the song.. : " With a rebel yell... Yah Yah Yah". She jumps in place, pounds down her arms. When the lyrics return to "..she wants more", she shimmies up and down along Sky, pressed in close to him.

Sky places hands on her waist, revolves himself around her. When back in front of her, they slowly twist and grind together, arms about another, shards of lights sparkling on them.

Sky sees the clock beyond them, it reads Eleven Forty Seven..

SKY:
Thirteen minutes to twenty-twelve.
Not superstitious, hope?..

KAY:
(wine assured, giddy)
Nuthin can happen fore *twelve to!*..

Yet.. Sky has a flash of vision. As second hand on clock agonizingly slow turns one second to next, clicking loud, he pre-cognites a menacing vertical shadow come up behind Kay. Its deepest dark flows grippingly over her shoulders, around her waist, appears like consumes, eclipses her, her light.

KAY:
(aghast seeing him too)
What **got** into you!? You, *seeing..*, something? Sky, its *so close* to New Year, **can`*t* be nothing can.., come between us - not now!!!..**

SKY:
Noth.., ing - wanted put past year behind us. Go you, me, into the new year, strong, fresh, *unclouded*.

KAY:
(near hysterical)
This about me, you?! Got tell me **what** you just saw! Swear, if you back out on me **now**, I'll, **I'll..**

From tux, Sky hands her a small box, wrapped with a gold bow.

SKY:
You, you keep *this*. Until time comes I *can*, with *all* my..

She grabs box, throws it furiously back at him. It bounces off his chest, deflects high into the air. Box comes apart, spilling the exquisite diamond ring in it. Ring bright sparkling in the lights, hails down like sharp ice to floor. Couples all about stop dancing to gawk at their tragic spectacle.

Ironically, song DJ starts play now is Paradise by Coldplay.

KAY:

(beyond furious)

You keep it! Don't want to see **you** again. Not, ever! Hear me, **..never!**

Tears gush from her eyes. She pounds hands hard down against his chest then shoves him forcibly back with both them. She whirls, dashes fast as can away from him for the exit door.

SKY:

Kay! Kay! **Kay....**

But she doesn't slow, continues collide on by people to, and on out, the exit door. The DJ, caught up by the drama, eases music volume down to nil, casting room into a hushed silence.

Everyone stares insinuatingly at Sky. Takes all Sky can muster to gesture at DJ to play, resume the New Year's Eve party for everyone *else*. Clock display shows six minutes to twelve. DJ, deviously grins, spins a disco beat pumped version of Bon Jovi's Nobody's Hero. Sky glares at him. DJ smiles, shrugs.

DJ:

Not so for you, tonight?..

Time flashes rapid fast by to last few seconds before the New Year, Sky in a stupor drowning a few beer meanwhile. He sees in blur the couples count last ten seconds down to one. They erupt into cheers, hugs, sweeping off feet, long kisses while a ceaseless blizzard of glittering confetti descends on them.

The DJ plays Auld Lang. Mercilessly, he next plays Whitney Houston's Want to Dance With Somebody. All too much for Sky, he stumbles off for the exit. Even in his state, along way, he attracts the attention, impromptu kisses, and fond touches of several ladies to the consternation of their partners.

As Sky reaches the exit door, a well known, tabloid favorite, troubled actress, throws her arms about his neck, kisses him on the lips, exact time a notorious celeb TV show photographer snaps them. His camera flash strobes on off again, again.

Actress slips her number in Sky's tux pocket, slides sensuously hands off him, backs away Marilyn Monroe silkily *deja vu** (*Skyfall#3). Dazed by flash of cameras, Sky barges out exit.

SKY:
Like *need* be on TMZ too!

He faces random person nearest him, manages a satiric grin.

SKY:
Where's the nearest hole in ground.

THAT PARTY GOER:
Should be partying bud, not..

SKY:
Yeah be.., *sky not fell..*

