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EXT. STRETCH OF CALIFORNIA BEACH BY PACIFIC OCEAN -MIDMORNING

In short breezy blue dress, matching pumps swaying by strap ends held in one hand, Kay, mid twenties, fetching, meanders ocean foam along edge of white sand beach. She peers inland to dilapidated Airstream trailer backed by sheer cliff-face.

Clasping shoes tightly under an armpit, she turns toward the trailer, resolutely but measuredly strides in beeline for it.

Near trailer`s dented door, she hears large sounding dog barking behind it. She stops at door. Inside, dog whimpers. Standing there, her emerald eyes implore door to open of its own.

KAY:

Come on Sky, open! Know it`s me.

She hears nothing but dog inside scratching at door eagerly.

KAY:

You`d let me in Beaut, um could..

She laughs. Staring at yet immobile door, she frowns.

KAY:

You are not home, okay, cause..

Nothing. She fishes annoyed for something in her bra straps. Key`s retrieved in her fingers. She inserts it in lock, turns knob, pulls. Door sticks. She yanks on it with all her might, stumbles backward when it flings open, bangs off own frame.

KAY:

Have got fix, that!..

(notices quizzical dog)

No don`t expect you. So where`s Sky

- guy`s never around when you...

..her annoyed eyes spying a land-line phone receiver suspended by cord off edge of an end table next the back wall. Dog peers around her looking for Sky, is confused seeing no-one.

KAY:

As left in the dark as me, um?

She rubs his head, walks in the trailer. Dog turns, follows. Kay gazes at a couple rows of upright, few deep surfboards stacked neatly in corner of left and back wall. Skateboards lay aligned in racks by them. Rest of interior lies in chaos.

KAY:

Can`t use surfing as `cuse. Boards here. Less made okay *another*? Can`t of got a *new gal* trying latch, on?

Walking, pondering, she trips on part of a parachute overflowing its backpack on the floor, rest untidily stuffed in. Lying beside it is a slick fabric, blue and red, jumpsuit.

KAY:

Sure hope not so whack careless
when got this like *properly* packed?

Searing glint of sun reveals tangle of tipped over trophies, forming a pile against the left wall. She squats over them, picks up topmost trophy, for a world surfing championship - Sky Anderson inscribed on it. Another's for skateboarding.

KAY:

Whole world awed in your hands.
Seemed. Til got sick of it, all..

Kay observes top of a poster, rest unseen behind a tall bookcase, mid back wall. Part visible shows Sky's head in helmet, shoulders, buffeting in free-fall, early dawn sky above. It's captioned: Sky, sweet stunt LA - ..enough to recall memories.

KAY:

So glad never saw that! Hard 'nuff
to see the film. All so gnarly the
drama got me in after, even so..
(heart pounding, laughs)
Sic rush, that part alone!

Right of poster, she sees overtop a small cube refrigerator, the large framed photograph of Sky next identical twin brother Jason, each with a hand with v shaped couple fingers posed in behind, and up above, back of the other's head.

Below is small framed photograph entitled Jason: one wicked bikester - of Jason, twenty foot sky high on motor-cross bike flung off lip of bike racecourse's steep inclined dirt mogul.

Propped atop cube fridge are more photos. Her eyes seize on one of the brothers, but thirteen, standing together, too, in foreground, dark haired sis, Jackie, six, squeezed in-between them. Their parents stand behind. Dad back of Sky, has a hand on Sky's arm, mom behind Jason resides one her's on his head.

Kay's gaze strays down to lone picture taped to fridge's surface, her and Sky, early twenties, kissing, one eye of Sky's winking mischievously at the camera. Kay tisks, then smiles.

Coming closer, her foot snubs a book on the floor. She looks down at forties something face of Sky's dad, reads title: David Anderson, Of Life Lived Beyond the Blue Sky, By Gloria Anderson. Underneath title is: Genius. Extreme Engineer. Space Colony Visionary, Adventurer, Husband, Dad, Missing Person.

Kay bends, picks it up, puts it in a gap in the bookcase. Intrigued by a black spine book, she pulls it out, reads title.

KAY :
 Space Colonies, Galactic Transport
 and Communications, Alien and Human
 Design Concepts. By David Anderson.
 (shakes head awed)
 Way totally off the rad deep end
 roots in your family, Sky....

Ticking clock beats heavy in silence. She looks for, spots, above Sky's messed up bed along the right wall, the wall clock, its face image of the sun, long, yellow, metal spear rays poking out from it. Suspended under it is a tides chart.

Calender, tack hung next clock, is turned to September 2011.

KAY:
 Swear um sun, you, tighter than us.
 Know them tides like as much feel
 the touch of your surfboard's skin.

She surveys untidy bed, discerns a bunch of stuff under it.

KAY:
 Gone all major sketchy..

She kneels to explore - more accolades, a plaque declares Sky as U.S. Junior Surfing Champion, Nineteen Ninety Nine. She scans piled atop each other more plaques, turned onto backs.

Corner of a large scrapbook deep under the bed fixates her. She reaches for it, pulls it back to her. She sits on floor in a lotus pose, on her folded legs lies out scrapbook flat. She flips over the cover, exposing the first interior page.

Posted there, paperclips held, is an L.A. Times, lower front page clipping, along with a torn swath across paper's topmost section containing date: July Thirtieth, Nineteen Ninty-Six.

The article clipping headline declares: David Anderson whereabouts yet unknown. First line of article reads: No clues have been found in the search for renown space visionary and adventurer David Anderson, who disappeared two weeks ago today. Police suspect possible foul play but not ruled out an intentional act. Police spokeswoman Diane Tolls stated: "Be not the first time he'd have set out on an exploit, not told anyone."

She musingly rubs finger over the words. Stymied she flips to next page, to posted L.A. Times photo dated Two Thousand Six: Sky, Jason, both beaming, emerging from a courthouse. It's captioned: "Anderson Twins spend night in jail after ruckus."

EXT. BEACH, REWOUND BACK FEW MINUTES - MID MORNING REWOUND

Same as before, Kay, oceanside, gazes in-shore to trailer, turns, heads there. View behind, on her to trailer in distance zooms few times with increasing magnification, decreasing frame of view, on by her to close-up of trailer's window.

Curtain moves slightly til slightly drawn, is pulled back with constrained little apparent motion. Hear voice inside..

VOICE INSIDE:

Hey Beaute, hold the chill down for me. Got to scram.. .

There's the sound of someone in the trailer zipping a knapsack, moment later a floor hatch opening, closing..

Seen as before Kay near trailer, this time from vantage point a distance away, off one side, from behind an eight foot high boulder, view slightly swaying as through someone's eyes...

INT. L.A. CLUB TIGHT ON SKY'S BACK - VIGNETTE 2, MONTH LATER

SKY (V.O. TO TBA)

So made it off in wick of time. Way Kay walked meant business, can be a handful. Who needs that! Give a guy some O-two, hey. Man, but how sweet she was looking. A gas, her waiting for the door to just open wide...

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