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**SKYFALL Vignette 2, Part 1, Night Rain Hollow-eeen Oct 26 2011**

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD, LOS ANGELES - NIGHT, OCTOBER 26TH 2011

Night, driving rain. Seen blurry from back is Sky as skateboards in, out of right lane of traffic north up Sunset Boulevard, sleek cars whizzing by. Cab passes, screeches brakes swerving by, pulls onto curb-side up from Sky. Driver's window slides down, face of big black man thrusting out of it.

BIG BLACK MAN:  
(yelling back to Sky)  
Hell doing in this man? Wanta ride  
anywhere. No charge, slow Wednes..

Sky flips board in hands, walks to cab. Amazed he smiles.

SKY:  
Do that, would you..?

BIG BLACK MAN:  
(he smiles)  
Don't make a habit of it. But bro,  
not be right pass by. Where be go-  
ing in such zigzag of a rush.

SKY:  
Nowhere. Had get out.

BIG BLACK MAN:  
Woman trouble? Crabbin fever huh?

SKY:  
Got be a freebird, hey..

BIG BLACK MAN:  
You know lots folks having Hallow-  
een bashes tonight.. . Myself, I'm  
kicking off, going to this comedy  
joint - ever hear of a Flack Haps ?

SKY:  
Rings a bell.

BIG BLACK MAN:  
Hop in. Be crashin open mic bo now.  
Flack educate your soaked dumb ass.

SKY:  
Know this city like back of..

BIG BLACK MAN:  
Like I own this mother freaking..

Sky chuckles. Seeing Sky reach for money inside his pocket, the cabbie protests until Sky peels off a damp but otherwise pristine hundred dollar bill nestled among some twenty more.

CABBIE:

Could sworn you be broke as one  
these painted ladies over there..  
Hell bells, somebody big ain't you?

SKY:

Not so big as you big guy!..

CABBIE:

That goes without saying !!

SKY:

Guess was..., one swank hotshot.

CABBIE:

I know ah, Sky, somethang or other.

SKY:

Anderson. Sky Anderson.

CABBIE:

The Kid!!  
(lets out whistle)  
Man, one whack extreme nutcase you.  
Jumped outta planes and crazy shit  
like that. Ain't seen nuthin on TV  
bout you lately. You still...

SKY:

Only for kicks..

CABBIE:

Cashed on in, hey, hey. Living the  
life, free easy. Set pretty. Can't  
see guy like you rolling wild round  
in the rain, no got chauffeur, you?  
Hey, I`m cool with that. Whatcha,  
some kind of recluse now too..?

CABBIE:

(seeing Sky smile)  
What the.. are! Not flipped off the  
burger grill sizzle onto the ground  
cold `ve you. No give rides to no..

SKY:

(grinning)  
Sure can take care of yourself.

CABBIE:

Got that right! Used be wrestler,  
tough nut. Tank-man. Won mo cause  
wuz think-man. Not sum muscle head.

SKY:

Think can not run over any cars,  
way over. You'd crush them good.

EXT. DRIVING THROUGH L.A. TO CLUB MAVERICK'S FLAT - NIGHT

Cab drives short words apart distance from Sunset Boulevard  
to Leimark Park, to near-by, Maverick's Flat centered in this  
black community, past (late 2011) encroachment of graffiti.

Cabbie spots an obtuse spot, only one free close to club's  
marquee sign that blurts: Open Mic Comedy Night tonight with  
Lewis Dix Jr and friends. Cabbie whips cab into the spot. His  
grin confirms his satisfaction at knowing city inside, out.

INT. INTERIOR OF MAVERICK'S FLAT, MID SHOW - MOMENTS LATER

Cabbie bursts through doors into the club, costumed people in  
front of him backing out way of his bulk. Club's filled with  
blacks excepting a few scattered other folk. Sky enters club,  
not *at all* ill at ease. Cabbie looks back, discerning that.

CABBIE:

*Sheet you so smug? You ain't black!*

His attention's diverted by crowd going wild reacting to the  
show under way - black comedian Flack Haps physically rolling  
along stage with odd motions, convolutions of his body, face.

CABBIE:

Happys burning joint down tonight!  
Dat for sure! Nasty fun-naay!

Before serious tough cabbie is as giddy as a teenage girl.  
Meantime, as always happens with Sky, ladies all around the  
club gaze his way with more than passing interest. The cabbie  
looks about the ladies with lingered gazes at beauties, curt  
glances at most ancient, but all are fixated on Sky, not him.

CABBIE:

Blazing smoke up my.., is that?

Flack Haps rises, lies mike on the stand before him.

FLACK HAPS:

*Everyday Flack's Happyween then!*

Cabbie and Sky head for a side table, Flack staring at them.

FLACK HAPS:  
You saying first half my act not  
worth seeing? Sauntering in so..

Flack saunters exaggeratedly across the stage their way.

CABBIE:  
Don't go giving me no grief now  
Haps, working man. Not like this..

FLACK HAPS:  
Not be Sky Kid Anderson! Become a  
ghost you! Up shows near *Halloween*.

Cabby's aghast, taken aback.

CABBIE:  
*You, know, the Flack?!..*

FLACK HAPS:  
Used run with the brother. Why not  
come on stage. See you got anything  
better do than interrupting my ass.  
Looka all the ?hoes still into you.

He swoons mocking like one. Sky rueful beams, looking round.

SKY:  
Got it, never lose it, hey?

FLACK HAPS:  
(back himself..)  
No joke. Two of a kind we, haw.

SKY:  
(Brad Pitt like)  
Don't want steal your thunder!

FLACK HAPS:  
Like if.... That twin brother of  
yours, ain't seen longer than you..  
Knock off did you? People ya should  
seen how they tried outdo ta other.

SKY:  
Away four years. Nice 'nuff spat.

FLACK HAPS:  
Why gone all half *Hollow*-seen!?!..

Sky shrugs.

INT. MAVERICK'S FLAT - LATER, AFTER HAP'S ROUTINE OVER  
Sky's back. Flack Haps gaffawing. Pull back, them at table.

FLACK HAPS:  
So you hi-tailed your...?

SKY (VO, AS FLASHED AHEAD TO IN VIG 1)  
So made it off in the 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  
stoked sweet she was looking. Gas,  
her waiting on door to open wide..

FLACK HAPS:  
Thought you two were tight as..

SKY:  
Let board slide off the top some.  
Giving me grief over it.

FLACK HAPS:  
Don't squash yo *pumpkin to pulp* l..

SKY:  
Lost edge. Not squished n burned  
like you. *Then come back to seed.*

FLACK HAPS:  
Don't do crazy chute no more?..

SKY:  
More crazy as.. . But why for..

FLACK HAPS:  
Never found dad? Now twin brother  
gone off. What got is a crib ripped  
apart good. Sure feel off, the,  
hook, Mr. Hollow-een man. Get back  
with your Kay. Be thankful what got  
man! Got my shit together woo whack-  
ity whackity woo, sure you can too.

SKY:  
Woo whackity whackity woo..

FLACK HAPS:  
WOO WHACKITY WHACKITY WOO!

FLACK HAPS AND SKY:  
WOO WHACKITY WHACKITY WOOOOO!  
(MORE)