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

October 29th, night, outside Madame Tussauds Wax Museum, its marquee declaring "Here Tonight: The Dead Celebrities Halloween Costume Ball 2011". A steady stream of costumed people, attired as past departed celebrities and historical figures, walk from cars, taxis, underground parking to museum, enter.

In goes giggly duo of Marilyn Monroes hanging on either arm of "Humphrey Bogart" in Casablanca vintage white suit. Behind them waddles rotund trio of "Alfred Hitchcock, W.C. Fields and Marlon Brando", behind them, Sammy Davis Jr. with Dino.

Limo rolls to, stops by, curb at the entrance. A driver gets out, walks to curb passenger door, opens it. Legs of a lady extend out door. Her high heel feet slide to the sidewalk.

Other passenger side door flings open. Figure in hard white helmet, glass visor up, and Nineteen Sixty, retro-futuristic, flight suit costume with name patch Kittinger, scrambles out of limo, hops, slides over back ends of it to curbside door.

*Kittinger* reaches down glove hand to the lady inside, grasps her hand reaching up. View inside reveals Kay's face unmasked but her black wig, styled hairdo, white gown as in movie *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, identifies her as young Elizabeth Taylor.

KAY:

Sky, you can be a lout sometimes,  
but you never lose the charm long.

SKY:

Why Miss Taylor, can't believe anyone  
treat you poorly let alone me.

KAY:

You know nobodies going know who  
the heck are in that rig. More like  
think you're that Armstrong guy or  
like the other guy who broke like..

SKY:

Speed of sound. Chuck Yeager be he.

KAY:

You know if you like called me  
sooner, not three AM last night,  
could of coordinated our costumes.

SKY:

Think Kitt loved have court Liz,  
had chance - not so far fetched..

KAY:

Yeah but not took her to a fancy ball in space suit and helmet!

SKY:

*High altitude rig.* What, don't like make splashy entrances no more Liz?

KAY:

Very funny. Thought you been in the pits. Bought fresh new supply of laughy gas now have you? You, back, your old self, now??..

SKY:

Huh Kay, don't see you dressed as the Spanish Inquisition, so..

KAY:

*Meaning,* you don't know, for sure?

SKY:

Meaning tonight, *have fun,* you, me, all of Madame Tussaud's ghostly menagerie of the rich, famous and fabulously departed still partying on!

Kay spots a dead ringer for James Dean spotting her, smiling at her beguilingly. "Natalie Wood" beside him rolls her eyes.

KAY:

*There* a guy like party with!

SKY:

Him huh? He'll roll your car right off the road, then where you be? Oh yeah, celeb fan ghoul cemetery.

KAY:

I *any* safer around you?! The whack stuff you always egging me to do?..

INT. MADAME TUSSAUDS WAX MUSEUM - MOMENTS LATER

Sky, helmet off, held at side, and Kay, weave through crowd of costumed living and wax inanimate. Sky sees Daniel Craig's Bond figure at a table, goes there, adjusts Bond's tie right.

He looks at next table's wax Jessica Alba. He guides Kay by hand up beside Alba, steps backs. He eyes them over closely.

SKY:  
You know, you're *almost* as..

Kay thrusts her hand to, and holds it against, his mouth.

KAY:  
Like *hold* that thought?!..

Sky peels back her hand, yielding, from his mouth.

SKY:  
*Serene?* Sure as, *sweet?*.. Up til..

He smiles.

KAY:  
You *drove* me insane again!

SKY:  
Mad crazy for me. Hey, got a surprise for you at our table.

KAY:  
Got a table? *Isn't* that expens..

SKY:  
Shh, you'll make Jess jealous.

INT. ANOTHER FLOOR IN THE WAX MUSEUM - MOMENTS LATER

Elevator doors open, reveals within, Kay, Sky, other guests including one living, celeb couple dressed as deceased couple Clark Gable and Carol Lombard, plus a realistic "Heath Leger" Joker, kept well clear of as stands in the far back corner.

Kay enters floor, also crowded with celeb adorned and tables accompanied by famous wax figures. Sky, hands pointed over own head like Batman, follows Joker out elevator. Kay looks back stern. Sky drops hands, pats unsuspecting Joker on back.

Kay spots at table near left the imposing wax figure of Simon Cowell, table otherwise vacant. She yanks Sky over to *Cowell*.

KAY:  
Like *you*, get the table with Simon!

SKY:  
What? That's not the one. But hey since already here, why don't I?..

KAY:  
You knock it off already!

SKY:  
 (ignoring her, bemused)  
 ..introduce you to him.

Sky goes beside wax "Simon", puts a pal arm about Cowell's shoulders, leans in like to speak. Waitress eyes Sky across the way, worried he may damage the wax icon. Sky winks to waitress, lightly lifts arms slightly above its shoulders.

SKY:  
 So Simon, have I got a treat for  
 you tonight! Look no further for  
 your next American Idol than over  
 there and my girlfriend Kay.

Kay fidgets seeing many in the crowd, standing, seated, watching them now. Even a wax Conan the Barbarian seems to stare.

KAY:  
 Skkyyy. Everyone's...

SKY:  
 She's got a fabulous voice, you'll  
 never think she sings like a cruise  
 ship singer or eek as horrid, just  
 horrid, like she's on a beauty pag-  
 aent stage. She's a beauty though!

KAY:  
 Skyyyyyy.....

SKY:  
 Kay why don't you sing somethin?..

Kay briskly steps ahead, pokes Sky. She whispers in his ear.

KAY:  
 I am **not** going sing in front of..

SKY:  
 (to wax Cowell)  
 A terrible thing, stage fright!

Sky rubs hands down Kay's shoulders, to soothe. She untenses.

KAY:  
 Had enough your fun on me, now?

Sky turns her toward the table occupied by wax Brad Pitt and Angelina Jolie. He bows his head down to her ear, whispers..

SKY:  
But not apparently them! Turn away,  
turn away. Our table's this way.

He points to opposite side of the elevator. Kay shakes her head, chuckles. She succumbs to his pretend charades..

KAY:  
They are so so nosy! Think *they*  
were the paparazzi instead..

She looks in the direction Sky points away from "them", sees their table is presided over by the wax figure of Will Smith.

SKY:  
Me and Will are *ti-ight!*

KAY:  
Like I'd buy that.

SKY:  
Me, and wax Will..

Sky arcs his arm out towards their table, waits for her to join him. She walks to him, takes his hand. They go to their table with wax Will. There, Sky fist pounds wax Will's hand.

SKY:  
*Oh yeah, she's cool too!*

They sit at the table. Directly to right of them is the Clark and Lombard dressed, live, celebs. Sky looks oddly at them..

SKY:  
Funny that..

KAY:  
Funny what?

SKY:  
Funny odd, they there.

KAY:  
How's that?

Sky turns undivided attention to her, smiles quirkily..

SKY:  
How like where's the waitress!?

KAY:  
How's like not answering me?

INT. ROOSEVELT HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT, 2:13 AM (OCT. 30TH, 2011)

Still in costumes, Kay and Sky emerge through the entrance doors into lobby of the elegant Roosevelt Hotel, Hollywood.

KAY:  
Sure not sparing *no* expense to-night! You not planning on?..

SKY:  
Popping the question?? Or..

KAY:  
**Are you?!**

SKY:  
*On a first date, Miss Taylor?..*

KAY:  
..first **real** date in a while, you mean! We're been going together..

SKY:  
..forever! That make us *ghosts*? Ha.

KAY:  
Wow, taking this Halloween thing a bit far, aren't we? Uh, isn't this Hotel supposed be, um haunted? That remark back when, about?..

SKY:  
Clark and Lombard. Supposed been seen her ghost here. And also..

KAY:  
Marilynn Monroe! In a mirror or something was in her room, like?

SKY:  
Yeah. Also Montgomery Cliff, and..

KAY:  
Wait a sec. You're not thinking there's like a kind of ghost club here or something. What you want, go chat with them too, like the wax.. **No**, you cannot want **to**..

SKY : (IMPISHLY SMILING)  
Want to *what*?

KAY:

Ask them about your dad! If he's?..  
My God, you **are** thinking just that!  
Just when think finally going start  
coming back round, stop falling! No  
wonder why so giddy toni.. Wait,  
you aavv (of) seen something alre..

SKY:

Like voice in my head saying "Book  
a room there, and we will come..".

He laughs, she pokes him for the second time but harder as they walk the last couple steps to the reception desk, noticing lady clerk there been all ears on their conversation.

INT. HOTEL ELEVATOR - BIT LATER, TWO THIRTY-ONE AM, OCT. 30

Inside an elevator, just her and Sky, Kay watches the floor numbers go up. When it reaches the lit number of their floor, the door opens and Kay begins to exit. But..

Sky snatches hold of one of her shoulders, gently pulls her back inside.. Before she can utter a word, the doors slide abruptly shut, and elevator jerks back underway on up, up..

KAY:

Don't got another sur..

She sees now that the button lit for the Penthouse floor.

KAY:

You *cannot* have booked the?!..

SKY:

Booked years in advance, but, clerk said who booked it not be back in til least three, so thought go for a visit. Promised not to disturb..

KAY:

Gave you key?! That damn charm! So what's in?.. Oh, Clark and Lombard must of.., there? Not going have me dress *like* her or anything are you? Hope that Jimmy Steward wax figure not get you up to acting all weird too like in a Hitchcock movie like?

SKY:

Vertigo. That'd be.

KAY:  
 Thing you don't have.., but I do!

Elevator's ping in arriving at the Penthouse floor startles the distracted girl. Goose pimples raise on her skin as the doors zip open. She backs away into Sky's arms. His smile, warmth of body, arms, comforts her, some..

SKY:  
 If there's any ghosts about Kay, I won't let them bother you, *much*..

KAY:  
 Yeah you and what ghostbusters!..

They walk to Penthouse Suite door. Sky opens it with the master swipe-card. Sky first, then Kay, enter the dark room lit only by city lights and a silver of moon. Kay hastens a grasping hand for the light switch. Sky clasps hold of her hand.

SKY:  
 Wait.. We'll wait and see..

KAY:  
 (trembly)  
 With the lights out?..

SKY:  
 Romantic, isn't it?!

He adjoins her twitching, chill hands, rubs them in both his.

KAY:  
 Sure, romantic like a carnival fun house in Transylvania.

Loud bump of a noise startles them! Silence. Another bump makes her jump. Sky smiles at that. She squeezes eyes shut.

KAY:  
 Is she.., here?! Sky, is she?!..

Sky's not looking at her, but hard at a far wall. Kay stares there, sees nothing but maybe a faint glow, more like a trick of the incoming city lights.

KAY:  
 You see her, don't you?!

To Sky's eyes alone, glamorously gowned, transparent Carol Lombard saunters through Kay. She stops before Sky, lies her ghostly hand down on top his. She lifts his hand up to her cheek. Kay sees only Sky's hand rise like being guided up.

KAY:  
She's, oh, oh, **touching** you!..

Lombard bows, places mouth by Sky's ear, kisses it lightly.

SKY:  
He with you, over there?

KAY:  
Who?.. what?..

CAROL LOMBARD'S GHOST:  
(whispering in his ear)  
Gable? The fu(garbled) know where  
he gets to! Not he? *Your* pop.. Knew  
*how* get about, be stuck here with..

SKY:  
Hollywood romances never last huh?

CAROL LOMBARD'S GHOST:  
Not my.. Look, look maybe find what  
need find, or not. That Clark's no-  
where to be found. *Well..*

She moves her see-through lips in front of Sky's.

CAROL LOMBARD'S GHOST:  
You mind? What Clark don't know..

She kisses Sky, just on cheek, in case.., sighs.

CAROL LOMBARD'S GHOST:  
Such a lovely boy.

Reluctantly she turns aside, starts walking away, into,  
through a wall, but, stops half way by it to look back.

CAROL LOMBARD'S GHOST:  
Open eyes, what only **you** see, feel.

SKY:  
What lies in the..

CAROL LOMBARD'S GHOST:  
(as vanishes through wall)  
*To* lives or dies, lies what tries..

KAY:  
In the, in the, lies in the, what!?

"Don't let the Sun Go Down on Me", ghost mix, begins playing  
in Sky's mind.

SKY:  
 Kay, don't let sun go down on me,  
 alright? **Nev-ver!**

KAY:  
 Where **that** come from? She was here,  
 wasn't she! You saw her! Said some-  
 thing got you all weirded out good!

SKY:  
 Something, nothing. What?..

KAY:  
 So very like a ghost!

Sky, grasping, smiles. *So very like a ghost indeed.*

KAY:  
 Now can we go?! Can't wait to see  
**our** room! Uh hope Will Smith's no..

SKY:  
 No Will. *But now* Jimmy Steward,  
 (imitates Steward)  
*Can't vouch for that rascal!!*

KAY:  
 Not trying dresses on or changing  
 my do no matter **what** he, you says..

INT. KING STUDIO ROOM IN THE ROOSEVELT HOTEL - NEAR 3 AM

In warm confines of their room, Kay and Sky lie side by side on their bed which lies behind a perforated wood partition. Kay snores. Sky's arm's tucked underneath her head, her pillow. He awakes from a dream, dozy turns on side to watch Kay. He's surprised by sound like someone's kicked the entry door.

He shakes his head to see if he's still dreaming. Second kick at door snaps him wide awake. Hastily but carefully he slides his arm back from under her neck. Kay stirs, turns towards him, slips hand over on, down, his cheek but doesn't awake.

Sky in sport shorts gets out of bed. He walks to door, stops few feet shy of it, stares at it. Door knob begins glow red. He trusts a hand to knob, repeals hand, seared by heat of it, yet hand's unburned. Still concerned, his eyes hunt around.

He sees his shirt lying on a chair, goes picks it up, wraps it around his hand. He goes back to door and with wrapped hand quickly turns knob again, opening the door. His strong kick on it swings it wide open. He bounds into the hallway.

Seeing nothing, he eases door closed, careful to leave it slightly open. Rush of air from nowhere knocks him against the door. It fully shuts, locks. He shakes head annoyed.

He stares to side at now dead air, peers down long hall, in time to see a spectre of elegant man begin to pass through wall at end of hall, drink in one hand, lit cigarette other.

SKY:

(smiles to himself)  
No other than Montgomery Cliff.,  
in the whiff. **Hey!** - you like talk  
awhile, huh?! Got a *thing* want to..

Near through wall, "Cliff" pauses, distracted, puzzled. He turns head back to look at Sky. He sees him, seems sense in Sky something of awe. He points cigarette at the stairwell door. Shaking head grave, he walks rest way through the wall.

Sky goes to the stairwell entry door, pushes it open, enters stairwell. He pauses on landing, looks up, down, staircases.

SKY:

Suppose next see Marilyn herself!  
Be not *such* a bad thing..

Behind back appears ghost halo of man in mid fifties "who" bears an aged family resemblance to Sky. He speaks.

GHOST FIGURE:

*Long time, no see....*

SKY:

**Dad!** ..you..., *likewise..*

Sky turns to face his dad, examines his face, wavering.

SKY:

You are..., **gone?!** I've been, for-  
ever - *hoped.. Be still..*

GHOST FORM OF HIS DAD:

*Am I..., am I not.. **still?!***

SKY:

*Don't know?!* Um, *have aged. Ghosts  
don't grow old, do they?!*

GHOST FORM OF HIS DAD:

All pass, sooner, later.. . You the  
**one** that sees the.. .

SKY:

*Barely!* Past, now unseen, futur..

GHOST FORM OF HIS DAD:  
Be one, *those*, huh?..

SKY:  
**Not know or won't tell? More secr..**

GHOST FORM OF HIS DAD:  
**Anger?.. Odd, fate..** No one.., gets  
know, all - not even you!

SKY:  
This not **all** in my head, **right?!..**

His dad rapidly fades til barely visible. Sky throws his arms around him to hold, restrain him but only air remains. A yet cold chill of air he feels by one ear, there hears dad waveringly whisper like straining hard from dissipating all away.

GHOST FORM OF HIS DAD:  
*..will.., need..*

SKY:  
**Need?! Who? Me..? You?..**

GHOST FORM OF HIS DAD:  
*Only you.. can..*

SKY:  
**Can?!.. Can what?!..**

GHOST FORM OF HIS DAD:  
*Through..*

SKY:  
*Through, what?..*

GHOST FORM OF HIS DAD:  
*Burns..*

SKY:  
**Burns?.., what, why?..**

GHOST FORM OF HIS DAD:  
*..to..*

SKY:  
**To what, where, who?! ..to, ..you?!**

GHOST FORM OF HIS DAD:  
*If.., not.., di..*

Words fade into nothing but stairwell's ventilated airflow.

SKY:  
*If?! There an if! Wait, **could** you  
 see? **Wait!** Did gramps **go off the?..***

Few stairwell lights pop loud, go out, shattering stillness.

SKY:  
***Damn!** Did **it** again! *Gone like the  
 wind.* Don`t suppose come back, *huh?**

Nothing.

SKY:  
 Didn't think so..

***But,** he feels someone, unseen, sweetly run gently a soft hand  
 across his face. He sees face, torso of Marilyn Monroe in a  
 low cut top, fuzzy white wrap, materialize before him. At him  
 she winks, draws close, deeply kisses him on the mouth. She  
 backs a step, places forefinger over his lips. She slides it  
 off, turns, walks silkily up the steps, fading into thin air.*

SKY:  
 Now know **must** be dreaming it all..

INT. END OF HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Sky re-enters hallway from stairwell. He hears loud thump at  
 far end away from their hotel room. He beams a *hopeful* smile!

SKY:  
 Back, are you?..

He has a sudden intense dread! Lights flash out! Total dark!

SKY:  
 Not..., you..., then, **who?!..**

Hallway erupts in inferno around Sky, flames like wildfire  
 whipped. Air consumed, Sky gasps. Solid black man-shape leaps  
 out foot before Sky, erupts into a man on fire. Waxy, real,  
 face melts. He turns black smoke, tornado whirls about Sky.

Smoke spreads til hall all dark. Snap on in turn all the hall  
 lights. Back normal, yet Sky stands bewildered. Behind a room  
 door opens. Kay exits in blue silk nightgown, walks to Sky.

KAY:  
*Sky? **Thought heard** like a *wind* or..  
 Why you, like *there* like 4 AM? Not  
*still* chasing down?!.. Why, you're  
**shaking**, you never shake, **ever!!..***

