

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

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EXT. 5TH AVENUE AT SAKS DEPT. STORE - CHRISTMAS EVE 2011

Zooming in through a store window of Saks Fifth Avenue reveals Sky stooped as looks down into a glass cabinet display containing racks of the shop's most sparkling, costly rings and necklaces. Elegant lady clerk, forty, watches behind the counter. Her eyes alight seeing Sky's eyes freeze on the most exquisite emerald hue diamond ring next a matching necklace.

LADY JEWELRY CLERK:
They, go together. You give your sweetheart that, she'll be your's forever - guaranteed!

Sky lifts his gaze up on her. He quirkily smiles.

SKY:
Guaranteed *huh?* Come in writing?!..

LADY JEWELRY CLERK:
Don't think be necessary, *you?* Of course, if you can't afford, *such*, surety, always *that* ring over..

Sky straightens so stands casually facing her. Smile widens.

SKY:
You don't think I *can*..

LADY JEWELRY CLERK:
No, no, but don't *exactly* look li..

SKY:
A banker. CEO. A Donald?..

LADY JEWELRY CLERK:
(blushed, giddy)
No. But do look, just, swell - but you, *must*, get *this*, a lot?..

SKY:
(teasing her)
Why going make *me* blush, too!..

LADY JEWELRY CLERK:
She'll be a lucky girl.. . You really want to buy *such* a..

SKY:
Chunk of rock? But sure do spook, that, guaranteed *forever* part!

LADY JEWELRY CLERK:
*Always same! Comes time to lay it
 all on the line, they get the..*

SKY:
 Hope not from *personal* experience?

LADY JEWELRY CLERK:
 Not about me, *now*, is it?! Just you
 thinking of buying her that, shows
 she must be very special to you.
 Think how *spectacular* for this Kay,
you giving her that *wonderful* gift
 on ***Christmas Eve in New York City!***

SKY:
 And *your* commission *be nice* for..

LADY JEWELRY CLERK:
 That goes without saying, ha. You
 could make *two* ladies very happy..

SKY:
 Always *mean* to please! **..but..**

LADY JEWELRY CLERK:
 Always *the but!*.. . The but that
 grinds the world to a standstill,
 the future cast in what *if* could
 have been, in *that* eternal then.

SKY:
 Philosophy degree, minors in Eliza-
 bethan poetry and English Lit?..

LADY JEWELRY CLERK:
 (impressed, to insightful)
 Don't you wish *sometimes*, could be
 as astute *sure* of your own heart,..

SKY:
 ..Sky, name's Sky. **Got** me there,
 surely - *may I call you Shirley?*..

LADY JEWELRY CLERK:
 Retread jokes *that* bad have revoke
 guarantee! Be no diamond *big* enough
 dispel *the* cold shoulder will get!

SKY:
 Missed calling. Should have your
 own help talk show. You'd give Dr.
 Phil a run for his money, bet!

LADY JEWELRY CLERK:

*Think so.. thanks. Say, going give you breathing space. Guy like you needs it. Decide one way or other, **sure**, let me know A-okay or nay?*

SKY:

*How **psychic** of you. ..her, name.*

LADY JEWELRY CLERK:

*Name? Her na.., Nay?? Oh, **Kay!***

Sky pokes a "you got it" forefinger toward her, laughing.

LADY JEWELRY CLERK:

*There you go, written *in the stars*.*

Clerk extends an arm, rubs Sky's head, quickly retracts hand. True to word, she retreats to far other end of the counter.

Sky returns gaze on ring and necklace, under breath whispers.

SKY:

My emerald diamond of strength or my kryptonite?..

EXT. BROADWAY OUTSIDE THEATRE - SAME EVENING, SEVEN FIFTY-SIX

Kay stands alone in the near playtime, dwindled ticket holder line-up for the play: **On A Clear Day You Can See Forever**. Her impatient breath exhales warm puffs of cloud in the cold air.

Coming around corner behind her, Sky on dead run turns Kay's way. He spots from behind her below shoulder length, auburn red hair. He slows to quick walk as tries to catch his wind.

He halts behind her, taps Kay's left shoulder. She whips her head back round that way, but Sky cavorts all way about her on *right* side til in front of her. He kisses Kay on the lips.

Kay's surprised! Their lips parting, she gasps in a breath. She quickly regains her composure well enough to retort..

KAY:

*Buster, think that gets you off the hook, got *another* thing coming! Making me wait. *Where you been!?* **Look**, two minutes before showti..*

SKY:

You know how's it like with Peter Parker. Stuff happens..

KAY:
 Funny funny, but *you're no Spider-*
man! So what's the *real* reason?!

SKY:
 We saw **Turn Off The Dark** today, may-
 be *inspired* me go spin some webs?

KAY:
 Only web you spun is the great big
 tangle *got* yourself trapped in now!

BLACK LADY, SIXTY, THEATER PATRON:
 (guffawing as passes by them..)
Least your hun didn't break a leg!

Kay and Sky give the elderly lady patron, entering theater, a bemused stare. She twirls a hand back behind her at them. Kay interrupts Sky's continuing averted gaze the lady's way..

KAY:
 Not that you **won't**, don't fess up..

SKY:
 (waving jazz hands)
 Later Kay.., **it's showtime!!**

Sky beams a broad smile at her as shows her his confirming I-phone time display: 8:00 PM. Kay, about to counter, is cut-off by Sky grasping her wrist, pulling her for the entrance.

KAY:
 Okay, *later it is then..* . I **won't**
 forget, you knooooowww..

EXT. LATER OUTSIDE THE THEATER - LATER, TEN THIRTY PM

Amid stream of theater-goers departing the concluded show are Kay and Sky, holding hands now. They stand on the sidewalk as several Yellow Taxis individually pass by, or stop in front of them long enough to pick up other patrons waiting on the sidewalk beside them. Another taxi stops for a pick-up of a group of four who crowd into it. Kay stares pointedly at Sky.

KAY:
You call a taxi?

SKY:
 No.., you?..

KAY:
 Stop messing! You *deliberately*?..

SKY:
It's a super fabulous winter night.
Thought we'd go for a stroll..

Kay feels the frosty moist air, its chill descended under her coat, running down beneath her dress all way to her pumps.

KAY:
I'm not *exactly* dressed for it!

SKY:
Once get going, the blood flowing,
won't notice nothing.

KAY:
You got *something* cooked?

SKY:
So hot, you'll set the night on
fire! *Outshine every star-let* on..

KAY:
(melting at first)
You think!... That so.. - but
look, metaphors are no substitute
for a nice roaring fireplace and..

She stops talking to watch curiously Sky gaze directly above.

KAY:
Whatever are you?..

SKY:
Snowing! *Claus came through!*

KAY:
No way! You, *checked* the forecast!

SKY:
No way! Snowfall hey on Christmas
Eve in New York City! Woo ho!!

Kay sees the flakes waffling down multiply more as she looks.

KAY:
Way. Alright Sky. Let's scoot be-
fore I become Broadway's solid ice
princess, next marquee attraction!

Sky hooks a hand under her arm. He leads her further up Broadway as she snuggles her head in his chest. Snow turns heavy. The ever thickening wall of plump flakes coats everything in a sparkling crystalline, a city wonderland magical pristine.

Amid white-out looming before them, posed few floors above on outside of a building, is a large lit billboard, snow melting on contact with its heated illuminance. Posed on the roof-top prominent *in* the *billboard's* snow defiant ink of night is Batman, outlined in white by poster's full moon shining on him.

Seeing it mutual same time, Kay and Sky stop, stare up at it.

KAY:

Pitch me, Sky. So like..., **Gotham!**..

Tensing hyper aware, she discerns the icy dark shadows of alleyways lined between the buildings along the way. She gulps peering at the huddled chill humps of gaunt strangers at this fringe end of the theater strip where they've strayed. Most of this crowd look more menacing than congenial. She shivers.

KAY:

Be nice *if* the bat guy was real though, *getting sketchy here!*..

Sky hugs her in closer to him. He whispers warm onto her ear.

SKY:

Now why would *you need Batman* to protect you, when here **I am** beside you..., *every step of the way*..

KAY:

You..., *mean, that - every step of*..

Sky kisses her on forehead. He points to the entry gates to Central Park a hundred some feet ahead, majestically frosted in the snow. Halfway between stands horse, buggy and driver, sitting idly. The chestnut horse stamps feet, snorts streams of condensed air from nostrils. Driver in carriage seat with reigns in hand, seems a wax figure of ice, effect betrayed by only the curt nod of his head shaking snow off his top-hat.

KAY:

(seeing Sky grin widely)
Oh you didn't!.. You **hired** them!

SKY:

So *don't* freeze, *got fur blankets*.

KAY:

How Doctor Zhivago of you..

SKY:

I sure enough thought so.

Kay punches him hard in his all too smug shoulder.

SKY:
That never happened in the movie!..

EXT. CENTRAL PARK SMALL CLEARING AND POND - FEW MINUTES LATER

Sky on ground helps Kay, clutching a white fur blanket about shoulders, down off from passenger back seat of the carriage. Safely down, he corrals one arm around her. Hand of his other arm passes up into the driver's palm a hundred dollar bill.

SKY:
Another, come back in fifteen.

Driver nods, tucking bill into one of his overcoat's pockets.

DRIVER:
 Much obliged, sir. **Getty-up!**

He snaps reins. Horse rears up, stomps down. It trots crisp away. Sky wraps freed arm about Kay, bundling her with both arms. They watch horse and buggy vanish into a fog of snow. Carriage bells, hooves clop fade leaving deep still silence.

Sky leads Kay to bench by the frozen pond here. He brushes off with coat sleeve the couple inch coat of fresh snow on it. They sit down. Kay regards him intense, intent, eager.

KAY:
*There... there something, want to say to me, you know, here.. **Now?!..***

SKY:
 (bemused, irksomely grins)
Could be..

KAY:
 (face beaming bright)
*Why, are you **planning** to?..*

In slow motion, Sky reaches into pants pocket, pulls from it the diamond ring from Saks, hides it from view by his side. He folds ring concealing hand behind him, gets set to kneel.

Branch snaps loudly sharp behind! Ring falls from Sky's hand, disappears under the fallen snow. In unison they look behind, see a fearsome loathsome man, four grim rough hew men behind him, one huge. Sky stands to face them. He whispers to Kay.

SKY:
***I got them!** Park exit that way over pond. Get chance bolt for it! **Don't slip** like **in** the movies, okay, Kay?*

His wry grin unparalyses her. Dazed, she removes her pumps.

KAY:

Sky, **you can't!!** ..**five** of them!!
They'll..., they'll..

SKY:

Try.. Look, I'll be fine, *no matter what*, long as know, you'll be **safe!**
I yell go, **run like blazing hell!**

Sky removes her glove, his, strokes her hand. He kisses her on her cheek, whispers into her ear.

SKY:

Be your best gift, ever, for me.

Loathsome leader of the pack of men, sinisterly barks:

LOATHSOME MAN:

Such charming show of affection *do* you no good! Got you the wrong powerful foe, *your woe*, Sky. Not to be your lovely postcard Christmas Eve.

SKY:

(quirkily smiling)
That so?.. . Night's still young.

Sky takes off other glove, stoops down. He pats a snowball into shape, compresses it between bare hands so melts forming a shell of ice on it. The men shake heads stupefied amused. Sky mesmerizingly fluid quick, makes more, stacks all in a pile.

ONE OF THE MEN:

Look, thinks gonna take us *all* out with snowballs! *Guy's gone batty!*

ANOTHER OF THE MEN:

Wishes be as scary batty as Batman!

The men scoff hilariously as withdraw switch-blade knives from pockets. Gaffaws reside as they see Sky smile unflinchingly back as he kneels to pick up several of the snowballs. He puts half solid ice, baseball size one into throwing hand, clutches rest by his other arm in a bunch against his chest.

SKY:

Just got knives?.. Come closer.., make this a fair fight, for you!..

ANOTHER ONE OF THE MEN:

Sure got gall. *Means squat, now!*

He strides ahead, coming up by their leader, who, juts out an arm forcing the man to stop there. He gestures for the other men to fan out in a tight half circle about Sky. They comply.

SKY:
Don't got *all* night to tangle!

LEADER:
Don't get paid to be careless.

SKY:
DS pay you enough for all the time going *do* in jail eating cold beans.

LEADER:
DS? - *another* enemy?? Not so *all popular* after all. But right you are, *time flies*.. Nothing, personal.. . Business. Someone just don't want you be.., interfering.

SKY:
Interfering? *With what?!*

LEADER:
Not *my* affair to know *more*..

SKY:
Why not *let* Kay go, *if it's all*..

LEADER:
Told to wipe slate clean. Long as you two together, part and parcel.

KAY:
Always be apart of you, Sky!!..

LEADER:
(losing it, recomposing)
Shut the.. . Enough. *Time's up!*

He stabs his forefinger at Sky. On cue, his thugs creep in toward him. Sky winds back his snowball armed hand. Instinctively leery of the snowball, men's advance hesitates less surely ahead as breach a front line but thirteen feet shy from Sky.

SKY:
GO!!

Kay springs off bench, charges to pond! One man lurches after her, rest locked by surprise in place. She starts cross ice as drops shoes, blanket behind. Sky slings the iceball at the chasing man going by. Hit in head, he drops knocked out cold.

Men, incredulous, all stare at Sky, gaining Kay previous extra strides away. Their leader grimaces, noticing that.

LEADER:

Rafe, Trake, get her!

He motions to them to ply wide either side of Sky. Headed so, they race furiously after her. Halfway over pond, Kay slips, falls, thigh smacks the ice. She gets up slow, runs, limping.

LEADER: TO LAST {THE HUGE} MAN BY HIM

Quake, we get Sky. **Charge him!..**

The formidable Quake barging at him, his leader trailing, Sky sees Rafe and Trake passing wide each side of him. Sky bounds to one side, dropping into a swinging about crouch near Rafe, one leg out-stretched rotating around like whirling dervish.

Leg crashes into front of Rafe's knees breaking them on contact. Ralf pitches heavy forward, down. Face hits ice edge of pond with a smack. Body crumpled into a heap, he passes out.

Leader hanging back few feet, observes Quake close to couple of feet shy of their prey. Sky springs up, faces boulder of a man Quake. He takes a haymaker wipe at Sky with knife hand.

Sky bends away sideways as leg kicks out other way at Quake. His foot slams Quake's thigh, charley horsing it. Quake bowling over, Sky joins hands behind Quake's head, pulls the big head forward, down, thrusts a knee smashing into Quake's jaw, snapping his head back. Quake stumbles backwards. Sky steps into a jump front kick. Foot crunches, twists, Quake's face.

Dazed, Quake stays, steadies on feet to Sky's amazement. Adrenaline surging, Sky crouches and lunges ahead, arms looping around Quake's ankles, hands entwining. He hops back low yanking feet out from Quake as evades his crushing together arms.

The hulk of man topples back. Back of head slams on snow cold ground as lands a few inches from his leader's feet, knife in Quake's semi-conscious hand flinging off to one side. Sky rises, faces the men's leader ice cold glare at him. Sky smiles.

SKY:

Your Quake made the ground shake!

His adversary nods, darkly amused, Warily, he steps in close. Face stern, his hand darts under his coat. Sky sees him draw out fast a revolver, as, hears Kay squeal alarmed behind. Sky turns back to him, spies Trake almost upon Kay. Gunman behind Sky readies to shoot him in the back. Time suspends. In blur of motion, Sky bends, kicks leg back into gunman's groin. Fixed on Trake, Kay, he chases after them without a look back.

As charges, Sky swoops up one the iceballs lying on the snow as bowled over gunman recovers from agony of the low blow.

Sky feels his body abruptly halt, tilt for ground. First man downed, yet lying on snow, has reached out, grabbed his ankle. Sky deftly cushions his impact by bracing into a push-up.

Seeing cause, Sky kicks back loose leg hard into the man's gripping hand's shoulder, dislocating it. Man yelps in pain. His hand hold breaks. Sky kicks back harder yet his freed leg and foot, dislocating man's other side collarbone. He groins.

SKY:

Not, *your* lucky day..

Sky scrambles back into the chase. He sees Trake swipe one arm at Kay just ahead of him at the pond's far edge. Fingertips contact enough to twist Kay skittering about as Trake's thrown off-balance too. As they slip-slide, Sky gains ground.

Ten feet, off Sky sees Trake lift knife hand to strike. Sky plunges to knees, skids along ice on them, fires off iceball.

In slow motion, it zips over pond at Trake the ways between, races to beat back flung knife arm about to fling ahead down.

Iceball hits Trake back of his skull. Stunned, his forward motion cork-screws him ahead, down. Kay balances, turns, spots behind Sky, the men's leader spy his gun protruding from snow nearby him. He goes for it as Quake, bit unstable, gets up.

SKY:

Why'd stop? Near free! I, wrenched my dang knee and good. **Only** you can beat them on the hoof now. Go!

KAY:

*Rest coming! Just can't **leave yo..***

SKY:

GOOOO!!...

KAY:

Figures, **you'd** have the hard fall!

SKY:

Whoops, *who'd* thought huh? **Now GO!!**

Sidestepping Trake's hand swipe for her feet, Kay looks down at Sky, lingeringly torn. Compelled by his blazing plead, Kay whips about, plunges headlong for the nearby cover of trees.

SKY:

Good girl.

Trake and Sky stumble to feet at same time. They stand eye to eye, sizing each other up. Beyond, Kay disappears in cover of the trees. Leader of the men, with gun, stoic, assured, walks to Sky. Massive Quake, groggy, trails behind him a few yards.

Trake planted, entrapping him her way, Sky turns, sees gunman walk to him, sees, feels cold steel barrel of his gun as its pressed to his forehead. Quake comes up beside but bit behind the gunman, stops, heaves his thick breath hot on Sky's neck.

LEADER:

That's right, Sky! *Took best shot.*
Your gal may got away. ..But, **you**,
no place to fight, duck, hide **now..**

Sky looks up, feels heavy laden snow fall down, melt on his face. He brings face down to face the gunman, barrel of his gun sliding down to point direct at Sky's heart. Inside **only** his head, Sky hears: "*..another twenty seconds, nineteen..*".

SKY:

(smiles sanguinely)
Give a guy a moment to chill *last..*

LEADER:

Not afraid to die, *at all?..*

SKY:

(smile widens)
Never was, why start now..

In his head, Sky hears, "*..Five, four..*".

LEADER:

Moment *just about* passed..

In Sky's head, "*..Two, One..*".

Great crashing sound of something approaching *fast* their way from wooded area near pond distracts the gunman, *not..*, Sky!

Sky swats around arms, hands adjoining into one fist slamming into gunman's gun wielding arm. Impact twists man's arm aside It *doesn't* dislodge his gun! Quake bends, tries bear hug Sky. Sky ducks, kicks Quake in solar plexus, push kicks him back.

As on cue, Sky looks behind, sees the returning horse, carriage and driver charging out from a path in the woods, rapidly cross to him in furious trot. Sky's assailants turn, try to brace, fend off, the careening at them, horse and carriage.

Gunman, regains balance, quickly swivels his gun out front as horse sideswipes Trake, Sky leaning just aside of it. Trake's thrown several feet. He falls back flat onto his backside.

Driver drops his left arm over carriage side for Sky as Quake lunges at Sky. His bulk in motion bumps into gunman's squeezing trigger hand, driving it off-kilter. Shot fires off high, wide, harmless away. Gunman fights to regain stance, re-aim.

DRIVER:

Grab my arm, sir!

Sky beams. He leaps. Just evading Quake's thrust forth, clamping arms behind, Sky grabs the driver's arm with his hands. Releasing one arm free, Sky uses it to hook an elbow over the carriage side while rest of him is swept fast along ahead.

Sky jabs hand from hold on driver's arm to a firm grip on the carriage side's top edge. He hoists himself into the seat behind the driver. Receding behind, gunman steadies in a kneeling stance, precisely aims gun, heart center, on Sky's back!

Inexplicably, Sky grabs reins (driver's jaw dropping), yanks them sideways so yawing same way horse and carriage as, shot, second later, rings from gunman's gun. Bullet zings close on **by** Sky's side, as horse and carriage, them, breach entry into the shielding woods. They vanish from gunman's view in them.

DRIVER:

Have **got** you **square** in the back!
Like almost *knew*, back *there*, sir..

SKY:

Like so, huh? In the movies, always got swerve when being chased. Be a hard target to hit..., *right?*..

DRIVER:

Whatever you say. *Uncanny, still.*

SKY:

Ow bout you? Back six minutes soon!

Driver smiles, reaches for a black velvet small sack on seat. He withdraws from it the companion necklace Sky got for Kay.

DRIVER:

Thought you might be needing *this*, for your lady. Going to pop the question, were you sir? Sure sweeten deal *proper* with this, hey?..

Sky stares at it with mixed emotions, his certainty clouded.

He trusts his hand into pocket, pokes about there, pulls it inside out to reveal nothing *but* the cloth of the pocket.

SKY:

The, ring. It, fell..

DRIVER:

Lost in the snow sir?.. Go back, later, get it after all's clear. Imagine they'll skedaddle off in a hurry, before the law arrives.

The snow changes to steady rain turning the magical snow cast Central Park to dreary cold, sodden white damp, growing grey.

DRIVER:

Shan't be too hard to find, now that its turned to rain, sir..

SKY:

Yeah, all's turned to rain.

DRIVER:

So sorry sir. It began so well. But all well as ends well, as they say.

SKY:

Suppose. Did get Kay off safe away.

DRIVER:

*Cheer up! Sure your Kay still say yes, seeing as, you sir, saved her life. **Best Christmas present twas!***

SKY:

And you sir, saved my butt! Sir?..

DRIVER:

Sir Oliver, Sky. ..Sweet, huh, sir?

Sky suspends a hand to high five driver. Confused a moment, the driver raises up an uncertain hand. Sky high fives it.

EXT. BACK TO SAME CENTRAL PARK POND - FEW HOURS LATER

Sky's stooped over near where he dropped the ring. Most of snow gone, ground's slush muddy in the cold rain slanted by gusty wind. Seeing mud embedded footprint of thugs' leader's boot, Sky takes off a glove, swills bare hand in the imprint.

Hand stops moving. He bring it up, ring dripping mud as dangles between forefinger and thumb. He wipes gold ring clean.

Sky tucks ring in back pocket had it in. Rain intensifies to downpour. Contrary to being relieved, he signs, sucks in a deep inhale of the soaking pale, exhales ghostly veil of air.

INT. TRUMP TOWER HOTEL NEW YORK - CHRISTMAS 2011, NEAR SUNSET

On furry rug, Kay, in fuzzy white robe, bare legs stretched out long, sits between seated Sky's bent legs. His arms hug her back against his New York Yankees branded T-shirt chest.

Before them is a very large artificial fireplace. Its simulated burning logs rip roaringly cast off fiery cinders. Beyond fireplace is the high story room's floor to ceiling room window, its curtains withdrawn wide. Outside down lies Central Park, and the spread of the city past it. Part cloud obscured, low above city-scape, ruddy amber sun shines over it.

KAY:

Sure glad you **got** the fireplace!..

SKY:

Had ask the big man, the Donald.

KAY:

You didn't!!

SKY:

Sure and did!

KAY:

Just like thing would.. . Thought weren't into material stuff, *now?*

SKY:

Didn't buy the hotel. Rented one room. Wanted give you the *whole* city - *all yours for one night*. Say, next year, *L.A. too?..*

KAY:

Like what do with two cities, huh?
Um, wasn't there something *going?..*

SKY:

Not now Kay, not *right...*, now.

KAY:

Not right now, or, not, **right**, now?
What happened, that, *change* things?

He reaches under bottom, pulls out crinkled envelope. Sky places it on her lap. On front of it are words "To: Kay".

SKY:
How about you *open it*?

KAY:
Thought were all done with the
Christmas gifts. This, *this*, the..

SKY:
Just open it, O-kay, Kay?!

Breath bated, she holds it before vivid flame mirroring eyes. In head, she hears Rihanna's Only Girl in the World play. She places it flat on palm, runs other hand along it. She frowns.

KAY:
It's..., all, **flat**.

Sky, feigning his actual exasperation, mouths "*Open, it..*".

Precisely, she slices a finger along inner top edge of the envelope. She extracts a gold decorated otherwise white card. She twists around on Sky's lap to sit facing him. She raises card up midway between the narrow gap from her face to his.

She opens it. It's an invitation to her to attend with quest, a New Year's Eve, Two Thousand Eleven, ball in Los Angeles at the (*either: Egyptian Theater or Queen Mary). Her expression is split between perplexed disappointment and wavering hope.

KAY:
Not, now.. *Then...*???

Infuriating, Sky shrugs, smiles unfathomably, is surprised to see her, shrill. Inside Kay hears "*only girl in the world?*"..

KAY:
I'm not a game going into overtime!

She gets up. Walks to windows, her back to Sky. She glares down at Central Park. Recalling day past, she grows sombre.

KAY:
They got away. *No one's* got a clue
who were.. . You, got **any** idea??..

SKY:
Like *snowblind*, fell into the trap.

KAY:
Leave it to you make joke of it.
Don't you, always, **sense**, someth..

SKY:
Think means *someone* can *cloud* that.

KAY:
Guy with a special ability, *like..*

SKY:
Moi! Senses back *after* you got a-
way. Whoever, like *been* near, up
and left *then*. Thought me a goner!

KAY:
Thought *ME* goner **two months in row.**

SKY:
All because of..

KAY:
You think, maybe, I should get me
some *Sky* insurance? *Like be costly!*

SKY:
Minus deduction *for* the Body Combat
exercise class *been taking...*

Smiling sagely, he rubs her feet assuaging past traumas by warmth of his touch. Kay looks deep in his eyes, sees despite wry retort, troublesome wheels churn in the back of his mind.

Kay twists back around to face the fireplace, seated again between Sky's knees but her knees bent in now like his. Sky wraps arms about her knees, hugs them, her, in close to him.

Together they watch the fireplace. Outside the windows, they observe in the now fully clouded sky, that snow is falling.

KAY:
Falling snow, **and** a warm fireplace!

SKY:
Christmas night in New York City!

KAY:
*So, when give me L.A. next year,
how you going get it to snow there?*

SKY:
Signed Claus to a two year deal!

KAY:
Oh you did, did you?

She turns her head. Her lips ascend, his descend. They kiss.