

# **S K Y D I V E**

By Daryl Henry

OPENING CREDITS BEGIN  
OVER:

EXT. DOWNTOWN WESTWOOD -- LOS ANGELES -- SUNDOWN

The roof of an office tower sways gently in a hot wind. A lanky, brooding, sexy man, late 30s, finishes work painting a yellow "H" on the helicopter pad. Helping him is a tousled-haired boy, late teens, just as sexy. Their conversation is comfortable.

MAN

When are you ever gonna go on a date?

BOY

I don't want to go on a date. I want a new computer.

MAN

Ask your mother.

(beat)

What's wrong with the one you've got?

BOY

It's a tortoise. You two ever going to get back together?

MAN

(blue)

When the polar icecap melts.

The boy sighs, begins gathering up tools and paint. He heads for the stairwell.

BOY

I'll be waiting.

MAN

Motor running?

BOY

When wasn't it?

MAN

The last time, when you killed the battery listening to music.

The boy laughs, starts downstairs. The man stretches out his long legs, crosses his cowboy boots, opens a paper sack and chews on the dregs of a sandwich.

(CONTINUED)

## SIDE STREET BELOW

The boy waits behind the wheel of a vintage Cadillac convertible, top down, listening to throbbing music. He checks his watch, turns the key in the ignition. Nothing happens. Alarmed, he shuts off the stereo and tries again. Eventually the engine catches.

## ON THE ROOF

The painter puts his lunch pail away, strips off his work coveralls. Underneath is a streamlined jumpsuit, raven black. He opens a frayed canvas kitbag, takes out a sleek parachute, slips into the harness, fastens the leg and chest straps. CODY ATCHISON, clandestine aeronaut, wears a world-on-a-string grin as he sprints off the roof.

## ACROSS THE STREET

Astonished, a late-working businessman gazes out his window. Early 50s, he stares through bleached blue eyes as Cody flies gracefully by.

## BUSINESSMAN'S POV -- CODY

His parachute opens with a crack.

## BETWEEN THE SKYSCRAPERS

Cody zooms.

## SIDE STREET

The boy in the Cadillac watches as Cody swoops around the corner under his golden canopy, tucks up his feet and skims the pavement. At the end of the street he glides UP OVER THE CADILLAC TRUNK and lands in the passenger seat.

OPENING CREDITS END

## INT. CADILLAC -- DUSK

MAGNUS ATCHISON, Cody's son, as much of a rebel but not as reckless, guns the Caddy as LAPD sirens converge.

MAGNUS

Cosmic!

Cody, hooting his delight, reins in his billowing parachute as they speed away.

## EXT. HIGHWAY 405 NORTHBOUND -- NIGHT

As they top Sepulveda Pass a news item interrupts the music:

(CONTINUED)

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

He does it again! The awesome aerialist soars from a Westwood skyscraper and vanishes without a trace! The 40-story leap leaves lawmen baffled-- again.

MAGNUS

Paisley'd wig out if she could see us now!

CODY

If she did, that'd be the end of our alimony.

They laugh easily together.

EXT. TARZANA BUNGALOW -- NIGHT

The Caddy pulls up to the curb. Occupying the driveway is a rusting pickup truck, its bed bulging with tools of the painter's trade. Beside it is a gleaming Harley-Davidson.

INT. TARZANA BUNGALOW -- NIGHT

Father and son enter. Waving them to silence is a snippet of a woman, mid 60s, lost in a stuffed chair. Angel Atchison is watching an 11 o'clock news item: three police cars are gathered at a Westwood intersection.

NEWSWOMAN (V.O.)

While the outlaw aviator frustrates the authorities yet again, an amused city cheers his cheek. Sought for four-- make that five-- counts of public endangerment so far this year, admirers are calling him *Captain Awesome...*

ANGEL

Do you know what makes me the happiest?

CODY

What, mom?

ANGEL

That you and Magnus don't do foolish things like that.

Cody looks to his big feet.