

The Crimson Dynamo

By Dante Chambers and Edna Romero

EXT. PRINUP FARMLAND, BLEACHER SETUP - DAY

Townsfolk quickly park their cars in an empty dirt field next to the makeshift plane runway and hurry to get good seats on the bleachers set up next to the farm. JAMES(10), a small lanky boy with a tucked in pin striped shirt and jeans with a large red kite in his left hand, walks alongside his mother CAROLINE(34), a tall women of medium build wearing a purple sundress and a large straw hat. They pass by the farmhouse, which James stops in front of to look up at a large poster depicting a red plane doing spirals, the smoke trail spelling out "The Crimson Dynamo's last stand". James's eye's widen, a large grin forming on his face. His mother wanders a few steps ahead, looks back to see James's gawking, and grabs his arm to drag him along. They walk in front of the bleachers and the mother begins scanning them, looking for something.

Jame's looks over at some empty seats at the bottom of the stands. He begins tugging his mom's arm.

JAMES

(Excitingly)

Mom over here! We could get hit  
with loads of the dust down here!

CAROLINE

(Distracted)

Sure that's fine sweety just let  
me...

Caroline shakes her head and looks down at Jame's. She smirks.

CAROLINE

(Laughing)

Why would we want to get hit by the  
dust?

JAMES

Dad says that every grain has a bit  
of history in it. So this dust will  
be, like, the last record of his  
stunts. If I get hit by the dust, I  
should remember this stunt even  
better then usual!

CAROLINE

Oh I see Bishop. Come on Jame's.  
Plenty of dust this way.

Caroline begins walking towards the far end of the bleachers. James looks down and begins moving dirt with his sneakers.

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JAMES

Plus, I kinda like dust...

CAROLINE(O.S.)

James! Come on!

JAMES

Comin'

Caroline and Jame's briskly walk over to the far end of the bleachers, which are now packed with a large majority of the small town's inhabitants. BISHOP(65), a large man in overalls with a plaid undershirt and a black beard, leaned against the noticeably rusty bleachers.

CAROLINE

There you are Bishop. How are you?

BISHOP

Same as always. Old. And you, sunflower?

CAROLINE

A nervous wreck. So, same as always I guess.

BISHOP

Aw, you still don't trust your other half yet?

CAROLINE

Sadly he's managed to convince me that he knows what he's doing every time now. At this point I'm more worried about that plane of his.

BISHOP

I keep telling him that I can only fix up that deathtrap so many times before she needs to get scrapped for good. At this point I'm doing as much good as painting a pig.

Bishop looks down at James, who is looking closely at his bright red kite with a grin. Bishop bent down to get to eye level with James.

BISHOP

(Quietly to James)

How're you doin', half-pint?

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JAMES

Pretty much amazing. Woke up today  
and my heart was still beating. So,  
all in all a good day.

BISHOP

Yeah, you're Roger's kid alright.  
Ready to see his last stand?

JAMES

(Disheartened)

Ready to see it happen. Not ready  
for all this to be over though.

BISHOP

But we'll have the memories, right?

JAMES

(lighter)

And the dust. How's the plane  
looking today sir?

BISHOP

Why don't you run over to end of  
the runway and find out. Yer dad  
wanted to talk to ya before he  
takes off.

James beams and without hesitation begins sprinting down the flattened dirt runway towards the red shape at the end, his kite trailing behind him. As he approaches the end of the runway, his dad can be seen walking into view from behind the sleek red crop duster. ROGER(35), the father who is a tall man with a rugged face and a bulky jacket, smiles as James run up to him. James leaps and wraps his arms around his father.

JAMES

And suddenly, James!

ROGER

The forecast said nothing about  
this. This added weight will surely  
doom the Crimson Dynamo.

James looks up at his father, holding up his kite as high as he could get it.

JAMES

But nothing can stop you, right.

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ROGER

Not a thing. Not as long as I put  
my mind to it.

Roger pats James on the back and holds his kite up close to his face.

ROGER

Everything seems to be in order for  
our last stand. People will be  
talking about this one for years to  
come.

JAMES

Are you sure you have to stop, dad?  
Don't you still have the spirit?

Roger smiles and kneels down, placing one hand on James's shoulder, and holding up the kite in the other.

ROGER

(Softly)

James. Spirits like ours will never  
just go away. I'll always have the  
Crimson Dynamo with me. But all  
things go until they've served  
their purpose. This old plane has  
given me all she's got. She  
deserves a rest.

Roger looks up to the bleachers.

ROGER

And so does your mother, for that  
matter.

Roger straightens up and hands the kite back to James. James looks up at his dad and places his hand on his fathers chest. Roger his right hand on James's chest. James smiles and turns around, beginning to sprint with his kite flying high behind him. Roger picks his aviator helmet up off the wing of the plane. He climbs in and exhales slowly. Roger places his right hand on the planes gauges.

James runs back to the bleachers, and sees his mother and Bishop on the top of the opposite end. James runs to line up with them, but stays ground level. He looks down the runway to see the propeller of the crop duster start to spin.

The plane slowly goes down the runway as the crowd begins to cheer. The plane picks up speed gradually, until eventually it begins to lift off the ground. It then fully get off the ground, tilting upwards higher into the sky. Dust rose all

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around James, who smiled at it. The plane turned back around and passed low over the crowd, who cheered in response. It then went vertical into the air, spiraling and releasing a red haze behind it. Caroline holds her head in her hands.

CAROLINE

Oh my gosh, oh my gosh, oh my gosh.

BISHOP

(grunting)

Come on Roger. Don't push it with the theatrics. Just get over the mountains and call it a day.

James looks on as the plane flies over head once more before heading towards the mountains close by. The plane begins to pick up altitude. It rises until it is slightly above the level of the mountains off in the distance. People look on in amazement as the plane begins to turn until it is fully upside down. Everybody cheers as the plane begins soaring over the mountain. It shakes, and turns back over, one of the wings smashing off the top of the mountain. The plane falls out of sight behind the mountain tops. The crowd is silent.

Caroline is looking over the bleachers in horror, frozen. Bishop's expression darkens. Muttering and panic rises from the crowd.

James is shocked, mouth agape, eyes wide. He runs slowly down the runway, until he sees black smoke billowing from behind the mountains. He stops.

MALE VOICE(O.S.)

Get a hold of the station, tell them we need an ambulance stat! Marty, go get the truck. Eliza, Merle, come with me! We need to find him as soon as possible and call in the location...

SHOWS GROUND AT JAMES'S FEET

Background noise of crowd slowly fades out as the red kite falls slowly to the ground.

CUT TO TITLE. BLACK BACKGROUND WITH THE RED DYNAMO IN WHITE TEXT.

INT. JAMES'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

James sits more than halfway up the stairs wearing black pants and shoes and a small black overcoat. He rests his chin on his knees, eyes vacant. James looks down through the railing on the stairs. Through the railing people can be seen on the floor below, all wearing black. Muffled talking can be heard, but it's very quiet. James leans slightly over to get a better look. Below by the side of the stairs there is an OLD MAN speaking with the man from earlier who was calling out orders.

OLD MAN

(sighing)

I tell you what, PETE, the one time  
I don't think to make a bet, it's  
one I would've won.

PETE rubs his eyes with his fingers, then looks at the old man disapprovingly.

OLD MAN

What?

PETE

For the love a- the man just died.  
Can you save that talk till we're  
at least out of his house.

OLD MAN

Oh come now! We all knew this would  
happen eventually. It was a matter  
of time.

PETE

I thought he'd get over that  
mountain...

OLD MAN

Mountain!? That lump of dirt is a  
glorified hill. I could throw a  
rock over the darn thing.

PETE

You done? Geeze, you know what I've  
had my fill of this. I just need to  
give Caroline...

James straightens up once more, the words turning to mumbles again. James stands up, his stomach audibly growling. He shakes his head and begins walking up the stairs, disappearing from sight. After a few seconds, James quickly walks down the stairs.

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James walks slowly past Pete and the old man. Pete smiles and nods at him. The old man looks down at the floor. James begins making his way past the other people standing in his living room. A few just smile, some say hello. Many look at him, then turn away. James wades through the crowd until he sees his mother.

Caroline sits on a chair by the kitchen counter on the dining room side. Her eyes have bags under them, her hair disheveled. She's wearing a black sundress with tiny red flowers on it. She's speaking with Bishop, who is standing next to her wearing a black trench coat and a small black Newsboy cap. James slowly walks towards them.

Caroline looks from Bishop to James. Her eyes widen a bit, and she smiles and quickly begins wiping moisture from her eyes. James walks up to her and puts his arms around her neck, hugging her tightly. He pulls away and smiles, then walks into the kitchen. Caroline puts her hand to her mouth, looking up at Bishop, who shrugs.

James enters the kitchen. He walks up to the nearest counter, where trays of snacks have been placed. He stands on his toes to get a slightly better view. He looks around at all the food and shakes his head. He moves over to the other end of the counter, and sees a bowl of dip. He takes a chip, dips it, and puts his back to the counter and slides down to sit on the floor. He eats the chip. After a moment, his eyes widen and he puts a hand over his mouth. His eyes dart around, and then close. He swallows slowly. He shakes his head vigorously. James stands up and walks over to the counter by the fridge. He reaches out and grabs two brown bags. One has a large J on it, the other one has a large C on it. James opens them one after the other, finding nothing. He places them back on the counter, and opens the fridge. He pauses for a moment, staring into it.

Inside the fridge, amongst other various items, sits a brown paper bag with slight bulges on its sides. There is a large letter R on it. James reaches in and takes the bag. He opens it, peeks inside, and smiles slightly. He closes the fridge and begins walking out of the kitchen. He looks over and sees Pete talking to his mother.

PETE

I hope you're holding up OK  
Caroline. If you ever need help  
with anything, you call any of us,  
we'll be there.

CAROLINE

I appreciate that. It's  
just...quiet, is all. I forgot what  
silence was like.

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PETE

Well I wouldn't worry about that for too long, I'm sure James will keep things lively.

Pete looks over at James and smiles.

PETE

Well anyways, I'm gonna head out. Just wanted to give you this before i left.

Pete holds out an old aviator hat and goggles. Caroline's smile fades. Her hands shake as she grabs the hat from Pete.

PETE

I figured you'd want to hang onto this. Just to...I dunno. You have it, anyhow. See you later, Caroline.

Pete turns and leaves quickly. Caroline looks down at the hat, silent, bottom lip quivering. Bishop sees her, then looks out at the crowd of people.

BISHOP

(clearing his throat)

Alright everyone! We've all sobbed enough for one night.

Bishop looks down at James, whose eyes are glued to the aviator hat.

BISHOP

You take care, James.

Bishop looks forward and begins walking out of the house. Everyone shuffles around and begins exiting the door by the end of the stairs. James walks slowly through the people, then up the stairs. He sits in his original spot on the stairs and places the brown paper bag next to him. He closes his eyes and listens to the shuffling of feet exiting the house. Opening his eyes, he reaches inside the brown paper bag. He pulls out a sandwich and begins to eat it quietly, watching people exit.

INT. JAMES'S HOUSE- NIGHT

SHOW LINE OF PICTURES ON SHELVES DEPICTING VARIOUS SHOTS OF JAMES, CAROLINE, AND ROGER. SWITCH TO CLUTTERED AND MOSTLY EMPTY SNACK TRAYS IN KITCHEN. CUT TO DISTANT SHOT OF CAROLINE SITTING IN THE SAME CHAIR, ONLY LIGHT IN THE ROOMS FROM THE KITCHEN.

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Caroline sits completely still, looking out into the dark living room, her stare vacant. Muffled steps can be heard. James comes into view, walking over to his mother. He looks at her eyes, and turns around to follow her stare. He looks back and fourth a few times, until eventually looking down at his feet.

JAMES  
(softly)  
I...

James pauses and looks up. Caroline continues to stare vacantly.

JAMES  
I'm going to bed. If you wanna come  
up, and pull the covers up...

Caroline continues. James looks out into the living room, his eyes tracing the dark forms. He sighs.

JAMES  
Well... goodnight.

James looks over to the aviator hat on the counter next to Caroline. He grabs it and tucks it under his arm. James walks slowly through the darkness to the bottom of the stairs. He look back at his mother, who remains. James walks up The stairs.

INT. JAMES'S ROOM - NIGHT

James walks up to his bed, placing the hat on the nightstand next to it. James climbs into bed, sliding his legs underneath the covers. He lies there for a moment.

SHOW TOP VIEW OF JAMES LYING IN BED.

James reaches down and pulls on the covers, which have clouds on them, until they are up to his chin. He then lies there for a moment, staring straight up. He then reaches beside him and grabs the aviator helmet. James puts the hat on, placing the goggles over his eyes. He closes his eyes.

INT. JAMES'S HOUSE - MORNING

James, dressed in an orange tucked in button up shirt, walks across the living room to the kitchen. He opens the fridge and looks around. A look of confusion crosses his face. He closes the fridge and looks around on the counters. Trays, crumbs, and left over food clutter the counter still. James looks at the counter beside the fridge. The brown paper bags with J and C on them are sitting there. James grabs the one

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marked J and walks out to the dining room and sees his mother sitting on a chair by the window. James walks up behind her, and reaches out to get her attention. He stops for a moment, then pulls back. He gets close and presses his face against the back of the chair, reaching his arms around it to hug his mother

JAMES

Going to school now. Have a great day, mom.

James lets go and walks back into the kitchen. He opens the brown bag and sweeps his arm over the counter, pulling in miscellaneous snacks into the bag. He rolls up the top and walks across the living room to the front door. He drops the brown bag into a small blue and red back pack by the door. He pulls the back pack on and glances back around the house before exiting.

INT. CLASSROOM - MORNING

MRS. WITHER sits at her desk at the front of the class, sifting through papers. Behind her the board has smudged out markings of various lessons. Desks are laid out in the rest of the classroom. James enter the door that's lined up with Mrs. Wither's desk, and walks over to the center seat in the second row. Mrs. Wither looks up, then back down at her papers. She stops looking through for a moment as her eyes widen slightly. She looks up once more and see James sitting there. Her mouth opens to say something, then closes. She lays her papers flat on the desk. James looks into the chalk board and begins looking at all the faded markings.

MRS. WITHER

Um, Excuse me?

James spaces out looking at the chalk board.

MRS. WITHER

Excuse me? James? James!

James blinks and looks over to Mrs. Wither. He smiles. Mrs. Wither smiles back.

MRS. WITHER

Hello James. How are you?

JAMES

Hello ma'am. Nice day isn't it?

MRS. WITHER

Yes, quite. Now James, you know you didn't need to go to school, right?

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JAMES

Oh. Was it cancelled again? That's like the third time this year I've shown up to class-

MRS. WITHER

(laughing)

No no no, it's not cancelled. I just mean to say...

Mrs. Wither's face grows sullen, and she begins to sift through her papers once more.

MRS. WITHER

Given recent events... with your father I mean, it'd be OK if you wanted to take some time off.

JAMES

Did my father cancel school?

Mrs. Wither looks shocked at James. James is still smiling at her.

MRS. WITHER

Well... I mean, no he didn't.

JAMES

Then I'm going to go to school.

A long pause takes place.

MRS. WITHER

He was a good man, James.

JAMES

Yeah I know. He was my dad.

CUT TO FULL CLASSROOM SHOT, SLIGHTLY LOOKING DOWN AT THE CLASSROOM.

Kids begin to enter the classroom, sitting in random seats throughout. As they do, every so often someone says hello to James. Some people wave to him as they pass him. All the seats fill up. There is chatter amongst the students. Mrs. Wither stands up and walks to the center of class. The chatter dies down.

MRS. WITHER

Good morning class!

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CLASS IN STAGGERED UNISON  
Good morning Mrs. Wither!

MRS. WITHER

Alright, now that we're all settled in, let's discuss our upcoming project that'll be due in a few weeks. Show and tell day. You can bring in anything you want to present it to the class and tell us all why it's important to you. It can be something you made. Something you found. Anything at all.

Muttering flooded the classroom. A few hands pop up around the class room. Mrs. Wither points to a GIRL in the third row.

GIRL

Aren't we a little old to have show and tell?

MRS. WITHER

Are you paying taxes yet?

GIRL

Ummm....

MRS. WITHER

That's exactly what I thought, your not too old yet.

Mrs. Wither turns around and snickers to herself while writing something up on the board. The BOY in front of James turns around to face James.

BOY

Dude, what're taxes?

JAMES

(thoughtfully)

Not sure. But my dad says they're pure evil.

All the kids look forward and think about this in wonder.

INT. JAMES'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

James opens the front door and walks into his house. He places his back pack beside the front door. James grabs the brown bag out from his backpack and walks to the kitchen. He places his bag back on top of the one with the C. As he exits the kitchen he looks over to see his mom still sitting at the same spot, looking out the window. James walks over her and smiles weakly.

JAMES

Hello! How was your day?

No response from Caroline.

JAMES

So. Mine was good. Got assigned a project that's super cool. Maybe you could help me with it.

No response from Caroline. James's smile fades.

JAMES

But you'll probably be busy with... anyways, I'm gonna go out and fly my kite.

Caroline shifts her head slightly. James looks up quickly, but she had stopped moving. James looks out the window with her. James looks at the leaves falling outside.

JAMES

You know, Dad says that falling leaves means that something new's coming. Every leaf that falls helps the new thing to arrive.

CAROLINE

Your dad's not gonna say anything anymore.

James looks at his mother, who remains motionless. James looks down at his feet before turning around and beginning to walk away.

EXT. FARMLAND, FIELDS - AFTERNOON

James walks slowly along the side of a dirt road, red kite slung behind one shoulder. Fields stretch far out in all directions. James looks around as he walks, until eventually only looking down at his feet. He looks down for a while until stopping at the entrance to a fenced off area. James looks up and sees Bishop's farmhouse in the distance, the

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dirt runway running along beside it. The bleachers were lined up alongside it. James looks around in awe. He looks down at the fence he was in front of. There is a sign that reads "no trespassing". James opens the gate and proceeds inside the grounds. He walks up to the barn, walking alongside it before pausing. He looks at the side of the barn to see the remnants of a crimson dynamo poster still remaining, although the bulk of it was torn away. James slows down as he walks by this, before looking away and past the barn to the small house adjacent to it. James stops at the front of the house. He then hold his kite up and runs in an attempt to keep it is the air.

Bishop, standing at an open window in the house, looks out to see James with the kite. He double takes before walking outside. Bishop looks from the kite to James, who is casually flying it.

BISHOP

James? What're you doing?

JAMES

Well I'm not doing anything. The kite, however, is a sight to behold.

BISHOP

I mean why are you here James?

JAMES

I... I dunno I was walking...

James stares up at his kite. The kite floats gently, dipping every so often.

JAMES

Then I wasn't.

BISHOP

James, you should be home with your mother right now. How is sunflower anyways?

JAMES

I mean, she's more like a weed then a sunflower to be honest.

BISHOP

(at a low growl)

Did you just call your mother a weed, boy?

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

Weeds look pretty sometimes. But they don't help with... living.

Bishop's face softens. He looks up at James's kite.

BISHOP

Listen half-pint. I can't work and watch you at the same time. So you're gonna have to leave. Go find some kids to fly your kite with.

JAMES

Sorry sir, lemme just get it down.

As James begins to reel the kite in, the kite dives straight down and smashes into the ground. James and Bishop both look down at the crumpled mess, and then look at each other. Bishop sighs and rubs his face in his hand.

BISHOP

Get inside the house, and bring the darn kite.

INT. BISHOP'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

FRONT SHOT OF JAMES SITTING AT A LONG WOODEN TABLE.

James sits quietly, tapping the ends of his fingers against the barren wooden table in a distorted sporadic rhythm. James's eyes dart around, examining the kitchen. The back wall has faded, torn in some places, with designs depicting falling sunflowers. There is one central light from a lamp head hanging from the ceiling above James. Everything else in the background is cast under slight shadows.

James looks to his left. Footsteps can be heard from off screen. Eventually, Bishop walks into view, and places the red kite gently on top of the table. Bishop looks down at the kite and rubs his right hand on his beard, grunting quietly. He stands behind James's right shoulder, looking at the kite, then at James, who moves his head closer to the kite, never breaking eye contact with it. Bishop looks back to the kite, sighing.

BISHOP

Alright. It's not too bad. I reckon I can fix it. But the materials I need are in the barn.



Bishop scoops up the pile of kite and begins to walk off screen. James's eyes remain on the kite, and he slides off his stool and follows Bishop out. The sound of a creaking door can be heard off screen. The one light turns off. The whole screen is black.

INT. BISHOPS BARN - LATE AFTERNOON.

Darkness still covers the screen. A crease of vertical light forms on the center of the screen as the barn door is pushed inwards. Silhouettes of Bishop and James are standing in the light of the open door.

BISHOP

Get the light, will ya James?

JAMES

Aye, captain!

James reaches an arm out to the left and flips a switch, illuminating the barn with pale flickering lights.

SHOW ELEVATED VIEW OF BARN

James walks to the center of the barn, which has a dirt floor and is littered with small piles of hay straws in a few places. To the left there is a stair case leading to a top floor that is half the length of the ground floors. Ropes and pulleys are hanging from the ceiling, wrapped around poles jutting out of the barn walls.

JAMES

Wow! This place is huge!

BISHOP

It's a nice piece of property.

Bishop moves over to a work bench sitting against the back wall. On it is a metal box with a series of compartments and drawers. He sets the kite down and begins opening and closing them, occasionally pulling something out of one.

JAMES

Sir, did you ever have animals in here?

FRONT CLOSE-UP OF BISHOP RUMMAGING THROUGH DRAWERS, OVER HIS SHOULDER JAMES IS LOOKING AROUND.

Bishop's eyes go to the right in James direction.

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BISHOP

My father did. A whole ark of animals.

JAMES

What happened to them?

BISHOP

Well after Pa got sick and... the animals just sorta... I mean, I tried to take care of 'em like my father, but they just...

JAMES

Died, sir?

Bishop's eyes widen slightly and his head straightens up as he looks forward.

BISHOP

(sighing)

Yes, James. They died too. All of 'em

JAMES

I'm sure they were good animals though.

Bishop looks back down and begins rummaging again.

BISHOP

Absolutely not. They were annoying and needy. I prefer taking care of steel.

JAMES

They were probably good animals. So what do you use the barn for now, sir?

BISHOP

Storage. And as a workshop on occasion. What do you keep calling me sir for? Cut that out.

JAMES

My dad always tells me that old people deserve respect, and that you were the oldest of all. So you deserve, like, even more respect than usual. So, he told me to call you sir.

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BISHOP

(grunting)

Figures, that little... Well I ain't that old! And I always told him not to call me sir. So I'll tell you the same.

JAMES

Yeah, he told me you would. That's why he also told me to call you sir no matter how many times you said to stop, sir.

BISHOP

Pff. Some respect.

CUT TO BEHIND BISHOP

Bishop grumbles and continues to search

JAMES (O.S.)

Oh my gosh! Holy crud!

Bishop straightens up and spins around, eyes darting around.

BISHOP

What? What is it?

SHOW JAMES STANDING IN THE CENTER OF THE BARN

James is looking straight up, mouth agape. James slowly points upward.

JAMES

What is that?

SHOW SHOT OF RAFTERS

Hanging securely at the top of the barn is a gleaming white plane with orange stripes. A series of ropes secure it, hanging around metal rafters. The ropes lead down to metal poles on the walls, knotted tightly. Bishop walks over to James and looks up with him. Bishop sighs, putting a hand over his eyes to block the glare of lights.

BISHOP

Ah, that. That's one of the newest dusters on the market. Took some saving up, but I had the right connections. One of the lightest engines in the world powers that thing.

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JAMES

It's beautiful, sir! How come I never saw dad take this one out for a ride?

Bishop's smile fades. A stern look crosses his face.

BISHOP

I tried to get him to use it. But that stubborn man... He insisted I just keep fixing up that old red piece of trash.

James looks over to Bishop and smiles.

JAMES

Dad always says that it's not about the body, its about the spirit.

Bishop's expression turns sullen as he looks forward at the kite at back table, which consists of splinters, extra wooden stilts to align broken wooden sticks, tape, and repeatedly stitched and patched fabric.

BISHOP

Your dad said a lot of things, didn't he?

James suddenly goes straight faced, his smile disappearing. He slowly looks down at his feet.

JAMES

Sir, is... my dad not gonna say anything anymore?

Bishop, caught of guard, looks down at James. Bishop sighs.

BISHOP

Well, I'm afraid not, half-pint.

JAMES

Does... does that mean that what he did say... didn't happen?

BISHOP

Any moment he was here will always be important, James. But he only said so many things. Memories are nice...

SHOW ABOVE THE PLANES WING. WING COVERS BOTTOM HALF OF SCREEN AT AN ANGLE. BISHOP AND JAMES ARE STANDING BELOW.

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BISHOP  
...but they run out.

Bishop looks forward and begins to walk off screen.

BISHOP(O.S.)  
Come on James, let's get your kite  
fixed.

James looks up one more time, then looks forward and walks  
off screen.

INT. JAMES'S HOUSE- NIGHT

WIDE SHOT OF THE ENTIRE DINING ROOM AND LIVING ROOM FROM THE  
SIDE.

James comes in through the front door and looks straight  
ahead at Caroline, who is sitting at the dining table at the  
other end of the frame. Her hands are covering her face and  
there is a full wine glass on the table. As the door slams  
shut she flinches and looks over at James. James holds up  
his kite.

JAMES  
Hi mom! Look, Bishop fixed my kite!

Caroline remains silent. She slowly takes a sip from her  
glass,

JAMES  
Bishop said this was probably the  
last time he'd be able to fix it,  
cause of the wear and tear. So I  
have to be extra careful.

Caroline places her hands over he eyes once more.

JAMES  
So I'll... make sure to be careful.  
You look tired. I'm gonna go to  
bed. You might want to do the same.  
No point staying up if you're not  
really awake.

James climbs up the stairs with his kite slung behind his  
shoulder.

EXT. SCHOOL, PLAYGROUND - MIDDAY

A group of kids sit at a table beside a medium sized play structure. Two girls sit on one side, three boys on the other. They all have paper bags, with random bags of food scattered about the table. One of the girls is the one who raised her hand in class earlier.

GIRL

(scoffing)

Honestly I think it's a waste of time. I would've much rather had an essay. Something to work the mind a bit more.

BOY

Congratulations, that makes one person on the face of the planet.

The two other boys laugh and high five the one who spoke. The girls look at each other, less than amused. The other girl looks to her right. James is sitting at the same table, but a space away from the group of kids. The girl smiles.

OTHER GIRL

Hey James, what do you think?

James is eating a sandwich and staring out, his eyes occasionally darting in a different direction. The girl frowns and nudges the first girl. They both look at James.

GIRLS UNISON

James!?

James still looks out and eats in silence. They girls kick the boys across from them to get their attention. They boys look to the girls, then over to James. They shake their head and smirk.

ALL KIDS UNISON

James!!!

James shakes his head and looks over to the kids. He smiles and swallows his food.

JAMES

Oh! Hi guys. What's up?

BOY

Your head. In the clouds.

(CONTINUED)

OTHER GIRL  
Honestly James, where do you go?

JAMES  
Oh you know. Everywhere, nowhere.

FIRST GIRL  
(Sighing)  
We were asking what you thought of  
the project. The show and tell  
thing.

JAMES  
Oh yeah. I like it. It has  
potential.

BOY  
You know what you're gonna bring  
yet?

JAMES  
Uh... no. Not yet.

OTHER GIRL  
Have you even thought about it yet?

JAMES  
Uh... n...no.

FIRST GIRL  
What do you think about James.

JAMES  
You know... everything...

James looks over to his right and stares at the leaves  
rolling on the ground.

JAMES  
...nothing...

EXT.DIRT ROAD, FARMLAND - AFTERNOON

James walks slowly down a dirt road, kicking a rock along  
the way. His plane shaped kite is slung behind his shoulder,  
occasionally rising and shaking with the wind. His head is  
low, and his eyes are to the ground. James looks up at the  
open fields. The tall golden grass waves slowly in the  
breeze, and James follows its motion with his eyes, smiling  
and walking along side it. James continues to walk for some  
time, looking around himself and moving around slightly.  
James picks up speed slightly as the wind begins to blow  
harder against him. Looking down at the ground, James begins

(CONTINUED)

to sprint, his kite rising slightly behind him. James runs until he begins to stumble, almost falling forward. James's eyes widen as he hops on one foot until he regains balance. He turns and looks down behind him to see a plank of wood hanging off of a post. James looks to the left of the post and sees a long fence stretching off into the distance. James looks to the right to see another post with nails at its bottom, and a fence branching off in the other direction. James looks forward and sees pieces of wood scattered around in the brake in the fence.

James turns around once more and looks into a great flat expanse of green fields. James' mouth opens slightly as he looks forward to see the opening to a forest in between the two slopes of the mountains. James looks up.

SLOW PAN UP THE MOUNTAIN, STOPPING AT ITS PEAK.

James looks forward once more. A stern expression forms on his face for a moment, then disappears as he begins to move forward through the flat plains.

EXT. FOREST - AFTERNOON

The forest is darkened with shade as James climbs over small boulders and logs. His kite is now tucked under his arm. Every so often he bounces the kite to secure it under his arm as he walks through the uneven terrain. Birds can be heard faintly in the distance. Leaves fall from trees every so often. James continues to trek through the forest until he makes it to a clearing. He pauses and looks around before his eyes stop in front of him and widen.

SHOW SHOT OF CLEARING WITH A RED PLANE CRASHED UP AGAINST A SPLINTERED TREE.

The plane leans against the tree, metal plates surrounding the floor around it. Its top is facing James, the empty cockpit visible. Light beams from the break in the trees illuminate the red, but scratched and faded, paint. Some bits of metal have visible rust on them.

James, legs shaking slightly, begins to inch closer to the clearing, eventually standing at the edge of the light and straightening up. He smiles and runs forward, dropping his kite. He approaches the plane and slides down onto his knees beside it. He lowers his head to look inside the cockpit. He touches the wheel, taps on the glass gauges, and then places his hands on his knees, smiling. He looks straight up the wing shooting out of the side of the plane. A look of confusion crosses his face. He looks down at the part of the plane resting on the ground. He stands up and takes a few steps back, looking down still. the right side of the plane

(CONTINUED)



was flat against the ground. James looks back up at the remaining left wing, then begins to spin around and look out in all directions. He sighs and his shoulders slump as he walks back up to the plane. James holds a hand over his chest for a moment, then places it on the side of the plane. James presses his forehead against the planes top.

INT. BISHOPS HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Bishop moves slowly through the dim living room, twisting his back and grunting. He places a hand on it and grumbles intelligibly to himself. He walks by the fire place, stumbling for a moment. He places a hand on the fire place mantle to balance himself out, knocking over picture frames as he does. Bishop looks up at the frames. Past the ones that now lie flat there is one depicting Bishop and a girl about 12 years old. Bishop is smiling with one arm around her and the girl is grinning widely. Bishop sighs and raises a hand to the picture. His hand then lowers to the frames that are flat. He picks them up. They cover up the picture of Bishop and the girl. The pictures that were picked up show Caroline and Roger at a hospital bed holding a baby, Roger standing by his plane, James sitting in the cockpit of the plane, and Roger, Caroline, and James all standing by Bishops barn house.

Bishop begins grumbling intelligibly again. For a brief moment words can be made out.

BISHOP  
...all... run out...

Bishop turns around to face the front door. James is standing at the door, chest rising and lowering quickly, his face visibly sweating. Bishop looks at James, and then rubs his eyes with his finger tips and groans. James smiles widely.

JAMES  
Sir, do you want to help me with a project?

BISHOP  
Not in the slightest, James.

JAMES  
Sir, I don't believe you understand the magnitude of the situation.

BISHOP  
I don't think you understand the word magnitude, James.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

... figured a big word would help me sound serious.

BISHOP

James don't you have school today? Or anything else to do?

JAMES

No sir! I would never miss class. Today's Saturday, sir.

Bishop looks away, a contemplative look crossing his face. He then looks back at the pictures.

BISHOP

James, what do you want?

JAMES

I found something yesterday Bishop. Something big.

BISHOP

And where exactly did you find this...big thing?

JAMES

Out in the forest.

Bishop's eyes grow wide and he looks at James, an enraged expression on his face.

BISHOP

Out in the- you went out in the woods alone!? What were you thinking James!? Do you know what could've happened!?

JAMES

(calmly)

Well whatever could've happened, I don't think it did. I mean, I'm standing here talking to you.

BISHOP

(sternly)

That's not funny James.

JAMES

Yeah I can tell. Neither of us are laughing.

(CONTINUED)

Bishop and James stare at each other for a moment. Bishop's expression is wild with emotion. James's eyes plead with him, a small sincere smile on his face.

JAMES

You're strong Bishop. If you come with me, there won't be anything to worry about.

Bishop's expression softens. He raises a hand and rubs his face with it. He looks back at James. James pulls a backpack off of his back, the top of his plane kite sticking out of it, the wings sticking out of the sides. He raises the bag up.

JAMES

Plus, I don't think I can fit a real plane in this.

Bishop turns around and begins to walk to the another room.

BISHOP

Let me just get my keys.

Bishop stops for a moment and turns around, a confused expression on his face.

BISHOP

...plane?

James's smile grows.

INT. TRUCK, ON DIRT ROAD - MORNING

James sits in the passengers seat, bouncing slightly and tapping his hands against his knees. Bishop, straight faced with drooping eyes, looks dead ahead and steers. The gold fields fly past the car windows. Every so often the car hits a small bump in the road. James looks to Bishop.

JAMES

Aren't you glad we're doing this Bishop?

BISHOP

(Sternly)

Ecstatic. Can't you tell?

JAMES

Not even a little. But that's good to hear.

Bishop sighs and shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

Well hey, at least we didn't have  
to bring too much.

BISHOP

Oh sure. Only my truck, a wagon,  
and wheel barrel, and just about  
every tool I have.

JAMES

That's the spirit.

Bishop looks over to James, then quickly back at the road.  
He smiles.

BISHOP

Oh, and James?

JAMES

Yes sir?

BISHOP

Today's Friday. Tomorrow's  
Saturday.

James's eyes widen as a sullen expression forms on his face.  
His eyes droop and his head hangs low.

JAMES

My education...

Bishop lets loose a hardy laugh.

VIEW BEHIND AND ABOVE THE CAR AS IT GOES DOWN THE DIRT ROAD.

EXT. FOREST - MORNING

The forest is much brighter, light filtering in through more  
places. James and Bishop stagger through the woods, James's  
backpack visibly bulkier and without his kite. Bishop is  
wheeling a larger wagon behind him. The wagon whines and  
shakes along the uneven and rocky ground. James looks up at  
Bishop, who is looking around, eyes stern. James looks  
around as well, confused, then looks back at Bishop.

JAMES

Sir, who was that girl in the  
picture you were looking at?

Bishop is caught off guard, stumbling a bit. he straightens  
up and looks at James.

(CONTINUED)

BISHOP

What? How do you...? How long were you watching James?

JAMES

Long enough to see the carpet almost take you out.

BISHOP

Wha- hey I was tired...

Bishop looks down at his feet. Everything is quiet other than the shuffling and crunching of leaves by their feet.

JAMES

When me, mom, and dad would visit you, I always liked looking at that picture.

Bishop looks at James, surprised.

BISHOP

Why would you look at that one?

JAMES

It's the only one with you in it.

Bishop sighs and looks up through the trees. He looks back down at James.

BISHOP

That... that was my daughter.

JAMES

I didn't know you had a daughter, sir. She's really pretty.

BISHOP

Oh, she was something else. She was a proper little sunflo-

Bishop cuts himself off and looks vacantly. He shakes his head slightly.

BISHOP

... she was beautiful.

JAMES

You keep saying 'was'.

BISHOP

What?

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

You keep saying 'was' sir. Isn't she still your daughter. And isn't she still pretty?

BISHOP

(laughing softly)

Well, yes, she is.

JAMES

Where is she? Doesn't she ever come and visit?

Bishop's faces darkens and he looks grimly forward.

BISHOP

It was... it was a decade ago at this point. Feels like a lifetime... she was about 15 at that point. Started getting adventurous. She use to hang out with... Pete and some of the other guys. You've seen him, he's the police chief. Well they all decided that wandering out here was a smart idea.

Bishop looks up, his bottom jaw shaking a bit.

SHOW VIEW OF THE SKY THROUGH THE TREES FROM GROUND LEVEL

BISHOP(O.S.)

Well, they didn't account for the storm.

The trees bend and wave as the wind picks up slightly.

CLOSE UP OF BISHOP'S FACE

BISHOP

I was back at the house. It was getting late, but I always knew she'd come back. She always did. So I just... sat in the kitchen and whittled.

James looks up at Bishop. Bishop's eyes squint as he grinds his teeth.

BISHOP

I just sat there. And then I heard a knock. Sounded like a herd was slamming against my door. I opened

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BISHOP (cont'd)  
it to see a bunch of kids standing  
there, soaked to the bone. There  
was Pete... Eliza and Merle...  
but... she wasn't there.

James looks down at his feet, adjusting his back pack.

BISHOP  
... next time I saw her, she was in  
a box... people they...they  
apologized.

Bishop looks straight up and closes his eyes.

BISHOP  
Never brought her back...

James looks sullenly at the ground, then smiles slightly and  
looks at Bishop.

JAMES  
She is pretty though, isn't she.

BISHOP  
(smiling)  
The prettiest.

James stops and raises his arm up to block Bishop. Bishop  
shakes his head slightly and looks down at James, then  
forwards. He smirks.

BISHOP  
Well I'll be...

James smiles and run forwards. Bishop picks up the pace  
slightly. They stop in front of the plane. Bishop motions a  
hand at James, who takes off his backpack and hands it over.  
Bishop opens it and pulls out a wrench. He heads over to the  
front of the plane and begins to undo some bolts leading to  
a compartment on the side of the plane.

JAMES  
Isn't this great Bishop? It's still  
in one piece.

Bishop bangs against something, and metal plates fall off  
the sides of the planes.

JAMES  
... more or less. So, why didn't  
they nab this when they found my  
dad?

(CONTINUED)

BISHOP

Roger... he wasn't in the... You know what, they probably just wanted to focus on getting your dad back home safely.

JAMES

Well that was nice of them. They probably would've scrapped this anyways. But now that we found it, I know what I can do for show and tell now. We can restore this and show my class. They'll freak when they see this.

BISHOP

(solemnly)

James, I'm afraid that's impossible.

JAMES

Wha... what do you mean?

Bishop leans back and sits on the ground, lying his wrench next to him.

BISHOP

There's not enough here to restore it, half-pint. An entire wings missing. Plus the engine is in tatters.

JAMES

But, you could always fix it up before.

BISHOP

It was hanging on by a thread long before that final stunt.

JAMES

Dad said that she still had some power left in her.

BISHOP

Maybe so. But I say he used what was left.

James sighs and slumps down next to Bishop. He looks up at Bishop.

(CONTINUED)



JAMES

Can we still take her home? She belongs there.

BISHOP

Course. Let me just strip her down. It'll take a few runs but we'll get her there.

Bishop begins to take the plane apart. Bishop and James can be heard in muffled conversation, which slowly fades out.

INT.SCHOOL, OUTSIDE OF CLASSROOM - EARLY AFTERNOON

James quickly walks down the hallway, breathing heavily with a smile on his face. He quickly grabs the handle to the door, but stops and peers through the window. Mrs. Withers wasn't there, and the kids were gathered around in separate groups, sitting on desks and talking. James opens the door slightly, but upon hearing the boys from earlier talking, pauses.

BOY

I don't get that guy. He's just weird.

SECOND BOY

Well, I'm just glad I'm not him. I get to keep my dad.

THIRD BOY

Did you guys hear what happened to James's dad though?

FIRST AND SECOND BOY IN UNISON

No what!?

THIRD BOY

Well I heard my dad talking to some of the other people who went out looking for James's dad the day it happened. He said that he wasn't even in the plane when they found him. He, like, fell out before the plane crashed.

FIRST BOY

Wow!

THIRD BOY

Yea. They said he was hardly recognizable too. Like a crumpled piece of paper.

(CONTINUED)

SECOND BOY

Well, I guess some stunts are even  
too big for the Crimson Dynamo...

James throws open the door and walks in. The three boys turn  
and see him, their eyes widening.

FIRST BOY

Oh, uh, hey James, how's it going?

JAMES

I know what my project is gonna be!

The three boys looks at each other in confusion. James has a  
stern looks on his face, glaring at them.

JAMES

I'm going to finish my dad's stunt.  
The crimson dynamo is going to fly  
one more time!

Everyone in the class quiets down and looks over to James. A  
murmuring rises throughout the class. James smiles.

JAMES

I'm going to fly over the  
mountains. I promise!

Astonished chatter spread through the room. Suddenly, it  
dies down and everybody looks towards the door. Mrs. Wither  
stands in the open doorway, mouth agape. She looks directly  
at James. James's stern face fades and he smiles at her.

JAMES

Oh, hi Mrs. Wither!

Mrs. Wither slowly closes the door and walks to the front of  
the rooms. Shuffling is heard as students quietly walk back  
to their seats. Mrs. Wither's eyes remain on James.

MRS. WITHER

Um... Hello James. I'm glad you  
could... make it here today.

JAMES

Glad to be here ma'am.

Mrs. Wither looks concernedly at James.

INT. JAMES HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

James enters his house and looks around. His eyes land upon his mother, who is sitting on a chair in the living room, staring at a blank television. James looks at his mother and smiles, then begins to walk towards the stairs.

CAROLINE

James? Where were you today?

James begins to walk backwards until he was at his spot in front of the door again.

JAMES

I was with Bishop getting my project started. Sorry, I thought today was Saturday.

Caroline looks sullenly over at James.

CAROLINE

Oh. Well... well alright. Cause the school called-

JAMES

Don't worry about me, mom. I'm doing alright.

James begins to walk back to the stairs, climbing up them and out of view. Caroline follows his movements, her eyes slightly wider.

CAROLINE

Just don't...don't...

James's footsteps are heard in the distance, until there is an eventual sound of a door shutting. Caroline looks back at the television.

CAROLINE

...make habit of it...

The room is silent.

INT. JAMES'S ROOM - NIGHT

James walks back and fourth in his room, looking all around. He stops and looks straight up. A look of defeat goes over his face. He sighs and closes his eyes. Silence fills the room. He opens his eyes and looks down. James picks up his kite off of his desk and climbs onto his bed. He stands up and bounces slightly. He smiles faintly, and then slowly decreases in speed until eventually standing still. He looks

(CONTINUED)

forward and slings his kite over his shoulder. His eyes widen.

SHOW JAME'S SHADOW ON THE WALL AT THE HEAD OF HIS BED.

James's shadow is stretched across the wall. The wings of his kite are spread across it, making it look like it has wings. James scans the wings with his eyes, his mouth opening slightly. He looks down into the clouds and sky on his bed covers. He smiles and laughs, looking quickly back and fourth from the shadow to the sky on his bed. He jumps off his bed and runs over to his desk. He sweeps the litter off of his desk to create an empty spot and grabs a piece of paper from a pile. He grabs a pencil and begins to scribble furiously on the page.

INT. BISHOPS HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Bishop walks from his kitchen with a cup of steaming coffee in one hand and a newspaper in the other, wearing a large pale green robe. He passes by a part of the sunflower wallpaper that is peeling down in a strip. He looks over and groans. Mumbling under his breathe he tucks the newspaper under his arm and presses the strip up the wall. It sticks. He has a small smile, then walks away and sits on his arm chair and places the coffee on the table next to him. He rocks slowly as he whips open the newspaper. As his eyes begin to scan the pages there is a loud banging at his door. He folds the paper downwards in half and looks at the door. Bishop sighs, placing the paper on the table. He slowly gets up, grunting as he does, and shuffles over to the door. He opens it to reveal James grinning on the other side.

BISHOP

(Groaning)

If I told you it was Friday again,  
would you leave?

JAMES

Definitely not, sir!

Bishop cringes at the word and nods for James to come in. James quickly steps inside, then pulls his backpack around to the front of him and begins rummaging around in it. Bishop closes the door and turns around as James shoves a piece of paper in his face.

BISHOP

Wha- what's this?

JAMES

(Grinning)

My project.

INT. BISHOP'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - MORNING

Bishop sits at the kitchen table and examines the paper James gave him, mumbling intelligibly as he does. James stands at the other end of the table, only his eyes visible, peering over at the back of the paper. James raises his head slightly.

JAMES

Is... is it good? Can it work?

Bishop lays the paper on the table, revealing a crude drawing of a red suit with metal wings on its back, and a black box in between the wings. Scrawled at the top is red text that says "The Crimson Dynamo". Bishop looks up at James.

BISHOP

(Sighing)

I mean sure. A suit like this could be made. They make this sort of stuff for movies all the time. I mean, we have enough of the plane left to manage this.

JAMES

Really?! You mean, this can work? I could wear this?

BISHOP

Your fathers plane is one of the lightest models ever made. Only a handful ever left the factory floors because they tore apart too easy. Trust me, you could carry a suit this size.

JAMES

(Jumping up and down)

Yes! Yes! This is going to be amazing! Let's get started, sir!

BISHOP

Now, wait just a moment there, half-pint. This is your project, so I'll help you, but you'll be putting in you fair share of the work.

JAMES

Of course sir!

James looks up at Bishop, then down at the drawing. He tilts his head to one side and his looks suddenly concerned.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

I... I don't really know how to do  
any of this though.

Bishop sighs and stands up. He walks into his living room. Sounds of slamming and sliding can be heard. James taps quietly on the table and looks around. Bishop walks back in and drops a book at James's fingertips. The spine of the book reads "A and P 101". The size of the book completely covers James face. James straightens up and slides the book off of the table, the weight nearly pulling him to the floor. He looks up at Bishop with wide eyes. Bishop grins.

BISHOP

(Snickering)

You'd better brush up then.

MONTAGE BEGINS WITH FOLLOWING SCENES:

Bishops and James sit in his living room, Bishop reading the newspaper, James reading the book. James looks up at Bishop's newspaper, and begins to examine the comics on the back of it. Without looking over, Bishop points down at the book. James lowers his head.

Bishop and James both lift a fragment of plating off of the plane's wing in the barn, and Bishop holds it up, tracing its shape with his finger. James nods slowly.

James sits next to his mother in the kitchen at his home and reads the book. She stares out the window, and James occasionally writes things down on a piece of paper on the table.

James stands in front of a group of kids in his class and raises his arms outward. He's talking quickly and excitedly, the group of kids wide eyed, with mouths hanging in disbelief. Mrs. Wither looks at James, a concerned expression crossing her face.

Bishop is attaching two plates together in the barn. As he's screwing a bolt into place, he looks over at James, who is passed out with his head in the book. Bishop shakes his head and smiles.

James stands at a higher part of town, and looks out at the expanse of buildings. He raises his hand and levels it with the top of the hill-like mountains on the edge of the fields. He slides his hand over, keeping it steady, and it aligns with the top of the school. He smiles.

TOP DOWN VIEW OF JAMES'S FIRST DRAWING

James slides the crude drawing to the side to reveal a polished design of the same suit, with multiple angles and measurements shown on it. Bishop pats James on the back.

INT. BISHOP'S BARN - NIGHT

James moves pieces of red metal over to the table and moves a pile of bolts over to it. He places the plate on a metal frame and makes markings on the plate. Bishop is in the background with a face mask on and a blowtorch, slowly working two plates together. James looks up at the bright orange and white plane in the rafters. He looks over at Bishop.

JAMES

Sir? When did my father start doing stunts?

Bishop turns off the blow torch and removes his face mask. He turns and wipes his hand over his face. He rubs his beard.

BISHOP

Aw that... that was some time ago. I met your father... about a week after I lost my daugh-... about a week after.

James turns around and pulls the plate off the table, bringing it over to Bishop, who places it next to the two plates he was working on.

BISHOP

It had been storming the entire week. And I heard another knock on the door. What would you know, another couple of kids. This time, it was your dad and your mom. Roger saw that I wasn't in a very good state, but he smiled at me anyways. He pumped up his chest and said "Now look here, sir. This young lady is with child, and it is your duty as a man to see to it that she is handled with care. I ask that you give her refuge for the night."

JAMES

(Awestruck)

Wow. So you respected his confidence, right?

(CONTINUED)

BISHOP

Decked him right in the face.

James and Bishop stare at each other for a moment. Then uproarious laughter breaks out between them. James puts his hands on his knees and Bishop puts a hand over his eyes. James looks up at Bishop with a half grin, half concerned expression.

JAMES

(Laughing)

Ah, sir. That's terrible.

BISHOP

(Laughing)

Well what's this little scrawny punk doing demanding things from me. He got right back up though. Brushed himself off, and stuck a hand out.

JAMES

You did good, sir. A bit violent, but good.

BISHOP

Bah, he's lucky I just got... the extra room...

Bishop looks down at his feet, turning the blowtorch in his hand. James looks down at his feet. The both of them sigh.

BISHOP

Next morning, I walk down and Caroline's making me breakfast. Almost thought she was... I look outside and the storm was cleared. And suddenly I hear this buzzing noise and look out to see your suicidal father zoomin' 'round the farm.

James scoots his stool closer to Bishop until he is right in front of him. Bishop smiles and turns fully to face James. As he speaks he raises his arms to represent movement.

BISHOP

There he is, keeping things nice and steady. Suddenly he starts a nosedive. Thought he was gonna plant himself in the field with the corn. Then, as fast as I've ever seen the plane go he pulls up and

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



BISHOP (cont'd)  
soars inches over the barn. He starts spinning the plane around, before tipping it fully upside down and flying around like that for what seemed like hours. He eventually pulled back into the barn. I run out there, screamin' at the top of my lungs. All he says to me... looks me straight in the eye too as he does it... he says "That planes got spirit!" Then he placed a hand... right on my chest and said "Help me see what she can do."

Bishop lowers his hand and looks out at the barn, then at the pile of plane fragments scattered around. He sits there for a moment, mouth open. He looks at James. James is looking at Bishop, wiping wetness out of his eyes.

BISHOP  
... almost decked him again.

Bishop and James laugh a little.

BISHOP  
Had to order all new parts for the plane. They hardly made parts for that model then, I can only imagine what it's like now. But I had the right connections from my time as an engineer in the air force. They actually got me the duster so I could resettle after the war. Never thought that it would see action of it's own , though.

James sniffs loudly and rubs a hand on one of his eyes. He smiles at Bishop.

BISHOP  
I told Roger that as long as he actually dusted the field every so often, he could do his little stunts, and him and sunflower could stay as long as they needed. And, I would keep fixin' up his plane.

Bishop picks up a metal plate and turns it in his hand.

BISHOP  
Guess I still am...

Bishop looks up at James. Bishop smiles.

(CONTINUED)

BISHOP

Keep adjusting those plates James.  
If you need to, take some tools  
with you to do some at home.

JAMES

(Sniffling)

Yes... yes sir.

James and Bishop continue to work on the suit. James pushes a few tools into his backpack.

INT. JAMES'S HOUSE - MORNING

James runs quickly down the stairs. He grabs his backpack and places the thick book into it, making it sag as he swings it around to his back. He walks over to the kitchen. Caroline has her head face down on the dining room table, an overturned wine glass and bottle lying on the table. James walks over and turn the glass upright, grabbing the bottle. He shakes it, no sound emanating from the black glass.

FRONT SHOT OF CAROLINE WITH HER HEAD DOWN ON THE TABLE.

Footsteps can be heard off screen, along with the loud thud and shaking of a plastic bag. A door opens and closes, making the sound of the fridge whirring audible for a moment. From the edge of the screen a brown paper bag with the letter C on it is placed on the table in front of Caroline. Along side it a large bottle of wine is placed with a loud thud, still closed. Caroline shakes quickly, her head popping up. She looks up.

James waves to her from the front door, exiting quickly. Caroline looks out at the door for a moment. Her eyes then slowly drift to the paper bag and wine bottle. She places a hand on the wine bottle and brings her glass to her with the other. She looks down into the wine glass. Visible dark stains can be seen in rings around it. Caroline pushes the glass and bottle away. She then pulls the bag closer and opens it. Her eyes widen. She reaches inside and pulls out a sandwich. She bites into it. She closes her eyes and breathes deeply.

INT. CLASSROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

A bell rings out and students begin to stand and get their bags on. People pass James, who is shoving the A and P book into his backpack.

BOY

Good luck with your suit James.

(CONTINUED)

OTHER BOY

Lookin' forward to seein' the big  
stunt.

GIRL

Just don't screw up, OK?

James smiles and nods his head at all the kids. Others wave at him as they exit. James zips up his bag and swings it onto his back. Mrs. Wither stands as James passes her. James gets one hand on the door knob.

MRS. WITHER

E-excuse me, James?

James turns around, smiling.

JAMES

Hi Mrs. Wither.

Mrs. Wither looks concernedly at James, motioning at the desk closest to her. James walks over and sits down. Mrs. Wither tries to smile, but a sigh makes it fade.

MRS. WITHER

James, I've been listening to you  
for the past few weeks, and you've  
been talking about some sort of  
stunt?

JAMES

(excitedly)

Oh yea! What do you think? It  
should be a pretty good show,  
right?

MRS. WITHER

James... exactly what stunt are you  
referring to?

JAMES

The one my dad tried, of course.

Mrs. Wither's eyes grow, as she looks at James, shocked. She then closes her eyes shaking her head. She opens them and looks at James, placing her fingers against her forehead.

MRS. WITHER

Oh, James, what are you talking  
about? You can't do that. You're  
only 10, you can't fly a plane.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

Exactly, so I'm making suit.

MRS. WITHER

Excuse me?

JAMES

Yeah! Almost done too. Just need to get the engine in place. Then I'll be on the roof in no time, doing spins just like my dad!

MRS. WITHER

Excuse me!!? James you must be joking? You can't honestly believe anyone would let you do this?

JAMES

Wha- why not? I... I read up and everything. I know how it works...

MRS. WITHER

You mean that one book your always looking at? It's one book James, you can't honestly think you're a proper engineer from one book.

James looks down at the desk, shaking his head. He tries to respond, but only stutters comes out.

MRS. WITHER

Oh, James, I'm so sorry. I know that things must be confusing right now-

JAMES

No... It... The only thing that's confusing is why your saying I can't do this?

MRS. WITHER

James, nobody wants you to follow your father like this-

JAMES

My father was an amazing man! He'd be proud of me!

MRS. WITHER

Your father was self-destructive!

Mrs. Wither's voice was loud and growling. She was standing, her eyes sternly on James. James is shaking, his breathes quick. Mrs. Wither slowly breathes in and out.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. WITHER

He was oblivious to the dangers he made for himself. That is why you are standing here and he isn't.

James looks down at his desk and then stands up. His face contorts as he looks at Mrs. Wither.

JAMES

(strenuously)

What do you want from me?

Mrs. Wither straightens up, taken aback.

JAMES

I don't... I don't understand what you people want from me. I... I've seen his dead body... I... watched him get put in the ground... I... I don't use his memories anymore...

MRS. WITHER

James...

James looks aggressively at Mrs. Wither. His eyes are wild. Mrs. Wither continues to look at him.

JAMES

... but I'm still here...so... so what do you want?

James grabs his back pack and quickly walks to the door. On his way he bumps into desks and chairs, leaving them askew. His bag hits the chalk board as he swings it on his back. He grabs for the door.

MRS. WITHER

No more of this James. He's gone. So no more talk of this stunt. He's gone.

JAMES

So is everyone else!

James pauses at the open door, his head low. He is visibly shaking. His hand tightens on the door.

JAMES

Then I'll find him...

James walks through the door, swinging it shut. Silence follows. Mrs. Wither slowly lowers into her chair. A pained expression crosses her face. She places a hand over her mouth, eyes closed. She then opens her eyes, and looks over to the phone sitting on her desk.

INT. JAMES'S HOUSE- NIGHT

James walks into his house, head low. The sound of sizzling can be heard in the background. He raises his head to see Caroline standing at the stove, moving her arms about. James slowly walks to the kitchen, a smile forming on his face. Caroline turns around and smiles.

CAROLINE

Hey, there's my little man! How was school?

JAMES

It... it was good, mom.

James slowly walks up to the stove to see peppers and steak on a pan. Caroline puts her fingers through his hair, which is a noticeable mess, oily and erratic.

CAROLINE

Thought I'd make you a half decent meal. Your favorite.

James looks over at all of the pots and pans. A wide grin forms on his face. He turns away and begins to walk out of the kitchen.

CAROLINE

James?

James stops in place.

SHOT OF THE BACK OF CAROLINE AT THE STOVE.

CAROLINE

Is there... is there anything you need to tell me?

SHOT OF THE BACK OF JAMES AT THE EDGE OF THE KITCHEN.

JAMES

No. Just gotta finish my project.

James slowly walks away. Caroline stops stirring the food. She raises a hand to her eyes and begins shaking. Small whimpers can be heard from her.

INT. JAMES'S HOUSE - MORNING

James slowly walks down the stairs, his kite slung over his shoulder. As he turns the corner, he stops, a surprised look on his face. In the kitchen are Caroline and Bishop, talking quickly. They both look over at James, then at each other. Bishop nods his head at James, and Caroline closes her eyes and nods. They both stand up and move to the living room.

BISHOP

Hey there, half-pint.

JAMES

(smiling)

Hello, sir! I was just about to go over so we could finish the suit.

Bishop and Caroline look at each other. Bishop's eyes move to James. James looks up with an honest expression.

BISHOP

Yeah, well, I put the paint on it last night. Then we would've put the dome on the back for show.

JAMES

But... sir, wouldn't that get in the way of the engine?

Caroline looks pale, raising a hand to her mouth and turning away. Bishop sighs and looks down.

BISHOP

James, we were never going to put a real engine on it. You knew that, right?

James's eyes widen as he takes a step back. He looks quickly from Bishop to Caroline.

JAMES

What... what do you mean? How am I suppose to fly without the engine, sir?

CAROLINE

Oh my gosh...

BISHOP

James you were never going to fly. The suit's for show. Sure we made it accurate, but attaching an engine? We would have to do test runs. We would need prototypes.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

But, you said they did stuff like that for the movies! You said it would work!

BISHOPS

Those are movies, James. They're for show. There's no such thing as a flight suit. How would you even carry an engine by yourself? You'd fall like a rock.

JAMES

What... what about the other plane in your barn!? You said that engine is light, right? We can just take that and-

BISHOP

Enough, James!

A long silence takes place. James looks up and Bishop, and Bishop looks coldly at James.

CAROLINE

James, you can't do this. No one would have let you do this. Mrs. Wither called me two nights ago to let me know what you were planning...

JAMES

Well what does she know!?

CAROLINE

Obviously a lot more than you! You could've gotten yourself killed! Do you understand that?

James looks up at his mother and then down. His fists tighten and he looks at her with a glare.

JAMES

Dad could do it. He did it hundreds of times.

CAROLINE

And where is he now, James? Cause I don't see him anywhere.

JAMES

That's cause you blinded yourself to him the moment we put him in the casket!

(CONTINUED)



Caroline looks wide eyed at James, shaking. Her eyes water.

BISHOP

Hey, don't you dare talk to your mother like that!

JAMES

Dad knew what he was doing, and now, so do I!

BISHOP

Your father was a fool, James! He risked his life over and over again to get some sort of sick self-fulfillment. He knew that one day he'd get himself killed and leave you and your mother behind. You tell me, James, what kind of father does that!?

JAMES

What kind of father lets his little girl run out in the middle of the night, and then doesn't even go look for her?!

Bishop's eyes water, and he grinds his teeth, his expression wild. James turns to Caroline.

JAMES

And what kind of mother leaves her son alone for weeks so she can pity herself!?

Caroline's face contorts and crinkles as tears roll down her face. All three of them stand, breathing heavily. Bishop walks up to James, towering over him. James straightens up and pumps his chest out.

BISHOP

I will finish your suit. And then I'm locking up the barn. I'll bring your suit to class tomorrow. Then I'm scrapping it.

James looks up at Bishop, glaring at him. Bishop's expression softens, and he sighs. He begins to walk away.

JAMES

When someone leaves their path, you make a new one out of it.

Bishop stops and stands still.

(CONTINUED)

BISHOP  
Your dad say that?

JAMES  
No. I did.

BISHOP  
...goodbye, Half-pint.

JAMES  
Goodbye, Bishop.

Bishop's head lowers as he begins to leave the house.

EXT. JAMES'S HOUSE, BACKYARD - MIDDAY

James flies his kite. He stands a few yards from the tall tree in his backyard and steps around, tugging every so often on the spool of thread leading up to his kite. It dips occasionally in the air. James looks up at it. A small smile forms on his face as he leans with the kites movements. His vision blurs the kite as he looks beyond it and into the sky. James stands still and looks high up into the sky. He looks back at the kite, scanning its wings. James slowly spreads

his arms out and begins to tilt them with the kites movements. He smiles, but slowly his expression turns grim. James looks down at his feet.

Suddenly a gust of wind picks up. The kite shakes and jitters, becoming unstable. It floats quickly to the right, then sporadically to the left, crashing into the tree. The kite tears and splinters against the force. Branches stick into it violently. The wind picks up once again, and the kite blows through the trees branches, getting torn to shreds.

James looks up at the kite. His legs begin to shake. James drops the spool of string.

INT. JAMES'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM

James opens the back door. Caroline looks over to him. James walks over to her, spool in his hand. He looks at her. They stare at each other for a moment. James's eyes begin to water. He looks down at his feet.

JAMES  
I... the kite... I can't get the  
kite down...

James drops to his knees, shaking violently.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

(stuttering)

I... dad would... get it.. and  
fix... but...

James lowers his head to the floor and begins sobbing. His body lurches as he gasps for air. Caroline's eyes water as she drops to the floor and wraps her arms around him. She says inaudible words calmly to him. James's crying becomes louder.

EXT. BISHOP'S BARN - NIGHT

James walks up the the barn door. A large lock can be seen on it. James grabs it and shakes it a bit. He paces back and fourth. He looks back at the barn door, seeing remnants of the poster still hanging on it in shreds. James looks vacantly at the wooden planks. There's large gaps between each one. James runs his fingers through them. The planks of wood shake slightly back and fourth as he does. James takes off his backpack and opens it, rummaging through its contents. The sound of metal hitting metal can be heard. He pulls out a pair of bolt cutters. James jabs the bolt cutters onto the lock and and squeezes until he turns red. The cutters close with a snap, the sound of the lock hitting the ground ringing out. James pulls open the barn door slowly, and slides inside, closing it behind him. He flips on the switch. The lights splutter on. James walks over to the work table at the far end. He throws his bag onto the table, grabbing it again and shaking out all of the tools from inside. He pulls out the book and lays it open on the table. He runs a finger across it and turns around. James grabs a hatchet off the back wall. James pulls some wooden boards stacked on the table and places them in the bag, and opens a few of the compartments from the metal container, reaching a hand into one of them.

SHOT FROM OVER THE BOOKS PAGES.

James walks over the right wall and up to the ropes leading up to the ceiling. He looks up. James pulls his arm back, and then swings the hatchet against the ropes. The ropes whip and fly upward. From the top of the screen, the orange and white plane begins to falls, ropes trailing behind it.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. BISHOP'S BARN - MORNING

Bishop walks casually from his house to the barn, a ring of keys jingling in his hand. Bishop's pace slows as he approaches the barn doors. They are slowly creaking back and fourth. Bishop begins to jog to the barn door. He throws the doors open and peers inside.

GROUND LEVEL VIEW OF BARN

Bishop slowly walks over bits of rope and metal. Plates and tools are scattered about, and Bishop occasionally kicks one with his foot. Bishop's feet stop in place.

BISHOP(O.S.)  
...Oh my gosh...

Bishop's feet quickly turn around and run out.

INT. JAMES'S HOUSE - MORNING

Caroline walks around the kitchen. She grabs the paper bag marked J and walks over to the fridge, she opens it, blocking part of her body. The phone rings. Caroline walks over to it, the bag and a sandwich in one hand. She walks over to the counter where the phone is sitting and grabs it.

CAROLINE  
Hello?

Caroline's eyes widen. Her mouth drops.

CAROLINE  
Wha...what do you mean?

Caroline's eyes water. She drops the bag, sandwich and phone onto the floor. The phone clatters around on the ground. Caroline quickly runs through the living room and up the stairs.

CAROLINE(O.S.)  
James!? James!!!?

EXT. SCHOOL - MORNING

A crowd gathers around the bottom of the school, all looking up at the top of the tall school building. Police stand in a ring around the school, waving people back. Pete stands at a police car with a megaphone. The kids from James's class and Mrs. Wither all look up at the building. The kids have smiles. Mrs. Wither looks horrified.

(CONTINUED)

PETE

James! Get down here! It'll be OK,  
just get down here and we'll...  
figure this out...

Caroline and Bishop make their way through the crowd. The sight of Caroline makes some people begin looking down. Some begin to apologize profusely to her.

BISHOP

Shut it and get out of the way.

They make their way to Pete. Caroline starts to walk past the cop car. Pete looks over at Caroline. He quickly puts the megaphone down, flipping a switch on it.

PETE

Hey, wow there! You two can't go in  
their right now.

Caroline turns around, glaring at Pete, tears streaming from her eyes.

CAROLINE

You must be joking. That's my son  
up there.

PETE

I know, so you need to let us do  
our jobs. Besides the door to the  
roof won't open.

Suddenly the crowds volume increases as people yell and point upwards. Caroline, Bishop, and Pete all look up.

VIEW OF THE EDGE OF THE BUILDING.

James can be seen walking to the edge. He is wearing a bright red suit with two wings on either side. He looks down at the crowd. The suit is full body except for the shoes, which are just black sneakers. James looks up as the wind picks up. The sky around him is filled with clouds. It begins to drizzle. James walks back and out of view.

Caroline and Bishop look up in horror. Caroline begins to jog forward to the school's entrance. Pete extends an arm in her direction.

PETE

Hey, wait! You can't-

Bishop places a hand on Pete's chest and pushes him back. Pete stumbles, before catching himself. He looks up at Bishop, shocked. Bishop grimaces.

(CONTINUED)

BISHOP  
(growling)  
Actually try and stop us!

Bishop then turns around and runs after Caroline.

EXT. SCHOOL ROOFTOP - MIDDAY

James is sitting on the rooftop. Specks of rain hit his face. The drops roll off of the long wings on his back. A black, sleek engine is on the center of his back. The suit is crimson red, with thicker segments on the chest and guarding around the knees. James looks down at the rooftop below him. He closes his eyes and listens to the sounds of rain, and people below. He opens them and stands up. As he does he hears banging on the door behind him. He looks back and sees the wooden board on the door loosening with every slam. He walks up to it and hears Bishop and Caroline on the other side.

JAMES  
It's too much, Bishop. Even for  
you.

BISHOP(O.S.)  
James, you open this right now do  
you hear me?!

JAMES  
DO YOU HEAR ME?!

Silence follows.

JAMES  
I... I know what I'm looking for...  
and I'm gonna find it. I promise.

The wind picks up drastically. James looks down, his legs shaking. He shakes his head and turns his back to the door.

JAMES  
Wish me luck.

The sound of footsteps can be heard hurrying down stairs. James looks up and smiles. He lowers his head and slowly walks to the edge of the building. He looks down. He turns his head to the side. Beside him is an aviator hat with goggles. He bends down and picks up the hat, shaking slightly. As he does the sounds of shouts from below can be heard. James lifts up the hat and slowly puts it on. He slides the goggles over his eyes. He turns around and begins to walk back to the door. Standing in front of the door, he turns to face the outside.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES'S VIEWPOINT, SHOT OF WIDE EXPANSE OF THE MOUNTAINS IN THE DISTANCE.

SHOT OF JAMES'S FACE FROM THE FRONT.

Dark lines are under James's eyes. James smiles.

SIDE SHOT OF JAMES AND ROOF.

James places a hand over his chest and closes his eyes. His eyes open and he begins to sprint. He pulls his arms in front of him, one after the other. He makes it to the edge. He jumps. James falls face first from the building. The building becomes a blur behind him. James reaches his arms out and grabs handles on either side of the wings. His teeth clasp together as he pulls on them. Flaps at the bottom of the wings begin to shift in direction. The engine on his back lights up with an orange hue.

Caroline and Bishop run down the steps outside the school and look up to see James falling. Caroline screams and reaches out a hand. Bishop's face contort with pain. The crowd is silent.

James swings his arms back against the wings. He quickly levels and blasts forward over the crowd. Peoples head lurch back to follow him. James flies over them, and pulls up, going even higher. The sky above him becomes a blur of grays. His suit jitters and clunks and the wind hits it. James flies straight up for a long while, spinning in midair. His red wings seem to get larger with every spin he does. He falls back into a nosedive, before leveling out once more, over the town. James flies over all of the buildings before eventually reaching farmland. He Pulls up higher until the ground is merely solid mixes of greens and golds. James flies straight ahead, a grin forming on his face. He looks to is right. Through clouds he sees a figure rising up. Red peaks through the top of the clouds, until the full body of a plane rises beside James. The plane is glimmering red, a dark silhouette in the cockpit. James's eyes widen, before filling with tears. He smiles. He moves to position himself above the plane. The two slowly rise up and upside down before eventually looping in a circle. The two, James above the plane, spiral down into a nose dive, before pulling up and flying straight up. They fly around one another over and over. James turns positions himself above the cockpit and peers inside.

James and the plane, in sync, slowly turn until they are both upside down, The plane above James, and James on his back looking up into the cockpit. An arm slowly reaches out of the cockpit. A hand with a black glove and a jacketed arm reaches out above James. James looks at it, eyes wide. He

(CONTINUED)

slowly raises his hand out and reaches for the pilot's. The two hands are inches apart. James smiles and slowly pulls his hand back. Tears fill his eyes. He mouths "goodbye". Suddenly a cloud passes over the red plane. The gloved hand slowly sinks behind cloud cover. When the cloud passes, the plane is gone.

James looks up. He flies clear over the mountain tops. James turns back onto his stomach. He slowly lowers, gently gliding past the tops of trees. James slowly lowers to ground level, beams of light breaking through the trees. James leans back and lands on his feet, stumbling forward. He balances himself. James takes off the hat, shaking his head. James looks back and up at the sky. The clouds are breaking up, revealing light blue underneath. Leaves are falling around James.

FULL SHOT OF JAMES AND THE FALLING  
LEAVES.

[THE END]