

<Colorful GLW Version>

PROLOGUE - b

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We are inside the bar, floating a foot above the floor.

We see a light.

The small light becomes stronger and larger.

Soon the light fills up the entire room.

We get blinded by it.

It takes a few moments for our eyes to adjust to the light.

Do you see the faint light reveal a man's hand covering his face?

He holds his hand on his forehead.

He has dark brown hair.

He rests his elbow on a table.

Wearing a blue flannel shirt, worn jeans, and a pair of black sneakers, he sits at the small round table.

The slight light outlines his entire body.

Like a cocoon to protect his body.

The light looks like it comes from his back.

As if he carries a candle behind him.

If you see a young man covering his face with his hand in a faint yellow light, the ceremony is over.

You and I are now granted the ability to see flares.

It is a simple ritual, but the only other person who sees flares, besides you and I, is the man who we are looking at before us.

No one else sees them.

And be aware of the flares.

They are usually very faint.

So you'll miss them unless you are careful to focus your eyes.

And to tune your heart into them.

Now, you and I look down at ourselves.  
We realize that we have become two invisible white lights.  
We cannot be seen by the people in this world.  
But don't get overly relaxed.  
I still see you.  
I see you wearing a brighter round light than I do.  
And you still see me.  
Though I wear a less bright round light than you.  
Can you see me smiling at you?

Now we give our awareness to flares.  
The man in the yellow flare is Kane Scot, 27.  
He is right before us, sitting at the small round table.  
We hear a man's voice, which seems to wear a rose flare:

*How about a drink, buddy? My treat.*

Kane turns around and looks up at an African-American man.  
The middle-aged man in a brown corduroy jacket smiles on a  
high stool at the small counter.  
He has a powerful physique, but wears a rose flare.  
Kane says,

*Oh, no, that's okay...Thanks.*

The man says,

*I've never seen you around here.*

Kane says,

*Yeah...I'm just passing through.*

Kane raises his empty glass to ask for another drink.  
The bartender behind the counter nods to him.  
From the back pocket of his jeans, Kane takes out a piece of folded fax paper.  
He stares at a handwritten telephone number.

The bartender brings a glass of whisky.  
Putting it on the table, he picks up the empty one.  
As Kane holds the glass, it glows with his flare.  
He takes a sip.  
As he puts it down, the glass loses its flare.

He stands up.  
He walks to a pay phone at the end of the uncrowded bar.  
There is a black and white clock on a clean plaster wall.  
It reads 8:10.  
He dials a number, glancing at the fax paper.  
As he finishes dialing, he takes a deep breath.

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You and I fly into a dark office and hear the phone start ringing.  
On a large desk, a small Christmas tree stands by the phone.  
An African-American woman, a caretaker in her blue uniform, walks in.  
She answers,

*Hello.*

Over the phone, we hear Kane's voice, which seems to wear a yellow flare:

*Can I speak with Reina Scot, please? This is Kane*

*Scot. Her brother.*

The caretaker says,

*Hold on a second.*

She walks up the staircase.

The wide stairway is gloomy with only one light on the half-landing.

We follow her from behind.

In a long dark hallway upstairs, light leaks out of only one door.

She knocks on the door and opens it.

In the small room, Reina Scot, 14, in dark blue gym clothes, lies on a bed.

We see her wearing a blue flare.

On the bedside table sits a framed photo with a family of four.

The caretaker says,

*Phone's for you. It's your brother.*

Reina sits up.

*My brother? Are you sure?*

*That's what he says.*

Reina gets up from the bed.

She runs down the staircase.

She enters the dark office and picks up the phone.

*Kane? Is this Kane?*

We hear Kane's voice:

*Reina? It's been a long time. How have you been?*

Reina says,

*Oh, just horrible. But is it really you? My brother, Kane?*

*Of course this is Kane.*

*Tell me my favorite food. You should know.*

*...Rice pudding?*

*So this is really you, Kane. You have to come here and get me out of this place.*

*What's wrong, Reina?*

*Everything is wrong. Where are you?*

*I'm in Miami, but I'm leaving in a few days.*

*Take me to wherever you're going.*

*What's wrong? Are you serious?*

Tossing back her long black hair, Reina says,

*Yes, I am. I am desperate. Mom and Dad sent me to this awful boarding school and left me alone. I don't even know why I'm here.*

We hear Kane say:

*Oh, Reina, I don't know what to do...*

Reina makes a face, then wrinkles on her nose.

*You know what to do. You just get me out of this place.*

*...Why don't you think about it overnight? I'll call you again tomorrow morning, okay?*

*Kane! Don't hang up!*

*Reina, I'll call you tomorrow morning.*

*Do you promise?*

*Yes, I promise,*

we hear Kane say, followed by the sound of the line going dead.  
Reina's blue flare wavers.

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Across a wide road, we see a cafe whose doors are all open.  
Some tables are set on the sidewalk.  
Let's jump over the road with the heavy traffic.

Inside the cafe, we see Kane having morning coffee.  
By his chair, he has a big rectangular bag made of dark blue cloth.  
The big blue bag has two wheels on one end.  
He glances at a phone booth across the sidewalk.  
He gulps his coffee and puts down the cup.  
He stands up, leaving some money on the table.

A man with close-cropped black hair, who sits at another table,  
watches him leave.

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Kane walks to the phone booth, carrying his big bag.  
He throws it to the side of the booth.