

FADE IN:

INT. CARLSON COMPUTERS - BOARD ROOM - DAY

A modern office with dark grain wood pieces and art accents. A large oval table sits center with a state-of-the-art phone system integrated into it. A floor to ceiling bookshelf sits on the back wall with a food service table next to it.

ROB CARLSON, 26, handsome and unaware of it, wears an Armani 3-piece and sits at the head of the table looking over personnel folders as his staff lingers.

QUINCY AMOS, 22, blind and Hollywood-styled, sits next to Rob. His white cane folded in his lap and his seeing-eye dog CUJO at his feet resting comfortably.

VIOLET ARGANBRIGHT, 21, gorgeous woman with albinism, seductively applies a light crimson lipstick to her sulky lips which accents her dark purple suit.

ALEXIS COLLINS, 23, attractive, expensively dressed, deaf woman sits across from Quincy studying Rob closely.

MARTY KEENE, 34, wheelchair bound and sitting off to the side. His nurse fiddles with his catheter bag then exits. He opens a laptop and types, smiling.

EDDIE LUCAS, 36, a little person, enters into the conference on his scooter, he bumps into Marty.

EDDIE

God damn it Gimpy - why you gotta park
your shit so close to the door?

MARTY

It's my soul purpose in life to piss
you off, Tiny. Didn't you know?

Eddie scowls and fits his scooter into an empty space as Marty continues to smile. Rob looks up, checks the room.

ROB

Everyone here?

QUINCY

Looks that way to me.

VIOLET

Quince, you're blind. You couldn't see Pam Anderson's tits an inch from your face.

QUINCY

Awww.. Too true. Silicone. Heightened sense of smell you know. Just because I can't visualize doesn't mean I don't see. I heard Ed's scooter - Marty's typing, smelled your dollar store toilet water and heard Rob shuffling papers, as he always does before talking, and Alexis always gives Cujo a sausage so I felt his head perk up when she entered. Satisfied, Ice Queen?

Violet sits annoyed and humbled.

ROB

You guys are in top form today. I gotta have the PH levels in the water cooler checked. To business.

EDDIE

About time.

ROB

My brother's 21st Birthday is coming up and I'm throwing him a surprise party, so don't let anything slip out.

MARTY

We'll be sure to keep him in the dark.

QUINCY

Oh - you're too quick for me Marty.

Rob pulls a file from the bottom of the stack and flips through pictures of a stunning young blonde man in high fashion and a beautiful woman in the arms of a ruggedly handsome man. He touches the face of the woman.

ROB

(clears his throat)

It's also the day of my mother's passing so it's a double edged sword for us.

Rob stands and walks around the room slowly, displaying pictures of his mother, the late CHRISTINE CARLSON, movie actress, in front of the staff.

MARTY

(smacks his forehead)

Holy roller Jesus! Another gut wrenching confessional!? I thought the corporate by-laws allocated one per month?

Rob smiles sadly at the picture of the stunning young "pretty boy" adorned in Armani casual wear. He hands the picture to Marty.

ROB

(to Marty)

Ever see this picture?

MARTY

Yes. Last year when you showed me. On his 20th birthday.

(sighs)

I know... I know. It was taken days before the...

(ominous tone)

darkness fell.

OOOHHHH's and AHHHHHH's.

ALEXIS

Excuse me, but I'm new here. I'd like to hear what happened.

MARTY

(wheels around and faces

Alexis; spaces his words)

He's-as-blind-as-a-bat-stuck-in-a-cave-at-midnight-during-a-New-York-City-blackout.

QUINCY

Actually that's an inaccuracy that has been unfairly perpetuated since-

MARTY

---The dark ages?

QUINCY

My point is, Bats have "vision" - echolocation. They make sounds, it bounces off the walls and they can "see" their surroundings.

MARTY

Well ladee f'n da. So then why isn't he dawning white spandex and parading around fighting crime as Ballsy Camel Toe - superhero? Then by day he can be Chris Carlson - mild-mannered off-key singer and poor soap star.

Alexis removes her gaze from Marty and redirects to Rob.

ALEXIS

What about your father, Rob?

ROB

My brother's loss of sight was too much for him and he never dealt with the loss of his Christine. It was just too much. One night we fought and he ran out after binge drinking... he drove head-on into traffic.

(shudders, shuffles papers)

The police called it "vehicular suicide."

ALEXIS

Sorry - I didn't mean to pry.

QUINCY

You told me he made a U-turn. Is it possible he decided to come back?

Rob's jaw quivers.

ROB

I don't know... I never thought of it that way.

MARTY

(restrained smile)

Sometimes it takes a blind man to see.

QUINCY

Oh...dear lord. SPARE me the blind wisdom.

ROB
Anyway... the party -

QUINCY
I'll be solo. Can't seem to find a date.

MARTY
(smiles)
Care for a BLIND date?

QUINCY
And Marty - why don't I steer your firmly seated posterior onto the Santa Monica Freeway?

MARTY
(laughs)
OOOhhhh... touché.

Quincy half smiles.

ROB
(puts his hands up)
Alright already. You guys are killin me. Quince - I have someone in mind for you.

QUINCY
Long as it's no trouble.

ROB
Then we're set. Formal invitations will be sent to each of you.
(smiles at everyone)
Sunday, the 17th at seven. Mark your calenders.

Quincy opens his cell phone, and presses on the buttons. A MECHANICAL VOICE is heard, announcing the date.

INT. ROLLING WEED RECORDS (MIXING BOOTH) - DAY

High-profile studio. CHRIS CARLSON, 20, blind, hard steel blue eyes, wears a torn black cloak, button down and flowing collared shirt, black pants, dark eye-liner with

spiked hair. He sits on a stool singing horribly into the microphone as HOWIE ABRAMOWITZ, 40ish, heavy, Chris' mensch of an agent, stands cringing next to the sound engineer.

HOWIE

Oy vey. If this is how it was with Yoko it's no wonder the Beatles split.

Chris finishes and Howie nods to the sound engineer who gives a thumbs up. Chris unfurls his cane and smashes around, groping for the doorknob. Howie opens the door and tugs Chris out. He surveys Chris' costume.

HOWIE

What in the blue HELL are you doing in that cockamamie rabid bat get up?

CHRIS

This is my new Dark Prince costume. Sherman designed it.

HOWIE

I hired a top designer and this is what he comes up with? Your visual impairment must be contagious.

CHRIS

He designed it according to MY directions.

HOWIE

(mutters)
Blind leading the blind---

CHRIS

How did I do?

HOWIE

(clasps his hands)
Let me put it this way... where were you when the musical fairy flew around anointing the entire blind populace?
(sighs)
Stevie, Ray, José - damn - even the Blind Men of Alabama got tapped...why did you get passed over? You COULD have been just as good, but no...

CHRIS

Fuck it, Howie. Just do what they do for every other hot shot rock star there is.

HOWIE

Remix and backing tracks?

CHRIS

Damn right. Where's my press?

HOWIE

Chris - with that outfit - no. Took us the longest time to get them to stop thinking you were insane.

EXT. CARLSON MANSION - LATER

A palatial mansion. Waterfall, circular drive. A black stretch limo pulls around and stops at the front door walk. The driver exits and opens the rear back door. A cane whips out the door and smacks around the outside of the car. Chris exits and taps wildly around as he closes in on the front door where Cujo rests. His cane mangles a rose bush.

The driver cocks his head, aghast, then returns to the car, shaking his head, leaves. Chris yanks and pushes and pulls at his cane to remove it from the bush.

CHRIS

Shithead stick!

Finally free of the bush he arrives close to the door, nearly hitting Cujo several times. He trips over Cujo whose head shoots up, BARKS.

Chris startles, becomes unbalanced. He teeters forward, hands splaying against the door, then backward to rebalance himself until his hand grasps the door knob.

CHRIS

God damn mutt!

BARKING. The door swings open with Quincy looking very calm on the other side. Chris, holding the knob, is pulled inside. He stumbles forward, trying to balance himself as he crash lands into the foyer. Cujo stands up, WHINING. Quincy pats his head.

QUINCY

It'll be alright Cujo, pay him no mind.
He's a disturbed little man.

Cujo wags his tail and lays back down. Quincy closes the door.

INT. CARLSON MANSION - LIVING ROOM

Chris bangs in, drops his cane. Gropes around and plops down on the couch.

CHRIS

Better control that dog of yours!

Quincy approaches Chris' voice.

QUINCY

Or what?

CHRIS

Or he'll be cast in Beethoven 8 and never be heard from again.

Quincy gets in Chris' face.

QUINCY

The next time you threaten my dog---

CHRIS

Threaten your dog? I don't even know your mother.

(pause)

Hey - where does that mutt take a crap, anyway?

Quincy moves silently around the couch and sits.

CHRIS

(spaces his words)

Hello-ho? Did you fly off into outer space? I- said - I'd - like - to- know- where-that-thing-takes-a-dump. You hear me now?

QUINCY

(clears his throat)

Now how would I know?

Chris fumbles in his pocket for his cell. He finally fishes it out but drops it.

CHRIS

Aaagh!

He pats the ground feverishly until his hand bumps into it and he picks it up.

CHRIS

That does it. I'm calling the dog pound. I could have kahkah all over my thousand dollar snake skin leather shoes!

BETTINA, 32, dressed in a maid's uniform, bursts in.

BETTINA

Can't you ever act like a civil human being?

QUINCY

Him....human? I don't think there is a species classification for what he is yet.

CHRIS

Quincy's dog, or his...life partner, whatever you want to call it - did his doody all over the lawn. Look at my shoes...I think there's poop on them!

Chris shoves his leg up and Bettina examines it.

BETTINA

Take off your shoes and hand me that cane before you spread mud all over the place.

Chris kicks off his shoes. Bettina snatches them up, and picks up the mud encrusted cane, in outrage.

BETTINA

You dug up my flower garden again!

Bettina takes the cane and shoes and stalks out. Chris SHOUTS out as if she is still there.

CHRIS

That dog needs to be in a pound!

QUINCY

Vacancy reserved for you Tweedle Dee!

RYAN, Rob's four year old son, bursts in carrying a book too heavy for him.

RYAN

Happy Birthday Uncle Chris! Happy
Birthday Uncle Chris!

Rob soon follows after and sits next to Chris. He picks up his son and places him on his lap, kisses his temple.

ROB

Calm down, Rye Pye.

Rob puts his arm around Chris.

ROB

Happy Birthday, Bro.

Ryan scales over his father and settles in Chris' lap.

RYAN

Look what I got you Uncle Chris! Winnie
Pooh stories. It's in BRAILLE- Daddy
said maybe you can learn how to read it
to me.

Chris shoots Rob an indirect annoyed look. Quincy smirks.

CHRIS

I don't know Rye. That could be
dangerous.

(rubs his fingers together;
does a Godfather imitation)

If I rub out my fingerprints reading
braille, then the mafia might make me a
hit man.

QUINCY

That's a fallacy Chris that you
shouldn't be feeding your nephew.
Braille doesn't wipe out fingerprints--
-

CHRIS

I'm planning a hit Quincy---watch out.

QUINCY

Admit you don't know braille.

CHRIS

Why don't you take your perfect blind ass, your white cane, and go navigate a mine field?

ROB

Guys... please...Ryan..

CHRIS

I don't feel like being preached to by the President of the American Federation for The Blind.

RYAN

What's a federation, Uncle Chris?

CHRIS

Oh... it's a bunch of blind people who sit around and whine because they don't have braille billboards or seeing eye dogs directing traffic---

QUINCY

At least I don't use a rope to guide myself from the toilet to the sink---

Rob's hands shoot up and he stands.

ROB

Okay - You two need a time out.

Rob takes Quincy's arm.

ROB

Excuse us, Chris, Quincy and I will be getting the food ready.

CHRIS

So he's a blind Wolfgang Puck now? Like I don't know you're going in there to talk behind my back.

Rob guides Quincy out of the room as Ryan snuggles into Chris' lap.

RYAN

I'll pretend I'm reading the braille,
Uncle Chris.

CHRIS

Can you pretend you're reading the
braille Penthouse Letters?

RYAN

What's Penthouse?

INT. KITCHEN

State-of-the-art kitchen. "Smart" appliances and Winnie The Pooh decor. Rob, Bettina and Quincy are huddled together in the breakfast nook. CHERYL, 24, petite red head saunters in and scoots in next to Rob, kisses his cheek.

CHERYL

Sorry I'm late.

Rob DRUMS his fingers on the table, SIGHS under his breath. Quincy is on the alert.

QUINCY

What's wrong, Rob?

ROB

(startled)

How'd you know something's wrong?

QUINCY

Those are your "worry"
sounds...drumming your
fingers...SIGHING...

CHERYL

(laughs; smooths Rob's brow)

You're right, Quincy. Rob is growing
new forehead wrinkles as we speak.

ROB

I was thinking about what you said
about my Dad. Do you really think it's
possible?

QUINCY

That he was coming back to make amends?
Sure. Can you remember anything about

the conversation you had with your Dad
before he sped off?

Rob drifts off a moment, deep in thought.

ROB

No. He ran off after I told him how he
favored Chris...

QUINCY

Maybe he acknowledged his
responsibility. That he may have caused
your anger, which lead to your neglect--
--sorry Rob.

Cheryl kisses her husband on the cheek.

ROB

That I left my brother to die.

BETTINA

You just have to let it go...as a
mystery. No one will ever know what
your father thought. Always a mystery.
Like the platypus.

QUINCY

Or like how did Marilyn Monroe die,
was it suicide? Or is there any such
thing as acid rain? Is Elvis really
dead?

(chuckle)

Or does Chris Carlson have any sense at
all?

ROB

Quincy...

QUINCY

Sorry, Rob. I just had to throw that
out.

ROB

You know how I feel about my brother.

Cheryl SIGHS, frowns. Bettina and her exchange knowing
looks.

QUINCY

Worry noises from Cheryl. Before I hear all about it-let's talk about the party.

ROB

Chris looks a little down... but Quincy, you're going to take care of that.

QUINCY

Me? Not after the way that blind fool carried on!

Cheryl glances at Bettina.

CHERYL

What if Rob throws in Bettina?

BETTINA

Well - Quincy does look like a young Denzel.

CHERYL

She's real pretty.

QUINCY

You sound sweet and petite to me, Betite. Okay - I'll bite. I'd be on the corner shaking a tin can if it wasn't for you, Rob. So - what's the plan?

ROB

(beams)

In one word: Helena.

QUINCY

Helena? Why!? She was the Westbury Holland Tunnel.

BETTINA

Wasn't that the girl you said was prettier than any starlet?

Cheryl bites her lip.

ROB

Yea. And if she was promiscuous, well, she's not in a boarding school anymore.

CHERYL

How did Chris know if she was pretty or not?

QUINCY

A blind man can sense those things. Sense of touch you know.

BETTINA

Oh - so that's all a ploy to grope a woman, is it?

QUINCY

(smirking)

Sometimes, but I can already tell you're beautiful. Soooo... you're inviting Helena?

ROB

He needs to get away from his bimbo starlets. Maybe a little spark can be rekindled. High School Sweethearts reunited.

QUINCY

After me, Dennis, Harold...then there was Jeff---

CHERYL

I'll go write out the invitations. Quincy, want to give her a call?

QUINCY

Scott... Dave... Glenn... Andy...

Cheryl takes Quincy away. He breaks off from his rambling.

QUINCY

(in Cheryl's ear)

---Now you can tell me your problems, Cher.

QUINCY

(teasing smile)

Blind men have great wisdom, you know.

CHERYL

Really? Not ALL of them.

(jabs his arm)
I'm about Chrissed out for now. My
brother in law problems can wait for
another night.

QUINCY
We'll have to pull an ALL nighter for
that.
(clears his throat)
Back to Helena...there was
Gus...Trisha...

CHERYL
Trisha??

Quincy LAUGHS. Cheryl joins in. They exit the kitchen.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Rob enters and sits next to Chris. Ryan is still on his
lap. Pretending to read Winnie The Pooh.

RYAN
Uncle Chris, Eeyore and and Roo - they
had a party for Christopher Robin. A
birthday party and it was a surprise--

CHRIS
(nodding out)
---Fascinating...Rye Pye.

ROB
That's enough, Son. You did a great job
reading. Want to go play with your
toys?

Ryan slips off Chris' lap and toddles off but stops.

RYAN
Daddy! That's your names - Christopher
and Robin. Like in Pooh.

Rob smiles.

RYAN
That's because Grammy wanted you and
Uncle Chris to be best friends, like in
the story.

ROB

Yes. And we are.

Ryan continues on his way. Chris pushes the book off his lap and to the floor.

ROB

(putting his arm around Chris)

What's up...really?

CHRIS

Record sales are down the drain. Howie says the whole Dark Prince gimmick has run it's course. I dunno, Rob. I know I can't sing. The gimmick was all I really had since no one wants a blind actor. I might as well head back to the asylum or something.

(sighs)

I do like pudding.

EXT. STUDIO BACK LOT - DAY

A standard back lot with a "blood flows on the highway" type driving course with a bakery facade at the end of the street complete with a gigantic wedding cake in the plate glass window. A red Ford Escort, reading: "Adam's Driving School" on the door, sits at the start point. A small crew readies lights, sound and camera.

A production assistant helps Chris into the car and closes the door. A GARISH STARLET rushes over to Chris and kisses him like a porn star.

STARLET

Knock'em dead, Chrissie!

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

Um - nooo.. we're not covered.

The Starlet and Production Assistant walk off camera. Chris readies himself. A SHAKY ACTOR approaches the passenger side, fear in his eyes as he tentatively gets in.

OFF CAMERA

Howie and the DIRECTOR stand together surveying the scene.

DIRECTOR

This is making me uneasy.

HOWIE

It's perfectly safe. The driver's school wanted Chris. Humor in commercials is the "in" thing.

DIRECTOR

Perfectly safe? He's blind.

HOWIE

It's a great advertising bit. And Chris needs this. You're being paid so don't worry about it.

The Director looks very uneasy as the ENGINE REVS.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

Set! READY!

CHRIS

Ready!

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

Everything is set. Stunt a go.

The Director shakes his head.

HOWIE

Alright - I see you're apprehensive. I'll put this into terms YOU can understand, okay? You have a contract and YOU are being paid more than you're worth. The driving school made the decision. If you ever expect to direct something other than commercials again you better play ball.

The Director paces, grabs a bullhorn. DIRECTOR'S ASSISTANT stands at the car with a clap board. The Director nods.

DIRECTOR'S ASSISTANT

Adam's Driving School, take one.

He CLAPS the board.

CAMERAMAN

Rolling. Speed.

DIRECTOR

ACTION!

The Director's Assistant scurries out of the way of the car.

DIRECTOR

Chris - remember - just drive STRAIGHT!

Chris puts his hand out the window. Waves out the "peace" sign.

COMMERCIAL FILMING

CAMERA #1 POV

Tight on Chris' face. He smiles. His co-star, the shaky actor playing the driving instructor, in the passenger seat, looks frightened. Chris delivers his lines perfectly.

CHRIS

At Adam's Driving School the instructors are so proficient and highly trained that they can even teach a blind man to drive.

CAMERA #2 - DOLLEY CAM - MID VIEW

Chris smiles. The actor grips the door handle, eyes closed and bracing himself. Chris flails his cane out the window in a downward angle.

CAMERA #2 - DOLLEY CAM - FULL SCENE

The tires SQUEAL and smoke billows from them. The car darts off down the road. It slams into the orange cones with the cane whipping around everywhere.

CAMERA #2 - DOLLEY CAM - TIGHT ON CHRIS

Chris maintains course, cane slapping on the ground, wooden cutouts of various people smack against the hood of the car.

CHRIS

With my handy cane at a precise 45 degree angle and tapping the road at 5 pace intervals I too can drive as well as any sighted driver!

CAMERA #3 - STEADICAM/BACK - TRACKING

The camera films on a side tracking angle as the car plummets into more cutouts and zeroes in on the bakery.

ACTOR

(scrunches down in his seat)

Brake! Oh my god - I'm going to die!

BRAKE!

(hands in prayer)

I pray to the Lord Almighty...

SCREECHING. Smoke from the tires. It's too late as the car barrels into the bakery window. Glass SHATTERS outside of the car. The giant cake topples in right by Chris.

CAMERA #4 - STEADICAM - TIGHT ON CHRIS

The actor shakily storms out of the car.

ACTOR

I quit!

Passenger door SLAMS. Chris smiles, looks into the camera.

CHRIS

Did I mess up parallel parking?

(scrunches his nose;beams)

That's okay. I'll still get my license!

Chris shrugs, grabs a heaping handful of cake and bites into it.

CHRIS

Chocolate. My favorite.

BACK TO SCENE

The director waves his arms.

DIRECTOR

(yelling)

Cut! Print!

Stunt coordinators rush to the car and check on Chris. Howie and the Starlet rush over as Chris gets out. The Starlet helps clean the cake off of him. Howie pats his back.

HOWIE
That was GREAT, kid! Gold.

STARLET
You'll win an Oscar for sure, Baby.

CHRIS
But of course.

The director approaches.

HOWIE
What did I tell you?

DIRECTOR
I admit. I was wrong. Good work Chris.
One take is all we need. It wrote
itself. Check in with EMS before you
leave. Insurance you know.

CHRIS
(puts his arm around the
woman)
I'm a star-reborn!

The director takes off.

HOWIE
You're lucky you didn't blow it.

CHRIS
If I did I could always follow my true
calling.. basket weaving.

The Starlet GIGGLES. They walk off together. A MESSENGER
approaches Howie and hands him a card.

INT. LIMOUSINE (FRONT) - NIGHT

The DRIVER peers through the rearview mirror at a beautiful
woman in a skin tight black dress. She tosses her hair
Charlie's Angels-style away from her perfect face.

BACK

HELENA SINGER, sultry, blind, 20, Marilyn Monroe curves
without the weight, listens.

QUINCY

He dug up Bettina's garden and
terrorized Cujo. I tell you - that fool
is a walking disaster!

HELENA

Who's Bettina?

QUINCY

My date tonight. She's the one who
saved Chris when he swan dived into the
side of the pool. So I suppose I owe my
roommate from hell something. Damn.

HELENA

I should thank her too.

QUINCY

Don't tell me you want Chris now!?

HELENA

Oh God, no. The man is an infant. It's
Rob. I love him. I still remember how
his warm and gentle voice washed over
me...

QUINCY

I recall him begging you to help his
brother. Don't forget WHY you're coming
to this party. YOU'RE Chris' date. And
FYI, Rob is married.

HELENA

Really? He was available when we met at
the school. Too bad I couldn't make my
move then.

QUINCY

Cheryl is a sweetheart and they have a
son - Ryan. He's the greatest.

HELENA

(coy smile)

She's a Sweetheart? Hmm...sounds very
Hallmark and boring.

QUINCY

They are VERY happily married. Do you
UNDERSTAND ME, Helena?

HELENA

Blind remember? Not deaf.

Helena settles further into the cushions with a coy smile.

EXT. CARLSON MANSION (POOL) - LATER

A huge "Happy 21st Birthday!" banner is splayed over the sliding glass doors leading pool side. Balloons are netted over the pool area. Japanese lanterns float in the pool. A DJ is set up in the gazebo. Rob stands giving the decor a once over as a DOOR CLOSES. He enters the house.

INT. CARLSON MANSION - FOYER

Rob instructs two SECURITY GUARDS.

ROB

Remember, no press. There's a bonus in it for you.

One of the guards nods, puts his hand out. Rob scowls, annoyed and unravels bills from his pockets.

LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chris stands in the doorway. Rob enters.

ROB

How did the commercial go?

CHRIS

IT was bad at first. The director was all up my ass. Wanted stunt drivers then to pull the spot completely. Howie did his normal buttering up---

ROB

---He threatened him?

CHRIS

(laughs)

Yeah - pretty much. In the end we got it in one take. Was scared to death. I know I can't sing - acting is what I can do.

ROB

It's a start. Once people catch on that you're just as good as before---

CHRIS

---I guess.

Chris sniffs the air.

ROB

You smell the BBQ, 'eh? Thought I'd do some home cookin.

CHRIS

Did Bettina quit again?

Rob puts his arm around Chris and CHUCKLES.

ROB

Come on.

Rob leads Chris toward the pool doors.

EXT. CARLSON MANSION (POOL AREA)

CELEBRITIES in gala attire and disabled alike have snuck in the back way and have taken strategic places around the pool area. A large table is filled with food and another with presents.

Marty is being tended to by his nurse. Eddie holds a rum and coke while checking out a young starlet. Violet primps and Alexis fiddles with her hearing aid while looking inside the house.

ALEXIS

Extra quiet - they're coming.

MARTY

Nearly forgot - he's got bat senses. Sonar so sensitive he picks up radio waves from Mars.

VAPID STARLET

It's really easy to throw a surprise party for a blind person. They won't even see the balloons!

EDDIE

(slaps his cheeks in awe)

You don't say?

Rob enters with Chris in tow. Cheryl by the food table quickly hands them each a glass of champagne. Rob holds his out.

CHRIS

Rob - what's going on?

ROB

A toast. To my best friend and brother on his 21st year.

GUESTS

SURPRISE!

Chris startles a bit. Rob CLINKS Chris' glass. Rob stares off into the distance toward the pool. He sees Chris' lifeless body floating eerily on the surface. Rob closes his eyes tight and reopens them: it's gone. He puts his arms around Chris. Guests continue on making noise, CHEERING.

ROB

(murmuring in Chris' ear)
Chris...later...I need to talk to you about Dad---

Chris jerks free of Rob. He waves his glass out. Champagne spills over.

CHRIS

---It's Splash Party time! Get in your birthday suits!

He hastily strips out of his clothes, but Rob continues to pull on him. Chris wrangles himself free of Rob and yanks off the last of his clothing and jumps in. He re-surfaces. Whips his head back.

CHRIS

Come on! Jump in! Is this a party or a funeral?

The guests, aghast at the turn of events, look at each other. One by one they start stripping and diving. Marty CHEERS and rolls his chair around.

EXT. CARLSON MANSION - DRIVE WAY - SAME TIME

The limo rolls up. The driver exits and opens the passenger door. Helena takes his offered hand and he helps her out, staring at her. Quincy manages to get out by himself with Cujo leading. SPLASHING and CHEERING is muffled. Quincy perks up. He takes Helena's arm and Cujo guides them around.

EXT. CARLSON MANSION - POOL SIDE

Expensive clothing litters the ground. Bettina carries out a vast array of towels as the guests frolic freely in the pool. The underwater lights illuminating the decadence brilliantly. SPLASHING, LAUGHS, HYSTERICAL SQUEALING. A buxom starlet bobs around with Chris who casually fondles her.

CHRIS

Ah-haa! Rye wants to have a water balloon fight! I see!

She attempts to fight away but Chris' grip is too tight.

CHRIS

Are your breasts pregnant? They seem to grow each time I feel them.

STARLET

(playfully slaps him)
Chris - stop it!

Chris latches onto her further and nuzzles her neck. She GIGGLES. Off by the deck chairs sit GENE J. LA RUE, older actor, and a MADELYN SAXTON, high society woman, who sit and observe with a glass of bubbly.

GENE

Why is it every time I attend one of their parties I fear someone... Or someTHING will expire...

His words trail off as Eddie hoists himself out of the pool, chasing a busty starlet. She GIGGLES as she outruns him. Bettina hastily hands them each a towel. The two dry off and dress. Madelyn pulls Gene aside.

MADELYN

Knowing Rob he probably has a fully staffed ER on the top floor.

Chris treads water as guests swim around him. Marty rolls by enjoying the chase.

MARTY
Go get her Eddie!

Eddie and the Starlet disappear inside.

CHRIS
Make sure she watches out for sharp objects, Ed-Man!

Gene SHUDDERS.

GENE
He always does that. Talks to people after they've vacated the premises.

Marty sits back, suddenly sullen as he watches the other guests play around and Chris frolic with the women.

MARTY
(to himself)
Oh to be able to savor a woman...hold her in my arms---

EXT. CARLSON MANSION - SIDE - SAME TIME

Cujo leads Quincy who in turn leads Helena.

QUINCY
Watch out for the doggie doo. It's well positioned for Chris' other birthday surprise.

Helena GIGGLES.

EXT. CARLSON MANSION - POOL SIDE - CONTINUOUS

Marty wheels himself around the pool. Weeds CRUNCH. He notices Helena approaching with Quincy. His eyes open wide and he touches his crotch.

MARTY
Damn - Mr. Shwartz can still raise the flag.

Quincy and Helena pause.

HELENA

Excuse me?

QUINCY

Ah...Helena, meet my good friend Marty-

--

She puts her hand out.

QUINCY

Marty is wheelchair bound.

Marty rolls up closer to her.

MARTY

Your chariot awaits my princess...

Marty tenderly places her hand on his arm rest and slowly guides her into the party. Quincy and Cujo follow.

Rob sees them approach and hastily tugs at Chris, yanking him out of the pool. Chris' knees scrape the outside.

CHRIS

(howls)

Aaah! Somebody's trying to kill me!

Guests abruptly swim aside and observe as Chris tries to push Rob off of him.

ROB

You're knee is bleeding!

CHRIS

Get off of me. God damn - you're like an Ethiopian at a Country Buffet!

Chris plops down on the cement, butt naked. Rob hunches over, covering him. He looks around, frantic.

ROB

Bettina! Bettina!

Bettina rushes over with towels. Rob grabs one and puts it around Chris.

BETTINA

What's his problem this time?

ROB
He's bleeding. Needs a bandage.

CHRIS
Bloody hell! Why'd you almost MURDER
me? Dragging me out of the pool? What
the damn hell is your problem?

Marty winks at Helena, then looks embarrassed at her
impassive gaze.

ROB
I'm sorry, Chris.
(embarrassed)
---Bettina, please take him in.

Bettina takes Chris' arm and he limps inside behind her.
Gene and Madelyn hover nearby.

GENE
Didn't I tell you? They need a
psychiatric floor too.

She shakes her head disapprovingly.

Rob turns. He's face to face with Helena. He takes in every
inch of her beauty, jaw agape. Cheryl hovers close by
noting his reaction.

ROB
Helena - you're here. Thanks for
bringing her, Quincy.

QUINCY
No problem.

Helena stretches out her hand and caresses Rob's face.
Cheryl tightens up.

HELENA
It's been awhile.

ROB
Certainly has...
(Rob removes her hand, spots
Chris)
Chris! CHRIS!

Bettina leads a bandaged Chris, wrapped in a towel, from the house and toward Rob.

CHRIS

Yeah?

ROB

Your surprise is here.

CHRIS

Oh shit, NOW what?

ROB

A couple of hints... A woman from your past and she looks like an angel.

Chris looks confused. Cheryl, fuming over Rob's fixation on Helena, comes to the front.

CHRIS

(laughing)

It's not that skank, Helena?

ROB

Um...

CHRIS

Oh... Fu-

CHERYL

Everyone - I'd like to introduce you to Chris' high school sweetheart - Helena Singer.

CHRIS

(under his breath; shock)

Damn. I'm screwed.

Gene stares at Helena, leans into Madelyn.

GENE

(whispering)

Call Jared immediately. Tell him we found the lead for his new damsel in distress story line...

MADELYN

Which one is that again?

GENE

The girl who gets unwittingly pregnant
by the brother she never knew she had.

MADELYN

That again? I hate soaps.

GENE

"Lust For Life" hasn't done it yet.

Madelyn takes a cell from her jeweled hand bag and trails
away from the crowd. The crowd swells around Helena.
Everyone is clothed or in towels. Helena greets them with
handshakes.

HELENA

I'd say to please introduce yourselves,
but I won't remember your faces.

Helena pulls her cane out from her purse and splays it out.
Gene is in shock.

GENE

Aaagggh! She's blind!

Madelyn, on her cell, looks back.

GENE

Should have known. This IS a Carlson
fest.

Madelyn returns, surveys the cane.

MADELYN

Let me call Jared back, he was rushing
over.

She flips open her phone. Gene puts his hand over hers,
straining to think.

GENE

No - wait.

She closes the phone.

GENE

(clenches; eyes ablaze)
A blind woman playing someone with
sight. Can that be done? We can teach

her to FOCUS. Do you think it's possible?

Rob guides Helena toward Chris. The MURMURING CROWD watches.

CHRIS
About what I just said...

HELENA
What? I didn't catch anything. My mind was focused on something... else.

CHRIS
Okay - good! Let's go inside. Play naked Twister than Truth or Dare.

The crowd LAUGHS and begins to move toward the house. Chris remains.

CHRIS
Um - ya... This is going to sound a tad awkward but.. Uh.. I don't actually KNOW where I am right now..

Marty comes over and reaches for his elbow.

MARTY
Come along, Chris.

They move slowly toward the house.

CHRIS
Just don't pop a wheelie, okay?

INT. CARLSON MANSION - LIVING ROOM - LATER

The guests mingle, drink, eat small canapes`. The occasional side glance meets with Chris or Helena who are sitting in front of one another on the couch. Bettina talks with Quincy.

CHRIS
(to Helena)
So - long time no see.

HELENA
Still a bit childish. But - that's cute. It's an attractive quality.

Chris blushes, bows his head. Bettina leans into Quincy.

BETTINA

(whispering)

Well praise be a miracle. His majesty
has met his match and ran out of words.

Marty rolls up.

QUINCY

(to Bettina)

I've never seen her but I do know when
she's around there is a paralyzing
effect. Like time standing still.

MARTY

It worked the opposite with me.

Chris stands, wobble-kneed. He takes Helena's hand. Rob,
shirtless, approaches with Cheryl.

ROB

Come on, Bro. Let's get dressed then
the party can really begin.

CHRIS

The party only begins when we're on the
floor naked rolling in Jello while some
lackey like Marty spins the Twister
dial.

Helena plants her hand on Rob's chest.

HELENA

(sultry smile)

Rob, aren't you dressed?

Rob gently removes her hand.

CHRIS

(cocky)

I'm not.

Helena moves closer to Rob, touches him. Cheryl scowls.
Bettina shuffles Quincy aside, leans in to him.

BETTINA

The Holland Tunnel you say? There's
gonna be a Carlson Pile-up.

INT. ABRAMOWITZ TALENT AGENCY - HOWIE'S OFFICE

Howie stands behind a desk overflowing with eight by ten glossies of young, nubile, sexy stars. Some have signatures scrawled underneath, others are head shots, and others are full body with bio data sheets.

A computer is stationed in the middle covered with scribbled sticky notes. PHONE RINGS, BLEEP. JENNA HART, Black, (20's), gorgeous, silky straight afro sheened hair, enters and models her sequined dress. Howie spreads his arms out.

HOWIE

You are exquisite. Too bad he can't enjoy the view.

(crooks his finger)

Come here.

She struts over, swinging her beaded purse, puts her arm through his. Howie SNIFFS deep, smiles.

HOWIE

Night Musk. He will drink you up.

(he feels the dress)

Next time wear silk. He loves it.

Texture, Baby, texture. Always think texture.

He takes her arm and they head for the door as the phone continues to RING and BLEEP.

JENNA

If I turn him on, will you rep me?

HOWIE

Honey, you'll spark him like a fire cracker. What I want is for you to drown his voice out when you premiere on his next CD. Make him think he's singing better.

Howie holds the door open for Jenna.

INT. CARLSON MANSION - KITCHEN

Rob turns Helena toward Cheryl.

ROB

Helena, I'd like you to meet my lovely wife Cheryl.

Helena puts her hand out.

HELENA
I'm sure you are.

Cheryl ignores it. Bettina, Chris and Quincy observe.

CHERYL
(intimidated)
I've heard a lot about you.
(pause)
You dated Chris at the school, right?

HELENA
Actually - I was involved with someone else.

CHERYL
(smirk on her face; overly polite tone)
I've heard you've had quite a few beaus.

Helena appears to disregard Cheryl

HELENA
(to Cheryl)
Yes---
(turns her head)
Rob? Did you invite Dennis?

CHRIS
(to Rob)
You better not have---

ROB
No way. Helena, you're our special guest tonight.

Helena preens. Rob kisses Cheryl then guides Chris toward the stairs.

ROB
(to Cheryl)
Babe, Take care of Helena while me and Chris get ready?

Cheryl scowls at Rob. Rob continues upstairs. Cheryl turns to Helena.

CHERYL

You're here because Rob thinks you make Chris happy. I'm not blind - I'm a mother with an active son - I have eyes in the back of my head so watch that ass of yours.

Cheryl walks off. Quincy leans into Bettina.

QUINCY

I suddenly feel a chill.

INT. CHRIS BEDROOM

Rob, clothes in arms and Chris at his elbow, opens the door.

Walls filled with glamour shots of Chris. Hair swept over his eyes, jacket slung over his shoulder...big cocky smile. In another he hugs a starlet, winking right into the camera. In most of the shots it's apparent he can see.

There is a bathroom with a thin rope tied from the door to the bed. Toiletries are aligned across a sparkling clean sink. A tooth brush is Velcro bound to the mirror.

Rob centers Chris down on the huge, tightly made bed and pulls clothes out of the closet.

ROB

You'll look good in casual Armani---
(kneels down, pulls out an
expensive pair of snakeskin
shoes)
That was quite a start off to your
party.

CHRIS

I had to do something to knock you out of the block. As soon as you say "Dad" it's coma induction time.

ROB

Quincy and I were talking. Dad made a U-turn and now I can't help but wonder if it was an act of forgiveness---

CHRIS

Now Quincy is your confidante?

Rob tosses Armani casual wear on the bed and lines up Chris' shoes before him.

ROB

(his head down)

You never want to talk about anything important.

Rob offers Chris his shirt.

ROB

Clothes are out. Start getting dressed.

CHRIS

The past isn't important. But the present is. Why did you invite Helena?

ROB

You said you were in love with her.

CHRIS

But SHE was in love with you.

Chris puts on his shirt and gropes for his pants. Rob goes through the closet, finding his own clothes.

ROB

Now that IS the past---I'm married now. Things change and she was attracted to you. What red blooded American woman isn't?

CHRIS

(slips on his pants)

Or British...Guatemalan...any woman in the world! And oh - a BLIND one. You Jerkoff. Looks only get you someplace if they can SEE you.

Rob LAUGHS and helps Chris button his shirt.

ROB

She's your date tonight. A little maneuvering and she'll fall in love with you.

KITCHEN

Cheryl serves Helena coffee, but it looks more like she'd like to dump it in her lap.

HELENA

How did you and Rob meet?

Cheryl serves herself coffee and settles herself opposite Helena.

CHERYL

Horticulture class. Before Rob was into the tech stuff he was a landscaper. We both were in college learning the trade.

CHERYL

(Helena sips her coffee)
Love at first sight.
(gives Helena the once over)
Had a rough patch when Chris hurt himself but obviously we got over that.

HELENA

Do you think Chris will ever become famous again?

CHERYL

He IS famous. Stars' careers can be cyclical, they can rise and fall.

HELENA

I've never heard of any blind movie stars.

Cheryl gives Helena a cold look.

FOYER

Howie stands proudly with Jenna on his arm, amidst bunches of balloons tied to posts and a winding staircase. Confetti, candy trays, lit incense candles, and a buffet are in view. Cheryl takes Jenna's short mink jacket.

HOWIE
(to Cheryl)
Cheryl, meet my treasure, my new
client, Ms. Jenna Hart. She'll be
singing back-up on Chris' new album.

JENNA
(sweet smile at Cheryl)
Hey, Cher.

HOWIE
Cheryl is Rob's wife. And Rob is the
brother to our illustrious birthday
boy.

Cheryl examines Jenna.

CHERYL
I certainly hope she can sing. Chris is
tone-deaf.

HOWIE
She's an angel.

Howie leads Jenna away, leaning into Cheryl.

HOWIE
(whispering)
Behave!

LIVING ROOM

There stands Helena, Quincy, Bettina and others milling
around nibbling on canape's, drinking. Rob and Chris stand
center sipping from wine glasses and chatting with GUESTS.
JARED HUDDLESTON, (30's), Handsome, slick producer jabs Rob
in the arm.

JARED
Hey come on, Rob, do my soap, eh? I'll
write you in.

ROB
As what? The brooding loner who falls
in love with an older woman, who really
is only ten years older, then he finds
out it's the mother he never knew?

Chris LAUGHS. Jared checks Chris out.

JARED
(to Rob; sheepish)
Okay, I'm hiring new writers.

CHRIS
Put me in. The blind lothario who lays
every woman in sight, leaving them
begging, screaming for more, more,
more!

JARED
It's not a porn show Chris, but we
could have you playing piano at the
bar---

Jared cracks a smile. Chris grabs Jared's shoulder and
jerks him back.

JARED
(laughs, looks around)
I'm supposed to check out some new
actress...

Jared scans the crowd. His eyes rest on Helena. Madelyn
pops up, and takes Jared's arm. She whispers in his ear.

MADELYN
Isn't she exquisite?

JARED
THAT'S her?

Jared slowly nods his head, in a trance.

MADELYN
Yes. And she's blind.

JARED
(taken aback)
Blind?

MADELYN
Like a tree stump.

Madelyn pulls Jared into a huddle. Gene sidles up.

GENE
I understand she and Chris had an
affair at a blind boarding school.

JARED

What a waste. So beautiful and she can't see herself. And she lives where no one can see her.

Gene cocks his head toward Helena.

GENE

With the right people we could teach her how to focus correctly so she appears sighted. She could be on the show then.

Jared looks at her intently, rubs his chin, then smiles a little.

Rob mingles around other guests as Howie slides Jenna closer to Chris. He sniffs the air.

CHRIS

Either my senses deceive me or an exotic creature is nearby. Hmmm...

HOWIE

Chris...Happy Birthday...

CHRIS

(disappointed)
Howie? What the hell. Stop wearing women's perfume you freak.

Jenna GIGGLES. Chris perks up.

HOWIE

Funny, kid. Let me introduce you to Jenna Hart.

Rob turns back to Chris, checks out Jenna.

ROB

Hello.
(puts his hand out)
I'm Rob Carlson, Chris' brother.

She takes his hand. Chris continues to sniff the air. Howie takes up Chris' hand and holds it out for Jenna, she seizes it softly and Chris kisses the back of her hand.

CHRIS

Charmed.

HOWIE

She'll be singing back up for you.

Howie winks at Rob. Rob shifts around. Jenna moves her arm around Chris' waist. Takes in the view.

JENNA

Hey Blue Eyes. You certainly are more handsome in person.

Rob looks disturbed. Bettina brings Quincy and Helena up.

BETTINA

Rob, guests are piling in. Can you keep Quincy and Helena company?

ROB

I hired enough staff. You're Quincy's date.

BETTINA

(bustling off)

Be right back!

Rob takes Quincy aside.

ROB

Aren't you two getting along?

QUINCY

She's great. She said the place is filling up. Is it?

Rob notices a gaggle of PARTY CRASHERS in the foyer. SHOUTS of "Happy Birthday" at Chris.

ROB

It is...

The Crashers head towards Chris, BLOWING party favors. Jenna looks disgusted.

JENNA

Come on Sweetie, let's get acquainted by the swimming pool.

Rob's eyes dart over at her. Helena has put her arm through Rob's. Jenna checks out Helena and whisks Chris away.

POOL AREA

Lit lanterns sway from posts. Incense candles sit on fine china at each table. Chris and Jenna dance among couples to SLOW MUSIC. Chris fingers her hair. Jenna appears delighted with him, fondles his cheek.

JENNA
You are a peach.

CHRIS
Are you black?

She pauses, holds him at bay.

JENNA
Something wrong with that?

CHRIS
No...

JENNA
Then how can you tell?
(snaps her fingers)
Ya oughta know I don't talk like no
black woman. Ya-hear?

They LAUGH and resume dancing. Chris kisses her. A SERVER moves by with a tray of glasses filled with wine.

SERVER
A drink, Mr. Carlson? Madam?

CHRIS
Sure.
(looks toward Jenna)
Sit with me?

JENNA
Of course.

Jenna picks two glasses from the tray and they move to an empty table and sit. Jenna drinks, and Chris moves his hand, bumping into her arm. He fondles it.

A distance away Howie stands observing. Jenna GIGGLES as Chris continues to touch her and whisper in her ear. Howie appears pleased. They drink and continue to flirt.

Helena is caught up in a milieu of clamoring guests. She tightens her grip on Rob. Quincy is on her other side.

QUINCY

Helena, care to dance?

HELENA

I might end up in the middle of traffic.

ROB

(laughs)

Helena, Quincy knows the lay of the land here pretty damn good.

Rob moves Helena toward Quincy, but she takes Rob's arm.

HELENA

Rob? Walk me to your washroom? I need to freshen up.

Rob guides Quincy to a table. He eyes Bettina, serving finger sandwiches. He nods towards Quincy. She smiles.

ROB

Quince, Bettina will be right over.

BACKYARD

Rob walks Helena through a flurry of streamers, balloons and party decor.

ROB

I hope you're enjoying yourself. I'll find Chris and you can dance with him.

HELENA

Stop it.

ROB

(pauses)

What?

She pulls Rob around to face her.

HELENA

Are we alone?

ROB

Not really. Obviously there's a party--

-

HELENA

Where's your wife?

ROB

(looks around, no sign of
Cheryl)

Probably tucking our son into bed---

Helena moves up, gives Rob a big kiss on the lips. He lightly takes her shoulders and moves her back.

ROB

I don't think so.

Her eyes are piercing.

HELENA

Why did you invite me?

Rob furtively looks at a small group of guests eyeing them. He steers her inside.

INT. CARLSON MANSION - KITCHEN

HIRED STAFF busy themselves re-stocking buffet trays. Rob takes Helena to a corner.

HELENA

Are we alone NOW?

ROB

Yes---

She moves up, and gives him a deep kiss. Rob barely steps back, then gives in. He finally breaks the kiss.

HELENA

I thought I made it clear at the school
I don't care for your brother.

ROB

You didn't. You slept with him.

HELENA

No, Violet did.

ROB

Then you. Violet works for me. We never discuss your "blind switch". She knows she'll lose her job if she upsets him.

Rob takes Helena by the elbow. Looks openly like he's been "saved by the bell."

ROB

There's been so much going on I forgot to find her so you two can catch up on old times.

They walk. Staff busily wash trays and mixes more drinks.

HELENA

We haven't finished talking---

ROB

I think we have. Get two things straight. The first is I love my wife. The second is I love my brother and HIS happiness is all I want.

They reach the patio doors. Rob pushes them open and escorts Helena out.

BACKYARD

They make their way toward the party people.

ROB

Everything I do is for my brother. All this---

ROB

(he gestures)

The party, my business, my friends, it all happened because of Chris.

HELENA

And your guilt?

ROB

I'll find Violet. She can take you to the washroom. I forgot to take you. MY apologies.

INT. CARLSON MANSION - LIVING ROOM

Guests MINGLE. Pastries are being served. Violet stands off in the corner, primping. Helena is unceremoniously left by her side.

ROB

Helena, here's your good friend Violet.
You two can catch up.

Rob and Violet exchange looks. Cold silence among them as Rob scuttles off toward Howie who's stacking two pastries on his plate, compliments of a server who just passed by. Rob confronts him.

ROB

What do you mean by bringing that girl here--Jenna?

Howie peers around, samples an éclair.

HOWIE

Rob, I didn't think you were racist.

ROB

This party was "invite" only.

HOWIE

I'm Chris' agent, remember? It's my job to do what I can to boost his career. Jenna is a very talented singer. I discovered her singing in a Jazz Club.

HOWIE

Now if they are attracted to each other then GREAT! So what's your problem?

Cheryl appears. She approaches, hands on hips. Violet and Helena make their way to the couch and sit.

CHERYL

Rob? What's going on?

ROB

Nothing. Let's dance.

Rob puts his arm around Cheryl. Howie gobbles down his eclair.

BY THE COUCH

Rob glances at Violet and Helena as they dance by the couch.

HELENA

Are we alone?

VIOLET

As alone as you can be at a party of hundreds.

Helena ignores the remark.

HELENA

Can't you help your old friend out and get Chris off my back? Just tell him what happened. Let something slip.

Violet moves closer to Helena. Hisses in her ear.

VIOLET

Look Bitch, I'm not into Chris. I never was. I only slept with him to get even.

HELENA

But maybe if you told him what really happened...he'd fall for you.

VIOLET

I don't need your cast offs. I'm "really" in love with Zak Savage. He's almost an A list actor, and pretty soon we'll be an "item." We're getting coverage in The Intruder.

HELENA

Goody for you.

VIOLET

And for the record your Highness, Rob over pays me to keep me quiet, gives me perks, invites to Hollywood parties. I LOVE my life. I have a fantastic, fun job, and nobody cares that I have albinism.

She tugs on Helena's hair.

VIOLET
So back off.

Helena re-coils from Violet, pats her hair.

HELENA
Okay, fine. Don't get hysterical now.
By the way - where's Dennis?

VIOLET
With his parents. Apparently he's
writing a novel or something. Says he's
retired from the "beige world".

HELENA
What's he writing about?

VIOLET
Who cares. He calls it his
autobiography of the real white man---

Helena's lips curl into a smile. Rob and Cheryl disappear
into the patio area.

HELENA
I'll bet it's all about Westbury.

EXT. PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Rob dances Cheryl closer and closer to a table where Jenna
and Chris are chatting and kissing.

ROB
I've got to break them up.

CHERYL
(impatient)
Come on, Rob! Leave them alone. You
can't run the world---

ROB
I brought Helena here for Chris.

Rob looks through the patio entrance and watches as Helena
and Violet are joined by Quincy and Bettina.

ROB

(to Cheryl)
Let's arrange a blind date. I'll get
Helena. You go ask Chris to dance.

CHERYL
I'd prefer to spend some time alone
with you.

Rob presses his finger over her lips.

ROB
That's the idea. Just follow my lead.

LIVING ROOM

Rob interjects himself between Helena, Quincy, Bettina and
Violet.

ROB
Having fun, everyone?

VIOLET
Tons. Two actors thought I looked like
Marilyn Monroe.

HELENA
I told her they must be blind---

Violet nudges Helena. ZAK SAVAGE, (20's) stud actor,
emerges, gives Violet a cozy smile.

ROB
Helena? Care to dance?

HELENA
It's about time.

Zak kisses Violet. Bettina takes Quincy's hand.

BETTINA
Come on Quincy, let's dance. The party
is settling down.

Bettina and Quincy move off. Zak puts his arm through
Violet's. Cheryl SIGHS, with arms folded she faces Chris.

CHRIS
(to Cheryl)
What's your problem, Sis out law?

CHERYL

How'd you know it's me?

CHRIS

You're always sighing, like a pregnant cow. Moo-Moo.

Cheryl fights a smile, grabs his arm.

CHERYL

Let's dance.

POOL AREA

Rob dances with Helena, she centers her lips close to his ear.

HELENA

Don't you realize I'm totally hot for you?

Rob looks over at Cheryl, dancing with Chris.

ROB

I'm very happily married.

Helena's lips move closer to Rob's ear.

HELENA

Does she make you all hot and woozy?

Rob looks nervous. He strategically steers Helena alongside Chris and Cheryl. He nods to Cheryl. Rob turns Helena and lets go briefly as Cheryl unhands Chris, on the follow through Chris and Helena grasp each other as Rob and Cheryl back off and start dancing.

CHRIS

Cheryl - I never thought you could dance so divinely.

Helena squirms.

HELENA

SHE doesn't.

CHRIS

Helena? God damn my brother. Another sneaky "sighted" trick. I swear -

sometimes I think he's a Ninja or something.

HELENA

We probably have an audience. That's what I hate about being blind. People can hang around and spy on you.

Helena tenses. They dance off a little. Rob peers over at them around Cheryl's head.

CHRIS

Relax. Who cares if they're around. I just ignore people and do what I want. If they stare, how do I know?

(his lips barely touch hers)

Relax. When I'm with you...I feel like I'm on a cloud.

(wraps arms tighter)

Let's start over. I wouldn't have made it through Westbury without you.

HELENA

When will you get over your fantasies? That "spectacular" night you babble on about? You shared THAT with Violet. We slept together, but it was no big deal. You made passionate love with Violet.

CHRIS

I-I don't believe you. She works for my brother.

HELENA

I know.

CHRIS

She would have told me.

HELENA

She tried to tell you at the school, but you wouldn't have any of it.

CHRIS

I was out of it. She can tell me now.

HELENA

Your brother swore her to secrecy. If she talks she loses her job and that big extra to just keep quiet.

Chris holds Helena off. He looks upset.

Jenna and Howie stand off by the food table observing. Jenna walks toward Chris and Helena. Howie holds her back.

HOWIE

Relax. Don't get farchadat.

Chris pulls on Helena's arm, holds her close.

CHRIS

I don't believe you---Violet? Violet?
Come here!

Rob steers Cheryl closer.

ROB

(defeated)

She told.

Rob looks around. Violet is nowhere to be seen.

CHRIS

VIO-let!

INT. CARLSON MANSION - LIVING ROOM

Violet and Zak are sunk into the couch necking feverishly. The actor runs his fingers through Violet's silky platinum hair.

ZAK

You're my platinum angel.

VIOLET

I had a boyfriend who called me "White Orchid"

ZAK

There was someone before me?

(cracks a smile)

I'll bludgeon him with a baseball bat.

She GIGGLES. He burrows into her again.

EXT. CARLSON MANSION - POOL AREA

Chris and Helena move closer and closer to the pool.

CHRIS

Violet!

HELENA

Would you shut-up? Obnoxious, stupid,
and infantile as usual.

HELENA

She told you at Westbury and you called
her a freak, remember?

Rob breaks free of Cheryl and rushes up to them.

Helena stumbles by the ledge of the pool, and Chris presses
his body on hers. They plunge into the water.

Guests, Rob, Cheryl and Bettina race to the pool's edge.

UNDERWATER

Chris grabs onto Helena's waist, then pulls on her face,
kisses her hard. She weaves around, her limbs flailing.

POOL

They SPLASH to the surface. Jared dashes over, reaches over
the side of the pool, grabs Helena. He carefully lifts her
out and into his arms.

HELENA

Rob?

JARED

No, my lovely. Name's Jared.

She pummels him. Her body clearly silhouetted against her
shear, wet silk dress.

JARED

You're a little tigress, aren't you?

Jared holds her in his arms. Rob assists Chris out of the
pool and grabs Jared's arm.

ROB

Keep your hands off her.

All attention is on the soaked couple. Madelyn leans into Gene.

MADELYN

Call the press.

GENE

Too late. Damn.

MADELYN

Shit. If we had pictures, The Intruder would pay six figures.

Helena moves away from Jared and falls onto Chris. Her hand runs over his soaked shirt, up his chest to his face, and she SLAPS him.

HELENA

(to Chris)

Bastard.

Rob pulls her hand back.

HELENA

(to Chris)

Psycho, stupid, clumsy fool.

Howie restrains Jenna, but she grabs a towel off a table and breaks free of Howie and races over to Chris. She quickly removes his shirt and wraps the towel around his torso.

ROB

Chris, I'll take you upstairs.

JENNA

(to Rob)

I'll take care of him.

(hugs Chris)

Chris, let's get out of here, I'll take you to my nice cozy, condo.

CHRIS

I have one too.

JENNA

Let me spoil YOU. I'll feed you bonbons and champagne. You didn't get to properly celebrate your twenty-first.

Jenna nibbles Chris' ear. With Chris' arm in hers she scowls at the stone faced Helena then whisks Chris away. Rob begins to protest, but Cheryl covers his mouth.

CHERYL

Honey, let him go!

Helena STOMPS her foot.

HELENA

Would somebody get me out of here?

Jared takes her arm.

JARED

Allow me---

Rob takes Helena's other arm.

ROB

Hands off---

JARED

Jealous?

ROB

No. She's my guest, therefore my responsibility.

Cheryl breaks in.

CHERYL

Helena, I'll get you out of those wet clothes. I'll loan you some of mine.

She pulls Helena away. Rob hangs back watching Jenna and Chris make their way out of the backyard. Distraught, he turns on his captive audience.

ROB

Party's over.

He stalks back into the house.

INT. CARLSON MANSION - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rob passes Zak and Violet, still necking on the couch.

ROB
Party's over.

ZAK
My place, Baby?

Violet happily nods.

FOYER

Guests retrieve their coats from Bettina. She pauses to help Quincy find his.

EXT. CARLSON MANSION - FRONT - NIGHT

Rob assists Quincy and Helena into a limo. Cheryl stands behind Rob.

INT. LIMOUSINE - TRAVELING

Quincy and Helena are settled in back. Cujo sleeps on the floor.

QUINCY
You certainly made a splash.

HELENA
So I've lost the battle. Sung Tsu said a strategic retreat is better than a crippling defeat. I'll win the war.

QUINCY
They have the "Art of War" in braille now?

HELENA
Books on tape. You know how diligent my father was on recording great literature for us.

QUINCY
He never did get my request for the Penthouse Letters.

INT. CARLSON MANSION - ROB AND CHERYL'S ROOM

Rob and Cheryl make torrential love. Sheets thrown everywhere. Limbs flail as bodies toss and turn. Cheryl holds Rob off.

CHERYL

Honey - not that I'm complaining, but where is this coming from?

ROB

You. I suddenly realized what a wonderful, sensuous, gorgeous wife I have. And you've been neglected far too long.

Rob has a distant look in his eyes as they make love.

INT. JENNA'S CONDO - BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

The room is a blur of pink. Stuffed animals align shelves. Plasma TV shows a soft porn video with GROANING noises amplified.

Whipped Cream cans everywhere.

Chris and Jenna are sunk deep in the sheets. Chris runs his tongue over every crevice of her perfect sculpted body. Vestiges of whipped cream are licked up. They are spent. Jenna tenderly smooths Chris' hair out of his eyes.

JENNA

You forget that witch, Baby. She definitely doesn't know what she's missing.

JENNA

(she blows on his eyelashes)
It must be hard to be blind. I'd like to make it easier.

Chris tears up. He frames her face with his hands.

CHRIS

Most times I wake up and think I'm in hell. But sometimes a guy gets lucky and meets a magical girl who takes him far and away to another world and he actually does, miraculously, forget he's blind.

Chris sinks his head into her milk chocolate breasts.

CHRIS

Tonight is one of those nights.

Tears fill Jenna's eyes and she snuggles into Chris. She tilts his head back and kisses his eyes.

JENNA

I'm going to give you lots of those nights.

FADE OUT