

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~~ sole 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?

**Comment [SG1]:** My only concern with the characters themselves is if it is believable that they are all handicapped in some way, and all happen to work in the same building. After reading the script all the way through I can see that an explanation of this would be due to Rob's guilt over his brother's disability and his father's death. He may feel that he owes the disabled community in some way. I think you should probably address this (at least to the script reader) at first so that it can be understood more readily. Maybe simply through a little background of an "upcoming episode" or something. It could be dealt with in future episodes, and just left to "suspension of disbelief" to begin with.

**Comment [SG2]:** Also, what is it that the company does? They never seem to do any real business (which is fine because most sitcoms set in a workplace do the same). But, it may be good to mention it somehow just to get it out there.

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

Awwww... 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

**Comment [C3]:** It is a little confusing as to who is in the picture. Since it is simply a stage direction, maybe you could say "looks at picture of his brother (young, handsome and in high fashion), with his mother (beautiful) and father (ruggedly handsome)."

**Comment [C4]:** Also, is it going to be clear in the camera shot that he is touching his mother's face (a close up)? It's important that this would be staged appropriately in order for this to make sense to the viewer. But I don't know whether it would be appropriate for you to add a camera direction.

(clears his throat)  
It's also the day of my mother's passing so it's a double edged sword for us. Suggested line: It's also the day of my mother's passing...

**Comment [C5]:** Is this something a person would say who has lost both his parents and his brother has lost his sight? Maybe a different phrasing.

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

**Comment [C6]:** I can't really see someone doing this. Is it necessary? The camera has already established that he has been looking at the picture, and shown the picture to the audience. Also, most of the office already seems to know all about this, so they wouldn't need him to show a picture.

MARTY  
(smacks his forehead)  
Holy roller Jesus! Another gut wrenching confessional!? I thought the corporate by-laws allocated one per month?

**Comment [C7]:** This could just be a reaction to the line "it is also the day of my mother's passing..." Then a pause for dramatic effect as he stares at the picture and caresses his mother's face.

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 20<sup>th</sup> birthday.  
(sighs)  
I know... I know. It was taken days before the...  
(ominous tone)  
darkness fell.

OOOHHHH's and AHHHHHH's.

**Comment [C8]:** Is there going to be a verbal indication of this? Or is it simply a look that the staff will give?

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

**Comment [C9]:** Not necessary

**Comment [SG10]:** Does she sign this, or say this?

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 ~~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

Comment [C11]: Repetitive

Comment [C12]: This revelation could be left for a more opportune moment. It seems a little out of place for a business meeting. Maybe he could say this after everyone else is dismissed from the office.

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

**Comment [C13]:** He could simply portray this thought on his face

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?

**Comment [C14]:** There seems to be a copious amount of jokes about being blind, but not so much about the other disabilities. Maybe you could consider being an equal opportunity offender© It could be interesting to hear a joke about being albino, deaf, etc.

QUINCY  
And Marty - why don't ~~\*I-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 \*myMY\* directions.

HOWIE

(mutters)

Blind leading the blind---

CHRIS

How did I do?

HOWIE

(clasps his hands)

**Comment [C15]:** I'm not sure about the word choice. I know you are going for a very \*Jewish\* agent, but I'm not sure about this word.

**Comment [C16]:** I thought this way of stressing the word looked a little clearer

Let me put it this way, ~~...where~~ were you when the musical talent 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\*~~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

Remixing 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, and 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~~ at the door, nearly hitting Cujo several times. He trips over Cujo whose head shoots up, BARKS.

**Comment [c17]:** I really like this scene. It really shows Chris's true character. I can see he used to think of himself as a successful, potent young man, and since his accident feels like he has to compensate for a loss (that is even more than his sight, but part of his manhood). He compensates by putting other down and being overly confident about his abilities.

Chris is startled and 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)

Hell-~~to-hoh~~? 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. Frustrated, 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 kakkah all over my thousand dollar snake skin and 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.

**Comment [c18]:** The dog/poop joke goes on a little long. Maybe just stick to one reference. This is my suggestion of where to shorten it.

**Comment [c19]:** I think we have already established how childish Chris is, the use of this word is a little much. Maybe just say "crap" or "shit"

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)

**Comment [c20]:** You could shorten is here too.

**Comment [c21]:** Maybe he could just come in yelling "Happy Birthday" two or three times. Otherwise the repetition of the line twice seems a little redundant.

**Comment [c22]:** What does this mean? Not looking directly at him? Or not necessarily directed at him? This isn't really necessary. He could just shoot him an "annoyed look."

**Comment [c23]:** Wouldn't it be: rubs his hands together? Or is it more like the hand signal for money?

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--  
--

**Comment [c24]:** He has used this word twice now, maybe just shorten it too: You shouldn't be feeding your nephew that lie . . . Braille...

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

Sorry if 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.

**Comment [c25]:** This is unnecessary, he could just stand up.

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; smoothes Rob's brow)

**Comment [c26]:** Overall, I like this scene because it even further establishes the kind of person Chris has become. Also, it allows the audience to see the dynamic between Chris and Rob: a brother who ignores and puts up with his brother's arrogance (for the most part), and is overly protective of him because of his own guilty conscious. The only problem I see is the initial joke (after Chris arrives) lasting a little too long. It does show just how Quincy and Chris's relationship works, but \*all\* of it is not necessary.

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 ~~in. That he may have caused~~ your anger, which lead to your neglect--- ~~I'm 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 ~~was thinking~~ought. Always a mystery... ↵

Bettina attempts to cheer up the conversation

~~BETTINA~~  
Like the platypus--↵

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

Comment [c27]: This sounds a little bit more sincere.

(chuckle)  
Or does Chris Carlson have any \*sense\*  
at all?

ROB  
Quincy...

QUINCY  
Sorry, Rob. I just had to throw that in  
there-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, then turns to Quincy.

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?

**Comment [c28]:** The audience knows this, he  
doesn't have to say it. Maybe just a description of  
his actions where he is looking frustrated.

**Comment [c29]:** This sounds really corny.  
Maybe he could just give Bettina a smile.

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  
Yeah. 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

**Comment [C30]:** I didn't catch the joke at first, but later you refer to it as just the Holland Tunnel, and it makes more sense. Just stick with that.

**Comment [C31]:** Bettina should ask this to Quincy.

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 ~~\*aAllll\*~~ 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\*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

**Comment [c32]:** Is the joke that they just flirt with each other, or are they having/did they have an affair? I did not understand this fully.



(nodding out)

~~---~~ Fascinating, ~~g...~~ Rye Pye.

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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, ~~right?~~

Formatted: Highlight

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?

Comment [c33]: This line is a little overdone (what's up). How about he just asks him "How are you..."

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~~.

Comment [c34]: This scene is a very sweet moment between brothers. You should really build on that since this relationship is the center of the show. You could add another line or two here.

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  
Uhm - 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\*~~YOU~~ can  
understand, okay? You have a contract  
and \*you\*~~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?

**Comment [c35]:** It might be funnier if he said: "Please God, don't let me die. Please God." Etc...

(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 used to  
wash ~~ed~~ over me...

QUINCY

**Comment [c36]:** This scene is very funny. I really like it just the way it is. It's a little camp, while still being believable.

**Comment [c37]:** She should just pause here and have a look on her face that says "Love." We get the impression pretty clearly that she loves him later on. She doesn't need to say it outloud.

I recall him begging you to help his brother. Don't forget \*why\*WHY you're coming to this party. You \*areYOU\*~~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? Hmmm...\_sounds very Hallmark and boring.

QUINCY

They are very VERY \*happily\* married... Do you \*understand\*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 wanted 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... o. 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

**Comment [c38]:** Change this line to simply: "Acting is what I do."

**Comment [c39]:** This whole scene could probably be cut. It doesn't really move the story along much. Maybe just make it shorter: cut out/down the stuff about the commercial, it's repetitive to the flow of the story for the audience (they just saw it happen).



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, ~~T. To~~ my best friend and brother on his 21st year.

GUESTS

SURPRISE!

Chris **is startled** 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 ~~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-while~~ 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, LAUGHING, 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

**Comment [c40]:** This seems like an inopportune  
moment for Rob to say this, it being right at the  
beginning of Chris's surprise party.

**Comment [c41]:** This makes it sound like he's a  
dog. Rephrase or eliminate.

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

**Comment [C42]:** I don't get this.

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.

**Comment [C43]:** I am really not impressed by these characters' parts in the story. They don't really add to anything, and are kinda cliché. Maybe just cut out some of the comments they make, and just leave in bit about GENR calling JARED.

GENE  
Why is it every time I attend one of their parties I fear someone, ~~o... Or~~ some\*~~thing~~**THING**\* 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... to  
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.

**Comment [C44]:** Choose a different phrasing. It sounds really immature for Quincy to use this phrase.

**Comment [C45]:** This seems out of character for her.

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  
~~\*murderMURDER\*~~ 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.

**Comment [C46]:** I don't know about this joke. It's just a little off putting, and not all that funny.

**Comment [C47]:** If you do decide to keep these characters, this might read better as a matter-of-fact statement.

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~~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

**Comment [C48]:** Literally? Is he really not trying to cover it up at all? This seems a little cheesy. Maybe there could just be a pause where he stares at her, and then spits out the next words.

Um...

**Comment [C49]:** Embarrassed/Stunned silence might be more appropriate for this moment.

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

~~Aaaggh!~~ 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, ~~then~~ Truth or Dare.

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

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

**Comment [C50]:** If you want this to be a future  
storyline, this could be where the characters (or  
maybe just GENE) step in and make these  
comments.

**Comment [C51]:** Another suggestion, maybe  
someone (the JARED character from later) could  
give Helena his card before she leaves and tell her  
that he finds her beautiful, and that she could be one  
of the most innovative new actresses... or something  
to that effect.



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 **canapescanapés**. 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.

**Comment [C52]:** In this scene you see the dynamic between Chris and Helena (and Rob and Helena). It is an important scene, but it could be paired down a little. Lots of things happen, and it drags a little. If you simply cut out the two characters (and put the Helena/Actress thing in another place) that could shorten it and make it flow a little better.

**Comment [C53]:** I find this rather intriguing that he seems to have such a problem with the fact that she is blind. Is he just an asshole, or is there more to that? Make sure to develop his character a little more (right now he seems very one-sided).

**Comment [C54]:** I don't know how much I like Rob calling Chris "bro" all the time. Maybe think about a different term of endearment. "Kid" might sound a little better because Rob older than Chris (especially emotionally).

CHRIS

The party only begins when we're on the floor naked rolling in JelloJell-O 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 pPile-up.

INT. ABRAMOWITZ TALENT AGENCY - HOWIE'S OFFICE

Howie stands behind a desk over-flowing 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, B+EEPS. 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.

**Comment [C55]:** I like this comment by Chris. Very much in character and very funny.

(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 ~~in 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~~ we 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 ~~sweepted~~  
over his eyes, jacket slung over his shoulder...\_big cocky

**Comment [C56]:** I did the above to prevent awkwardness and fix a grammar error. It didn't seem right for Rob to say "Chris and I" either.

**Comment [C57]:** I like that Cheryl stands up for herself in this scene. It establishes her as a truly powerful and intelligent woman (something you don't see only that often). Her character makes for some great possibilities in future episodes.

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 inducing~~tion~~ time.

ROB  
Quincy and I were talking.  
(pauses)  
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 to me.

Formatted: Strikethrough

Comment [C58]: This all sounds a little pathetic for Rob. Maybe he could just sigh and give Chris a good one-over (considering him in this vulnerable state of his [being naked, blind and helpless]).

(pauses)  
But the present is. Why did you invite  
Helena?

ROB  
You said you were in love with her.

CHRIS  
But \*she\*~~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\*~~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\*~~BLIND~~  
one ... - You Jerkoff. Looks only get  
you someplace if they can \*see\*~~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.

**Comment [C59]:** This should be said with a  
small grin.

**Comment [C60]:** Once again, I really like the  
scenes with Rob and Chris, especially the scenes  
where Chris opens up a little. This is an important  
and powerful scene.

(~~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\*~~IS~~ famous. Stars' careers can be  
cyclical, they ~~can~~ 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

**Comment [C61]:** This is good foreshadowing of the fact that Helena will be offered an opportunity to be an actress.

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~~ canapés, 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 ~~,~~ and 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~~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 lived where no one ~~can~~ could 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~~and then smiles a little.

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

**Comment [C62]:** Maybe you could even make this a kind of surprise that a producer has come to see Helena.

**Comment [C63]:** Maybe GENE could say this to JARED. That may you could just cut out the MADELYN character.

**Comment [SG64]:** I have never heard this expression before. But, is it really necessary for her to say it anyway? She could just nod her head.

**Comment [C65]:** She doesn't live there anymore, correct?

**Comment [SG66]:** Not necessary.

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 ~~goodwell~~.

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

HELENA

**Comment [SG67]:** This joke seems a little out of place, and not really necessary. Maybe he could just feel her a little bit and say something like "Ah, an ebony beauty?"

**Formatted:** Strikethrough

**Formatted:** Strikethrough, Highlight

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.

**Comment [C68]:** It doesn't seem like she likes Quincy at all. I think it might be sweeter if she actually starts to feel for him (otherwise she seems more like an escort than a date).

**Comment [C69]:** Not necessary. That fact that he pulled her away says this.

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~~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\_---  
(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.

**Comment [C70]:** This is more powerful if he just turns to her and says this straight out.

It is apparent that he is very two-sided about this issue. Maybe you could make him get this across in the look on his face. Maybe the action: LOOKS CONFLICTED.

**Comment [C71]:** This scene is very effective. It shows that Helena not only has feelings for Rob, but that Rob obviously is not surprised or all too unaccepting of that fact. It is a very powerful moment when she grabs him, kisses him and he gives in. It is also very powerful when he tells her how it is going to be.

HOWIE

Rob, I didn't think you were racist.

ROB

This party was "invite~~d~~ 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\*LOVE my life. I have a fantastic, fun job, and nobody cares that I have albinism.

~~She tugs on Helena's hair.~~ She glares at Helena.

**Comment [SG72]:** The hair tugging seems a little strange.

VIOLET

So back off.

Helena re-coils from Violet, pats her hair.

**Comment [C73]:** This is all that is really necessary to get her point across.

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

**Comment [C74]:** All of this comes as a bit of a shock to the audience. I like that, it's a big surprise and it works well with what we know of Helena.

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?

**Comment [C75]:** I think more of these two together would benefit both of the characters' development. Also, it's nice to see two people who are genuinely interested in each other without a huge conflict.

**Comment [SG76]:** Did you mean sister-in-law? I don't get this joke.

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\*~~HE~~ 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)

**Comment [C77]:** I like this comment. I can see Chris has a really fun sense of humor when he's not bitter or trying too hard. It would be nice to see a little more of that throughout. Sarcasm seems to be his thing.

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\*~~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~~could 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.

**Comment [C78]:** This is unnecessary.

**Comment [C79]:** I have no idea what this means, maybe if I knew how it was pronounced I would recognize it, but otherwise I've never heard it. I don't know whether you are depending too much on the audiences' knowledge of "Jewish slang" here.

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~~ walk 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.

**Comment [C80]:** This is a great end to the scene. It would be more powerful if Chris stumbled off (with Helena in tow) upset, like a hurt kid, at this point. I can't see that they are dancing anymore.

**Comment [C81]:** The dialogue here doesn't seem very important to the story. If you need to cut anything, I'd cut here.

**Comment [C82]:** He could practically be dragging her at this point. I can see him being incredibly upset and desperate.

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~~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.

**Comment [C83]:** I found this scene very surprising and vivid. I like it the way it is.

**Comment [C84]:** What I'd suggest for this scene is to add a little bit where (right before Helena walks out) Jared apologizes to Helena, and explains what he is looking for in her (the acting idea). She could grudgingly accept his card, and look at it later in the limo.

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.

**Comment [C85]:** At this point she could look out the window then back at Jared's card. Somehow, the storyline could get her to think this may be a way of getting closer to Rob. If Chris is going to be doing more acting, Rob would be around him, helping him, more often. Just a suggestion.

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

Overall, I really like the idea, plot, and characters for this story. Other than a few unnecessary scenes and characters, the story flows really nicely. The suggestions I made were based on ways to just make the script stand out a little more by cutting out the moments that dragged, developing some of the characters more fully, and to

**Comment [C86]:** This comment is kind of a given.

suggest future storylines that you might be able to foreshadow in the script.

I'm not all that familiar with what a tv script normally looks like, but I would have benefited from some more stage directions: is that something the scriptwriter is supposed to leave up to the director? If it is appropriate to do so, it might benefit from more directions as to how the characters are moving, the looks they are giving, or more actions that would further the audience's ability to read their "inner dialogue."

The dialogue itself is really effective overall. There were some jokes that needed punching up (or cutting out), and some words and lines that could be changed to better fit the character, but the dialogue itself revealed a good amount of that.

I don't expect real answers to the questions I asked, they were just things that I thought you might want to think about: a question an audience might ask. Please let me know if you have questions about anything I've said. Or if you have anymore questions for me (this project is not due until the 12<sup>th</sup>, so I have time to answer any more questions you might have).

Thank you for this opportunity!

Crystal Rose Person-Tillman