

AT FIRST SIGHT

EXT. VALLEY - DUSK

Gold light dappling across a valley that seems to reach on forever. We ease back, revealing more - taking in the visual feast - finally discovering a seated figure facing out over the valley - a DOG at his feet.

VIRGIL ANDERSON, life ahead of him - someone seemingly at ease with himself. As we watch. him a moment - SOUNDS become prominent - whistle of the wind through the grass - a bird's wings as it takes flight - a tree branch creaking under its own weight. And as he sits there, listening, we see the last rays of sunlight slip from the day.

BLACK - and our TITLES come up.

Then out of the darkness come a pair of HEADLIGHTS. - and we're:

EXT. NEW YORK TURNPIKE - INTO PINECREST - DUSK
An old BMW 2002 making its way up the Taconic Parkway.

INT. BMW - DUSK

On the radio: Whitney Houston's "I'll Always Love You". AMY TREMONT, 30's, driving, on the phone.

AMY

I'm lost Betsy, and you
know me - I don't wear lost
well - wait, wait I'm
losing you...

(the cell phone
glitches)

I'm pulling over before you
disappear forever.

Amy pulls off the side of the road. Wrestles with a map and the phone.

AMY

Sign? I was looking for a
sign? There's no...

Her attention is caught by something off camera. She stares out into the night..

HER POV - A small iced over pond - and in the middle - moving about is Virgil, ICE SKATING - hockey stick in hand - moving about the rink with an imaginary puck.

AMY (O.S.)

(distracted)

Yes... I took the first
..... no, no, I'm
listening...

Virgil winds up and takes a slap at the ice with his stick - throws his hands up in the air like he just scored.

Amy smiles, peers off down the road. A sign: BEAR MTN. SPA AND RESORT 1.4 miles.

AMY

Wait, I got it - yeah. No
don't call me.. right,
unless you hear from
Atlanta. And fax me the
designs - I want to tinker
with them a bit more ...
I'm going to rest - bye -
I'll see you in a week.

Beep she hangs up. Looks back out to the pond.
It's empty. Shrugs - about to pull out - that
love song still blaring.

AMY

Oh p-lease, Whitney.

CLICK - she shuts off the radio - and pulls
back out onto the road.

EXT. BEAR MTN. HEALTH SPA - NIGHT
Amy pulling luggage out of her car. She takes
a breath - clearly she's exhausted - and
starts towards the entrance.

INT. BEAR MTN. HEALTH SPA - RECEPTION DESK - NIGHT
Amy at the front desk with the Night Manager
CAROLINE, 30'S, annoyingly fit.

CAROLINE

... we have a full weight
room, lifecycles,
stairmasters, a spa, yoga,
aerobics, spin classes...

AMY

I'm really just looking for
a quick fix, here. Do you
have anything that just
involves lying down?

CAROLINE

A massage.

AMY

Great. I'll have one a day.
Not too early.

INT. BEAR MTN. - MASSAGE WAITING AREA - NEXT DAY
Amy enters, wearing sweats, she checks her
watch - looks toward a closed door - about to
grab a magazine when she hears from behind the
door:

WOMAN'S VOICE

Virgil, Oh God..., right
there. Yes.

Amy's interest piques - the woman's murmur
continuing - deep ecstasy.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Yes there - a bit more...
(a small bell
DINGS)
--wait - wait, you can't
stop - one more minute -
noo!

VIRGIL'S VOICE

Sorry, Susan - time's up.
I've got someone waiting.

And the door opens - and we see a woman, 60's,
SUSAN, Bette Midler type, backing out of the
room.

SUSAN

Virgil, you have to come
live with me.

VIRGIL'S VOICE

And what would your husband
say? Amy, you out there? -
c'mon in.

SUSAN

That's it - I'm getting a
divorce.

Amy smiles as she passes Susan and enters.

INT. VIRGIL'S MASSAGE ROOM - DAY

Virgil has his back to us as he prepares the
table. The room is very ordered - every vial,
bottle, towel has its exact spot.

VIRGIL

Hey, Amy, I'm Virgil - why
don't you get ready - hop
up on the table.

Amy sees Virgil - his head turned slightly
away - she drops her sweats and lies on the
table, face down - pulling the sheet to cover
herself.

AMY

Sounds like you're a genius
at this.

VIRGIL

(laughs)

That's right.. Mozart,
Einstein, Virgil Anderson,
massage therapist. Now I'm
going to start working
somewhat deep - you let me
know if you want anything
deeper.

AMY

Deeper is good - where I
come from, all you get is
shallow.

VIRGIL

I like that - deep it is.

CLICK - he hits a button on a CD player and as
we hear the soulful aria "Mira, O Norma" from
Bellini's Norma.

VIRGIL

First time in Pinecrest?

AMY

Came in late last night..
missed the town completely.

VIRGIL

If you came in broad
daylight, you could still
miss the town completely.

DISSOLVE
TO:

Slow moving cuts of Virgil, working long strokes over Amy's body - - his hands gracefully LENGTHENING and STRETCHING her muscles.

VIRGIL

Too much compute? work.

AMY

Uh-huh.

VIRGIL

Bad chair - you should think about a change.

AMY

(quiet)

Absolutely.

Virgil reaches his hands all the way down her spine and makes a move that causes Amy to release a very deep guttural sound.

VIRGIL

Too deep?

AMY

No.. just right.

Amy is now lost in another world - as Virgil shifts - working gently - not caressing - but molding - like a sculptor.

A moment and Amy, surprisingly, begins to cry - softly. Virgil stops - takes a step back.

VIRGIL

I - I'm sorry - it was too deep...

She cries for another few beats - then takes a breath.

AMY

No - it.. It's not you..
It's just things have kinda built up, I don't know why I'm crying.. look, this is embarrassing...

VIRGIL

Don't be embarrassed - you obviously needed it. We should stop for today.

AMY

Yeah, thanks. You always make the girls cry.

VIRGIL

Not since grade school. I'm going to go now - unless you'd like me to stay.

AMY

Could you - just for a minute?

VIRGIL

Of course, whatever you need.

Virgil sits next to her - then reaches out - takes her hand and starts a slow comforting massage - we see Amy visibly relax.

AMY

You ever feel like a
Martian's invaded your
entire body?

VIRGIL

Every day.

Amy, closes her eyes - smiling slightly in thanks.

INT. VIRGIL'S MASSAGE ROOM - LATER

CAMERA pans slowly over to Amy asleep - and on the click of the door - her eyes dreamily open.

AMY

Virgil?

INT. BEAR MTN. HEALTH SPA - LATE DAY

Hallway outside the massage area. Amy exits the change room, now wearing her sweats - pulling on her sneakers.

VIRGIL (O.S.)

(calling out)

Hey Caroline, you look
incredible today.

CAROLINE (O.S.)

(laughing)

Quite a compliment, Virgil.
See ya tomorrow.

VIRGIL (O.S.)

See ya.

Amy looks down the hall - sees a glimpse of Virgil rounding the corner. She chases after him into the reception area where she sees him exiting the door and moving off down the driveway.

AMY

Virgil - wait...

He's gone. Hopping along, tugging on her last sandal - she decides to go after him - fighting her way through a large tour group just checking in.

EXT. BEAR MTN. SPA - LATE DAY

Virgil in the distance, moving his way towards the main street. Amy exiting the building - trying not to slip on the ice as she, hurries after him - trying to get close enough to call out.

Virgil stops at a main roadway as Amy comes up behind him.

AMY

Virgil, hey.

Virgil turns - sunglasses on - looks directly at Amy.

VIRGIL

Yes.

AMY

It's Amy - Amy Tremont.

VIRGIL

Of course - you were
sleeping, didn't want to
wake you.

AMY

Yes thanks - you're the
skater, right - I saw you
last night, coming in.
Pretty mean slapshot. You
play on some team or
something?

VIRGIL

Yeah, something. You a
hockey fan?

AMY

Always liked it - never get
around to seeing a game.
But I loved to skate as a
kid - unfortunately I have
two left feet.

VIRGIL

(playing with her)

They look perfectly OK with
me.

Amy laughs, starts relaxing - unconsciously
starts to flirt. Head cocked, shifts her
weight on one foot, moving slightly closer.

AMY

I love the view you get
here.

VIRGIL

Same here - I never get
used to it.

Just then a YELLOW SCHOOL BUS pulls up in
front of him and WHOOSH the doors pop open
revealing CARL KIPLING, black, a hundred years
old. Virgil turns as a few kids pile off the
bus..

VIRGIL

Well, this is my ride. Hey
Tommy, my man.

And with his hand extended a kid high fives
it. Amy looks up - a BUS full of young school
kids. Seems odd.

TOMMY

Virge.

As the kid moves off.

AMY

Well, I just wanted to
apologize for back there -
blubbering like that - I
was just in a weird place.

VIRGIL

And now...

AMY

Now, I'm fine - so I wanted
to thank- you. For what you
did.

VIRGIL

For making you cry.

AMY

No, I made me cry - and you
handled it great - didn't
freak or anything.

(beat)

Is my mascara smeared or
something?

VIRGIL

(laughs)

No. Why?

AMY

You're just looking at me
funny.

CARL

Virgil - lets move it.

VIRGIL

As I said earlier - I just
never get used to the view.

Virgil starts towards the bus, reaching behind
to his pack. Pulls something out.

VIRGIL

See you tomorrow.

And CLICK, CLICK, CLICK - a WHITE CANE unfolds
in his hand. And he taps his way to the bus.

AMY

See you... oh my God.

VIRGIL

What?

AMY

You're, you're -- I'm so
sorry.

VIRGIL

(smile)

Hey, you already apologized
once - no need to overdo
it. Bye now.

Amy doesn't know how to respond. And he moves
into the front seat of the bus - amongst "Hey
Virgil's" from the school kids and Ca-chunk
the doors close - the Yellow Bus steaming off
- past Amy, as she stares at Virgil in the
front seat - about to wave to him - then
realizing he wouldn't see.

As she turns and watches the bus move off down
the street - a hand comes out - Virgil's - and
waves good-bye.

EXT. VIRGIL'S HOME.- DUSK

The BUS stopping in front of Virgil's home - a
side-by-side DUPLEX at the edge of surrounding
woods.

Virgil steps into the street and with a HONK
the bus pulls away. He turns, grazes his hand

across a tree out front - and starts towards his home.
AT THE PORCH - he hesitates at the first door. Finds it with his hand - then raps on it. No answer. He moves over to his own door - and goes inside.
INT. VIRGIL'S HOME - EVENING
As he enters, Sophie, an aging LAB, lays on the couch.

VIRGIL

Get off the couch, Sophie.
As the dog slides guiltily off the couch.

VIRGIL

Some seeing eye dog - more like sleeping eye dog.
Virgil bends down as he passes the coffee table to pick up the REMOTE CONTROL placed just so. Click - a Game Show pops on.

VIRGIL

Met a girl today - nice voice - followed me out of the building.
Sophie barks.

VIRGIL

No she wasn't a stalker.
CLOSE ON Virgil's hand flipping open a large book marked "TV HOCKEY SCHEDULE" - it's completely WHITE - all in BRAILLE.

JENNIE (O.S.)

Sophie's just worried about you - she watches too many horror movies.
In the kitchen, JENNIE ANDERSON, older than Virgil, simply dressed, putting a just made dinner carefully onto a plate.

VIRGIL

Hey, you're here - so how are the kids today?
Running his hand down the pure white page - he finds what he wants: BAP - he hits the channel changer and the game comes on.

JENNIE

The usual - need a lot of attention. So who's the girl?
Moving into the kitchen, Virgil puts the remote to the side of the refrigerator where it VELCRO sticks to an exact spot.

VIRGIL

From the spa. I made her cry.

JENNIE

You haven't done that since--

VIRGIL/JENNIE

-- grade school.

VIRGIL

(smile)

That's what I told her.

Coke?

Virgil moves past Jennie as she goes into the living room - hand up, door open and he's got a glass. Back to the fridge, he grabs a coke.

JENNIE

I'm fine. Your dinner's ready - chicken's at 3 o'clock - rice is at...

VIRGIL

6 o'clock, peas at 9 o'clock and news at 11.

Jennie places Virgil's dinner down in an exact spot on a coffee table (facing away from the TV).

JENNIE

(laughs)

One day I'm going to switch them on you.

VIRGIL

And one day I'll play forward for the New York Rangers.

Four precise steps into the room and Virgil plops down on the sofa - finds his fork. Jennie moves to a counter where a pile of school books sit.

JENNIE

Ha - ha. You need new jokes.

VIRGIL

Or a new sister.

JENNIE

I'd work on the jokes.

Picking up the books she moves past Virgil - pecks him on the head and moves to the door.

VIRGIL

You want to watch some hockey?

JENNIE

(at the door)

You want to grade some spelling tests?

(beat)

I'll be next door you need me.

She leaves and Virgil pats the couch and Sophie hops up next to him.

VIRGIL

You know this girl - for one moment - she actually thought I could

(Sophie grumbles as she settles in)

I'm not kidding.

(beat)

And she had this great
voice - relaxing - soft
like a breeze through
(beat)

Wonder what she thinks
about "blind dates."

INT. AMY'S ROOM - EVENING

Amy in bed - just out of the shower - the only
light in the room comes from the TV. She has
the remote, mindlessly switching channels -
not staying on one for more than a second or
two.

Click - an Odd Couple rerun - click - ESPN
bowling - click - Three Stooges - Moe poking
Curly in the eye - click - click - click.
Bored, she stops - notices a small scarf on a
chair next to the bed. She picks it up, holds
it against her eyes and ties it tight around
her head.

She stands - hands out in front of her -
starts to walk across the room - not so bad -
WHAM - right into a side table. Shit that
hurts! Grabbing her leg, she hops - hits a
lamp.

AMY

DAMMIT!

Ripping the towel off her head - hopping
around on one foot - she hears:

KNOCK KNOCK

AMY

Coming!

Rubbing her leg - she limps/half walks to the
door - opens it to:

Virgil: dark glasses, cane, smile

AMY

Virgil..?

She pulls a towel in closer - then realizes it
doesn't matter

VIRGIL

My turn to apologize. I
should have told you I was
blind it wasn't fair.

AMY

That's OK. You want to come
in - I just got out of the
shower - give me a minute
to get changed?

VIRGIL

(as he moves in)

Sure, I promise I won't
look.

As Amy starts to get changed in the bathroom.

VIRGIL

Anyways, I was in the
neighborhood -- actually
the whole town's my
neighborhood -- and since

you've never been to our
illustrious village, I
thought maybe we could go
into town - see what we
see.

AMY

See what we see?

VIRGIL

Figure of speech .

AMY

You mean right now,
tonight?

VIRGIL

Great - I'm blind and
you're deaf - what a pair.

EXT. MAIN STREET - EVENING

A few store windows lit up. Some people eating
dinner at a streetside cafe. Virgil, holding
Amy's arm as they walk down the street.

WITH AMY AND VIRGIL WALKING:

VIRGIL

... the Mechanic at the top
of the street is Doug -
smokes too much - but a
good guy. Three steps down
is Carlson's hardware -
he's got a laugh like a
donkey - we sometimes
listen to games together -
he's a Devil's fan. And
just up ahead should be
Grady's junk shop - he
calls it "antiques"...
Smells like junk. I'd hate
to see what it looks like .

A woman bustles past, NANCY BENDER, weighed
down with groceries.

VIRGIL

(intuitively)

Hey Nancy.

NANCY

Hey Virgil - got that book
in for you.

VIRGIL

Nancy's our librarian,
brings in any braille book
I want.

NANCY

(to Amy)

The guy's nuts about the
pyramids - anything he can
get his hands on...

VIRGIL

Thank-you Nancy - you
should get your groceries
home - your ice cream's
melting.

Nancy laughs - as she moves off.

AMY

Nice place - you seem to
know everyone here.

VIRGIL

Moved here when I was
eight. My family figured it
would be a good place for
me to grow up. Tell me what
you see.

AMY

Well, there's a good
structure to the town -
genuine lines, good use of
space. To be honest I'd
find a better balance to a
lot of these buildings. But
that's me.

VIRGIL

What's you?

AMY

The architect in me - can't
leave well enough alone.
Art school in college - I
made the arms for the Venus
DeMilo.

(realizing he
probably doesn't
understand)

see, the Venus De Milo has
no arms and...

VIRGIL

(laughs)

I know the Venus De Milo
has no arms, and the Mona
Lisa has this captivating
smile and David doesn't
wear a fig leaf.

AMY

How do you...

VIRGIL

I may not have been a lot
of places - but I read
about things, then make an
image up here -- (points to
his head) --that works for
me.

Grazing his hand across a telephone pole -
Virgil stops - turns to Amy.

VIRGIL

This is the end of the
street. We should turn
back.

AMY

What about past the end of
the street? What's out
there?

He turns around.

VIRGIL

(shrugs)

Nothing.

AMY

No - there's an old run
down building off to the
side...

VIRGIL

Must be the old firehouse.
It had a fire so they shut
it down. (Amy laughs)
Honest to God.

(intrigued)

What else do you see?

AMY

A wall of shrubs - a field
with an interesting
configuration of trees.

The wind has picked up a bit.

VIRGIL

Tell me how you see it.

AMY

(enjoying the game)

OK, sure. Let's see - long
and elegant. Like -- like a
woman dancing with two
lovers, trying to decide
which one she loves.

Virgil stops a moment - takes in the image.

AMY

What?

VIRGIL

It's just - the image you
just gave me - "Dancing
trees. - I like that.

Virgil stops - his head cocks slightly.

VIRGIL

We should go - it's
starting to rain.

AMY

(looking around)

There's a bit of a breeze
but--

KABOOM - thunder - and the rain just drops.

INT. FIREHOUSE - NIGHT

They run in laughing - Amy closing the door
behind them as Virgil moves his way into the
center of the room - stands where the
moonlight from a high window hits the floor.
Water runs down the outside glass, causing the
light to ripple across him. The room is empty
- almost surreal.

AMY

I can't believe how fast it
happens...

(she sees Virgil -
his head cocked
towards the
ceiling)

AMY

Virgil?
Virgil's head turns toward her.

VIRGIL

You like rain - I love the
rain.

AMY

(moving to him)

What were you just doing
there?

Virgil slowly moves his head about, sensing
the room.

VIRGIL

Listening - the rain - it
brings out the contours of
everything, gives life to a
room I can't see.

WE SEE SLOW MOVING CUTS of the building as
Virgil describes what he hears.

VIRGIL

You hear it?...on the roof
dripping down the walls on
every side. On the right,
on the drainpipe, it's
drumming with a deeper,
steadier sound - - like a
timpani - echoing across
the room - tells me the
room is large - open. You
feel it - in your chest? On
the left, the rain says...
(he listens) ...a fire
escape, with it's own
rhythm - ping - ping. Then
listen - there...

(he points)

--what's that - over
there...?

AMY

Looks like it's...

VIRGIL

No, listen for it - not
what it looks like - what
it becomes. Come here.

Amy moves closer - Virgil puts his hands out
on her shoulders - turns her to the sound.

VIRGIL

Now just listen to it -
shut out everything but
that sound - do you hear
it?

Amy strains to listen - closes her eyes - her head instinctively turning - no in unison with Virgil's

AMY

Yes - there - it's soft -
like a shimmer

VIRGIL

The wind blowing the rain
against a window.

AMY

(smile)

Like a cymbal. It's like
our own percussive
symphony, isn't it?

Amy opens her eyes - looks about the room -
listening.

VIRGIL

The world is invisible to
me - with my touch it comes
alive. But only one thing
at a time. But when it's
raining, I feel everything
at once. Sometimes, I wish
it could rain inside rain
all around us.

AMY

(musing)

"Einfuehlung."

VIRGIL

What?

AMY

Einfuehlung - it's an
architectural term. It
means to share an empathy.
Been a long time since I
felt that.

And as they stand listening to the rain,
playing its music - Amy watches him -
fascinated by him - then shivers slightly.

VIRGIL

You're cold, we should go.

AMY

No, I'm fine, really. It
was just something passing
through me - can't explain
it - a good thing.

Amy smiles at him - then quietly realizes he
can't see it. She moves close, her hand
reaching out and taking his.

AMY

What you just showed me ...
how I feel - makes me
smile.

She takes his hand - hesitates - then puts it
on the side of her face.

VIRGIL

I see it now. Thank-you.

We hold a beat - enjoying the symphony of rain
- then cut to:

EXT. BEAR MTN. LODGE - MORNING

The sun warming the cool morning air. The
school bus pulling away to reveal Virgil
making his way into work.

VIRGIL (V.O.)

I thought after yesterday,
you'd never get up on my
table again.

INT. MASSAGE ROOM - NEXT DAY

Amy on the table. Virgil squirting oil in his
hand - preparing.

AMY

You kidding? today, I'm
looking for a complete
nervous breakdown.

VIRGIL

I love a challenge.

And as he places his palms carefully on her
back - working her back slowly we hear opera
play quietly in the background.

DISSOLVE
TO:

Virgil's hands on the small of her back -
something amazingly sensual about how he works
her muscles. Amy speaks to him in low tones -
in a state of complete relaxation.

AMY

Can I ask how long you've
been blind?

VIRGIL

Of course, most people
avoid the subject. You tell
them you're blind and they
act surprised. "You're
blind? Really? I didn't
know - you hide it so
well." And then they wave
their hand in front of your
face just to make sure.

(beat)

It started when I was a
little over a year old.

Virgil's hands move down Amy's sides - slow -
feeling each contour - the oil making her skin
glisten. Amy moves her head slightly with his
touch. She lets out a small breath of air.

AMY

(quiet)

You see shadows?

VIRGIL

No. Congenital cataracts.
And a case of retinitis
pigmentosa thrown in for
good measure. This area
needs to loosen up.

AMY

I think you're doing it.

(beat)

No bright lights, nothing?

VIRGIL

I'm blind as a bat.

Actually, blinder 'cause
they emit sonar all the
time. I don't have a sixth
sense, I just don't have
the fifth one. I can't hear
things in Vermont, can't
smell if you're mad at me,
and, no - I don't know
Helen Keller, Ray Charles
or Stevie Wonder.

Amy murmurs in response to Virgil's touch.

VIRGIL

You say something?

AMY

No, I just - this feels
nice - too nice.

Virgil moves his hands down her back -
sensually kneading each muscle. It's clear
he's enjoying this as much as she is.

AMY

You're very good.. at what
you do.

Another breath exhales from her involuntarily
as Virgil hits a sensitive spot.

VIRGIL

Thank-you.

AMY

You enjoy it.

VIRGIL

At times. Some clients make
it more enjoyable than
others.

Virgil now works down her thighs - Amy's back
arching slightly with the movement - both of
them heating to the moment. Both their breaths
quicken.

AMY

And this client...

VIRGIL

Is very, very...

DING - and the spell is broken.

AMY

What?

VIRGIL

Sorry - it's time. I've got
Mr. Ketchum coming in next
- all two hundred pounds.
Sorry - I felt like we were
just getting started.

Amy sits up on the table - the sheet pulling
away slightly revealing her. For a moment she

watches him - his head turned towards her -
but not seeing. Then she slowly pulls the
sheet up covering herself.

AMY

Thank-you. For last night
as well - love to do it
again.

VIRGIL

How about I cook dinner
then, tonight.

AMY

I'd like that.

INT. BEAR MIN. - NEXT DAY

Aerobics step class. Amy working out. In front
of her two rather large women in neon stretch
workout clothes - Amy tries to avoid the view
- a thought - and she shuts her eyes as she
continues her exercise.

INT. BEAR MTN. - NEXT DAY

Amy, towel around her neck - coming in from
the workout.

CAROLINE

Amy ...

INT. VIRGIL'S HOME - NIGHT

Onions frying. Tilt up to Virgil - cutting the
last of it and putting it in the pan -
sizzling as it hits. Vegetables and a box of
pasta are arranged on the countertop. Sophie
watches the proceedings.

RRRRINNNG - the phone.

Virgil stops cutting - his hand easily finds
the phone.

INTERCUT WITH ...

Amy: on the phone in her car on the Taconic
Parkway.

AMY

Virgil - it's Amy. I - I
can't make dinner - I'm
really sorry - an emergency
came up - they're dragging
me back to New York.

VIRGIL

Oh. Yeah. Anything serious?

AMY

The project we were working
on was rejected - could go
down the drain. I'll deal
with it quick - I'd like to
come back.

VIRGIL

Yeah. Good. Well. I'll be
here.

Virgil hangs up the phone - frustrated, he
reaches for the frying pan - and promptly
burns his hand.

VIRGIL

-DAMN IT!!!

Dropping the pan - Sophie goes scurrying, as he kicks at it - sending it across the room. He turns - thrusts his hand under the sink - turning on the cold water.

VIRGIL

Shit - that was stupid.

EXT. FLATIRON DISTRICT - LATE DAY

Evening rush hour traffic surrounding the Flatiron building.

VOICE (ON SPEAKERPHONE)

I'm just saying there seems to be something missing.

INT. ROSWELL-TREMONT DESIGN - DAY

A small cardboard model of what looks like a small mini-mall. Amy sits in front of it - drawing on a sketch pad. The office is sparse, functional. A few DRAFTSMEN can be seen in the background through a glass partition.

DUNCAN

Absolutely Mr. Falk - something is missing - we realize that now. We just need some time to figure out what.

DUNCAN ROSWELL, 30's, leaning a little too ardently into a speaker phone. The voice on the other end is JACK FALK - their would be employer. Their assistant BETSY ERNST, early 20's, sits in the corner, taking notes.

FALK

Fine - but you all know what kind of schedule we're on here?

DUNCAN

(watching Amy)

And budget. Yes sir. Don't worry, we won't let you down.

She takes a piece of paper, has an idea, starts sketching - Duncan hangs up.

DUNCAN

Don't say it, I know. You were never happy with the design.

AMY

I wasn't going to say that.

DUNCAN

But you'd have tinkered with it till the job went away. So now we've got him hooked, you've got your second chance.

And Amy shoves her rough sketch across the table.

AMY

Look at these site photos - see those trees - we were

going to get rid of them -
let's incorporate them into
the design use what's
natural about the location.

(Duncan stares at
her)

And by the way - the 53rd
St. lobby - coming back
from Pinecrest, I came up
with a new addition - add
some life to that place.

Duncan stares at the sketch - then looks up at
Amy

DUNCAN

OK -- what's going on here?
We sent Hydra the three
headed monster off a few
days ago and got back Mary
Poppins in return.

AMY

What? I can't have a couple
of ideas.

(even Betsy stares
at her)

Fine, you want to know - I
met a guy.

Betsy stands.

BETSY

Too modern for me.

DUNCAN

Sit down.Betsy. We're all
friends here. So - spill
the beans.

AMY

Nothing to spill - he's a
good guy - smart, funny,
blind...

DUNCAN

Whoa, whoa - wait a minute
- Blind!? Like tap-tap,
white cane blind? Come on
Amy - I mean, I know you
like challenges, hell you
married me - but...

AMY

I knew you'd be
understanding.

DUNCAN

(standing)

No, no I am. You're right,
this is none of my business
anymore - but a blind guy?
If you're lonely - in my.
opinion -- get a puppy.

BETSY

Duncan, don't be a jerk.

DUNCAN

You still work here.
He's gone.

BETSY

He's just jealous.

AMY

So much for the "we're all
friends here" idea.

INT. ROSWELL-TREMONT OFFICES - NIGHT

CLOSE ON - Computer screen. A cursor blinks -
then the words CONGENITAL BLINDNESS - a CLICK
and a web page for the AMERICAN BRAILLE
INSTITUTE comes up.

WIDE - we see Amy hovering over her computer -
various sketches of the proposed building next
to her - two giant Magnolia trees have been
incorporated into the design. As we watch her
search on the computer we move over her
shoulder to see in the corner of her plans - a
sketch of the intertwined "dancing trees" and
the Firehouse.

Betsy enters carrying her jacket.

BETSY

Everybody's gone for the
day.

AMY

Thanks. You go ahead - I'm
just finishing up something
here.

She turns to look at Betsy who now peers over
her shoulder - sees what she's doing. Amy
looks up at her - sees Betsy's look.

AMY

What? I just want to know a
little more about what's
wrong with him.

BETSY

(pause)

Amy? Friend to friend?

AMY

Shoot

BETSY

I hate to admit it but I
agree with Duncan on this
one.

AMY

(back to the
computer)

Don't shoot.

BETSY

He makes sense sometimes.
My father had a problem a
few years back with severe
cataracts. Do you have any
idea what you're getting
into?

Amy spins in her chair - looks to Betsy.

AMY

You ever listened to rain -
I mean really listened?

BETSY

This like that smell the
roses thing?

AMY

(turns to her)

I've spent the last five
years of my adult life with
a man who has the emotional
content of a soap dish. The
only time I saw him cry was
doing our tax return three
years ago.

(beat)

I need more than that,
Betsy. For once in a long,
long time I feel like I can
breathe again. Just the way
he touches me I know I
found someone I can connect
with.

BETSY

Ah, here we go.

AMY

No, no. I can tell he's
sensing everything about me
with a simple touch. He
listens to my every word as
if it's the only sound on
the planet - I feel like
even though he can't see
me, he knows everything
about me. He just moves me
- does that sound crazy.

BETSY

(beat)

Does he have a brother?

EXT: PINE CREST MOUNTAINS - LATE DAY

The FROZEN POND, nestled against a strand of
pine. Virgil skates fast across the ice
enjoying the speed - the wind using his hockey
stick as a guide - he nears the edge of pond -
feels it with the stick and slams to a stop.
He shuffles his body around to face in the
other direction - then starts skating again -
passing AMY standing on the snow covered bank.
ON AMY - smiling, watching Virgil - enjoying
his release of energy.

HER POV - VIRGIL - skating well, a look of
relaxation we've never seen on his face. He
skates in an arc coming back past Amy.
Finally she speaks.

AMY

Wayne Gretzky, look out.

Virgil slams to a halt in surprise - nearly
toppling over.

AMY

Sorry -- sorry. Didn't mean
to scare you.

VIRGIL

Amy?!

AMY

I said I'd come back.

VIRGIL

How long ... how long have
you been...?

AMY

Watching you? Just got here
- couldn't find you at the
spa - took a chance you'd
be here. You're very good.

VIRGIL

Skated since I was a kid.
My dad taught me - wanted
me to play pro one day. How
do you like my pond?

AMY

It's beautiful.

VIRGIL

Describe it for me.

AMY

OK. Let's see. Like cool
blue silk - you know blue?

VIRGIL

I think so - keep going.

AMY

Blue silk stretched tight
across a bowl - surrounded
by white jacketed sentries
of trees on the horizon,
protecting it from the
outside world.

VIRGIL

Horizon's a tough one.

AMY

What?

VIRGIL

Never understood horizon -
if touch it - don't know
what it that's OK I liked
the rest of picture.

(he starts moving
towards her)

You want to skate?

AMY

Sorry, I didn't bring my
skates.

VIRGIL

Don't need them. Come on
step hold of my stick.

AMY

Excuse me?

VIRGIL

(smile)

Hockey stick. Here.
He holds the stick out like a cross bar. Amy
moves cautiously forward and takes hold of it.

VIRGIL

OK. Now hold on for
balance. I used to do this
with Jennie when we were
kids.

And Virgil starts skating backwards pulling
Amy with him. Amy is apprehensive at first
then starts to enjoy the movement - the
sensation - both of them laughing out loud.
WIDE as we see them move about the rink - Amy
sliding and being pulled by Virgil. As he
picks up speed we hear Amy scream in delight.

AMY

Look out - we're running
out of ice.

Virgil turns expertly, arcing around the edge
of the ice but Amy loses her nerve - and
balance - and lets go of the stick and goes
flying into an embankment. The momentum
carries Virgil off down the ice - both of them
laughing hysterically.

VIRGIL

You OK?

AMY

Fine. Never been dumped so
fast in my life.

VIRGIL

Me, dump you? No way. Stay
where you are - I'll come
to you - just keep talking.

Amy sits up on her elbows in the embankment.

AMY

What do I say?

Virgil starts gliding across the ice searching
for Amy.

VIRGIL

(hearing her voice,
veering in her
direction)

Anything - how'd you become
an architect?

AMY

God - let's see - I was in
college - art school - a
little aimless - and I met
this guy -. an architect -
opened up a new world to
me. I liked the structure
the control - finding
problems, coming up with
solutions - when I
graduated - we started a
company together - on

impulse got married - which
was crazy - divorced a year
ago - but we're still
partners.. which must seem
even crazier.

And Virgil's suddenly there - going a little
too far - tumbling off the pond and into her.

VIRGIL

You'd think I meant to do
that. A patented move.

They're close - in the snow together - face to
face.

AMY

(Amy smiles,
realizes)

This is tough.

VIRGIL

What?

AMY

I bat my eyelashes, toss my
head just right, and
there's this very sexy
thing I do with my eyes -
then realize none of it
matters to you.

VIRGIL

It doesn't matter. Tell me
what you look like.

AMY

I.. .I don't know I'm...

VIRGIL

Wait. Let me.

He puts his hand out, over her face --
hesitates, then slowly feels down the contours
of her cheek, her eyelids, the shape of her
lips - Amy moving with the touch, the
sensuality of it - and as he continues - Amy's
hand reaches up - touching his face - Virgil
smiles.

VIRGIL

Eyes, mouth, chin, cheek..
you are very beautiful.

AMY

Thank-you. So are you -
more than I could describe.

Virgil's hands move down her face - closing
her eyes - letting her just experience his
touch - his exploring.

And as both their hands continue, enjoying the
sensation of discovering each other - Amy
leans forward, her eyes still closed, finding
his mouth - grazing his lips with her own -
softly, gently, then they fold into each
other's arms locked into a warm, deep kiss.

INT. VIRGIL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's dark - a pale moonglow highlights the two
intertwined naked bodies. A fire burns in the

background. In flowing CUTS we see them make love:

Virgil - his head tilted down - Amy - puts her hand to his chin - lifts his head - then kisses each of his closed eyelids in rhythm with Virgil's movements.

Amy - now astride Virgil - she closes her eyes - feels it the way Virgil would - moving faster now - in total rhythm - shuddering in mutual release -- and she collapses on top of him - a deep breath and she rolls over - cuddles into his arm.

A long beat - out of breath:

AMY

So -- that's what a blind date is.

They breathe - then both start laughing - quietly - then hysterically together as Virgil wraps her up in his arms - holding her tightly.

EXT. PINECREST - DAWN

The horizon. The sun cresting it - bringing a new light to the day.

INT. VIRGIL'S HOME - EARLY MORNING SOUNDS OF A SHOWER IN THE BACKGROUND. AMY IN VIRGIL'S ROBE, PULLS A JUICE CONTAINER OUT OF THE FRIDGE - POURS HERSELF A GLASS, PUTTING THE JUICE ON THE COUNTER AS SHE WALKS INTO THE LIVING ROOM - TAKING IN THE SPARSENESS OF HIS SURROUNDINGS.

CLOSE ON - an open Braille Book. The completely white pages with minute bumps. Amy pulls up a chair, sits - and flips through the book, running her hand across the pages - trying to understand his world.

She then turns to the front cover to see what it is. Playboy.

We hear the shower stop as Amy smiles, puts the book down - pushes the chair aside then moves to a series of pictures on the wall:

Virgil as a young boy - his sister Jennie a few years older - and his mother and father. Then another picture next to it - Virgil in his skates and Jennie older - no father - Sophie at their feet.

And a final picture - Virgil as an adult - he and Jennie on the front porch - his arms wrapped around his sister like he's never going to let go.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hello?

Amy turns to see - Jennie, carrying a bag under her arm.

AMY

Hello.

Jennie moves towards the kitchen.

JENNIE

I'm Jennie, Virgil's
sister. And you are..?
Virgil steps out - bathrobe - drying his hair.

VIRGIL

Jen, this is Amy Tremont.
Jennie now at the kitchen - stares at the
juice container - places it back in the fridge
- just so.

JENNIE

I was just at the market
Virgil, picking up a few
things before school - and
I thought you might like
some...

VIRGIL

(smells)

Apples and bananas. Amy
sees the fruit on the
counter - impressed.

JENNIE

He's being a show-off, Amy
- I always bring him these.
(putting them in
the fridge)

The apples are on the
bottom shelf...

VIRGIL

At two o'clock. Oranges at
10. I know, thanks.

JENNIE

Amy -- you in town long...
And WHAM - Virgil moving into the room,
collides right into the chair Amy moved -
knocking into a lamp sending it to the ground.
Jennie immediately rushes over.

AMY

Virgil?

VIRGIL

I'm fine.

JENNIE

No you're not - you're
bleeding.

(turning to Amy,
sudden)

First lesson with a blind
man, Amy - don't change
anything - it's too
dangerous

AMY

(moving to Virgil)

I'm sorry - I didn't
know...

VIRGIL

It was my fault. I'm OK.
Jennie still dabbing at his leg.

VIRGIL

(embarrassed, snaps)

Goddamit, Jennie - I said I
was OK - leave me alone!
Jennie hesitates, then stands to go - sees the
hockey book out of place. A glance to Amy and
she picks it up - quietly moves it back to
it's rightful spot.

JENNIE

I've got parent meetings
tonight - there's dinner in
the freezer - left corner.

(turns to Amy)

Nice to have met you, Amy.

AMY

Me too - and again - I'm
sorry.

And she's gone - leaving Amy and Virgil
together - a moment of awkwardness.

AMY

She seemed ... nice.

VIRGIL

She seemed jealous.

AMY

Your leg is still bleeding.

VIRGIL

It'll stop - happens all
the time. Welcome to my
world. We hold on Amy -
taking this in:

INT. BEAR MTN. - LATER THAT NIGHT

Japanese lanterns criss-cross across an open
area. Guests of the spa mingle about - drinks
in hand - some dance on a floor set up over
the aerobics area. Music plays in the
background.

Amy, carrying two trays of food, finds her way
to where Virgil sits at a table off to the
side - putting his food in front of him.

AMY

Let's see if I can get this
right. Chicken's at three -
salad at seven - vegetables
at ten.

VIRGIL

(picking up his
fork)

Very good - thank-you.

AMY

This is nice. They do this
every weekend?

VIRGIL

Every Friday - for the
guests leaving. Supposed to
make them want to come
back.

AMY

(sits, uneasy)

Love the music - Gershwin -
makes you want to...
She stops. Virgil, fork poised over his food,
senses her uncomfortableness.

VIRGIL

You like dancing?

AMY

Hmmm? Yeah - don't do it
much.

(changing subject)

Chicken's good.

Amy resumes eating - Virgil's fork spears
something on his plate - raising it to his
mouth - both we and Amy now see it's a large
pat of butter. Too late - it's in his mouth.
Amy watches him - the reaction on his face as
he tastes it - then surreptitiously swallows
it. Then realizes Amy saw him.

VIRGIL

Nothing like a good pat of
fat. What do you say we
dance?

AMY

No, really, I'm fine...

Virgil is up - pulling her hand.

VIRGIL

Come on

She stands and Virgil puts his hands on the
back of her shoulders.

VIRGIL

Lead on.

And as she ushers him to the floor the music
changes - a salsa - lively. Amy stops:

AMY

Different piece - maybe we
should...

VIRGIL

You kidding - take my hand.

And as she does - Virgil starts dancing to the
music - feeling the beat - in perfect rhythm
but his moves are his own, something we've
never seen before - uninhibited, wild - a
little funny, but also there's something
sensual in his abandonment.

All Amy can do is hang on for the ride -
enjoying Virgil enjoying himself. People even
clear back a little to give him some room -
however he moves about the floor easily -
somehow sensing where the other couples are.
It's a whirlwind moment - a moment where the
two of them get lost with each other - for a
second shutting out the world and it's just
them, the music and their movement.
Then suddenly the music is over. And they stop
- the moment gone. Virgil turns to Amy and she
applauds Virgil's wild moves

He takes a bow with a flourish. Spins to another angle - another bow. Spins back again - a step back and:
CRASSSH - he's into the buffet table - sliding to the ground - food spilling on top of him.
Amy, can't help but laugh, rushes to him.

AMY

You have to teach me that move.

And Amy reaches down to his guacamole covered hand - and pulls him up into an embrace and as they kiss amidst sauce and salad dressing - we see:

INT. AMY'S HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Amy - on the phone - looking out her window.

AMY

Betsy - you were telling me about your father, his cataracts - you said he had a problem. How is he now?

(she listens)

Doctor - Dr. Aaron? - do you have his number?

INT. BEAR MTN. GYM - DAY

A handful of people on various pieces of equipment. Virgil, tank top, heavy sweat, on a stationary bicycle - working out. Amy next to him on a treadmill - trying to keep up as Caroline from the front desk comes and hands her something.

Amy reads it briefly then hops off the treadmill moving to Virgil.

AMY

Virgil, I just got some great news.

VIRGIL

(picking up speed again)

The Atlanta project?

AMY

No, no - I was talking to my assistant this morning - her father had these severe cataracts...

VIRGIL

(slowing)

Oh. Really.

AMY

She put me in touch with a Dr. Richard Aaron - the guy's the leading eye surgeon on the eastern seaboard - he's been working with techniques - I don't know all the jargon - but I spoke to him earlier

on the phone at the
Institute...

VIRGIL

You called this guy?

Virgil stops riding - starts to get off the
bike.

AMY

(excited)

I told him all about you -
he just faxed me back -
he'd love to get a look at
your eyes - he thinks
maybe, maybe - there might
be a chance of reversal.

Virgil faces Amy, best he can, while he pulls
on his sweat jacket.

VIRGIL

I don't get it - am I
missing the sign that says
it's help the handicapped
week.

Virgil starts to move away. Amy stops him.

AMY

I thought you'd be excited.
What's the problem?

Virgil turns on her.

VIRGIL

No problem. That's the
whole point here Amy -
there is no goddamned
problem.

And Virgil turns and bumps into a stationary
bike, he SHOVES it off to the side, and makes
his way out of the gym.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Virgil enters, visibly upset - passing a CO-
WORKER coming out of the shower.

CO-WORKER

Hey Virgil.

Virgil steams right past him - not answering -
hands feeling down the lockers - finding his -
he tugs it open - pulls off his shirt and
throws it in. He takes a breath, settles
himself - then SLAMS the locker door shut.

EXT. JENNIE'S SCHOOL

PARENTS are picking up their CHILDREN from
Jennie's school. As Jennie helps the last of
the kids into her mother's car - she looks up
to see Amy across the street.

JENNIE

Amy, right?

Amy nods - starts towards her.

AMY

I'd like to talk to you if
I could -- about Virgil.

JENNIE

Something wrong?

AMY

Sort of. There's something
I don't understand. You see
I spoke to a doctor who's
apparently doing
breakthrough work on
cataracts -

(Jennie turns to

Amy)

- but when I brought it up
to Virgil he acted as if...

JENNIE

What don't you understand?

AMY

If I was blind almost all
my life -- and there was
even a remote possibility I
could see - I'd jump at it.

JENNIE

When there's something
you've adapted to, accepted
- you'd just want to change
it without even thinking
about it?

(beat)

We're very comfortable
here, Amy. Virgil has
everything he needs.

AMY

I thought just maybe he'd
like to not be falling over
things for the rest of his
life. Look, I see...

JENNIE

(cuts her off)

Yes you do and Virgil
doesn't. He spent the first
eight years of his life
having his eyes prodded,
pierced and poked by
doctors, faith healers,
spiritualists, shamans and
medicine men. My father had
them lined up out the door.
It hurt and disappointed us
all and it almost killed
him. He doesn't need to go
through that again. Now -
maybe you understand.

And she turns on her heel and is gone.

EXT. VIRGIL'S COTTAGE - LATE DAY

Amy making her way up to the porch - hearing
from inside.

VIRGIL (V.O.)

No, no - why - why?!

She hurries up the steps, reaching the open door where she sees Virgil, his head in his hands.

VIRGIL (V.O.)

I can't believe you're
doing this to me.

AMY

What - Virgil?

Virgil turns sharply - Sophie jumps up - starts barking.

VIRGIL

Sophie - stop it. Amy?
C'mon in - it's just the
Rangers. I could check
better than these guys
today.

AMY

They lost?

VIRGIL

I prefer to think of it as
not winning. I thought you
would have been long gone
after that outburst from my
evil twin brother. We've
had him committed you know.
Rikers Island - hard time.

(standing)

Can I get you something - -
Coke - beer?

AMY

No - I - I'm fine. I just
wanted apologize for
stomping around in life
like Bigfoot today.

Virgil turns towards Amy.

VIRGIL

Amy, you see the big tree
outside? How far is it from
my front porch?

AMY

Guessing, about thirty
feet.

VIRGIL

To you. But to me, it's
fourteen steps exactly.
Fourteen steps and I arrive
right where I want to be.
But -- if I run or rush,
I'll lose count and slam
into it.

AMY

I'm sorry. Told you - can't
leave well enough alone. I
- I guess I should get
back, start to pack...

VIRGIL

Rushing into trees again?

Off Amy's smile we CUT TO:

EXT. VIRGIL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

On the Porch - the two of them - sipping
glasses of wine - we see their dinner - Hungry
Man beef entree - each category of food in
it's own perfect little compartment.

AMY

You know this dinner - this
is really quite...

VIRGIL

Ordinary?

(she laughs)

It's an acquired taste -
trust me. Jennie thinks
it's the only way I'll know
where my food is. But I
have a secret weapon.

(holds up a little
bottle)

Hot sauce! Let's you know
you're eating something -
like some.

He starts to sprinkle liberally on Amy's food.
Amy, laughing grabs the bottle.

AMY

That's OK - I'll do it.
Don't want to overdo it.

She puts the bottle down - looks to Virgil -
sips her wine. Time to face it.

AMY

Virgil - I have to go home
tomorrow...

VIRGIL

Wait, wait - you smell
that?

AMY

No - what?

VIRGIL

The winter pines - it's so
strong at night - drifts on
the wind - wait - hear the
breeze then...

AMY

There.

Amy closes her eyes - takes in the scent - and
they both sit there - close - taking in the
night air - enjoying the moment.

And on Virgil's face we see him lost in
thought.

INT. VIRGIL'S HOME - NIGHT

CLOSE ON VIRGIL - eyes closed - we hear a
sound - like night crickets. His eyes slowly
open.

He rolls over - his arm reaching out for her:
But there's no one there. Virgil sits upright.

VIRGIL

Amy?

Amy is sitting in a chair by the window.

AMY

I'm here - trouble
sleeping.

VIRGIL

C'mere.

And she crawls back into bed, Virgil takes hold of her and as she settles into his arm, he strokes her face gently - a blind man's version of watching his lover fall to sleep.

BLACK - then we hear voices

INT. VIRGIL'S BEDROOM - MORNING

CLOSE ON: Amy's face - the voices awaken her - cutting into her dreams.

She looks out the doorway - sees Virgil and Jenny arguing on the front porch. She can't hear what they are saying - but it's clear there's a problem.

INT. VIRGIL'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Amy pulling a robe around herself - comes into the room - as Jenny turns on her heel and walks away from Virgil.

EXT. PORCH - MORNING

Virgil stands there a moment - taking in what just happened. Amy steps out onto the porch.

AMY

Everything alright?

VIRGIL

Yeah, yeah. Morning - Look,
something I want to say...

AMY

The leaving thing - I know
- hate it too.

VIRGIL

The other night - when we
were dancing - being with
you - I felt different -
special - I don't know -
whole.

AMY

That was whole?

Virgil puts his hand out - she takes it - he turns to her.

VIRGIL

(smile)

Just for a second I felt
like I could see you - all
of you.

(beat)

What you said about this
Doctor, this eye guy - I
know how important it is to
you...

AMY

(turns to him)

Are you sure you want to do
this?

VIRGIL
We're just going to talk to
the guy - what could it
hurt? Off Amy's smile:

SMASH
TO:

EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE - MORNING
A soaring shot. Amy's car - travelling across
the bridge - heading towards Manhattan.

AMY (V.O.)
You're going to love the
city - so many things to
see.

INT. CAR - MORNING
Virgil in the passenger seat - windows open -
taking in all the sounds - new and exciting.
Amy watches him as she drives.

VIRGIL
(laughing)
Waitwaitwait - he hasn't
said he can even do
anything yet.

AMY
I know I just feel good
about this.
(Amy looks to him -
sees him feeling
the light against
his face)
Virgil, before you lost all
sight, do you remember
seeing anything at all?

VIRGIL
Yeah, I do. I was just a
baby when it happened - but
there is one thing.

(beat)
Something ... puffy. That's
all I remember about it.
Everyone says it's
"clouds," but I know I had
it in my hands - so it
couldn't be clouds. This
puffy thing - that was
something special - it's
stayed with me all these
years - I don't know why.

INT. NEW YORK EYE HOSPITAL - EXAM ROOM - DAY
DR. RICHARD AARON, wire rims, short, stylish
haircut - is finishing a high-tech examination
of Virgil's eyes. Cups attached to wires sit
over his eyes. The machine, an
ELECTRORETINOGRAM, emits an irritating strange
flat line sound. The room is very dimly lit.
Aaron adjusts an intensity dial on the machine
- a series of flashing lights hit Virgil's
eyes. The doctor jots down a reading - then

with a flourish, spins the machine away from Virgil's face and pops a button emitting a detailed computer print out.
In the corner sits an older gentleman - Dr. Goldman - focused on papers in his hands.

AARON

OK - we're done.

Aaron bumps up the lights and wheels his chair back over to Virgil as Amy moves to join them.

AARON

Some good news. You have
grade 4 posterior
subscapular cataracts.

VIRGIL

And this is the good news?

AARON

Good news in that I should
be able to remove them with
little or no damage to your
cornea.

AMY

So -- what does that mean -
they're gone - then what?

AARON

The cataracts are acting
like a curtain - covering
the window of sight. If the
disease to the retina is
reduced as much as I think
it is - there's a very good
possibility we can give you
sight.

Amy looks to Virgil - apprehensive. Virgil's
expressionless - taking this all in.

VIRGIL

Sounds expensive.

AARON

(looks to Goldman
who nods
imperceptibly)

We feel there's an
opportunity for us all here
- I think I can get the
institute to pick up the
bill.

VIRGIL

So. Say you remove the
cataracts - do you have any
idea what kind of vision
I'd have?

Aaron looks to Goldman.

AARON

At this time - no.
Unfortunately the cataracts
are not allowing me to see
the retinal wall. I can't
tell how advanced the

retinitis pigmentosa has
become.

VIRGIL

So you're suggesting an
operation that may or may
not be successful.

AMY

But there is a chance he
could regain his sight.

AARON

There have been a few cases
of restored vision in
adulthood to a patient
blind since birth.

(moves near Virgil)

The operation is delicate,
I'll admit - but nothing as
invasive as what you went
through as a child. Of
course there is always some
risks with any operation -
infection, swelling - long
shot stuff. I would do both
eyes at the same time -
it's basically out patient
surgery. Virgil - an exhale
of air. A lot to take in.

VIRGIL

What if it doesn't work?
What if I have the
operation - with all it's
risks - and you remove the
cataract - and it doesn't
work.

Aaron looks to Amy.

AARON

(somber)

It would be evident that
you will never be able to
see.

Virgil's head shifts slightly. Not what he
wanted to hear. Amy reaches out takes his
hand.

AMY

What do you think?

VIRGIL

That's what I need - to
think.

EXT. AMY'S LOFT - SOHO - DAY

Virgil and Amy stepping out of a cab. Virgil
using his cane - seems blinder than we've seen
him before. The city sounds an assault on him.

AMY

This is my place - there's
a park across the street
and...

She stops - realizes he wants to walk in silence. They enter her loft building, an old converted industrial space.

INT. LOFT STAIRWELL - DAY

There is an odd, loud sound which echoes three times after every bounce. As they come up on the second floor landing, a basketball comes flying down the hall which Amy fumbles with - then catches.

AMY

Ethan!

From around the corner comes ETHAN COLVIN, eight, oversized Knicks shirt. Amy tosses him his ball.

ETHAN

Sorry - my mom won't let me go outside till she gets home from work.

AMY

Well, if the super catches you playing ball in the hall, he'll have a coronary.

ETHAN

A what?

AMY

Never mind. Ethan, this is my friend Virgil.

VIRGIL

Hey, Ethan

ETHAN

(seeing his cane)

Are you blind?

VIRGIL

Yeah.

ETHAN

Cool. See ya.

And he turns and runs back up the stairs.

AMY

(apologetic)

Virgil...

VIRGIL

Hey, the kid thinks I'm cool - what's so bad.

INT. AMY'S LOFT - LATE DAY

Amy's loft is a wide open space - a KITCHEN facing onto a small living area - a BED in the corner of the room - a WORK SPACE with DRAFTING BOARD and DRAWING RACKS fill one side of the room. By a window stands a plaster SCULPTURE stuck in the corner as if forgotten.

AMY

This is where I hang my hat
- it's a bit of a mess
but...

Amy stops, realizes he can't see it. Virgil puts his overnight bag down.

VIRGIL

Now, Blind 101. Help me out
with a mental map. Walk me
down a straight line and
show me your place, all the
obstacles. Remember once
you've told me, they can't
be moved - otherwise...

AMY

Got it - here take my arm.
(they start about
the room)
Couch, chair, TV to the
left, low table at...at 4
o'clock, has the phone on
it...

They come to the Sculpture, Virgil's hand
grazes across it.

VIRGIL

What's this?

AMY

Nothing. A sculpture.

VIRGIL

It's yours?

AMY

My art school days - not
very good.

Virgil continues to feel the sculpture from
top to bottom, not stopping during the
dialogue.

VIRGIL

It's a mother? - holding
her child - up in the air -
like she's proud? It's
beautiful.

AMY

It's not done yet - one day
I'll finish it.

Virgil turns - his hand to the wall - feels a
window:

VIRGIL

Does this window open? I
could use some air.

AMY

(moving to the
windows)

I think so.

As Amy throws open the window, a wind blasts
through - catching a stack of plans on her
drafting table - blowing them across the
floor.

AMY

Damn!

Virgil turns, concerned, makes his way to her.

VIRGIL

What happened?

AMY

The wind - knocked over my
plans.
Amy down on the floor picking them up - Virgil
senses her down there - crouches down beside
her - tries to help her pick up.

VIRGIL

What is this - these plans?
Amy looks at Virgil - - his hand running
across one of her plans.

AMY

Just my work - - some plans
for the Atlanta project
we're bidding on - drawings
of a lobby we're finishing
up, some other smaller
stuff. It's -- it's what I
do.

Amy realizes they mean nothing to him - he
hands them back - stands. She watches him -
then standing, moves to him.

AMY

I've got to get to work.
Tonight we'll do something
- we could listen to music
or go out for dinner...

VIRGIL

How about a movie?

AMY

A movie?

VIRGIL

Yeah. I haven't been in
years.

AMY

Alright. A movie. I won't
be long.

And Amy gives him a quick kiss and dodges for
the door - a beat - she forgets her purse -
steps back in to see:

Virgil standing there quietly - his hand out
on her plans again - feeling the paper -
searching for the design - wanting to know her
- wanting to understand her - finding nothing
there.

Amy feels uncomfortable - quietly steps out -
closes the door.

INT. REVIVAL THEATER - NIGHT

WIDE - the theater half full playing Woody
Allen's "Annie Hall" the very funny scene
where Woody and Diane Keaton wrestle with the
lobster.

We move in slowly and discover Virgil and Amy
leaning in close to each other - Amy quietly
describing the scene to him.

AMY

There's these big pots and
Woody's got a huge lobster
in his hand...

VIRGIL
Lobster - what's a lobster?
AMY
(trying not to use
her hands to
describe)
It's a... kind of like..
it's got...
Then she looks to Virgil - sees he was kidding
her.

AMY
(laughing)
That's it - you're on your
own.

Off Virgil's laugh:
INT. SUBWAY LINE - NIGHT
BWAM - a subway train explodes past us.
INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT
A collection of typical night riders -
everyone keeping to themselves. Two kids sit
in the corner - blasting their boom box Virgil
stands in the middle of the train - enjoying
the vibrations. Amy sits on a seat watching
him.

VIRGIL
And they lived happily ever
after.

AMY
Woody and Diane...
VIRGIL
And the lobster?

AMY
Stop with the lobster.
A song comes on the radio - Virgil's head
turns.

VIRGIL
Hey - you here that?
All she hears is the clatter of the subway.
AMY

What?
Virgil turns towards the music - BAPPING his
hands rhythmically on the subway car wall.

VIRGIL
Hey - can you turn that up?
The KID shrugs - CRAKKS it up. It's Gershwin's
"Can't take that Away from Me." Virgil turns
to Amy - picks up on the song - hands RAPPING
- he starts singing:

VIRGIL
"The way you comb your
hair, The way you sip your
tea..."
He finds Amy, pulls her up and into an embrace
as he saunters them down the aisle.

AMY
Virgil?!
VIRGIL

(loudly)
"Can't take that away from
meee" - what?
AMY
People are watching.
VIRGIL
Watching? Watching what?
AMY
You. Me. Everyone is
staring at us.
VIRGIL
And?
AMY
Well - it can be
embarrassing.
VIRGIL
(kidding)
Oh - I see.
AMY
No - you don't.
VIRGIL Touche. "The way you make me see..."
AMY
(turns to him)
What do you mean?!
(Virgil gives her a
look -
I want the
operation)
You mean it. I mean I only
want you to have the
operation...
VIRGIL
Amy. I want the chance to
see. The chance to see
Central Park, the Brooklyn
Bridge, apples, raisins, a
buffalo, a carbuerator and
the man in the moon.
(beat)
But I would give all that
up - just to see this face.
And Amy folds herself into Virgil - a moment -
they hold each other - then - Amy starts to
sing along with the song - Virgil joining in -
and they dance - together - in love.

SMASH
CUT TO:

EXT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

AMY/VIRGIL (V.O.)
"You can't take that away
from me."
And the car explodes past again - and as the
music dies we cut to:
INT. NEW YORK EYE HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM
CLOSE ON: a platter of silver utensils - fine,
exacting scalpels. A gloved HAND comes into

frame - picks up a clamp - and we follow it to:

VIRGIL'S EYES - the clamp being used to hold it open. The work we are seeing is grueling - difficult to watch - but at the same time so fascinating it is hard to take our eyes off. Dr. Aaron followed by Dr. Goldman - hands in the air - mask on - leans over Virgil - looks to the ANESTHESIOLOGIST who nods - then to no one in particular.

AARON

OK Virgil - let's get to it.

And as he is handed a SCALPEL, we watch as it moves down to cut open the white section of the eye - and just as it feels almost unbearable to watch- -

INT. NEW YORK EYE HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - DAY
We see Amy, coffee cup in hand, grab a second just poured cup out of a vending machine. She makes her way over to reveal Jennie who sits quietly reading a book.

AMY

Coffee? It's really bad.
Jennie looks up - smiles takes the cup. Amy sits down next to her. They both sip for a moment.

AMY

Virgil never mentions his parents - do they know?

JENNIE

Our mother died when I was 20 - Virgil wasn't even a teenager. And our father - he's been gone for quite awhile.

AMY

I'm sorry. I didn't know.
Jennie looks into her coffee - takes another sip.

JENNIE

(smile)

You're right this is bad.

AMY

It must have been very tough on you - taking care of Virgil alone after your mother died.

JENNIE

He's my brother.

Simple.

AMY

You don't like Virgil doing this - do you?

JENNIE

I don't like Virgil getting hurt. Hope is like fire, it

can keep you warm - - or it
can burn you.

INT. NEW YORK EYE HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM - DAY
Dr. Aaron: - focused on his exacting work. His
hands move deftly.

CLOSE ON: Virgil's eye. Cut open. Aaron's
probe working right in the middle of it.

DR. AARON

There you are.

And Aaron pulls out the cloudy cataract tissue
- holding it up for all to see - before he
PLOPS it on a tray. Switching instruments - he
gingerly picks up a plastic implant - moving
back towards the eye - he glances at the nurse
assisting him:

DR. AARON

You know what they say,
Virgil? The eyes are the
windows to the soul.

Virgil can't move - listens intently as he
carefully places the implant into Virgil's
eye.

DR. AARON

(with a wink)

That makes us the Windex to
the soul.

(he focuses)

OK, both eyes done. Let's
patch him up.

On a large monitor we see an EXTREME CLOSE-UP
of Virgil's eye - waiting.

INT. NEW YORK HOSPITAL - LATER

Virgil being wheeled down a hall - head
wrapped in bandages.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

As he enters:

VIRGIL

Hello?

Jennie's there - takes his hand.

VIRGIL

Jennie?

JENNIE

How're you feeling?

VIRGIL

OK - a little pain, like a
tequila hang over - is Amy
here?

AMY

Right here - Dr. Aaron said
you did great

VIRGIL

So how's my hair - I'd hate
the first time I see myself
to be a bad hair day.

(Virgil reacts to a
sound)

What's that?

AMY

There's camera guys here
too.

WIDE - we now see the room has a small VIDEO
CREW in it preparing to document the event.

VIRGIL

Camera guys?

AARON

(entering)

For posterity. We're going
to make you famous. We're
also sending this closed
circuit to one of our
conference rooms - there's
a lot of people interested
in our results today. So
how you feel Virgil?

VIRGIL

Good. Great. Fine.

(a laugh)

Nervous.

Aaron moves about the room closing blinds to
let in just a few slats of light.

AARON

Nothing to be nervous
about. Now Jennie and Amy,
if you would stand off to
my right -- I want Virgil
to get just a slight bounce
of light.

(returning to
Virgil)

Ready Virgil.

VIRGIL

Let's go.

Both Amy and Jennie subconsciously adjust
their hair as Aaron starts to unravel the
bandages.

When the bandages are completely off - all
that is left are two gauze patches on both
eyes.

AARON

Okay - last phase - we
remove these patches and...

VIRGIL

(suddenly
apprehensive, hand
up)

Okay - wait. So - so - what
do I do? I mean, what will
I see first?

AARON

Well - we're all here -
Amy, your sister. This is
new for us all. Why don't
we find out?

Aaron reaches up and plucks the two patches from his eyes - and everyone waits. Virgil slowly opens his eyes - he just seems to be staring blankly, bewildered - not focusing at Aaron who stands before him, still holding the bandages. Amy looks to Jennie - to Aaron - what's happening? Then finally:

AARON

Well?

And Virgil reacts - a startling look of recognition mixed with fear crossing his face.

AMY

What is it Virgil?

VIRGIL

It's - it's - I don't know.

And now for the first time we see Virgil's POV:

There is light, movement, color, shadow - but somehow it is foreign to us. There is no perception of depth -. no sense of definition of shape or shadow - it is as confounding to us as it is to Virgil - like an explosion of Picasso, Dali and Monet on screen. Suddenly in the midst of this chaos of images - there is movement - and a voice emits out of what we now for the first time recognize as a mouth. Dr. Aaron speaks again - leaning in to Virgil, who reacts back.

AARON

Virgil - what do you see?

VIRGIL

Something's wrong.

Jennie's reaction comes pouring out of her eyes in tears, first slowly, then a dam break.

AMY

Virgil what's wrong? What's happening?

AARON

Everything's fine - it's going to take...

JENNIE

It's not fine - don't say it's fine.

AARON

Tell me what you're seeing Virgil.

Virgil suddenly pulling back - his eyes dancing around in his head - trying to take it all in - trying to focus.

VIRGIL

(over everyone)

I don't know - it's all screwed up - this can't be seeing - something's wrong - too confusing - what the hell's happening??!

HIS POV - the camera crew coming toward him
for a closer shot - it's like a giant monster
violently moving towards us!

VIRGIL

What is it - Stop!
Virgil's hand lashes out towards the camera
crew - even though they are 15 feet away.

AARON

What? The camera?

JENNIE

(to the crew)

Stop moving!

AMY

Virgil, it's just the
camera.

The room has heightened into chaos - Virgil
reacting to everything he sees, any quick
movement - Amy moves next to him - Aaron
trying to remain calm - Jennie assuring Virgil
everything's OK.

AARON

Alright - alright - they've
stopped. OK. Let's
everybody just calm down -
we'll take it slowly.
Everyone settles - takes a breath.

AMY

Virgil. What can we do?
They all look to Virgil - breathing heavy -
his eyes swinging back and forth.

VIRGIL

I gotta focus - gotta think
- gimme a second - OK, OK -
get me a coke. Somebody?

JENNIE

He's thirsty - someone get
him a drink!!

VIRGIL

No - just a can - a bottle
-- put something in my
hands!

Amy reaches over - grabs an empty coke can.

AMY

Here - how's this?
Virgil takes it in his hands - closes his eyes
- feels it. Then slowly opens his eyes -
trying to focus on what is in his hand - Aaron
catching on.

AARON

Good, Virgil - that's it -
use your touch - associate
- now, tell me - what do
you see in your hand?
Long moment. Virgil holds it up - stares hard.

VIRGIL

A can. Is it a can?

JENNIE

What's going on?
They all look at Virgil turning the can over
and over in his hand - staring intently at it
- learning it.

AARON

(beams)

He's associating - one
sense to the other. His
fingers tell his brain -
then his brain tells his
eyes and he recognizes the
image in front of him.

(realizing)

He's seeing!

Aaron looks to Amy and Jennie - they're still
doubtful - he motions to them to meet him
outside.

AARON

Virgil - let's rest your
eyes for today and we'll
check them again tomorrow.
We should all be happy -
we've got something.

Virgil: not happy, just very confused. As
Aaron leaves, Jennie takes Virgil's hand while
Amy stands there upset - watching him just
staring at a Soda Can.

INT. NEW YORK EYE HOSPITAL - DAY

In the corridor, Dr. Aaron shaking hands with
Dr. Goldman - people exiting the near-by
conference room all congratulating the two
doctors. As Amy exits the room - Aaron moves
to her.

AMY

What just happened in
there?

AARON

You saw it. Success.

AMY

Success - wait a minute -
then why can't he see me,
his sister, anything.

AARON

He sees you. He just
doesn't understand that he
sees you.

AMY

But he'll overcome it - I
mean - this is temporary
right?

AARON

There's a very real
possibility the part of his
brain area allocated to
vision is atrophied - given
it's lack of use, Virgil

has probably used it for
some other function.
Jennie has stepped into the waiting area - has
just heard Aaron.

JENNIE

You didn't think of this?
This is as much an accusation of Amy as of
Aaron.

AARON

We had no way of knowing
what his faculties were
until we gave him the
operation. If you remember
- we didn't know what to
expect - though it's clear
his retinal disease must be
in remission.

AMY

So what are we supposed to
do now - you saw him - it's
like he's another person in
there.

AARON

He won't need to stay here
- take him home - let him
rest. But I will need to
see him every couple of
days for the next month.

AMY

Isn't there some kind of
therapy he should be doing
- someone to help him.

Aaron stares at her - hadn't thought of this.

AARON

OK, there is a visual
therapist - Ray Webster - a
little unorthodox - that's
why he's probably your best
bet, especially considering
the unique aspects of
Virgil's condition. I'll
contact him for you - but
there's no guarantee he can
help.

JENNIE

(can't believe
this)

No guarantees.

AARON

Jennie, I told Amy here
when we first talked - this
is whole new ground - for
all of us.

And Jennie quietly turns and goes back into
Virgil's room. Amy just stares at Dr. Aaron -
a little overwhelmed.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CHANGE AREA - DAY

Virgil - starting to dress. He stares at his clothes on a hangar - not comprehending what it is. He closes his eyes - his hand going out to feel it - then opening his eyes - he takes the shirt turns - and notices someone watching him.

VIRGIL

Hello?

HIS POV - it's his own reflection in a mirror next to his clothes. Virgil stares at himself standing stock still - waiting for a response from the person staring at him.

VIRGIL

Is there...?

Slowly realizing that what he sees is himself. He starts moving towards the mirror fascinated.

Virgil's POV - Focusing on the image as it slowly takes shape - becomes clearer to him. His hand going up to his nose - moving it back and forth - laughs at it's absurdity - then is taken with his own smile. He tries a smile - comes off awkward as he starts to stare at his teeth. Touching each part of his face he investigates his chin, ears and finally his hair.

Then he stops - and just stares - and stares at a face that is his own - but so incredibly foreign to him. Who is this person?

INT. VIRGIL'S ROOM - DAY

Jenny starting to pack up Virgil's things. Suddenly there is a burst of laughter from the other room. She looks up quizzically

INT. HOSPITAL CHECK-OUT - DAY

Amy in the check-in area - pacing - on a cellphone.

AMY

Duncan - I know the additions to the mall will cost more.. look, I can't do this on the phone - I'll be in tomorrow.. yes, I remembered they're putting the fixtures in the lobby - I'll get there as well - I'm just asking for one more day.

INT. WAITING AREA - DAY

Jenny - finishing packing up Virgil's things.

VIRGIL (V.O.)

Amy?

Jenny looks up - Virgil standing in the doorway, dressed.

JENNIE

No - it's Jennie.

She moves toward him - Virgil pulls back - hands out in front of him.

JENNIE

I'm sorry - I'll move
slower - I just...

And Virgil's hands are on her face - eyes
closed - feeling. He opens his eyes - staring
blankly - trying to figure this out.

VIRGIL

This is you.

JENNIE

This is me.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Angle on Amy moving down the hall - hearing
the voices.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

JENNIE

Everything's going to be
alright - we just need to
get you home.

VIRGIL

No, no - I can't go home. I
need to be here - see the
therapist - doctor's. I
want to be here.

JENNIE

But I can't stay here - and
you can't do this alone--
who's going to take care..
.?

She stops. Realizing.

ANGLE On Amy - outside the door - not wanting
to go in.

JENNIE

Amy? She's going to look
after you? She doesn't know
anything about the blind.

VIRGIL

I'm not blind anymore - and
I'm not going to let
someone I care about walk
out of my life again.

JENNIE

(moves to him)

It's not your fault he
left. You can't keep
blaming yourself.

VIRGIL

(beat)

I'm staying here.

A pause - and Jennie moves her hand out to him
- touches his arm.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Amy feeling uncomfortable - starts to step
away.

JENNIE (O.S.)

Amy?

Amy turns - Jennie in the doorway.

JENNIE

Virgil's finishing getting
ready. Could you walk me to
my car?

Amy nods - sees an element of defeat in
Jennie's eyes.

EXT. HOSPITAL - LATE DAY

Jennie and Amy stand on the curb near Jennie's
car. A moment of uncomfortableness - then:

AMY

You alright?

JENNIE

I'm scared to death. I've
spent my whole life looking
for any holes he might fall
in. I'd run up ahead and
cover them. Everywhere I
look here, I see holes.

AMY

Please believe me - I don't
want him to get hurt
anymore than you do.

JENNIE

Amy - when Virgil was very
young, he couldn't see
those close to him - so he
never learned to reach out.

(turns to her)

Don't expect him to reach
out when he's in pain, or
confused, or unhappy. If
you really care about him
you have to just be there
for him.

And before Amy can answer, she gets into her
car - starts it up and drives off.

EXT/INT AMY'S LOFT - DUSK

Virgil slowly gets out of the cab, looks up at
the buildings - immediately gets dizzy and
nearly falls over. Amy lunges to help him.
Virgil is laughing in spite of himself.

VIRGIL

This is just great - I
don't believe this. What's
that saying - stop the
world I wanna get off.

ETHAN (O.S.)

Hey Virgil, it's Ethan.

Virgil turns to the familiar voice. Ethan,
basketball under his arm, coming out of the
building with his Mom, KAREN COLVIN. Virgil
scans, tries to focus on them.

VIRGIL

That you Ethan?

ETHAN

It's me - and this is my
mom.

AMY

Virgil - Karen.

KAREN

Hi, Virgil - heard a lot
about you.

ETHAN

You look funny.

VIRGIL

You should see how I look
from this side.

AMY Let's just get you inside - then you can
rest. We'll see you later Ethan. Karen.
And she gives Karen a small glance as she
takes Virgil's arm as they start towards the
stairs leading into the building - Virgil
suddenly slamming to a halt.

VIRGIL

Wait, wait, what are we
doing - WE'RE WALKING INTO
A WALL!!

Virgil's POV - the staircase. A flat image - a
solid wall with horizontal lines. Ethan,
surprised, what's up here?

AMY

It's OK - it's not a wall -
it's just a staircase.
You're going to have to
trust me on these things.

VIRGIL

God, I feel like... like
such a child - I just
thought seeing would be
different.

AMY

We'll get a hold of this
Ray Webster guy - we'll get
his help.

Virgil steps slowly forward - giant baby steps
- each foot reaching out to feel the step
before making the commitment.

HIS POV - the 'wall' of stairs changing
perspective with each step. Like an accordion
spreading itself out to us. This is all a very
bad acid trip.

INT. AMY'S APARTMENT - DUSK

VIRGIL'S POV - multi-colored balloons, dozens
of assorted flowers, bowls of colorful fruit
and streamers intertwined across the room. A
candyland of seeing.

VIRGIL

Man. Something exploded in
your apartment.

Amy laughs - pulls him into the room. Virgil
trying to take it all in - not understanding
anything.

AMY

I wanted to do something
special for you.

VIRGIL

It's making me a little bit
dizzy - but it is special.

Virgil's hands go out - Amy moves to him - he
holds her shoulders. He stares at her.
As she turns her head slightly, Virgil is able
to focus on her - her eyes - her smile.

VIRGIL

Okay - so - this is what
beautiful looks like.

AMY

Thank-you. You want to see
the rest. Focusing on her,
Virgil smiles, takes her
face in his hands - leans
in and kisses her. She
pulls back a little.

AMY

I can't believe this - how
nervous I am.

She kisses him then takes a step back.

AMY

What if you don't like what
you see?

VIRGIL

Do you want me to turn off
the lights?

AMY

No - no. This is your first
seeing day.

(she starts to
unbutton her dress)

I want you to see
everything.

And she drops the dress from her shoulders -
it hits the ground - a beat - and she stands
there naked.

AMY

OK?

VIRGIL

Yes, very OK.

And she takes a step towards him and folds
into his arms and as they kiss we slowly fade
to black.

INT. AMY'S LOFT - NIGHT

The sound of heavy New York rain. Amy
awakening, and sees Virgil is gone, his side
of the bed empty. She looks across the room -
where she sees silhouetted against the moonlit
window - - Virgil standing next to Amy's
sculpture, his face and body pressed up
against the pane of glass.

AMY

(wrapping a house
coat around her)

Virgil?

Virgil turns around - half faces her - the rain on the windows decorating his face.

VIRGIL

I can't sleep - I'm afraid
if I close my eyes...

AMY

It'll be black when you
open them again.

Virgil nods. A moment and his hand goes out to her sculpture.

VIRGIL

You enjoy sculpting?

AMY

At first. I liked the idea
of molding - taking the way
I saw things up here- -
(touching her head)
- and making it take shape
with my hands.

VIRGIL

But you never finish them.

AMY

Pieces never come out the
way I wanted - the way I
saw them. I end up working
on them forever - like this
one - never getting them
right.

Virgil stares out the window at the rain.

VIRGIL

This is what rain looks
like?

AMY

Yeah.

VIRGIL

It looks lonely. Not what I
expected. But I like it.

Amy smiles - moves into him as he pulls her in close and they look out at the night rain.

INT. ROSWELL-TREMONT - DAY

Amy working over a CAD computer with a draftsman.

AMY

You've got to alter each of
the windows by five feet...

DRAFTSMAN

These are the specs you
gave me.

AMY

I know - I'm changing them
- this is better.

(calling out)

Betsy!

Betsy pokes her head in.

AMY

Can you get me some
research on those Maple

trees we're leaving in.
They're too big - I want to
change them so they fit in
with the design better. Get
rid of the dead weight.

BETSY

Don't you have an
appointment?

Amy looks to her watch. Starts for her jacket
and the door.

AMY

Yes, yes. Thank-you. Evan
here will print out the new
specs - give them to Duncan
- tell him I'll be back in
two hours.

DUNCAN (O.S.)

Amy?

Duncan steps out of his office. She turns -
virtually out the door.

AMY

Just give me two hours.

And she's gone.

EXT. NYU CAMPUS - NEXT DAY

A few KIDS smoking on the steps. Others
entering, laden down with books - a small sea
parting to allow Amy helping Virgil up the
steps and inside.

INT. NYU HALLWAY - DAY

They make their way down the hall - past a -
room where a group of BLIND CHILDREN learn to
read Braille. Amy can't help but stare at
these young faces struggling to learn. It's a
whole different world.

INT. RAY WEBSTER'S OFFICE - DAY

A strange space, dark, as all the windows are
covered. In a jar on the desk - two pickled
eyeballs stare back at Virgil and Amy waiting
patiently. There are books everywhere -
periodicals stacked and overflowing on
shelves. A dead plant in the corner.

RAY WEBSTER - 60's, almost completely bald,
wearing a worn NYU sweatshirt, sits at the
desk in front of them - flipping through a
file in front of him.

WEBSTER

Right - OK, Virgil - says
here you went blind at one
- before you developed a
visual vocabulary.

(Webster stands -
moves towards a
bookshelf)

You have no sense of depth
of field, no knowledge of
space, shape, size or
distance. Basically your

eyes work but your brain
hasn't learned to process
the information.

(beat)

You are mentally blind.
Neurologists call this
"visual agnosia".

VIRGIL

I call it pretty screwed
up.

WEBSTER

Better term. I'll make a
note of that.

Webster plops down a large book - flips
through some pages, then searching his
pockets:

WEBSTER

Dammit

AMY

What?

WEBSTER

Glasses, can never find
'em.

(calling out)

Mrs. Fenster.

Mrs. Fenster pops her head in the door - this
must be a ritual they have as she instantly
pulls her GLASSES off and hands them to
Webster who drops them over his nose. They are
clearly woman's glasses - pointed in the ends
- little jewels. As Mrs. Fenster leaves.

WEBSTER

(referring to the
book)

OK. Alberto Valvo "Sight
Restoration after Long Term
Blindness" - blah-blah-
blah. - ah here...

(reading)

"One must die as a blind
person to be born again as
a sighted person. However
it is the interim, the
limbo- -between two worlds,
one dead/the other
powerless to be born - that
is so terrible."

(slamming the book
shut)

There. You're in limbo.

AMY

What do you mean - there -
he's in limbo. That's all
you have to offer?

WEBSTER

What? - I'm Anne Bancroft
all of a sudden? I'm a

professor - I teach people,
how to teach the blind how
to become independent.

(beat)

There's no book on what
you're going through - I'd
like to help - but like the
rest of things in life -
it's up to you.

VIRGIL

Wait a minute - up to me? I
thought you were going to
help me here.

Webster rummages in his desk - pulls out a
magazine photo - then digging in a brown paper
bag - he pulls out an apple.

WEBSTER

You want a lesson? Right -
here. What's this?

He holds out the apple for Virgil - who
reluctantly takes it - holds it in his hand,
eyes closed, feels it - then opening his eyes
he holds it out in front of him, trying to
focus on it.

HIS POV - as the apple slowly takes on
dimension and shape.

VIRGIL

It's an apple.

WEBSTER

Good. Good.

(holding up the
photo)

OK. What's this now?

Virgil stares at the photo. HIS POV - a photo
of -- an APPLE. Not that different from the
real apple he holds in his hand - he holds the
real apple up to compare - using his eyes.

VIRGIL

It's an apple.

WEBSTER

(holding the paper
out to Virgil)

Good. Good. But is it an
apple or just a picture of
an apple?

And Virgil feels the paper and suddenly
realizes - it's not an apple - just a
representation of one. Virgil is visibly
disappointed.

VIRGIL

So this is a joke? Is that
what you're saying - your
eyes lie to you? Great -
looking forward to this.

WEBSTER

Your eyesight can and will
play tricks on you Virgil.

Remember that. No matter
what I could teach you - no
matter what exercises I
could give you - they'll
still play tricks on you.

VIRGIL

That's all it is right now
- one big trick. Nothing
makes any sense. I can't
function like this.

WEBSTER

(he moves to his
chair)

Virgil - look - you have to
learn to see - just like
you learned to speak. Only
this is not like learning a
new language - it's like
learning language for the
first time.

(he leans forward)

Perception - sight - life,
is about experience - about
reaching out and exploring
the world for yourself.
It's not enough to just see
Virgil --

(he points two
fingers into his
eyes)

-- we've got to look as
well.

And Webster turns the fingers from his eyes
outward - to the world.

AMY

(wound up)

Well, thank-you Obi Wan
Kenobi - but that doesn't
tell us anything. What we
need is some assistance
here - some kind of program
- a set of exercises -
we're kind of adrift and...

WEBSTER

Amy - last I checked - this
isn't a game of Parcheesi,
it doesn't come with a set
of rules.

AMY

I can't believe you're
just...

VIRGIL

Amy. Let's go.

AMY

No, wait, Virgil...

VIRGIL

Let's go.

(standing)

Thank-you Dr. Webster.

WEBSTER

You want me - I'm always
here.

And Virgil turns and half steps - half
shuffles towards the door. We hold on Amy's
befuddled face - then:

EXT. NYU - DAY

Virgil feels his way down the steps - Amy
rushing out after him.

AMY

I'm going to call Aaron -
get him to recommend
someone else.

VIRGIL

He's right, Amy. I've got
to do this on my own. No
one taught you how to see.

Virgil starts walking stiffly towards the
street. Amy hurries after him - grabs him just
as he was about to step into traffic.

AMY

I was a baby then - I had
years to learn - you don't
- you need to...

(anxious)

--we don't even know what
to do - where to start..

Virgil's hand goes out - brushes a mailbox.

VIRGIL

What's this - this thing?

Amy looks over.

AMY

(shrugs)

What - it's a mailbox.

VIRGIL

What color is it?

AMY

Blue.

Virgil stares at it - tries to take it in.

VIRGIL

Blue. OK, good - that's a
mailbox - it's blue. There
- we've started.

She says nothing. Virgil senses her
apprehension.

AMY Let's just get a cab, get you home - and
tonight we can work on it.

(hand out)

Cab!

A cab veers across traffic - pulls up to them.

VIRGIL

I want to walk. I want to
see what's out there.

AMY

Fine. Let's walk.

VIRGIL

Don't you have a job?

AMY

I'm going to make time for
this. I promise.

VIRGIL

Go to work. If I need you -
I have your number.

A beat, she looks to Virgil then climbs into
the cab and it pulls away.

Virgil looks left, right - trying to decide
where to start his journey when we see the cab
back up in front of him and Amy climbs out.

AMY

Screw work - let's go try
those eyes.

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

Aaron at a podium. The room filled with
colleagues. A NEWSCREW records the lecture
from the back of the hall.

AARON

Now just two weeks after
surgery--the patient is
still having difficulty
understanding images,
shapes, contours -

EXT. NY CITY STREET - NEW DAY

Virgil - determined to see - making his way
down a street - trying to dodge people coming
at him from all angles. Amy walks a short
distance behind him - coaxing him along.
HIS POV - people seem to explode out of two
dimensions into three. This is clearly
exhausting.

AARON (CONT'D)

- and his progress with
depth of field has been
especially slow...

WHAM - Virgil collides with a kid on a
skateboard - Amy winces as he quickly regains
his balance - shakes it off - starts his
journey again - determined.

EXT. BROADWAY - STREET VANDERS - DAY

Amy trying to help Virgil take in the
confusion of images - explaining to him items
hanging about the stalls. It's clear he's a
little overwhelmed - when something familiar
catches his eye. He moves toward it:

HIS POV - focusing - trying to give it shape -
it's a YELLOW CAB - just like the one Amy
drove off in - again he focuses - reaches out
- surprisingly wrapping his hand around the
car.

AARON (CONT'D)

Virgil is still very
reliant on his touch to

interpret objects in his
surroundings -
He then realizes it's a porcelain toy from a
souvenir shop. Amy watches him examine it like
a child as we hear:

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

AARON (CONT'D)

- and his understanding of
three dimensionality is
extremely limited and
confounding to him...

Virgil - his hands all over a small long
haired TERRIER. He looks to Amy as he stands.

VIRGIL

It's a dog.

Amy on her cellphone - trying to get work done
- nods - yes that's a dog. Virgil looks back
at the pup - which has now turned around
backwards.

VIRGIL

Now what's that?

On Amy - disturbed by his slow progress.

EXT. GARDEN MARKET - ANOTHER DAY

Amy and Virgil being led through a series of
plants and trees by a

EARTHY SALESWOMAN.

SALESWOMAN

I believe we have just the
tree you're looking for
your lobby. Needs very
little light - slow growing
- ah here we are...

Amy and Virgil stop at a large Ficus Tree.

AMY

Nice. Good. What do you
think Virgil?

AARON (CONT'D)

He is also still having
great difficulty
"scanning", basically
putting a whole picture
together.

Virgil stares at the large tree. Up - down -
up - down - up - down - up - down - Amy and
the Saleswoman watch him, Amy wants to help
but can't comprehend what he's going through.

AARON (CONT'D)

If he looks at the top of a
tree - then scans to the
bottom - he's forgotten the
top by the time he reaches
the trunk.

INT. AMY'S WORK - DAY

ANGLE ON Virgil in Amy's office - staring at a
construction sign - FUTURE HOME OF etc...

Using his finger to outline the letters of the

sign - he tries to read the word FUTURE. He mouths the letters - tries to form the word.

AARON (CONT'D)

This includes the ability
to read. In reading a word
- he forgets the first
letter by the time he gets
to the last.

Amy working with a draftsman - glances up to see Virgil struggling with reading.

INT. NEW YORK EYE HOSPITAL - LECTURE ROOM - DAY

Bathed in a bank of lights, Aaron at the podium continuing. Virgil quiet - is seated behind him.

AARON (CONT'D)

-- meaning ... he has a
total lack of visual
memory. This is an
unexpected physiological
flaw. We are hopeful Virgil
can overcome this.

(beat)

Thank-you - that's all for
today.

INT. NEW YORK EYE HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Virgil and Amy exit the hall, are immediately surrounded by REPORTERS and PHOTOGRAPHERS. There's a sudden FLASH. Virgil reacts, pulling away.

VIRGIL

What's that?

AMY

A camera - it's OK - taking
your - picture.

VIRGIL

What, by flashing me in the
face?

FLASH - there's another - Amy tries to block the light.

AMY

Please!! - It's not good
for him.

Suddenly - there's a mike in his face, as CHRISTIE EVANS reporter from Channel 2 news steps forward with CAMERA CREW in tow.

CHRISTIE EVANS

Mr. Anderson. Christie
Evans Eyewitness news. We
heard the Doctor speak
about your progress - and
we're wondering what your
expectations are.

As Virgil stops - stunned by the lights in his face. As he looks to Amy we cut to:

INT. HOME - LATE DAY

TV MONITOR - Virgil turns to camera - starts talking to the reporter. As we pull back we

hear less and less as we reveal a modest living room. A TEENAGER doing homework on a table in the corner and a MAN - early 60's, rugged - sitting on a couch watching the news.

MAN

Oh my God.
He leans forward - his interest piqued and he picks up the phone.

MAN

Information. Pinecrest. For
a Jennie Anderson..

INT. RESTAURANT - LITTTT ITALY - LATER THAT NIGHT
A silver fork held up in front of us.

AMY

What's this?
Virgil and Amy sit on the patio of La Mela.
Virgil's hand goes out for the fork. Amy pulls it away.

AMY

Uh uh uh. See it first. No
cheating. Concentrate.
Virgil stares hard at it.

VIRGIL

(guessing)
A pen. I don't know - let
me touch it.
She hands it to him.

VIRGIL

A fork.

AMY

Right.. Now put it down in
front of you. How far is it
from.

VIRGIL

Twenty feet

AMY

You're not looking.

VIRGIL

Dammit, Amy, Amy, I spent
all day in front of that
panel feeling like a guinea
pig. Every time I open my
eyes I have to look. Can we
just sit and have dinner
for once?
Amy just stares. It's clear they're both
tired.

AMY

I'm just trying to help you
see.

VIRGIL

I know. But that's all it
seems we're about. How was
your day - what goes on at
work - how about those
Rangers - did the stock
market hold today - is

there anything else going
on in our world besides my
eyes?

AMY

(beat)

OK, we've been invited to a
party - Duncan's birthday.

An ITALIAN WAITER appears - putting a large
plate of spaghetti in front of Virgil and Amy.
Virgil is a little repulsed by what he sees.

VIRGIL

What's this - looks like
worms.

AMY

It's spaghetti - it's fine.
As Virgil tries to maneuver his fork - Amy
reaches behind her.

AMY

I brought you a present -
good for hand eye
coordination.

She hands him a TOYS R US bag. He peers
inside.

VIRGIL

Great - you go to work
building buildings - I go
home with building blocks.

INT. ROSWELL - TREMONT - LATE DAY
Amy - looking a little worn - staring blankly
at her computer. A three dimensional rendition
of the mall rotates on the screen. Duncan
pokes his head in.

DUNCAN

I'm here for you to wish me
happy birthday. How's it
going?

AMY

(distracted)

OK. He's progressing,
slowly - doing the best he
can.

DUNCAN

I was actually wondering
about the mall designs.
We're expected in Atlanta
tomorrow - with these
plans.

AMY

I can't go to Atlanta
tomorrow - not with
Virgil's problems,...

DUNCAN

Ok, ok

(Duncan moves in
behind her)

I'm sorry. Things aren't
going so well?

AMY

(stares at her
work)

He seems blinder now than
he ever was.

Duncan puts his hands on her shoulders -
starts to knead them. Amy starts to relax.

AMY

Do you ever wonder why you
do the things you do?

DUNCAN

Didn't get what you
expected did you?

AMY

Sometimes I think he's not
going to make it - that
he's never going to be able
to see.

DUNCAN

Amy - listen to me. You
liked this guy - I saw
that. You wanted to help
him - it didn't work out so
hot. You can't punish
yourself.. Sometimes things
just don't work out the way
we want them to - look at
us.

Amy smiles warmly.

AMY

Yeah. Thanks Duncan.

DUNCAN

Anytime.

(beat, a joke)

Now back to work.

As he starts out of the room, Amy turns stops
him.

AMY

Hey, Happy Birthday.

INT. AMY'S LOFT - DAY

Virgil sits at the kitchen table staring at
everyday kitchen utensils - being held by
Ethan.

VIRGIL

Measuring cup?

Ethan shakes his head - no - it's a cheese
grater. Virgil stares again. Ethan mimes
grating cheese.

VIRGIL

Cheese grater.

ETHAN

Yes - my man.

Ethan holds up something new - one of those
strange spaghetti strainers. Now they are both
staring at something they don't understand.
Virgil looks to Ethan.

ETHAN

Got me.

VIRGIL

(laughing)

You're no help. How am I
supposed to do my homework
if...

ETHAN

Homework - dude - I ain't
doin' homework.

Virgil continues to look at the strainer as
Ethan gravitates towards his cane folded up on
the table.

ETHAN

(beat)

You're lucky you got a
cane.

Virgil looks over - sees his fascination.

VIRGIL

You want it. I've been
thinking about throwing it
out.

Ethan's up in a flash.

ETHAN

Man - really - I can have
it? Cool.

(picking it up)

I could be a Ninja Darth
Vader fighter with one of
these - protect my mom from
the evil super.

Virgil is up - with the spaghetti strainer in
his hand.

VIRGIL

But first you'll have to
fight off the evil ---
whatever this is.

As they joust about - Virgil enjoying himself
- there's a knock at the door.

VIRGIL

Could be the super - go for
cover.

As Ethan ducks behind the couch, Virgil makes
his way to the door, fumbling with the handle
- he opens it to:

JENNIE. Virgil stares at her. We soon realize
he has no idea who this is.

VIRGIL

Yes?

Jenny looks at him, her eyes welling.

JENNIE

Virgil - it's me.

And suddenly Ethan is there - cane drawn like
a sword.

ETHAN

En garde.

Jennie startled - looks to Ethan then Virgil.
What's going on?

VIRGIL

Jennie?! Jennie.. God, I'm
sorry - c'mon in - this is
my friend Ethan - what are
you doing here?

Off Jennie's look:

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Virgil and Jennie standing across the street
from a building being torn down. Hard hatted
WORKERS hover about the large trucks at work.

VIRGIL

You want to tell me what
we're doing here?

Jennie points.

JENNIE

That's him. That's our
Father.

Virgil looks in the direction she's pointing -
tries to focus on a figure moving across the
lot. The MAN we saw watching TV.

VIRGIL

I can't - I can't see him.
Jennie looks to him.

JENNIE

I thought your eyes were
better.

VIRGIL

No. I - I don't want to see
him. My eyes aren't good
enough - not yet - he won't
understand. It won't be
enough.

Virgil takes a step back.

JENNIE

He's our father. He heard
about the operation and
he's asked to see you. Look
here he comes.

VIRGIL

GODDAMIT Jennie - I don't
want to see him - I don't
even know why you brought
me here.

And Virgil takes another step back then turns
and starts of f down the street leaving Jenny
alone.

INT. AMY'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Amy making her way up the stairs - roll of
plans under her arm. Opening her door to:

INT. AMY'S LOFT - NIGHT

A totally dark room. She drops her things.

AMY

Virgil?... Virgil?!

She flicks on the light - to reveal Virgil has
been sitting in the dark. She looks over -
sees the scattered blocks on the floor.

VIRGIL

I'm here. I forget about
the lights sometimes.

AMY

Look - about this party
tonight - it's no big deal
- maybe we should just...

VIRGIL

It's your partner's
birthday. We should go -
besides you wanted me to
meet your friends, right?

AMY

Yeah. Right.

INT. LOFT - NIGHT

Noisy, crowded - PEOPLE mill about carrying
drinks - black and silver balloons float about
the ceiling. Moving through the crowd - music
blasting - Amy introducing people to Virgil
over the noise.

A WAITER walks up to them holding a tray of
wine.

WAITER

Glass of wine? Red - white?

Amy reaches out - takes one.

VIRGIL

Which is the red?

Amy looks at the waiter - then points to one.
Virgil's hand reaches out slowly - hovering -
it's clear it's confusing - trying to separate
out one glass. The Waiter looks to Amy like
"is he OK?"

AMY

Virgil - here let me.

Her hand darts in front of his.

VIRGIL

(quick)

No! Sorry - I mean - I'm
almost there - I think I
got it.

And she backs off as his hand wraps around a
glass - pulling it back. At the last second
knocking over two other glasses.

VIRGIL

Dammit. Sorry.

The Waiter - trying not to spill on himself.

WAITER

Trust me - you're not the
first - or probably the
last. Let me get a cloth.

VIRGIL

Thanks

The Waiter smiles - and as he walks off.
Virgil nervously takes a large drink of wine.

WAITER

I hope you're driving.

Suddenly from the front of the room -
MARSHALL, the host calls out:

MARSHALL

OK. He's coming up the
stairs. Everybody get ready
- kill the lights.

Excitement - a buzz - Virgil looks around then
CLICK - all the lights go out. Virgil panics
momentarily.

VIRGIL

What - what's happening?
Amy moves to him in the near dark room.

AMY

It's for the surprise -
they turned off the lights.

VIRGIL

Surprise - yeah.
And suddenly the lights flood back on,
everyone screams: SURPRISE!!
Duncan - at the door with Betsy - genuinely
surprised - catches his breath - then fakes a
quick heart attack and drops to the floor.
The room explodes in laughter - Amy included.
This action is even more confusing to Virgil.

VIRGIL

Is he OK?
Hearing this - everyone breaks into bigger
laughter - Virgil now the focus of attention -
good naturedly laughs - Amy smiles,
embarrassed. Virgil takes a gulp of his wine,
finishing it off.

LATER:

The Music is cranked! Many couples dance.
Virgil exits the bathroom - glances back in
the mirror again, at his hair - not sure he
likes its style. He tries brushing it to the
other side - it's OK. How about the other way
- not so bad - maybe. It's clear he's a little
tipsy as he keeps playing with his hair.

WAITER (O.S.)

Here ya go Virgil.
Virgil turns - the Waiter stands there holding
a glass of wine - placing it carefully into
Virgil's hand:

VIRGIL

Cheers, Kevin.

AMY (O.S.)

(over the noise)

Virgil!!

Virgil embarrassed, turns - can faintly hear
Amy's voice over the music. Searches the room
- bopping bodies - balloons being bashed round
- lights dim. The number of drinks he's had
isn't helping.

AMY

Virgil--over here!!
Amy, standing with Duncan and Betsy.

DUNCAN

Maybe he's blind again.

AMY

Don't even think it. C'mon
- I want the both of you to
meet him - he'll never find
us here.

With VIRGIL - smiling as he sees Amy, Duncan
and Betsy move towards him.

AMY

Virgil - I'm sorry - I went
to get Duncan. Duncan -
Virgil. And this is Betsy.

DUNCAN

Hey Virgil good to meet
you.

BETSY

Heard a lot about you.

VIRGIL

Heyyy! Yeah. Good to meet
you.

Virgil thrusts his hand out - colliding it
into Duncan's.

VIRGIL

Sorry - things still get a
little cockeyed sometimes.

DUNCAN

(holding up his
drink)

Few more of these and I'll
be the same.

VIRGIL

Lemme get Kevin - my man -
he'll top you up. KE-VIN!!!

AMY

Virgil!

VIRGIL

What?

Uncomfortable - everyone stops.

AMY

Nothing. It's ok.

DUNCAN

Amy, in Atlanta tomorrow...

AMY

Duncan - I told you...

DUNCAN

I spoke to Falk and he...

AMY

(can't hear)

What?

Duncan pulls Amy in close to talk - shutting
Virgil and Betsy out.

BETSY

Amy said you had great
hands.

VIRGIL

(laughs)

She did, did she.

Virgil holds them up in front of his face - tries to see them. Then looks past them and watches Amy and Duncan - more importantly looks at Duncan's hair, his clothes. It's clear he's becoming aware of appearances. His own especially.

As they break their tete a tete.

BETSY

You know my father was
blind for several years, he
had cataracts as well.
Somehow this comes out patronizing.

VIRGIL

Really. I'm surprised I
don't know him. It's a club
you know.
Kevin, the African American waiter comes up.

KEVIN

Yes.
Virgil throws his arm around Kevin.

VIRGIL

Kevin - Duncan here the
birthday man - could use
himself a drink. Kevin here
tells me he's black - did
you know that - I mean look
at him - look at me - isn't
that the damndest thing.
He's black.

Amy is mortified, Kevin laughs.

KEVIN

I'll get you a drink.
Virgil looks to Amy.

VIRGIL

What's that look?

AMY

What look?

VIRGIL

I've never seen your face
that way before. It's..
.weird. What does it mean?
Before she can answer - a dance song breaks
out - Betsy wraps her arm around Duncan's.

BETSY

Come on Duncan - let's
dance - move those old
bones.
Duncan only acknowledges Betsy's contact with
a raised eyebrow to Amy.

DUNCAN

What the hell it's my
birthday -- nice to meet
you Virgil - see you at the
opening.
And they're gone onto the floor. Virgil
watches him - sees the ease with which Duncan
moves, handles things.

VIRGIL

Opening?

AMY

The lobby we designed.

Virgil - you can't...

VIRGIL

Let's dance.

Virgil takes her arm and pulls her out on the floor. Amy - ready for one of Virgil's wild dances takes hold of his hand. The music blaring, Virgil starts to get into it - Amy starting to relax - then Virgil slowly notices how everyone else is dancing - more conservative.

He's even getting some looks from people. Slowly he winds down - tries to mimic what everyone else is doing - ends up in just a slow shuffle.

Amy watches him - sees he's uncomfortable - moves to him - but Virgil turns on his heel and strides away. Amy follows after him.

INT. LOFT - CORNER - NIGHT

Virgil stands near the glass doors leading to an outdoor balcony. Amy comes up to him - finds Virgil facing a wall - eyes shut.

AMY

What are you doing?

Virgil's head cocks slightly towards her - just like when he was blind.

VIRGIL

I feel like Rip Van Winkle.
I've woken up from a thirty
year sleep - and the
world's passed me by.

AMY

It's just dancing. Who
cares?

Virgil whirls on her - his hand on her shoulder to steady his look at her.

VIRGIL

No-no-no-no. It's not the
Goddamn dancing. I wanted
to come here tonight - show
you I could "fit" in. Like
the big boys do. Big seeing
boys. Yes. Well, I don't.
Don't.

AMY

It's just going to take
time. You weren't ready. We
shouldn't have come.

VIRGIL

No - I - me, shouldn't have
come. You want me to see -
but you know what - you
know what - shit - I don't

belong in the wonderful
world of seeing.
Amy reaches out to him.

AMY

Virgil ... look ...
Amy realizes what she just said - Virgil pulls
his arm away.

VIRGIL

No, I won't. I'm tired of
looking. Fuck looking and
the horse it came in on.
And he spins to get away from her and takes a
step crashing right into the sliding glass
door which explodes in a shower of little
crystals.
The party slams to a halt - Amy stands
stunned. Virgil shaken - tiny cuts on his
face.

AMY

Oh my God, are you alright?
Virgil slams his eyes shut.

VIRGIL

Yeah, I'm just fine. Take
me home.
INT. AMY'S LOFT - NEXT MORNING
Virgil, small nicks on his face, wakes up -
rolls over - feels the empty bed beside him.
Looks up to see Amy pulling her coat on -
suitcase at her side.

AMY

Didn't want to wake you.

VIRGIL

You're going.

AMY

I'll only be a couple of
days.

VIRGIL

This isn't working.

AMY

What - we're not working -
your eyes - what's not
working?

VIRGIL

I get up every morning - I
look in the mirror - and I
stare at a total stranger.
I stare and I stare - and
no matter how hard I look -
I don't see Virgil there
anywhere. And the more I
look at you...

AMY

What? You don't see me?

VIRGIL

I saw you better when I was
blind.

AMY

Well, you're not blind any
more. I'm sorry if that
disappoints you.

(beat)

I've got a plane to catch.
I'm going to go before we
say things we don't mean.

And she grabs her bag and is out the door. As
we hold on Virgil's face.

AT THE WINDOW - Virgil looking out - watching
Amy get in the cab.

As she drives away we see Virgil watch the car
recede - then his hand goes out.

HIS POV - his hand grasping at the tiny
disappearing cab - trying to hold onto it like
in Times Square - trying not to let it go.

INT. FALK BOARD ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON - Amy's sketches. The Mall has been
integrated into the two large trees - giving
it shelter and shape.

FALK (O.S.)

I love it.

Amy and Duncan sit across from Falk, a man in
his 40's - earned everything he's got - no
bullshit kinda guy.

FALK

But we already cut those
trees down.

EXT. NYU CAMPUS - DAY

Kids milling about. A young couple neck
unabashedly against a wall.

We see this is Virgil's POV - he's watching -
people together.

INT. NYU HALLWAY - DAY

Virgil makes his way down the hall. Stops at
an open doorway - a sign next to it with
raised letters in Braille. As his hand feels
across it - he also reads the visual letters -
Dr. Ray Webster.

Peering inside - he sees a Lab - full of the
NEWLY BLIND - some TEENAGERS - a couple of
ADULTS - a handful of SEEING IMPAIRED - all
learning to use a cane. The rapid tapping of
their cane like a room full of typewriters.
Virgil watches - the Blind working their way
around a small obstacle course - many of them
running into desks, tables - it's tough,
frustrating work.

Suddenly Virgil feels someone next to him.
Webster.

WEBSTER

You want to join us.

Virgil watches the blind.

VIRGIL

No - no - I'll wait for you
out here - when you're
done.

As Virgil moves off to a hallway bench:

WEBSTER

VIRGIL

Virgil turns as Webster tosses his something. Virgil misses it - it hits the ground - he reaches down - finding it, he picks it up - it's an apple. He looks to Webster who smiles back at him.

WEBSTER

I'll be done in a minute.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - ATLANTA - DUSK

Amy and Duncan walk through the lobby to their rooms. A little combo plays music in the adjacent bar - a few people on the tiny dance floor.

AMY

You'd think he would have told us. I mean those trees were in the photos.

DUNCAN

We'll just have to win him over tomorrow. Let me buy you a drink - get those creative juices going.

AMY

(looks at her watch)

Aw - no - I really...

But Duncan has her by the arm - and in one spin has her in a dance embrace. This move seems comfortable, familiar to them both.

DUNCAN

C'mon - listen, they're playing our song.

AMY

(laughs)

Mack the Knife was our song?

INT. WEBSTER'S LAB - LATER

Webster is cleaning up after class. Virgil watching some of the Teenage kids and Adults find their way out of the room. As the last of them leaves.

WEBSTER

OK - I'm just about done here - I got a place for you - relax those eyes a bit.

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

A table front and center. Some empty beer glasses in front of them. Two full ones in their hands - they're both a little in their cups. A STRIPPER grinds and weaves her way about the small dance floor to the sounds of Talking Heads "Burning down the House".

VIRGIL

(eyeing the girl)

You want to know the truth
-- God's honest truth?
Seeing's been the shits.

WEBSTER

You got to be kidding me
son. You can say that -
sitting here in these prime
viewing seats. Forget
fixing your eyes - we're
going to get your head
examined.

VIRGIL

I'm serious. I was better
off blind. People don't
have these expectations of
you you can't live up to.
You're blind - fine - they
deal with it.

WEBSTER

Didn't get what you
expected did you?

VIRGIL

When I was blind - I had an
image of what everything
was, up here...

(points to his
head)

now - it's all different -
not at all what I'd
expected - not what I'd
hoped for.

WEBSTER

Virgil, let me explain
something here. When you
were blind - you dealt with
things one at a time -
sequentially right? A wall
led to a door to a tree to
a car. That's how you got
to what you wanted - right.

(beat)

Seeing people - for better
or worse - deal with
everything all at once -
taking in the whole picture
- which sometimes confuses
the hell out of what they
want.

(beat)

Virgil, my advice after
three beers - don't be
afraid to take in the whole
picture - just don't lose
sight of what you want.

VIRGIL

What I want is to make it
work with Amy.

WEBSTER

And what does she have to
say

VIRGIL

She just wants me to see.

WEBSTER

It's that important is it?

VIRGIL

You know what I learned a
long time ago. Seeing girls
like seeing guys.

(beat)

I'm not going to let her
down.

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT 102

Amy and Duncan are dancing - they seem good
together. Nothing fancy - but they move as one
about the floor.

DUNCAN

See - not so bad.

AMY

Not so bad.

DUNCAN

It's nice to dance together
again.

AMY

Yeah.

DUNCAN

You remember...?

AMY

First time we danced -
Connecticut. We watched the
leaves turn - so much to
see - I'd love to go back.

DUNCAN

So would I.

(beat)

What happened to us Amy?
You're so intent on fixing
everything - why'd you give
up on us?

AMY

I learned some things can't
be fixed. We got married
for all the wrong reasons.
I don't think I fell in
love with you as much as I
fell in love with
architecture.

DUNCAN

(serious)

I never fell in love with
architecture - but I know I
fell in love with you.

AMY

Now - that's bullshit.

DUNCAN

It used to work.
They smile at each other - everything's easy
right now - pause - they dance - Amy looks up
at Duncan - who hesitates - then leans in and
kisses her.
A moment and Amy pulls away slightly - looks
down for a second - then she leans back in and
they kiss again. We hold on this kiss, then
cut to:
INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT
BLACK - we hear movement - then a light comes
on in the bathroom. Amy stands there clutching
her clothes - staring into the mirror. In the
background we see Duncan curled up asleep in
bed.
Amy stares at herself long and hard.

AMY

(whisper)

Oh, God.

And she starts to dress:

DUNCAN

Amy? - what's going on -
what time is it?

Click - he flicks the bedside lamp on -
squinting - finds Amy. She doesn't talk -
keeps dressing.

DUNCAN

What's wrong?

AMY

What's wrong? This was' a
mistake - a big mistake. Go
back to sleep - you've got
an important meeting
tomorrow.

DUNCAN

I've got? - hold on here -
you're not bailing out on
me - I need you.

AMY

(flat)

For the meeting.

DUNCAN

Of course for the meeting.

Dressed, she moves toward the doorway - Duncan
sits up in bed.

AMY

I'm going home.

DUNCAN

To be a babysitter.

She stops at the door.

AMY

Can't we for once be adults
- face the fact that we've
just made a colossal error?

DUNCAN

Fine - this was stupid,
there - happy? - but

goddamit Amy - I still care
about you. Where do you
actually think any of this
is going to lead with this
guy?

AMY

I don't know - but the one
good thing to come of this
mess tonight - I know I
want to find out.

And she's gone - WHAM.

EXT. AMY'S LOFT - DUSK

A cab pulls up - Amy gets out - looks up at
her loft - it's dark.

INT. AMY'S LOFT - DUSK

Kitchen light on - a pile of Ethan's blocks on
the table. Amy makes her way over to see it
reads:

ON THE ROOF

EXT. AMY'S ROOF - DUSK

Amy opens the door and sees Virgil leaning
against the parapet wall, staring out at the
night Manhattan skyline. After a moment, he
walks back to the other end of the roof, turns
and slowly walk - toward the parapet wall
again - all the time staring at the skyline -
with a smile and look of amazement on his
face.

AMY

Hi

Virgil turns - finds her.

VIRGIL

Hey.

Amy starts toward Virgil.

AMY

Whatcha doing?

VIRGIL

It's the craziest thing.
You start back over there -
focus on a building. And
when you walk towards it -
it changes - each step
makes it look different. I
started out just looking
for the horizon.

AMY

You can't see it from here
- too many buildings.

VIRGIL

But it's still there - even
though you can't see it -
right? You gotta have faith
it's there. Things exist
beyond what I can see - I
just have to take it on
faith.

She comes up next to him - Virgil, looking out over the wall turns to her - studies her face:

VIRGIL

You have so many looks?

AMY There's something I have to tell you. I was getting confused - which is no excuse for how I've acted, but...

VIRGIL

Wait - no - this isn't your fault - I'm the one's been a shit. You're too hard on yourself - expect too much of yourself.

AMY

Virgil ...

VIRGIL

(stopping her)

Let me say this. Every day of my life - I've wished for just one thing.

AMY

To see.

VIRGIL

To be whole. For just one month. For just one day or one minute. For one goddamned half a second. And not just to be able to run, or ride a bike, or drive a car.

(beat)

But for once not to have a bruise from bumping into something or to stand in a room and have to ask "is anyone here" and here that dead silence, knowing someone is there. Not to have food on my sweater, or have to put my finger in my glass to know when it's full. I just want to be whole.

(beat)

I went to see my father the other day.

Amy moves toward him.

VIRGIL

I couldn't face him. I felt like I was letting him down. I feel like I'm letting you down.

AMY

No ...

VIRGIL

No, listen. I gave up years ago - I'm not going to give

up now. Amy - that day I
met you - for the first
time in my life I felt
someone needed me as much
as I needed them. I don't
want you to give up on me.
Amy out of breath - feels a surge of love for
this man - moves in kissing him. A long kiss -
then:

VIRGIL
Besides I couldn't leave
you - I owe too much in
back rent.
And as Amy pulls him into embrace - we hold on
her face - then:
INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY
CLOSE ON - Dr. Aaron - harsh lights washing
him out.

AARON
Up until the operation five
weeks ago - Virgil had been
a touch person - someone
who's vocabulary, whole
sensibility, his picture of
the world was based on
tactile -- non-visual
terms.
INT. DOWNTOWN ATELETIC CLUB - DAY
A HEALTH INSTRUCTOR - 50's Jack LaLaine type -
is giving Virgil the tour of the facilities.
They enter the weight/workout room. Various
shapes and sizes of people work out on various
shapes and sizes of workout machines.
Aaron's voice-over continues as Jack motions
to Virgil to follow him.. Virgil hesitates.
HIS POV - chrome, iron, plastic - but somehow
it's more defined than we've seen before.
Determined - Virgil starts his way into the
gym - hand' out brushing by what he sees in
front of him.

AARON (CONT'D)
But - now - as a sighted
person - by focusing
singlemindedly on his goal,
Virgil has a new found
ability to understand his
own physical relationship
to objects in his life
around him...
Virgil now drops his hand - starts moving
through the maze of people and equipment -
actually "seeing" his way.

AARON (CONT'D)
Distance, size, shape -
perspective - now all have
profound meaning to him...
EXT. HEALTH CLUB - DAY

Virgil negotiating a glass door - exiting the building.

AARON (CONT'D)

and though there are still miles to go in his learning process - for all medical intents and purposes - he is becoming a seeing person. Virgil walking down the street - deftly dodging a kid on a skateboard - throwing out his hand to hail a cab.

AARON (CONT'D)

This is an extraordinary achievement and advancement for medical science and a tribute to Virgil's determination to see.

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

AARON (CONT'D)

Ladies and Gentlemen -
Virgil Anderson.

Applause and Virgil looking to Amy in the audience, stands - a seeing man - and easily makes his way to the podium. Standing in the lights he readjusts the microphone - moving it up from the much shorter Aaron.

VIRGIL

(clears his throat)

Since this may be one of our last sessions - are there any questions?

VOICE IN THE DARK

Mr. Anderson - is there something you were surprised to see for the first time - something that looked quite different than you thought?

VIRGIL

Breasts.

(laughter)

No, really. Don't get me wrong - I love them - they just weren't what I expected.

VOICE

What about your girlfriend?

VIRGIL

Whose did you think I was talking about?

Laughs.

ANOTHER VOICE IN THE DARK

Now that you're fully seeing - what are you looking forward to most?

VIRGIL

Not having to do these sessions.

(laugh)

No - actually - being independent.

VOICE

Can you read yet?

VIRGIL

No, but...

VOICE

Will you ever be able to?

VIRGIL

I don't know.

VOICE

If you can't read - will you ever be able to drive?

VIRGIL

(suddenly somber)

I don't know.

VOICE

Well how can you say...

FAMILIAR VOICE

(interrupting)

Virgil. After so many years of darkness - describe what it is to actually see.

Angle on the Voice in the dark. Webster.

CLOSE ON - Virgil - as he thinks about the question.

INT. ROSWELL-TREMONT - AMY'S OFFICE - LATE DAY

CLOSE ON - the Atlanta project. Miniature size. And a set of plans laid out across Amy's desk. Virgil's hand comes into frame - touches the model - moves to the plans - touches them.

ON VIRGIL - alone in Amy's office - looking at her work. We go to his face - his eyes - we see that he is seeing Amy's work.

AMY (O.S.)

You're here.

Virgil looks up - Amy at the doorway.

VIRGIL

The Atlanta project - I thought it went away.

AMY

Duncan did some song and dance - Falk's coming to the lobby opening tomorrow - see our work.

VIRGIL

I see it Amy.

AMY

What's that?

VIRGIL

Your world. What you do. The plans - the work the ideas. The molding. For the first time I really see what you do - and not just up here...

(he points to his
head)
but in here.
Virgil's hand goes out to her chest - places
it on her heart.

AMY
(moves in close,
sexy)
Tonight is your night
something special I want to
show you

VIRGIL
What is it?

SMASH
TO:

EXT. BUILDING - LATE DAY

AMY (V.O.)
Everything.
TOP OF THE WORLD TRADE CENTER
The sun starting to set - the whole of the
five burroughs of New York laid out in front
of us. Virgil moves to the edge - looks out
over this amazing panorama.
Amy moves up next to Virgil - they take it in
a moment.

AMY
That's the Brooklyn Bridge,
Empire State Building,
Chrysler building just over
there...

VIRGIL
Amy, look at me.

AMY
What?

VIRGIL
This face - this is
everything. It's all I've
ever wanted to see.
(he watches her)
You have so many looks.
What do all those looks
mean?

AMY
Well. Let's see. This...
(makes
corresponding face)
... is sad. This... is
frustrated. This... is
tired. This.. is confused.
This.. is happy. And
this...
(her face softens)
... is what in love looks
like.

Virgil puts his hand on her face - looks at it
carefully.

VIRGIL

This look - this look I
love.

Amy leans forward and kisses him - and he soon forgets it even happened. As they kiss we pull slowly back and away as the sun goes deep gold and we start to hear what sounds like rain:

We cut to:

INT. AMY'S LOFT - NIGHT

And they are still kissing - and we realize they are in the shower - together - kissing - exploring - very sensual. As Virgil moves to kiss her neck - her breasts - Amy's head tilts back in to the spray.

AMY

Virgil - it's raining.

And he moves up again - looks her in the eyes - and for a moment his eyesight shudders ever so slightly - it goes away and they kiss again.

EXT. AMY'S LOFT - MORNING

Amy and Virgil on the street - each hailing separate cabs.

AMY

So - eight o'clock tonight.

VIRGIL

Eight o'clock - building
opening - I haven't
forgotten.

She blows him a kiss and she's gone. Virgil watches her cab pull away - clear something is bothering him.

HIS POV - his vision going in and out. Then clear, then clouded again.

INT. DOWNTOWN ATHLETIC CLUB - DAY

Virgil's massage room. Not as organized as he had at Bear Mtn.. Virgil is working on an OVERWEIGHT MAN - his back is splotchy from too much sun.

Virgil massaging - becomes preoccupied with his skin's imperfections - losing his concentration.

OVERWEIGHT MAN

Hey, Virgil - I'm the one
supposed to fall asleep
here.

VIRGIL

Yes - sorry.

He closes his eyes - gets back into his rhythm.

INT. ATHLETIC CLUB - LATER

Virgil, pack over his shoulder leaving for the day - about to cut through the weight room - when it suddenly comes to a halt.

His POV - his vision fading in and out - and then suddenly quick flashes of black. On the final BLACK:

We smash to:

INT. NEW YORK HOSPITAL - DAY

Virgil at the desk. The Nurse looks up.

VIRGIL

Daphne - I need to see Dr.

Aaron - right away. It's an
emergency.

INT. NEW YORK HOSPITAL - EXAM ROOM - DAY

Dr. Aaron is again examining Virgil on the
Electroretinogram. Done, Aaron pulls the
machine out of the way. Looks at Virgil - rubs
his hand across his face.

VIRGIL

What does that mean?

AARON

What?

VIRGIL

What you just did?

Virgil imitates him.

AARON

It means - the machine is
only registering sparks of
activity - retinal sparks -
followed by nothing. How
long has this been going
on?

VIRGIL

I don't know - first I
thought I was tired - some
blurs - occasional
cloudiness but it's been
getting worse. Today I'm
getting complete blackouts.

AARON

Your retinal function is
down ten percent. I'm
afraid - your retinal
disease seems to have
returned.

VIRGIL

You're afraid. What does
that mean - I thought you
corrected it. You told me I
was a 'seeing person'.

AARON

Now, you've every right to
be upset. Maybe you didn't
have the blood vessels to
supply enough oxygen to the
retinas. - Possibly some
trauma - there are so many
variables...(beat) to be
honest, I don't know. I
wish to God I did.

Virgil stands, anxious - starts pacing.

VIRGIL

OK. You're the expert. Tell
me - what do we do now -
how do we repair this?

AARON

Virgil. I -- I wish there
was a nice way to say this.
Virgil backs away - doesn't want to hear it.

VIRGIL

No - there is no nice way
to say it is there. No nice
way to let the man know
it's all over - that.. he's
going blind again!

AARON

Virgil, I understand
what...

VIRGIL

No you don't! Don't ever
say that. You'll never
understand. Ever!

Aaron stands there - says nothing - tries to
let Virgil's anger dissipate. A long moment.

VIRGIL

How long?

AARON

Hard to say. Month - few
weeks -

(beat)

Days.

Virgil stands there stunned - then looking to
Aaron.

VIRGIL

God, what do I tell Amy?
What do I tell her?

On Virgil's face.

INT. EYE INSTITUTE HALLWAY - DAY

Virgil steps into the hall - Sees:

A FIVE YEAR OLD BOY - blind - eyes half shut -
hands reaching out, plodding it' a half circle
over to where his mother waits for him.

And we see the realization on Virgil's face of
seeing his past - and what he will return to:

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Virgil RUNNING, RUNNING, best he can - through
the crowded street - hands out - bumping into
people - desperate - scared - trying to run
from himself - from his fate.

WHAM - he comes to a stop - out of breath - he
looks left - right - where do you go - then
sees something off screen. His face torn with
fear - he moves forward - hand out - reaching
to a window - to his own REFLECTION.

And we push slowly in on the reflection as he
touches the window - his hand on his face - a
face he may never see again - and a cloud
passes overhead and his reflection is gone.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Virgil stands at the site - amidst the rubble and mud. His Father walks slowly over to him - raising his arms to embrace him. Virgil takes a step back - not, ready - his father stops, understands - looks his son up and down.

FATHER

You look good. Hey - how do I look?

VIRGIL

I need some answers. Why'd you leave? Because I'm blind - or because I quit trying to see?

FATHER

To the point - I like that - something you got from me.

VIRGIL

Cut the bullshit - "dad". I don't hear from you for over twenty years - then you find out I can see and all of a sudden you show up?

FATHER

(looks around)

Hey. Virge - can we talk about this later, huh...

VIRGIL

No, not later. Now! Was my blindness so wrong that made you tear our family apart.

Virgil's riled his father. He steps towards Virgil tries to speak under his breath.

FATHER

Every morning I woke up and looked at you and saw my own failures. If I couldn't get my own son to see then...What difference does any of this make - you can see now - hell, I knew you could.

Virgil watches his father - this stranger. His eyes start to well.

VIRGIL

I'm going blind again.

His Father looks at him - stunned. He reels from the news - takes a step back.

FATHER

No...

VIRGIL

The doctor told me today. You're the first person I've told. I wanted to come

see you before it was
completely gone.

FATHER

(speechless)

A beat and Virgil's father takes another step
back, then turns and walks away - forever.

EXT. NEW BUILDING - LATE DAY

Virgil standing across the street. Trying to
take in the building

EXT. NEW BUILDING - LATE DAY

Standing at the front as a security guard
opens the door.

GUARD

Sorry the building doesn't
open until tonight.

VIRGIL

I know. I'm Virgil
Anderson...with Roswell
Tremont. We did the lobby.
I'm here to check some
details for tonight.

GUARD

Oh, okay, sure Mr.
Anderson.

INT. LOBBY - LATE DAY

The lobby is pretty, straightforward. Open - a
few plants - a large central check in desk.
Simple - unobtrusive - nothing exceptional or
unique.

Virgil moves his way about the lobby - looking
at it carefully from every possible angle -
his hand grazing across walls, entranceways -
desperately committing as much as he can to
memory - finally ending up in the middle of
the room in a final attempt to absorb as much
as he can.

GUARD (O.S.)

You want to see that the
thing work?

VIRGIL

Thing? What thing?

GUARD

This thing

The Guard reaches over - hits a switch - and
against one section of windows a wall of water
comes dripping down - causing a shower of
indoor rain - the sound instantly echoing off
of the walls.

Virgil smiles - moves toward it - closing his
eyes - listening to the indoor rain - really
taking in the room having total empathy with
what Amy has created.

INT. AMY'S LOFT - BATHROOM

Virgil, wrapped in a towel, is shaving. But he
has his eyes closed. Amy comes in, dressed
beautifully - using the mirror to put her
earrings in. Virgil quickly opens his eyes.

VIRGIL

You nervous?

AMY

No - not a bit. What do you think?

She pivots for him.

VIRGIL

You look great.

AMY

Really. Not too flashy?
(she looks in the mirror, she is nervous)

I'm going to change.

Virgil lets her go - calls to her.

VIRGIL

This is an important night for you.

AMY

But you know what's most important...

(she pokes her head in)

That you're going to be there to see it.

Virgil turns to the mirror, stares at himself - contemplating what he's up against.

INT. NEW BUILDING - NIGHT

The lobby is filled with business types, waiters circulating with champagne, tiny hors-d'oeuvres. Virgil and Amy enter - standing at the top of the stairs leading to the party. Virgil immediately going into a performance for Amy.

AMY

So.

VIRGIL

Amy, it's good - very good. I'm proud of you. I love the detail - planted pots in the corners, the moldings...

(beat)

It's got genuine lines.

AMY

(excited)

Look around - do you see it?

VIRGIL

What?

He looks about the room - then turns towards the indoor rain.

HIS POV - clear - then slight haziness - a momentary flash of black - then back in focus. He turns to Amy. Puts his arm around her.

VIRGIL

Our rain.

AMY

Your rain.

DUNCAN

Hey Virgil.

He extends his hand. Virgil, obliged slowly extends his - having trouble focusing - but Duncan helps him - taking hold of it and shaking it.

DUNCAN

Still working on that hand
shake you'll get it don't
worry.

VIRGIL

Congratulations - the place
looks great.

DUNCAN

Thanks - here's the genius
though - I just get the
gigs. Can I steal her away
Falks' over there and I
can't tell if he's
impressed with our work or
just has gas from the pate.

VIRGIL

Go - do your thing.

AMY

I'll be right back. There's
food and drinks down on the
floor.

Duncan and Amy start down the stairs as Virgil tries to find a safe place to stand. His eyesight fading in and out - he looks around - decides to negotiate the steps:

He takes one step on the stairs - looks down - is able to see Amy with Falk and Duncan, looking up at him - she smiles - he does his best - smiles back - lets go of the handrail - takes another step - finally reaching the bottom floor.

He stands there for a long moment - lost as to where to move. A glimpse towards the rain sculpture and he starts towards it using the sound to help guide him.

Amy looks over - sees Virgil moving across the floor - gives him a little wave - he doesn't notice her.

At the rain Virgil stands taking in the sound. A FIGURE comes up next to him.

VIRGIL

Quite a party. Love the
detail of the building.

WEBSTER

Sometimes the detail
doesn't matter.

Virgil stops - turns to Webster.

VIRGIL

Ray. What are you doing here?

WEBSTER

Aaron called me. He was worried. I've been trying to find you - Amy's office told me you were here. It's bad?

VIRGIL

It's almost gone. Last few days have been pretty bad.

WEBSTER

Obviously Amy doesn't know.

VIRGIL

It's going to break her heart. This is her big night - I didn't want to ruin it. Thought I could pull it off.

WEBSTER

(beat)

You can't avoid this forever.

Virgil turns back towards the rain.

VIRGIL

I know

(beat)

So Ray? Is it better to have seen and lost than never to have seen at all?

WEBSTER

I thought it was loved and lost.

Amy comes up to them.

AMY

Dr. Webster - this is a surprise.

WEBSTER

Virgil invited me - wanted to show you off I think. The place is terrific - he's got every right to be proud.

AMY

Thank-you. I need Virgil for a moment - schmoozing time.

WEBSTER

Schmooze away.

VIRGIL

(as he's led away)

Thanks Ray. I'll call you.

ANGLE ON - Duncan standing anxiously with Falk and his wife Donna as they arrive.

AMY

Virgil - I'd like you to
meet Jack Falk and his wife
Donna up from Atlanta.

VIRGIL

Pleased to meet you.

DONNA

Amy tells us you were
blind.

Amy spurts out a glass of wine. Virgil
deflects the comment.

VIRGIL

That's OK - nice to see
someone so honest.

FALK

Amy tells us you're her
inspiration. Any help you
can give us with our
project?

VIRGIL

I'm a little biased but I
kind of liked Amy's
original design.

FALK

But could we do better.

Amy jumps in with.

AMY

We could do better, Mr.
Falk - a lot better.

FALK

Good, I like that attitude.
Let's keep trying for
perfection.

Everyone smiles - Amy wraps her arm around
Virgil.

AMY

That's right - that's why
I've got Virgil.

Pleasant laughter all around - and as Amy and
the others continue - we push in on Virgil as
he takes in this thought.

EXT. NEW BUILDING - NIGHT

Virgil and Amy out front. People leaving -
Duncan getting into a town car with Falk and
his wife - he looks back - gives the thumbs up
and climbs in after them. The car pulls away
into the night.

VIRGIL

You wanna walk - I feel
like some air.

AMY

See what we see? Sure.

VIRGIL

Can I take your arm - eyes
a little tired.

As they walk.

VIRGIL

You really made the place
come alive with that
fountain.

AMY

Thank-you.

(beat)

You know I've been thinking
- you're doing so great now
- and if we get this new
design job we'd have some
extra money - I think we
should go on a big seeing
celebration.

VIRGIL

(taken aback)

A seeing celebration?

AMY

Yeah, maybe in a couple of
months. I looked into Egypt
- we could see the pyramids
- we could see it together
for the first time. What do
you say?

VIRGIL

You know - there is
something I'd like to see.

AMY

Of course, anything.

VIRGIL

The Rangers play tomorrow.
Season'll be over before we
know it - could be our last
chance.

AMY

The Rangers. Sure, why not?

BLACK

Then a tiny pinpoint of light ahead - one that
grows increasingly larger as we move towards a
SOUND. A hum that grows in intensity until the
light fills the frame and BAM - we exit the
tunnel and we are:

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

That glorious first view - people - the white
ice shining below like a giant jewel- and the
players - in bright colors scurrying about the
playing surface below.

AMY

This is amazing - isn't it?

She looks to Virgil who is awed by what he is
seeing. Then suddenly on his face - a flash -
one of those moments of darkness.

AMY

Should we find our seats.
Looks like the game's
already started.

VIRGIL

Yeah - I - I'll follow you.

INT. GARDEN - SEATS - LATER

Virgil and Amy in the loge seats - on the aisle - up behind the goal. Amy looking at the stadium while Virgil next to her, watches the game best he can.

AMY

I love the stadium the way
it's structure...

VIRGIL

Amy - the game...

AMY

Right - the game.

SMASH - a hard check into the boards deep in the Rangers end of the ice. The puck squirts out Gretzky picks it up - fires it across ice - one, two it's back to him and he has a wide open break from center ice - the crowd is out of their seats - Virgil included - Amy quickly getting caught up in the enthusiasm. On Virgil's face - watching Gretzky skate towards him - excited - then losing him - another flash of blackness - like a blow to the head - and we hear the crowd suddenly explode - and as Virgil's vision regains we see the players mobbing Wayne after his goal - the little red light behind the net the only evidence of it happening.

We see the frustration as Virgil realizes he'll never see it.

AMY

He scored, he scored - you
see that - it was amazing.

As the players make their way to center ice - the crowd sits and Amy sees the expression again on his face.

AMY

What? That was good right?

VIRGIL

Yeah - it was great - I was
just...

Suddenly Virgil becomes transfixed. Walking down the aisle, away from him:

A VENDOR - carrying a tray of PINK COTTON CANDY.

Virgil stares at it a moment - transfixed - then like in a trance - he stands - stepping out into the aisle - a man on a mission.

AMY

Virgil, where are you
going?

And he's on the stairs - carefully moving down the stairs toward the vendor.

Then she sees the Vendor - handing Virgil a large cotton candy - round and puffy like a cloud - but something he can hold in his hand. Amy can't believe it - watching Virgil - his fascination at finding this long lost memory.

AMY

The puffy thing.

Angle on Virgil turning - admiring his prize - then looking up, trying to find Amy - who waves to him excited.

HIS POV - scanning the crowd - it's hazy - then flashes of dark.

Amy's face - suddenly drops - it's clear, even though she is only four rows up - he doesn't see her.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

Game is over - Virgil is packing up his stuff - Amy staring. at him.

AMY

Virgil, what's happening?

VIRGIL

Just having a bad eye day.
A lot to take in.

AMY

Tell me. What's going on?

VIRGIL

Nothing. I see almost
nothing.

Amy: she feels like she's about to explode.

AMY

Oh God.

VIRGIL

It's OK.

AMY

OK?!!

VIRGIL

It's OK for you to cry.

AMY

(recovering)

No, no - I'm not going to
cry. Solve the problem. We
made it through one
operation - we'll make it
through another. We won't
give up. We'll get this
right - we just need to...

VIRGIL

I saw Dr. Aaron. There's
nothing they can do.

AMY

Then we'll find another
Doctor. There's got to be
someone else. We'll find
something that works.

VIRGIL

Don't you get it - I can't
go through this again.

AMY

So just like that - we just
forget it - give up? Why
the hell haven't you told
me what was going on?

VIRGIL
(whirls on her)
Because of this!!

AMY
What this?

VIRGIL
You! Not letting it go -
thinking there's a
solution. Goddamit, I'm not
design flaw in your fucking
work that you can just
change to make work Or
throw away because it
doesn't meet your
expectations.

(beat)
Let's face it - it's over!!

AMY
Virgil, give it time,
you'll see.

VIRGIL
No! I won't! This
conversation is ended!!

INT. AMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT
The door swings open - Amy and Virgil enter -
Virgil moves towards the bed - pulls out his
duffel bag.

AMY
What are you doing?
VIRGIL
I'm leaving.

AMY
What do you mean leaving -
you're leaving this
apartment - you're leaving
New York - you're leaving
me?

Virgil turns - they stand across the room from
each other - miles apart.

VIRGIL
I'm going home.
Amy walks toward him, picking a battle,
rejection.

AMY
So you're big sister can
take care of you - feed you
TV dinners for of your
life.

Virgil tries to side step her.

VIRGIL
I'm not going to go through
this bullshit again.
Amy moves in front - confronting him

AMY
Is that what this has all
been to you - bullshit?

VIRGIL

Yes!! Who the hell were we
fooling? I'm blind - I'm
not meant to see - I don't
belong here.

AMY

God damn right you're
blind. You want to live in
your own little world -
this perfect world that
your sister built for you -
where no one can touch you
... where no one can reach
you.

VIRGIL

Do you know the reason why
I remembered the cotton
candy all those years?
Because I went to the game
with my father. And it's
the only good thing I can
remember about him. The
rest is him pushing me to
be something I'm not - then
turning his back on me the
minute his plans fail.

AMY

I am not turning my back on
you. You want me to give up
on you - you love the self
pity.

VIRGIL

I don't want you to give up
on ME. But you won't give
up on me seeing.

AMY

Because there must be other
options.

VIRGIL

Not anymore.

Virgil, avoiding her, sidesteps quickly past
her - straight into the lamp, which crashes to
the ground and breaks.

DARKNESS.

VIRGIL

Dammit.

A short few steps then a much larger crash -
the sound of a large heavier thing breaking.

AMY

Virgil!!

Amy feels her way to the lights - and turns
them on. We see that Virgil has collided with
Amy's sculpture of the woman. He sits among
the pieces on the floor.

Virgil - feeling the damage.

AMY

(going to him)

Is anything broken?

VIRGIL

No - no bones are broken.
Virgil uses the wall to stand - then - with
his hands out in front of him he finds his way
to the bed.

VIRGIL

It's finished - can't you
see that! We both didn't
get what we wanted.

AMY

(quietly)

I never meant to hurt you.

VIRGIL

When you asked me to come
here - did you ever think
this wasn't going to work -
that for one minute I may
not be able to see.

(beat)

Did you ever think it would
be OK to have a
relationship with a blind
man?

Amy - a pause... Too long.

VIRGIL

There's my answer.

And he grabs his duffel and pack - throws the
last few things in - and moving to the door -
leaves.

INT. BUS - NIGHT - RAINING

Virgil riding - crossing the George Washington
Bridge - going home. He looks out the window -
sees the receding city - and he closes his
eyes - listens to the rain.

EXT. PINECREST - MAIN STREET - NIGHT

The Bus comes down the main street of
Pinecrest. Stopping - the bus door opens and
Virgil gets out - and turns to face up the
street - the street he knew so well that is so
foreign to him right now.

EXT. VIRGIL AND JENNIE'S - NIGHT

The door opens. Jennie smiles warmly, reaches
out to him.

JENNIE

Welcome home.

INT. HOME - NIGHT

Virgil and Jennie entering his place - to be
greeted immediately by:

SOPHIE bounding across the floor towards them
- tail wagging - tongue hanging out.

VIRGIL

Sophie!?

And he bends down to hug her. Sophie laps at
his face. Virgil holds her back to get a good
look at her.

VIRGIL

Let me look at you. You're
so beautiful.. yes.

Jennie watches her brother - happy to have him
home. Hoping to get him back to 'normal'.

INT. VIRGIL'S HOME - LATER

Virgil walks around, touching things, seeing
the simplicity of his life. Nothing on the
walls - no decorations - no plants. Everything
functional. He realizes this is a home
designed by his sister.

He moves over to the photo of the family. He
on his dad's shoulders. Stares at it - at his
father and mother for the first time.

JENNIE

Mom and dad.

Virgil just stares.

JENNIE

Everything's as you left
it. Nothing's changed.

VIRGIL

Jen - I'm pretty tired -
I'd like to be alone.

The PHONE rings. Rings again. Virgil doesn't
move - his apprehension is clear - he knows
who it is. Jennie sees this and moves toward
the phone.

Virgil turns and walks out onto the front
porch - followed by Sophie, as his sister
picks up the phone in the background.

EXT. VIRGIL'S PORCH - NIGHT

He sits down - looks into the night as we hear
Jennie faintly on the phone. A beat and she
hangs up. We hold on Virgil:

EXT. PINECREST STREET - DAY

Virgil walks down Main street. Seeing his town
- a town he grew up in but now seems so
foreign. Virgil seems oddly disturbed by what
he sees.

The yellow bus drives by - full of kids - Carl
at the helm. Somehow it's not what he
expected.

INT. ROSWELL-TRRMONT DESIGN FIRM - DAY

Amy organizing all her work on the Atlanta
project - the original designs - the new
design with the trees - then she sees:

The sketch she made of the "dancing trees".
Her eyes hold - and she slowly shuts them -
and with them tightly closed - her hand
reaches out and runs along the drawings.

EXT. PINECREST - END OF MAIN STREET - DAY

We find Virgil standing - looking out at the
end of the street where he stood with Amy. In
front of him he sees:

The "dancing trees".

VIRGIL'S POV - a retinal spark - a quick
glimpse of the intertwined trees - one lover
choosing between two others.

INT. FIREHOUSE - LATE DAY

Virgil - stands in the middle of the room.
Looks about at what was at one time so special
to him. Now it just seems old and dingy - the
magic is gone.

He closes his eyes for a moment - listens -
cocks his head to the left - the right - but
there is nothing there.

EXT. TOWN LIBRARY - LATE DAY

Virgil standing outside - staring at a
building he's never seen - never been inside.
HIS POV: flickering a moment.

INT. LIBRARY - SUNSET

Virgil now sits at a table. Stacks and stacks
of LIFE magazine splayed out in front of him.
He is flipping through them at a rapid rate -
like a drowning man searching for air.

IMAGES - cars, JFK, the pyramids, Martin
Luther King, houses, flowers, Marilyn Monroe,
that Napalm burned little girl in Viet Nam,
African masks, Dachau prisoners, Nixon, Warhol
paintings, the Mona Lisa, that vulture
watching over the little baby, the Eiffel
tower, First Man on the moon, the Venus De
Milo, that guy in front of the tank in
Tianaman square .. and the Pyramids.

The pictures go by fast and furious - Virgil
soaking them up like a sponge - life, beauty,
horror, great people, great events...

And we move in on his face - absorbing these
images for the last time - a face filled with
anguish at a world disappearing. And we cut
to:

EXT. AMY'S ROOF - SUNSET

Golden rays of the late afternoon sun. Amy on
the roof - leaning on the parapet - watching
the horizon.

Then a thought comes to her. And mimicking
what Virgil had done - she walks back to the
other end of the roof, turns and looks out
towards the skyline again ... then starts
slowly walking towards the parapet till she
reaches the wall again.

The reaction on her face - she doesn't "see"
it - not like Virgil did.

INT. VIRGIL'S HOME - DAY

Virgil is shifting furniture in his house. A
table - moves it to the window - moves a chair
to join it - stands back to have a look at it.
HIS POV - a moment of clear - then haze - then
dark - then haze.

Virgil rubs his head - these last days of
sight have been painful and exhausting for
him.

JENNIE (O.S.)

Hello!

She's at the door. Virgil cocks his head in her direction.

JENNIE

I picked up some things at the store - T-shirts, I'm sure you're out, some socks...

VIRGIL

Jennie, what's at the end of Main Street?

JENNIE

Well - I think it's Vivian's little stationery...

VIRGIL

Beyond all the stores - past firehouse. What happens when this is no more Main Street?

JENNIE

Well - there's nothing really - you know that. ~

VIRGIL

No! You told me that's all there was. That's wrong. There's a helluva lot out there.

Jennie surprised at where this is going.

JENNIE

I told you what you needed to know.

VIRGIL

What was within my reach.

JENNIE

What more do you want?

VIRGIL

Isn't there anything more that you want?

JENNIE

Is this about our father - he called told me...

VIRGIL

No. This isn't about him. Jennie - you've spent your whole life as blind as I was. The world doesn't stop within our reach.

JENNIE

Virgil, please. This is your home. Stop thinking about what's out there - things that will never matter to you. You're safe here where everyone...

VIRGIL

Where everyone what!?

JENNIE

Knows you.

VIRGIL

Can protect me?! (beat)
Jennie, this place was a
wonderful safe haven for me
growing up. I know that.

(looking around)

And I can only imagine what
you gave up to keep this
world for me. I thank you
and love you from the
bottom of my soul. But now
I want to give you your
life back.

JENNIE

Virgil, I - I can't...

VIRGIL

You can

Virgil reaches out his arms for her to join
him.

VIRGIL

I'm reaching out, Jennie.

This gets Jennie and she goes to him, really
hugging him for the first time as tears flow
from her eyes.

INT. AMY'S LOFT - LATE DAY

Amy, dressed in sweat pants and tee shirt
sitting on the ground, trying to piece the
sculpture back together. It's a difficult fix.
KNOCK KNOCK

DUNCAN

Amy - you in there.

AMY

Go away.

She scrapes some plaster into a dust pan. We
hear enters a key in the door - and the door
opens. Duncan

DUNCAN

I knew keeping this key
would come in handy one
day. What a mess - what
happened?

AMY

It broke - I'm trying to
fix it.

DUNCAN

So - guess what?

AMY

I'm not in the mood for
games.

DUNCAN

We got it. The goddamned
Atlanta mall - we got it!!
Now - pull yourself out of
this slump - I want you to
fly down this week to...

Continuing to work on the sculpture.

AMY

I'm not going.

DUNCAN

What are you talking about?
What's the problem here?

AMY

The problem?! Everything.
Nothing is right thank-you
very much.

DUNCAN

You know what the problem
is - you're the problem -
you met a blind guy you
thought was cool and spent
the first two months trying
to change him.

AMY

Are you finished?

DUNCAN

Not even close. Let me tell
you something - you can't
change people to solve you.
You tried to do it with me
- you tried to do it with
Virgil. You ever think some
of the things you try to
fix - ain't broke.

And he's gone - as Amy slumps into a chair -
confused, tired - then slowly she starts to
hear:

TAP - TAP - TAP...TAPTAP - TAP

The SOUND of a CANE in the stairwell! Amy's
heart starts racing - she takes a breath -
jumps up quickly and moves her way over to the
door - unlocking it and swinging it open:

AMY

(excitedly)

Virg

The CANE - being held by Ethan - as he taps
his way down the stairs.

ETHAN

Hey Amy.

AMY

Hi, Ethan. Sorry - I
thought...

ETHAN

He's not coming back is he?

AMY

No - he's not.

Ethan sees she's covered in dust - looks past
her into the loft.

ETHAN

Whatcha doin'?

He looks past her at the sculpture half
repaired.

AMY

Cleaning up a mess - going
to start over.

EXT. PINECREST - SUNSET

Virgil walks the path, Sophie following close behind. By the way he walks, counting steps, touching landmarks, we realize he is using sight very little.

EXT. HIDDEN VALLEY - SUNSET

Coming through the clearing, to the plateau where he took Amy, the leaves now starting to turn golden colors - he stops - stands over top of the pond.

VIRGIL'S POV - A retinal spark. The view across the valley, with white clouds against the bluest sky.

His hand reaches out - to touch the edge of the world - to touch the horizon.

And as he drops his hand, we see the clouds start to race by - while the blue sky goes golden then drifts into darkness. Virgil doesn't move from the spot. The screen goes almost black - then slowly the sun starts to rise in the east.

Virgil makes no movement. A long beat - then - as the sun moves across him - he realizes it's day. He stands and unfolds his cane. It's clear he has returned to being completely blind.

As he turns and starts his way down the hill we hear:

VIRGIL (V.O.)

Growing up blind - I had
two dreams. One was to see.
The other - to play for the
New York Rangers.

INT. LECTURE HALL - N.Y. EYE INSTITUTE - DAY
Virgil stands at the podium speaking - dark glasses on, cane in hand.

VIRGIL

After the 'miracle' of my
short period of sight - I
realize - I'd rather play
for the Rangers.

(laughs from the
dark)

It's not that it was so
awful - I saw many things -
some good, some back some
that I'm already
forgetting.

INT. WEBSTER'S LAB - NYU

VIRGIL (V.O.)

But I realized that our
eyes aren't what make us
see. We only live in
darkness when we don't look
- look at what is genuine

about ourselves - genuine
about others - you don't
need eyes for that.

Virgil sitting with three young blind children
- working through Braille with them. Webster
watches from the corner of the room.

EXT. NYU - DAY

Virgil - small brown bag in one hand - cane in
the other - exits the building and makes his
way across the street to Washington Square.

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE - DAY

Virgil - taking in the sun - finishing off the
last of his sandwich. Balling up his paper bag
- he taps his cane out - finds the garbage can
nearby - and tosses the bag - rim shot - it
misses, hits the ground. A hand reaches into
frame and puts the bag in the garbage. Virgil
looks up - senses the presence.

VIRGIL

Did I miss?

VOICE (O.S.)

By a mile.

VIRGIL

Amy?

ANGLE ON Amy: watching Virgil - realizing his
sight is gone.

AMY

Ray told me you were living
in town - said I could find
you here.

(beat)

I rushed, didn't I?
Fourteen steps to the tree
and I made us smash right
into it.

VIRGIL

We tried.

Amy sits next to him.

AMY

I finished the sculpture.
I'd love you to see it.

VIRGIL

Figure of speech.

AMY

Figure of speech. Virgil -
when I first met you - you
saw more than any sighted
person I've ever known. I
didn't mean to take that
away from you.

VIRGIL

Amy. I saw ... I actually
saw the horizon. You did
that for me. It's out
there. You showed me you
just have to reach for it..

Amy smiles - her hand goes out - hesitates -
then lands lightly on his.

AMY

You want to walk?

VIRGIL

See what we see?

AMY

Yeah. Just see what we see.

Virgil smiles, nods. As he stands - he takes
her arm - and as they walk off into the park,
we slowly FADE to BLACK and just LISTEN,
listen to the SOUNDS of the day - the
percussion of the city.

THE END