

AT FIRST SIGHT

by

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Based on a story by

Oliver Sacks

FOR EDUCATIONAL PURPOSES ONLY

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.

VIRGIL

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 computer 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)

I 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
 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)
 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 quickening.

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.

RRRRINNG - 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

DUNCAN

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.

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.

VIRGIL
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? 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

BAM - 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 hear 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 - CRANKS 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 - 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.

VIRGIL
 (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
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

AARON

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.

VIRGIL

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.

WEBSTER

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.

(he moves to his chair)

Virgil - look - you have to learn to
see - just like you learned to speak.

VIRGIL

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

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

- 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 VENDORS - 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

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

- 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

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

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

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

-- 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 - LITTLE 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 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

VIRGIL
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 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

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

VIRGIL
 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

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

Distance, size, shape - perspective - now all have profound meaning to him...

EXT. HEALTH CLUB - DAY

Virgil negotiating a glass door - exiting the building.

AARON

...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

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

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

AARON

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. A 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

Shmooze 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.

AMY
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.

VIRGIL
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.

VIRGIL

(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
bad, 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.

AMY

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