It Happened One Night

*Michael Jackson Fan Fiction 2014*

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*Pen name: Michaela Josephine*

***Introduction****:*

*For the past few weeks, Michael’s legendary performance at the 1995 MTV Video Music Awards has been running through my mind. I took it as a sign to write another scene story about this memorable evening with the addition of my own classical twists and turns along the way. I’m aware of the fact that Michael was not exactly the type of person he is depicted to be in this story however as a writer, I felt a strong desire to slightly push my own boundaries again and allow my imagination to travel in places I never would have dreamed about. I hope you enjoy this new adventure as it unfolds into something magically wonderful.* ☺

**CHAPTER ONE**:

*Across the Board*

AUGUST 7, 1995

“David, you’ve had two months to put this together! The show is now 30 days away!”  
“I know. I know. I’ve got everything covered except the opening act.”  
“That’s supposed to be the FIRST thing you work on!”  
“I got distracted.”  
“By WHAT?”  
“Confirming the other guests and making sure the awards committee had everything else they needed from our end.”  
“You’ve only got two days left to come up with someone.”  
“Don’t worry, Dennis. I’ll have someone confirmed by the end of the day tomorrow.”

“We need to give the committee complete event confirmation by 8am Saturday morning. Don’t blow this!”

“It’ll be fine. We just need to sign a few more agreements at the meeting.”

“You better find someone GOOD. Whoever it is, he or she better be worth it.”

“Believe me, they will be.”

Dennis Miller

**Host, MTV Awards**

David Sandlin

**MTV Awards Program Catalogue Designer**

AUGUST 26, 1995

**THE GRAND FOYER**

**RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL, NEW YORK – 8AM**

“Ladies. Gentlemen.”

David and Dennis said as they walked inside a large, luxurious room with an oval shaped mahogany business table and matching chairs. The awards committee stood up and greeted the two men by shaking their hands and waited for the two of them to be seated before the committee took their own seats at the table. As soon as everyone began opening their large, leather patented briefcases filled with various documents and contracts, Dennis began the meeting.

“As you all know, the award show is just two weeks away and scheduled to take place in this venue. David and I have prepared all of the necessary information requested which includes guest confirmations, award nominations and detailed lists of every artist or group scheduled to perform or present awards on stage.”  
“We are all fully aware of the event details, Mr. Miller.” Sam, one of the head committee members said.

“I apologize for Mr. Miller’s choice of words.” David said feeling ashamed of his co-worker’s unprofessionalism.

Both men handed their paperwork to each board member. As they carefully read and examined the fine print, a few mumbles and whispers were heard throughout the room as committee noticed that the biggest and most important segment of the event was left completely blank.

“Gentlemen, I do believe you are missing information for the key component of this year’s event.” Jill, a head member of the committee said as she briefly skimmed the cream colored papers in front of her.

“We are aware of that, ma’am.” David said tugging at his tie feeling incredibly nervous.

“You idiot! You didn’t get an opening act?!” Dennis spat under his breath.

“SHH, just go with me on this!” David replied trying to keep his cool.

“I do have someone in mind. However, due to unexpected scheduling conflicts, I was unable to get confirmation from this person’s associates.”  
“Mr. Sandlin, if you cannot confirm this particular artist or musical group for the opening act due to scheduling conflicts, how do you propose on signing them for the biggest musical event of the year?” Jill asked with a sarcastic tone in her voice.

Dennis and David both gulped loudly.

“Ms. Clark, David and I have faith that we can get this artist signed and confirmed as the opening act. They are EXACTLY what this event needs to gain media attention, increase TV and online ratings as well as boost their own album sales which can also, in turn, significantly increase MTV’s productivity.”

“And what does the credibility of MTV have to do with this particular artist or group?” Sam asked looking across at both men who were now flushed with sweat.

“Mr. Arnold, this particular artist broke intense racial barriers on MTV in the 80’s and revolutionized the entire performing arts industry for every new artist in our generation today.” David explained. “I know this person is the perfect choice to open this year’s biggest event in TV and music history.”

“I see.” Sam replied raising his brow at the two gentlemen. “Where do you plan to find this particular artist?”

“I’ve already located them, sir. It’s just a matter of getting his approval which I’m sure I will have very soon.”  
“HIS?” Jill asked.

“Yes, Miss. Clark. The artist is a male entertainer.”  
“THE male entertainer.” Dennis said trying to sound like he knew who David was talking about.

“Who exactly are you referring to?” Another member of the board asked.

“He goes by many different nicknames, sir. A few of them are very popular.”  
“We’d like to keep his identity a secret for now.” Dennis said still not having a clue about who his co-worker had in mind for the show.

“I’d like to request an extension from the board at this time in order to sign this artist as our opening act at the 1995 MTV Video Music Awards.” David said proudly.

“What?!” Dennis scoffed.

“Shut up and play along.”

“Gentlemen, the event is two weeks away. Whoever you have in mind will obviously need an obscene amount of time to prepare themselves for something as large as this.” Jill said rolling her eyes at them.

“Again, we are fully aware of that, Miss. Clark. However, this performer has rehearsed, performed and wowed every single crowd across the globe in less than two weeks’ notice in the past.” David said trying to reassure her.

“How much time are you requesting, Mr. Miller?” Sam asked.

“A week.” David replied.

“I believe the board needs to discuss this matter privately, Sam.” Jill whispered eyeing the tall, grey suited man with shimmering blonde hair and brown eyes.

“Gentlemen, if you could please exit the room momentarily.”  
“Of course.” Both men said as they got up and left the room closing the door behind them.

“YOU FOOL!” Dennis yelled as he and David both sat in the lounge waiting for the board members to call them back into the meeting. “YOU DON’T HAVE AN OPENING ACT!”

“I DO!” David spat back. “I just don’t know if I can sign him yet.”  
“Then why did you tell them you could?”  
“Do you want to lose this job? I sure as hell don’t.”

Dennis was quiet. He knew being the host of the event was a privilege. One that he couldn’t and didn’t want to lose.

“Who is this fabulous artist anyway?”  
“I’ll tell you once we get the extension.”  
“And if we don’t?”  
“Then I need to come up with someone else fast!”

Sam came out the foyer room ten minutes later and asked the two men to return to the meeting. Dennis, not knowing which way the meeting was about to go, wiped the sweat off his forehead and took a deep breath keeping an open mind about the board’s decision. Jill stood up and put her large reading glasses on before speaking to the two of them.

“Since you two have successfully completed the rest of the task at hand, the board members have decided to grant your request and provide you with a four day extension to finalize this project.”

David and Dennis both sighed in relief.

“However…”

Dennis knew that was coming.

“If you fail to have the opening act finalized, signed and confirmed within the specific time allotment you both will be terminated and dismissed from the entire event. Is that clear, gentlemen?”

Dennis’s eyes popped out of his sockets while David narrowed his smirking with confidence.

“Miss Clark…” Dennis said. “I really don’t think that four days is—“  
“IT’S A DEAL!” David yelled interrupting his coworker.

“Excellent.” Jill said removing her glasses from her smug face. “Now if you boys will just sign these contracts saying you agree to the new terms, the board and I will be on our way.”  
“I expect to have all of the completed paperwork on my desk by 8am Monday morning.” Sam said as he stood up from his chair. “Good day, gentlemen.” He said as he and the other members left the room.

David and Dennis signed their names on the new agreements and gave them back to Jill. She nodded to them both and left the room closing the door behind her leaving the two of them alone.

“You are one lucky SOB!” Dennis said. “Now what’s your next move?”  
“Trust me on this one, D.” David said sitting on one of the wood and leather bound chairs putting his feet up on the grand mahogany desk. “I got it all covered.”  
“Who is this great artist you have in mind and are so confident about?”

David chuckled in an evil manner startling Dennis.

“Let’s just say he’s been around for quite some time.”  
“And you think that is enough for this person to be the opening act?”  
“D, you have no idea who I’m talking about do you?”  
“NOT A CLUE!”

“Good. Let’s keep it that way for now.” David said getting up from his seat and heading for the door.

“Hold it!” Dennis said eyeing his coworker suspiciously. “You can’t just leave me in the dark. Who is it?”  
“You’re on the right track, D.”

“WHAT?”

“When I get him signed you’ll be the first one to know.”

“When?”

“Yes, WHEN.”

“Little over confident, aren’t we?”  
“Not in the least. I’ll get him, D. I have to.”

He gathered his documents together and put them back in his large black leather briefcase. On his way out, David said goodbye to Dennis and told him to stay by his phone since he would be contacting him later in the day with more information.

“Dave, you can’t leave me hanging like this!” Dennis yelled as both men walked to their cars in the venue parking lot. “Tell me who it is NOW!”

David snorted as he got into his car and started the ignition. Feeling bad for his coworker, David rolled down his window and gave Dennis a few hints about the mystery entertainer.

“He’s the epitome of an enigma, D!” David yelled seeing the puzzled look on Dennis’s face. “And he wears black shoes!!”

David sped off leaving the venue parking lot grinning while Dennis stood next to his car more confused than ever. He still had no idea who David was talking about and was worried that he wouldn’t be able to fulfill his end of the project.

AUGUST 27, 1995

**NEVERLAND VALLEY RANCH**

**SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA**

“This would definitely be a great way to get you back on the musical map again.” Kenny Ortega, Michael Jackson’s long time career partner and friend said as the King of Pop fed his animals in their beloved sanctuary.

“I don’t know, Kenny.” Michael said as Louie the llama happily ate a stack of hay from his owner’s hands. “A world tour isn’t exactly what I had in mind at this point in time.”

“Mike, you’ve been through a lot with the trial and your marriage is on the verge of collapsing. A tour to promote your new album is exactly what you need to get your mind and career back on track.”

“Mr. Jackson?” A female voice yelled from outside the animal barn. “You have a phone call.”  
“Thank you, Sandra.” He said as he took the cordless phone from her.

“Hello?”  
“Mr. Jackson?”  
“Yes?”  
“My name is Jill Clark. I’m one of the head committee members for Music Television. I received your contact information from Mr. Charles Dolan at HBO who is an acquaintance of mine and, to my understanding, the current owner of the rights to your filmed Dangerous world tour. I apologize for interrupting you at this time.”  
“It’s no interruption at all. And yes, Charles and I were closely affiliated with each other a few years ago. It’s a pleasure to speak with you, Miss Clark. How can I be of assistance to you?”

“I’m calling to inform you that MTV is honoring musical group R.E.M with the Vanguard award named in your honor and we’d love for you to present the award to them yourself.”  
“ME?” Michael asked sounding completely stunned.

“Who better than the person whose name is on the award, Mr. Jackson?” Jill asked trying to flatter the musical Pop star.

“When is the event?”  
“Thursday, September 7th at Radio City Music Hall.”

“New York?”

“That is correct, Mr. Jackson.”

Kenny, wondering who Michael was talking to, eyed his friend very closely. He noticed the sudden change in his face as he smiled brightly and his cheeks became flushed with a hint of scarlet. Kenny also questioned why Michael was talking about New York. He had a feeling Michael was being asked to perform or make some type of public appearance that he may or may not be comfortable with.

“I’m honored to have been chosen to present the award but I don’t think I can make it. I have a very hectic schedule for the next few months.”  
“I understand.” Jill said disappointed. “If you decide to change your mind, please do not hesitate to contact me. I’ll fax my details to you shortly.”

“Thank you for calling, Ms. Clark. I apologize for any inconvenience I may have caused.”  
“None whatsoever, Mr. Jackson. Have a wonderful day.”

“What was that all about?” Kenny asked looking incredibly puzzled.

Michael explained his phone conversation as he hung up and walked with his friend and career partner towards the main house. Kenny, feeling excited for his friend tried his best to persuade the Pop star to take Jill up on her offer.

“Michael, I really think you should do it.”  
“I don’t know, Kenny. I’m not in the right mood for it.”  
“You can’t be a recluse forever. A trip to New York is just what you and Lisa Marie need right now. You can spend some time together, get your mind off your troubles and see your fans again.”

Michael shrugged his shoulders as he sat down on his brown leather couch in his living room. Sandra came in the room and brought the gentlemen a tray of coffee and refreshments and said she would be upstairs tending to the chores if Michael needed her. He thanked his employee as she left the room smiling and headed towards the grand staircase.

“Mike, think about it. What better way to put all this negativity behind you and get some R and R?” Kenny said sitting next to his friend pouring him a cup of coffee.

“I just don’t think I can. I’ve got so many things on my mind.”  
“It’s just for a few days. You’ll be back here before you know it. And I’m sure Lisa Marie would jump for joy if she knew about this.”

“I guess I have to talk to her about it.”  
“Go to New York, Michael. We’ll discuss the tour again when you return. You know you deserve a break.”

Jillian Miranda Clark has always been a very distinguished woman. In addition to having a PHD in Communications, the youngest head member ever to be added to the MTV awards committee carried a strong sense of style and grace to her name. Aside from work, she was also a single mother of an only child who worked her way through college gaining an honors degree from Stanford University in Business Marketing and Entrepreneurship. Jill was never one to be talked down to and certainly didn’t like taking no for an answer. She sat in her vividly colored office in her bright Rochester, New York mansion wondering why the biggest Pop star on earth would turn down her gracious offer.

“MOM!”

“I’m in the study, Aurora.”

Aurora Clark was equally stunning and intelligent like her mother. Her beautifully superb, long and wavy brunette hair looked radiant against her flawless skin and her pearl shaped eyes were the perfect shade of grey. She worked as an intern at MTV hoping to follow in her mother’s footsteps one day and become a member of the board upon her renowned mother’s eventual retirement.

“How are you, boss lady?” Aurora said greeting her mother as she walked into her study.

“Just fine.” Her mother replied scratching her head.

“You don’t look fine to me.” Aurora said looking at her distressed mother’s face.

“It’s work related, dear.”

“Well, I know how stressful that can be. At least you’re getting paid to do it.”  
“Aurora, there are more important things in life besides money.”  
“Yeah, yeah. So, did Michael Jackson agree to present the Vanguard award?  
  
“No. He refused.”  
“WHAT? WHY?”

“I don’t know, my child. On top of that we still don’t have an opening act.”  
“But the event is two weeks away!”  
“Thank you for reminding me.”  
“Oh, mom. I’m sorry.”

Aurora headed towards her mother and gently massaged her back. She could feel the tension in her body and offered to make her some tea and run her a hot bath. Jill happily obliged her daughter’s request and made her way up the stairs towards her master bedroom.

“Now, you just relax.” Aurora said as she went into her mother’s bathroom and turned on the steamy, hot water. “After this, you can meet me downstairs for tea.”  
“You are so wonderful.” Jill said walking up to her daughter and kissing her forehead. “But I still need to work on this task. Our days are numbered and I must find someone to present the award to R.E.M. by tomorrow afternoon.”

“Don’t worry about a thing, mother.” Aurora said as she tested the water with her hand making sure it was the right temperature. “Leave that to me. I know I can take care of it.”

David and Dennis met up at a nearby coffee shop talking and planning their strategy about scheduling David’s ‘mystery man’ for the opening act at the award show. David, still not knowing who Dennis had in mind was going absolutely crazy at the thought of being kept in the dark. He tried and tried to convince David to tell him who it was but David was adamant on keeping the famous entertainer a secret until he had his signature on the dotted line.

“This isn’t funny anymore!” Dennis said as he sipped his lukewarm mocha latte from a large porcelain mug. “Why won’t you tell me who it is?”  
“Because I don’t know if I can get him for sure and as soon as I spill the beans you’ll be the first one to make coffee with them.”

“Huh?”  
“You’ll tell the whole world and I’ll look like an idiot if it doesn’t go through!”  
“You don’t need my help to always look like an idiot.” Dennis said smirking and taking more sips of his comforting warm liquid.

“Shut up! At least I have someone in mind. I just have to figure out how the hell to get in touch with his people.”

“I’m sure someone on the committee can assist you with that.”  
“OH MY GOD! THAT’S IT!” David yelled as he closed his laptop. “SHE CAN HELP ME!”

“Who?” Dennis asked looking up from his mug of creamy goodness.

“What’s that chick’s name? The one that works for MTV?”

“You’ll have to be more specific, D.”  
“The hot one with a body to die for!”  
“Again, you’ll have to be more specific.”  
“That one with the brown hair and grey eyes.”

“Aurora Clark?”  
“YEAH, HER! She can definitely help me!”  
“How is Jill Clark’s daughter going to help YOU get an opening act for the event?”  
“Her mom’s got connections everywhere. I can con her into it.”  
“She’s not as stupid as you look, D.”  
“Dude, trust me on this. She’s my ticket in. I’ll see you later!”

David rushed out of the coffee shop leaving his coworker behind. Dennis shook his head and smiled thinking David was crazy for wanting to ask the daughter of the head committee member for help with an assignment that her own mother was basically supervising. He finished his latte and rubbed his forehead not knowing how David was going to pull off a crazy stunt like this.

AUGUST 29, 1995 – 2PM

The Clark women were out shopping all morning getting themselves prepared for the biggest musical event of the year. As they galloped around town, the phone at the Clark mansion rang alerting Barbara, one of the maids of the residence. She answered the call politely trying to sound as professional as possible wondering who could be calling her two employers in the middle of the afternoon.

“Clark residence.”  
“Hello. Is Ms. Clark there?”  
“I’m sorry, she isn’t. May I take a message?”  
“This is Mr. Jackson. Can you please tell her to return my call as soon as possible?”  
“Certainly, Mr. Jackson. I’ll be sure to pass your message to her right away.”

“Thank you.”  
“You’re welcome, sir. Does she have your phone number?”  
“She does.”  
“Perfect. I’ll be sure to inform her when she returns home.”  
“Have a nice day.”  
“You as well, sir. But—“

Barbara heard the line click. She accidentally forgot to ask which ‘Ms. Clark’ the man on the other end wished to speak to and without Mr. Jackson’s phone number, there was no way for Barbara to call back and find out. Thinking the appropriate Clark woman would know, Barbara handwrote and left the message on a blue piece of paper and stuck it onto the fridge with a large magnet. She then continued on with her chores singing happily to herself.

Michael sat anxiously in his living room waiting for his wife to arrive. She had been spending the entire week with her mother at Graceland while Michael was left alone to deal with his business and personal matters. Lisa Marie called her husband that morning saying she would be returning from Memphis sometime in the late afternoon and promised she’d spend the day with him. Contrary to their multiple attempts at looking and being happy, Michael and Lisa Marie’s marriage was far from perfect. They hadn’t been getting along for months and Michael hoped that his 37th birthday would bring him and his wife closer together. He quickly stood from his couch at the hearing of a car approaching the main area driveway and ran to the front door like a kid waiting for Santa Claus on Christmas Eve.

Lisa Marie Presley was somewhat of a complex woman. After losing her father, the legendary Elvis Presley at the tender age of 9, the only child and daughter of the Rock and Roll King saw life in a different perspective. She claimed she had a damaged soul and tendencies to latch onto those whom she felt were also ‘emotionally broken’. During her husband’s horrific and falsified child molestation trial, Lisa Marie helped Michael through the darkest days of his life. She felt that she could save him and turn his life around for the better and accepted the challenge of becoming a part of his unique and unnatural lifestyle. A type of lifestyle Lisa thought she could easily overcome given the similarities between her father and husband. Somewhere along the line of their friendship, Michael and Lisa Marie’s feelings developed further clouding Lisa’s judgment and Michael’s heart. Although she was already a wife and mother, Lisa Marie impulsively decided to leave her husband and two young children and moved to Neverland to be with the new love of her life, the glorious King of Pop.

“How are you?” Michael asked as he greeted his wife at the front door.

“I’m fine.” She replied giving her husband a peck on the cheek and a very small hug.

“I missed you, Lisa.”  
“Me too. I’ll be back.”  
“Where are you going?”  
“Upstairs to shower and change my clothes.”

Lisa Marie darted up the grand staircase and into one of the master bedrooms at the opposite end of the long hallway. Michael stood at the bottom of the steps watching his wife walk briskly away from him. Sadly, he waited over an hour for her to meet him downstairs. He hoped to eat dinner and cake for dessert with his significant other and was shattered knowing his wife had completely forgotten about his birthday. Worried, Michael went upstairs to check on his bride wondering why she never came out of the room. As his largely shaped right hand slowly opened the bedroom door, Michael saw Lisa Marie lying on the giant four post bed fast asleep. Devastated, he closed the door quietly and sighed letting his wife sleep peacefully.

“Mr. Jackson? Isn’t your wife joining you this evening?” Sandra asked as she saw her boss sitting in his study with his back towards her.

“She went to bed. I don’t feel hungry. Can you please put away my dinner?”  
“Of course. But are you sure?”  
“Positive. Thank you.”

Not wanting to question her employer’s wishes, Sandra simply left the room with a smile. Michael then closed his eyes and leaned his head against his office reclining chair. Suddenly, the phone in his study rang blatantly interrupting his many hidden thoughts. Michael was in no mood to talk to anyone and didn’t bother to answer right away. After a few rings, he realized it may have been his family calling to wish him a happy birthday. He quickly picked up the receiver and answered acting like he was perfectly fine.

“Hello?”  
“Mr. Jackson?”  
“Yes?  
“I am returning your call from the Clark residence. I apologize for not being here earlier.”  
“It’s perfectly alright. Thank you for calling again. I wanted to speak with you about your generous offer to present the Vanguard award to R.E.M. at the award show.”

Just then, ‘Miss Clark’ realized that she was talking to the one and only King of Pop. She gasped so loudly that Michael heard her clearly on the other end.

“Ms. Clark? Are you still there?”  
“Yes. It seems there has been a big misunderstanding. I assumed you were calling for ME. I did not realize you left a message for Jill Clark. I’m terribly sorry, Mr. Jackson.”  
“It’s ok. You are?”  
“Her daughter.”  
“It’s a pleasure to speak to you, Miss Clark junior.”

Aurora giggled sending Michael a wave of instant euphoria.

“And you, Mr. Jackson. I’m a very big fan of yours.”  
“Are you, now?”  
“Yes, indeed.”  
“I must say I’m very flattered to know that.”

“So, I take it you have decided to take my mother up on her offer?”  
“I didn’t say that.”  
“Why else would you be calling? If I recall, my mother told me you had initially turned her down.”  
“You are a very smart young lady.”  
“I concur.”

Michael giggled thinking he had finally met his female match of intelligence.

“Would you kindly tell your mother I have agreed to present the Vanguard award to R.E.M. at the MTV awards?”  
“I most certainly will.”  
“Thank you.”  
“You’re welcome, Mr. Jackson.”  
“Please call me Michael.”  
“And if I don’t?”  
“I may not attend the event.”  
“In that case I do believe the rumor about you is true – you ARE a heart breaker.”  
“My wife definitely deserves that title.”

Aurora didn’t know what to say to his remark. She didn’t think it would be appropriate to comment or discuss his personal life since he was a married man and a potential presenter at the award show put together by her mother and the rest of the board members. Being an MTV intern, she also didn’t want to risk losing her own job.

“I’m sorry to hear that you are having difficulties. I know it can’t be easy dealing with the trials and tribulations of being famous.”

“You have no idea.”  
“I’ll be sure to tell my mother that you will be attending the event in New York.”  
“Will you be there as well?”  
“Absolutely. I’m an intern for MTV.”

Sandra knocked on Michael’s office door and peeked her head inside telling her boss that Lisa Marie was awake and waiting for him in the dining room. He whispered he’d be there momentarily after finishing his ‘business call.’ Sandra nodded and left the room closing the door on her way out. Michael sighed deeply. He didn’t want to say goodbye to his new phone friend just yet.

“Is everything alright?” Aurora asked hearing the change in his tone.

“I guess so.”  
“You sound so broken. I really hope that whatever is troubling you goes away very soon.”  
“I appreciate that. I’ll see you in New York?”  
“You will. Thank you again for accepting my mother’s offer.”  
“Thank you for calling, Miss Clark.”

Aurora didn’t want to hang up either. She felt an immediate connection with the Pop star and had a sudden urge to dig deeper and find out more about him. Keeping in mind again that she worked for MTV and he was married, she knew she had to stay within her limits and not get too personal. At the same time, she sensed that he was keeping his true feelings buried possibly because he had no one to reveal them to. At least, no one he felt he could trust.

“Mr. Jackson?”  
“Yes?”

“Are you happy with her?”  
“Pardon?” Michael was completely taken aback by Aurora’s direct question.   
“Does she make you happy?”

Michael froze in his seat. He had no idea what to say or how to reply. He closed his eyes and thought long and hard about the question Aurora had just asked. After a few moments of quietness, he opened his eyes and answered the response Aurora had already knew and heard without him having to say a word.

“No, I’m not.”  
“Your silence is extremely loud, Mr. Jackson.”  
“Why did you ask me that?”  
“I’ve been told I’m a good listener. I’m also quite good at reading people. If she doesn’t make you happy then you must be with someone who will.”  
“I think I might have found her.” Michael said under his breath.

“Mr. Jackson? Did you say something?”  
“No, Miss Clark. I’m sorry to end this but I must be going.”  
“Of course. I apologize for keeping you. I know you must be a very busy man. Again, I will let my mother know that you will attend the event.”

“I’d love to meet you when I arrive, Miss Clark.”  
“I must say I’m looking forward to it.”  
“I concur.”

Aurora laughed again making Michael’s heart flutter. He never realized that a simple phone call could change the way he felt about a person. A person he had never seen or met before. A person who sparked something in him. Something that no other woman did. Not even his own wife. If Aurora could have this much of an effect on him over the phone, he couldn’t even begin to imagine what she could do to him once they met in person.

“Have a good evening, Mr. Jackson.”  
“You as well, Miss Clark.”  
“And happy birthday.”

Michael gasped putting a smile on Aurora’s adoringly beautiful face.

“How did you know?”  
“As I mentioned before, I’m a very big fan of yours.”  
“I’m impressed. Thank you.”  
“You’re welcome. Goodbye Mr. Jackson.”  
“Goodbye, Miss Clark.”

Michael hung up the phone and stood up from his seat. Butterflies invaded his stomach and a large smile appeared out of nowhere across his angelic face. He no longer felt depressed. An overwhelming sense of happiness filled his entire body as he skipped happily out of his study. Michael was so touched by Aurora’s sweet words and charming personality that he no longer felt like he was alone. Aurora was an amazing young lady who even took the time to remember and acknowledge his birthday – something his own wife failed to do. Although his heart was broken, Michael folded his hands and prayed to God in that moment thinking that maybe, just maybe, Aurora Clark could be the one to repair it and possibly keep it forever.

David Sandlin had been the program catalogue designer for MTV for the past two years. He was born in Belfast, Ireland and had many accomplishments under his belt for art, design and creative literature. After being chosen to be part of this specific event, David took it upon himself to give the public the best award show he could possibly create.

After successfully booking some of the biggest names in Hollywood, David sat on his chaise lounge in the living room of his Upper New York loft trying to come up with a plan to schedule and sign one of the biggest entertainers in music history as the opening act. Thinking she could be of some type of assistance and after spending more than thirty minutes searching online, David grunted in frustration for being unsuccessful in locating Aurora Clark’s contact information. He looked through all of his notes and tried to come up with names of people that could possibly help him but in the end, he was still perplexed and had no idea how to properly execute his desired plan.

Feeling exhausted and mentally drained, he turned on his big screen TV and unknowingly saw an announcement being made on the news pertaining to the biggest musical event of the year:

*“It has been confirmed that singer Michael Jackson will be attending this year’s MTV Video Music Awards. The Pop star was recently contacted by Jill Clark, one of the head committee members of the music channel to present the Michael Jackson Vanguard award at the event. Is it also speculated that Jackson may also be starting another world tour to promote his new album. More details after this announcement…”*

David’s face brightened instantly. He knew EXACTLY what needed to be done. He turned off the television and went straight to work on his new idea. Visions of his plan being put together danced beautifully in his head as he opened his laptop and switched it on. David had been thinking about signing Michael for a while. Now that he knew he was actually attending, there was nothing and no one standing in his way from making him the opening act for the event.

While excitedly preparing his presentation to show the committee members, David knew he would greatly impress them. The world knew Michael was scheduled to present an award but no one would think he’d also be the one opening the show. With just a few strokes of his keyboard on his graphic design program, David successfully completed his assigned project. He confidently saved his work and closed his laptop resting it upon his squared glass coffee table. He put his feet up and called Dennis telling him he had no reason to worry. His plan was going to be a success – one that would surely make him and his coworker an important part of musical history.