

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

by

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FADE IN:

INT. NICK'S HOUSE (BEDROOM) - DAY

BLUE EYES stare blankly ahead.

NICK, an average looking man in his 40's, stands like a statue in front of a large CLOSET, full of women's clothing. The time has come, the moment he's been dreading -- Packing his deceased wife's belongings.

He digs in and gets to it. Pulling items from hangers and packing them into BOXES marked, "GOODWILL".

A PRICE-TAG hangs from one of the dresses. Nick SNAPS it off, then stuffs the dress into one of the boxes.

He lifts a photo from the night-stand.

INSERT - PHOTO (Nick and Wife)

The two are kissing and drinking wine -- clearly in love.

Nick squeezes the framed-photo so intensely -- it SHATTERS -- and BLOOD flows from his hand, staining the carpet.

BATHROOM

AT THE SINK

Nick washes SHARDS OF GLASS from a 2" SLICE in his hand.

DOORBELL (OS).

He quickly wraps the wound with a WHITE BANDAGE.

DOORBELL (OS).

NICK  
(shouting)  
Coming.

BEDROOM

He grabs the boxes and hurries to the door.

INT/EXT. FRONT DOOR

Nick, out of breathe -- opens the door. A GOODWILL MAN awaits him.

NICK  
Hey, how are you today?

GOODWILL MAN  
Hiya, sir...doing fine, thanks. Got some stuff for us?

NICK  
Oh. Yes.

Hands him one of the boxes.

GOODWILL MAN  
Hey, what did you do to your hand....Are you okay?

Blood soaks through the bandage.

NICK  
I'm fine. Just a scratch.

GOODWILL MAN  
Here, I got it.

He takes the box from Nick.

GOODWILL MAN  
I don't know, looks pretty serious to me.

NICK  
It's fine, really.

The two men load the boxes into the truck.

Nick pulls-out one of the dresses from a box.

NICK  
This one is brand new. My wife just bought it. She was going to wear it for our Anniversary next month.

GOODWILL MAN  
It's beautiful -- really sorry about your wife, sir....

Nick shrugs it off like it's no big deal.

GOODWILL MAN

...And don't worry sir, I'm sure  
someone is going to love it.

NICK

It is beautiful. Cara, my wife, had  
really good taste. She was the most  
interesting woman...not sure what  
she saw in me to be honest.

The Goodwill Man loads the last of the boxes and pulls the  
truck door closed.

GOODWILL MAN

Alright, you take care, sir. Thanks  
for everything. This is going to  
help out a lot of folks.

NICK

Ah, it's nothing, really. I mean,  
what am I going to do with all this  
junk, am I right?

GOODWILL MAN

(smiles)  
You take care, sir.

NICK

(big smile)  
You too.

The Man hops in the truck and drives off.

Nick stands in the driveway, smiling. As the truck fades  
away, so does his smile.

GROCERY STORE - LATER

Nick wanders the aisles, aimlessly -- clearly an amateur at  
this thing called shopping.

He picks up random items from the shelf and puts them in his  
cart -- reads labels -- puts stuff back on the shelf.

A RED RUBBER BALL bounces off NICK'S SHOE.

He squats down to pick it up.

NICK

Here you...

Sees a LITTLE BOY, 3, wearing THICK EYE-GLASSES.

NICK

...go.

Nick is taken back by the unexpected sight and looks deeply into the Little Boy's SAD EYES.

The joyless boy adjusts the awkward glasses, then puts out his hand.

NICK's EYES well-up as he places the ball in the boy's TINY HAND. He has to catch himself before he breaks down.

MOTHER (OS)

Come on, Michael....

She reaches for the boy's hand.

MOTHER

...Say thank you to the nice man.

LITTLE BOY

Thank you, Mister.

Waves to Nick as they go.

Nick returns the wave, then stands alone.

INT. NICK'S HOUSE - LATER

Nick busies himself putting away groceries and begins to SOB.

He leaves the groceries as they are -- and is out the front door.

INT. BAR - LATER

Nick sits there sipping his fourth beer.

An OLDMAN, nearby smiles at Nick and raises his glass.

Nick smiles politely -- then downs his beer.

OLDMAN

(to Bartender)

Hey, Lisa....Bring my friend here another beer, would ya...?

(to Nick)

...Looks like you could use one.

NICK

That obvious, huh?

OLDMAN

Believe me, I've been there.

NICK

Well, thank you. That's very kind of you.

OLDMAN

My pleasure.

An AWKWARD SILENCE -- then Nick moves closer to Oldman.

NICK

You ever feel like things are completely out of your control -- like the World is spinning beyond your control, and there is absolutely nothing you can do about it...

OLDMAN

I felt that way, once.

NICK

...For instance, earlier tonight, I saw this little boy, couldn't have been more than three or four years old -- and he had these huge, thick glasses on, eye-glasses...

(makes imaginary glasses with hands)

...you know, spectacles -- Already!

Oldman nods with empathy.

NICK

...This little person with his whole life ahead of him and already stuck wearing these Goddamn things. It's just not fair! Three, and already at a disadvantage...he's already...

(choked up)

...I'm sorry...but it's just so sad. This little guy -- It's bullshit!

OLDMAN

You are right. It's not fair.

NICK

I just wish I could help him. I wish there was something I could do to make him better -- so he could be, I don't know -- normal, whatever that is. Just wish I could do something.

OLDMAN

Well, maybe you can.

NICK

What? How? I mean if I could switch with him, I would.

The Oldman's curiosity is piqued now.

OLDMAN

Really?

NICK

Yes, I would in a second.

OLDMAN

Well, that is so interesting that you say that. What if you could?

NICK

Could what?

OLDMAN

Look, I know this place. A wonderful place where you can really make a difference.

NICK

Yeah? Well, sign me up.

OLDMAN

I'm serious. But most people do a lot of talking -- but that's about it -- just talk.

NICK

I'm serious too. I would do anything.

The Oldman pulls a business-card from his pocket.

OLDMAN

Here. Go to this place and ask for Charlie....

Hands him the card.

OLDMAN  
 ...Unless you're just talking.

Nick looks at the card.

NICK  
 The Good Samaritan Shop?

Oldman gets up -- leaves some money on the bar for the drinks.

OLDMAN  
 If you are serious about helping others, then you will check it out.

NICK  
 I am. I will check it out.

OLDMAN  
 Good.

NICK  
 Hey, where are you going?

OLDMAN  
 I have to see a client.

NICK  
 ...kind of late isn't it.

OLDMAN  
 I make my own hours.

NICK  
 Well, see you around. Thanks again for the beer.

OLDMAN  
 You're quite welcome, Nick. And don't worry -- she's in a better place, now.

Nick is surprised by the Oldman's apparent intuition.

Then -- the Oldman vanishes before his eyes.

Nick is stunned then LAUGHS in pure delight.

NICK  
 Holy shit...!  
 (Claps with amusement)  
 ...Did you see that. Oh, my God.  
 That was awesome....  
 (looks around)  
 (MORE)



NICK (CONT'D)

...Tell me, I'm not the only one  
who saw that....

(to bartender)

...Lisa, hey, Lisa. Is that guy  
some kind of magician or something?

LISA (BARTENDER)

What guy...? And how do you know my  
name...

She picks up the money from the bar as she walks off.

LISA (OS)

...Creepy...

NICK

(smiling)

Nevermind. I get it.

Soberly now, he holds up the business card, and stares at it.

INSERT - BUSINESS CARD that reads:

"THE GOOD SAMARITAN SHOP 1000 MERCURY AVE. LOS ANGELES, CA"

EXT. GOOD SAMARITAN SHOP - MORNING

Nick holds the BUSINESS CARD in the air to match a SIGN that  
reads: "THE GOOD SAMARITAN SHOP".

The shop is a little hole-in-the-wall, with ABANDONED STORE-  
FRONTS on both sides.

INT. GOOD SAMARITAN STORE

A BELL above the door RINGS as Nick enters.

The place is dark and creepy -- cluttered with old relics,  
books, and antiques.

OLDMAN (OS)

Welcome.

The Oldman, concealed by a hat sits behind the counter.

NICK

Oh, hi. I'm looking for a man  
named...uh, Charlie?

OLDMAN

Well, you found him.

Raises his head to reveal himself.

NICK

Oh, it's you?

OLDMAN

That didn't take long at all. I wasn't sure if you'd come or not.

NICK

Let's just say, you got me curious.

OLDMAN

Let's hope it's more than curiosity.

NICK

Hey, that was a nice trick last night at the bar.

OLDMAN

Trick?

NICK

You know -- Now you see me, now you don't -- Poof! Gone!

OLDMAN

I assure you young man, that was no trick.

NICK

Anyhow, I thought it was pretty cool.

Flips through one of the dusty books.

OLDMAN

Alright. -- So, are you ready to get to it?

NICK

Get to what?

OLDMAN

You know. Ready to start your journey?

NICK

My journey?

OLDMAN

Yes. Your journey. Ready to help your fellow man? Or woman...

NICK

Oh. Yes. I'm ready. I really want to help.

OLDMAN

Great! Then, let's get started shall we. Come this way, please.

He leads the way to the back and opens a door to reveal a:

LARGE WHITE ROOM

The room is empty other than a desk and couple of chairs.

OLDMAN

Have a seat, please.

NICK

Thanks.

OLDMAN

So, you said last night that you wanted to help others -- more specifically, you said you would like to help that little boy -- You know, the one with the giant specs...

Makes imaginary glasses with his hands.

OLDMAN

...20/200 vision, if I'm not mistaken.

NICK

Oh yes...

He shuffles for his checkbook.

NICK

...I want to do as much as I can to help...Would five-thousand be helpful?

OLDMAN

Wow. That is very generous, but I don't think you understand --

NICK

-- You're right...would ten be better?

He starts to write a check.

OLDMAN

Nick. Hold on a second. Let me explain how this works. See Nick, we don't accept donations, here -- well, not in the traditional sense, anyhow.

NICK

But, you said --

OLDMAN

-- Look, Nick. That is very, very, generous of you, but we don't take money here. What we do at the Shop is a little more...hands-on, if you will. See, any fool with a big enough bank account can whip out his checkbook -- no offense -- and cut us a check. What we require here is a bit more commitment. A bit more self-sacrifice.

NICK

I'm not following.

OLDMAN

It's kind of like, an eye-for-an-eye situation. But, not as a punishment but instead, as a gift.

NICK

Still not getting it....

OLDMAN

I'm sorry. That was a horrible analogy. I never was much of a talker, always more of a doer, know what I mean.

NICK

Not really.

OLDMAN

Don't worry. You will. What we do here is we trade, or I should say, you trade with a less fortunate. Their condition would be yours; your cross to bear, sort of speak.

(MORE)

OLDMAN (CONT'D)

Their illness or condition would then be transferred onto you. I'm rambling, sorry. For instance, that little boy with the glasses. If you were up for it, we could arrange for you to take on his eye problem.

NICK

How do you mean?

OLDMAN

Well, we could arrange to transfer your perfect eye-sight to him and his poor eye-sight to you.

NICK

You mean, you can provide Lacik surgery or something?

OLDMAN

Oh no. No, no, no. Lacik surgery won't help that boy's condition. No surgery -- just transfer.

NICK

What do mean, transfer?

OLDMAN

Exactly what I said. We will take your perfect vision and give it to him and his poor vision to you -- for you to burden -- if you are serious?

NICK

But, how is that possible?

OLDMAN

How, is not important. You called me a magician. Well, let's just call it magic, if that will help you understand better. But, believe me when I say, it's no trick. It's as real as you and I sitting in this room right now. The transfer would be permanent, and if you choose to do so, there would be no going back.

NICK

Okay, that sounds a bit --

OLDMAN

-- nuts?

NICK  
Yes, something like that.

OLDMAN  
But, it's not nuts. It's real! I know it's hard to imagine, but let's just say, we, here at the shop have a gift.

NICK  
You mean you -- don't you? I mean I don't see anyone else, here.

OLDMAN  
Okay, then me.

NICK  
Well, thank you for your time...  
(starts to get up)  
...good luck with that.

OLDMAN  
You don't believe. Understandable.

NICK  
C'mon. What you're saying is impossible! I'm not an idiot.

OLDMAN  
No, you are not an idiot, Nick -- actually of above average intelligence -- I believe.

NICK  
Thanks. I'll show myself out.

OLDMAN  
What happened to your hand, Nick?

Touches his bandaged hand.

NICK  
I was upset and I cut myself on some glass.

OLDMAN  
Can I see it?

NICK  
Why? This is ridiculous.

OLDMAN  
Please. Just humor an old man.

Nick sticks his hand out for the Oldman to examine.

OLDMAN

Can you remove the bandage please?

Nick unwraps the bandage and HIS HAND is perfectly healed -- the wound is completely gone.

NICK

Whoa! I had a 2 inch gash there, earlier.

OLDMAN (OS)

You mean, like this one...

Raises his hand to reveal a 2" CUT.

NICK

What the hell?

OLDMAN

Like I was saying...much more of a doer than a talker. Your wound is, now, my wound. Ouch...little bugger stings a bit.

NICK

You're saying, you transferred my wound to yourself and --

OLDMAN

-- And in return, your hand is perfectly healthy again, as mine was earlier. Presto...!

(chuckles)

...Take a look for yourself.

Nick searches for any sign of the wound. Nothing. Not even a scar.

NICK

Well, you are a magician. You should take your show on the road; You could make a fortune.

Still rubbing his hand he turns to leave.

NICK

See you around.

OLDMAN

If you change your mind -- if you really do want to help people -- like you say --

NICK  
-- I do! But this is absurd!

OLDMAN  
...You know where to find me.

Nick leaves.

INT. NICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Nick sits in front of A BLARING TELEVISION, staring at the business card.

NICK  
(laughing)  
Come on!

Tosses the card on the table.

FLASHBACK

GLASS SHATTERING in NICK's HAND. BLOOD gushing from WOUND.

BACK TO SCENE

Nick rubs his hand, picks up the business card and stares blankly ahead.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

ELEVATOR

Nick steps onto the elevator to see BOB, an Accountant for the Company. Nick hits the button to his floor.

BOB  
Hey, Nick. How are you doing?

Immediately wants to retract the stupid question -- his wife just died...how do think he's doing?

NICK  
Fine, Bob.

ELEVATOR MUSIC - Awkward silence.

BOB  
(sincerely)  
Hey, so sorry to hear about your wife....



NICK  
 (irritated)  
 Thanks.

The elevator stops at Bob's floor. Bob give a "take care" nod and steps off.

ELEVATOR DOOR about to close. Nick stops it.

NICK  
 Hey, wait a second. I'm sorry, Bob. That was really kind of you -- I mean, we barely know each other and you reached out to me, practically a stranger, and showed me empathy. Thank you, Bob. Thank you.

BOB  
 (taken back)  
 No problem....

Continues about his day, not sure what just happened.

Nick smiles.

EXT. GOOD SAMARITAN SHOP - LATER

BANG, BANG, BANG!

A FIST POUNDS on the door.

BANG, BANG, BANG!

Nicks looks through the front window -- all the blinds are pulled; looks closed. He POUNDS on the window.

NICK  
 Hello, hello. Anyone in there!

OLDMAN (OS)  
 You don't have to shout.

Nick jumps.

NICK  
 -- Jesus.

OLDMAN  
 Not quite, but we try. --  
 -- That was a joke.

NICK  
 I'm ready to talk now.

OLDMAN

I thought you might be back. Let's take a walk.

The two walk along the desolate street.

NICK

So, that was real? I wasn't hallucinating or something?

OLDMAN

Oh, you mean this...

Shows him the SLICE in his hand.

NICK

Wow -- So this is like...amazing.

OLDMAN

It is something special.

NICK

It can be the most amazing thing anyone's ever seen.

OLDMAN

This is not for the masses -- only for some.

NICK

Right. I understand.

OLDMAN

It's not some cheap parlor tricks. This is the real deal, as real as it gets.

NICK

I know.

OLDMAN

Do you understand what I am saying?

NICK

I do. I understand.

OLDMAN

And you still want to contribute?

NICK

Contribute? Oh, yes. Absolutely. I want to contribute. I have always wanted to help but I never knew how.

(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)

When I saw that little boy, I felt so helpless -- like nothing I could ever do could fix him. And now you're telling me that...that, I actually can...fix him.

OLDMAN

That's what I'm saying. And you understand the sacrifice?

NICK

I do. We'll trade eye-sights.

OLDMAN

That's right -- and you still want to do it?

NICK

I --

OLDMAN

-- Think what you are doing. I want you to be sure.

NICK

If it will make that boy see -- like I see -- then I'm sure. He deserves it.

OLDMAN

And you only met the boy one time...in the super-market?

NICK

Yes, that's right. Wait, how did you --

OLDMAN

-- I can't explain how I do the things I do -- I just do.

NICK

Fair enough.

OLDMAN

Are you ready...you're positive?

NICK

I'm ready.

He takes a DEEP BREATH and braces himself for impact -- like he's about to be punched in the face.

OLDMAN

Okay. I will take care of it. You can breathe now. It won't take effect immediately. It takes a little while to kick-in.

NICK

Kick-in?

OLDMAN

Yes, kick-in.

NICK

Okay -- Oh, the little boy -- I have no idea how to find him.

OLDMAN

You need not worry about such trivial things. I've been doing this for a very long time.

NICK

Okay -- Wait, do I have to sign something? Some sort of contract?

OLDMAN

No contract. Your word is your contract. Besides, what court of law would honor such a contract?

NICK

Yeah, right. Okay, then I guess I'll be seeing you.

OLDMAN

I'm sure of it.

Nick walks off slowly, a little dazed.

MONTAGE - NICK'S LAST DAY SEEING WITH OWN VISION

-- Nick walks along the SHIMMERING OCEAN.

-- Marveling at GRAINS of SANDS running through his fingers.

-- CRASHING WAVES of the California Coast.

-- The ANONYMOUS CROWD of people at the SANTA MONICA PIER.

-- The spectacular LIGHTS of the FERRIS WHEEL.

INT. NICK'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

A LARGE BLUE EYEBALL

Nick examines his eyes in front of the mirror. Testing them to see if anything has changed.

He looks at the his watch and yawns.

NICK  
(a bit disappointed)  
Oh, well...

He climbs into bed, turns out the light and lies there in DARKNESS.

DEEP EXHALE (OS).

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

SOUND of ALARM CLOCK grows louder and louder.

A HAND swats at it to silence the nuisance.

EYES opening and closing.

NICK'S POV - BLURRY

Nick rubs the morning sand from his eyes to bring them into focus as he sits upright.

Only BLURRY SHAPES and COLORS. Everything still out of focus.

Nick rubs his eyes, frantically. Nothing. Still BLURRY.

He rushes to the bathroom, stubbing his toe on the way.

BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nick looks into the MIRROR to see a BLURRY REFLECTION of himself. He flushes his eyes with water to see if that helps. Nope. Still BLURRY. And Again. BLURRY.

He leans into the mirror -- The closer he gets, the more IN-FOCUS things become. Back and forth until his BRIGHT BLUE EYE is perfectly IN FOCUS -- two inches from the mirror.

NICK  
Oh my God...

He flushes his eyes again to be certain.

NICK  
 ...Oh my God, it worked.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Nick stumbles around the house searching for something. Bumping into things and knocking things over until he finds what he's looking for -- CAR KEYS.

INT/EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

CAR UNLOCK SOUND (OS) as Nick hits the KEY FOB to the car, hops in, and starts it.

He sits behind the wheel staring straight ahead -- BLUR.

NICK  
 Shit.

EXT. NICK'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Nick sits on the hood of his car. A YELLOW CAB pulls up.

EXT. GOOD SAMARITAN SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

The taxi pulls up.

NICK  
 Just wait right here, okay?

Nick BANGS on the front door to the Shop, as the cab waits patiently. No answer. Hops back into the cab.

NICK  
 Westside Pavilion, please.

CABBIE  
 Right away, sir.

INT. EYE DOCTOR'S EXAMINATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

EYE-TEST MACHINE resembles a multi-vision robot.

The SWISHING SOUND of LENSES rotating as Nick is being examined.

NICK (OS)  
 ...The first one...

EYE DOCTOR  
 (shocked)  
 Huh....

NICK  
 ...The second one --

EYE DOCTOR  
 (astonished)  
 -- The second one...really?

NICK  
 ... Uh, about the same...  
 ... the first one...  
 ... uh, second one...  
 ... second one....

EYE DOCTOR  
 Good. Wow. Okay you can sit back.

Swings the Apparatus away from Nick's face. Then replaces it with another Apparatus.

EYE DOCTOR  
 Alright Nick, now just look straight ahead, eyes wide...good. Just a little puff of air -- nothing to worry about....

PUFF (OS).

Switches machine to other eye.

EYE DOCTOR  
 ...And again....

PUFF (OS).

EYE DOCTOR  
 ...Good. Okay you can relax.

NICK  
 That's it?

EYE DOCTOR  
 Well, that's it, Nick...

Jots some notes.

EYE DOCTOR

(perplexed)

...Not sure what to tell you,  
Nick...And you didn't get any  
bleach in your eyes or anything  
like that?

NICK

No.

EYE DOCTOR

Well, Nick...not sure how to put  
this, but in the past six months,  
your eyes have changed  
significantly. I'm sorry.

NICK

(smirking)

Really?

EYE DOCTOR

I'm serious, Nick. Since your last  
visit. Your eyes have taken a nose-  
dive. It is frankly, the worst  
deterioration of vision that I have  
ever seen in such a short period of  
time.

NICK

Past six months, you say? So, it's  
not a temporary thing?

EYE DOCTOR

(nearly chuckles)

No, Nick. It doesn't look that  
way....I hate to tell you this,  
Nick, but you are now legally  
blind.

NICK

Wow. What is that, like 20/200  
vision or something?

EYE DOCTOR

Yes, precisely. How did you know  
that...?

Nick shrugs.

EYE DOCTOR

Were you already examined somewhere  
else?



NICK  
No, just a lot of Discovery  
Channel, I guess.

EYE DOCTOR  
Well, you don't seem very shocked.

NICK  
(smiling)  
Oh, believe me, Doc. I am very  
surprised.

The Doctor looks at him suspiciously, as he writes a  
prescription.

NICK  
So glasses will fix it?

EYE DOCTOR  
(a little annoyed)  
Well no....They won't fix your  
eyes, but a pair of Coke-Bottle  
size lenses will let you see again,  
if that's what you're asking.

NICK  
Okay, I can live with that...

EYE DOCTOR  
Alright, whatever.  
(more upbeat)  
Hey, we got some really cool frames  
in, I think you might like -- and  
we do everything in-house, so it  
should only take a few hours. You  
could walk around the mall for a  
while if you want -- Although, I  
wouldn't recommend it.

NICK  
Great. Thanks, Doc.

EYE DOCTOR  
No, problem, Nick...  
(hands him prescription)  
...just take this to Janise and  
she'll get you all squared away.

NICK  
I will. Thanks.

EYE DOCTOR  
You take care of yourself...

EXT. MALL - LATER

Nick walks out with a shiny pair of dark-rimmed glasses.  
He looks at his reflection in the door.

                  OLDMAN (OS)  
Looks pretty good.

                  NICK  
                  (startled)  
Son of a --  
-- You really need to stop doing  
that.

                  OLDMAN  
Doing what?

                  NICK  
Sneaking up on people.

                  OLDMAN  
Sorry -- So, how do you feel?

                  NICK  
I'm fine. Might take some time to  
get used to...

                  OLDMAN  
You look good. Distinguished.

                  NICK  
So, it worked?

                  OLDMAN  
Come on, I want to show you  
something.

A YELLOW CAB pulls up.

                  OLDMAN  
Oh great your taxi is here. Perfect  
timing.

                  NICK  
Why do I feel that nothing with you  
is a coincidence...

                  OLDMAN  
                  (smiles)  
Come on.

EXT. CHUCK E. CHEESE - MOMENTS LATER

The two get out of the taxi.

NICK

...Really not very hungry.

OLDMAN

Me neither. I want to show you something, I think you might find interesting.

INT. CHUCK E. CHEESE (PLAY AREA)

BALL POOL

Kids are playing -- diving in and out of the multi-colored balls.

OLDMAN

Well, what do you think?

NICK

It's very nice. But, don't you think we're a little too old.

OLDMAN

(chuckles)

Oh, Nick. I like you....

He points his gaze in a specific direction.

OLDMAN

Recognize anyone?

Nick stands there in disbelief. It's the Little Boy from the grocery store -- having the time of his life.

NICK

Oh, my God. It's him....

Walks closer to get a better look.

NICK

....It's the little boy from the grocery store.

He tears up with joy, seeing the boy so happy.

MOTHER (OS)

...And just like that, he tells me that he doesn't need his glasses, anymore.

Two women are watching their kids play, nearby.

WOMAN

That's amazing. Just like that?

MOTHER

Can you believe it? It's like a miracle.

OLDMAN

So, let me ask you again. What do you think?

NICK

I don't know what to say. It's unbelievable. Thank you.

OLDMAN

No, thank you, Nick --  
-- Shall we? I have another client at six.

NICK

Another client? -- Oh, of course.

Nick takes one last look.

INT/EXT. TAXI (MOVING) - MOMENTS LATER

The two sit quietly, as they cruise along the streets of Los Angeles. Nick stares out the window -- taking it all in.

EXT. NICK'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Nick gets out of the taxi.

OLDMAN

(through the window)

We'll be seeing you around, Nick...

They shake hands.

OLDMAN

...Thanks again.

NICK

My pleasure....Okay, see you around.

OLDMAN

I'm sure of it.

The Oldman smiles as the taxi drives away.

Nick stands on the curb thinking. A MAN WITH CRUTCHES walks past.

MAN WITH CRUTCHES

Good evening.

Nick nods, watches curiously as the man struggles down the sidewalk. Then, turns back -- adjusts his glasses and smiles into the camera.

THE END.

FADE TO BLACK.