

SAMARITAN

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Compass Cinema
609 W Iris Dr.
Nashville, TN 37204
Compasscinema.com

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BLACK.

O.s. the slow, raspy breathing of an old man.

1

EXT. DINGY DOWNTOWN ALLEY - MORNING

1

A series of CLOSEUPS (70% color drained to achieve a patina):

- A broken hand mirror on the ground.
- A half-folded white shirt and a torn bus ticket.
- An overturned open leather travel bag with two pairs of pants pulled out, a pair of black socks and belt.
- A bent picture of an old man and two children playing.
- A leather shoe twisted at an odd angle; it is the foot of a man lying on the ground. Unexpectedly, the shoe moves: it is the foot of a man lying on the ground.

O.s. the slow breathing becomes more difficult, more labored.

CLOSEUPS continue:

- Torn pants and a motionless, death-like hand; there is a bloody scrape on it.
- Open shirt pulled out exposing gaunt, white skin.
- Chin and neck with dried blood. There is a recent gash on his chin.
- Upper forehead shows closed eyes and thin hair. A huge purple lump is on his temple.

O.s. the breathing has become narrow and almost impossible. It suddenly breaks into coughing:

WIDE SHOT reveals AMOS RANDOLF, a thin man in his 70's. He lies in a fetal position in the alley, coughing. His belongings are scattered around him.

After a moment, Amos struggles to his knees, one hand placed against the wall to steady himself. He shudders with pain and falls into the bricks, his leg giving out under him. He slowly drags himself toward the city street. Blood remains where he lay.

People and cars speed by in the cold sunlight. Amos' body is silhouetted against the bright light beyond the alley. The bright light grows to engulf the screen.

FADE TO WHITE:

2 EXT. DOWNTOWN SIDEWALK - DAY 2

Amos emerges from the shadows, his eyes glazed over.

Cars flash by on the street. A few people stride by, ignoring him.

As he tries to move down the wall, he suddenly crumples, falling to the ground in a daze. He reaches his hand behind his head and his fingertips come back wet with blood.

A SCREECH of tires nearby.

He glances up to see a silver Mercedes hubcap against the curb.

3 INT. MERCEDES - DAY 3

Dr. PHIL JOHNSON, in his forties, sits behind the wheel in a casual coat and tie, talking on his cell phone. He glances at his watch. While he talks, his fourteen year old son PETER struggles to pull a backpack from the backseat to the front seat.

DR. JOHNSON

Janis, listen. I've got-- Janis.
I've got pre-op at 8:30. I'm not
going to make the meeting. Push it
to this afternoon and tell Dr.
Reynolds.

Dr. Johnson watches this with mounting criticism.

DR. JOHNSON

No, he won't be happy. He's never
happy-- (to Peter) Just get out of
the car and open the back door like
a normal person! (to Janis) No, not
you, my son.

PETER

I've almost got it.

DR. JOHNSON

(covering the phone)
No, you don't!

(MORE)

DR. JOHNSON (cont'd)
 Look, you're going to scratch my
 seats. Get out of the car and open
 the door like a normal person.

Peter sighs, opens the door and climbs out of the car. His
 father continues talking on the phone.

DR. JOHNSON
 No, I can't be there in ten
 minutes...

4 EXT. DOWNTOWN SIDEWALK - DAY 4

Peter opens the back door and pulls out his backpack. As he
 swings the pack out, his front pocket opens and his
 toiletries spill onto the ground. He shuts the door in
 frustration.

PETER
 Great.

He bends down to pick them up. As he does, he notices Amos
 against the wall, dazed but staring at him. Peter quickly
 gathers his things. He climbs back in the front seat.

A taxi pulls up further down the street.

5 INT. MERCEDES - DAY 5

DR. JOHNSON
 Just please do it and I'll see you
 when I get to the hospital!

Angrily flips phone shut as Peter climbs in. Shifting focus,
 he studies the pack for a moment.

DR. JOHNSON
 You bring your iodine?

Peter nods as he stuffs his toiletries in his pack.

Dr. Johnson looks out to take stock of his surroundings and
 realizes he's in the inner city. His eyes become steely and
 a touch uncomfortable. He glances at Amos against the wall,
 then looks at his son.

DR. JOHNSON
 You never know what's in the water
 up there.

BACKGROUND THROUGH WINDSHIELD - The TAXI DRIVER, an Arab in his 40's, takes a bag out of his trunk and sets it down in front of a BUSINESSMAN.

PETER

James camps the South Fork all the time. He said the water's fine.

DR. JOHNSON.

Just put a few drops in anyway.
Humor your old man.

Peter smiles.

DR. JOHNSON

And when you get back tomorrow he knows to...

PETER

... drop me off at the hospital.
Yeah, he knows.
(beat)
Hey, we'll be fine.

Peter looks at his dad with a mature, knowing look. Dr. Johnson realizes he's growing up.

Peter opens the door to get out. As he does so, he notices Amos again. Amos is coughing.

PETER

Dad, you see that guy? He looks hurt.

Dr. Johnson glances at his watch, then at Amos. He perfunctorily takes him in.

DR. JOHNSON

He probably is. That's what alcohol'll do to you, son.

PETER

No, I mean look at the blood on his chin.

DR. JOHNSON

Probably fell down. Alcohol thins the blood. Makes you bleed easier.
(glances at watch)
What time are they supposed to be here?

PETER

They'll be late. James had to pickup Jimmy and Trey. You can go, you know. The breakfast place is just around the corner.

Dr. Johnson looks suspiciously at the taxi driver.

DR. JOHNSON

I'm not leaving you down here.

There is a quiet moment, Amos' coughing is all that can be heard in the background.

DR. JOHNSON

Why don't you close the door. It's cold out there.

Peter reaches out to close the door.

JIMMY (O.S.)

Pete!

PETER POV - He looks up to see three guys coming down the street toward him.

PETER

There they are. Alright, I'll see you tomorrow.

DR. JOHNSON

Be careful. Here-

Dr. Johnson extends a twenty-dollar bill toward him.

DR. JOHNSON

Buy James' breakfast. Tell him the deacons thinks he's doing a great job with the youth ministry.

(beat)

Have fun. And don't forget: two drops per cup.

Peter smiles, takes the money, and climbs out of the car.

6

EXT. DOWNTOWN SIDEWALK - DAY

6

Peter shuts the door and the Mercedes jets off. He turns and glances at Amos. Amos has shut his eyes and is deathly still. Peter adjusts the strap on his backpack and pulls it on.

7 EXT. FURTHER DOWN SIDEWALK - DAY

7

JAMES, TREY and JIMMY walk toward Peter. James is in his late 20's, and the two boys are Peter's age. The boys wear regular backpacks and James has a camping backpack. They are dressed like teens about to go hiking: sweat pants, boots, etc.

They pass the Taxi Driver who is leaning against his car. He is reading a newspaper but lowers it as they approach, in case they need a taxi. James and the taxi driver's eyes meet. The taxi driver is expressionless. James quickly focuses on the newspaper. As James passes he sees...

JAMES POV - Newspaper is in Arabic.

8 EXT. DOWNTOWN SIDEWALK - DAY

8

The three boys meet up with Peter just a little beyond Amos.

TREY

Hey, Pete!

PETER

Hey, guys. What's up? Hey James.

JIMMY

Dude, did you bring my paper?

PETER

Man, I forgot.

JIMMY

I knew it! I told you he'd forget!
That's it, I gotta find one right
now.

Jimmy starts looking around.

JAMES

Relax, you can get one at the
restaurant.

JIMMY

You don't understand, man. I gotta
know who won!

JAMES

Your boys probably lost anyway.

JIMMY

Yeah, whatever!

Jimmy runs further down the street to a newspaper stand.

TREY
Don't tell me! I recorded it!

After he leaves, James and Trey glance down and see Amos lying nearby.

TREY
Whoa! What happened to him?

The Taxi Driver lowers his newspaper and glances over at Amos for the first time. He listens to the boys talking.

PETER
He's just drunk.

TREY
No, I mean it looks like he got pretty beat up last night.

PETER
Dad said he probably just fell down.

James studies the man lying there.

JAMES
Your dad said that?

Peter nods.

JAMES
And he said he was ok?

PETER
Yeah... I mean, he said that's what alcohol does to you. Thins the blood or something.

Jimmy runs back up, thrilled.

JIMMY
82 to 76! I love it!!!

Jimmy does a little dance.

James squats down in front of Amos.

TREY
Thanks a lot! I told you I didn't want to know!

Trey punches Jimmy in the arm. Jimmy grabs Trey and pushes him in the direction of Amos. Trey remembers Amos is there and does his best not to step on him. Jimmy now notices Amos lying there.

JIMMY

Yo, what's up with this guy?

TREY

I think he got beat up.

JIMMY

(sarcastically) Yeah, by a liquor bottle. (laughs) Come on, I'm ready for my victory breakfast!

Jimmy once again pushes Trey, but this time knowingly in the direction of Amos. Trey does not think this is funny and chases him toward the restaurant.

JAMES

Hey guys, hold up!

James continues to study him, ambivalent as to whether he's just a drunk, or is it something more serious? Amos' eyes open and try to focus on him. They are glassy and dazed.

JAMES

Sir? Sir? Are you okay?

The man says nothing. James continues to study him. He is torn: should he help?

The boys continue making noise down the street.

TREY (O.S.)

I mean it! Stop it! I said stop it!

JAMES POV - Jimmy has Trey's shirt pulled up over Trey's head so he can't see.

TREY (O.S.)

Hey, you're ripping it! James!
James!

James looks up at the boys, shakes his head, then looks back at Amos. He finally stands.

JAMES

There's not much we can do here.
(beat)
Come on, let's get something to eat.

Peter slings his bag over his shoulder. They head down the street. Peter glances back for one last look at Amos.

The Taxi Driver, smoking his cigarette, is watching them. Peter glances over and their eyes make contact. The driver is expressionless.

9

EXT. DOWNTOWN SIDEWALK - DAY

9

Amos begins to cough again. As he does so, he loses his balance and tips to one side, about to hit the ground when hands catch him and tilt him right side up.

[Increase color saturation to 70%]

It is the Taxi Driver. His name is Haashim.

HAASHIM

You had a long night, no?

Amos peers out at him in a daze. Haashim studies his face.

HAASHIM

Wait here, my friend.

Haashim returns to his taxi and pulls out a first aid kit and bottle of water.

He takes it back to Amos and kneels down. He opens it, takes out some gauze and pours water on it.

CLOSEUP: His fingers carefully wiping the blood on his face.

Haashim pulls the white bandage strips out and places one horizontal across his chin. He places the other strip on vertically, making a small cross.

Amos suddenly lets his head fall toward the wall. Haashim reaches to catch it, putting his hand behind his neck. He pulls it out and it is sticky with blood.

Haashim's eyes widen.

HAASHIM

(in Arabic)

This is very bad!

Haashim hurries back to his car and opens the back door. As he does so, a MAN IN A JACKET walks up.

MAN IN JACKET

I'm going to 3rd and Main.

HAASHIM

Sir, I cannot take you now. There
is another taxi up the street.

The man in a jacket is frustrated, but continues walking up
the street.

Haashim walks over to Amos and gingerly lifts him up, then
carries him over to his backseat. He slides him in on his
back, then shuts the door.

10 EXT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY 10

Haashim's taxi stops underneath the drive-through. He gets
out then helps Amos out.

FADE TO WHITE:

11 INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY 11

[Increase to 100% color saturation]

Haashim lays back in a chair reading a magazine. He has
obviously been here a long time. A SECURITY GUARD sits in a
corner, staring at Haashim. Haashim glances at him,
realizing he is staring at him. He shifts in his chair,
shuts the magazine and looks up at the TV.

A NURSE approaches Haashim.

NURSE JANE

Excuse me, you were with the older
gentleman?

Haashim stands.

HAASHIM

Yes.

NURSE

Well, he's going to be okay....

The nurse looks at the chart.

NURSE

There was some intra-cranial
bleeding, and he's got some fluid
in his lungs. It's good he got here
when he did. He's stable now but
we're going to need to watch him
overnight.

Haashim is grateful.

HAASHIM

And when will he be released?

NURSE JANE

Tomorrow, if there are no complications. We're going to be transferring him to the main hospital in just a little while.

The nurse starts to walk away.

HAASHIM

Excuse me. Would it be possible to see him?

The nurse looks back surprised by Haashim's care for the old man.

NURSE

Sure. I could take you there now if you'd like.

HAASHIM

Ah, thank you.

Haashim puts down the magazine and stands.

FADE TO WHITE:

12 EXT. HOSPITAL MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY 12

An SUV pulls up. Peter hops out and waves goodbye, then slams the door. He slings his backpack over his shoulder as the SUV pulls away. Haashim's taxi is parked further up against the curb.

13 INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - DAY 13

Peter walks through the lobby to the elevators and presses the button. He waits for a moment.

SOUND EFFECT: an elevator ding

The doors open. He turns.

PETER'S POV - Haashim and Amos are in the elevator. Amos is in a wheelchair. Haashim does not recognize Peter, but pushes Amos past him. Amos has a bandage on the back of his head.

Amos is weak, but in good spirits as he talks to Haashim.

Peter stares at them as they go by, then watches as they travel through the lobby. He is drawn to them and follows at a distance.

Haashim pushes Amos through the exit.

Peter goes to the window and realizes he must step outside to see them. He moves to the exit.

14

EXT. HOSPITAL MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

14

Peter stops just outside the exit. He watches:

PETER'S POV - Haashim opens the back door of the taxi, then helps Amos stand up. As Amos stands, he is moved with gratitude and hugs Haashim. Haashim smiles politely, then continues to help him into the car.

Peter's face registers great curiosity.

PETER'S POV - Haashim closes the back door, puts the wheelchair in a safe place, then walks around to get in the front.

As Peter watches, the sun suddenly shines through the window and into his eyes. He reflexively shields his eyes with his hand at the light.

When he looks again, the taxi is gone. Peter continues watching where they were for a long moment.

He glances up at the glass canopy above him, then shields his eyes again.

WIDE SHOT - Peter stands under the canopy of glass staring off into the distance. He thinks: what just happened?

The sunlight grows:

FADE TO WHITE: