

**1 EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY****1**

Open to JOHN standing in front of MR. SMITH's house, he's holding a card with Mr. Smith's address written on it. He walks up to the door and looks under the mat for a key to the door. He opens the door and walks in.

**2 INT. SMITH'S HOUSE - PATIENT'S ROOM****2**

John opens the door to Mr. Smith's room, which is a bit messy with clothes scattered across the partially dirty floor. Mr. Smith is sleeping in the bed in the corner of the room. John silently makes his way into the room, closing the door behind him.

MR. SMITH

Who might you be?

John glances over to him, but doesn't look him in the eyes.

JOHN

My name's John, I'm your new caretaker.

MR. SMITH

What happened to my last caretaker?  
He was here just a couple of days ago.

JOHN

Uhhh... I heard the agency moved him to a different district, they said they could use his help elsewhere.

MR. SMITH

Well that's a shame, it's alright though, you seem like a kind young fellow.

John gives a forced laugh and proceeds to organize Mr. Smith's medication for the day.

MR. SMITH

How's your day been treating ya John?

John hands Mr. Smith his medication and seemingly ignores the question.

MR. SMITH

So not the best start to your day I assume?

JOHN

Huh? Oh yeah...

MR. SMITH

No breakfast or something? Ya know,  
I do make a mean bacon and eggs.

John turns on a vacuum and begins to vacuum.

MR. SMITH

Would ya like to try it John... I  
learned the recipe down in Peru.

John continues vacuuming while picking up clothes off the  
ground, effectively drowning out Mr. Smith's voice. Mr. Smith  
rambles on

MR. SMITH

If ya helped me out, I could whip  
up a nice plate for ya. Ya know, it  
was always my wife's favorite meal.  
I think you'd like it, so what do  
ya say John?

Mr. Smith's voice is nearly incomprehensible as John almost  
finished cleaning the floor, with just one spot clearly left.  
The spot has a tub with a dartboard inside.

MR. SMITH

(shouting)

John!

The vacuuming stops, and John finally turns to Mr. Smith, who  
is holding the plug to the vacuum. John has a look of  
confusion on his face.

MR. SMITH

John, I'm talkin to you. Your  
hearing must be worse than mine  
somehow!

Mr. Smith chuckles to himself.

JOHN

Oh... Sorry Mr. Smith. What's  
wrong?

MR. SMITH

Well, seemed like you've been  
pretty bummed out, so I wanted to  
offer you some breakfast.

JOHN

Oh well sorry then. But you don't need to offer that Mr. Smith. If anything, it's my job to make you breakfast.

MR. SMITH  
Suit yourself then.

As John goes towards the kitchen to cook something up, it's apparent that one part of the room has been left unclean. John turns to Mr. Smith as Smith says one last thing.

MR. SMITH  
Oh, and by the way, please don't call me Mr. Smith. It makes me feel like a geezer. Just call me George.

**3 EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT**

**3**

(WILL ADD SCENE IF WE CAN FIND A GOOD REASON, TENTATIVE FOR NOW)

**4 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT**

**4**

Door to apartment creaks open, and John walks in. He plops down on his bed, and takes a deep sigh. We see a montage of John setting down his bag, preparing some food and waiting around for it, staring out the window, and laying in bed.

John sits up and turns to his side, when from the corner of his room, his phone rings. He glances over to the screen, where the name DAD is clearly displayed on it. John shrugs it off, and goes to another corner of his room, where there is a brightly colored box.

He opens the box, and a light starts shining on his face. A smile creeps up on his face as he slowly takes out multiple things from the box. He lays them out meticulously, adjusting each one, before finally standing up. It's a set of action figures, setup in a formation. As he starts to play with them, the phone ringing lingers in the background.

**5 INT. SMITH'S HOUSE - PATIENT'S ROOM**

**5**

Sunlight shines through Mr. Smith's window. Birds are chirping and snow is on the trees. Mr. Smith is still sleeping in his bed, when the sound of keys rustling can be heard. John opens the door to Mr. Smith's room, with a dead look on John's face.

He goes open a cupboard, when Mr. Smith can be heard waking up behind him.

JOHN

Oh, Good Morning Mr. Sm.... George.

Mr. Smith is still groggy as he sits up, and his face seemingly has less color than before.

MR. SMITH

Ah, \*cough\*, Morning John.

John starts preparing some breakfast, while Mr. Smith can be seen stretching in bed.

MR. SMITH

Why the long face? Something slip you up this morning?

John stops briefly, and has a contemplating look on his face while turned away from Mr. Smith.

JOHN

I... didn't get much sleep...

MR. SMITH

Not much sleep eh? That would do ya in!

Mr. Smith chuckles to himself, but starts coughing a bit as John goes to hand him his breakfast. John turns to grab the vacuum, when Mr. Smith interrupts him.

MR. SMITH

Hey John, I tried setting up my dartboard yesterday and uh, it did not go well.

JOHN

\*sigh\* ... Where is it

The board is seen in a tub next to Mr. Smith's bed, which is in a somewhat dirty corner. Mr. Smith is then seen tossing a few darts at the board which is now on the wall, opposite to his bed. Mr. Smith seems quite content with himself, while John is seen next to him, with a bored look on his face.

MR. SMITH

Oh c'mon John, lighten up a bit. Darts is fun! Come here, give it a shot.

JOHN

Oh... I don't think I'd be any good... and I need to finish my job anyway.

MR. SMITH

Nonsense! Who cares about having you finish cleaning? Certainly not me!

Mr. Smith laughs loudly before being interrupted by coughing, with John having a hesitant look on his face.

MR. SMITH (CONT'D)

This is your job now, so come here. Finish this one.

John hesitantly grabs a dart from Mr. Smith's hand. He lines up the dart with the board, although it is clearly off center. Mr. Smith looks at John with excitement, and John looks extremely stressed, but takes the shot anyway. The dart wobbles through the air, but barely hits the edge of the board. John looks disheartened and turns away towards the vacuum.

MR. SMITH

Woah son, that shot wasn't even that bad! Go ahead, give it another try.

JOHN

Mr. Smith I really should be finishing cleaning this place and get goi-

Mr. Smith holds out a dart for John, raising his eyebrows at John. John sighs before grabbing the dart and lining up his shot. He still has it off center from the board, but this time Mr. Smith's hand comes in to center it properly. The dart flies straight this time, and hits a bit below bullseye.

MR. SMITH

Well look at that! That wasn't so bad was it?

John stands up straight with a slight smile on his face.

JOHN

No uh... that was pretty fun actually. Thanks George.

John once again turns towards the vacuum, but this time smiling a little.

MR. SMITH

You already done?

John turns back and raises his eyebrows at Mr. Smith.

JOHN

C'mon George, I gotta finish my  
other job too.

Mr. Smith chuckles softly as John grabs the vacuum. As John starts vacuuming the place, Mr. Smith can be seen playing darts in the background, and starts coughing.

**6 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT**

**6**

John can be seen hanging up a dartboard on his wall. He goes to his closet to bring out his bin full of action figures. He dumps out the figures onto the floor and starts arranging them in an grid-like pattern. He adjusts each individual figure to face outwards, before standing up to look at the small setup. Right as he goes to grab a dart from below the dartboard, a knock can be heard from his door.

UNKNOWN PERSON (O.S.)

John? Are you there?

John turns towards the door, his hands shaking. He slowly walks past his nightstand where his phone can be seen, with multiple "missed calls from DAD" on the screen. He looks at the door seemingly about to cry, before stopping in place. He reaches out with his hand but hesitates.

DAD (O.S.)

Look, I know you probably don't  
want to talk. But please, just pick  
up the phone at least once and say  
something.

John stumbles back onto the ground, surrounded by his action figures and the dartboard. He is clearly distressed, heavily breathing as the Dad keeps talking.

DAD (O.S.)

What happened with her... I  
shouldn't have left you. I'm sorry.  
But just- \*sighs\* please call back  
sometime.

Dad is heard walking away, with John seen on the floor, all alone, surrounded by all the things in his room as he keeps breathing heavily.

**7 INT. SMITH'S HOUSE - PATIENT'S ROOM**

**7**

Mr. Smith is seen up in bed, even more pale than earlier. He turns to his side to grab a glass of water, but starts coughing. The coughing starts soft, but gets more serious before he finally coughs up a bit of blood. Mr. Smith looks at his arm, which has blood on it, and for the first time has a look of worry on his face.

John is seen walking up to the door to Mr. Smith's room. He knocks on the door before going in, and Mr. Smith can be seen putting a towel, which has a tint of red smothered on it, onto a rack next to his bed.

JOHN

Good morning George. You're up a bit early?

MR. SMITH

Oh uh... I suppose I am.

Mr. Smith has a look of hesitation on his face, but John doesn't notice it. John moves over to pick up some clothes.

MR. SMITH

Y'know John, I had a dream last night.

John seems mildly disinterested but perks up anyway.

MR. SMITH (CONT'D)

I was in a world, where I was dead. And no one remembered who I was. No funeral, no nothing. Doesn't that thought terrify you?

John is stopped in his place, dropping a few clothes as he hears Mr. Smith say this. He turns towards Smith and looks at him for a second.

JOHN

Yeah... that sounds sad...

Mr. Smith gives a worried look right as John turns away to finish picking up clothes.

MR. SMITH

Well if anything, I got you to stick around!

John throws the clothes in a basket, and then walks over to Mr. Smith's side.

JOHN

George uh...

John is a bit shifty as he grabs a dart from the bin and hands it to Smith

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Wanna play?

Mr. Smith has a look of surprise on his face as he takes the dart from John.

MR. SMITH  
I'd love to John.

MONTAGE BEGIN:

John throws darts with Smith, bright outside

John and Smith look exhausted, dark outside

John hands Smith breakfast with a slight smile on his face, bright outside and action figures start to appear on the walls

John celebrates as Smith hits a bullseye, evening outside and room has clearly filled more with action figures.

END MONTAGE

MR. SMITH  
Your birthday? Why don't you come over then, I'd love to keep you company.

John for the first time has a true smile on his face, as he walks out of the room. As he walks out, a trash can full of bloody tissues and can be seen.

**8 EXT. CITY STREETS - RAINY**

**8**

John is walking quickly through the rain, carrying a small cake in his hands. He shields the cake with his raincoat, and rounds the corner, standing in front of Smith's house.

**9 INT. SMITH'S HOUSE - PATIENT'S ROOM**

**9**

John creaks the door open to Smith's house.

JOHN  
Hi George, I'm here!

No response is heard, which gives John a slight look of worry on his face. He walks through the halls until he reaches Mr. Smith's room.

JOHN  
George, I brought a cake

John opens the door while talking and sees Mr. Smith passed out in bed.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
so we can celebrate...

John gets a look of panic and calls once more.

JOHN  
George..? Mr. Smith..?

With no response from Mr. Smith, John drops the cake and runs over to Mr. Smith, when a paper on the counter catches his eye. As he moves over to Mr. Smith's side, the paper is seen more visibly, with an action figure weighing it down and a message is clearly written on it. "Happy birthday John! Sorry I couldn't make it." John reads the message and looks devastated and empty, and Mr. Smith is seen completely still on the bed.

**10 EXT. CITY STREETS - RAINY**

**10**

John has a blank stare as he trudges down the streets. The rain is heavy as he walks with the paper clearly tucked in his pocket. He passes by a bright family huddled together, but he keeps his head down the whole time.

**11 INT. APARTMENT**

**11**

John is dripping wet as he walks up towards the entrance of his room. His head is completely down the whole time, and standing next to the door is a tall person. The person tries to talk to John but he tunes him out and doesn't notice him, staring at the floor instead, and walks past him to open the door. The figure keeps on talking until finally, he raises his voice.

DAD  
John!

John turns over towards his Dad and looks at him briefly, before turning his back to his Dad and starts walking into his room.

DAD  
John, please, what's wrong? Did something happen?

John walks in and closes the door behind him, leaving his dad outside.

DAD

Look I know your upset at me, but we can talk it out! I... just want to talk.

John throws his rain jacket aside and collapses in bed. He tries stopping himself from crying, before sitting up and looking around his room in desperation. Quietly, his Dad can be heard.

DAD

You look unwell, so why do you keep pushing me away?

John is staring at the ceiling, before looking down at the dartboard on the wall. He gets up from the bed and walks over towards the board, grabbing a dart frantically. He stares at his small setup of the board and figures, before staring at the door. He looks back at the board and sees a dart on the bullseye, when his face lights up a tiny bit with his back towards the door. He turns around towards the door, this time back to the board and drops the dart. His dad is standing outside, about to walk away before saying one more thing.

DAD

Well, if you really want me out, then I'll listen to you. I wanted you to be-

Dad's sentence is cutoff by the quick sound of footsteps and the door opening. John hugs his dad, with his dad having an initial face of shock, before accepting John around him and hugging him back.