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FADE IN

INT. LOUIE'S BASEBALL MEMORABILIA STORE- AFTERNOON

JAKE, mid-thirties, tall and good looking, enters the store. A few other CUSTOMERS are milling about. Jake glances at a few of the glass encased showcases.

He makes his way over to the cash register where LOUIE, mid fifties, overweight, balding and wearing a worn YANKEES cap sits behind the counter. He is flipping through an issue of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

JAKE

Excuse me.

Louie continues to flip through the magazine.

LOUIE

Yeah, what can I do you for?

JAKE

I'm looking for a DEREK Jeter rookie card.

Louie looks up from the magazine.

LOUIE

Jeter you say?

JAKE

Yes.

Louie removes his cap and scratches his head, thinking a moment.

LOUIE

Oh yeah, Jeter. Sold my last rookie card this morning.

A look of disappointment comes across Jake's face.

JAKE

No. Don't tell me that.

LOUIE

It is what it is, Pal. Sold it this morning.

JAKE

You don't understand. I have to find that card.

(MORE)

JAKE(cont'd)

My son, MICHAEL, the only thing he wants for Christmas is a Derek Jeter rookie card.

LOUIE

Two days before Christmas. Looks like he may have to wait until next year.

JAKE

He may not have a next year.

One of the customers, a MAN in his late forties looks over at the counter.

JAKE (cont'd)

He's very sick...Leukaemia. They don't know if he's going to make it. It's bad enough he'll be spending Christmas at St. Mary's.

LOUIE

Gee, Pal. I'm sorry to hear that. But I don' have the card.

Jake grabs one of the store's business cards sitting on the counter and jots down his name and phone number.

JAKE

Listen on the outside chance you get another one. Please, please call me.

Louie looks at the card.

LOUIE

Yeah, sure Pal.

(BEAT)

Hey have you tried EBAY?

JAKE

Yeah, no luck.

LOUIE

I'll give you a call if the card shows up.

JAKE

Thanks.

LOUIE

Good luck with your son.

JAKE
Yeah, thanks.

Jake looking depressed walks past the male customer and exits the store.

INT. MICHAEL'S BEDROOM- EVENING

A typical eight year old Yankees' fan bedroom. A couple of posters of Derek Jeter adorn the walls. The bookcase has an assortment of baseball books on it as well as a glove and Little League Baseball trophy.

Jake enters his son's room and sits on the bed. He looks around the room. He picks up a photo on the end table, of Michael in his baseball uniform, bat resting on his shoulder.

Jake hangs his head and lets out a long sigh.

JAKE
I'm sorry, Michael.

ELIZABETH, mid thirties, pretty stands just outside the door.

ELIZABETH
Jake? What's wrong?

Jake looks up and tries to keep his emotions in check.

JAKE
I couldn't do it, Liz. I failed him. I couldn't find the card.

Elizabeth enters the room and sits next to Jake on the bed.

ELIZABETH
You'll find it.

JAKE
Not for Christmas.

ELIZABETH
Michael won't care.

JAKE
I wanted to do this for him.

ELIZABETH
I know.
(Looks at her watch)
We've got to get going. Visiting hours are about to start.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOSPITAL ROOM- NIGHT

Michael, eight, frail looking and hooked up to an IV sits up in the bed reading a book on the Yankees.

Jake and Elizabeth enter the room, Jake carrying a bag.

JAKE
Hey, Sport.

MICHAEL
Hi Dad, Mom.

Elizabeth kisses her son and Jake takes a box out of the bag and places it on the bed.

JAKE
I'm sorry, Son. I couldn't find the card.

Michael's eyes light up as he rips into the wrapping paper.

MICHAEL
No sweat Dad.

He pulls out a Derek Jeter jersey.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
Cool.

Jake sits on the bed.

JAKE
I really wanted to get you the card...

MICHAEL
It's okay Dad. I really love the jersey.

He hugs his father and Elizabeth wipes away a tear from her eye.

Derek Jeter knocks on the open door.

DEREK
Excuse me. Is this Michael Livingston's room?

Michael's eyes widen and a big grin comes over his face. His parents look at Derek Jeter in disbelief.

MICHAEL
Yeah, I'm Michael Livingston.

Derek walks over to him and hands him an autographed rookie card.

DEREK
I heard this is all you wanted for Christmas.

MICHAEL
Wow! This is awesome! Thank you Mr. Deter.
(Hugging his father)
You're the best Dad ever!

JAKE
Michael...

DEREK
Yeah, your Dad is pretty awesome.

Jake motions Derek to the other side of the room as Michael admires his new present.

JAKE
Mr. Jeter how...

DEREK
A friend of my Dad's was in Louie's and overheard you talking to him.

JAKE
(Shaking his hand)
You didn't have to do this. Thank you.

Derek looks over to Michael.

DEREK
Are you kidding? Seeing the look on Michael's face is better than hitting a home run.

He smiles at Jake and walks back over to Michael.

Elizabeth walk over to her husband, putting her arm around him. Jake watches and smiles as his son interacts with his hero.

FADE OUT.