

SALVATION

Written by

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Writers Guild of America
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ACT I

CAPTAIN TAYLOR (V.O.)
I never knew my father very well. I
grew up on the move; This place,
that place. It was not until I
found him, that I realized how
close we really were.

FADE IN:

EXT. ĐUC HUE. VIETNAM/CAMBODIAN BORDER. CHRISTMAS EVE. DAY

Slender white Staff Sergeant, BRYAN JACKSON, 23, lifts camouflage covered head then drops. Recovers with rifle aimed in front in tiger stripe uniform, and moves slowly forward in a ghostly tactical manner.

Muscular African/American Staff Sergeant, CHRIS TAYLOR, 23, shift from the shadows of the jungle and down a tight path drafted out by the benevolence of a unforgiving Southeast Asian jungle.

Bryan settles and fingers forward, as four Montagnards, move slowly forward.

CHUN, 23, SING, 17, both softly step with sandals through the dense brush.

Chun settles his point position twenty meters out, looks back, then slowly kneels.

Chris waves Mantagnard guerillas forward in place and prepare for an ambush.

BENNY, 14, tries to move forward with cross bow.

Chris shakes his head no.

Bryan squats and taps Benny, who then settles across the path behind Bryan.

Bryan turns around and points the direction of CHINH, 17, SANG, 16, TIN TIN, 20, ambush positions.

They settle in and become a clandestine mural, lethal within the Cambodian jungle.

Sounds within the jungle begin to slow with anticipation.

Bird flies through the streaks of light delivered by the sun through the triple canopy jungle. Settles and sings.

Another bird flies around the light, then settles in beside the first bird to join in and sing together.

TWO BIRDS on a tree branch above begin to sing in sublime harmony.

Tin Tin looks back and smiles, then resettles his aim.

Steps from the distance close in. Leafs in the distance bounce. Approach radical. A North Vietnamese Army Regular reveals himself, as he walks out of the brush with rifle at the ready. Loose point.

Benny takes aim with cross bow.

There appears FOUR more behind the formation with rifles slinged. One carries an R.P.K. Machine gun over his shoulder. Casual and unaware.

Two birds sing. Serenity. Rifles fire. Two birds separate, and fly off.

FADE TO:

EXT. A.R.V.N. RANGER BATTALION BRAVO CAMP. LANDING ZONE. DAY

Chris, Bryan and Team I off-load from Huey UH-ONE with their Montagnards.

GREG WATERLAND, 27 and Team II off-load on twin pad from second Huey.

Intelligence Officer WAYLAND, 29, waives Taylor over to headquarters.

WAYLAND (O.S.)
Taylor, over here.

WAYLAND (CONT'D)
Staff Sergeant Taylor, I am sending you to the DAO with a package. Meet at H.Q. in an hour. Be packed, and ready.

Jackson walks up to Waterland.

TAYLOR
Cover for me on the debrief.

Waterland holds his finger up, then turns to PHAM, 23.

WATERLAND

(Vietnamese)

I will get you out. You just stay close. Stay close, you hear me.

(English)

Not right now, Chris. We will talk back at the hootch.

Sing approaches.

SING

(Vietnamese)

Pham, you okay? Where is Bay, Chuyen?

Pham is confused, then walks off with Waterland.

Taylor shows concern, towards an unmarked Hughes OH-6A Cayuse that sits on the third Landing Zone. PILOT, 43, and AGENT, 34, both carefully study their Montagnards, as they walk off the tarmac.

EXT. BRAVO BASE CAMP. DAY

Afternoon rain drips from the personal pavilion, as Chris stands under and watches for inbound Huey.

JACKSON

Chris, are you headed back to Saigon?

CHRIS

Waiting on the next inbound. Need anything? I should be back by the day after tomorrow.

JACKSON

Wait one second, let me go get a list. I think they wanted some more things.

CHRIS

Hurry.

JACKSON

Waterland and I are going to take care of some business.

Agent stands outside of Operation Center. COLONEL, 42, walks out of Center, as the screen door slams. Agent follows.

COLONEL (O.S.)

We will handle it.

Cracks from the blades get louder. Huey approaches.

JACKSON

Here you go. Try not to take so damn long. Tell Han I said hey. You Okay?.

The rain stops and the sun comes out.

CHRIS

Keep an eye on them. The agency has been hanging around since we got back. He came to collect, and he looks committed.

BRYAN

(Yelling over the blades)
Who?

Chris stares Bryan over to the Command.

Pilot sits outside smoking a cigarette. Talks to soldiers.

Bryan, and Chris shake and hug. Chris runs to the Huey.

CHRIS

See you in a few days. Hey, Merry Christmas.

BRYAN

Merry Christmas. It is Christmas?

Huey lifts.

Bryan smiles, yet a commotion in the camp turns his attention. Bryan returns to camp with curiosity.

INT./EXT. UH-1 HUEY. AIR. DAY

The shadow of the Huey floats across the rice paddies.

Chris looks down on the rice paddies from the air and smiles, as he leans out and waves at the village below.

An old village elder looks up, and waves to the Huey.

Village is hard at work in the rice paddies, and at the market. Vietnamese Engineers equipment work on a barricade over a small river, and around the bridge, while a small A.R.V.N Security force pulls security by the bridge entrance.

EXT. TARMAC. SAIGON. DAY

Chris lands on the tarmac, jumps off, walks to the Christmas decorated check-in station. Radio broadcast of troop draw down from Vietnam to United States plays on a black and white Television.

ARMY RECEPTIONIST

Sign in please. Hey, did you hear, Charlie got some offensive going up north. Maybe, soon we can get the hell out of here.

Chris signs in and turns to watch broadcast.

CHRIS

Can you call me a cab? I need to get to the Embassy before it closes. You got a smoke?

ARMY RECEPTIONIST

Here. You have to smoke out there in the gazebo. They are all headed home. You guys will be the only ones left. I think we should just nuke this fucking place and call it a day.

CHRIS

Yeah.

Chris searches his pockets.

ARMY RECEPTIONIST

I will call you a Cab. Make sure you put that out in the Coffee can. Fucking Lieutenant almost burnt down my office last week. Fucking Lieutenants, spend one week in the Nam, and they are a mess.

CHRIS

You have a light?

Receptionist stands from chair and hands Chris a box of Ohio Blue tip matches.

Chris lights his cigarette and walks out the office.

ARMY RECEPTIONIST

Hey you are supposed to light that by the Gazebo, man.

CHRIS
Just call the fucking cab.

Screen door slams.

EXT. BRAVO CAMP. DAY

Waterland nervously smokes a cigarette in the back of the hootch.

Jackson walks past.

JACKSON
What do you got?

WATERLAND
Come with me.

Jackson follows.

JACKSON
What's going on?

WATERLAND
(Mumbles)
This is all wrong. This is going
down. Wrong shit, man.

JACKSON
Calm down. What's wrong?

Waterland stops and pulls him behind the hooch, then looks out and around the corner.

WATERLAND
Do not say shit! This has gone way
too far.

JACKSON
Too far? Jackson, make some damn
sense. What the hell you talking
about?

WATERLAND
This shit has gone wrong. I just
wanted them to get out safe.

JACKSON
Who?

WATERLAND
Pham. This is going to go down
right anytime. Watch my back.

JACKSON
They will not take it too far.

COLONEL (O.S.)
Waterland you're needed! Get over here.

WATERLAND
Look man, watch my back. I am going to try to pull him. Be ready.

Waterland walks back to the Hootch. Jackson stands stunned.

INT. SAIGON. APARTMENT. DAY

Chris steps out of the cab and runs up the stairs, sneaks in the door.

HAN, 19, cooks Christmas Deviled Eggs, and sings to "God Bless our Love".

Chris slides behind her, and softly kisses her neck.

CHRIS
Merry Christmas, baby.

HAN
Were you been? You are late. Here try this.

Han hands a Christmas Deviled Egg to Chris.

HAN (CONT'D)
Try.

CHRIS
Delicious. Wow.

HAN
That is my American recipe. Help me, I will teach you.

CHRIS
I have something for you.

Chris pulls out an application from behind his over tiger top and hands it to Han, who takes the papers and reads. Han's face lights up.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
You ready, baby?

HAN

I am ready.

CHRIS

We can do anything you want.

HAN

Make love to me.

God Bless our love plays on.

The fan turns.

EXT. BRAVO CAMP. NIGHT

Thunder and lightning light the camp.

A commotion towards the interpreter's hooch draws Bryan to open the hootch screen door.

Montagnard men yell at the American from outside the hootch.

Colonel pushes an older Montagnard away from door. AGENT, 47, in sterile clothes pulls Pham out of the Hooch. Screen door slams.

Waterland follows. They come to a back open path by the river.

WATERLAND

Hey, Hey! That is my man.
Your not taking him, sir. Your
source is Khmner, Pham is not. He
is one of ours.

Agent grabs Pham, and looks him in his eyes.

AGENT

You D.A.? I will do it. Give me the
revolver. I am about to close the
book on this. We do not need guys
like you leaving stains back at
Tran Hung Dao.

WATERLAND

Why don't your agency try reading
the fucking book before you close
it. You are just trying amend your
grand design, because god forbid
you head back to Langley, and open
another fucking book.

Waterland goes to interfere with Agent, and pulls Pham back.
Agent Strikes Waterland.

Bryan jumps in grabs, and takes the agent to the ground.

Colonel fires his .45 Pistol in the air and points it at
Waterland and Jackson.

COLONEL

This is going down. How do you want
this? You, and your guy better part
ways. This is how it is, Sergeant.

Agent drags Pham into the brush, as the Colonel stands with
pistol drawn on Waterland, and Jackson.

COLONEL (CONT'D)

Waterland, follow.

JACKSON

Sir, If you execute him. Think
about it. Long Bin jail, Sir!

Colonel holds .45 pistol to Waterland.

The agent drags Pham by the river.

Waterland backs away with raised hands.

WATERLAND

I am not going. I can't go.

Colonel follows Agent, and disappears into the jungle.

JACKSON

I will go. I will bring him back.
Stay here. They can't kill him. I
will take care of it.

Bryan breaks through the brush and to an open spot where the
Agent and the Colonel stand with Pham.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Sir, have you have lost your mind.
If Waterland vouches for him, then
he is good.

Four Soldiers come up behind Jackson with the pilot.

COLONEL

What the fuck you know about this?
You are here to take orders, now
shut fuck up, Sergeant.

JACKSON

Sir, this is murder. No matter how you look at it, execution is murder. Bobby? Ted, Rick?

Jackson looks eye to eye with each soldier, only for them to look away in guilt with each stare.

PILOT

Put a rifle on him, just in case he tries to do something stupid.

Bobby raises his rifle to Jackson.

BOBBY

Do not be stupid. Orders man.

Pham looks at Jackson.

AGENT

Pham Luc you have been identified to have detained classified information, and delivered it to Dang Luc, your cousin, who was killed last week, while trying to evade arrest by South Vietnamese Intelligence. I have been ordered to follow through by the command of the Peoples of South Vietnam, and its free doctrine in which I must hereby execute.

Colonel pulls his 38. revolver, and lines it up with Pham's temple.

PHAM

(Vietnamese)

Why?

Agent pulls the trigger.

Jackson watches Pham's body goes limp and drops.

COLONEL

Get rid of it.

AGENT

Stay out of this Jackson, and tell your buddy Waterland. We are watching his ass too. Pham pulled this shit from one of you guys.

Pham's body lays in the mud, limp, as blood leaks down a puddle.

Colonel and agent walk off.

Rain pours down on the limp body, as Bryan stands alone.

INT./EXT. APARTMENT. SAIGON. DAY

SPC 5TH CLASS RICHARDS, 21, looks at the mail in his hand.

SPC 5TH CLASS RICHARDS
Sergeant Taylor, you there? It's
Specialist fifth class Richards
from H.Q. You got mail, urgent. You
there, Staff Sergeant?

Knocks again.

Door opens.

SPC 5TH CLASS RICHARDS, 19, smiles, then hands Chris the letter.

SPC 5TH CLASS RICHARDS (CONT'D)
Here you go Sergeant. They told me
to have you pick it up, but since I
was in the neighborhood, I decided
to deliver it to you. It is
important. Good news.

Richards peaks his head around to see Han smile in her robe.

Chris opens the letter and reads.

CHRIS
Han baby. Get your clothes on. We
have to go. Let's go, baby.

SPC 5TH CLASS RICHARDS
Good morning, Mrs. Taylor.

CHRIS
Hurry, baby.

HAN
Okay, give me a second.

INT. UNITED STATES EMBASSY. SAIGON. DAY

Chris and Han wait in line. Tries to hide his concern from Han. Embassy shows chaotic motion, while soldiers wait in line to clear Vietnam.

HAN

Does it snow in Georgia? I never seen snow before.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

Next, 564. 564.

CHRIS

Come.

RECEPTIONIST

What may I help you for sir?

Chris hands him the application and identification.

CHRIS

Hey can we speed this up? I just got orders back to Bragg, and she needs to be on these orders within the next seventy-two hours, before my plane leaves.

Chris hands his orders to the receptionist.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

She is my wife.

Receptionist walks in the back to a cubicle. A Fifty year old Lady types. Smiles, then looks up. Receptionist returns.

RECEPTIONIST

Sir, this is just the first phase. You have to wait ninety days for the next interview.

CHRIS

Ninety days? I don't have ninety days, sir. Is there any way you can help us? Please.

RECEPTIONIST

Look Sergeant. If I helped every soldier, sailor, or Marine who walked in here with a pretty little Yellow girl, I wouldn't be able to do my job.

LADY

Sir, Standard Operating Procedure requires for you to claim and file directly after you receive your marriage licence. Did you?

CHRIS

I did not have time. I just got in last night.

LADY

You did not. These are the regulations. I am sorry, Sargaent.

RECEPTIONIST

Fill this out and wait for the letter. Thank you have a nice day. 565, next.

HAN

What's wrong baby? We going soon, yes?

CHRIS

Look. This isn't rocket science just make a few adjustments, so I can get my wife on that plane.

LADY (O.S.)

Sir!

RECEPTIONIST

Sir, please step away from the window, our I will call the MP's.

CHRIS

Let's go baby.

Chris and Han walk to the edge of the park, while the chaos and horns of Saigon spin the city into a cry for help.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

How?

HAN

It is okay Chris. If I can't come with you. I will wait for you.

Han wobbles. Chris catches her and takes her to a bench in a park.

CHRIS

I can not believe this is happening, I can't.

HAN

It's okay.

CHRIS

Han, you baby. Here I got you.
Let's sit down. I have been running
you all over Saigon.

Han gently lowers her head on his lap. Chris brushes her hair
back.

HAN

Just tired. I'm happy Chris. Do not
be so worried, baby. I will wait.
You will be back.

CHRIS

I will get you home, I promise. The
has got to be a way. There is
always a way.

The Horns, and panic fade silently upon Chris' concerned
thoughts.

EXT. BRAVO CAMP. HOOTCH DECK. NIGHT

Bryan sits on the deck.

Montagnards walk by confused and angry.

BRYAN

He said you might have given Pham
some documents.

WATERLAND (O.S.)

We are going to lose them. I cannot
even look at them anymore.

BRYAN

Did you pass the documents?

WATERLAND

What the fuck we doing?

BRYAN

Answer the fucking question.

WATERLAND

Yes! I gave them some maps we found
on Charlie. They are running to
Cambodia, with their families.

Montagnard stands on the hooch steps in Army dress Green
Uniform, and sandals, while one teen closes in to another
Montagnard teen soldier with a light to give another a light,
as the rain pours stronger, and stronger.

WATERLAND (CONT'D)

Their world is caving in. They stay, their dead. They were always our people. How do we let them go? How do let them know? We can not hold it anymore.

JACKSON

It is just a bad dream. That is all. I just want to wake up back in the Carolinas. Watch the birds heading south in the spring. Baseball games and beautiful girls at Wrightsville. Fishing off the pier.

WATERLAND (O.S.)

I need to get home.

JACKSON

Home.

FADE TO:

EXT./INT. NORTH CAROLINA BEACH. DAY

Bryan is walks on the beach by the pier, as the seagulls call for food on the dock.

Bryan walks up to a sign on the docks. "Help Wanted". He takes the sign off the wall, and heads to the building.

Bryan walks into the furniture building.

Old man BRETT, 67, stands at the front desk.

BRETT

May I help you, young man.

Bryan hands him the add.

BRYAN

This says you have work.

BRETT

You look like a strong man. I could use a man like you. No priors? I have to protect my shop.

BRYAN

No sir.

BRETT

Here.

Bret hands him an application.

BRET

Fill this out.

Bryan begins to fill out the application.

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. RED CROSS INTERNATIONAL. NIGHT

JACK, 46, a slightly dressed down in a plaid suit sits at his desk across from Chris, who sits anxiously.

JACK

If there is any hope, it will have to come very soon. Our window of opportunity is closing faster everyday, so when we arrive, we will check in at the Embassy. Our liaison is running names at the refugee camps, so if she is there then we can narrow the search down save time and effort. We should have an answer, but they come trickling in more everyday.

Jack hands completed Immigration documents back to Chris

JACK (CONT'D)

Well, I think this is it. I hope we find her Chris.

CHRIS

Yes, sir, I do too, thank you.

Both shake hands as Chris exits the office.

EXT. VILLAGE. DAY

Hut is quiet.

The Cracking of Hueys approach. Han exits hut and begins to walk towards the Helicopters.

HAN

Chris?

Han holds belly as the cracks get closer. Helicopters break over the distant tree line.

Helicopters bank away, as Han stands in silent sorrow, then turns and enters her hut.

INT. CUSTOMERS HOUSE. RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA. DAY

Bryan and Brett move a couch through the front door. TOM GILLEY, 54, stands in his doorway, while he watches the television, and the two African-American boys who play next door.

Associated Press RR7522A Vietnam Saigon plays on the television.

TOM GILLEY

Got that for half price. My little girl got a place at Duke, and decided she would feel closer to home if she took the living room furniture with her to school.

TOM, 54, continuously shifts his uneasy attention away from Bryan and Brett, and to the African American boys, who play next door.

TOM GILLEY (CONT'D)

Hey! Ten years ago this was unheard off.

BRETT

Tom, where do you want this?

TOM GILLEY

Over there.

Bryan, and Brett set the new couch in the corner.

BRYAN

Anything else?

TOM GILLEY

That is it. You guys did one hell of a job. I can not remember the last time.

Ball rolls into Tom's yard and across the attention of Tom. Tom steps through Bryan, and Brett.

TOM GILLEY (CONT'D)

Nigger boy get the ball, and get the fuck off my grass.

(MORE)

TOM GILLEY (CONT'D)
 (Extreme sincerity)
 Do that again boy, and I will skin
 your little coon ass.

BOY
 Yes, sir.

TOM GILLEY
 Here you go. That should do her.

He hands two twenties for each of them.

BRYAN
 Oh, can I use your rest room?

TOM GILLEY
 Upstairs on your right. Did you get
 that window fixed yet? Next
 Hurricane it would behoove you to
 board the damn thing up.

Bryan walks upstairs.

Bryan washes his hands. He looks at the Mirror. Young and
 youthful look. Smiles.

Window breaks downstairs. Old Man yells. Walks past the rest
 room. Furious.

Bryan walks out of rest room.

Tom walks out of the bed room and headed towards the stairs
 with a double Four-Ten Shot gun.

TOM GILLEY (CONT'D)
 I told them fucking kids to stay
 out of my yard!

BRYAN
 Sir, no.

Bryan attempts to grab the shotgun from him. Struggle for
 control

Tom yanks away, loses his grip and balance. Shotgun goes off.
 Tom falls down the stairs.

BRETT
 Bryan, no.

Bryan stands at the top of the stairs with shotgun in hand.

Tom lies limp, while Brett kneels over him.

EXT. VILLAGE. NIGHT

Han runs outside to throw up, as distant rounds fire light and thunder in the distance. Holds swollen belly. She hears a slight commotion. Looks around the corner.

North Vietnamese Army soldiers quietly move on the village from all sides.

Villagers walk out surprised and overrun.

The village elder raises his hands, then is shot.

Han runs to the outside of the village to a hut. Holds swollen belly. Turns around the corner to see a young Viet-Cong female.

Female smiles, then raises her rifle.

EXT. CEREMONY FIELD GRADUATION. DAY

Chris reaches under his graduation gown.

Graduation ceremony is gowned in red, white, and blue.

Chris pulls out a picture of Han and Embassy documents.

U.S. Embassy Thailand

United States of America:

Dear Mr. TAYLOR, Chris

May 12, 1975

Upon a thorough investigation we are unfortunately not able to contact Mrs. Taylor, Han due the lack of access into The peoples Republic of Vietnam, which prevents a proper investigation on the whereabouts of your beloved wife who may have been drawn up north for re-education. We will stay vigilant and notify you if progress is made. Please be patient and due not try to contact her on your own. This may lead to prosecution that would further complicate this sensitive situation.

United States State Department, Thailand Liaison

Henderson, Rogers. Signed

Crowd sits with anticipation, while Chris becomes uneasy, as he stare around to the Patriotic emptiness.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)
Christopher Taylor.

Chris stands and walks up to stage. The sad wind blows trees behind the graduation ceremony area. Chris looks back with a slight panic.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Chris?

Chris turns to the man who holds his degree. Chris walks across to be handed his degree.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Congratulations, son. Here you go.

Announcer hands degree to Chris.

CHRIS

Thank you, sir.

They shake hands. Chris looks back. Fear. Walks across stage.

INT. TAYLOR HOME. DAY

Chris reads job acceptance letter.

Los Angeles Veteran's Administration

Dear Mr. Chris Taylor,

We are happy to inform you that you have been hired. We welcome you into the Veteran's Administration Los Angeles family. Please be sure to bring all necessary documents when you arrive.

Door knocks. BRITNEY TAYOR, 54, walks to the door. Opens the door to Jack, who stands with tragic news.

Chris smiles and folds the letter.

BRITNEY (O.S.)

Chris, there is a man here to see you.

Jack stands at the front door.

JACK (O.S.)

I am deeply sorry, Mr. Taylor.

FADE OUT:

PRISON GUARD (O.S.)

Turn around, open your mouth. Arms up. Bend over.

(MORE)

PRISON GUARD (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Contraband of any kind? Spread.
Stand straight. Go over grab your
things. Line up.

FADE IN:

INT./EXT. IN-PROCESSING CENTER. OLD CRAGGY PRISON. NIGHT

Prison doors lock and the buzz sounds off.

Bryan walks down the prison bay. Reaches door. Enters room.

Men harass new prisoners, as they walk in line down on the
prison floor.

Bryan lays his things down, and sits on his bunk.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HARTSFIELD/JACKSON ATLANTA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. DAY

Television of Sandy Gall report of the "Fall of Saigon 1975"
plays on the television of a bar..

Atlanta to Los Angeles flips over. "On Time" across the
flight screen.

Chris turns away from the Television drunk at the bar
counter. Opens his note pad begins his letter to Hasn

Dated 1975

Chris takes his bags and slowly walks down the terminal.

Sun lowers behind the fence line, as a 727 Southwest
passenger jet lifts off.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

EXT./INT. UNITED STATES VETERANS CENTER OF SALVATION. LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA. TWO THOUSAND AND EIGHT. DAY

CHRIS TAYLOR, now, 58, dates his log book 2008 at the front desk, the raises his optimism with grey hair, and a modest smile.

Major Harris, 79 moves into the Salvation entrance with a walker.

CHRIS

What do you have for me, Mr?

VETERAN

Harris.

Harris hands him his paperwork.

Chris takes a veteran's paperwork at the main office counter.

A modest building with a SALVATION sign stands around open fields, as a large jet plane flies close over head. Lawn truck pulls up, while Mexican man stands outside in front of the Salvation sign wiping his hands and studying the electrical problem with the sign overhead. Men lay Christmas decoration boxes around the pine tree under the sign.

MICHAEL RIVERA, 34, a medium muscular built Mexican all-American carries linen into the office.

MICHAEL

Here we go. Seven so far today.
Hey.

DEBRA (O.S.)

Hey, look. Check this out.

DEBRA HENNINGER, 54, a slender athletic short haired Jewish sweetheart sets out a Linus display from Charlie Brown's Christmas on the front counter. Linus stands left to a poor and bare tree with a tiny star above.

MICHAEL

Where did you get that?

Chris motions the display to the side, as he fills out paperwork.

DEBRA

Ronnie got it at the Flea Market
last week. Look at that.

Debra plugs it in. Michael turns on the switch.

MICHAEL

It does not work?

Debra

He is so cute, though.

Michael tries to get the **Toy** to work.

MICHAEL

It does not work, though?

A plane brings the office to a slight duck.

EXT. LOS ANGELS EXPRESS AIRPORT TERMINAL. DAY

Jet lands, and the wheels squelch down the LAX Tarmac.

Tall Handsome medium built white male DAVID TRESOR, 35, exits
from Los Angeles Express terminal.

David cuts through the U.S.O. Lounge, and finds a seat and
sits down.

HEATHER (O.S.)

May I see your C.A.C. Card, sir?

David lifts his tired head to see United Services
Organization representative HEATHER, 35, with name tag.

DAVID

Excuse me?

HEATHER

Your military I.D., sir?

Davis looks around for time.

DAVID

I am sorry, Heather. I do not have
one. I am a veteran.

HEATHER

I am sorry, sir. This is for
military personal only. Wait.

Uniformed military walk around the facility.

Heather leaves and comes back with a cup of coffee and a pamphlet.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Here you go. This should help you.
Take your time sweetheart.

Heather walks away.

FADE TO:

INT. CAR. VISITER PARKING LOT. PELICAN BEY STATE PRISON. DAY

Tall, medium built African-American ALBERT JOHNSON, 56, sits in the car.

The cell phone rings.

ALBERT JOHNSON

Sonny, hey. I didn't close out my messages, why, what do you have? Christmas? I have three down and one could not support this venue. Sonny, I or the Los Angeles V.A. do not have the personal to host an event this year. Could you task it out to Anaheim. Roger just opened his new facility. Send it to my personal. I will read it on my phone. Later.

Reads phone. Burdened. Rubs his bald head, then calls and receives voice mail.

ALBERT JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Hey Debra, this is Al. I am sending you the details. Read, please. I will call tomorrow with a tentative plan. Salvation is our only hope this year. OK, talk to you later, bye.

Dark smoothed skin African-American KATRINA JEFFERSON, 48, opens the door and gets in the vehicle.

Katrina looks at Albert.

KATRINA

They moved him to the infirmary. He asked about you. I think its time. I think we need to prepare for this.

Albert starts the car and drives home.

EXT. CENTURY AVENUE. NIGHT

David sits on his luggage and reads pamphlet, then to his hand. David takes a deep breath, rubs his hands together. Picks up his bags and walks down CENTURY BOULEVARD.

INT. GREYHOUND BUS. NIGHT

The reflection of BRYAN JACKSON, 65, drops two quarters in the vending machine. Pulls out chips.

GREYHOUND OFFICE (O.C.)
Grand junction to Los Angeles
leaves in five minutes.

Bryan walks with his cane into the bus. Takes a seat, and leans his head against the window, then closes his eyes.

EXT. VENICE BEACH. NIGHT

David lays on the bench. Skateboarders ride by, as the Pacific Waves crash onto shore.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VENICE BEACH. DAY

The Sea Gulls call for food, as David sits up on the bench. Police begin there clean-up. Homeless breakdown their tents. RUIZ, 47, approaches David.

RUIZ
Do you mind? I am Ruiz. You?

Davis scoots over.

DAVID
David.

Ruiz hands box meal to David.

RUIZ
Here, eat. Where you coming from?

Both start to eat.

DAVID
North Carolina. Just flew in last
night.

Ruiz stops eating.

RUIZ
You here to be a movie star?

DAVID
No.

Ruiz begins to eat, and talk.

RUIZ
Good. You can talk to my agent, but
he won't be out of county, until
April. You former military?

DAVID
Yes.

RUIZ
Wait, here. Watch my plate.

Ruiz lays his plate on the bench, while David pulls out his
cell phone, and looks at a picture.

The sounds of a couple who joyously run in and out of the
water takes David's attention away from his phone.

Ruiz arrives with DOCTOR FITZPATRICK, 46, and Veteran's
Administration personal, ANTOINE, 52, GERRY, 57.

RUIZ (CONT'D)
Doc, this is David. David, this is
Doc Fitzpatrick with the Veteran's
Administration. Maybe she can help
you.

GERRY
Hello David. Are you a veteran?

Ruiz sits and eats.

DAVID
Yes.

GERRY
Discharge, son?

DAVID
Honorable.

RUIZ

Goodbye.

ANTOINE

I will get the van.

Gerry sits down, while Antoine walks to the van.

GERRY

We come down here everyday to check for homeless veterans. It is part of the National Veteran's initiative program. Keeping you guys off the streets.

DOCTOR FITZPATRICK

If you would like, come with us, so we can get you a room and a nice honest start here in Los Angeles.

Davis stands, as the van pulls up.

DAVID

Sure. Thanks, Ruiz.

They shake hands.

RUIZ

No problem, anytime.

David follows Doc.

RUIZ (CONT'D)

Hey.

David turns around.

RUIZ (CONT'D)

Welcome to L.A.!

David reveals his first sign of hope, as he turns and walks to the van.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD GREYHOUND BUS STATION. DAY

Bryan steps off the bus. Turns to see the sun set down Hollywood Boulevard. Bus driver assists with his bags.

Bryan struggles to carry his bags to the side of the road, while he keeps balance with his cane.

EXT./INT. UNITED STATES VETERANS CENTER OF SALVATION. LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA. DAY

Chris hands a veteran a folder, as the veteran exits.

One of the workers puts up Thanksgiving decorations.

WORKER

This damn turkey ain't Sticking.

Chris turns to hold the ladder, yet the sound of footsteps turns him to the counter.

David walks in quiet, and confused.

CHRIS

May I help you? What do you have for me?

David hands him his Veterans's Administration file.

DAVID

My Name is David Tresor. I need a room. I have this.

Chris gathers papers from the left file holder and gathers papers for the folder, stamps two pages, and begins fill out the questionnaire.

CHRIS

Orientation is tomorrow at 9:00 AM sharp. Bring all necessary in-Processing Paperwork. You came just in time. We are about all filled up. You will love it here, just stay busy. Combat Veteran?

DAVID

Yes. Iraq, 2006. US Army. 82nd Airborne

CHRIS

Any substance abuse issues?

DAVID

No drugs, and occasional beer or two.

CHRIS

Marital status?

David's smile, turns as he looks at his hand and rubs his hear back.

DAVID
Never married.

Chris looks up, the settles as he discovers pain on the face of David.

CHRIS
Hey, I am Chris by the way. Thank you for your service.

Chris shakes David's hand.

DAVID
Thank you.

Chris puts the paperwork back in the folder then hands them back to David with a smile.

CHRIS
Here you go. Tomorrow,
You are to check in with your counselor at nine sharp. Don't miss your appointment. I am serious. If you need anything? Just ask. We are here for you, got that, Airborne.

Chris hands David a BIC Razor and soap.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
All the way.

CHRIS
Just in time. Michael escort this young man to his room.

Michael walks in with sheets and sets them on the table. Shakes David's hand.

MICHAEL
Roger that. Have I seen you before? Eighty-Second, Bragg? Arms out.

Michael pulls two Lenin, and a pillow with pillow case. Places on David's open arms.

Michael notices the burn.

DAVID
Yes.

MICHAEL
Follow me, partner.

They exit.

TEDDY, 82, walks in with a folder.

CHRIS

Teddy! Your back! I thought you re-enlisted. Hand me that, old man.

Teddy hands the folder to Chris.

Michael and David arrive at the room.

MICHAEL

House rules. No Drugs, curfew is at 11:30 P.M., and make sure you clean your room and make your bed. We don't need critters in the rooms. Need anything, just let me know.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Well here you go.

Michael hands him the key.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Make yourself at home.

Michael walks out.

David sits his luggage down and slowly sits down on a chair.

INT. JEFFERSON HOME. BEDROOM. NIGHT

Albert takes his tie off.

Katrina takes a shower.

KATRINA (O.S.)

Remember we took that trip we took to the lake? He loved it.

Albert looks to the family picture of Katrina, LEWIS, 4, and himself, taken in 1984. Albert slams down the picture.

INT. SALVATION. NIGHT

Chris walks in the Cafeteria.

Debra stands on a ladder and tries to make the decorations stick on the ceiling.

CHRIS

You need a hand?

DEBRA
Get over here.

Debra loses her grip and the decorations come half way down, then steps down from the ladder frustrated.

DEBRA (CONT'D)
Dang it. Can you get that? I need to put these up. Hey, there is a message from the top.

Chris grabs it, then hands it to her. Debra steps off the ladder.

CHRIS
I got it. You know you should ask before you do this. I would have saved you a good three hours.

Chris steps up on the ladder.

David walks in with folder.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Hey friend. Can you give me a hand?

DEBRA
You need some coffee?

CHRIS
That is all I need. Been to the bathroom four times since this morning.

DEBRA
You sound like me.

DAVID
Sure.

CHRIS
Just hold this ladder, while I try to put this Christmas together.

DAVID
I am trying to link up with my counselor. Do you know when she will be in tomorrow?

CHRIS
Mrs. Lopez comes in at 9:00 A.M. Sharp. Show up ten minutes prior.

Debra walks over into the kitchen.

DEBRA
Young man, do you need anything?
Coffee, water?

A beautiful Latino-American, MARIA ESPINOZA, 32, with long brown hair walks in. Smiles at David, and enters the kitchen.

DAVID
Water please?

David holds the ladder.

Chris applies tape to the ceiling.

David stares up at the ceiling fan.

FADE TO:

EXT. FLASHBACK. BAJI, IRAQ. DECEMBER. DAY

Medevac UH-60 BLACKHAWK Helicopter takes off.

Staff Sergeant TRESOR is covered in blood with black burned stained Army Combat Uniform sits in his 1128 Desert Gun truck HUMMV with the Truck Commander's door open.

CHRIS (V.O.)
Hey bud. You Okay?

David watches the blades rotate on the UH-60, as the Medic wraps his hand.

INT. SALVATION. NIGHT

Davis looks up at Chris.

DAVID
Yeah, sorry.

CHRIS
Hold on tight, son. Its a long way
down.

Debra walks over with a water bottle and hands it to Chris.

DEBRA
Here you go.

Debra holds the ladder, while David takes a sip of his coffee.

CHRIS

Hold it.

DEBRA

Stop wiggling, Chris.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD. GREYHOUND STATION. NIGHT

Bryan gets in a Taxi.

TAXI DRIVER (O.S.)

Where you headed?

BRYAN

Veteran's Affairs, off Wilshire.

TAXI DRIVER (O.S.)

Yes, sir.

Taxi takes off down the road.

INT. SALVATION. NIGHT

David holds the ladder.

MARIA walks out of the kitchen.

MARIA

Hey Chris. Be careful. I will be late Friday, have Teddy start without me.

David and Maria exchange looks.

DEBRA

Take over David. David is it?

DAVID

Yes, ma'am.

CHRIS

Focus man.

MARIA

I am Maria, Navy. You are?

DAVID

David, Army.

MARIA

Hello.

DAVID

Hello.

David takes his hands and attention away from the ladder to shake her hand. Ladder wobbles.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Hey.

Michael runs in.

MICHAEL

Chris! We have a problem. It is Trevor again.

CHRIS

Everyone stay here.

Chris climbs down the ladder.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Debra, call security.

Michael, and Chris go to Trevor's room.

Debra runs to the office.

DAVID

What's going on?

MARIA

Trevor has a history. Manic depression, Alcohol, doesn't help. He sometimes gets crazy. Former decorated Marine. We do not get very many heavy cases like him, so they tolerate it more than most. It is best to let them handle it. He is a great guy, just fell too hard. One word of advice, David.

DAVID

What is that?

MARIA

Here at Salvation, focus on yours. It can get heavy. Sometimes trying to handle someone else's load, and your own. It can be too much. Okay, remember that, soldier boy. You need anything?

Maria takes David's cup, then walks into the kitchen.

Wall locker falls in fourth floor room..

MICHAEL

Every time. Same thing every year
at this time.

WALTER, 57, stands outside the room, smokes cigarette.

WALTER

He came in acting silly. Wanted to
wrestle in shit, then he got angry.
Damn near knocked his ass out. Hey
can I get another roommate? You
have a light. Hey Denny, come here
my man.

Walter walks three doors down.

Michael attempts to enter.

CHRIS

We will talk later, Walter.
Michael, wait for the police.

MICHAEL

Trevor, its Mike and Chris. You
Okay in there?

TREVOR (O.S)

Go away! I didn't need this shit. I
never wanted it.

WALTER

What makes this guy go so damn
crazy?

EXT. SALVATION. NIGHT

Bryan steps out of the taxi. Looks up at the Neon broken
sign. SALVATION behind police car.

The police Officer, CHARLIE RIDLEY, 42, walks up to Chris.
Stands outside the room.

CHARLIE (POLICE)

Again? Trevor, its Charlie.
Inglewood P.D. I Am coming in.

Charlie walks in the room.

CHARLIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Put your hands were I can see them.
You Okay, partner?

TREVOR (O.S.)
Yeah. I am Okay.

After a few seconds.

CHARLIE
Let me see your hands. It is okay.
You guys can come in now.

Enter Michael, and Chris. Slowly.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
I will leave this to you guys. If
he gets out of hand I will be in
the Office. I'll just stick around
for a while; call me if you need
me. Charlie walks out.

TREVOR BOWMAN, 36, a tall heavy set African-American
collapses in a chair in front of the television heavily
intoxicated.

CHRIS
Hey, man. It is going to be all
right. What can we do for you? Tell
us.

TREVOR
(Mumbles)
Fucking Dallas can't even muster a
damn defense. I didn't say
anything, he wouldn't let go. You
guys aren't here to kick me.

Michael comes to comfort Trevor and hands him water.

MICHAEL
Drink Marine.

Trevor takes the water bottle and drinks.

Charlie walks into the Office.

Bryan pouring water for himself, while STANLEY, 67, sits in
the waiting lobby.

Bryan wobbles cane. Carries the water.

Charlie assists, until Bryan is seated.

CHARLIE
Hey friend. Management will be here
in a few. Their handling something
right now. You just get in?

BRYAN

Yes.

CHARLIE

Where from?

BRYAN

North Carolina.

CHARLIE

I spent some time in Lejeune. Where at? If you don't mind me asking?

BRYAN

Wake Correctional.

CHARLIE

Oh.

Charlie goes to the back pass the divider with Officer RODRIQUEZ, 26.

Chris, and Michael enter the office.

CHRIS

Night shift should conduct multiple checks on him. Tell them to keep a good eye on him. We don't need any problems popping up. I need sleep.

MICHAEL

I will stay late just to make sure things smooth out. Why don't you go home after I return from the gym, and get some rest old man. I will hold it down when I get back. Thanks, Charlie.

Charlie pours a cup and walks out with Rodriguez.

CHARLIE

You guys have a good-nite. Call us if you need us.

JENNIFER

Bye, Chris, later Michael.

Chris stands at the desk and begins going through files on his desk.

CHRIS

Take care, thanks again. You just get in? Come here and fill this out.

BRYAN
Chris? Chris Taylor?

Chris breaks from his professionalism.

CHRIS
Bryan Jackson? Oh man, how have you
been?

BRYAN
I have been, okay.

CHRIS
Oh man. How? Where?

Chris puts his hand on Bryan's shoulder.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
It's been a long time.

BRYAN
It's been a real long time Chris.

CHRIS
You need a room? Let's get you a
bed.

Chris goes to his office and sits at his desk.

Bryan follows, yet is reluctant to sit.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Sit.

They both sit.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I got orders. I tried contacting
you, but you disappeared. I called
your folks, but they had no idea
were you went. I am sorry.

BRYAN
Han, are you two still?

CHRIS
I spent the last days in country
trying to get her paperwork squared
away. The village fell after I
left. Most were. Collaboration. I
have my own way of dealing with it.
You, how have you been?

BRYAN
It's all over now. I'm glad to see
you, partner.

CHRIS
Lets get you a room.

Chris begins the paperwork.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Discharge?

BRYAN
Honorable.

CHRIS
Felonies?

BRYAN
(Softly)
One.

CHRIS
Sorry.

Chris continues the questionnaire.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
What was the charge??

BRYAN
Murder two. Twenty. I don't regret
anything, just in the wrong place,
trying to do the right thing, at
the wrong time. Saved up some
money, and decided to come to L.A.;
Good weather, fresh. It's a small
world.

CHRIS
Yes it is.

Chris Picks up his room roster.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I got you a bed. I'll let you get
settled in. Then I'll come see you
tomorrow morning.

Michael walks in the office.

MICHAEL
I have rotating shifts on the
fourth floor.

CHRIS

Good. Mike, can you show my old friend here his room?

MICHAEL

Sure. Follow me. I bet you never heard that before.

Chris and Bryan stand.

CHRIS

Airborne!

BRYAN

Airborne.

MICHAEL

All the way, lets go.

Michael leads Bryan to his room.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I was in the Eighty-Second, O.I.F.

Michael leads Bryan to his room.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Special Forces. I saw those guys in Iraq. Horse Soldiers! They are some serious mother fuckers, man. Here you go partner. Remember, Curfew is at Eleven Thirty P.M., No Smoking, drugs, clean up after yourself, and dinner is at five thirty.

Michael comes to the room, turns around and faces David.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Check the front board if you have any further questions, it may save you some time. Meet your roommate. David. Bryan, Bryan, David. I have to get to the gym. You two take care.

Michael heads back to the office.

BRYAN

Hey. Which locker is mine?

DAVID

Where you coming from?

BRYAN
North Carolina.

DAVID
Really? Me too. Fayetteville, you?

BRYAN
You have any spare hangers?

DAVID
Yes, sir.

David reaches into his locker again, takes a hanger from a clean shirt. Hands hanger to Bryan.

Bryan begins to organize his locker.

Chris sits at his desk.

E-mail from Albert Jefferson:

SUBJECT: Holiday Dinner with the troops.

MESSAGE: Read attachment. Get back with me.

Chris sits back with hesitation.

EXT. FLASHBACK. HAN'S VILLAGE. NINETEEN SEVENTY THREE. DAY

Chris and Bryan are on patrol through the Market area with their Operational Detachment Alpha Team, Fifth Special Forces Group.

Market is set up across the main road. Path leads back to a large and active Village.

Chris calls for a halt. Jeep pulls up. The senior Medical Sargeant DOC DREW ROGERS, 34, settles the Team across from the market.

CHRIS
Is this the village?

DOC ROGERS
Yes it is.

Chris motions CHARLIE, 26, who takes farm tools from the back of the jeep and walks to the rice paddies.

Doc begins to unload his medical supplies from Medical bag.

DOC ROGERS (CONT'D)
Bring them in.

Green berets walk into the village.

Charlie shows new tools to an old villager, then hands tool to him. Villager inspects tool.

Senior Villager leads children to the jeep. Chris smiles, then turns to HAN, 21, Standing at a table with the local children. Han hands them Mangos and brushes them away.

Chris is reluctant to walk up to her stand.

Eye contact draws away draws confidence.

CHRIS
You speak English?

HAN
Better than you speak Vietnamese.

CHRIS
Three Mangos. Here you go.

Han hands Han coins.

HAN
I see you walking through here. We are happy you guys are here. Since Special Forces showed up. There has been no Vietcong. It is peaceful here now. Here you go. I'll see you again?

Han hands Chris a sack of Mangos.

Jackson walks up.

JACKSON
Where is doc? There are some villagers who need medical attention. They can not make it to the jeep.

CHRIS
Well I better get going. It's been a pleasure?

HAN
Han.

CHRIS
Han is it? I will see again soon again soon I hope.

HAN
Bye Sergeant.

Their eye contact, as draws Bryan's attention. Chris turns and walks to the Jeep.

BRYAN
That was something.

Doc Rogers walks out of a hut. Worried.

DOC
Hey Chris, can you help me with this patient, I have nor seen an infection this far, I may need to make a second run.

Chris heads over to assist, then back to Han with a smile.

INT. SALVATION. NIGHT

Michael walks into the office.

MICHAEL
I am headed out. I will be back later to watch over Trevor and the boys. You need anything?

CHRIS
No, no. Just get back before eight. Bryan get settled?

MICHAEL
Yeah. He is with the new guy. They should get along just fine.

CHRIS
Have a good workout, and leave those ladies alone. I'm beginning to believe that's the only reason you go.

MICHAEL
Not the only reason. I'm single what do you expect. Anyway, look who's talking.

CHRIS
Bad history.

Michael walks with his gym bag.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
I feel you, but not really..

EXT. FLASHBACK. TAMPA, ROUTE ONE. IRAQ. DAY

David breaths in panic, as he runs toward a burning HUMMV Gun truck in front of him.

AMANDA (V.O.)
David!

INT. SALVATION. NIGHT

David wakes up sweaty. Sits up. Looks over.

Bryan sits across from him. Up. Reads book.

BRYAN
Bad one, huh.

Bryan throws David a towel.

David wipes the sweat from his neck and head.

DAVID
I tried drinking them away. It didn't matter how much I drank, I was always sober in the dream.

BRYAN
Take your time, friend.

DAVID
Thank you.

David stands. Walks to the rest room.

INT. GYM. DAY

Michael walks out to the exit of the gym.

The gym is social, as men and women mingle.

Michael walks to the card reader.

He pulls his gym card out; there is a picture of his Squad. He stops to reflect.

A pretty girl, BETHANY, 32, walks around him and swipes in.

BETHANY

Excuse me. You work at Salvation?
You are a veteran.

MICHAEL

Combat Veteran, yeah.

BETHANY

Where at, my I ask?

MICHAEL

Iraq.

Michael takes his name tag off his shirt.

BETHANY

I had a brother in Afghanistan. He
stayed at Salvation for awhile.
Bethany, by the way.

Michael shakes her hand.

MICHAEL

Michael.

BETHANY

I will see you later, Michael.

Michael notices her interest. Puts his picture in his wallet,
swipes his card, then puts his Salvation name tag on and
walks out with a smile.

INT. JEFFERSON HOME. NIGHT

Phone rings.

Katrina turns on the light, then answers the phone.

KATRINA

Jefferson residence.

PELICAN BEY WARDEN (O.C.)

Mrs. Jefferson, your son had went
into cardiac arrest. Fortunately we
were able to revive him. We will be
moving him to State Correctional
infirmary tomorrow. Mrs. Jefferson,
you may want to prepare for his.

Katrina puts her hand over the phone.

KATRINA

I will discuss it with his father.
Yes. I will. We will be there.

Albert leans against the headboard and feels the moment.

EXT. SALVATION. NIGHT

Michael conducts in-room inspections, yet no Trevor in Bed.

Trevor sits alone outside on the balcony, as Michael approaches.

MICHAEL

Hey buddy. How are you?

TREVOR

I did nothing wrong. Why do I feel
this way? Why does it not go away?

MICHAEL

Trevor, you have to put it to rest.
It will eat you alive if you don't.

Trevor pulls out a pack of cigarettes and offers one to Michael.

Michael waives him off.

TREVOR

Hey, you got a light?

Trevor tries to light his cigarette, then pauses.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

I graduated from Penn with honors.
Captain Trevor Terry, United States
Marine Corps. Nowadays I can not
even sit down for more than two
minutes. Its out there sometimes,
but feels too far away. I was
there. I do not know. Here I am.

MICHAEL

Get some sleep. I will walk you to
your room. Eggs, and Bacon
tomorrow, partner. You don't want
to miss it. I will cook them
myself.

TREVOR

I thought you said I do not want to
miss it. I have a joke.

(MORE)

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Knock, knock. Did you meet any ladies at the gym yet? Nobody home.

MICHAEL

They all want a relationship.

TREVOR

You are hopeless.

Trevor enters room, as Michael walks to the next room.

INT. SALVATION. BEDROOM. DAY

Chris walks into Bryan and David's room.

David cleans room. Bryan brushes teeth.

CHRIS

Lets go. Let us get some breakfast.

Bryan and David get up and get dressed.

Chris looks over, and sees Bryan's beret.

DAVID

I have to brush my teeth.

Chris picks up Green Beret.

CHRIS

Hurry up. I lost this ages ago. I have no idea where it went. Man, you miss it?

BRYAN

No. I need to go to the Veteran's Hospital today. What time does the Clinic open up?

CHRIS

Nine. No need. I'll take you. We have some catching up to do. Hurry up, son.

BRYAN

Thanks Chris.

Davis walks out naked.

DAVID

Let's go.

David leads out of the room.

BRYAN

Get your ass back in there.

Davis walks back into the bathroom.

INT. CAFETERIA. DAY

Chris, Bryan walk with plates to their table. David turns off to Trevor and Michael's table.

Maria walks up and gives Bryan a cup of coffee. Then looks across to David. Eye contact. Chris and Bryan notice.

BRYAN

What time does the Clinic open today?

Chris and Bryan stand and take their trays to the wash center. They pass the Michael's table.

CHRIS

Mike, can you hold it down until we return.

MICHAEL

Sure. There are some things I have to take care of around the facility. Damn gardener hasn't showed up in over a week. I need to pull some weeds and the tulips, their dead. Here at Salvation everyone has to chip in.

DAVID

I will help.

CHRIS

Just do not pull the tulips. I spent three weeks getting them back to health. Damn drought, maybe we will get rain soon.

Chris walks to the wash center.

MICHAEL

It is L.A. Who knows? David, you like tulips?

DAVID

No.

MICHAEL

Good, after we get back from Home Depot, you can pluck them.

INT./EXT. CAR. DAY

David, and Bryan drive to the Veteran's Hospital. Quit.

CHRIS

What happened?

BRYAN

What do you mean?

CHRIS

After Nam. What went down? How did you get, you know?

BRYAN

I didn't kill him. I had a lot of time to work on it. Time.

Bryan's smile shifts out of the car window.

INT. VETERANS' AFFAIRS HOSPITAL. DAY

Chris sits in the waiting room.

Albert comes over and hands him a flyer, then sits beside Chris.

ALBERT

I know this is awkward. Every year I do this every, and every year you deny it. There is a whole big technological world out there, that can help you.

Albert hands an American Red Cross pamphlet.

"Vietnam - Reconnecting".

CHRIS

I deal with it in my own little world, Al. I am Comfy with it.

ALBERT

Go see, Chris. Find out. I will see you at the ranch this afternoon. Have Debra call me, I have a surprise for you. Good day, partner.

Albert stands, then pats Chris on the back. Chris looks at the Flyer. Albert walks down the hallway.

Bryan walks out with his prescriptions.

The Doctor pats Bryan on the back, and shakes his hand.

Chris and Bryan walk out.

INT. CAR. DAY

Chris drives while Bryan is deep in thought.

CHRIS

How long?

BRYAN

One year, maybe. Pancreatic. It spread too fast, I guess. Didn't really care after I got out, now It's here.

CHRIS

So am I.

Chris and Bryan park and get out of the car.

Trevor, and a few other gentlemen waiting for the bus.

Michael pulls up with the bus.

MICHAEL

Everybody on. Let's go.

Bryan walks on. Chris stops by the bus.

CHRIS

You doing okay, Trevor?

TREVOR

I am always okay. I need the air. Dr. Bob, here I come.

Trevor walks on the bus.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Do not kill us Army.

MICHAEL

Back of the bus Marine!

Chris looks at Michael.

CHRIS
Take care of them.

Michael pulls the door handle, doors close. Bus drives off.

INT. BUS. BACK SEAT. DAY

Trevor sits in the back of the bus, and leans his head against the window.

FADE TO:

INT. FLASHBACK. CHRISTMAS DINNER. NIGHT

LARRY JOHNSON, 38, stands at the end of the table.

The group talk to one another.

Larry stands and taps the wine glass.

COLONEL JOHNSON
I would like to make a toast. Next month we will set off to Iraq, and far away from the comforts of loved ones who stand here with us tonight. God bless your souls for what may endure, while we are gone. Here is a toast to the hearts we leave behind.

All Marines stand with their spouses.

MARINES
Hoorah!

Trevor looks to CARRIE, 34, and smiles as they drink to the occasion.

EXT. FLASHBACK. FALLUJAH, IRAQ. DAY

Blood drops from the bodies of the contractors, that hang on the bridge.

The dry blood builds up and releases from the rail of the bridge.

First Marine Expeditionary Force, and First Infantry Division personal are staged outside the city in M1/A2 Abrams and M-2 Bradleys.

Colonel Johnson stands in a huddle at the front, and turns out to the bridge in the distance.

Gunnery Sergeant Trevor, 27, squats in the huddle.

COLONEL JOHNSON

Look at them! Look at them. I want it to sink in.

Trevor Terry takes his Kevlar Helmet off.

TREVOR

Should we cut them down?

COLONEL JOHNSON

No. The Engineers will cut them down, soon enough. Let them see it. They need to know why we're going in. This whole city is about to explode, and we have to do it. Get them ready. Have your men conduct Pre-Mission checks before we line up. This is it. Any Questions? Move out.

They salute and go back to their troops.

Tanks are revving up.

Marine Chaplain is reads to group of Marines. Hold hands.

MARINE CHAPLAIN

Therefore seeing we have this ministry, as we have received mercy, we faint not;

Marine draws back his M2 Machine Gun. Mounted on Abrams Tank. Engines start. Gunner spits out chew.

MARINE CHAPLAIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But have renounced the hidden things of dishonesty, not walking in craftiness, nor handling the word of God deceitfully; but by manifestation of the truth commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God.

First Infantry Division Soldiers kneel in a circle and hold hands.

ARMY CHAPLAIN (V.O.)

But if our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost:

Engineers climbs up bridge.

ARMY CHAPLAIN (V.O.)
In whom the god of this world hath
blinded the minds of them which
believe not, lest the light of the
glorious gospel.

IRAQI Fedayeen closes door, then peals back to the second
room, while another cocks back his Russian P.K. Machine gun
from above in the rafters.

MARINE CHAPLAIN (V.O.)
Should shine unto them.

Engineers check bridge for traps.

MARINES
Amen.

The Engineers cut down the Contractors.

ENGINEER SARGAENT
All Clear! Go!

Colonel signals the Invasion.

COLONEL JOHNSON
Move out.

TANKS and MARINES cross bridge.

FADE TO:

EXT. FALLUJAH. CENTER OF CITY. DAY

A hardtop 1114 HUMMV pulls up to a compound.

HENLEY
Slow down.

Colonel Johnson gets off the S.I.N.G.A.R.S radio.

COLONEL JOHNSON
Okay, This is it. Terry, grab the
charge. You guys come with me. This
Should be quick. Four man stack,
keep it tight, Gregg your front,
Terry, you call it. Right up here.
Slow down, slow down. Okay three
doors up, lets go.

JOHNSON, 46, MASTER SERGEANT DAVIS, 38, MAJOR MITCH ROGERS,
47, exit Gun Truck.

Trevor heads around the back to grab the detonation Cord and
a trigger.

Trevor spits his chew out. Line up and slowly move in on the
door. Trevor places the charge on the door. Four man Stack.

Detonates the charge. Door blows.

First man in gets sprayed, fire from the rafters inside the
compound from an Russian P.K. Machine Gun.

Kills first three instantly.

The Colonel Johnson hesitates at the fatal funnel. He is hit
in the throat and high thigh, which turns him around stunned,
walks back, leg collapses, then drops.

Machine gun rips across his body.

Trevor hesitantly comes from the side hugging the wall. Tries
to pull the bodies to safety.

He pulls a grenade. Throws it in the back corner. Explodes.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Trevor.

INT. BUS. HORSE GETAWAY. DAY

Michael stands over Trevor, who shakes. Assists Trevor out of
the bus.

MICHAEL

Let us go. Are you okay?

INT. HORSE STABLES. DAY

Michael and Trevor walk into the stables. Trevor settles upon
the site of a a horse.

TREVOR

Hey there.

Trevor walks over to the horse and pets its main of the
horse.

EXT. THE TRAIL. DAY

Trevor rides up front, while other veterans are trail him. Trevor smiles looks to the beautiful scenery up the trail.

EXT. FLASHBACK. TREVOR'S HOME. NIGHT

The police have cuffed Trevor in his Marine uniform with no top. Bloodied green shirt. Faced down in front of the hood of the police vehicle. Put him in the Police car. Police walk Carrie out of the house. She is covered. Takes jacket from over her head. Walks to his window. Face bruised and battered.

EXT. TOP MOUNTAIN. DAY

The horse moves up to the peak, as Trevor looks away with a hateful regret.

Michael leads the rest of the veteran's up the mountain.

FADE TO:

INT. CAFETERIA HALL. VETERANS AFFAIRS RANCH. DAY

Albert Johnson walks across the stage looking up.

ALBERT JOHNSON (V.O.)

Many of you have been conditioned for an opposition, an enemy. To close in and defeat them. Your enemy is no longer The Vietcong, Al Quade, or the Taliban. Your greatest enemy is you. We are losing you! Twenty-two a day, to be exact. Your second greatest enemy is alcohol, and drugs. You mix those two, and you are outnumbered. Your defeat will come in time, guaranteed. For many of you the war will never be over. Everyday repeats itself. The only way to victory. Is coming to terms with the events in your life, and doing with a sound mind, body, and soul. You are warriors. Find you, and you shall find the truth. Sometimes sobriety comes with self hatred. Let it go.

Chris walks in whispers to Debra as she comforts LOUIS, 69, who shakes back and forth.

ALBERT JOHNSON

Guilt, it's there. You can't hear it, see it, taste it, smell it, touch it, yet you feel it. It's inside your soul. Why else would you go to war. Souls feel other souls in distress, and there for they must act. Many of you have watched over us, while we slept safe and sound in our beds, Now it's our turn. Let us watch over you.

The meeting is over. Veterans are hugging, while some exit.

INT. RANCH CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY

Room is full.

Albert sits at his desk. Hands Debra and Chris sit across. Hold files with a flyer.

ALBERT JOHNSON

Get ready. This is the hardest time of the year for them, which means it will be the hardest time of the year for us, as well. Double up on tests, and keep a good eye on them For every one who becomes disconnected, there is a potential for disaster. That's it. Chris, I need to see you and Debra after this. The rest of you are free to leave. Don't forget. Happy holidays.

Everyone exits except Chris, and Debra.

ALBERT JOHNSON (CONT'D)

I know you are over worked but the other two have scheduled construction projects, which means you two will have your hands full. Check your e-mails. Good Luck, oh We added a little more to your budget, so you are not stretched thin for this event. I and my staff will be there to see it through.

CHRIS

I will have an outline of events prepared for you buy Friday.

DEBRA

We get to have a Christmas party.

ALBERT JOHNSON

Holiday party, we can not say that anymore.

DEBRA

That is not what our flyers is going to say.

Chris, and Debra smile, and exit the office.

INT. ROOM. NIGHT

David opens his locker and puts his new uniform in the locker. Smiles at the uniform.

EXT. BLACK. BREATHING

TRISHA (V.O.)

David!

INT. DAVID'S ROOM. NIGHT

David sits up fast. He sweats. He looks over. Bryan is asleep.

Commotion comes from Trevor's room.

Bottle breaks.

EXT. FOURTH FLOOR. NIGHT

Bryan and David step outside to see what is going on.

Michael, and a security guard are headed to the room.

MICHAEL

Stay back. We will handle it.

Michael walks into the room.

Trevor is sitting in a chair facing the wall. Trevor has a pint of liquor in his hand.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Trevor, it is Michael. What's going on buddy? You can't keep doing this.

TREVOR

Fuck! Leave it. Let it go!

The bottle drops out of his hand, leans over and falls off the chair.

Michael and the security help him to his bed.

MICHAEL

Do not report this, okay. I will stay with him tonight, and keep an eye on him.

SECURITY GUARD

Okay. Call if you need me.

MICHAEL

Thanks for your help.

Michael sits in a chair beside Trevor, while he sleeps.

Everyone sleeps in their beds.

Elderly veteran sleeps beside walker.

Bryan is in the rest room. Bryan looks in the mirror.

INT. CAFETERIA. DAY

An old Marine veteran with a Vietnam era dress green jacket delivers toys for Toys for Tots to Walmart.

David, Debra, Michael help Veterans with decorations in the Cafeteria.

Maria places drinks on a tray from the kitchen.

Trevor is dances by the window. Decorations wrapped around him. Dancing like a nutcracker.

TREVOR

What do you think?

MICHAEL

Knock it off. Help me with this, Trevor.

TREVOR

Let me show you how to do this.
Have you found a lady friend yet?

MICHAEL

Here.

Michael hands two stickems to Trevor.

TREVOR

It takes two to make it stick.

MIGUEL, 6, looks up at Maria. Maria wipes his face. Miguel turns and runs off.

Maria walks beside David.

"The Virgin With Angels," painted by William-Adolphe Bouguereau, 1900, is displayed on the wall in front.

MARIA

Father Juan Crespi, a Franciscan priest arrived here in 1769. He was given this tiny chapel. "Saint Mary of the Angels at the Little Portion". Nuestra Señora de los Angeles de la Porciúncula. I have been working at Salvation since Miguel's father left us five years ago. Chipping away a little piece at a time. Trying to secure a future for my little boy, and I. Most who go big, go home. I want a man who can understand that.

DAVID

I am not trying to rush anything.

MARIA

When are you going to ask me out?

DAVID

This weekend.

MARIA

Friday it is. Pick me up at three sharp. Do not be late.

MICHAEL

Hey, help me hold this ladder before Stanley falls on his ass.

STANLEY

Then hold it steady.

MICHAEL

David, I intrust you understand what it is we do here. We break ourselves to catch the fallen as they cope with never ending conflict of trauma, as it distances its self from the war within their souls, no matter what. Got that, Troop.

DAVID

Yes, sir.

MICHAEL

Good. Hurt her and I will kill you.

DEBRA (O.S.)

Don't forget. Christmas tree decorating party Saturday night.

Maria walks into the kitchen.

MARIA

Ice cream, at the Pier.

David turns his attention to the ladder, then Michael. Life.

INT./EXT. 1152 GUN TRUCKS. CONVOY. MOSUL, IRAQ. DAY

Michael sits in the Truck Commander seat. Drive under Sante Fe bridge. Lead Vehicle.

MICHAEL (O.C.)

Bridge is clear. Keep your spacing.

GUN TRUCK II

Four troops, and their interpreter. Note: Radios VIC-7s headphones.

RAQEEB TERP (O.C.)

You guys suck. Philly going to win. McNabb getting his fucking ring this year.

SPC THOMAS (GUNNER) (O.C.)

What? Philly? Chicago, Raqeeb. Urlacher and the Chicago Defense.

RAQEEB TERP (O.C.)

To hell with Chicago. Shit, my kid like Chicago.

SPC THOMAS (O.C.)
Really? Good kid.

RAQEEB TERP
Yeah, that's why I beat him.

GUN TRUCK I

Gunner swivels turret to the right. A massive HME IED
Explodes up. Truck three-two disappears.

Michael steps out and looks behind. Dust covers the road.

MICHAEL
Oh god.

DRIVER (O.C.)
Was that Three-two?

FADE TO:

INT. MORALE WELFARE & RECREATION TENT. NIGHT

Decorations all around. Michael sits at a computer checking
his e-mails.

The voice on the other side of the wall gets his attention.

SOLDIER (O.S.)
(Low tone)
Hey, get your mother on the phone.
Katie, Get your mother on the
phone. I don't care if she doesn't
want to talk. Get her on the phone.
Pause. Michelle, why. Why! I
couldn't call you for three days.
There was a blackout. It wasn't my
fault. Who is that? Who is that?
Oh, god, bitch. I don't care if you
don't want to hear it. You don't
want to hear it.

Michael begins to sense something wrong, as the soldiers
voice begins to raise.

Michael slowly peaks his head around the corner.

Soldier sits at the booth with his loaded rifle leaned
beside.

The Morale Welfare and Recreation worker walks in the PHONE
ROOM to see the disturbance.

Michael holds his finger up.

MICHAEL
 (Whispers)
 MP's.

Soldier in phone booth flips his rifle. Puts barrel in his mouth.

SOLDIER
 Okay then listen to this.

MICHAEL
 Hey! No. You don't want to do that.
 Don't do it. It's okay. Come on
 brother. It's okay. You don't want
 to do this. Not today. Not tonight.

Tears pour from the Soldiers face. Mouth over barrel.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 It's going to be okay. Don't do it.
 Not h, not now. Give her to me.

Michael reaches out. Soldier slowly takes rifle from his mouth. Hands Michael rifle.

Michael slowly takes his rifle away and lays it away.

MP's charges in, taking him to the ground. Flexy cuffing him. Michael sits down.

Troops patrol the Mosul streets. Night sky over Mosul, Iraq.

FADE TO:

INT. THE OFFICE. NIGHT

Michael stands at the counter and tries to get the LINUS display to turn on, then gives up.

Debra walks out of her office and closes the door.

DEBRA
 Well, I am off. You have a good
 night.

MICHAEL
 You need to get this thing fixed.

DEBRA
 It is Forty two years old, what do
 you expect?

Looks up at the mistletoe on the door.

INT. LOS ANGELES EXPRESS AIRPORT OFFICE. DAY

David stands, while a heavy African American, ANITTA, 54, tags a bag.

ANITTA

After it is tagged, then take the bags and lay them gently on the conveyer. Gently, some of our customers are very important people, like actors, like Denzal. He has not come through my station, but who knows. Everyone uses this Terminal, so look out, especially if you see Denzal. Got it.

DAVID

Yes, ma'am.

David takes the bag and puts the luggage on the conveyer.

INT. GYM. NIGHT

Michael sits on the bench. Looks around.

Gym socially festive.

Michael lays on the bench and presses barbell.

EXT. SALVATION. DAY

Yard work starts on Pine tree. Christmas Manicure. Salvation light flickers and goes out. Mexican man walks out shrugs and walks back into Cafeteria.

David walks into the office, while rubbing his hear. Confused.

CHRIS

Who cut your hair?

DAVID

Bryan, why?

CHRIS

He used to give me haircuts too. Look.

Chris points to the mirror.

Trevor comes walking in. Rubs head.

David looks in the mirror. Horror.

TREVOR
This don't feel right.

CHRIS
There is a Barber around the
corner. I highly recommend it.

Trevor look in the office mirror.

TREVOR
Oh shit. Let's go.

DAVID
Oh my. Oh!

DAVID (CONT'D)
I can not go to work like this.

David runs out.

CHRIS
David wait?

David walks back in.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
This came in for you.

Chris hands David a letter.

DAVID
Thank you.

Chris walks out of the office.

Chris enters in Bryan's room.

Bryan's Jumpmaster wings lie on a towel freshly shined. Hums,
while walking into restroom. The Green Berets.

CHRIS
Do you want to go to lunch?

BRYAN
Sure.

CHRIS
I have just the place. You will
like it.

EXT. DINER. DAY

David and Chris sit and wait for their order.

BRYAN

Did you try getting in contact with her recently? You know they have programs.

CHRIS

It's better that I don't know.

BRYAN

Why? She was your wife. I saw you two. I know Chris.

CHRIS

What if she is? I, I couldn't bare the thought. After the village fell. I was too afraid for the answer. I spent three years trying to find her. In my heart she's still alive. I have found comfort with it, Bryan.

BRYAN

Don't take that to your grave.

INT. BARBER SHOP. DAY

David gets his haircut.

Trevor is reading a magazine.

On the news he sees an update of the Marines at war.

He tosses the magazine onto the table. Leans his head back.

INT. FLASHBACK. CHAPEL. SAIGON. NIGHT

Han turns the corner and walks in with a white French dress with Blue flowers.

Bryan taps Chris. Both turn in full dress Uniform. Green Berets dawned.

Bryan becomes disarmed with love, and slowly takes his beret off.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FLASHBACK. TANJERES BAR. NIGHT

Han dances with Chris on the dance floor.

An explosion goes off from down the road.

MP enters club.

MP

Is everyone okay? Stay put.

Chris sits down with Han on his lap. Knock at the door.

INT. SALVATION. DAY

Knock at the open door. African/American Staff Sergeant JONES, 29, stands at the entrance.

CHRIS

Yes?

STAFF SERGEANT JONES

Sir, Staff Sergeant Jones.
I am the liaison from the greater
Los Angeles Recruiting Command. I
am here to touch basis with you.
The dinner on the 25th, sir.

CHRIS

Oh yes. Come in, Sergeant.

Jones hands him a list, then plays with Linus display. Chris takes the roster to his desk.

STAFF SERGEANT JONES

That is the roster of the personal
who will be attending the dinner.
They will all have a plus one. If
you have any questions you can
contact me at 813-555-8726 or My
Commander at 813-555-7811.

CHRIS

Let us put this in the file.

STAFF SERGEANT JONES

We look forward to it. See you at
the Christmas dinner.

CHRIS

Holiday Diner, Sergeant.

Jones is frustrated and checks electrical cord, then taps Linus on the head.

STAFF SERGEANT JONES
Roger, sir. Have a good day, sir.

CHRIS
You do the same.

Jones walks out.

EXT. FLASHBACK. CAMP SUMMERALL. HERSHEY BYPASS. BAJI, IRAQ

David sits on his HUMMV 1114, at the refuel stop in Camp Summerall.

DAVID
For the game.

David throws a Crush Rip-It in the trash can. Makes shot.

FULLMAN
La-BRAHN....

DAVID
No dear child, I am a Spurs fan.

Driver SPECIALIST FULLMAN, 19, fills the 1114 HUMMV with gas from the refueler truck.

AMANDA (O.C.)
Panther 35, this is Whiskey Tango
35, you copy, over?

David drops off the hood and into the truck. Grabs the headphone from the S.I.N.G.A.R.S. Radio.

DAVID
Whiskey Tango Three-Five, this
Panther three-Five. Roger, over.

TRISHA (O.C.)
I am coming in with eleven PAX and
four trucks for a refuel on our way
up route 1/Tampa to Q-west, on a
BSB resupply. Are you in the area,
over?

DAVID
Refuel depot. Roger that, over.

AMANDA
I'll see you there, out.

Convoy pulls up.

Tall beautiful blond female Staff Sergeant, AMANDA MILLER, 27, steps out of the vehicle. Guides her convoy to line up and refuel.

Platoon begins to refuel.

Trisha walks behind the HESCO barrier.

David follows.

Amanda and David stand face to face to face.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

When you getting back to Speicher?
I've been thinking. When we return,
do you want to get a place outside
Fayetteville?

DAVID

Do I get a ring?

They Kiss.

AMANDA

When you getting back to Speicher?

DAVID

As soon as the city is cleared.
Maybe a day or two.

LIEUTENANT BRADLEY (O.S.)

Let's go. Round up. Where is my
Squad Leader?

AMANDA

Are you headed out?

DAVID

Yeah. Going out the northern gate,
right on Tampa and then through the
city.

AMANDA

Escort us out to the bridge?

DAVID

I guess we could do that.

David dawns his kit. Looks over.

Amanda adjust her VIC-7, then motions her convoy into their vehicles. Looks over to David. Winks. Enters Truck Commanders seat.

Vehicles lineup and head towards the gate.

They stop at the gate. The front vehicle shows the trip ticket.

AMANDA

Thirteen PAX, and whatever the Grunts have. You might want to stop and check his vehicle. I think he has contraband. Porn Mags. The ones you guys like.

Gate Guard laughs and waves them ahead.

GUN TRUCK 1158:

David convoy follows.

SPC CHRISTOPHER (O.C.)

You got porn Mags Sergeant?

DAVID

No.

AMANDA (O.C.)

Moving out.

Gate lifts. Amanda vehicle out the gate.

All vehicles follow.

Brad Paisleys (We Danced) plays through the VIC-7's. David puts his hand on ear piece.

DAVID (O.C.)

Am I hearing this?

African/All-American Gunner Sergeant JOHNSON, 24, slides in a dip then, begins to sing with the song.

AMANDA (O.C.)

This remind you of anything?

Second verse: Convoy rides down the Iraqi Desert road.

SGT. JOHNSON

Okay boys, bring'er home.

The convoy begins to sing for the two of them. Song fades.

DAVID
All the way.

TRISHA (O.C.)
One day, Sergeant. One day.

DAVID (O.C.)
Our turn is coming up. We part
here. You guys coming back today,
over?

AMANDA(O.C.)
Yes. With luck, it will be just a
turn and burn. Should be back late
this evening. Take care Horse. God
speed, over.

DAVID
You do the same, over.

David taps the Blue force Tracker.

AMANDA (O.C.)
Whiskey Tango, out. Pick it up. See
you tomorrow.

They turn the corner.

DAVID (O.C.)
When we hit the city, take a left,
then.

An funnel explosion sends devastating hot copper projectiles
through the left side of the gun truck and out of the right
passenger side.

EXT. SALVATION. DAY

David cries on the roof. Golden California Sunset. Crumbled
letter in hand.

Yard work is halfway done with Christmas tree.

Progress meeting.

Chris enters.

Debra walks in and stands at the podium.

Voices in the Audience.

CHRIS
Listen up. Listen up.

DEBRA

Stanley.

Debra points at Stanley.

CHRIS

Is everyone here? Trevor.

MICHAEL

Trevor's not here.

CHRIS

Go see if Trevor is in his room.

MICHAEL

Roger that.

Michael walks out of the cafeteria.

CHRIS

We will be hosting a Holiday Dinner on the 25th. I expect for all of you to attend. Now for some of you, you will have family in town, so bring them. The U.S. Army recruiting command of Los Angeles will be accompanying us. For some of them, they to, are taking time away from their families to attend these festivities.

DEBRA

So be on your best behavior.

Chris stands on the podium.

CHRIS

We need volunteers. Not everyone volunteer at once. You guys.

Hands begin to raise.

DEBRA

That is better. After the meeting, just come up here and sign your name on the sheets of paper. Each sheet represents a task and preparation required for our dinner party.

Debra holds up the sheets, and then sets them on the table.

DEBRA (CONT'D)

That is all. Thank You. God bless
you all.

Group cheers.

MICHAEL

Trevor's in his room. He slept in.

INT./EXT. SALVATION. OFFICE. NIGHT

Michael walks in.

MICHAEL

Well, I'm off boss. I need some
rest.

CHRIS

No Gym?

MICHAEL

Oh, well of course, but after I get
some rest. I have a double. BJJ at
four, and then off to the gym.

CHRIS

Michael, this weekend I am going to
need you. It is the holidays. So
get ready for long weekends. They
are going to need us.

MICHAEL

Yes, I understand. See you later.

CHRIS

Bright and early tomorrow. Meeting
at eight, sharp.

MICHAEL

Sharp! Nobody's sharper.

Debra walks in and takes off her medical gloves.

DEBRA

I told them to fill their damn cups
halfway up. Now I have piss all
over my hands. Halfway! Barbarians.

CHRIS

That's why I have you do it.

David enters the restroom, while Bryan pours pain pills into
his hand.

DAVID

That is a little too much.

Bryan turns with a unrecognizable look.

BRYAN

If I fucking wanted your opinion,
then I will ask it. Go fuck
yourself, kid.

Debra stands at the door with urine bottles in a box.

DEBRA

Yeah. Oh, by the way. The Army
Senior Liaison called, he needs for
you to call him.

Chris looks for the card. Calls the number.

CAPTAIN TAYLOR (O.C.)

US Army Recruiting Command office.
May I help you sir, Or ma'am?

CHRIS

This is the Director at The
Veterans home of salvation. You
called?

David walks into the office, and fills a cup of water and
sits down in a chair.

Chris looks over with concern.

CAPTAIN TAYLOR (O.C.)

Yes sir. I am just following up on
the Christmas dinner event.

CHRIS

Holiday Diner.

CAPTAIN TAYLOR (O.C.)

I wanted to touch basis with you. I
know Staff Sergeant Jones had
spoken with you about it?

CHRIS

We are in preparations right now.
Have your guys begin showing around
Seven. Dinner will be served at
Seven-thirty.

CAPTAIN TAYLOR (O.C.)
Sounds good, sir. My troops at the
station, and I look forward to
attending.

CHRIS
We are looking forward to having
you. Have a good day, Sergeant
Major.

CAPTAIN TAYLOR (O.C.)
You too. Take care, sir.

CHRIS
Where is he?

DAVID
Restroom.

Chris stands and walks out of the office.

INT. SALVATION. NIGHT

Bryan takes out the pill bottle and looks into the mirror.
Opens the pill bottle. Seven pills drop into his hand.
Attempts to put pills into his mouth. Stalls.

CHRIS (O.S.)
Remember that last run at jump
school. Hell, they had been running
us for days. That last two miles I
wanted to quit so bad. Drop out.
You grabbed me. What did you say?

Bryan stands at the restroom doorway with flashlight and
Clipboard in hand.

BRYAN
They are not taking your tags.

CHRIS
They are not taking your tags. You
got me through it. I would have
never made it. From then on out we
made a promise to each other. Never
quit. Never quit.

Chris walks out.

Bryan looks at the mirror, then slides the pills back into
the bottle.

Chris walks up to Trevor's room.

The door is open, but Trevor is gone.
Chris shakes his head and closes the door.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD. TENT. NIGHT

Feet sit outside the tent.

CHARLIE JONES (O.S.)
You want to hit this cap?

TREVOR (O.S.)
Give it to me, Roger.

Trevor's leg slides down and extends.

ROGER (O.S.)
Wow, got you, got you now.

Relaxes leg.

INT. SALVATION. NIGHT

Debra puts up a Christmas tree decoration. Chris walks in.

CHRIS
Trevor is gone.

DEBRA
He will be back. God bless his
soul. He's struggling.

CHRIS
I think I need to have a talk with
him.

DEBRA
Hey, come here. Push it.

Debra points to the button on the Linus display.

CHRIS
It isn't going to piss on me, is
it? Where did get this?

DEBRA
My husband. Try it.

CHRIS
Hey, do you have that Red Cross
pamphlet?

DEBRA

It is in my desk, get it yourself.

Chris taps the Linus display. Does not work.

CHRIS

It still doesn't work. Oh well,
where did you put it?

Walks into back office, while Debra smiles at Linus.

INT. VA HOSPITAL. DOCTOR'S OFFICE. DAY

Bryan gets checkup. Sits in a gown. The doctor comes in.

DOCTOR

Well, Mr. Jackson. There is some improvement, but unfortunately right now, were just buying time. I have recommended a series of Chemotherapy treatments, and they should be approved. With a little luck we can get ahead of it, and buy some time. Maybe even win. What do you say?

BRYAN

Yeah, but after the holidays. I don't want to go through the holidays feeling like shit, you know.

DOCTOR

Sounds fair enough. Well that's it. You can get dressed, and you are free to leave.

BRYAN

Thanks, Doc.

DOCTOR

No Bryan, Thank you. Thank you.

Both deep smile.

INT. LOS ANGELES EXPRESS AIRPORT. DAY

David sets the luggage on the Conveyer belt.

ANITTA (O.S.)

Destination? Oh, my goodness.

ACTOR (O.S.)
New York.

Anitta takes the passport and tickets.

ANITTA
New York.

Anitta pulls tags and raps them around luggage.

ANITTA (CONT'D)
Enjoy?

ACTOR
You have a good day.

DAVID
Do you know who that was?

David smiles and shrugs against Anitta.

EXT. HOUSING FACILITY. NIGHT

Decorations around the facility. Rooms, hallways. Maria smiles and turns off the lights.

David's door is closed.

Maria locks the Cafeteria door, looks up at David's door, and smiles. Walks to her car.

EXT. DREAM SEQUENCE. DAY

Gets out of his 1114 HUMMV and runs to Amanda's 1114 HUMMV.

AMANDA (O.S.)
David!

He goes to the vehicle and tries to open it. It is locked.

Then his driver brings an extinguisher. They climb up to the turret where the Gunner is lying dead. They pull the Gunner clear, then try to pull her out.

David pulls his hand out, and squeals, then steps down to the Commander's door, and turns the handle, as hard as he can. The door opens and Amanda turns to him with frightened eyes, as she bleed from her abdomen.

AMANDA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Help me, help me. I am hurt, baby.

Davis cuts the seat belt, and cradle carries her out of the truck, and back fifty meters.

Amanda begins to cry, then fades, and dies as David drops to his knees with her in his arms.

DAVID
I have you, baby.

Amanda goes limp in David's arms, as she lowers to the road.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER. DAY

David and Maria are at the Santa Monica Pier eating ice cream.

Maria turns David to her.

MARIA
What are you holding on to?

DAVID
I don't know?

MARIA
Well, when you are ready, let me know.

Maria struts off the pier and to the beach.

David hesitates, then tosses his ice cream into the trash can, and follows.

David chases behind.

Maria runs to scatter the birds.

David stops. Sunset to the right catches his eye. The wind is blowing in his face. He begins to break down, then collapses to the sand.

She turns around.

David sits in tears.

She walks back.

David begins to feel release, yet he cries. Maria sits beside him and holds him.

He interlocks his burnt hand with her hand.

Maria tilts her head onto his shoulder. Both stair out on to the Santa Monica sunset.

END OF ACT II

ACT III

INT. FLASHBACK. SAIGON APARTMENT. CHRISTMAS EVE. NIGHT

Han wears her Santa hat, while she rubs Chris's bare chest in bed.

HAN

I will bring my cousin to Saigon,
to stay with me. I have lived here
all my life. You just get back
here, and I will be ready.

CHRIS

I will get us out of here. I
promise, baby.

Chris stairs at the stocking on the wall.

INT. SALVATION. DAY

Chris is on the phone. Phone rings. Chris is overcome with guilty panic, then hangs up the phone. Puts the pamphlet into the desk drawer.

INT. HAWTHORNE HOUSE. DAY

David roles paint down the wall. Miguel drops the paint bucket down beside David.

DAVID

Gracias, Miguel. Hand me the ruler.

Maria walks around the corner. Smiles.

MARIA

Clean up. We are going to be late.

INT. THE CAR. PARKING LOT. PELICAN BEY STATE PRISON. NIGHT

Katrina gets out of the car, then turns to Albert.

KATRINA

Remember when he ran away. I looked
all over. He wasn't about two.
Slipped right out the back door. I
had the whole neighborhood out
looking for him. When I called you
I was so afraid.

ALBERT
I will stay here.

KATRINA
Are you going to be a father?

Albert does not respond.

KATRINA (CONT'D)
He is your son for Christ sakes.

ALBERT
He is a criminal. He killed a man.

KATRINA
Every time I go to see him, he asks about you. He needs you, Albert. He needs his father. Can you give that to him? Okay, then you live with it.

Katrina gets out of the vehicle and walks off to the Prison.

Albert tries to open the door, yet pounds his hand on the dash, then settles.

INT. SALVATION. NIGHT

Debra smiles as she puts her hand on the light switch. Christmas lights are displayed around cafeteria. Off.

MIGUEL (O.S.)
I want to do it.

Debra frowns, then looks over to David and Maria, who stand confidently in love.

DEBRA
Okay. Here, little man.

Miguel climbs the ladder, plugs the light in.

The Cafeteria lights up. Every one cheers. The cheering stops.

They all turn around.

Trevor stands out in the rain with a sports bag in his hand, drunk and wet.

MICHAEL
I will take care of him.

Everyone continues festivities.

EXT./INT. TREVOR'S ROOM. NIGHT

Michael, and Trevor arrive at Trevor's room.

MICHAEL
Where have you been?

TREVOR
Hey, I have been thinking.

MICHAEL
Here.

Michael throws Trevor a towel.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Hurry, we don't want to miss it.

TREVOR
Hey Mike, thanks.

Stands outside, then turns to Trevor.

MICHAEL
For what?

Trevor gives him a hug, then sits on his bed.

TREVOR
The angels, they came to me,
crying. The mother, the son, the
sacrifice. It was all real. I am
just going to go lay down. Is it
okay if I lay down?

MICHAEL
You get some rest, buddy.

TREVOR
(Disappointed)
Yeah. I am tired.

Trevor slowly lies his head on the pillow.

Michael goes back to the cafeteria.

The group sings the first Noel together.

Michael walks in and shrugs to Chris.

Decorations are hung.

Debra looks back at the cafeteria. She gives a warm smile.
Lights turn off.

EXT./INT. VETERANS HOUSING OFFICE. NIGHT

Michael and Chris are in the office. Michael stands from his desk.

MICHAEL

You stay here and hold down the fort. I am going to do my rounds. You need anything from the vending machine?

CHRIS

No.

Light flickers on the stairwell, as Michael scurries down the stairs.

A gun shot echoes through the facility.

Chris runs out of the office.

Michael runs down the stairwell.

Chris stands at the stairwell.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

It came from the fourth floor.

The make eye contact, and both rush to the fourth floor.

Everyone starts to turn their lights on and is stepping out.

Chris runs to Trevor's room.

Michael rushes in the doorway.

Michael walks out, leans against the wall, then slides down. With his hands over his head. Emotion, and Shock.

Chris slowly walks in the room.

Trevor lies on his chair with a gunshot wound to his head.

Chris backs up around the pistol on the floor.

He sits on the couch. Kicks the pistol away. Tears fall from emotional pain and failure.

Red and blue lights twist around Salvation.

Bryan leans against the wall outside.

People stand around, as Paramedics dolly a covered gurney to the ambulance.

Police officer walks out of the office.

Chris sits alone in the office, begins to cry.

EXT./INT. OFFICE. DAY

Debra approaches the office surprised. Turns to knob and the door is locked. Takes key and unlocks the door.

Office is empty.

DEBRA

Oh, Chris.

Dials cell phone.

EXT. CEMETERY. DAY

The Convoy arrives at the Veteran's Cemetery.

Graves of those fallen.

INT. ALBERT'S OFFICE. SAME

Albert picks up the phone and dials.

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT. SAME

Chris sits in dress alone.

Phone vibrates on the desk.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HILL. CEMETERY. DAY

Flags on graves.

World War I.

World War II.

Korean War.

Vietnam.

Gulf War.

Michael, and the pallbearers bring Trevor's casket up the hill to his grave.

Preacher reads from the King James Bible over the casket.

PREACHER JOSEPH

Let your light so shine before men,
that they may see your good works,
and glorify your Father which is in
heaven. Think not that I am come to
destroy the law, or the prophets: I
am not come to destroy, but to
fulfill.

Flowers lower in the hole of Trevor. The crowd returns to their cars.

Chris breaks from behind the tree and walks evasively back to his card away from the crowd.

Debra sees Chris and approaches aggressively.

Bryan sees Chris, and slides out tactfully in front of Chris, while he earnestly looks Debra away.

Debra walks away.

BRYAN

It is like that.

CHRIS

Like what?

BRYAN

Your just going to run away again.

CHRIS

I didn't run away! I am not running.

BRYAN

This has nothing to do with him, or them.

CHRIS

What do you know? Why do you carry them around your neck, those tags. The wings? What are you holding on to?

BRYAN

There was a time when it meant something. I meant something. That is how I would like to be remembered. You are going to wait, wait for what!? Her?

CHRIS

I can not carry them anymore.

BRYAN

It's not them you cannot carry. You! It is you, Chris!

CHRIS

They come to me, not You. They bring their problems, and expect me to fix them. I can't! For over thirty years they have been coming to me with problems I cannot fix.

BRYAN

You have spent a lifetime carrying a burden, not hem. You cannot carry yourself. Let her go. She is dead!

CHRIS

No.....!

Loses control of his emotion. Tremble.

BRYAN

If she were still on this earth, she would want for you to let it go. Let it go. Or not.

Bryan Looks at the graves, and walking away.

Chris turns his head.

EXT. CHRIS' APARTMENT. NIGHT

Chris carries a bag of groceries to his apartment.

Debra stands by his door, and holds his Resignation.

David unlocks his door and enters with door open.

Debra enters.

CHRIS

It's time.

DEBRA

Heavens no. Do not even think about it.

CHRIS

You have Salvation. I am done. Close the damn door.

DEBRA

You are going to leave us? You're just going to run away. I have been with the Veteran's Administration for over 24 years, Chris. No one does it like you, better than you. It's hard, I know. God, I feel it every day I walk through that door. These men, and women go to war and they ask for nothing, and give everything.

CHRIS

Don't. I am Tired. It has become too personal. Every time we lose one of them, I lose a piece of me. I don't have much left. I'm going to take what I have left, and carry on. I want to get back to Georgia. It's time..

DEBRA

Don't leave us. Not now!

She gets up and walks out.

CHRIS

Then when? When I am empty. When there is someone who steps in and tries to pick the pieces I left behind, because I'm too broken to pick them up myself. You know I can not let that happen.

DEBRA

You hanging on too hard, too long. Let it go. You are the one they come too, everyday.

CHRIS

For what?

DEBRA

They are not your problem children you can no longer solve. They served just as you did.

CHRIS

Who pulls them in when the worlds
throws them away? Who pulls them
together, and when they quit, who
buries them. For what?!

DEBRA

Some do not make it home, and some
do not make it when they get home,
and god I pray one day they find an
answer, but until then we have to
be there for them, all of us.

Chris looks away.

DEBRA (CONT'D)

You want to quit. Go ahead, leave
us. You picked a helluva time.
Merry Fucking Christmas.

Debra tosses the paper at Chris, and walks out.

INT. EXT./INT. CAR - SALVATION PARKING LOT. DAY

Debra pulls into her parking spot. Text phone then throws the
phone on the dashboard. Breaks down.

EXT. SALVATION LAWN. DAY

Yard work finishes tree work. Men pack up tools and put them
in the back of the truck, then stand back and look at the
Christmas tree. Proud. Salvation light flickers, then goes
out. Evasive. Men get in truck. Mexican man walks out, then
shrugs. Goes back to the Cafeteria. Truck beeps horn and
drives off. Sun sets on the west.

INT. GYM. NIGHT

Michael walks out to the counter.

MICHAEL

Protein and....This.

Grabs a plastic cup, then hands the receptionist three
twenties.

BETHANY (O.S.)

What are you doing tonight?

Michael turns surprised.

BETHANY (CONT'D)
Would you like to have dinner?

MICHAEL
Yeah..I would, but I have an
engagement, work.

Bethany smiles. Trainer walks by.

TRAINER
See you Monday, Beth.

Bethany evades trainer and leans against the counter.

MICHAEL
Would you like to come?

BETHANY
Yes.

Albert walks to the door and knocks.

INT. CHRIS HOME. DAY

Chris comes to the door.

CHRIS
Come. Come in, Al.

Albert walks in to see Chris' things packed and standing at the door.

Chris sits down.

ALBERT
I read the letter. I know this hard
for you. He was close.

CHRIS
Sorry Al, Debra will take over.

ALBERT
I know this is inconvenient, but I
need you to cover down. You can not
leave us, not now.

CHRIS
I have given the Administration
everything, and all that is left
will be on that plane tonight.

ALBERT

I will cover the Fees. This may be my last chance. Please, Chris.

INT. SALVATION. NIGHT

Bryan looks in the mirror. Opens a chemotherapy pamphlet.

David packs his clothes in the room.

DAVID

Thank you.

BRYAN

Hey kid, God bless you.

David smiles. Yes. David walks out with his suitcase, stops, and gazes out at the sunset.

David knocks at the office door. Office empty. David slowly exits.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Come in. So, your leaving us.

Chris walks around the corner.

DAVID

Yeah, we got a place in Hawthorne. I would like for you to know, that when I first walked in this door. I had nothing. You guys may not know how important you are, but don't stop doing it. Don't. Thank you.

CHRIS

Take Care of yourself, David.

DAVID

You do the same. Don't give up.

David exits.

Chris sits back and looks to a blank sheet of paper for internal Salvation.

INT. JEFFERSON HOME. BEDROOM. NIGHT

Albert puts on his tie, yet begins to struggle. Katrina turns Albert around, and ties his tie for him with luring confidence.

KATRINA

As I was saying before. I was so afraid, baby.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

I called you, and stood out on that porch all day.

Lewis, 2, plays in a mud puddle in the middle of the road, turns, then looks up with guilt.

EXT. FLASHBACK. HOME. DAY

KATRINA, 24, stands on the porch.

KATRINA

I could hear the neighborhood yell for our baby boy, then you came down the street. My boys.

ALBERT, 27, walks with a proud smile a muddy Lewis on his shoulders down the road.

Katrina sighs.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JEFFERSON HOME. BEDROOM. NIGHT

Albert stands with regretful anxiety, the breaks down and cries.

KATRINA

Look at me. Look at me.

Katrina gazes in Alberts watery eyes. They embrace.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

Let's bring our baby home.

INT. SALVATION. NIGHT

Chris settles, and takes a heartfelt breath of hope. Then types the letter:

CHRIS (V.O.)

Han,

I am writing a letter that my heart must deliver a path forward without the answer I could never brave.

Han walks down the isle with a blue flower.

CHRIS (V.O.)

I feel you, till this day, I feel
our love. For every side, loss or
victory, I knew in my heart that
you and I were right. Right to find
each other in war.

Han looks up to Chris at the Market.

CHRIS (V.O.)

You and me, baby. We had victory,
but I have to carry on, and honor
this love.

Chris carries Han to the bed.

CHRIS (V.O.)

So I will in good memory. Faith and
love always, Chris.

Printer prints letter and release to the file holder.

Chris folds letter, and takes a deep breath of release, then
sets the letter on the desk.

Chris cancels his plane flight. Turns off Computer. Walks to
the light switch, turns to LINUS.

CHRIS

Hold it down little buddy. Merry
Christmas.

Turns off the office lights. Exits. Locks door.

INT. ORANGE COUNTY JAIL INFIRMARY. NIGHT

LEWIS THOMAS JEFFERSON, 35, lies tired and frail.

A hand comes and grabs his hand.

Gasps then opens his tired eyes.

Albert and Katrina stand beside Lewis, as his struggle fades
to a smile, and a tear.

Lewis squeezes his father's hand for life and.

INT./EXT. SALVATION. NIGHT

Debra flips the light switch.

DEBRA (O.S.)
All hands on deck.

Lights in the Cafeteria light up, as VIRGIN OF THE ANGELS stands front and center.

Salvation sign flickers, struggles, then burns bright.

Stanley opens the Cafeteria door, as Debra approaches.

DEBRA (CONT'D)
Keep the door open, Stanley,
because tonight we are going to
bring in.

Stanley looks over Michaels shoulder with heavenly glory.

STANLEY
Yes, Maam.

The Army recruiting Command bus pulls up.

Staff Sargaent Jones steps out and stands in a crisp Army Combat Uniform in front of the Salvation Center cafeteria.

Soldiers follow out the bus, and line in formation front of the Salvation sign.

Main Office is dark, quiet, and empty.

LINUS (V.O.)
Lights, please.

The star on the bare **TOY** tree lights up.

Light shines on the letter in the office. Han, half open.

LINUS (V.O.)
And there were in the same country
shepherds. Abiding in the field,
keeping watch over their flock by
night.

Linus stands front and center with wooby.

LINUS (V.O.)
And, lo, the angel of the Lord came
upon them, and the glory of the
Lord shone round about them: and
they were so afraid.

Mini Van (TMP) pulls up with a Los Angeles Army recruiting sticker. United States Army issued Desert tan boots step out of Van, and walk over to the front of the formation.

LINUS (V.O.)

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

Jones salutes the officer in front of him.

LINUS (V.O.)

And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying....

Soldiers stand in formation. The Tree angels shines.

LINUS (V.O.)

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

Neon Salvation sign flickers, as CAPTAIN TAYLOR, 38, about faces in front the formation.

CAPTAIN TAYLOR

Fall in.

Group goes to attention.

CAPTAIN TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Left face.

Group turns to their left.

CAPTAIN TAYLOR (CONT'D)

File from the right, column right, march.

Soldiers file from the right into the cafeteria.

People begin to enter the Cafeteria.

DEBRA

Okay, everyone listen up. Our guests are here. Be on your best behavior. Here we go.

Debra smiles for salvation.

Michael walks in the side entrance with his new date, Bethany.

DEBRA (CONT'D)

Are you going to introduce us?

MICHAEL

Ladies and gentlemen, this is Bethany. Bethany this is Debbie, her husband Ronnie.

BETHANY

It is an honor to meet you.

DEBRA

You are Richie's sister?

Bethany lies here head on Michael's shoulder.

BETHANY

Yes.

Bryan struggles to get up with his cain, yet Chris leans his hand.

CHRIS

Look. I am sorry. I'll work on it.

BRYAN

Let us start Chemotherapy in two weeks. The doctor tells me it may give me a chance. Anyway I'm going to need all the help I can get.

CHRIS

I am in. I will be there for you. I will not leave you behind. Never quit.

BRYAN & CHRIS

Airborne.

Michael stands with Bethany's head on his shoulder.

MICHAEL

All the way.

Captain Taylor Walks in. Bryan walks up with young Taylor.

Michael gently breaks from Bethany.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I have to get to work. You okay?

BETHANY

Yes. Hey, thank you.

Michael smiles, and heads to the kitchen.

Soldiers, and Veterans introduce themselves.

Chris Senior heads into the kitchen.

Chris Junior comes up to Bryan to shake his hand.

BRYAN

Bryan Jackson nice to meet you.

CAPTAIN TAYLOR

Captain Chris Taylor, NCOIC Los Angeles Recruiting Command. Call me Chris.

Chris walks in to the table beside Bryan, and Captain Taylor with a tray of Christmas Deviled Eggs and lays them down on the table.

CHRIS

(Unaware)

Try these, I got this recipe in Seventy Three.

Chris and Captain Taylor stand side by side. Chris Senior admires the eggs.

Bryan wobbles. Taylor II turns and lends Bryan a hand. Bryan points Chris Junior to Chris.

BRYAN

I need to sit down.

Captain Taylor turns around, then turns to Chris.

Chris unwraps deviled eggs.

CHRIS

This should be good.

Chris walks into the kitchen.

CHRIS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Sargaent Jones, cover down for me. I will be right back. I will be right back.

Jones looks over confused.

JONES

Yes sir.

Bryan is in disbelief. Waves him away. Chris Junior runs out of the Cafeteria.

Festivities carry on.

Debra walks in from the kitchen. Debra puts her hands in the air. Snaps fingers.

DEBRA

Okay, everyone, listen up. Filter outside and upstairs. I have a special something for you.

All get out of their seats and follow.

Debra runs up the stairs. The choir begin to sing.

WALTER, 69, gets to the top of the stairs and pauses with his mouth open.

Debra puts her arm around Walter as the group walks up amazed and passed them.

A choir of children are outside prepared for Christmas carols.

Everyone gathers together on the top deck.

Bethany and Michael arrive up the stairs.

BETHANY

Oh my.

DISSOLVE TO:

The Choir begins "Oh holy night".

Van pulls up Chris II gets out of the vehicle.

CHRIS

Hurry, Momma.

HAN (O.S.)

I'm coming, I am Coming.

Chris grabs a hand and leads it into the party.

Everyone faces the Choir, as the Choir performs. Debra puts here hand on Chris' shoulder.

CAPTAIN TAYLOR (O.S.)
Mr. Taylor, Mr. Christopher Taylor.
Staff Sergeant Taylor!

Small Vietnamese hand goes up to pause him.

HAN (O.S.)
Chris?

Chris turns around.

HAN, 61, stands beside Captain Taylor and Bryan.

Debra braces Chris.

HAN (CONT'D)
Chris, this is your son,
Christopher. Christopher, your
father.

CAPTAIN TAYLOR
Sir.

CHRIS
I didn't. I couldn't. I was so
afraid.

HAN
We both where.

Chris and Han embrace.

The choir continues.

On the big screen in the Cafeteria. News on the Military,
holidays, deployments.

Speech from PRESIDENT.

Han sits next to Chris, who sits next Bryan.

She puts her hand over his. They look at each other. She puts
her head on his shoulder.

The group separates, while Bryan sits in a chair next to
Chris' left side, and Han to the left.

DEBRA
I guess you are staying.

Bryan smiles' while Chris turns to Bryan.

BRYAN
Yes we are.

Bryan, Chris, and Han hold hands.

Captain Taylor stands behind his mother, and father, proud in uniform.

CAPTAIN TAYLOR (V.O.)
We give or time, our hearts.

Pictures of the Fallen Veterans that year on a decorated modest dinner table.

CAPTAIN TAYLOR (V.O.)
Freedom has a price.

Georgie Johnson: Navy/Vietnam (67),

Trevor Terry: Marines/Operation Iraqi Freedom (36)

Daniel Hobson: Army/Vietnam (71)

A young man in Desert Camouflaged Uniform jacket, BRET, 32, walks in the empty cafeteria with luggage in hand. Turns and looks up at the VIRGIN OF THE ANGELS picture. Smiles, and drops his luggage.

CAPTAIN TAYLOR (V.O.)
Only to hope for a little more than
a blessing to bring us home. We
love, we live, we serve, and when
it is paid in full. It is then he
shall cover down, and that is when
good things happen. So the angels
sing.

ABOVE: TWO BIRDS sit together on a tree branch that shines over Los Angeles.

FALL IN: