

CALLING HOME

by  
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ACT ONE

INT. DR. STEINMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

LYDIA (Middle age, 40-41, woman) sits, agitated, eyes wondering on a couch with her son, Grant (24) sitting as far opposite as he can. Eyes fixed on the floor.

Dr. Steinman sits calmly, deathly still with a pad and pen in hand in a chair opposite of the two.

DR. STEINMAN  
Take your time.

LYDIA  
Sorry.

DR. STEINMAN  
It's okay.

LYDIA  
I didn't-- I mean, after all these sessions I thought I'd be... I guess-- I don't know, I thought I'd be better? Does it get better?

DR. STEINMAN  
You make peace.

LYDIA  
(to Grant)  
How're you, honey?

Grant doesn't respond.

LYDIA (CONT'D)  
We can talk here.

Grant is still fixated with the floor.

LYDIA (CONT'D)  
(to Dr. Steinman)  
He isn't shy. I know he hasn't really opened up here, but he's not shy.

DR. STEINMAN  
It's normal for some to take longer than others to feel comfortable.

LYDIA  
He's the life of the party most days if you can believe.  
(MORE)

LYDIA (CONT'D)

I used to dream of how I could get  
him to just give me a moments  
peace. Always had so much to say...  
Price you pay...

Lydia reaches for her bag and pulls out a pill bottle. She takes out two pills and quickly swallows them dry, popping them in her mouth trying to give herself something to do to hide the tears that are trying to come out. She takes a minute and centers herself.

Dr. Steinman gives her a look, studying her. He writes on his pad.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

(re: Dr. Steinman's glare)

I know...

DR. STEINMAN

You know the difference between a  
psychologist and a psychiatrist?

LYDIA

I know...

DR. STEINMAN

Psychologists can't prescribe  
medication, Lydia.

LYDIA

It's just for anxiety.

DR. STEINMAN

Are you seeing a psychiatrist?

Lydia is visibly frustrated. She can't seem to hold it in. Cracking at the seams.

LYDIA

No! No, I'm not! Dammit...

Grant looks up for the first time at his mother. She takes another pill.

A deep breath and a beat later...

LYDIA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. They are... They were  
Alex's.

DR. STEINMAN

How long did he need medication to  
handle his anxiety?

LYDIA

You mean how long have I been taken his medication?

DR. STEINMAN

You're free to answer either question.

LYDIA

After his first tour in Afghanistan. Military doctors prescribed it to him. He couldn't sleep, his mind would wander. When he'd come home he never wanted to go out. He was so different. The son that left was not the same son that came home.

DR. STEINMAN

And have you been using them since then?

LYDIA

Only been the last couple weeks.

Two, three?

(a beat)

Ever since I gave up on him.

DR. STEINMAN

We've talked about this, Lydia. You didn't give up on him, you accepted the facts. You accepted reality.

Lydia is seconds from a full on cry, she goes for her pill bottle. Grant looks up, scared, this isn't the mother he knows.

DR. STEINMAN (CONT'D)

Lydia.

GRANT

Mom...

She stops. Puts the pills back in her bag and pushes the bag away. No where to hide her emotions and they are all now on display.

LYDIA

They couldn't find his body. Eight other family's got back a body and I was given a flag. A flag because they couldn't find him.

(she tries to catch her breath)

DR. STEINMAN  
You're doing great. Go on.

LYDIA  
I waited for him. I always told him to call but he always forgot. Boys. I waited for weeks after they told me. Hoping he'd call. He didn't come back to me so he had to still be out there I thought, but... I gave up. I couldn't wait any longer. I had to put him to rest.

DR. STEINMAN  
And the service was...?

LYDIA  
Yesterday. Open casket. I couldn't burry it empty... Like he was never here. Everyone all put something in the casket, something that reminded us of him, things that he loved. It was beautiful. It was a beautiful service.

DR. STEINMAN  
And what did you put in there?

LYDIA  
That damn flag.

She can't handle this anymore. She grabs her bag, pulls out the pills, and walks out. Grant sits there alone with Dr. Steinman. Dr. Steinman softens, lowering his guard in hopes to lower Grants'.

DR. STEINMAN  
Grant. Talk to me, how are you feeling?

GRANT  
(a beat)  
Well, Dr. Steinman... I miss my brother.

EXT. GRANT'S CAR, HIGHWAY, SANTA MONICA - NIGHT

Alone on the road, Grant speeds down the highway. His music blaring the one -- the only -- thing keeping him company.

SUPER: SIX MONTHS LATER.

INT. GRANT'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Music by his side, he drives on the open road. He hums along, half-hearted but it's all he can spare it'd seem.

His phone rings, he answers.

GRANT

Hey!

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

MATT (26) a cell phone wedged between shoulder and ear, a pint of the bar's best in each hand.

MATT

Hey? Hey?! I've got two pints in my hands, neither with your name on it, but if you get your ass here I'll let you buy me another.

INTERCUT: GRANT/MATT

GRANT

Neither? Matty, what'd we say about sharing?

MATT

I was never a good student.

GRANT

You were Salutatorian at UCLA.

MATT

Forty thousands dollars to come in second place. I also never made good investments apparently.

GRANT

It's not a competition.

MATT

Bullshit.

Matt makes his way to the table, pushing through the crowd, spilling as much as he's drinking. At the table, MONICA (26, female) helps him get the drinks to the table.

MONICA

Is that Grant?

MATT  
 (nods to Monica)  
 Man, you were supposed to be here a  
 half-hour ago.

MONICA  
 He forget?

GRANT  
 Ah, man, sorry totally forgot.  
 Everything's been--

MATT  
 (nods at Monica)  
 Hey, man don't worry about it.

GRANT  
 I'm sorry.

MATT  
 Seriously, don't worry we get it.

GRANT  
 Next time. I'll get your third and  
 we can play some cards. How 'bout  
 that?

MATT  
 Cards after three drinks? You'd  
 take advantage of me.

GRANT  
 I always take advantage of you.

MATT  
 We'll see you next time.  
 (a beat, cutting through  
 the jokes)  
 Take care okay?

Matt hangs up with Grant. He sits seemingly collecting his thoughts. Monica takes a pint and knocks it against Matt's bringing Matt back down to earth.

MONICA  
 To new beginnings.

Matt smiles -- a smile for something nostalgic, something he no longer has at and lives only in memory. He takes his pint and drink.

MATT  
 Gonna miss him.

MONICA

Me too.

(a beat)

Know what it is this time?

MATT

I can guess.

Grant continues his drive in complete and total deafening silence.

INT. SANTA MONICA JAIL CELL - NIGHT

Lydia is behind bars, her second home.

A warden opens the door. She knows the drill, it's routine. She leaves, warden walking close behind.

INT. SANTA MONICA JAIL, POSSESSIONS OFFICE - NIGHT

Lydia stands in front of a glass divider with a clerk on the other side. The clerk passes Lydia's belongings to her through a small, narrow opening.

CLERK

Your things.

The clerk slides a paper for Lydia to sign. Lydia starts to rummage through a bag of her belongings.

CLERK (CONT'D)

Sign this please.

Lydia continues to look through the bag.

CLERK (CONT'D)

(exhausted)

Ma'am.

LYDIA

I'm missing a coin purse.

CLERK

Ma'am please sign the collection release.

LYDIA

I'm not signing the damn form unless I'm collecting all my things.

CLERK  
 (stern, so very done with  
 this)  
 Ma'am...

LYDIA  
 Santa Monica's finest in the  
 business of stealing from their  
 residents?

CLERK  
 I'm not going to ask again.

LYDIA  
 Fuck you.

A good ol' fashion stand off. It's one-sided. A stale, heavy  
 beat...

CLERK  
 You want to go back in?

LYDIA  
 To get the rest of my things?

CLERK  
 I'll tell you what. You'll see it  
 again. It'll be marked "Evidence  
 Exhibit A". Your judge'll have it  
 after a state appointed prosecutor  
 hands it to him. And when you're on  
 the stand, sitting right next to  
 the man that'll determine the next  
 one to two years of your life, if  
 you find the strength, you can ask  
 for it yourself.

Lydia has no ground to stand. She signs the form and grabs  
 her bag and storms off.

CLERK (CONT'D)  
 Tell Grant I said, "Hey".

Lydia, no longer backing down from a fight, flips off the  
 clerk.

EXT. JAIL HOUSE - NIGHT

Lydia and Grant walk down the steps of the Jail house. The  
 two have never been further apart.

GRANT  
 Nice night.

LYDIA  
As good as any other.

GRANT  
I was lying. I've seen better  
nights.

LYDIA  
I've seen worse.

Small talk. Awkward, routine small talk...

LYDIA (CONT'D)  
No lecture?

GRANT  
It's never worked before. Why  
should it now?

LYDIA  
It's crap you know? Shouldn't have  
been there.

GRANT  
(mocking)  
You're right. It is crap, mom.

LYDIA  
Not like I'm some worthless thief,  
some sicko murderer. Can't believe  
them. Put me in there as if-- I pay  
taxes you know!

GRANT  
You don't get a pass for doing what  
you're expected.

LYDIA  
Never late either. My taxes pay  
their salary. If anything they  
should be thanking me. They should  
be respecting me.

They get to Grant's car. Neither motion to get in. There's a  
discussion they both have avoided but know it's coming.

GRANT  
Mom.

LYDIA  
Can we not?

GRANT  
(insisting)  
Mom...

LYDIA  
(defensive)  
What do you want me to say, Grant?  
I screwed up. I--I dropped the  
ball! What? What do you want?

GRANT  
This is the third time in as many  
months.

LYDIA  
Oh, get over yourself. Like you're  
the one here having the bad night.

The sheer audacity...

GRANT  
Yes. Mom. Yes, I'm having a bad  
night. I just walked you out of a  
jail cell, I paid your bail, again,  
and now I'm standing on this damn  
sidewalk--

LYDIA  
(motherly)  
Watch your mouth.

GRANT  
-- trying to figure out how we got  
here!

LYDIA  
They overreacted.

GRANT  
(disbelief)  
"Overreacted"?!

LYDIA  
Yeah! What the fuck's the point of  
medication if you can't use it?

GRANT  
You're filling prescriptions that  
aren't yours! If that doesn't  
register as bad with you then  
you're out of uour goddamned mind!

LYDIA  
 (not motherly)  
 Watch your mouth!

GRANT  
 Alex's prescription, mom!  
 Seriously?

Grant picked all the wrong words. For Lydia, niceties are no longer an option.

LYDIA  
 You keep my son's name out of your mouth!

GRANT  
 (livid)  
 He's my fucking brother!

LYDIA  
 (really not motherly)  
 Watch your damn mouth! This is your mother you are talking to!

A pause. There is a jarring calmness.

GRANT  
 Are you? Because this isn't the mom I knew.

Lydia's hurt, but she has no more wind in her sails to yell.

LYDIA  
 Okay...

Lydia starts to walk away. Grant does not have the willpower to deal with this.

GRANT  
 Where are you going? Get in the car please.

LYDIA  
 I'm walking. You don't know me.

GRANT  
 Look. I'm sorry. Just-- Mom get in the car.

LYDIA

No. You don't know me. I taught my child to not get in a car with strangers, maybe your mother should've taught you better. Maybe raised you better!

GRANT

Jesus, mom. C'mon.

LYDIA

Taught my son manners too. But hey, what do I know...my son's dead.

GRANT

Mom...

Lydia continues to walk down the sidewalk. Grant is a bit worse-for-ware and tired to say the least. He gets in his car and drives off.

EXT. LYDIA'S HOME - NIGHT

Grant pulls into the driveway of Lydia's house, though there is another car there already and sitting on the patio is Josh (50, male) Grant's father. He sits calms, almost hopeful.

Grant parks the car and walks towards the patio.

JOSH

She walking again?

GRANT

You didn't have to come, dad.

JOSH

And miss our quality family time?

Grant's not in a joking mood but the humor gets to him.

JOSH (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

She's just having a bit of a rough patch. It's going to work out.

GRANT

Is that...?

Grant notices a manilla envelope tucked under Josh's arm. We get the feeling that while this is Grant's dad, he's Lydia's soon to be ex-husband.

JOSH  
It's not--

GRANT  
It is.

It is...

JOSH  
Let's get inside, yeah? Get some  
sleep, I'll wait up for your  
mother.

INT. LYDIA'S HOME, GRANT'S ROOM - SAME NIGHT

Grant tries to sleep but that's just not in the cards. His  
parents are yelling, it's what his life has become as of  
late: yelling.

JOSH  
(o.s.)  
When does this end with you? Where  
is this going?

LYDIA  
(o.s.)  
Right. Because you've ever cared  
before

JOSH  
(o.s.)  
Of course I care. You're my wife  
Lydia?

LYDIA  
(o.s.)  
Yeah, Josh? And for how long?

For a moment it's quiet, but it's far from peaceful. And it's  
not words that finally break the brief silence, but the sound  
of a manilla envelope full of divorce papers hits the table.

LYDIA (CONT'D)  
(o.s.)  
Real nice.

JOSH  
(o.s.)  
Like you're giving me a choice.  
When was the last time you saw Dr.  
Steinman?

LYDIA

(o.s.)

Does it matter?

JOSH

(o.s.)

Yes! You need help, Lydia! If not for you, then for our son!

Grant amidst the yelling, lays in his bed, his eyes fixed on his closet. He's transfixed, but it's clear it's not the closet itself, but what those closet doors hold...

LYDIA

(o.s.)

Like he's going to be here long!

JOSH

(o.s.)

So you should spend whatever time you have with him. Lydia...

The weight of the closet invades all of his senses: the closet doors are the only things his eyes can see, the yelling fades away, the beating of his heart more profound, the scent of the night fades, only the taste of what's to come behind those doors are left until...he finally falls asleep.

INT. LYDIA'S HOME, KITCHEN - DAY

The kitchen is a bit of a mess, it's being well worked in as Lydia is moving about making breakfast: pancakes.

Groggy, Grant walks into the kitchen.

LYDIA

Morning!

GRANT

What're you doin'?

LYDIA

I'm making breakfast.

GRANT

What are you making?

LYDIA

Breakfast.

GRANT

You mean pancakes?

LYDIA  
Pancakes are breakfast. Go get your  
father.

GRANT  
He's here?

Grant walks over to the living room that we can see from the  
kitchen. Josh is passed out on the couch.

GRANT (CONT'D)  
(waking Josh)  
Dad. C'mon, mom's making breakfast.

Josh wakes up.

JOSH  
Yeah. Yeah, I'm comin'.

Grant, a bit ahead of Josh, goes back to the kitchen and  
takes a seat.

LYDIA  
(to Grant)  
Short stack and bacon?

GRANT  
Two short stacks!

LYDIA  
Six pancakes?!

GRANT  
I'm a growing boy.

Josh takes his seat at the table next to Grant.

JOSH  
You're a grown boy as far as I can  
tell. When'd that happen?

Lydia puts a plate of food in front of both Josh and Grant.  
Grant getting a large stack of pancakes.

GRANT  
Happens everyday.

LYDIA  
Oh, let me get some orange juice.

JOSH  
What do you have going on today?

Lydia goes to the cabinets looking for cups.

GRANT  
Just running some errands.

JOSH  
Big day's comin' up. How're you  
feeling?

GRANT  
Yeah. I don't know. Nervous if I'm  
being honest.

Lydia is still looking...

JOSH  
Can I be honest?

GRANT  
Of course.

JOSH  
So am I.

Lydia is still looking...

GRANT  
It'll be... I mean, I'll be back.

JOSH  
Oh I know, son. You just can't  
blame us for--

GRANT  
I know, I know....

Lydia is still looking... She's almost frantic now. Grant  
notices.

GRANT (CONT'D)  
I threw 'em out mom.

Lydia slams a cabinet closed.

LYDIA  
And why would you do that?

GRANT  
Because you don't need them. Looked  
in all the normal hiding spots.

LYDIA  
I honestly can't think of something  
I need more right now.

GRANT  
Where were we last night, mom?

LYDIA  
Yoga.

GRANT  
Mom.

LYDIA  
Jail, Grant. I was in fucking jail.  
I know!

JOSH  
Lydia. Calm down.

Lydia collects herself. She sits at the table to eat with them.

LYDIA  
They good?

JOSH  
They're great.

There is a silence for just a moment as they all eat together at the table.

LYDIA  
This is nice? The three of us  
sitting here.

GRANT  
I've missed it.

A beat.

LYDIA  
(to Grant)  
All of them?

GRANT  
Yeah. All of them.

LYDIA  
I mean, you didn't have to.

JOSH  
I really think he did.

LYDIA  
No one asked you.

GRANT

Here we go...

LYDIA

What does that mean?

GRANT

Mom.

LYDIA

No, seriously. I want to know.  
"Here we go", what does that mean?

JOSH

C'mon, let's just-- It's morning,  
we're all here. Let's just enjoy  
it.

He's right. They know it. A beat.

LYDIA

(to Josh)

Sleep well?

JOSH

You know? Yeah, actually I did. I  
used to hate that old thing, but  
now it just cradles you!

LYDIA

Thank your son for breaking it in.

GRANT

Sure beat the hell out of sleeping  
in a dorm bed.

LYDIA

You think as much as we paid for  
that school they'd get you a decent  
bed.

JOSH

The best part about college is  
learning to be resourceful. A bad  
bed, terrible food, no money... You  
make it four years like that,  
you're ready for anything. That's  
the real education if you ask me.

GRANT

Did I tell you the time I made  
leftover Chinese takeout last me  
the whole week.

LYDIA  
Oh, c'mon Grant that's disgusting.

GRANT  
Only got sick once.

JOSH  
That's my boy.

GRANT  
Are we still on for tonight?

JOSH  
Pass the orange juice please.

Lydia passes him the orange juice.

LYDIA  
Of course, honey. You pick a place yet?

GRANT  
That Cuban place down off Carter's Street.

JOSH  
Mojito's?

LYDIA  
La Strada.

GRANT  
Yeah, La Strada.

LYDIA  
Can I get the syrup?

Grant passes Lydia the syrup.

JOSH  
Parking's terrible off Carter's Street.

GRANT  
Dad, that's Mojito's. We're going off Market Street.

JOSH  
That's even worse.

LYDIA  
Why don't we all meet here. We'll take one car.

GRANT

Yeah, I'll call you when I'm on my way. Just make sure your phone's charged.

LYDIA

It's always charged.

JOSH

It's never charged.

LYDIA

It'll be charged.

Grant gets up to clear his plate.

GRANT

This was great mom. I'm going to get ready to head out.

LYDIA

Thank you, baby.

After clearing his plate, he grabs a stack of Post-its from a drawer.

GRANT

I'm gonna write you both a note since one of you is gonna end up in the wrong place and the other one of you is not gonna remember to have a charged phone.

Lydia gets up and takes her plate and Josh's to the sink.

JOSH

Thanks.

Grant is looking through all the drawers for a pen. He can't find one.

GRANT

Where're all the pens.

LYDIA

I don't think we have any.

GRANT

There's no way you don't have one.

Lydia picks up the envelope that Josh brought the night before.

LYDIA

Trust me, if I had a pen your father and I would be divorced by now.

GRANT

Well, not that this is totally uncomfortable now, I'm gonna head out.

(gives Lydia a kiss on the cheek)

Love ya.

LYDIA

You too, honey.

GRANT

See ya, Dad.

Grant leaves.

A beat.

JOSH

You know there's a buy one, get one on pens at Target.

LYDIA

Oh yeah?

JOSH

Yeah, make sure you get the good ones. I get half your stuff after you sign those.

There's a pause, but the two break out into a good, heartfelt laugh. We can see how they were, at one point, a family.

INT. TARGET - AFTERNOON

Lydia has a basket as she walks the aisles of Target searching, and searching and searching. She finally finds the isle with the pens. They are, in fact, buy one, get one. She grabs a pack of cheap pens, she seems stuck almost as she stares at the pens. She puts them back and picks up a set of pens that are clearly better.

As she has the pens in her hand, she can't seem to stop staring at them. Surprising even herself, she starts to well-up with tears. The next \$4.50 she spends will bring an end to her marriage, the greatest adventure of her life.

It's been a roller coaster with ups and downs, and now it's going to come to an end. The flood gates open. Alone with only office supplies to keep her company.

She collects herself and leaves the aisle. She walks towards the cashier. On the way she passes a family (a mother, father, and two sons). The two sons (about 5 and 6 years old) are bickering like brothers do, the mother is at her wits end.

YOUNGER BROTHER

Stop. Mom make him stop!

OLDER BROTHER

I'm not doing anything.

MOTHER

Guys what did I say? This is not how you act.

OLDER BROTHER

I didn't do anything!

MOTHER

Boys!

FATHER

I got it, honey.

MOTHER

Thank you.

The father picks up OLDER BROTHER and gives a good, loving toss up in the air and catches him. The boy laughs.

FATHER

Guys are little monsters today aren't you?

It's touching, but Lydia doesn't see it that way. As she passes them, on the other side of her is an end cap with bottles of wine. Without even looking, without any hesitation, she grabs one and puts it in her basket.

INT. LYDIA'S HOME, LYDIA'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Lydia throws her Target bag on her bed, her phone on a night stand. She then runs over to her dresser. She opens one of the drawers that contains her underwear and bras. She frantically digs through them and then pulls out a full bottle of Alex's anxiety meds. Turns out Grant didn't get them all like he thought. This is the one place no kid would ever dare to look.

Lydia wipes tears from her face. She stares at the bottle. A thousand yard stare that nothing good can come from...

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - LATE AFTERNOON

Grant, Matt, and Monica are enjoying the afternoon with some bowling. Matt is up.

MONICA

Matty, honey, you know there are others waiting their turn?.

MATT

Shhh. I'm getting in the zone. Bowling is a game of mental fortitude.

MONICA

No. No, it's really not. Just roll the ball.

MATT

Monica. This is an art. You can't rush art.

GRANT

(to Monica)  
Oh? He's an artist now?

MATT

I see myself among the Michelangelos and Carvaggios. The Pomeop Batonies and Giorgio Vasaris.

Matt finally rolls the ball. Strike!

MATT (CONT'D)

That is to say I am a Renaissance man!

He walks back to the seats, Monica gets up to take her turn.

GRANT

Honestly, I would have gone with being Italian.

MATT

Just one of their many perks.

As the two pass, Monica gives Matt a kiss on the cheek.

MONICA  
Batoni wasn't Renaissance.

MATT  
(shocked, to Monica)  
Of course he was!  
(to Grant)  
He totally was!

GRANT  
Sorry, man. He's 18th century.

MATT  
17th, 18th, what's the difference  
really?

MONICA  
100 years I'd imagine.

MATT  
(to Monica)  
Shouldn't you be bowling?

MONICA  
Love you, babe.

Matt finally takes his seat and picks up a beer that's on the table and checks his score.

MATT  
Oh, look at that! Finished out with  
205!

GRANT  
Not over yet.

Monica rolls the ball. 7-10 split! She walks to the ball return.

MATT  
Ew. Looks like it is.

MONICA  
Just need the spare to win it.  
That's like a, what, 1% chance? I  
call that doable.

MATT  
(suggestive)  
You know, some call those "bed  
posts" if you wanna get outta here  
soon.

She makes an obviously fake laugh, takes the ball and bowls. Turns out it was totally doable. She picks up the spare to Grant's amazement and Matt's dismay.

She struts back to the seats with her well-earned cockiness.

MONICA

(to Matt)

Maybe next time.

(to Grant)

Well, Grant, this everything you'd hope for?

GRANT

Half-way decent beer, shitty wings, sticky floors and some friends? Yeah, honestly, it's perfect.

MONICA

That's good. I--I'm glad.

Monica is dancing around the subject, everyone can tell. Matt breaks the ice.

MATT

You know, I've been thinking. I'm successful, frustratingly smart...

(to Monica)

I've got that classic leather jacket in a red convertible irresistible attractiveness.

MONICA

Let's not get a head of ourselves.

MATT

A take home-to-mom, boyish charm.

They're having a good time. Some snacks on the table are being lobbed across the table.

They're still full of smiles but the commotion comes down.

MATT (CONT'D)

But at the end of the day, man, I'm salutatorian. I'm second place. You're the valedictorian. You are everything I am but better. I'm living everyday trying to be like you. You can have anything you want, any job.

(a beat)

You sure you want to do this?

Grant takes a drink. He thinks.

GRANT

Yeah. Yeah, man I do. For Alex. I--  
I don't know. Maybe he's still out  
there.

MONICA

(cautiously)

You know we will always support you  
but just... Alex... Alex is gone.

A beat.

GRANT

Can I ask you guys a favor?

MONICA

Of course.

GRANT

My mom. Can you guys--

MATT

Don't even have to ask.

Matt is emotional, vulnerable even. Monica's not much better.

MATT (CONT'D)

I'm really going to miss you.

MONICA

Yeah.

Grant isn't doing all that well now either...

GRANT

It's not goodbye.

A beat. Monica raises a glass.

MONICA

To Alex.

GRANT

To Alex.

MATT

To Alex.

Cheers!

Grant gets up to start up a new game.

GRANT

Alright, let's get another game  
going!

They're back to having a good time in a way only true friends can. For however long that may last...

EXT. LYDIA'S HOME - LATE AFTERNOON

Grant drives into the drive way, parks the car and walks up to the front door.

INT. LYDIA'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Grant takes off his jacket and tosses it on a nearby door handle.

GRANT  
Mom! You ready? Mom?

Grant walks through the home. He gets to Lydia's room, he looks through the door.

GRANT (CONT'D)  
Mom?  
(dread pours over)  
Shit!

INT. LYDIA'S HOME, LYDIA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lydia's room is a wreck, a whirlwind blew through it would seem. And there on the bed is Lydia, motionless, unconscious, frothing at the mouth, her own vomit down the side of her face. An empty bottle of pills lay next to her and next to it an empty bottle of wine.

Grant runs to his mother, shakes her.

GRANT  
No, no, no! Mom! Mom!

He listens for her breathing. Nothing.

GRANT (CONT'D)  
Shit! Shit-shit-shit!

He goes to grab his mother's phone that's on the night stand, he grabs it and hesitates for a moment as next to her phone is a note made out "To Everyone..." written in fresh ink with the pens she bought that afternoon. Grant knows what that note means but he pushes that out of his head as fast as he can.

He tries to turn on the phone. It's dead.

GRANT (CONT'D)  
Damnit, mom! I told you to--FUCK!

Grant runs out of the room to his jacket and is frantically patting his pockets looking for his phone. He gets it. Dials 911. Just then Josh walks in.

JOSH  
Grant what's wrong?

GRANT  
(frantic)  
It's mom she--

911 OPERATOR  
9-1-1 what's your emergency.

GRANT  
Hi, yes, it's my mother. I think she overdosed on some anxiety medicine.

Josh runs to Lydia's room.

JOSH  
(panicked)  
Lydia?! Lydia?!

911 OPERATOR  
What is your address?

GRANT  
We are at 345 Maple Grove Lane.

JOSH  
(o.s.)  
Oh God. She's not breathing.

911 OPERATOR  
An ambulance is being dispatched.  
Is she conscious?

GRANT  
No. No and she's--

JOSH  
(o.s.)  
Lydia?! Can you hear me?!

911 OPERATOR  
Is she breathing?

Grant is starting to break. It's all catching up with him.

911 OPERATOR (CONT'D)  
Sir? Is she brea--

GRANT  
No. No she's not. She threw up I  
think and...and...

911 OPERATOR  
You need to turn her on her side  
and clear her airway. Can you do  
that?

Grant starts running to Lydia's room.

GRANT  
(calling out to Josh)  
Turn her on her side! Turn her on  
her side!

Grant gets to Lydia's room, he stands in the door way looking  
at his dad who has Lydia on her side, trying to keep it  
together.

911 OPERATOR  
Sir. Did you do as I instructed?

GRANT  
Yeah. Yes. I-- Can you--

911 OPERATOR  
I'll be on the phone with you as  
long as you need.

GRANT  
Thank you...

And with that...they wait.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Grant and Josh sit in the waiting room. They are both silent,  
lost, completely disheveled. The room is absolutely still as  
it is sterile except for Josh who is looking through a  
magazine.

A beat.

Another beat.

Josh flips through a food magazine.

JOSH

Hm. You know you're supposed to use pasta water in your carbonara? In all pasta really.

Grant doesn't respond. He's distort.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Yeah, they say it helps emulsify the sauce. You think they do that in the restaurants too?

Grant doesn't respond but gives his dad one serious side-eye. Josh tries to show Grant the article.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Seriously. Look, it says--

GRANT

(mystified)

Do you even know what's happening right now?

JOSH

I'm just...

Josh stops for a moment. He tries to find the words to explain his nonchalant actions, but just then the door to the waiting room opens, it's not until it shuts that Grant and Josh snap back into reality.

A doctor (Doctor Crane, 40) walks in. Grant and Josh don't leave their seat, but their eyes are totally fixated on Doctor Crane, waiting for confirmation that he's the Doctor helping Lydia.

DOCTOR CRANE

Are you the family of Lydia Harris.

Grant and Josh spring up, talking over each other, closing in quickly on the doctor.

GRANT

How is she? Is she going to be okay?

JOSH

Can we see here?

DOCTOR CRANE

Yes. She's fine, just fine. You can see her now, but before you go in, I think it's important to know that the amount of the antihistamine hydroxyzine found in her blood does not indicate an accidental overdose.

GRANT

Yeah. I'd imagine not.

DOCTOR CRANE

Hydroxyzine blocks receptors in the brain. It's what prevents the patient from feeling anxious. I say that to explain the seriousness of this. The amount that she had could cause long term brain damage. She will need to stay under 24 hour care for the time being.

JOSH

Will she be the same?

DOCTOR CRANE

With some vigilance, there's a good chance, but we'll see.

A beat.

DOCTOR CRANE (CONT'D)

I'll leave you two. She's ready whenever you two are.

The doctors exits.

Grant starts to leave, Josh stops him.

GRANT

I'm going to see Mom--

JOSH

Hold up. Hang on a second.

Josh is searching for the words. Tensions starts to mount, Lydia's in the clear but we get the sense that something is not right between the two all of the sudden...

JOSH (CONT'D)

You delayed enlistment right? You haven't actually taken your oath.

GRANT

Dad. That's not--

JOSH

You can deny official enlistment so long as you haven't taken the oath.

GRANT

No. Dad, no. Even if I wanted to I don't think they'd take it to well this close without a justifiable cause.

JOSH

(angry)

This seems pretty damn justifiable to me!

GRANT

Dad!

JOSH

Your mom and I lost our son! Your brother! Doing the same thing you are doing and you got it in your head this is for Alex?

GRANT

I'm not going to let what he fought for die along with him. And he could even be out there, dad, for all we know. He never came home.

JOSH

Your mom can't handle this. It will tare her up inside. God, I know it will because I stay up all night, every night thinking about you. What can happen.

GRANT

Dad--

JOSH

I'm asking you to request a withdrawal of your enlistment. You have the time.

The two are at a stand off, but Grant made up his mind a long time ago he walks to the doors and just as he leaves...

JOSH (CONT'D)

I didn't ask for the divorce. She did. She let me go because she knows I'd go down with her, but she gives everything up for everyone else.

GRANT

And you're okay with that?

Josh doesn't respond. Grant leaves.

INT. LYDIA'S HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Grant walks in. Lydia lies there on her hospital bed connected to every tube and machine they could think of. Lydia opens her arms up towards Grant, emotion sweeping over her. Grant rushes over and holds his mom.

LYDIA

I'm sorry! I'm so sorry! I'll be better, I'll get better. Please don't leave. Don't leave, please. Please don't...

She's on repeat. She only wants one thing and the guilt weighs on Grant heavily. Every one of her words pulls him further and further out of touch with the world around him...

INT. LYDIA'S HOME, GRANT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Grant sits in the dark on this bed staring at his closet. He thinks to himself. Every decision he's ever made, every word he's ever said, playing through his head.

He gets up and opens the closet door and in it a suit bag. He unzips it and takes it out. It's an army fatigue. A name badge on the breast pocket reads "Alexander Harris". He puts it on and looks at himself in a full length mirror in his room. It fits him well. Decision made.

INT. MILITARY ORIENTATION ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Grant (wearing his brother's fatigues) among about a dozen or two others stand with their hands raised repeating the words of the Sargent at the head of the room.

SARGENT

...solemnly swear that I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; and that I will...

EVERYONE

(repeating along with Sargent)  
...solemnly swear that I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; and that I will...

INT. LYDIA'S HOME - SAME DAY

Grant walks in still waring his brother's fatigues. His father sits on the couch. The two lock eyes as he comes in. Josh is filled with anger, sadness, and above all, fear. Josh gets up and walks out without a word. If it were possible, Grant feels lower than he has ever been before.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. KABUL, AFGHANISTAN, BASE CAMP - AFTERNOON

It's high-noon and hot. Like, really hot. Grant sits under a tent with a dozen or so others moving every which way taking care of their business. Grant is in his full military fatigues. He sits in front of a computer doing a video call with his father.

GRANT

...it's not.

JOSH

It is. Trust me, I have experience in this. It objectively is.

GRANT

Ostensibly.

JOSH

Objectively.

GRANT

Objectively means based on fact.

JOSH

I know what it means. I have a dictionary and I'm saying objectively. Believe me, son, I've known about words longer than you've been alive.

Just then, CASEY (28, male, built) walks by and stops as he hears his name.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Hold on, hold on, Casey, Casey come back.

GRANT

Dad please.

CASEY

Hey, how's it going, Mr. Harris?

JOSH

Listen to this. I learned something today. You're American when you're in the bathroom, you're American when you come out, but what are you when you're in there?

CASEY  
I don't know, what am I?

JOSH  
European.

Casey laughs. The joke is almost too painful for Grant to hear again.

CASEY  
That's pretty funny.

GRANT  
(to Casey)  
It objectively isn't!

CASEY  
You mean ostensibly.  
(to Josh)  
I gotta get going.  
(to Grant)  
Patrol rolls out in ten.

GRANT  
(joking)  
Get out of here. I don't want to talk to you.

Casey leaves.

JOSH  
I've always liked him.

GRANT  
Shut up.

JOSH  
Probably more than you. He laughs at my jokes.

GRANT  
You know I used to look forward to our talks.

JOSH  
I always do.

GRANT  
Yeah. Yeah, so do I.

A beat. They are worlds apart but they feel closer than ever.

JOSH  
You're mom's been doing better.

GRANT

Yeah?

JOSH

Her license has been suspended longer than she'd hope on account of her arrest and her...incident.

GRANT

She finally going to her counseling?

JOSH

Yeah. Finally sunk in that the court let her off pretty easy. They saw her hospitalization as a "call for help".

(a beat)

You two haven't...

GRANT

Maybe once or twice since the hospital.

JOSH

She just needs time.

GRANT

It's been a year.

JOSH

She loves you.

GRANT

Never doubted it.

GENERAL

(o.s.)

Patrol! If you aren't prepped, you're getting left. Let's move!

GRANT

I gotta go. Love you. I'll call you later.

JOSH

Don't call me "later", call me "dad".

Grant can't help but laugh. He closes the laptop and gets up to get ready.

## INT. MILITARY TRANSPORT VEHICLE - AFTERNOON

Within the vehicle are 6 armed military personnel. The ride is bumpy and hot. Mainly hot. Sitting across from Grant is Casey and next to him is Riley (female, mid-20s). Grant is keeping to himself, staring at nothing in particular.

Casey calls to him.

CASEY

Hey.

No response. Grant is somewhere else. Casey nudges him with the butt of his rifle.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Hey.

Grant snaps back to reality.

GRANT

Hey. Sorry.

CASEY

You with us?

GRANT

Yeah. Yeah. Sorry. I was--

CASEY

It's just a standard peace patrol. Got nothing to worry about.

RILEY

He doesn't have enough experience to be worried.

GRANT

You say it like it's a bad thing.

RILEY

It is if you're watching my back when the fireworks start.

CASEY

(to Riley)

If they start.

(to Grant)

Don't mind her. Sometimes she's so focused on rising up the ranks she forgets a little compassion can go a long way. She's a good friend when she wants to be. She'll have your back.

(MORE)

CASEY (CONT'D)  
(switching subjects)  
It's going to be fine. In and out  
before you know it.

RILEY  
The embassy in Kabul's been under  
threat here for years and you think  
they're dropping us off to do what  
exactly?

GRANT  
It's just peace keeping.

RILEY  
(she gestures with her m4)  
Yeah, 700 rounds of peace per  
minute.

GRANT  
You're a real "glass half-full"  
kind of person aren't you?

RILEY  
(re: her gun)  
I call her "Ghandi".

Grant and Casey can't help but laugh. Riley, normally not one  
for jokes, gives up a small smile.

A beat.

CASEY  
Here.

Casey reaches into his pocket and pulls out a rather large  
bullet. It has Grant's name etched into the side.

GRANT  
What's this?

CASEY  
It's tradition.

RILEY  
It's your first time out. We give  
every private a bullet with their  
name on it because out there on the  
field there's a bullet for  
everyone. Better you have it than  
them.

CASEY

Give it to someone you trust.  
Someone who'll always watch your  
back.

RILEY

And if you ever get one, you best  
not let them down.

Grant looks it over. He pockets it.

CASEY

Thanks.

A beat.

CASEY (CONT'D)

You know everyone called your  
brother Bandy?

GRANT

Really?

CASEY

Everyone gave him their bullets.  
Wore them around his neck. Looked  
like a bandolier.

GRANT

Were you all close?

RILEY

Didn't have a choice. Saved my life  
on more than one occasion.

GRANT

When I requested to be in this  
troop, I just wanted to finish what  
he started. But now? I think I just  
want to stand in his shadow you  
know? See what he saw. Live what he  
lived.

There's a silence. Riley and Casey look at each other. Casey  
seems to know what's coming next but is powerless to stop it.

Riley gets aggressive.

RILEY

Is that what this is?

CASEY

C'mon, he's just talking.

RILEY

You know what happens to people who come here just to finish what someone else started? They get buried with two bullets. One from being on the wrong end of the barrel and the other with their name on it because no one wants someone to watch their back who's head is only in it for glory.

GRANT

Look, I was just saying--

RILEY

The only people that matter are the ones that got your back and the ones who are on the other end of the scope. Alex won't be either. You don't understand that, then you put us all in danger.

Grant doesn't respond. Riley is agitated and Casey looks like he just watched a fight he wasn't supposed to see.

The transport keeps driving down the dirt road...

INT. SUPPORT GROUP - EARLY MORNING

Sitting in a fairly large, well-lit room is a circle of people. A very classic, almost stereotypical look of a support group. Within that group is a visibly uneasy Lydia and Rosanna (mid-40s, hispanic, female), the organizer of the group, with a clipboard in hand.

ROSANNA

Okay, is there anyone else who'd like to talk?

Silence.

ROSANNA (CONT'D)

C'mon, we've got just a few minutes left. It's an open forum.

Silence.

Rosanna looks to Lydia.

ROSANNA (CONT'D)

(leading yet caring)  
You know.

(MORE)

ROSANNA (CONT'D)  
It's been a few weeks, Lydia. We haven't heard much from you.

Lydia surveys the room nonchalantly.

A beat.

LYDIA  
I uh... I don't have much to say.

ROSANNA  
I'm sure you have something to say.

Lydia fumbles for some words to say.

LYDIA  
I don't know, I guess it's like I said before. I lost my son, abused some medication and I tried to um--  
(she doesn't want to say)  
I'm really only here on court order.

ROSANNA  
You're only ordered to come once a week. Last week you were in twice and the same the weeks before that. And this is your third time this week.

LYDIA  
(nonchalant)  
Today's a special occasion.

ROSANNA  
(insisting)  
You sure you're only here on court order?

LYDIA  
(defensive)  
Yeah. I just...need to get out the house some days.

ROSANNA  
You could go anywhere you want.

Lydia doesn't respond. She's holding her secrets tight.

ROSANNA (CONT'D)  
When was the last time you talked to your son?

LYDIA

I told you I lost my son.

ROSANNA

I meant your other son.

LYDIA

A year or so. At the hospital.

ROSANNA

Why were you in the hospital.

LYDIA

Trust me, it's not where I was trying to go.

There's a silence. Rosanna stares at Lydia waiting for a real answer. Lydia gets more visibly agitated.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

(defensive)

I don't know! It seemed like a good idea at the time! Sometimes people go to the hospital, what do you want from me?

ROSANNA

You know, I find it interesting that when I mention your son you only think of Alex. You seem to need to be reminded of Grant.

LYDIA

I don't need to be reminded of my kids.

ROSANNA

You just don't want to talk about one of 'em.

LYDIA

Rosanna. Grant left me. Left his family. I asked him not to but he made his choice. Who am I to stop him?

Rosanna's eyes just will not leave Lydia.

ROSANNA

So you feel like he gave up on you?

LYDIA

Yeah. Yeah, a little. I do.

ROSANNA

And do you think you harbor this  
resentment because you feel you  
gave up on Alex?

Lydia ignites with anger.

LYDIA

I NEVER gave up on my son!

ROSANNA

Exactly. And Grant didn't give up  
on you.

LYDIA

I never--

ROSANNA

Lydia, you didn't do anything  
wrong, but this is the first time  
you've admitted it. Distancing  
yourself from Grant won't help you.  
Losing a son is why you're here  
now. You want closure, I get that,  
and Grant leaving feels like  
reopening a wound, but this group  
can't give that closure. You're  
going to have to find that on your  
own. You're first step though, is  
remembering what you just said. You  
never gave up on your son.

(a beat)

Neither of them.

(to the rest of the group)

I think this is where we'll stop  
for today.

Everyone gets up to leave. Everyone except Lydia and Rosanna.  
It's almost as if Lydia doesn't even see everyone leave.

ROSANNA (CONT'D)

You want to get some coffee?

Lydia is thrown off, she did not treat Rosanna in anyway that  
warrants her to be nice.

INT. LOCAL BAR - MORNING

The bar is empty. It's maybe 10 am after all. Josh sits at  
the bar with a drink in front of him. The bartender (female,  
30s) stands behind the bar looking up at the news on a nearby  
television.

BARTENDER

(to no one in particular)  
 Un-freakin-believable, this story.  
 Been going on near ten minutes now!  
 (to the tv)  
 Let's move on.

JOSH

There a story you're hoping to  
 hear?

BARTENDER

Nah, just the weather. Promised I'd  
 take my kid hiking this weekend--  
 Oh here it is.

The bartender grabs a remote and turns it up.

WEATHER REPORTER

--with the cold front moving north  
 we can expect to get some rain in  
 from the east--

BARTENDER

Aw, c'mon!

She turns off the tv with the remote.

JOSH

Of all the weeks, right?

BARTENDER

You know she made me promise "rain  
 or shine". She's only eight. Where  
 do you suppose kids learn these  
 sayings?

JOSH

Not exactly to hard pick up.

BARTENDER

Yeah, but it makes my baby girl  
 seem too grown up. Like, because  
 she knows the phrase she knows that  
 life's not all rainbows, you know?  
 Not sure I want her growing up that  
 fast.

She notices that Josh's glass is empty and grabs a bottle.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

(re: the cup)  
 You're dry.

She goes to pour some in but he covers his glass with his hand.

JOSH  
I'm good, thanks.

BARTENDER  
It's on the house. You're good company.

Josh uncovers his glass and she begins to pour.

JOSH  
My son grew up too fast too.

BARTENDER  
Yeah?

JOSH  
Yeah. His birthday's today actually.

BARTENDER  
How old?

JOSH  
He would have been 28.

The "would have been" strikes a cord with the bartender. Instantly, she's sympathetic.

BARTENDER  
Oh, I'm so sorry.

JOSH  
Military. Went out on mission and never came back but...what're you gonna do?

BARTENDER  
(concerned)  
You okay? I mean...

JOSH  
(oddly chipper)  
Oh, yeah, I'm fine. Seriously. Thank you. Thank you I appreciate it.

BARTENDER  
It's just before eleven in the morning and you're already two deep. You sure you're fine?

JOSH  
Like I said, it's a birthday today.

The bartender takes out a glass and pours a shot and raises it.

BARTENDER  
To your son.

JOSH  
Happy Birthday.

They knock glasses and drink. Josh, for just a split second, seems to let the emotion get to him, but he quickly puts his mask back on. Not quick enough though as the bartender clearly sees.

EXT. KABUL, AFGHANISTAN, OUTSIDE THE EMBASSY - AFTERNOON

The city is pretty busy. People and cars going every which way. We can see American troops standing guard outside of the US Embassy.

Grant and Riley patrol the city just a short ways away from the embassy.

RILEY  
(re: Grant's gun)  
You know how to use that thing?

GRANT  
Been through boot camp same as everyone else.

RILEY  
Yeah, but do you know how to use it?

GRANT  
Well enough.

RILEY  
So, no.

GRANT  
I don't plan on having to use it.

Riley can't help but laugh but we get the distinct feeling that Grant is not telling a joke. The two talk over each other, but Grant' doesn't seem to realize.

RILEY

And what is it you think we do in the army?

GRANT

The United States Army? Formed in 1775--

RILEY

This is not exactly what I meant --

GRANT

Largely to fight in the Revolutionary war --

RILEY

(uninterested)

Oh, a history lesson now.

GRANT

One year later 50 some-odd guys sign the Declaration of Independence and we become the self-titled, self-important "Greatest country in the world". 37 stars short but I'd have to say Jefferson laid some solid ground work for the future.

RILEY

You're losing me.

GRANT

I'm just saying over 200 years ago the Army made room for the greatest achievement our country's ever done just one year after its formation and it was done with fifty guys and a quill and we commemorate them by eating hotdogs and parachuting into other countries with some pop-guns and an agenda. They made history, half of us'll die without even making a footnote. Whatever it is we do in the army, I hope it's worth it.

RILEY

I mean for all those smarts, you sure are dumb as hell.

GRANT

I'm not saying what we do doesn't matter.

RILEY

That's actually exactly what you're saying. There's a cost to freedom.

GRANT

Yeah, well my family and I picked up the tab.

RILEY

You and millions of others.

GRANT

Exactly my point. And after us, a new crop ripe for the picking to carry on the cycle.

Riley's not even sure what to say. She knows she can't change his mind.

RILEY

You really are here for Alex aren't you? There's no way you can be that smart but have so little awareness unless you got your eye on a prize.

Grant doesn't respond.

RILEY (CONT'D)

I'm telling you, you need to leave that fantasy somewhere else. Trust me, if he were out there I'd of found him.

GRANT

I'm bringing him home.

Riley stops walking and stops Grant.

RILEY

Hey. I'm not going to tell you again. You need to stop with all that. We all need you here with us, not in some fantasy world.

GRANT

Look--

RILEY

No, you look. You got plenty of brains, I get that but believe me when I say that's not going to help you out here.

(MORE)

RILEY (CONT'D)

It's all about instinct and you have to be present for that because sometimes your thrown into the deep end and you aren't given the time to think it through.

Grant reflects for a moment. He's a fish out of water.

GRANT

(he concedes)

Sorry. I just-- I'm better with a book than a gun you know?

RILEY

Well, that won't get you--

Suddenly, Riley grabs Grant and throws him and herself to the ground. An unmarked van barrels through the crowd and only comes to a stop when it hits the US Embassy and then --

BOOM!

Mayhem that only the likes of a suicide bombing can create.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Grant! Get up! Get up!

Disoriented but up on his feet. The world around him starting to come into focus.

A chorus of gun fire rings out. Grant doesn't go for his gun.

Riley makes her move shooting at the many of the armed rebels that have started to pile in.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Fucking shoot!

This is it. Grant grabs his gun, ready to shoot and starts to advance, frantically, to the embassy. He never fires a shot on the way though he helps his other troop members up off the ground.

In all the commotion he helps a rebel who's armed up by mistake.

BANG! A bullet knocks the rebel back down and he's not getting up again. Grant looks and sees the shot came from Riley. He notices who he was helping...

RILEY (CONT'D)

Grant! Stay with me!

He ignores her. He pushes forward, gun in hand, but no shots fired.

We see Riley pointing other US troops in different directions. She taking charge but even more importantly she's taking initiative.

INT. US EMBASSY - CONTINUOUS

Panic in the Embassy as much of the US Troops are trying to help guests and officials get out safely. The gun fire inside is deafening.

Grant helps some get out. As rebels try to enter from behind, he finally fires his gun. A spray of bullets hit the ground, he hits no one, but the rebels back up.

As he's helping people leave he sees a member of his troop take multiple shots and dies as violently as war tends to be.

He sees that there is help needed up the stairs. He runs up past the wave of troops and guests/officials that are running down the stairs.

Grant is on autopilot, he's terrified but he is trying to keep his wits about him. On one end of the hallway are US Troops, guns raised, bullets popping. On the other end are rebels returning fire. In the middle are officials trying to make their way out.

Grant raises his gun to shoot and he can't bring himself to pull the trigger.

A civilian trips on the way out, Grant runs into the middle of the fire fight and covers the civilian with his body. The rebels go down from the gunfire. Grant gets up.

BOOM!

An explosion from a grenade goes off behind the nearby wall blowing out the wall and throwing Grant backwards into the room opposite the explosion.

Covered in a rubble, on his back, Grant is once again disoriented and he can't hear a thing. It's completely, totally, and eerily silent...

A rebel comes in the room, back turned to Grant returning fire. He turns the corner into the room for cover. The rebel sees a disoriented Grant on the ground.

The rebel immediately shoots Grant in the chest. It's still silent for Grant, he hears no gun shot, can't hear what the rebel is yelling and can't hear his own screaming. The bulletproof vest will keep him alive but it hurts like hell and is even more scary.

The rebel rushes Grant who, on the ground still, kicks the rebel and he falls onto Grant but gains the upper-hand. He tries to point the rifle in Grant's face as Grant struggles, desperately to keep the gun away from him.

As the struggling happens, his hearing starts to come back...

Grant tries with one hand to keep the rebel from shooting him and with the other hand he tries to get a grip on his own gun.

His hearing comes back a little more...

Grant keeps up the struggle.

Grant barely can make out the rebels voice...

Grant gets his hand on his gun and squeezes the trigger.

Grant can clearly hear the frantic, rapid firing of his gun and the horror of the rebel who takes every single bullet: in the chest, in the throat, in the arm and Grant can hear and see every single thing.

The rebel, seconds from death, lays on the ground and tries to raise his gun to Grant. Grant is frozen and luckily the rebel dies.

Grant collapses on the ground and cries hysterically. This is just far too much for him to handle.

EXT. SUPPORT GROUP CENTER - MORNING

Lydia and Rosanna sit at a table, both with coffee in hand. Lydia seems relaxed.

ROSANNA

You started to open up back there.

LYDIA

Didn't seem like I had a choice.

ROSANNA

I wasn't trying to make you uncomfortable.

LYDIA  
Yeah, well...

Lydia turns her attention to her coffee.

ROSANNA  
When I ask you to get some coffee,  
I wasn't sure you'd agree.

LYDIA  
Just...waiting for my ride. Late as  
usual.

ROSANNA  
Your husband?

Lydia becomes agitated. Rosanna is unfazed.

LYDIA  
(terse)  
No.

ROSANNA  
He around still?

LYDIA  
(even more terse)  
Yeah.

ROSANNA  
Tell me about him.

LYDIA  
(pointed)  
I'm divorcing him.

ROSANNA  
Lydia. This is textbook. You're  
just pushing people away when what  
you need right now is someone to be  
close.

LYDIA  
This is between me and my husband,  
we'll make the decision.

ROSANNA  
Yes, but I'm willing to bet he  
didn't get a say in this decision.  
You've been through a traumatic  
experience, you need support.

LYDIA

(angry)

You don't know what the fuck your talking about.

ROSANNA

We see it all the time. You feel alone and you feel life is out of control so you try to take control, try to control why you're alone. So that in the end you think it was your choice and not that bad things happened to you, but there's no happy ending to that.

Lydia is furious but she's trying to stay calm. Pushing back tears.

LYDIA

I'm going to ask you to leave now.

Rosanna hesitates a moment but gets up.

ROSANNA

I'll see you next week.

Lydia walks away and wipes her tears away as she sees her ride coming. Matt (driving) and Monica (in the back) pull up to the curb. Lydia gets in to the front passenger seat.

INT. MATT'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Matt pulls off, the music in the car playing some kind of soft rock. Lydia gets situated.

MONICA

Hey, Ms. Harris.

LYDIA

Hey, honey.

MATT

You doing good?

LYDIA

(side eye)

You don't have a watch?

MONICA

(to Matt)

Told you, you should let me drive.

MATT  
You never offered! And I'm like,  
what, five minutes late?

LYDIA  
At least you admit it.

MATT  
I'm not admitting anything.

MONICA  
You kinda admitted everything.

Lydia starts to mess with the radio trying to change the channel.

LYDIA  
Turn this shit off.  
(messing with the knobs,  
nothing happens)  
What's wrong with your radio?

MATT  
It's not the radio, it's playing on  
my phone.

LYDIA  
Your radio broke or something?

MATT  
No, I--here.

Matt hands Lydia his phone from out of the cupholder.

LYDIA  
It's locked.

MATT  
Let me unlock it.

LYDIA  
You really listen to this crap?

Matt, now splitting his attention between driving and his phone and Lydia, Monica watching from the back calm as can be.

MATT  
It's not crap.

LYDIA  
How do I unlock it?

MATT  
Let me do it.

He reaches for the phone to unlock it.

LYDIA  
This is ridiculous you know.

MATT  
It's unlocked. Just change it.

LYDIA  
Oh, look a clock.

MONICA  
(calm)  
Red light.

There is a four way intersection, the light turns red and they blow right through it.

MATT  
Ms. Harris I pick you up every week  
at the same time.

LYDIA  
Not this week.

She changes the music to some hardcore metal.

LYDIA (CONT'D)  
(almost scared)  
What is this?!

MATT  
Just change it!

MONICA  
(calm)  
Stop sign.

They are coming up to a stop sign fast.

LYDIA  
Good God, Matthew!

MATT  
Let me just turn it off.

He tries to grab the phone, Lydia sees the stop sign and throws all her attention to it.

LYDIA  
 (she yells)  
 STOP!

MATT  
 I'm just--

He realizes and slams on the break. They skid to a halt. They all take a silent moment.

A beat.

Whoop-whoop! Blue and red lights flash.

A Cop (Jenny, female, Mid-30s) walks up to the driver side.

JENNY  
 Sir, you know you ran a red light  
 back there?

MATT  
 Oh, I -- There must of been a  
 mistake, I don't think we--

MONICA  
 Yeah, and we also ran a stop sign.

MATT  
 (to Monica)  
 Are you ever going to be on my  
 side?

MONICA  
 Probably not.

LYDIA  
 Jenny?

Jenny takes a closer look.

JENNY  
 (like old friends)  
 Lydia, that you? Haven't picked you  
 up in months!

LYDIA  
 Clean for months now. Trying the  
 new leaf thing.

JENNY  
 License is suspended right?

LYDIA

Yeah. Just one more thing I have no control over in my life. You know how that goes.

JENNY

My fault.

LYDIA

Kinda was.

Matt is mystified by this conversation.

JENNY

You don't have too many friends down at lock up, so do me a favor and find yourself a better driver.

MONICA

Officer I'd like to go on record and say I offered to drive.

JENNY

Please do.

(to Matt)

I'll let you off with a warning this time.

(to Lydia)

See ya around, Lydia!

MONICA

Hope not!

Jenny leaves.

They sit there for a minute until Jenny is out of view.

LYDIA

Let me drive.

MATT

No. NO! That officer knows you so well, she knows off the top of her head your license was pulled.

LYDIA

Just for a minute. We're around the corner from the house.

MATT

No! I--

MONICA

(compassionate)

Ms. Harris. I just don't think it's a good idea. Just let us take you back, okay?

There's a solemn beat.

MATT

Look. If this isn't working for you. You should at least consider letting Mr. Harris--

MONICA

(exasperated)

Matt...

LYDIA

(hurt)

Josh and I...just take me home. And don't call me Ms. Harris anymore. It's Miss Andrews.

It's real quiet for a moment and then they drive off.

EXT. LYDIA'S HOME - AFTERNOON

The car pulls up outside of the house. Lydia gets out.

INT. MATT'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The two watch Lydia as she walks into the house.

MATT

Makes you wonder, right? Life's fragile. Are we getting out of it what we want?

MONICA

I think we do the best we can.

MATT

I think we can do better.

This seems to put Monica into a deep thought. Maybe they can do better...

A beat.

MATT (CONT'D)

You think she's going to be okay?

MONICA

It may not look like it, but I'm thinking she just might be making progress.

MATT

I hope so.

INT. LYDIA'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Lydia closes the door behind her. The weight of the world seems to be on her shoulders.

She walks to her room, opens the drawer of her dresser, and starts to rummage around in it. This time, instead of pills, she pulls out a note. It's very clear that this was her suicide note from Act One.

She takes it, sits on the edge of the bed and begins to read it to herself. She burst out into tears as she reads the words.

INT. MILITARY CLINIC, MILITARY BASE IN AFGHANISTAN - NIGHT

The clinic is sparse. A cot, a couple chairs, a simple desk with a computer. In a chair, Grant sits opposite the military psychologist, WINSTON (male 50s). Pacing back and forth behind Winston is Riley. Grant's dazed, traumatized really.

WINSTON

That was a traumatic experience, Grant. Are you sure?

GRANT

Yes.

WINSTON

We found you--

RILEY

(annoyed, pointed)

I found you. Winston, I found him.

WINSTON

She found you after it was all over, Grant. Doubled-over, conscious but unresponsive. You took a life. Your first life and you almost died. Are you absolutely sure you are okay?

GRANT

I'm fine.

RILEY

He's not fine.

GRANT

I'm fine. I just need a minute. I just need to think it through. I'll figure it out.

RILEY

(frustrated)

This isn't something you-- Jesus Christ!

WINSTON

You know, I treated your brother with this medication.

GRANT

I know.

WINSTON

It helped him. A great deal actually.

GRANT

Trust me when I say in the end I don't think it was worth it.

Riley is clearly frustrated. Grant is too. Winston considers what Grant said but then starts to write a prescription anyway. Winston gets up and hands it to a reluctant Grant.

WINSTON

Just in case you change your mind.

Winston leaves the clinic.

There's a silence for a moment as Riley and Grant stare each other down.

GRANT

You mad at me or something?

RILEY

What happened back there? I told you to stay with me.

GRANT

I don't know I just thought with so many people inside...they need help and...

RILEY

And what? You figured you'd go in the middle of all the action. Dozens of bystanders, tight spaces. You thought that would be the right thing to do.

GRANT

I just thought--

RILEY

Grant! Back home you may be the smartest guy in the room but out here it just doesn't matter. Experience, instinct, that's the dividing line between survival and Arlington Cemetery.

(pleading, taking a seat  
in front of him)

What are you doing?

Grant doesn't know. He's lost. A beat.

RILEY (CONT'D)

What's your plan? To find your brother, what were you even planning on doing once you got here?

GRANT

I'd...find the last place he was. I'd search the area. Find out what I can.

RILEY

(clearly thinking the  
plans not thought out)

How? Were you just gonna up and leave one day and do it? No one's going to give you that order.

GRANT

I mean if I had to I'd just--

RILEY

Go alone behind enemy lines and just wonder aimlessly?

A beat. Grant's at a loss, he knows she's right. His plan wasn't thought through if he even had one...

RILEY (CONT'D)

Grant. You've made an incredible mistake.

(MORE)

RILEY (CONT'D)

You're here purely out of denial.  
He's not out there. As long as you  
think that he is, as long as you're  
mind is not all here, you're going  
to get someone killed. And if I'm  
being honest, I think you're trying  
to get yourself killed.

GRANT

I'm not trying to--

RILEY

Just try and get some sleep  
tonight, okay?

Riley leaves the clinic. Grant takes a moment to himself. He  
stares at his prescription with contempt.

EXT. OUTSIDE MILITARY CLINIC - NIGHT

Grant, annoyed, leaves the clinic, crumbles up his  
prescription and throws it on the ground. Grant sees Casey  
sitting on a near by crate with a bottle of whiskey.

Casey gestures to Grant in a "you look like you could use  
this" manner.

CASEY

Need a drink?

EXT. JUST OUTSIDE MILITARY COMPOUND IN AFGHANISTAN - NIGHT

Grant and Casey sit on a hill, the compound close behind and  
a gate just in front of them, staring out into the vast open  
environment, a bottle between the two.

Grant takes the bottle and drinks.

A beat.

CASEY

You gonna share?

Grant hands him the bottle.

GRANT

Where'd you even get this?

CASEY

(playing coy)  
I know a guy.

Grant takes the bottle back and takes a swig.

GRANT  
I come out here a lot. To think  
late at night.

CASEY  
I know.

GRANT  
You know?

CASEY  
I mean, I guessed. Only place out  
here anyone can get any thinking  
done.

A beat.

GRANT  
I messed up.

Grant takes another swig.

CASEY  
(skeptical)  
Yeah?

Grant hands the bottle to Casey who takes a sip.

GRANT  
Riley was right.

CASEY  
She usually is.

GRANT  
I shouldn't be here. This isn't me.  
I thought being here would bring me  
closer to him. Live like he did,  
work like he did. I'm starting to  
wonder if I ever really thought  
he'd actually be out here.

As Casey is trying to take another sip, Grant snatches the bottle.

CASEY  
Everyone's got a reason they  
joined.

Grant takes a sip and passes the bottle to Casey. Grant's lost in thought, Casey seems almost disappointed in Grant, but Grant doesn't notice.

Grant snaps back.

GRANT  
What's your reason?

CASEY  
Prove something to myself. That I'm  
more than what everyone else  
thinks.

GRANT  
I've seen you in action. You're  
good enough for anyone.

Grant takes the bottle back.

CASEY  
Most of my family would beg to  
disagree. Never was strong enough.

GRANT  
Military family?

CASEY  
No. Just very traditional.

GRANT  
So?

CASEY  
So, my husband and I make  
thanksgiving dinners a little bit  
less "traditional".

Grant's taken aback. He realizes the weight that Casey is  
holding on his shoulder. Grant hands the bottle to Casey. He  
drinks.

CASEY (CONT'D)  
Growing up "Don't ask, don't tell"  
was an unspoken rule in our house.  
I guess from that point of view,  
joining the military didn't seem  
like that much of a stretch.

GRANT  
The military's past that now.

CASEY  
My parents aren't.

GRANT  
Well, that's bullshit.

CASEY

Yeah, well it's why I'm here. It's why I fight. For freedom. For the freedom of everyone because I know they sure as hell won't but someone's got to do it.

A beat.

GRANT

Alex was the only thing I had left to fight for. And...

(he hesitates)

He's been gone.

There's a moments pause. Grant reaches in and tries to hand Casey the bullet with Grant's name on it.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Here. I don't... I don't trust myself out there. I don't know what I'm doing here anymore. But I know I can trust you to watch my back.

Casey considers it, smiles, and rejects the offer.

CASEY

Nah. I don't take people's bullets. I've seen what that kind of responsibility does to people. Plus, like it or not, you're to damn smart to not see what all you got to live for. You'll take care of yourself.

Grant puts the bullet back in his pocket.

Casey has finished the bottle. He stands up.

CASEY (CONT'D)

C'mon. We need more.

GRANT

Now, we're talking.

COMM

Grant gets up and follows Casey.

INT. MEETING ROOM, MILITARY COMPOUND - NIGHT

Around a table with a map in the middle sit 4 people: Commander Mullins, Commander Tredue (Female, 40s), Commander Solvene (Male, 40's), and Commander Roslin (Female, late 30's). The four are deep in conversation.

COMMANDER MULLINS

Run me through this again.

COMMANDER TREDUE

Satellites picked up some movement about 30 miles west of the compound. We scrambled two Nighthawks for visual confirmation and saw what appears to be two men going down into a foxhole.

COMMANDER MULLINS

Two men can't fit in a foxhole.

COMMANDER TREDUE

We believe that they are building underground bunkers. Maybe even prisons.

(he points to the map)

We have visuals on at least four of these "foxholes" here, here, here, and here. All within a 5 mile radius.

COMMANDER MULLINS

Satellite intel came from the Pentagon?

COMMANDER TREDUE

Yes, Commander Mullins.

COMMANDER MULLINS

What are we thinking?

COMMANDER TREDUE

They could be using it to move men closer to the Embassy without detection? Could be used as a trap for our men if we push in too far. It's in our best interest to investigate it on foot and shut down what we can while they still believe we don't know of these "foxholes".

COMMANDER MULLINS

Alright. We'll mobilize, we'll send  
a platoon to--

There is a lot of noise coming from outside. Casey and Grant are very drunk and very loud having a conversation about nothing and making all kinds of noise.

CASEY

(o.s)

C'mon! It's in here. He thinks he  
keeps it secret!

They barge into the meeting room clearly expecting it to be empty, but obviously it's not. Grant has the empty bottle of whiskey in his hand.

The two notice the meeting. They freeze in fear.

A beat.

COMMANDER MULLINS

That my whiskey?

Grant tries to give the bottle to Casey. Casey doesn't even try to grab it and it falls to the floor and shatters.

EXT. SUPPORT GROUP CENTER - MORNING

Monica drives up to the curb of the support center, Lydia riding along in the passenger seat.

MONICA

All right, here you go. I'll be  
back for you this afternoon.

LYDIA

Thank you, but I think-- I think  
I'll be fine.

MONICA

You sure?  
(suspicious)  
You know you can't drive, right?

LYDIA

I know, I know. I just--  
(sincere)  
Thank you. I really don't think I  
would have made it this far without  
you and Matthew.

MONICA

That's not true. You have Grant and Mr. Harris.

LYDIA

Yeah.

(she gets out of the car)  
I'll see you tomorrow

Lydia walks into the support center.

INT. SUPPORT GROUP CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

Lydia sits in the circle with others in the support group like before. Rossana sitting opposite of Lydia. Lydia is clearly nervous and is clutching a small piece of paper in her hands.

ROSANNA

Lydia. Would you like to go?

LYDIA

(reserved)  
Yeah. Um. Yes, I'll just--

She opens her hand and unfolds a paper: her suicide letter. She hesitates.

ROSANNA

(encouraging)  
Take your time.

LYDIA

I--um--I didn't think...  
(she pauses, collects herself)  
You all know I lost my son, Alex. But most of you don't know that not too long after I tried to take my own life.

This clearly cuts through everyone in the room.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

I wrote a...well you know.

ROSANNA

(interrupts)  
Say it.

Lydia chokes back tears.

LYDIA

I wrote a suicide note. It was supposed to be the last thing I ever did. Some times I wish it was, but when I think about how my youngest son had to find it...find me like I was...I always feel that I have to make it up to him. But I always push him away. For doing something braver than I could ever imagine.

(a beat)

I would...I would like to read it.

ROSANNA

Please.

Lydia takes a deep breath.

LYDIA

(she reads)

I don't know what I'm supposed to say here. I just know that I can't be here, not anymore. Everyday is a reminder of what I've lost, what I can never seem to get back. And I am sorry for everything I've done and for all the things that we will never do. To Joshua, please know that I take with me your love and the memories of raising two strong boys. I've never stopped loving you. I don't think I ever could. To Grant, I'm sorry for what you are going through, no child should have to bare this burden. You are strong, you are smart, you will move on, you will move past this I promise you. The one and only thing I did right was raise you to be a better person than I ever could be. I've looked up to you from the moment you could stand on your own two feet. You are loved forever and always. I'm your mother and no matter where I am, I will always love you with all of my heart. And to Alex, this isn't your fault. You gave your life so that we can live a little bit easier and I'm throwing that sacrifice away. I only hope that you can forgive me and with any luck I'll soon get to ask you myself.

(MORE)

LYDIA (CONT'D)

You were all more than enough for me, more than anyone could ever hope to have. I just hope whoever enters your life next knows how to accept that better than I did. Thank you for everything. I love you.

The room is silent. That note weighs just as heavy on everyone as it did from Lydia. It'd see that now Lydia has a newfound strength.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

I'm not supposed to be here now. My son...my sons saved my life. When I read this, when it takes me back to that night, I cry every time because I know what I very nearly gave up. I try not to look at this as words written by a mother in a moment of weakness, but as a reminder for all the things I live for.

ROSANNA

And how will you do that? How will you hold on to what you live for?

LYDIA

I guess by learning to forgive myself. By letting people back in.

This is just what Rosanna wanted to hear.

A beat.

ROSANNA

I think we've earned a break.

Everyone gets up to leave.

ROSANNA (CONT'D)

Lydia.

Lydia stops and goes to Rosanna.

ROSANNA (CONT'D)

Thank you for sharing.

LYDIA

It felt good to finally be able to let go.

ROSANNA

If you need any help--

ROSANNA (CONT'D)

Actually. I think for the first time in a long time I know what I need to do.

They exchange a smile. Lydia walks away and reaches for her phone in her purse and she dials a number.

It rings.

LYDIA

(on phone)

Hello? Hey. Hey it's me.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - AFTERNOON

Lydia and Josh stand in front of Alex's tombstone. Lydia places flowers on the grave, Josh a picture of the family (with Lydia, Josh, and Alex and Grant as kids).

JOSH

What do you think he's doing?

LYDIA

Up there? Rolling his eyes. Saying "Why're you guys fussin' so much!"

JOSH

"Fussin'", always wondered where he picked that up. I thought we raised him on the west coast.

LYDIA

Not the summer he spent in Savannah at camp. Helping build homes, working soup kitchens. What was that, sophomore year?

JOSH

We raised a good one.

Lydia and Josh get close. She rests his head on his shoulder, they stare at their sons grave.

LYDIA

I miss him.

JOSH

I miss him too.

A moment of silence for their son is observed.

JOSH (CONT'D)

What do you...how about dinner?  
I'll cook. I'll cook whatever you  
want... Or not. I was just hoping  
we could maybe catch up.

Lydia jerks herself away. She's closing him out.

LYDIA

I don't think that's a good idea.  
We're not...

JOSH

Yeah. Yeah, you're right.  
(Disappointed, yet not  
angry)  
I'll meet you at the car.

Josh starts walking away. Lydia is having some kind of  
internal debate.

LYDIA

What would you make?

Josh stops and turns quickly, excited.

JOSH

Chicken carbonara.

LYDIA

You never were able to make that  
right.

JOSH

I know, and I've gotten so much  
worse, you'd love it!

Lydia laughs and walks with him to the car.

INT. LYDIA'S HOME, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lydia and Josh sit at the kitchen with chicken carbonara,  
enjoying their time together.

LYDIA

Oh my god.

JOSH

Right?

LYDIA

How?

JOSH

Cooking classes. Did you know if you season things they taste better?

LYDIA

Oh?

JOSH

Yeah, weird right?

LYDIA

Seriously, Joshua. This is great.

They continue to eat. Josh finding a good moment to work in a change of subject.

JOSH

How's counseling going?

She stumbles.

LYDIA

It's uh...Um I...

JOSH

Sorry, we don't have to talk about it.

She recovers.

LYDIA

No. No, please it's fine.

(a beat)

It's actually going really well.

JOSH

Yeah?

LYDIA

I wouldn't of thought it, but I'm making some progress I think.

JOSH

You are. I can tell.

LYDIA

Thanks.

There's a lull.

JOSH

Have you...when was the last time  
you spoke with, Grant.

This is a gut punch to Lydia. She's not mad, for a strange  
change of pace, but she is disappointed in herself clearly.

LYDIA

(searching for excuses)  
I um... I haven't really had the--  
uh--chance with al-

JOSH

(sharply, just shy of  
reprimanding)  
You should. You need to.

LYDIA

Is he okay?

JOSH

(hesitant)  
He will be.

Motherly-fear washes over Lydia.

LYDIA

"Will be"?!

JOSH

(calming her down)  
He's not hurt he's just... The  
other day he had his first fire  
fight.

LYDIA

Oh my God.

JOSH

It was a surprise attack on the  
embassy. He's a little bit--he's a  
good bit shaken up. I talked to him  
the day it happened. He's going to  
make it through.

LYDIA

He didn't call me. He didn't call  
home.

JOSH

Home never answers.

This is a kick in the stomach if there ever was one but Lydia  
knows this is on her.

LYDIA  
I'll talk to him.

There's a beat. It's not so much awkward as it is somber as Lydia collects herself.

LYDIA (CONT'D)  
Hey, do you still have the divorce papers.

It's Josh's turn to be off-balance.

JOSH  
I...I haven't sent them if that's what you mean.

LYDIA  
(lovingly accusatory)  
I mean, do you still keep them in your bag.

Josh tries to read the room. He gets up, walks over to his messenger bag, thumbs through it, pulls out a manila envelope and sits down.

He starts to put it down, but it's almost as if he doesn't want to give it to her.

JOSH  
I tried everyday for weeks to send it. I guess I just...  
(a beat)  
Here.

Lydia pick it up and looks at it, knowing a major change in her life is held in a \$0.35 envelope.

LYDIA  
I've been trying to figure out what it is I've been missing. What I want out of life.  
(a beat)  
I'm not sure I'm ready to send this either.  
(a beat)  
Do you mind if I keep it?

JOSH  
Yeah I--

LYDIA  
It doesn't mean...I mean I might still...

JOSH  
Of course.

LYDIA  
I just want matters in my own hands  
right now.

JOSH  
Please.

Lydia sets the envelope aside.

A deep breath later and Lydia tries to bring the dinner back  
around to something less heavy as they continue to eat.

LYDIA  
So. You make dessert?

JOSH  
I made a cheesecake!

LYDIA  
Shut up! No you didn't.

JOSH  
I did. Chocolate-Strawberry  
cheesecake.

LYDIA  
No you didn't.

JOSH  
I did! Fresh strawberries, handmade  
graham cracker crust. The works,  
baby!

LYDIA  
No you didn't!

JOSH  
I absolutely did not.

LYDIA  
See.

JOSH  
But I totally had you going there  
for a second didn't I?

LYDIA  
Okay.

The two continue to enjoy their meal and, more importantly,  
their time together.

INT. MILITARY COMPOUND - MORNING

The entire squad is spread throughout the entire compound cleaning the whole place from top to bottom. Commander Mullins walks the compound.

COMMANDER MULLINS

(to everyone)

Let's go, let's go. We got places to be tonight and I need this all cleaned.

Casey is whipping down the walls with Riley is close by mopping.

CASEY

This sucks.

RILEY

Yeah. Well, it's gotta get done. Might as well do it right.

CASEY

Okay, I just...you know it kinda sucks. Bright and early and first thing we do is clean the whole compound.

RILEY

I see it as an opportunity.

CASEY

(mystified)

An opportunity for what?

COMMANDER MULLINS

(to everyone)

If y'all don't like it then keep your brothers and sisters in line. You are all one unit. You rise together, you fall together.

SOLDIER

(loud, so everyone can hear)

Yeah, but do we have to clean together?

There's laughter throughout.

COMMANDER MULLINS

Y'all sound like you want to do it all again tomorrow.

The laughter starts to dissipate and murmurs of discontent can be heard.

COMMANDER MULLINS (CONT'D)  
Then let's go, people!

RILEY  
(to Casey)  
Is this because of you?

CASEY  
Why would you even ask?

RILEY  
Because every time we all end up  
scrubbing down the compound you're  
hungover.

CASEY  
I'm not hungover.

Riley gives him an "Oh, really?" glance.

A beat.

CASEY (CONT'D)  
Okay, fine but--  
(whispering to her)  
Don't let everyone else know.

RILEY  
Where are you even getting all  
those drinks.

CASEY  
I know a guy.

RILEY  
Mullins? Is that why he's extra  
pissed every time your hungover?

CASEY  
Seriously, how are you doing that?

RILEY  
(bordering on cocky)  
I have to pay attention if I'm  
going to make corporal.

Mullins walks past Casey and looks over his work but just keeps walking. Mullins passes Riley looking over her work.

COMMANDER MULLINS

(to Riley)

Good work.

He keeps walking. Casey clearly doesn't like that she was complimented and not him.

RILEY

(smug)

Opportunity.

The two notice Grant off dusting miscellaneous items. He looks angry.

RILEY (CONT'D)

(to Casey)

I'm going to go check on him.

Riley goes over to Grant. Grant doesn't look at her. He just keeps cleaning.

RILEY (CONT'D)

You alright?

GRANT

Fine.

RILEY

Look, last night I wasn't trying to be harsh, but you just needed to hear it.

GRANT

I know, okay. I'm just coming to terms I guess.

RILEY

You don't have to--

GRANT

(snapping)

What do you care?

Riley's taken aback. She starts to go from concerned to stern.

RILEY

...Why do I care?

GRANT

You've been on me ever since I got here. Why do you even care? We don't even really know each other.

Riley reaches in her pocket and pulls out a bullet with the name "Alex" scratched in it.

RILEY

Because your brother saved my life  
and I couldn't return the favor.

The two have stopped their cleaning entirely.

GRANT

You were with him when...

RILEY

I was supposed to be the one that  
went out with the squad but I had  
gotten myself into some trouble.  
I'm headstrong at best, critically  
stubborn at my worst. I didn't  
think we should go. I thought it  
was too dangerous. I stormed into a  
meeting with Mullins and told him  
just that and...that didn't go my  
way. I was benched and reprimanded.  
Thought I was going to be court  
martialed but Alex vouched for me.  
Since I was indisposed getting my  
ass chewed out by every sergeant  
and commander, they put him in.

Grant doesn't seem sympathetic. He seems more angry.

RILEY (CONT'D)

I owe him to at least not get his  
little brother killed.

A beat.

GRANT

(pointed, spiteful)

You got him killed. Why do you  
think it'll be any different with  
me?

Riley is PISSED. She moves to get in his face when Mullins  
walks by.

COMMANDER MULLINS

Let's get cleaning! We got places  
to be!

The two part ways, angrily, and go back to their duties.

EXT. KABUL, AFGHANISTAN, OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

A fleet of US military transport vehicles speed through the open desert in the deepest part of the night.

They drive for miles and unknown to them, perched on a hill is a rebel with binoculars. He's been waiting for this moment.

REBEL  
(in Pashto)  
I see them. Be ready.

REBEL watches them for a moment, puts away his binoculars and readies his gun.

The vehicles make it to their destination. It doesn't look much different, just miles of dirt and sand as far as the eyes can see.

Everyone starts to pile out from the vehicles. There is a certain level of focus that permeates through the group, everyone knowing the level of danger they are in.

Everyone is in their military fatigues and they all carry assault rifles. They all fall into formation as soon as they get out the vehicles. Grant, Riley and Casey forming one squad. The three move silently in sync with each other just as the others squads (about 4 other squads of 3) move at the command of Commander Mullins who leads his own group.

As they all move silently through the desert, groups are coming up to some "foxholes". Each one that does raises a hand to call over the commander.

Grant's group finds a foxhole. Riley raises her hand. The Commander acknowledges her and he heads over.

Commander Mullins takes out a flashlight and shines a light down. We can see that this goes very deep down and into a tunnel. This is no foxhole. This leads somewhere, but to where and why is anyone's guess.

Commander Mullins motions for his squad to come to him. They come over. Mullins motions for Grant's group to go down the steps. Casey leading the way. And just as they are going down the steps.

POP! POP! POP!

Casey is blown back and hits the ground.

GRANT  
Casey!



It's a free for all.

COMMANDER MULLINS (CONT'D)

MEDIC!

In the middle of the fire fight a medic rushes over to Casey and starts to try and patch him up until a hail of bullets kills the medic. He falls over on top of Casey.

CASEY

Hrghhhh!

Grant runs back over to Casey again leaving Riley's side.

RILEY

Where the hell are you going?!

COMMANDER MULLINS

(to Grant)

Stay with your squad!

Grant drops to the ground for Casey who is not doing good. He's not all there, he's fading fast.

GRANT

(to Casey)

Hey! Hey! Look at me! Look at me!

Mullins, in the middle of this hectic fire fight, pulls Grant up who's fighting to get back to Grant.

COMMANDER MULLINS

(screaming)

Go back!

GRANT

He's--

COMMANDER MULLINS

I've got him! You stick with your squad!

GRANT

No, I'm not--

COMMANDER MULLINS

This is not a fucking debate! I--

Riley is under heavy fire. She hits the ground, using the foxhole to help cover her.

RILEY

Shit!

Mullins and Grant and see it all go down. Mullins pushes Grant away!

COMMANDER MULLINS

Cover your ma--

An RPG fires off and hits one of their vehicles. The explosion blows Mullins, Grant, and Casey apart from each other.

Grant and Mullins hit the ground a few yards away hard. Casey, who was already on ground, flips head over heels towards another "foxhole". He's fully unconscious.

Grant is completely disoriented and in his haze he sees 3 vehicles with Rebels, armed to the teeth, coming their way. What's worse, to Grant at least, is during the fight he sees a Rebel come up from a "foxhole" and drag Casey down in it.

Grant's coming to. Riley is pulling Grant to his feet.

RILEY

Get up and stay with me!

Grant fully comes to and runs to the "foxhole" Casey was dragged down. Riley is giving Grant cover fire.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Grant!

(to herself, frustrated)

Fuck!

Mullins gets up and helps add suppressing fire.

COMMANDER MULLINS

(to Riley)

Stay on him.

Riley runs after Grant.

COMMANDER MULLINS (CONT'D)

(to All)

Squad Theta, get down in those "foxholes".

A squad, while firing back, runs into a near by foxhole.

INT. UNDERGROUND FOXHOLES - CONTINUOUS

It's dark and it's quiet. Only the muffled sounds of the firefight above can be heard.

Grant is by himself, gun up until a hand grabs him. He spins around gun up only to find it's Riley who has her gun up and she is far more ready to pull the trigger than Grant ever was.

Grant turns back and proceeds.

GRANT

I'm not going up without him

RILEY

Do you know the danger you put us in, put me in?

GRANT

You can tell me all about it later.

RILEY

I'm bringing you back.

GRANT

Not with out Casey.

RILEY

(angry)

Hey! I'm the one taking point on this squad and I think it's time you respected that!

GRANT

(aggressive)

You wanted me to focus? I'm focused. I'm bringing him back since some of can't do the same.

Riley pins Grant to a wall.

RILEY

(stern, intimidating)

You need to watch your mouth.

Suddenly, Riley pushes Grant to the side, the tunnels lights up with the flashes of a muzzle and loud gun fire. Riley returns fire killing the Rebel that appeared up ahead.

Grant pushes past Riley.

RILEY (CONT'D)

You're welcome.

Riley follows. In front of Grant he sees a dead body (been dead for a long time) in US Military Fatigues.

RILEY (CONT'D)  
What is this place?

Grant looks up a head, a few more bodies line the walls.

GRANT  
My guess? Discreet passage, hidden  
place for executions. This place  
has a lot of uses I'd assume.  
Probably goes on for miles.

REBEL  
(in Pashto)  
I hear them! I hear them! This way!

Grant and Riley turn around only to see several Rebels. The  
rebels open fire. Grant and Riley return fire.

It's clear they are out numbered and out gunned when, just at  
the last second, Theta squad comes in from the side opening  
fire. Between Grant, Riley, and Theta squad, they take out  
the group of rebels.

Grant and Riley come out of cover.

RILEY  
Thanks.

THETA SOLDIER 1  
I think we saw them with one of  
ours?

GRANT  
Which way?

Theta team leads the way around the corner and down another  
body filled corridor. Up ahead they see a rebel with Casey  
slung over his shoulder heading up stairs that leads out of  
the tunnel system.

Grant pushes to the front, gun ready.

GRANT (CONT'D)  
Casey!

The rebel turns and sprays bullets. The group steps back for  
cover.

The rebel gets up the stairs, we can hear a lot of gun fire  
and chatter up top.

EXT. KABUL, AFGHANISTAN, OUTSKIRTS - CONTINUOUS

The team runs up the stairs and they see ahead of them the rebel hop on the back of a truck with Casey. There are rebel vehicles driving away from the fray with gun men on the back.

Casey starts to run after the truck.

GRANT

Casey!

RILEY

Grant!

From behind US military vehicles drive past in pursuit of the rebel vehicles. Riley hops on to the side of one as it drives by as does Theta squad.

The US vehicles catch up to Grant. Grant hops on to the side and then gets in the passenger seat. Driving the vehicle is Mullins.

The gun men on the US vehicles are firing at the gun men on the rebel vehicles and vice-versa. Everyone is traveling at high speeds, a chase that just doesn't seem to have a clear end.

Mullins is in pursuit of the vehicle that has Casey. As he drives up, starts to pass a rebel vehicle on his passenger side. The rebel in the truck sprays a hail of bullets at the car. Both Mullins and Grant try to duck but luckily the vehicle has bullet proof windows. Mullins swerves the vehicle and the distance between him and Casey grows.

They start to catch up and more bullets come their way.

COMMANDER MULLINS

You're going to have to take 'em.

GRANT

I--

COMMANDER MULLINS

(insistent)

You are going to have to take 'em!

Grant rolls the window down, he hangs out the window with his gun ready to fire. The rebel fires back. Grant chokes. He still can't pull the trigger.

Grant uses the door for cover, but the window is open. A bullet clips Mullins in the shoulder.

COMMANDER MULLINS (CONT'D)

Dammit!  
(to Grant)  
Fucking shoot!

Before Grant can even think, the rebel is shot several times and falls off the vehicle. We see Riley on the back of a truck. It's clear she shot him. The vehicle that the rebel was just shot off of veers the car directly in to the one that Riley is on, the two vehicles are in a shoving match.

Mullins catches up to the vehicle that has Casey.

COMMANDER MULLINS (CONT'D)

(hurt)  
Grant. We are going to have to do  
this right.

No sooner than when the words leave Mullins mouth does Grant opens the door.

COMMANDER MULLINS (CONT'D)

Grant!!

Grant jumps out the car on to the bed of the rebel truck. On the back of the truck are two rebels and Casey, on the ground, unresponsive. Naturally, the rebels ready their guns to shoot. Grant grabs the barrel of the rifle pointed at him and points it over his shoulder as it starts to fire rapidly. There is a struggle with Grant and the Rebel with the gun. The other rebel sees a clear opening to shoot Grant, but just as he pulls the trigger Casey comes to and kicks the rebel in the back of the knee causing him to buckle and miss his shot.

Casey gets up and is not doing well, still hurt from being shot. The rebel he kicked points his gun at him. Grant goes to help but is held back by the other rebel. As best he can, Casey rushes the rebel, the two get into a shoving match. The rebel holding Grant smashes Grant's head into the side of the truck. The rebel grabs his gun and sees an opening again but as he shoots Casey moves the rebel he's struggling with between him and the bullets. The rebel dies and the weight is too much for Casey as injured as he is.

CASEY

Grant I'm pinned!

Grant gets to Casey and starts to push him and the dead body towards the back of the vehicle.

CASEY (CONT'D)

What are you doing?!

GRANT

You saved me. I'm returning the favor.

CASEY

Grant, no!

Just as Grant gets them to the back, the other rebel grabs Grant by the leg. Grant drops to the ground. The rebel gets on top of Grant and has the clear upper-hand as he's just beating Grant in the face.

Grant gets a lucky opening and gets from under the rebel and rams the rebel's head into the gate of the truck. The gate flips open. The rebel staggers away from the now open gate.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Grant, just help me up!

Grant starts to push Casey and the body again. The rebel grabs Grant from behind again. Grant elbows the rebel off.

GRANT

This is gonna hurt a little bit but desperate times.

CASEY

They're gonna kill you!

Grant smiles just a little.

GRANT

I know, man.

Grant struggles but pushes Casey and the body off of the truck. The rebel grabs Grant.

There is a US vehicle that is on a collision course with Casey. The vehicle swerves violently stopping just before him. Commander Mullins immediately hops out of the vehicle and runs to Casey.

The two cars in a shoving match drive past Casey and Mullins. Riley is in the bed of her truck using the truck as cover just like the rebel in the other truck. The two are exchanging gun fire back and forth when all of the sudden an RPG goes off, fired from a rebel of another vehicle blowing up a US vehicle. This gets the attention of the rebel that is in a fire fight with Riley.

Riley doesn't miss a beat and shoots him while his attention is divided. Riley then shoots the driver of the rebel car.

The rebel vehicle goes out of control and flips and rolls a head, causing the vehicle that Riley is in to slam on the brakes.

Riley hops off the vehicle and starts running, fruitlessly, towards the vehicle with Grant.

RILEY  
Grant! Grant!!

She drops to her knees. Tired, out of breath, defeated. She couldn't save another one.

On the vehicle with Grant. Grant lays on the ground as the rebel picks up a rifle and points it at Grant with every intention of killing him. Grant doesn't struggle, doesn't try to escape. He just exhales a sigh of relief...

But then, right before the trigger is pulled, the driver yells to the rebel in the back.

REBEL DRIVER  
(in Pashto)  
Don't shoot him! We'll use him  
instead!

The rebel stands at ease. As they drive away, escaping the US troops are all stopped a ways back.

INT. CAFE - AFTERNOON

Back in the states. Matt and Monica are sitting down to a light lunch.

MATT  
I'm not saying... I mean like...  
Don't you think it's a little  
early...

MONICA  
Matt we've been together for six  
years! I don't know, I just think  
maybe we should talk about it.

MATT  
I mean, yeah, of course.

MONICA  
I'm not saying we have to make any  
real plans now but... This whole  
thing with Ms. Harris, with  
Grant...with Alex. I just-- Life's  
short. What do we want out of it?

MATT

...do I have to know now?

MONICA

Oh. So you want to be single?

MATT

"Whosoever is delighted in solitude is either a wild beast or a god". Aristotle.

MONICA

You can't think you're a god?

MATT

(feigning cockiness)  
I've been told I'm a beast.

MONICA

Aristotle also said "wit is educated insolence" so let's not get ahead of ourselves.

MATT

Ah ha! So you do think I'm educated!

MONICA

(serious)  
Matt...

MATT

(serious)  
I know. I know. Look, I'm on the same page as you. The whole situation has been really thinking about what's next...if there will even be a "next". And I...what if we end up like them?

MONICA

We can't live life thinking like that.

MATT

Yeah but... Who even knew a life like theirs was even an option.

MONICA

It is, but we can work towards a better life. Make sure it doesn't happen. And Ms. Harris, she's been doing so much better.

(MORE)

MONICA (CONT'D)

No more pills, not as angry, she's even been spending a lot of time with Mr. Harris. Life can be hard bu--

Monica stops mid-sentence and her entire attention is on the tv screen behind Matt.

MATT

Uh...Monica?

MONICA

(tears suddenly flowing)  
Oh my god...

Matt turns around to the tv. A newscast is on.

TV ANCHOR

(on TV)

...just out of Kabul a video made by rebels whose sole goal is to remove the United States military from their region. Again the video contains a captive US troop and the footage may be disturbing to some viewers.

The newscast broadcasts a home video. There is a US soldier on his knees, with a bag over his head. On either side are rebels with guns pointed at him. A third rebel talks to the camera.

HEAD REBEL

(in Pashto, subtitled)  
America. It is now you must heed our warning. Your time in our country--

Matt turns to Monica who's sobbing, Matt has no idea how to even process the information he's seeing.

INT. SUPPORT GROUP CENTER, ROSANNA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Rosanna sits at her desk working on paper work with the tv on.

HEAD REBEL

(in Pashto, subtitled)  
--must come to an end. We have--

Rosanna looks up and is instantly horrified and glued to the tv.

HEAD REBEL (CONT'D)  
 --taken the lives of many and will  
 continue to until you leave our  
 country.

Rosanna grabs her phone, choking back tears, and frantically starts to dial.

It rings.

HEAD REBEL (CONT'D)  
 The lives of your fathers and sons--

It rings.

HEAD REBEL (CONT'D)  
 --are in your hands. Everyday we  
 will--

It rings.

HEAD REBEL (CONT'D)  
 --take another life. Another son  
 from a mother.

It goes to voicemail.

VOICEMAIL  
 You have reached--

Rosanna hangs up and burst into tears as the rebel pulls the bag off of the soldier's head though we, the audience, can not see the reveal.

HEAD REBEL  
 Starting with him.

INT. LYDIA'S HOME, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Josh and Lydia are in the kitchen doing the dishes, Josh washing with Lydia drying.

Lydia inspects a plate before drying.

LYDIA  
 Really?

JOSH  
 It's clean.

Lydia grabs a sponge and cleans it off.

LYDIA

It is now.

Lydia dries the plate.

JOSH

You want to see the movie right?

LYDIA

I want clean dishes too.

JOSH

We gotta leave in twenty, you have to choose one or the other.

LYDIA

(joking)

Your such a child.

Lydia dries her hands.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

I still need to get ready. If I leave you with these will they be clean.

JOSH

Hopefully.

LYDIA

I guess that's all I can ask for.

As she leaves she picks up her phone off the counter.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Rossana called.

JOSH

Hey, hey, hey! Call her after the movie! Okay, I don't want to miss the trailers!

LYDIA

Okay, okay!

Lydia walks through the living room. Josh keeps doing the dishes.

A beat.

Lydia screams. Josh drops everything and runs into the living room.

Lydia is on the ground in absolute hysterics. The tv is on. We see the news and on the screen is Grant, on his knees, surrounded by the rebels.

Josh is in shock. He's trying to get Lydia up but she's just not able to hold herself up. She is screaming, she's sobbing.

TV ANCHOR

As we get more information we will keep you all up-to-date. Currently the name of the US Soldier is unknown and his current health is unknown.

Josh is trying to get Lydia up off the ground but she is thrashing about. After a few moments Josh just can't hold it together and is on the ground sobbing and holding Lydia who is wailing like a mother who's lost one son and is going to lose another...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

OVER BRIGHT, WHITE SCREEN:

It's silent but within seconds the sound starts to fade in. The loud murmur of multiple voices talking over each other. No words are made out but the stark white screen starts to dissipate.

SUPER: One Week Later.

EXT. SUPPORT GROUP CENTER - DAY, CONTINUOUS

Lydia's vision comes back into focus and we are seeing the flashes of multiple cameras from the gaggle of media. Everyone is trying to interview Lydia and, as we now see, Josh as he is trying to help a dazed, distant Lydia walk from the car to inside of the Support Group Center. Josh is in no mood.

INTERVIEWER 1

--how are you feeling knowing your son's a prisoner of war--

INTERVIEWER 2

--do you hold the military responsible for the capture of--

The two continue to push through.

INTERVIEWER 3

--have you been contacted by any US officials? The president or--

INTERVIEWER 2

--and how did you find out about your son?

INTERVIEWER 1

--with tensions between the countries so high, do you believe you'll get your son back or do you fear he won't make it home like your other son.

They've crossed a line. Josh, and by extension Lydia, stops. We've never seen Josh like this. He turns to INTERVIEWER 1 he's going to knock him on his ass but, seemingly from no where, Matt steps in between the two. Matt, hand on Josh's chest, gives him a "let it go, man" look. Josh is fuming.

Matt has Josh at bay, but no one's got Lydia. Lydia shoves INTERVIEWER 1, hard, he almost falls over caught only by the cameras and bodies of the interviewers. She's on a warpath. She pushes him again.

INTERVIEWER 1 (CONT'D)

Hey!!

He recovers, and she grabs him by the shirt and then, again out of nowhere, Monica grabs Lydia by the forearm calmly. Everything seems to calm to a halt.

MONICA

(sympathic)

Ms. Harris...

Lydia's eyes are fixed on INTERVIEWER 1.

A beat.

MONICA (CONT'D)

(firm)

Lydia.

Lydia stares him down, ready to tear him apart.

A beat.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Let's just go inside, okay?

Lydia let's go. The two start to walk inside. Lydia looks behind her to INTERVIEWER 1.

LYDIA

(furious)

That's my fucking son!

MONICA

(softly to Lydia)

C'mon. Let's go.

The two head inside.

Matt checks on Josh.

MATT

You all right?

JOSH

(furious)

No. No I am not.

Josh storms off towards the Support Group Center and goes inside leaving Matt with the now stunned gaggle of press.

A short moment of reprieve is observed when suddenly the press close in on Matt and bring back the relentless, apathetic questioning and energy.

INTERVIEWER 1

--what is your relationship with the captured soldier's parents?

INTERVIEWER 2

--how long have know the--

Matt has no time for this. He pushes through the crowd towards the car.

MATT

Oh, fuck off.

Matt gets in the car and drives off as the press tries to continue to ask him questions.

INT. SUPPORT GROUP CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

Lydia and Josh sit in the circle. It's quiet. Rosanna sitting opposite the two.

Several tense beats.

ROSANNA

(to Lydia and Josh)  
Do you need a minute?

JOSH

Yeah, I think we ne--

LYDIA

(angry, sad)  
I don't. I don't need a minute. I know what I want to say.

ROSANNA

(off guard)  
Uh. Please. By all means, Lydi--

LYDIA

I'm here--We're here because...well you all know why we're here. Some of you knew why we're here before we knew why we'd be here. That my son is a prisoner of war.

(a beat)

(MORE)

LYDIA (CONT'D)

I saw him. For the first time in a while I saw him. I saw him on television tied up with a man twice his age putting a gun to back of his head on the evening news somewhere in between weather and traffic.

ROSANNA

Lydia, if I may.

LYDIA

(raging)

No! No you may not. I can't! I can't hold either of my kids! I can't walk down the Goddamn street without a reporter shoving a camera in my face! You know someone wanted to buy my story? For all I know I'm a childless mother but, I guess I'm a New York Times bestseller. Grass is fucking greener apparently. So, don't try and calm me down. Let me have this! All I have is this! This is how I'm supposed to be! I lost both of my sons!

ROSANNA

Lydia, I'm not tryin to--

LYDIA

Oh, you're not trying shit, Rosanna. No one is! That's the problem. I'm out here alone. Doing all this alone.

JOSH

That's not true.

ROSANNA

Have you been using pills again?

LYDIA

Why because I'm upset? Because I'm belligerent and angry? I must be popping pills, I can't fathom another reason.

JOSH

She's been using Alex's old anxiety medicine again.

LYDIA  
 (to Josh)  
 Fucking narc.

ROSANNA  
 Lydia...

LYDIA  
 (yelling)  
 I was anxious! Sue me!  
 (a beat)  
 I'm not-- You know... No.  
 (to Josh)  
 This isn't about me, this is about  
 you.

JOSH  
 How is this at all about me?

LYDIA  
 Do you even know your son died?

JOSH  
 (angry)  
 Yeah. Yeah, I think I heard  
 something about that.

LYDIA  
 Good because it sure as hell  
 doesn't seem like it.

JOSH  
 What are you--

LYDIA  
 You walk around like you haven't  
 got a care in the world. Son's  
 dead? No problem we'll just move  
 on! Wife wants a divorce? Just  
 great, I'll stay over and help make  
 pancakes! Everything is just so  
 great with you, I can't even begin  
 to understand.

Josh gets up in frustration, they are just on the edge of a shouting match.

JOSH  
 Are you out of your mind right  
 now?! Those fucking pills?

ROSANNA  
 Joshua!

Lydia scrambles for her purse and pulls out the bottle of pills.

LYDIA

It's not the damn-- You know, here!

She opens the bottle and throws all the pills on the floor, stomps on the pills and throws the bottle.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Here! You see?! No more pills! This is all me!

ROSANNA

Lydia!

JOSH

I don't know where you get off trying to tell me that I don't care.

LYDIA

Because you don't show it, Josh! You're either living behind some mask or...or something, but as far as anyone can see you somehow aren't going through a goddamn thing!

JOSH

I'm trying to be strong for you!

LYDIA

Oh, because I'm just so fucking weak.

JOSH

Jesus. Lydia. What do you want?

LYDIA

I want someone down here with me. I want someone who's hurting too, Josh! I want to know I'm in this with someone! Hell, misery loves company but with you high atop your mighty hill looking down on me who needs someone "strong" to look out for her, I'm just so alone. I've lost one son and for all I know I've lost another and you're nowhere to be found, Josh.

(she hits a more somber note)

With all this going on.

(MORE)

LYDIA (CONT'D)

With all that we've went through.  
With all that I put you through  
just so you can feel something and  
hopefully then I could as  
well...You're just simply not here.

(a beat)

I've lost my family and somehow, of  
everyone, you feel the farthest  
away.

Josh is angry. He's pacing back and forth trying to find the words to say. He can barely look at Lydia and when he does he's staring daggers at her.

JOSH

I--Of all the--

Josh keeps pacing. Lydia stands there not even batting an eye.

Suddenly, almost aggressive, Josh gets in real close to Lydia. He's more or less in her face. It's tense, we don't know where this is going to go but Lydia stands strong. She doesn't move, doesn't waver. She looks him straight in the eyes.

A beat.

JOSH (CONT'D)

(with spite)

He was our son.

Josh is trying to hold back a wave of emotions as he starts to well up.

JOSH (CONT'D)

(with painful emotion)

Our son...

Lydia opens her arms and the two embrace. Josh let's it all out. Everything he's been keeping inside, everything he's wanted to let out but has been too afraid to comes pouring out as he, being held and, in more ways than one, supported by his wife, cries loudly, painfully, but for the first time, openly.

INT. MEETING ROOM, MILITARY COMPOUND - NIGHT

Sitting around a the large conference table, Commander Mullins sits with 3 other Commanders (Roslin, Solvene, Tredue).

COMMANDER MULLINS  
And we still don't know?

COMMANDER ROSLIN  
I think that's irrelevant.

COMMANDER SOLVENE  
I don't agree. That could be the most relevant piece of information that we don't have.

COMMANDER TREDUE  
The intel came back inconclusive.

COMMANDER MULLINS  
Every time. Every time, it's "inconclusive". They understand we can't move until it's conclusive.

COMMANDER TREDUE  
They don't know that because that's not true.

COMMANDER MULLINS  
It is.

COMMANDER SOLVENE  
We don't know if it's even worth the risk without conclusive evidence that he's still even alive. So, no, we can't move without knowing.

COMMANDER ROSLIN  
That is, at best, a misrepresentation of the definition of the truth here and at worst it's just plain reckless. We're talking about a soldier.

COMMANDER TREDUE  
We're talking about a life.

COMMANDER MULLINS  
And how many more do you think we should risk on the off chance that he's alive?

COMMANDER TREDUE  
I'd be more concerned about how many of our guys see their commanders leave a man behind. Our guys who we ask to risk their lives.

COMMANDER SOLVENE

We didn't ask them, they signed up on their own.

An uproar of disapproval from both people who do and don't agree with his stance on the upcoming decision.

COMMANDER MULLINS

Hey, now!

COMMANDER TREDUE

Real nice.

COMMANDER ROSLIN

C'mon, are you kidding me with this?

The murmurs start to fade.

COMMANDER SOLVENE

I'm just saying everyone knows the risks. Some who sign up, don't get to go home.

COMMANDER TREDUE

We're not talking about the cost of doing business.

COMMANDER SOLVENE

That's exactly what we're talking about. Have the stomach to say it or not, but it doesn't change the fact that this comes with a particularly high hazard risk.

COMMANDER TREDUE

We don't leave men behind.

COMMANDER SOLVENE

These are extreme circumstances and the risk we run trying to save a man we don't even know is alive, one that Mullins says is disobedient at best, is more than I'm willing to risk.

Commander Mullins has heard enough, he reigns the discussion back in.

COMMANDER MULLINS

All right, look. Let's start over. What do we know? What are the risks? Commander Roslin.

COMMANDER ROSLIN

It's been seven days, eleven hours since private Grant Harris was captured in a gorilla style surprise encounter with rebel soldiers. About 2 hours after his capture a live broadcast of Harris was seen online and local news broadcast.

COMMANDER MULLINS

Here?

COMMANDER ROSLIN

United States. Sorry. There was no indication on if Harris is alive or not, though the broadcast stated, and I quote, "Everyday we will take a life, another son from his mother, starting with him". No other US troops have been captured.

COMMANDER MULLINS

"Everyday we will take a life, another son from his mother". Jesus Christ.

COMMANDER SOLVENE

Given that, I'd say there is a high likelihood that Harris is dead.

COMMANDER TREDUE

The President gave us the authorization to go extract him, why are we sitting on this?

COMMANDER MULLINS

The president gave us the go ahead under the condition that risk of additional US troops loss of life is minimal. Otherwise, we retaliate with a full force strike.

COMMANDER TREDUE

Striking now, if he's alive, is sure to get him killed.

COMMANDER SOLVENE

And staging an attack for someone who may be long gone falls under the category of "additional loss of US Troops' lives".

(to Commander Mullins)

(MORE)

COMMANDER SOLVENE (CONT'D)

Now, I understand that this is tough, but you've ultimately got to make this decision. He was in your squad and I expect we all will honor your decision. But understand this is the best shot we've ever had. Finding them's been near impossible and if it weren't for that broadcast, we wouldn't have been able to pinpoint a locale. We shouldn't let this slip through our hands.

The room grows silent.

COMMANDER MULLINS

I think we organize a strike.

It's clear that Commander Tredue and Roslin do not agree.

COMMANDER MULLINS (CONT'D)

We do it tomorrow.

Commander Mullins stands up, the rest follow. At this moment, Riley burst through the doors.

RILEY

Commander Mullins--

COMMANDER SOLVENE

Excuse me, Private! This meeting is above your pay grade.

RILEY

I know I just--

COMMANDER SOLVENE

No, obviously you don't because--

RILEY

(interrupting, almost yelling)

I do know! I do! Just--Just listen!

COMMANDER SOLVENE

(angry)

I'll--

Commander Mullins stops him.

COMMANDER MULLINS

(to Solvene)

Solve.

(MORE)

COMMANDER MULLINS (CONT'D)  
(to Riley, stern)  
What is it that you need?

Riley's nervous, she's punching above her weight here. She pushes through.

RILEY  
Commander Mullins it has been a week since Grant's been taken and I think--I know we have to do something. I know he's alive.

COMMANDER MULLINS  
How?

RILEY  
I just...have a feeling.

COMMANDER MULLINS  
Not good enough.

Mullins gets his things and starts to leave as do the other commanders until Riley stops Mullins.

RILEY  
Wait! Look. It's been a week and we haven't heard anything. If they killed him they'd make it a statement, they'd let us know.

COMMANDER MULLINS  
(stern, in Riley's face)  
I said. Not. Good enough.

Mullins steps to the side to pass Riley, Riley steps back in front of him.

RILEY  
I'm telling you they're using him as a bargaining chip! They--

Mullins erupts. This insubordination is the last straw.

COMMANDER MULLINS  
(yelling)  
We're going to retaliate, Riley.  
There is no extraction plan! We're--

RILEY  
Let me lead it!

COMMANDER MULLINS  
What?

RILEY

Let me do it. Let me lead an extraction. We get in and if he's not there we leave in time for the strike. Just a small group.

COMMANDER SOLVENE

This is ridiculous!

RILEY

Commander Mullins. Please. What's the harm in looking?

Mullins is fuming but he's considering...

INT. REBEL UNDERGROUND PRISON, HOLDING CELL - DAY

Grant sits up against a wall in a makeshift cell in what looks to be a cave. In this cell are 3 or 4 dead bodies, decaying, clearly there for a long time. The smell is horrid and the conditions are worse.

Grant, clearly in some sort of daze talks to the bodies around him.

GRANT

Did I ever tell you--Shut up and listen--Did I ever tell you about this girl I was...I don't know...with?

(a beat)

We weren't like, Facebook official or whatever but-- wait, do you have Facebook here?

He waits for a response that clearly will never come.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Whatever, man. Anyway. After awhile I figured, you know, why not bring her to my place. Introduce her to my parents. It didn't have to be a thing, you know?

A rebel walks up to the cell with a large rifle and bangs on the bars.

REBEL

(in Pashto)

Hey! Quiet! Keep your voice down!

GRANT  
 (defiant)  
 Fuck you, man.

The rebel walks off. Grant talks to the dead body again.

GRANT (CONT'D)  
 (to the body)  
 He's such an asshole.  
 (back to his story)  
 So yeah, I took her home. Her name's Allison by the way. I took her home and it was...it was good you know? Nothing special but, just wanted her to know the family. She liked them well enough, but man, when she saw my brother I could see the sparkles in her eyes.

REBEL  
 (O.S., in Pashto)  
 I said keep quiet!

GRANT  
 Alright!!!  
 (to the body)  
 I can't even understand this guy. My point is though...I actually don't know if I even have a point. I wasn't mad at him or anything for it. I loved him just as much as everyone else I guess. He never made me feel jealous. Never made me feel like I was in his shadow. Doesn't matter now. Allison broke whatever we had off. She said I had "mother issues". God, that made me want to die.  
 (a beat)  
 If only she'd could see me now...

The rebel is back and banging repeatedly on his cell. The two start yelling over each other.

REBEL  
 (in Pashto)  
 I said be quiet!

GRANT  
 (angry, yelling)  
 I can't understand you! You get that right? I can't understand you!

REBEL  
 (in Pashto)  
 This is your last warning!

GRANT  
 (angry, yelling)  
 Oh, piss off asshole!

REBEL  
 (in Pashto)  
 Keep it down!!

The rebel bangs his gun against the bars and in return Grant grabs a near by bowl and throws it at the rebel.

The rebel, pissed, pulls out some keys and opens the cell. Grant doesn't try to get away, doesn't shy away.

REBEL (CONT'D)  
 (in Pashto)  
 Come here!

The rebel enters the cell, rifle pointed at a defiant Grant.

REBEL (CONT'D)  
 (in Pashto)  
 Keep talking! Keep talking!

GRANT  
 You gonna shoot?! You gonna shoot?!

Grant throws some near by rocks at the rebel who's getting more agitated.

GRANT (CONT'D)  
 Fucking do it! C'mon!

REBEL  
 (in Pashto)  
 I will kill you! You understand? I  
 will blow your fucking head off!

Grant throws more rock and dirt. Repeatedly.

GRANT  
 C'mon! C'mon, do it!

To intimidate Grant the rebel points the gun behind him and lets loose a few shots and then points it back at Grant.

REBEL  
 (in Pashto)  
 It's loaded! I will kill you!

GRANT

C'mon!!!

The rebel hits Grant across the face with the butt of the rifle. Grant, angry, tries to get up and is immediately knocked right back down by the rebel who hits him, yet again, in the face with the butt of the rifle.

The rebel grabs Grant by his hair and drags him across the cell to a near by wall.

GRANT (CONT'D)

You gonna do it!

The rebel punches Grant.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Just do it!

The rebel punches Grant. Grant throws more rocks and dirt at the rebel.

GRANT (CONT'D)

C'mon!!!!

The rebel kicks Grant in the stomach, knocking the wind out of him, Grant falls over gasping. The rebel leaves the cell.

Grant is wheezing and his wheezes turn to sobbing.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Please. Please just kill me. I don't--I don't want to anymore.

The rebel slams the cell shut and locks it. Grant lays there for a moment.

GRANT (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Please, please, please...

Grant gets himself up. In frustration he screams and repeatedly kicks the bars.

CLINK!

Grant hears something when he kicks the bars and notices the bars are no longer stable. He begins pushing on the bars with his foot and they are moving just a bit.

Grant goes to inspect the bars and notices that when the rebel shot off his gun some of the bullets hit the lock and the door's lock is not stable.

Grant begins to push on it. And push. And push some more.  
Until...

CLINK!

The cell busts open.

INT. REBEL UNDERGROUND PRISON, TUNNELS - CONTINUOUS

Grant, hesitantly, exits his cell. He turns down the hall and hears the rumblings of some rebels and quietly turns the other direction.

He's on the move, turning down tunnels left in right in what seems to be an endless maze. The smell is horrible as we see him pass a dead body every now and again.

He turns another corner and sees stairs leading up with sunlight pouring down. He's found his way out. He rushes to the stairs and as soon as he gets up to the first step he stops.

Grant turns around, he's angry but at what we aren't sure until he walks to a near by cell he had just passed. He looks in the cell and sees the remains of a US Soldier still in his fatigues with the words "A. Harris" stitched on his shirt pocket.

Grant has found his brother.

GRANT  
I should of guessed.

A beat.

GRANT (CONT'D)  
Well. You going to say something?

A beat. A switch flips in Grant's head. Beating on the bars that separate him from his brother.

GRANT (CONT'D)  
(livid)  
Say something!!

Grant tries to calm down.

GRANT (CONT'D)  
You think you can just stay here  
and not even... Jesus do you even  
know what I, what Mom and Dad've  
been through?

The switch flips again, he beats on the bars.

GRANT (CONT'D)

God dammit! Just say something!  
You're just here and then you  
disappear without so much as a  
word. Not one letter, not one phone  
call! You couldn't even call!

He beats on the bars.

GRANT (CONT'D)

You're such an asshole, you know!  
Such a fucking asshole! Everyone  
loved you! Everyone! Me! Mom! Dad!  
There wasn't a person that didn't  
believe you'd always be there for  
them. Now look at you!

He beats on the bars harder than he has before. He's in a full on tantrum.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Look at you!!

His full on tantrum starts to come to an end when he collapses on to the bars that he's using to prop him up and begins to sob wildly.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Look at you... Look at you, Alex...  
Please. Please say something...

Grant starts to yank and pull, in complete and total futility, at the lock to try and open the cell.

GRANT (CONT'D)

You're coming home. I'm gonna bring  
you home.

He sobs for several moments trying to open the door until he hears the footsteps of a rebel.

REBEL

(in Pashto)

Hey! Get back in your cell!

The rebel rushes at Grant, gun raised. For the first time Grant fights back, rushing toward the rebel. A fire is lit in him and now, for the first time ever, Grant wants to survive.

GRANT

I'm bringing him home!

There's a struggle, Grant trying to shove the gun away and punching the rebel, but Grant is weak. Very weak. He gets pushed to the ground.

REBEL  
(in Pashto)  
I will shoot you! I will shoot!

Grant gets up and lunges at the rebel. Grant has picked up a broken piece of glass from the ground and buries it in the rebel's shoulder.

GRANT  
I'm bringing him home!

REBEL  
Arghhhhhhh!

In his pain, the rebel mistakenly fires some rounds from the gun. Grant is so weak that he's barely hanging on to the rebel, using the glass almost as a handle. They struggle, Grant hitting him repeatedly.

Grant's knocked down. He gets up immediately to lunge at the rebel.

BANG!

Grant takes a bullet in the shoulder knocking him square on his ass. He's gasping barely cognizant of the world around him.

GRANT  
(weak)  
I'm bringing him home.

He struggles to get up but can't. Grant raises his head with all his might when it's shoved back on the ground by the barrel of the rebel's gun.

REBEL  
(in english)  
You die today.

BANG!

A bullet flies straight through the head of the rebel. He falls to the ground and we see Riley standing there, gun drawn with two soldiers on either side.

RILEY  
(to the soldiers)  
Man the openings.

The two rush to near by openings in the tunnels. Riley rushes to Grant.

RILEY (CONT'D)  
Grant! Grant can you hear me?

GRANT  
We have to bring him home.

RILEY  
We're gonna get you out of here.

GRANT  
No. No, no, no.

Grant struggles to get out of Riley's grasp.

RILEY  
Hey, hey, hey! It's me! Let's get you--

GRANT  
I'm not leaving without him.

RILEY  
Without who?

SOLDIER 1  
We got incoming.

RILEY  
We need a minute!

SOLDIER 2  
You don't got it.

Rebels have heard the noise and are coming their way. A firefight breaks out as the soldiers start shooting.

RILEY  
Who? Who aren't we leaving?

GRANT  
Alex.

He looks over to cell, Riley does as well. It all clicks. She stands up and shoots the lock, it opens. She then points the gun ahead of her towards the firefight.

RILEY  
We're not leaving without him.

Riley and the two soldiers fight off the incoming rebels as Grant struggles to pull Alex out but he's still just so weak. Riley notices.

RILEY (CONT'D)  
 (to Grant)  
 I'm coming!

Grant uses every last bit of strength he has to sling the body of his brother over his shoulder and starts to hobble out towards the stairs.

RILEY (CONT'D)  
 Fall back!

The soldiers fall back with Riley who is helping Grant up the stairs.

EXT. KABUL, AFGHANISTAN, OUTSKIRTS - CONTINUOUS

Just outside the "foxhole", desert as far as the eye can see though behind them, off in the distance, is what looks to be a makeshift outpost for rebels.

In the distance they see some rebel humvees heading their way. They start to move as fast as they can the opposite direction.

Riley's radio buzzes

COMMANDER MULLINS  
 (on Radio)  
 We got jets scrambling your way.  
 Tell me your out of there!

Riley, while running, raises the radio to her ear.

RILEY  
 Out of the hole, but not the area,  
 we're heading back now!

COMMANDER MULLINS  
 Shit! If you're not out I'm gonna  
 have to turn them around.

RILEY  
 No! No we need the help! We'll be  
 fine.

The humvees start to catch up and as shots are being fired at them by the rebels the sounds of jets come over head as 3 jets start to lay down suppressing fire taking out humvees left and right.

Some US humvees starting coming their way and passing them joining the fire fight, but one humvee stops in front of them. Riley swings the door open and we see Command Mullins in the driver seat.

They help Grant get in the humvee as the other soldiers help put Alex in the back.

RILEY (CONT'D)  
He's hurt.

COMMANDER MULLINS  
(re: the body put in the  
back)  
Who'd we lose?

GRANT  
I need a phone.

RILEY  
(to Grant)  
We need to get you patched up.  
(to Mullins)  
I'll fill you in, but we got to go.  
He needs help.

Mullins starts to drive off as Grant frantically grabs a military grade cellphone in the car.

RILEY (CONT'D)  
Grant! We nee--

Grant struggles to get away from Riley as he dials.

COMMANDER MULLINS  
(to Riley)  
Just let it go!

Riley backs off as Grant puts the phone to his ear.

INT. LYDIA'S HOME, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lydia and Josh sit on the couch watching tv. Lydia's phone begins to ring. She doesn't move for it.

JOSH  
Your phone.

Ring.

LYDIA  
I know.

Ring.

JOSH

Are you gonna... I mean could be important.

Ring.

Ring.

Ring.

Lydia finally decides to get up and grab her phone that's on a nearby end-table.

LYDIA

Hello?

GRANT

(on phone)

Hey, mom. It's...It's me.

Lydia can barely hold herself up as a wave of joyful (and relieved) tears flow out of her. Josh comes to her side.

EXT. U.S. MILITARY BASE, LANDING STRIP - DAY

Days later. A large aircraft has landed on the runway and air control works scramble to push stairs to the aircraft's door.

A crowd of family and friends stand waiting for their loved ones to walk off the plane. Their wish comes true moments later as the door opens and soldier's in their fatigues emerge. The crowd goes wild, a true military welcoming. Everyone hugging their loved ones as they come off the plane.

In the crowd is Lydia, Josh, Monica, and Matt, waiting with bated breath.

The wave of soldiers comes to an end, but only for a moment. Grant, in his fatigues with a sling over his left arm walks out to the first step side by side with Riley. The two help hoister up a coffin, draped in an American flag and begin to carefully walk down the stairs with 4 others (including Commander Mullins, and Casey) help bring the coffin down the stairs.

COMMANDER MULLINS

(to Riley)

You did good.

Riley, holding back her emotions, gives him an approving nod.

They all walk towards Lydia and Josh. As they get to them another military hand brings a wheeled, cart-like stand for the coffin to rest the coffin on. After they put the coffin down, they start to fold the flag. Grant takes it and walks to his parents and hands it to his mother.

GRANT

I brought him home.

Lydia, Josh, and Grant embrace in an emotional group hug. The crowd seems to have grown silent, all eyes are on them.

Neither Matt nor Monica can hold back their own tears. It's almost too much for Matt who wants nothing more than to comfort his friend. He starts to move to them when Monica stops him. She knows this is their moment. They all watch on.

Lydia and Josh walk up to the coffin. Josh puts his hand on the coffin.

JOSH

Hey, son...

Lydia gives the coffin a kiss.

LYDIA

I've missed you.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - AFTERNOON (SAME DAY)

We are at the tail end of a funeral for Alex. There is quite the gathering of family and friends (Lydia, Grant, Josh, Monica, Matt, Riley, and Casey are in the crowd).

The coffin is being lowered into the grave. A line forms with Lydia, Josh, and Grant at the front.

A nearby mound of dirt stands before them as Lydia walks up takes a handful and drops it into the grave. Josh follows next and does the same. Then comes Grant.

Grant takes the dirt and considers it in his hand for a moment. It's his final goodbye. All he went through for him, all the memories he has of him, and all the things he hoped to do with him clearly flood his mind. He reaches into his pocket and takes out the bullet with Grant's name on it and puts it in the dirt that's in his hand. He musters the strength and drops the dirt with bullet into the grave...

The line continues on.

INT. COURT ROOM, US MILITARY BASE - NEXT DAY

Josh sits in a witness stand in front of several high ranking military officials who sit as jury for his court-martial. Riley, now a corporal, stands before Grant who's sitting in the witness seat. Riley holds a folded sheet of paper.

RILEY

It was a beautiful service.

GRANT

Yeah. Mom puts on a good show. I think he would of liked it.

A beat.

RILEY

I'm sorry this is so soon after.

GRANT

I understand.

RILEY

It's not my intention to do it so suddenly but we do have a schedule to maintain.

GRANT

Riley. I understand.

JUDGE

(insisting)  
Corporal Evans.

A beat.

RILEY

(to the crowd)

In the case against Grant Harris we have displayed his inability to preform on the battlefield, his disregard for direct commands that puts himself and others in danger. It was this display and the admittance of the defendant himself that left us no choice but to, effective immediately, discharge Grant Harris for general Bad Conduct.

Riley turns to Grant and offers a moment of compassion.

RILEY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Grant.

GRANT  
 Seriously. I understand.

The judge bangs his gavel.

JUDGE  
 The court agrees. Grant Harris you  
 are hear-by immediately discharged.  
 You will return all US military  
 property and you forfeit all  
 veteran's benefits. We are  
 adjourned.

Everyone gets up to leave. Grant stands.

RILEY  
 Not everyone gets the chance you  
 got. To bring 'em home. It may not  
 feel good but--

GRANT  
 No. No, it does. I think it's given  
 me some perspective. I brought him  
 home, but Alex brought us all back  
 together.

RILEY  
 I'm glad to hear it. Take care.

Riley leaves.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - MID-AFTERNOON

Grant, Monica, and Matt are bowling. It's Matt's turn, he  
 bowls the ball right down the gutter.

MATT  
 (disappointed)  
 Oh...

GRANT  
 Didn't you used to be good at this?

MONICA  
 He used to be okay at this.

MATT  
 (to Monica)  
 Still beating you, babe.

Matt takes his seat, Monica gets up to bowl. Strike.

MONICA

(to Matt)

It's like you never learn, hun.

MATT

How's she do this to me every time?  
I swear she rigs it.

GRANT

Where's the renaissance man?

MATT

Apparently, dead like the rest of  
'em.

MONICA

We doin' another game?

MATT

You've won three in a row. You out  
for blood?

GRANT

I'm gonna have to go but I really  
did miss this.

MATT

Yeah, Machiavelli and I should  
probably call it a night too.

A beat.

GRANT

You know. I don't think I actually  
planned on making it back. I  
thought if I'd go over there I'd...  
Well, you know...

MONICA

But you are back.

MATT

For good?

GRANT

General bad conduct discharge.  
Couldn't go back even if I wanted  
to.

MATT

Do you want to?

Grant thinks for a moment.

GRANT

Nah, I think this country is much better off with me right here. Truth be told, I don't think I went over there with the intent on coming back. And all the help you guys did with my mom... Thank you.

MONICA

Hey, hey! There's nothing to thank us for.

GRANT

I have to. I don't know what we all would have done without you two.

MATT

You know, you could always repay us. I need a Best Man if you're interested.

GRANT

Huh?

Monica shows him her left hand. There's a beautiful, yet modest engagement ring on it.

GRANT (CONT'D)

(happy)

Finally.

They laugh. Grant grabs his drink and raises it. Matt and Monica do the same.

GRANT (CONT'D)

To moving on, moving forward, and to you two. I couldn't ask for better friends.

(a beat)

Cheers.

They knock glasses.

INT. LYDIA'S HOME, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Grant walks into the kitchen as Lydia is putting food on the table. It's a beautiful spread. Josh helps by placing utensils on placemats.

LYDIA

(loving)

Hey, look who's late again.

GRANT  
I called!

LYDIA  
My phone's dead.

GRANT  
You're phone's always dead.

JOSH  
Coulda called me! This old man  
keeps his phone good and charged.

GRANT  
I did call you! You didn't answer.

JOSH  
Yeah, the phones in the other room.

Grant rolls his eyes. He takes his seat. As does Josh.

GRANT  
This looks great guys.

JOSH  
Did it myself.

Lydia takes a seat.

LYDIA  
Grant, it's time you learned your  
father's a liar.

JOSH  
(feigning shock)  
Lydia! To our own son! In our own  
home.

LYDIA  
(to Josh)  
To our own son, in our own home.

They all start to share out food for themselves as the conversation goes on. A conversation that is truly amounting to nothing as all good family dinner talks do. They're whole again, a complete family. On a wall in the kitchen we see the flag framed with a picture of Alex. The chatter goes on...

FADE TO BLACK.

END