

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

EXT. MIDDLE OF THE DESERT

THOMAS, SGT. US Army, is tactically marching through an open field of dirt and low level shrubs. He is around six feet tall and looks to be in his early twenties. He carries his m4 wearing full body armor and a kevlar helmet.

As he turns and sees a woman in a tan jalabeya in the distance. Thomas drops to the ground and sights in on her. Thomas looks away to brush the sweat from his eyes, and when he looks back into the scope all he sees is tan cloth. He jumps up suddenly to see the woman standing right in front of him. A small veil covers her face.

THOMAS
(in Arabic)
Stop, get on the ground!

She stands firm in her footing; very clean given this environment.

WHITE
Relax, Thomas.

Thomas is taken back.

THOMAS
You speak English?

White nods.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
I don't know who told you my name,
but I'm sergeant to you! Now get on
the ground. What are you doing
here?

Thomas points his rifle towards White and she goes to her knees on the ground. Thomas reaches for his radio and calls.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
(to white)
OK, don't talk...
(beat)
Packrat, This is Dragonfly, come
in...

WHITE
Sergeant...

THOMAS
You had your chance... now just
stay right there.
(MORE)

THOMAS (CONT'D)

(Beat)
Packrat, come in...

WHITE

Sergeant...

White pulls back the veil.

THOMAS

You're an American? Who are you?
USO? Red Cross? Contractor?

White remains silent.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

What are you doing all the way out
here, by yourself?

WHITE

What about you? How long have you
been out here, Thomas?

(Beat)

What was the last thing you
remember?

THOMAS

Look, I'm not going to play into
your little game.

(Beat)

Packrat, come in...

WHITE

No one can hear you...

THOMAS

Just stay right there, don't move.

Thomas tries to adjust his radio, and tries again repeatedly.
He keeps his rifle pointed at White.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Packrat! Come in!!

WHITE

It's not your radio that's the
problem.

(Beat)

You don't know, what happened do
you? 5 miles back, your convoy was
hit. Several vehicles were struck
by RPGs.

(Beat)

You were in one of those vehicles.

Thomas looks down for a second, drops his radio handset and starts to turn, but continues to aim at White.

THOMAS

That's impossible, I'm fine! Look at me! I'm not even wounded.

WHITE

Then how did you end up out here? Where are the other soldiers?

THOMAS

I don't know, but I'll find them.
(Beat)
How do I know you weren't part of the ambush! Bombers are known to act alone.

Thomas points his rifle at White.

WHITE

I would never lie to you Thomas.

White stands up in front of Thomas.

THOMAS

Get back down on the ground and keep your hands where I can see them.

White starts to come closer and starts to reach for something underneath her clothing.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Hey! I'm serious! Stop right there! Don't do it!

Thomas fires right into her chest. White hobbles over as if she was shot.

White comes right back up again and looks directly at Thomas. She takes out a picture of Thomas's Daughter and hands it to Thomas. Thomas takes out his picture to find it is burnt and ash.

Thomas starts to well up in tears. He collapses to the ground unable to control the situation.

WHITE

You won't need this any more.

White throws the m4 off in the distance as it fades away. Thomas turns to look where he came from.

THOMAS

I told him to slow down. We've been down that road almost every day. He got careless. If he would have just listened to me, none of this would have ever happened.

WHITE

It was no one's fault. Neither your driver nor yourself was ever in control. No one here ever is. It was your time. You can't escape your own death or postpone it either. Here, you died in an attack, at home, it would been a car accident.

Thomas gets up and walks away from white. He heads towards the accident.

WHITE (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

THOMAS

I'm going back! I don't belong here. I belong with them!

As Thomas turns back forward, White is already there in front of him.

WHITE

I can't allow that, Thomas. A man is never meant to see his own body after he has separated from it. It doesn't go well.

THOMAS

What about other places, what about back home, can't I just go back, just for a minute? To see my wife, my daughter, you could do that couldn't you?

Thomas holds the picture of his daughter. Thomas starts to well up.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Why not see her one last time before I go?

WHITE

I wish I could, Thomas. You will see Michelle again, just not here, and not now.

Thomas throws off his armor and runs into the distance. He runs and runs, but it's still the same place.

THOMAS

This isn't happening! I'm not ready for this! My soldiers need me, My family needs me!

Thomas runs until he runs out of breath and falls to the ground. White pulls him to his feet.

WHITE

I've watched over you all your life Thomas; From your first scraped knee, to the first time you held your daughter. You've led a full and wonderful life. As much as your passing will cause them pain I know your family, and your soldiers will get through this.

THOMAS

But what about me? What happens to me? Where are you going to take me? Do you think I want to go?

White turns and starts to walk away.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Wait, where are you...

WHITE

Look Thomas, I'm not about to beg. There are others that are waiting. You can just sit it out here if you like.

Thomas starts after White and runs up to her.

THOMAS

No, Wait! I'm ready! I'm ready.

WHITE

Are you now? You just told me you weren't. Aren't you afraid to leave this place and all those you'd leave behind? Thomas, I can't take someone who's not prepared to go.

Thomas Turns and looks out over the horizon.

THOMAS

I would give anything in the world
to go back and see my wife and my
daughter, just one last time.

(Beat)

But I'd never be able to hold them
in my arms, kiss them, or tell them
how much I love them. To see my
little girl hear about what
happened to her daddy, would eat
away what's left of me.

(Beat)

I know I shouldn't see them again.

WHITE

So, you're not afraid of where I
might be taking you?

THOMAS

I'd be more afraid of where I would
be if you didn't take me.

White turns away and continues to walk.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Hey, I said I'm ready!

Thomas runs after white.

The sound of pavement can be heard beneath them. Thomas turns
and sees a long stretch of road in front of them.

WHITE

I know you are. You just needed to
realize it for yourself.

THOMAS

So, would this place that be up?
Or, um, Down?

WHITE

If you were going down you would
have known it already. Come on now,
there are so many people wanting to
see you.

Thomas steps forward, this time in a blue suit.

WHITE (CONT'D)
Best not keep them waiting.

Thomas starts to walk with white down the road. White slows behind Thomas and comes to a stop.

THOMAS
What are you doing? Aren't you coming with me.

WHITE
If only I could.

THOMAS
But I don't know where I'm going.

WHITE
You're headed in the right direction, it's just a little further.

Thomas starts down the road and then turns back to white.

THOMAS
But what happens to you?

WHITE
I have to stay here... watch over a new life.

White starts to well up slightly.

THOMAS
Will I ever get to see you again?

WHITE
I hope so...Now quit stalling Thomas!

Thomas starts again down the road, and stops again.

THOMAS
You can't go.. Can you?

White shakes her head.

WHITE
I'll miss you Thomas... Now Go!

Thomas starts again and starts to hear voices off in the distance. He turns back to White and runs up and gives her a big hug.

THOMAS

Thank you, for everything.

WHITE

No, thank you...

Thomas turns back and walks down the path as he slowly fades out. Voices of other soldiers can be heard as he fades away.

He turns and waves to white.

White waves back.

Thomas fades away as White walks down the road alone.

BLACK