

FADE IN:

SUPERIMPOSE: PRESENT DAY

INT. MICHAEL'S HOME - FOYER - DAY

MICHAEL (50) walks to the front door and opens it on MARK (mid 50s), tall and relaxed. Mark smiles broadly.

MARK

Michael?

MICHAEL

Thanks for coming on such short notice.

MARK

Where will we be working?

Michael turns and walks down the hall followed by Mark. They descend basement stairs into...

INT. FINISHED BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

... a sizable room with a comfy sofa and chair against the back wall. Michael sits on the couch while Mark positions the chair to face him and takes a seat.

MARK

Before we get started what can you tell me about the problem.

MICHAEL

Well, the first time I felt... stuck inside... was in the Air Force when I got stationed in Holland. Visiting new places alone was next to impossible. Beer helped, to a point.

MARK

Anything that might have triggered these episodes now?

Michael lifts up his shirt, revealing a nickel-sized blistered patch of skin about three inches above his navel.

MICHAEL

This appeared about two weeks ago.

MARK

Did you see a doctor?

Michael shakes his head "no."

MICHAEL

My wife thought it might be shingles, but...

MARK

You don't think so.

Michael hesitates.

MICHAEL

It isn't painful, just sensitive to touch. And it doesn't look like any case of shingles I could find online. Any ideas?

MARK

Well, it could be the manifestation of a psychic wound.

MICHAEL

Psychic wound?

MARK

Yes. Some trauma carried over from the past coming to the surface. Literally.

MICHAEL

I don't understand... from the past?

MARK

A past life. Or lives.

Michael laughs. Then notices Mark's expression.

MICHAEL
You're serious.

MARK
Whatever caused this to surface
now...
 (points to Michael's
 wound)
... might emerge during our session.
As long as you're open to this
possibility. And it might be
connected with your recent bouts of
agoraphobia. Any questions?

Michael shakes his head "no".

MARK (cont'd)
Good. Now get comfortable...

Michael lays down on the couch.

MARK (cont'd)
... close your eyes and listen to my
voice. Just relax and let your
unconscious mind bring to awareness
whatever learnings or lessons can
help you gain a deeper insight into
your situation. Remember, you're in
control so you don't have to go
anyplace you don't want to go.

Michael gives him a thumbs up.

MARK (cont'd)
Now imagine walking down a flight of
stairs, step by step until you reach
the bottom. Are you there...?

MICHAEL
 (faintly)
Yes.

MARK
Good. Now, I'd like you to float up
above your timeline. For some people
it runs front to back through their
body, for others it passes left to
right in front of them.
 (MORE)

MARK (cont'd)
Either way, it doesn't matter. Where
are you going? What do you see?

EXT. ST JOSEPH CEMETERY - DAY

MICHAEL (15) walks in bright summer sunshine toward the
CHAPEL.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
I'm at the cemetery...

INT. CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

Michael enters the front door, his eyes slowly adjust to the
dimly lit interior. Finally spots a tiny white CASKET no
bigger than a shoe box on a table in front of the altar.

He gently picks up the casket and exits.

EXT. CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

Michael crosses the street to a triangular plot of land. At
the back of the lawn a six foot tall, weathered MARBLE ANGEL
stands watch.

He gently sets the casket on green grass and digs a hole.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
... Burying a baby.

MARK (V.O.)
When was this?

Michael sets the casket in the bottom of the hole. Starts
filling it up with dirt.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
High school.

MARK (V.O.)
Do you know this baby?

Michael sprinkles grass seed over the freshly raked dirt just as a grieving couple approach.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
I... I gotta go.

MARK (V.O.)
Okay, what are you doing now?

EXT. ZUNDERT CEMETERY - DAY - 1857

In the pouring rain, four-year-old VINCENT VAN GOGH sits in front of a white HEADSTONE.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
Tracing a name with my finger...

With his index finger, the boy traces the block letters carved in stone, V I N C E N T...

MARK (V.O.)
At the same cemetery?

MICHAEL (V.O.)
No. A long time ago.

Vincent now traces the year of his brother's death, 1 8 5 2.

VINCENT'S MOTHER (O.C.)
(from a distance)
Vincent!

MICHAEL (V.O.)
A woman is calling me, I have to go...

MARK (V.O.)
Where are you going?

EXT. GRAVEL PATH - DAY - 1890

SUPERIMPOSE: MAY 1890

VINCENT (37) strolls purposely up a gravel path carrying his easel and painting supplies. On either side rolling fields.

MARGUERITE (O.C.)

Vincent!

In the distance Vincent spots MARGUERITE (20) waving to him. He quickens his pace.

EXT. GACHET'S GARDEN - MOMENTS LATER

Dressed in white, Marguerite stands by a garden fence surrounded by white and yellow blossoms.

Vincent hums, applying paint quickly.

VINCENT

It was kind of your father to open
up his home to me.

Marguerite frowns.

MARGUERITE

Kindness? More like an obsession,
Monsieur Vincent. With art. And
artists.

VINCENT

Please, just Vincent.

Marguerite smiles.

MARGUERITE

Very well, Vincent. So tell me, why
are you here?

Vincent laughs. Without looking up points a wet paintbrush
in her direction.

MARGUERITE (cont'd)

(serious)

No, I mean why are you HERE? Why are
any of us HERE?

Vincent looks up, their eyes meet.

VINCENT

Ah, now there's a question after my own heart.

MARGUERITE

Mama used to tell me that God put each one of us here for a specific reason...

VINCENT

... Like a mission...

MARGUERITE

... or some purpose. Yes. Something we're here to DO. But if that's true Vincent, then how...

VINCENT

How do we discover our destiny?

MARGUERITE

(a whisper)

Yes.

VINCENT

(a beat)

For me painting was never a profession, Marguerite. It's just the one thing that makes sense to me somehow. For whatever reason I feel most alive with a paintbrush in my hand.

Vincent returns to the canvas, applying thick layers of paint with passion.

EXT. SHADED GROTTTO - A FEW DAYS LATER

DR. GACHET (61) sits, his elbow resting on a small table and head propped up with his fist.

DR. GACHET

I hope you're finding your stay here in Auvers agreeable?

Vincent is absorbed by the canvas.

Marguerite approaches noiselessly on a pea-gravel path behind Vincent. Peers over his shoulder at the painting taking shape on the canvas. Seeing her, Dr. Gachet scowls.

DR. GACHET (cont'd)

(snaps)

What do you want?

Startled by the tone, Vincent turns. Smiles at Marguerite.

MARGUERITE

Excuse me father. Would you and Monsieur Vincent like something to drink?

DR. GACHET

Beer. Vincent?

VINCENT

Coffee is fine. Thank you.

DR. GACHET

In this heat? Suit yourself.

Vincent returns to his painting. Marguerite walks off.

DR. GACHET (cont'd)

You know, Vincent, I'd gladly swap places with you. Profession for profession as it were. To be a carefree artist rather than living the life of a country doctor.

VINCENT

It seems you're no stranger to melancholy.

Dr. Gachet smiles.

DR. GACHET

In any event, you must continue working a great deal Vincent, and boldly. One day the world will recognize your gift, my son, and you'll be immortalized.

INT. GACHET'S ATTIC - NIGHT

In the spacious attic lit by candlelight a number of paintings by Cézanne, Pissaro and Renoir are scattered about, along with copies of each one.

Dr. Gachet sits on a stool, facing a blank canvas.

On his left Vincent's newly completed portrait of him gleams in the candlelight. He picks up Vincent's work. Inspects the brushstrokes closely.

Then slowly, methodically, painstakingly he begins painting a copy of Vincent's work.

INT. GACHET'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Marguerite sits at the piano, absorbed by Chopin's "Prelude in E Minor."

Vincent quietly enters the room with canvas and easel. Sets up and begins painting.

The piece over, Marguerite remains at the piano like a statue.

MARGUERITE

Mama told me a long time ago that one day I'd know my fate. That the way forward would stretch out before me like a garden path. Or rather, that when I was ready my fate would find me. But only if I stayed true to myself.

Through an open doorway LOUISE, Dr. Gachet's severe forty-something year old housekeeper, walks past and spies the couple. She lingers around the corner to eavesdrop, out of sight.

Marguerite turns and faces him.

MARGUERITE (cont'd)

After she died I... her words didn't seem to matter anymore. And then Father was different.

(MORE)

MARGUERITE (cont'd)
(a whisper)
Especially... with me.

Vincent looks up from his canvas. Something in her expression breaks his heart.

VINCENT
I'm so sorry.

Marguerite rises, crosses over to Vincent and places her hand on his shoulder.

MARGUERITE
But then you showed up at my front door, out of the blue. And everything seemed possible again.

VINCENT
Marguerite, I...

She puts her finger to his lips.

MARGUERITE
We understand each other, Vincent. I see it in your eyes. Oh, what I'd give to see what your eyes have seen. Show me Vincent. Tell me a story, something that takes place far from these four walls. Please?

VINCENT
Very well...

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. MINER'S HOVEL - NIGHT - 1879

The one room shack is lit by a single candle. Against the back wall an emaciated WOMAN in her forties lies in bed, eyes closed, covered with a threadbare blanket.

VINCENT (25) sits on a stool nearby, holding her hand.

VINCENT
(mumbling)
The Lord is my shepherd...

The woman opens her eyes wide, takes one last labored breath.

Vincent finishes his prayer, releases her hand and kisses her forehead.

MINER
Père Vincent?

VINCENT
She's finally at peace.

The man nods.

Vincent fishes two coins from his pocket and places them in the miner's rough hands.

VINCENT (cont'd)
For the burial.

The man clasps Vincent's forearm.

MINER
Merci.

EXT. COUNTRY LANE - MOMENTS LATER

A full moon lights Vincent's path. Bare trees by the side of the road resemble scarecrows.

Vincent smiles, taking it all in.

VINCENT (V.O.)
I don't know why, but I often think
that the night is more alive and
more richly colored than the day.

Up ahead he spots a large boulder.

He walks briskly until he reaches it, sits on top, fishes out a sheet of paper and pencil from his pocket, and begins sketching the scene.

BACK TO SCENE:

INT. MARGUERITE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marguerite, in her nightgown, stands in front of a mirror brushing her hair.

Finished, she walks to her bed. As she nears her bedside table she gets down on her hands and knees, removes a loose floorboard, reaches inside and retrieves her diary.

All smiles, she flops on the bed and begins writing...

MARGUERITE

"I played for Vincent today, Mama.
Your favorite piece. Father only
sees a brilliant artist but he is so
much more. Maybe that's why he came
here, Mama? And maybe it has
something to do with my purpose?"

EXT. RAVOUX INN - DAY

Vincent, with easel and canvas in hand, exits into the warm summer sunshine. Patrons entering the Inn nod or tip their caps "hello."

EXT. GACHET'S HOME - LATER THAT DAY

Vincent approaches the front door. Through an open window he hears Chopin's "Prelude in E Minor."

A smiling Vincent sets his easel near the door and knocks. The piano music stops abruptly, mid-note.

Louise finally opens the door.

MARGUERITE

Thought I might find you here.

Vincent looks up, returns her smile. She extends the glass and he takes it, drains it in one gulp.

She notices the painting.

MARGUERITE (cont'd)

Very interesting.

She moves closer, inspects it carefully.

MARGUERITE (cont'd)

It seems you might be ready to settle down one day soon.

VINCENT

You know my heart belongs to another.

MARGUERITE

And where is she, Vincent? I'm standing right here, flesh and blood. Let me take care of you. You'll finally have a place to call home where you can work in peace.

He hands her the empty glass.

VINCENT

Is this what you want? Truly?

She beams. Leans in and kisses his cheek.

VINCENT (cont'd)

(smiling)

Then I accept.

Marguerite, ecstatic, runs off toward home eager to share the good news.

MARGUERITE

(shouting back to him)

I'll go tell Father!

Vincent removes his painting from the easel and leans both against a nearby haystack, then lays down and dozes off.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. CAFE DE LA GARE - DAY - 18 MONTHS EARLIER

The cafe is empty, save for JOSEPH (mid 40s) who stands nervously at the bar and GABRIELLE, a pretty nineteen year old Arlesienne girl. She sits nearby with her hands under a small table.

Vincent enters, left ear bandaged. He sits across from Gabrielle.

VINCENT
It's good to see you.

GABRIELLE
How's your...

Gabrielle points to her own ear. Vincent reaches up, touches his bandage.

VINCENT
Better every day.

Gabrielle looks away.

VINCENT (cont'd)
How have you been since...

Gabrielle faces him.

GABRIELLE
I didn't ask for any of this.

She lays a piece of paper on the table and slides it toward him.

GABRIELLE (cont'd)
Anyway, I came to return --

A pencil sketch of her.

VINCENT

-- No, I won't accept it. Don't you remember the day I gave it to you?

GABRIELLE

Please, Vincent.

VINCENT

Do you remember what you said? I do.
Do you remember --

GABRIELLE

(raising her voice)

-- Why do you make everything so difficult?

Vincent stands.

VINCENT

Really? You too? It seems the whole town has lined up against me.

Vincent looks toward his friend, Joseph.

JOSEPH

(pleading)

Vincent, please.

VINCENT

And for what? Why? I've lost my ear,
my home... everything.

GABRIELLE

(frustrated)

Vincent...

VINCENT

I regret ever setting foot in this
shit-hole of a town.

Gabrielle leaps to her feet, snatches the paper, rips it to shreds and flings them at Vincent.

GABRIELLE

(shouts)

And I regret ever meeting you.

She storms out.

BACK TO SCENE:

EXT. FIELDS NEAR GACHET'S HOUSE - THE NEXT DAY

Lying in the summer sun, Vincent snores loudly.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
(calling, from a
distance)
Vincent!

Vincent opens his eyes. He's blinded by the sunlight.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.) (cont'd)
(louder)
Vincent!

Propped up on one elbow, Vincent shades his eyes with his hand but can't make out the figure approaching him.

VINCENT
Hello?

The figure raises a hand and points something in Vincent's direction. Then, a GUNSHOT.

Vincent clutches his stomach.

EXT. BERLATIER FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Walking toward the farmhouse with a basket of eggs, Gabrielle suddenly clutches her stomach and falls to her knees.

GABRIELLE
Mama!

Gasping for air, she can barely breathe.

GABRIELLE (cont'd)
Mama!

EXT. FIELDS NEAR GACHET'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Vincent stumbles away and falls three times as he retreats from the person who shot him.

INT. BARN - LATER THAT DAY

Vincent sits hidden in a corner of the barn. Both hands pressed tightly to his stomach, the front of his shirt is soaked with blood.

He lifts his shirt revealing a nickel-sized bullet hole about three inches above his navel, oozing blood.

VINCENT

Shit shit shit. This is Arles all over again.

Vincent hears footsteps outside walking past on a gravel path. He leans his head against the barn wall, tears streaming down his cheek, and dozes off.

INT. FINISHED BASEMENT - DAY

Still in trance, tears stream down Michael's cheeks.

MARK

Are you okay?

Michael nods yes.

MARK (cont'd)

Are you sure? We can stop anytime.

MICHAEL

(faintly)

I'm okay.

MARK

Alright, when you feel ready float above your timeline again and tell me what comes through. What do you see? What do you smell? What do you hear?

EXT. PANZERTRUPPENSCHULE I PARADE GROUNDS - DAY - 1941

A long four-story brick building stands at the far end of an expansive grass field. A paved road cuts in front of the field.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
Marching boots.

A column of German soldiers march past.

MARK (V.O.)
Marching boots? Are you marching?

MICHAEL (V.O.)
No...

KURT (25), dressed in a German Panzer Lieutenant's uniform, stands at the edge of the road with fellow comrade WILHELM, also twenty-five.

MICHAEL (V.O.) (cont'd)
I graduated from Panzer School. We got our assignments and we're saying goodbye. So dumb, so excited...

Kurt and Wilhelm embrace, then walk off in opposite directions.

MARK (V.O.)
(chuckling)
So dumb? So excited? What's happening now?

INT. GERMAN TRAIN - NIGHT

The passenger car is filled to capacity, SOLDIERS are smoking, laughing and playing cards.

All branches of the service are there: Army, Luftwaffe, SS.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
I wanted to say goodbye to Rachel but didn't have time. I'm on a train traveling through a forest...

Kurt stands at the far end of the car reading a letter.

MICHAEL (V.O.) (cont'd)
It's spring. I can smell pine trees.

MARK (V.O.)
Where are you, now?

EXT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Kurt is the only one getting off at this small station. He stands on the platform as the train pulls away. A nearby sign reads THURBINGEN.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
In Southern Germany, alone.

INT. THURBINGEN STATION - NIGHT

Kurt enters the building.

A YOUNG WOMAN (22) with long blonde hair approaches and greets him with a smile.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
Thurbingen is where I have to go.

MARK (V.O.)
Is that a base?

MICHAEL (V.O.)
Yes. A girl at the station is helping me to get there. She has a nice smile. I would kiss her but I have a girlfriend back home in Berlin.

The young woman kisses Kurt's cheek.

MICHAEL (V.O.) (cont'd)
She's very friendly. Says goodbye.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Kurt rides with an older GENTLEMAN who drives them along a country road cutting through tall, black pines.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
 Rachel didn't want me to join. Said
 I was stupid.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - DAY - 1941

SUPERIMPOSE: YUGOSLAVIA - APRIL, 1941

A column of three Sd.Kfz 222 ARMORED CARS inch down the slippery, narrow mountain pass as sleet falls on the 14TH PANZER DIVISION.

Kurt stands exposed through the open hatch of the lead vehicle. He signals and they stop.

Through BINOCULARS he scans the terrain ahead of the column. Spots logs blocking the road below --

-- A SHOT rings out. Kurt's head snaps back.

INT. KURT'S ARMORED CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Kurt holds a bloody rag to his left ear, the ear lobe gone. Bullets PING against the hull of the vehicle.

KURT
 Drive, god-dammit!

He grabs the MG-39 machine gun, pulls the cocking mechanism, squints through the viewport.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - CONTINUOUS (THROUGH THE VIEWPORT)

Spots a log pillbox on the right side of the road-block. Past the obstacle the road bends to the right. In the distance, a bridge crosses a deep ravine.

From the pillbox, a machine gun fires at the armored car.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - CONTINUOUS

Kurt's armored car races down the hill, followed by the other TWO VEHICLES at a measured pace.

FIRING all the way his armored car screeches to a halt inches from the log barrier.

INT. ARMORED CAR - CONTINUOUS

Kurt grabs a hand grenade and hurls it through the open hatch.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - CONTINUOUS

The grenade sails through the air, then EXPLODES on the pillbox.

Threat silenced, Kurt emerges from the hatch, swings the turret left and fires into the tree line.

Moments later a WHITE FLAG is raised, followed by a dozen YUGOSLAV SOLDIERS spilling from the forest. Kurt points to the logs blocking his way.

The other two armored cars pull up from behind, machine guns leveled at the SURRENDERING SOLDIERS.

The Yugoslav troops remove logs from the road. The path is finally clear.

Kurt strikes the turret with his open hand...

KURT
Mach Schnell!!

They speed through the gap, racing to secure the bridge.

EXT. SARAJEVO SIDEWALK CAFE - DAY - A FEW DAYS LATER

His ear bandaged, Kurt sits with a YOUNG SOLDIER and SGT. OTTO (33), a fireplug of a guy and joker of the bunch.

KURT
 (reminiscing)
 I never want to see your hairy ass
 again!

They laugh both laugh at Otto's expense.

SGT. OTTO
 (joking)
 Good. Keep it that way!

Kurt sips his beer as a MILITARY TRUCK passes by in front of them. Across the street a train pulls into the station, boxcars EMPTY.

A black command CAR pulls up from the opposite direction, screeches to a stop. A MAJOR exits (late 40s) and approaches, Kurt and his men instantly at attention.

MAJOR DIETRICH
 As you were.

As the Major sits a nervous WAITER emerges with a BOTTLE. Impressed by the vintage the Major nods his approval.

Kurt watches a line of GERMAN SOLDIERS taking positions at the station facing the empty train.

MAJOR DIETRICH (cont'd)
 (to Kurt)
 How's the ear?

KURT
 (eyes still on the
 train)
 What's that, Sir?

MAJOR DIETRICH
 (shouting to be heard)
 How is your ear?

KURT
Oh, just a scratch, Herr Major.

MAJOR DIETRICH
Impressive work securing the bridge.

The Major drains his glass. The waiter quickly refills it.

MAJOR DIETRICH (cont'd)
I'm recommending you for the Iron
Cross, 2nd Class. And a promotion
Herr Captain.

Sgt. Otto grabs Kurt's shoulder and congratulates him with a rough shake.

KURT
Just doing my job, Sir.

At the station MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN walk two by two guarded by the soldiers. Men carry SUITCASES while women grip their children's hand.

The Major raises his glass to Kurt.

MAJOR DIETRICH
To good health and a long life!

They toast Kurt.

Niceties over, the Major pulls a folded sheet of paper from his pocket. Hands it to Kurt.

MAJOR DIETRICH (cont'd)
Your orders.

Kurt starts to read, then looks up and watches the scene across the street...

EXT. TRAIN STATION - CONTINUOUS

... a GERMAN SOLDIER throws a SUITCASE atop an ever-growing pile of LUGGAGE. A BEARDED MAN protests.

Passengers watch from open boxcar doors filled with men, women and children.

An SS OFFICER strides over to the German soldier, furiously berating him while the bearded man smiles, pleased...

... the SS Officer swiftly draws his LUGER and shoots the bearded man in the forehead.

MAJOR DIETRICH (O.C.)
Very well then...

The SS Officer holsters his weapon and strides off, pleased with himself.

EXT. SARAJEVO SIDEWALK CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Shaken, Kurt returns to his orders. Alarmed, he waves the paper in the Major's direction.

KURT
Einsatzgruppen? I never signed up for this!

MAJOR DIETRICH
Distasteful, yes. Only a temporary assignment, and "orders are orders." You'll do well to remember that, Herr Captain.

The Major drains his glass and stands.

MAJOR DIETRICH (cont'd)
(smiling)
And we must all do our part, yes?

He returns to his command car, then drives off in a cloud of smoke and dust.

Kurt's eyes fall on a little GIRL at the end of the line. She clings to her mommy's hand and cradles a DOLL.

She spots Kurt. Waves goodbye. Seconds later she's pulled up and loaded into a boxcar.

A whistle blows, the train lurches forward. German soldiers close each boxcar door with the finality of a metallic THUD as the train begins the long, dark journey to Auschwitz.

Kurt takes off his hat, wipes sweat from his brow.

He sprints to the curb and vomits in the street.

EXT. YUGOSLAV ROAD - A FEW DAYS LATER

An ARMORED CAR and HALF-TRACK are parked on the side of a dirt road. Sloping down from the road a cold mountain stream flows. A group of NAKED SOLDIERS frolic in the water.

Kurt sits in the armored car's turret. A completely naked Otto emerges from the half-track.

SGT. OTTO
Herr Captain, join us for a swim?

KURT
No thanks, I'll stand watch.

Otto charges down the hill toward the stream like an excited child.

SGT. OTTO
Look out boys, here comes my hairy
ass!

He executes a perfect cannonball, causing a huge splash.

INT. ARMORED CAR - CONTINUOUS

Kurt dials the radio, catches the first notes of "Mon Coeur est Léger" by Leo Marjane. He smiles, cranks up the volume, closes his eyes and faces to the west.

EXT. BERLATIER FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Gabrielle, now in her seventies, lounges in the sun listening to the radio.

She hears the first notes of Leo Marjane's "Mon Coeur est Léger" and turns up the volume. Hands on her chest, she closes her eyes and faces east.

EXT. YUGOSLAV STREAM - CONTINUOUS

Otto hears the music, looks up to Kurt.

SGT. OTTO
Herr Captain, no love songs!

KURT
(eyes closed)
Shut up you dumb ox and give me some
peace and quiet. That's an order!

Otto laughs.

EXT. BERLATIER FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Gabrielle sits like a statue as the song nears the end.

LÉO MARJANE (V.O.)
(singing)
"Mon coeur est léger
C'est un passager
Toujours prêt pour un nouveau
voyage."

Tears stream down both cheeks.

EXT. YUGOSLAV ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

The song over, Kurt turns down the volume. Ruffles through his RUCKSACK and retrieves a few sheets of paper and a photo of RACHEL in her nurse's uniform.

He begins writing a letter.

SEVEN YUGOSLAV SOLDIERS, smiling nervously, carefully approach on foot. The lead soldier waves at Kurt, catching his attention.

Kurt looks up, swings the turret in their direction.

The soldiers raise their hands showing they are unarmed.

YUGOSLAV OFFICER
Govorite hrvatski?

KURT
Nein. Sprechen sie Deutsch?

The officer shakes his head "no."

KURT (cont'd)
Parlez vous français?

YUGOSLAV OFFICER
(smiling)
Oui.

EXT. YUGOSLAV STREAM - CONTINUOUS

From the stream down below Sgt. Otto spots Kurt speaking but can't see the group of men. He WHISTLES.

Kurt shoots him a quick glance, signals everything is "OK."

EXT. YUGOSLAV ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Kurt and Yugoslav officer converse in FRENCH...

KURT
Where are you and your men headed?

YUGOSLAV OFFICER
Back to Croatia.

KURT
That's a long hike.

YUGOSLAV OFFICER
Yes, sir. I was their commanding officer. With the surrender our war is over, thank God.

KURT
Good, then I'm talking with the
right man. Listen, orders have
been... given, do you understand?

The officer looks to his men, then nods "yes."

KURT (cont'd)
Stay off the roads as much as
possible and travel at night. Treat
your march home like a military
exercise and you should be okay. Do
we understand each other?

YUGOSLAV OFFICER
Yes sir. Thank you.

The officer salutes Kurt.

Kurt motions "one moment," reaches into his rucksack,
fetches a couple cans of RATIONS and throws them down to the
men.

KURT
All I can spare, I'm afraid.

He salutes the former Yugoslav officer.

KURT (cont'd)
Bon chance.

The grateful SOLDIERS smile, wave and quickly scramble off
the road disappearing into the treeline.

EXT. SCHWARTZKOPFFSTRASSE, BERLIN - DAY - TWO WEEKS LATER

Dressed in uniform, rucksack over his shoulder, Kurt walks
the street lined with apartment buildings on both sides.

A few older NEIGHBORS smile and wave.

Kurt smiles and waves in return. Until he reaches a narrow
side alley...

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. SCHWARTZKOPFFSTRASSE - DAY - 1927

SUPERIMPOSE: AUGUST, 1927

KURT (12) spots a group of teenage BULLIES hanging on the corner by the alley.

HEINRICH (O.C.)
(menacingly)
Going somewhere, washer woman?

With bundles of clothes on his back, Kurt spins and comes face to face with HEINRICH (18).

HEINRICH
(taunting him)
Who's shitting himself now?

Kurt glances quickly at the bullies, who have closed the distance. There's no chance to escape. He faces Heinrich again just in time to catch Heinrich's fist with his face.

Kurt spins and hits the pavement, hard.

Out cold, the bullies egg Heinrich on. He climbs on Kurt's back...

... rounding the corner OSKAR (19), dressed in his SA uniform, spots the fight. He charges down the street straight for Heinrich. The bullies scatter like cockroaches.

A kick to the ribs sends Heinrich flying. He lands face-down on the pavement. Oskar jumps on his back and slams Heinrich's head on the pavement, hard.

Oskar leans in by Heinrich's ear.

OSKAR
Kurt is off limits, understood?

Heinrich grins like a punk-ass bitch.

OSKAR (cont'd)
(louder)
Understood?

HEINRICH

Yes sir.

Oskar gets off Heinrich's back. He picks an unconscious Kurt off the pavement and slings him over his shoulder.

Walking down the street Kurt finally opens his eyes. And vomits down the back of Oskar's uniform.

OSKAR

(laughs)

Thanks a lot.

EXT. 11 SCHWARTZKOPFFSTRASSE - MOMENTS LATER

Reaching the front steps Oskar sets Kurt on his feet. He's a bit unsteady.

OSKAR

Are you okay?

Kurt nods.

KURT

Shit, I forgot the laundry!

OSKAR

You stay here. I'll go.

Kurt sits on the front steps, his face a bloody mess.

INT. GERTRUD'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Kurt's sister ANNA (17), with long dark hair and piercing blue eyes, is stunning. Even mending socks and surrounded by laundry drying from a makeshift clothesline she lights up the room.

Kurt enters, battered and bruised. Anna jumps to her feet and runs to him.

ANNA

What happened?

She inspects her baby brother's bruised face.

GERTRUD (O.C.)
Good, you're back. Did you pick up
from the Weber's?

Both siblings share a "look," which gets interrupted by a knock on the door.

GERTRUD (O.C.) (cont'd)
Anna, can you get that?

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Oskar fidgets, unsure if he should knock again.

The front door opens on Anna. Oskar stands frozen, holding Kurt's BUNDLE of clean laundry.

OSKAR
Is Kurt okay?

KURT (O.C.)
I'm fine, really, just sore.

Anna takes the package from Oskar's hands.

OSKAR
(to Anna)
I took care of that little shit.
He won't lay a finger on Kurt ever
again. I promise.

Anna kisses Oskar's cheek, mouths "thank you" and gently closes the door.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Oskar remains rooted to the spot, a stunned smile on his face.

INT. GERTRUD'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Anna turns to Kurt and beams.

KURT
(teasing her)
You like him.

Anna puts her finger to her lips for "be quiet."

KURT (cont'd)
Don't worry, I won't tell.

ANNA
Thanks, baby brother.

KURT
Just don't call me "baby brother"
anymore. Or I will tell mom.

GERTRUD (O.C.)
(calling out)
Tell me what?

They both laugh.

ANNA
You're right. Now let's get you
cleaned up.

She ruffles his hair.

ANNA (cont'd)
Besides, you're old enough now to
take a girl to the movies. What
about Rachel? I see how --

KURT
-- Stop it sis.
(to himself)
Besides, I doubt she even knows I
exist.

BACK TO SCENE:

INT. GERTRUD'S APARTMENT - DAY

Kurt steps through the front door and comes face to face with drying laundry hanging from a makeshift clothesline.

KURT
(to himself)
Some things never change.

Kurt sets his rucksack down by the door and expertly maneuvers through hanging clothes like he's done a million times before.

A kettle WHISTLES. He smiles.

KURT (cont'd)
Mom? It's me, Kurt. I'm home!

He reaches the tiny kitchen at the back of the apartment.

INT. GERTRUD'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

GERTRUD (51), thin and graying, pours hot water for tea.

GERTRUD
Oh, you're here.

KURT
We're back in Doberitz for a few days before our next assignment.

GERTRUD
Well, there's not much food...

KURT
It's okay, Mom. I'm not staying.

Gertrud stares past him, her gaze fixed on a PHOTO of Kurt's father dressed in his WWI uniform which hangs on the wall.

KURT (cont'd)
You're still doing laundry? Aren't you getting the money I send home?

Gertrud looks at him with a weak smile.

GERTRUD
I'm sorry, what was that?

Alarmed, Kurt searches through cabinets. They're empty. In the fridge just an empty bottle of milk and some butter.

KURT
Don't worry, Mom. I'll fix us something to eat.

GERTRUD
No need, Anna will do it...

His heart skips a beat, hearing her name.

GERTRUD (cont'd)
Anna!

INT. MILITARY HOSPITAL LOBBY - LATER THAT DAY

Rucksack over his shoulder, Kurt strides through the front door and crosses the spacious lobby. It bustles with PATIENTS and STAFF.

He approaches the front desk and speaks with a NURSE, who smiles and picks up a phone. Kurt fidgets uneasily near the nurse's station.

An OLDER GENTLEMAN approaches, shakes his hand and pats him on the back.

RACHEL, now in her mid-twenties, appears at the far end of the lobby in her nurses' uniform. A stunning beauty, she spots him and hurries through the crowd.

RACHEL
Kurt?

He turns, sees her, drops his rucksack to the floor and runs to her.

They share a long and loving embrace as people APPLAUD, then kiss right there in the middle of the busy lobby.

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Rachel enters the apartment, followed closely by Kurt. She flicks on a light revealing a small but tidy apartment.

Kurt drops his rucksack by the door, then follows her into the kitchen.

INT. RACHEL'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Rachel fills a kettle with water and sets it on the stove.

RACHEL
Coffee? I'm afraid it's not very good, but it's all we can get now.

KURT
Coffee's fine, thanks.

Rachel boils water while Kurt stands close by.

KURT (cont'd)
Rachel, I saw mom earlier today and she seemed... confused.

RACHEL
Oh sweetie, she hasn't seen you in months.

KURT
There wasn't any food, and she was calling for Anna.

RACHEL
I'm so sorry. Don't worry, I'll look in on her, okay?

Kurt grabs her by the waist.

KURT
What would I do without you?

RACHEL
You can't do without me.

She kisses his cheek.

RACHEL (cont'd)
Besides, I won't let you.

They kiss and begin passionately undressing each other.
Suddenly AIR RAID SIRENS WAIL.

Kurt jumps back, alarmed.

RACHEL (cont'd)
Don't worry, it happens most nights
now.
(sees his worried
expression)
Usually just a false alarm.

KURT
Usually? Rachel, are you safe here?

RACHEL
Make love to me, darling. Now. Soon
you'll leave so let's make the most
of our time together.

She takes his hand and leads him to the bedroom as air-raid
sirens sound the alarm over the blacked-out capital of the
Third Reich.

INT. RACHEL'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sunlight streams through a gap in the curtains and lands
across Kurt's closed eyes. He wakes up.

Rachel sleeps soundly, her arm slung across his chest. He
glances at his watch. Alarmed, he eases out of bed and
gathers up his clothes.

Rachel stirs.

RACHEL
Baby?

KURT
I've got to get back.

She opens her eyes and rolls to face him.

RACHEL
Retreating from me already?

Kurt laughs but she's serious. Half dressed, he leans over and kisses her forehead, then checks his watch.

KURT
Rachel, I really gotta go and this isn't the best time... but will you marry me next time I'm back home?

RACHEL
Oh Kurt, of course I will.

He throws on his shirt, buttons it quickly and sits on the bed to tie his boots. She wraps her arms around him.

RACHEL (cont'd)
Just come back to me.

He nods his head "yes."

RACHEL (cont'd)
Promise.

Boots tied, he stands to go. Turns and silently mouths the words "I promise" to her.

RACHEL (cont'd)
That's not good enough.

Tears fill her eyes. He returns to the bed, kisses her lips.

KURT
(whispers)
I promise.

At the bedroom door he pauses, turns and smiles at her. Then he's gone. A moment later she hears the front door close shut behind him.

Still in bed, Rachel hugs her pillow and cries.

EXT. SCHWARTZKOPFFSTRASSE - MOMENTS LATER

Kurt exits and walks the familiar street. He passes an apartment building and looks up at a second story window.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. OSKAR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - 1934

SUPERIMPOSE: JULY, 1934

A pregnant Anna sleeps peacefully, her back nestled against Oskar's. The sound of their front door being KICKED OPEN wakes them both.

Oskar reaches for his LUGER as heavy boot-steps make a beeline to their bedroom door. Anna lays a hand on her pregnant belly and signals Oskar to put the gun away.

He slides it under the bed...

... just as TWO GESTAPO AGENTS burst into the room. It's Heinrich, followed by a hulking THUG. Anna SCREAMS. Heinrich lingers at the door while the thug drags Oskar from the bed.

HEINRICH

Easy does it, "old friend." No need to get blood all over your pretty little whore.

ANNA

(shrieking)

What is this?

The thug drags Oskar across the floor and out the door. Heinrich stares at Anna.

HEINRICH

(grins like a punk-ass bith)

Following orders. His day is done.

Heinrich turns and leaves. Anna flies from the bed and hits Heinrich's back with balled fists.

He turns with a smirk and backhands her face. She spins and lands on the floor, hard.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

The thug hurls Oskar down the flight of stairs. He lands heavily on the landing below. Heinrich exits the apartment through the shattered front door.

He glances down at Oskar and signals the thug, who races down the stairs and pulls Oskar to his feet.

Anna reaches the front door.

ANNA
(begging)
Please don't kill him!

Heinrich glares at her.

HEINRICH
I'll be back once this matter is
settled.
(smirks)
No doubt you remember what I'm
capable of?

Anna shrinks from him.

Heinrich LAUGHS. Then descends the stairs pleased with himself. The thug drags Oskar away.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

As neighbors peek from behind curtains the two men toss Oskar into a BLACK MERCEDES.

The car speeds off.

INT. OSKAR'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Anna sits on the edge of the bed, one hand on her pregnant belly. In the other hand she holds Oskar's LUGER.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING STAIRWELL - LATER THAT NIGHT

Kurt enters the building. Sees blood on the stairs, walls and railing. He races up the stairs two at a time, frantic.

KURT

Anna?!

He reaches the landing, runs through their shattered front door.

INT. ANNA AND OSKAR'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kurt races into their room. It's empty.

KURT

Anna?

EXT. MONBIJOU PARK - NIGHT

In the pale moonlight a distraught Anna walks along the edge of the River Spree.

EXT. MONBIJOUSTRASSE - CONTINUOUS

Kurt approaches the park, out of breath. He spots a solitary figure at the water's edge.

KURT

(yells)

Anna?

The figure turns to face him. He runs like a man possessed. Getting closer now he sees it's ANNA. Their eyes meet as she raises the LUGER to the side of her head.

ANNA

I'm sorry.

KURT

No!!!!

She pulls the trigger...

INT. FINISHED BASEMENT - DAY

Still in trance, Michael screams...

MICHAEL

No!!!!

Mark leans in and places a hand on Michael's arm.

MARK

(concerned)

Listen, get as high above the scene
until you feel safe. Okay?

Michael nods "yes."

MARK (cont'd)

We can stop any time...

MICHAEL

(faintly)

... I'm okay.

MARK

Are you above the situation?

EXT. HIGH ABOVE BERLIN - NIGHT

Michael looks down from three thousand feet. He sees the black line of the river Spree snaking through downtown Berlin.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Yes.

EXT. CLOUDY SKY - DAY

Michael sails through white puffy clouds, the ground far below his feet.

MARK (V.O.)
Where are you now?

EXT. JUNGLE CANOPY - DAY - 1966

Five hundred feet above jungle canopy stretched out below like a rolling green carpet.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
Flying above trees, the door is open.

MARK (V.O.)
And who is this person?

INT. HUEY CHOPPER - DAY

A gangly NINETEEN YEAR OLD, shirt unbuttoned and flapping in the breeze, stands at the open door oddly at ease surveying the jungle below.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
A door gunner. It's fun up here, the smell of the jungle, it's like an adventure.

MARK (V.O.)
What's happening now?

MICHAEL (V.O.)
Music blasting over loudspeakers.
(sings)
"Wild Thing..."

Over loud-speakers competing with rotors chopping air, "Wild Thing" by the Troggs.

MICHAEL (V.O.) (cont'd)
(still singing)
"... you make my heart sing."

SUPERIMPOSE: VIETNAM - JULY, 1966

PATRICK, aka "Lucky" (19) stands at ease even without his "monkey harness." His right hand rests on a mounted M-60 MACHINE GUN, his left grips a handle above the open door.

He grins a crazy-ass smile.

PATRICK
Beautiful. Fucking beautiful man!

CHOPPER PILOT (O.C.)
What's that, gunner?

Patrick laughs and leans out the door. He spots two additional HUEYS following closely behind.

INT. HUEY COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Through the windscreen GREEN SMOKE is visible rising above the jungle canopy up ahead.

CHOPPER PILOT
Twenty clicks to the LZ, stay sharp
back there!

EXT. JUNGLE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The chopper slowly descends.

VIETCONG SOLDIERS fire up at the Huey as it passes overhead.

INT. HUEY CHOPPER - CONTINUOUS

The chopper takes incoming fire, bullets whizz past the open door and cockpit.

PATRICK
Yeegah motha-fucka!!

A line of machine gun rounds STRIKE the Huey, inches from Patrick's head.

CHOPPER PILOT (O.C.)
Return fire, Gunner!

PATRICK
At what? Treetops?

CHOPPER PILOT (O.C.)
(concerned)
You crazy-ass son-of-a-bitch, return
fire!

Patrick grabs the M-60, blindly rakes the jungle below with rapid bursts of machine gun fire.

EXT. RICE PADDY - MOMENTS LATER

Three Hueys hover a couple of feet above soggy ground.

Spread out across the rice paddy U.S. SOLDIERS hunker down taking incoming machine-gun fire.

INT. HUEY CHOPPER - CONTINUOUS

A line of soldiers file past Patrick and jump down from the chopper. The last SOLDIER bumps into him, causing his "trick" left knee to give out.

He loses his grip on the M-60...

EXT. RICE PADDY - CONTINUOUS

... and falls from the chopper, landing on his back.

The Huey begins to climb. MACHINE GUN ROUNDS rake the side as the chopper struggles to gain altitude. Black smoke billows from the engine housing.

A pimply-faced SOLDIER leans over Patrick, extends a hand to help him up...

PIMPLY FACED SOLDIER
(southern accent)
C'mon man!

... and falls like a sack of rice, bullet to the head.

SGT. HERO (O.C.)
Return fire boys. At the tree line!

SOLDIERS jump from the two remaining choppers and fan out, spraying gun fire at unknown targets.

Patrick recovers the dead soldier's M-16, threads his way toward SGT. BUCK "HERO," (38) a grizzled veteran and father-figure to his "boys."

SGT. HERO
Take your pep pills, and nobody be a hero.

Patrick fishes in his canteen pouch, pulls out a white pill and pops it, as do all the men, most taking three or four at a time like tic-tacs.

Sgt. Hero spots Patrick crawling his way.

SGT. HERO (cont'd)
Lucky, what the fuck are you doing here?

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. PATRICK'S HOME - DAY - 1965

SUPERIMPOSE: JANUARY 1965

PATRICK (18) sits crossed-legged on the carpet glued to the TV.

NEWS ANCHOR
The United States is stepping up its efforts against the Vietcong Communist Rebels, with troop numbers expected to rise to one hundred and twenty thousand...

COLLEEN, Patrick's thirty nine year old mom, walks in with a basket of laundry and switches off the TV.

PATRICK
(whines)
Mom?

She sets the basket down in front of him. He shoots her "a look."

COLLEEN
Don't you dare, mister.

PATRICK
Where's Liz?

COLLEEN
At work. C'mon, start folding.

Patrick picks up a white tee shirt and haphazardly folds it.

PATRICK
I won't sit around here being your little helper forever, Mom. There's a war to fight and I'm going.

Colleen calmly folds clothes.

COLLEEN
You're still in school. Besides, sounds like they have all the boys they need.

PATRICK
Stop treating me like a baby.

Patrick flings the tee-shirt back into the laundry basket.

PATRICK (cont'd)
You're the reason dad calls me "candy ass" all the time!

He stands quickly but his trick knee gives out sending him tumbling to the floor.

PATRICK (cont'd)
Fuck this!

He scrambles to his feet and storms out.

BACK TO SCENE:

EXT. RICE PADDY - MOMENTS LATER

Sgt. Hero gives "Lucky" a thumbs-up.

Patrick charges off in a crouch, zig-zagging towards the tree line at the far end of the rice paddy.

EXT. TREE LINE - MOMENTS LATER

Patrick sits on the remains of a log pillbox, smoking a cigarette. His left earlobe is shot clean-off, blood spattered on his neck and shoulder.

Behind him two DEAD VIETCONG SOLDIERS are slumped over their Soviet-made SG-43 machine gun.

Sgt. Hero lays a hand on Lucky's shoulder...

SGT. HERO
(affectionately)
You crazy-ass-son-of-a-bitch.

... then turns to his men lazing in the shade.

SGT. HERO (cont'd)
Column of twos, move out!

EXT. JUNGLE TRAIL - LATER THAT DAY

A line of soldiers snake their way up a trail, pushing through thick brush. The LEAD SOLDIER raises his fist and the column stops.

Patrick hangs back.

In the clearing ahead, a village of six or seven HUTS. Chickens parade around the clearing.

Suddenly, a NAKED BOY bolts from a hut, closely followed by his frantic MOTHER.

Panicked soldiers FIRE and charge into the clearing...

... VILLAGERS spill from huts and scatter in all directions.

SGT. HERO
Cease fire!

High on "pep-pills" soldiers machine gun anything that moves.

Patrick runs into the clearing, horrified by the carnage of dead villagers littered everywhere. He spots movement to his right and charges-off to investigate.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF VILLAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Sporadic gun fire ECHOES in the distance.

SGT. HERO (O.C.)
Jesus Christ, cease fire!!

Patrick weaves through the tall grass and comes face to face with a terrified Vietnamese woman, TIEN (21), and her TWIN DAUGHTERS (4) as they shiver, waiting to be shot.

Patrick lowers his M-16, puts a finger to his lips for "quiet."

SGT. HERO (O.C.) (cont'd)
Anyone see Lucky? Fan out! Check for survivors!

Tien stares at Patrick.

PATRICK
(in a whisper)
Do you speak English?

She shakes her head "no."

PATRICK (cont'd)
Parlez vous français?

Tien and both girls smile.

PATRICK (cont'd)
(in French)
Come with me if you want to live.

Tien glances in the direction of her village, then follows close behind Patrick as they quietly weave through tall grass.

EXT. VIETNAMESE HILL - LATER

Camped, Tien and her daughters watch as smoke billows skyward, the remains of their village.

One of the twins approaches Patrick. He offers her the canteen. She takes a long sip.

TIEN
(in French, eyes on
the rising smoke)
You speak French?

PATRICK
Yes. I learned some in school. For
whatever reason it came easy to me.

Tien faces him.

TIEN
Where do we go from here?

INT. C.O.'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Colonel Sparks (mid 50's), sporting an extreme "high and tight," sits at a wooden desk handset to his ear.

SGT. HERO (O.C.)
Our men smoked a village, Sir. Women
and children. No survivors.

SPARKS
Jesus Christ! I'll order a dust-off.
You sit tight and keep a lid on the
situation. Understood?

SGT. HERO (O.C.)
Yes sir... and Lucky's AWOL.

Sparks BANGS his free hand on the desk, hard.

SPARKS
I ordered a full psych-eval on that
crazy son-of-a-bitch.

EXT. VIETNAMESE VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

SGT. HERO
Seems he jumped the chopper when we
hit the LZ. We'll find him, Sir.

SPARKS (O.C.)
You better. If that crazy-ass-son-
of-a-bitch isn't dead already he
sure as shit's gonna wish he was
when I'm through with him!

EXT. JUNGLE HIDEOUT - NIGHT

Propped against a tree, Tien sits holding both girls tightly
while Patrick keeps watch nearby.

PATRICK
Do you have anyone you can stay
with?

TIEN
In Saigon.

Patrick does the mental math, calculating how long it will
take to reach the city by foot.

TIEN (cont'd)
I... saw you. Before.

PATRICK
(confused)
Excuse me?

TIEN
Your face. In my dreams. You did
this...

And she raises a finger to her lips for "be quiet."

TIEN (cont'd)
What does it mean?

PATRICK
I... I have no idea.

One of her twins wakes up. She kisses her forehead.

PATRICK (cont'd)
Get some rest. We have a long walk
tomorrow.

He turns away.

PATRICK (cont'd)
(to himself)
What the fuck am I doing here?

EXT. ABANDONED VILLAGE - DAY

Patrick leads them along a trail. Up ahead there's a clearing by a stream. Scattered bamboo huts seem empty.

Patrick signals and they stop.

PATRICK
Stay here, I'll be right back.

He checks the M-16 magazine, only a few rounds left.

PATRICK (cont'd)
If it's clear I'll whistle, like
this...

Patrick WHISTLES a familiar tune (the sound of man whistling to a sexy girl).

Tien and her girls stay in the shadows while Patrick creeps forward. He's in the middle of the clearing when...

... out of nowhere a CHOPPER thunders overhead.

Patrick turns and runs back to Tien but falls into a punji-stick booby-trap. His right foot impaled by sharp sticks he SCREAMS in pain.

INT. HUEY CHOPPER COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

PILOT and COPILOT scan for their target.

PILOT
See anything back there?

INT. HUEY CHOPPER DOOR - CONTINUOUS

DOOR GUNNER leans out the open door. Spots Patrick trapped at the edge of the clearing.

DOOR GUNNER
Found him sir, five o'clock.

EXT. ABANDONED VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

Tien moves forward in a crouch and reaches the edge of the clearing about twenty feet from Patrick.

Up above the Huey circles in a wide arc and starts its descent. Downdraft from the rotors kicks up dust.

Tien and Patrick make eye contact. He motions her to leave. She glances toward her girls, then back to Patrick. He waves her off.

The Huey is 30 feet off the deck now.

Tien scrambles back to the tall brush and hugs her daughters. Together they watch the Huey land.

INT. HUEY CHOPPER - CONTINUOUS

Door Gunner jumps to the ground...

EXT. ABANDONED VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

... races over and lifts Patrick out of the hole. Patrick's foot and lower leg is a bloody mess.

PATRICK
(screaming)
We have to help them!

DOOR GUNNER
Shut the fuck up, asshole!

Door Gunner drags Patrick to the open door while another SOLDIER leans out of the Huey and hauls him up and in by his armpits.

Door Gunner hops in and the chopper slowly climbs.

INT. HUEY CHOPPER - CONTINUOUS

On his stomach, Patrick looks out the open door as the Huey gains altitude.

He spots Tien and her girls standing at the edge of the clearing below. They wave goodbye.

Patrick rolls on his back and sobs.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - DAY

Tears stream down Michael's cheeks, his eyes still closed.

Mark leans back in his chair, sets his legal pad full of notes on the floor.

MARK
Okay Michael, ready to come back?

Michael's eyes are still closed. Slowly we zoom in on his face...

MARK (O.C.)
Michael, where are you now?

... he smiles.

MARK (O.C.) (cont'd)
Michael?

And he opens his eyes.

FADE TO BLACK