

HEADED NORTH TO BAGHDAD

by

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EXT. FREEWAY RAMP - WEST LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Huddled beneath the ramp a young woman in her thirties mumbles raggedly in her restless sleep. Overhead, a truck rumbles by, backfiring exhaust and fumes. The woman, J.D. SOBIESKI startles and cries out.

SOUND of a convoy fifteen trucks long rolling in the desert, wind whipping sand that rains like pellets peppering into canvas coverings. A POP of flares shot into the night sky: a barrage of M-16 and AK-47 gunfire. American voices -soldiers, men and woman shouting, pulsating with the shrill cries of an Iraqi ambush. J.D.'s body jerks.

J.D.
Get down! Get down!

VOICES (V.O.)
Gunner's hit!

J.D.
I got it!

VOICES (V.O.)
Over there! They're surrounding us.

J.D.
It's an ambush! Pull the perimeter! Let's go!

An explosion. Glass shatters. On the ground, J.D writhes, screams:

J.D.
(continuing)
Kachina!

She lurches to her knees, eyes aflame, the phantom nightmare blazing within her. Acting out her nightmare, she attends to a fallen unseen comrade, checking for wounds and bleeding.

J.D.
(continuing)
Okay! Okay! You're okay!

J.D rips imaginary cloth, wrapping an unseen wounded chest.

J.D.
(continuing)
Stay with me!

Another explosion of gunfire. J.D freezes, screams, lunges to her feet. Wide awake, she crouches in a fighting position, terror and rage filling her eyes.

Wildly, she looks around her, crouching, still assuming combat position.

BATTLE SOUNDS subside.

Above, a car roars past.

Light and darkness flash across J.D's face, revealing the torture of her soul. She pants heavily, sweat mixed with tears trickle down in caked dirt-streaked streams.

She staggers, slides to the ground.

Groping inside her jacket, she pulls out a half-smoked joint. Fumbling for matches, she lights up, pulling deeply. Seized by a paroxysm of sobs, she coughs, grabbing underneath her ribcage as if stabbed by pain, and inhales again.

A truck roars by. J.D glances up, her body convulsing.

INT. DR. DAVID TUREK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

DAVID TUREK, lean, fit, fifties, sleeps restlessly. On his nightstand sits a phone, a clock that reads 2:42, and a small silver-framed photograph of a young woman in her early twenties, an army specialist mechanic.

David wakes suddenly with a start. He sits up, swinging his legs over the side of the bed. His hands clasped, he looks over to the photograph.

EXT. STREET - DOWNTOWN CITY - NIGHT

The street is deserted. The wind whistles through the canyons of tall buildings, stirring trash and dust into miniature tornadoes.

In the distance, J.D stumbles into view, ambling toward a seedy coffee shop.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

A large clock on the wall reads 2:46. A television above the counter loudly blares a commercial. Three street kids -Armenian gang-bangers, two male, one female sit sipping coffee at a table. They look up as J.D enters.

At another table a tired middle-aged couple eat breakfast.

The COUNTER MAN, mopping up, eyes J.D suspiciously as she fumbles for money, and shakily drops some coins on the counter. He grudgingly pours her coffee. J.D sits at the counter.

ON THE TELEVISION

CNN Headline News broadcasts war footage from Iraq.

COMMENTATOR

Today in Baghdad another suicide
bombing killed four American
soldiers...

J.D watches the television with a fixed stare.

COMMENTATOR

(continuing)

And over fifty Iraqi civilians.

On the screen, green night vision footage explodes with bombs over a convoy.

COMMENTATOR

(continuing)

In Basra insurgents attacked a
supply convoy delivering food and water to the troops
battling to hold that city.

Suddenly, J.D bolts upright, knocking her coffee cup across the counter, crashing it to pieces on the linoleum floor.

COUNTER MAN

What the hell's the matter with
you!

The gang-bangers laugh raucously.

COUNTER MAN

(continuing)

Get out! You heard me! Get outta
here!

J.D stares speechless at the Counter Man, then backs away. Turning suddenly, she rushes out.

The gang-bangers eye each other, and rising, follow her.

COUNTER MAN
(continuing)

Fuckin' bum. What the hell's the world comin' to? Now ya got women bums.

EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

J.D stumbles down the street, reaches an alley, and turns down it.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

The gang-bangers, screaming, rush J.D. She spins, facing them.

J.D'S P.O.V.

The gang-bangers turn into Iraqi insurgents, Kalishnikov rifles raised.

J.D screams.

J.D.
You wanna die, fuck!!

The gang-bangers surround her, taunting, shouting. J.D crouches in combat stance, expertly using martial arts move to hold them off.

One of the gang-bangers pulls a gun. J.D kicks, knocking the gun free. With one continuous move, she swoops in to grab the gun.

J.D.
(continuing)
Ali Baba! You're gonna die!

The gang-banger yells with fear.

J.D fires, but her hands are shaking so badly, the bullet ricochets off the brick wall.

J.D'S P.O.V.

The Iraqi insurgents turn back into teenage Armenian gang-

bangers.

J.D stunned, confused, terrified, backs away in a crouch, still holding the gun. She turns, and runs down the alley.

She comes to a large open dumpster. As if the gun were burning her hand, she fires it into the open dumpster, and runs on.

EXT. STREET - DOWNTOWN CITY - NIGHT

J.D rushes in terror, flitting from shadow to shadow, doorway to doorway, as if in combat on the streets of Baghdad.

J.D.
Pull the perimeter. They're everywhere.

SOUNDS OF COMBAT explode around her. Glass shatters.

J.D hears a voice, soft, feminine, in pain.

VOICE (V.O.)
Jadee...help me...

J.D whirls to find the voice.

VOICE (V.O.)
(continuing)
Don't let me die.

J.D.
Kachina...

VOICE (V.O.)
Don't let me die!

J.D.
KACHINA!

The shrill of an ambulance siren slashes through J.D's scream, blending with it into one long mournful wail.

INT. DR. DAVID TUREK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

David stands at his bedroom window looking out into the night.

In the background, a silent television plays footage of a battle in Iraq.

On the nightstand, the silver-framed photograph tips forward,
falling to the floor.

David turns to watch it fall.

EXT. VETERANS CEMETERY - NIGHT

Row upon row of simple white wooden crosses.
J.D wanders among the crosses. She stumbles, and drops to the
ground. Looking at the cross she kneels before, she mumbles:

J.D.
What happened to you?

She curls into a fetal position, tears falling from closed
eyelids, rocking.

J.D.
(continuing)

Kachina...

DISSOLVE TO:

A spinning mirror ball.

INT. LONE PINE RIDGE HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - NIGHT
The auditorium is festooned with balloons, streamers and a
banner that announces:

LONE PINE RIDGE HIGH SCHOOL PROM -- CLASS OF '92.

The Red Hot Chili Peppers' "Under the Bridge" blares from the
stage as kids dance. The music switches to Billy Ray Cyrus'
"Achy Breaky Heart." Squeals break out.

A 17 year old J.D screeches, and grabs the hand of her best
friend KACHINA FRAGUA, a NATIVE AMERICAN, also 17.

J.D.
Achy Breaky Heart! Come on, Kat!
We gotta dance!

J.D and Kachina plow through the crowd to the dance floor, where they join the melee dancing and singing to the corny lyrics.

DISSOLVE TO: Spinning

mirror ball:

INT. LONE PINE RIDGE HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - NIGHT
Most of the crowd has thinned. J.D and Kachina dance, their arms draped around their dates to Eric Clapton's "Tears in Heaven."

J.D and her date kiss slowly as they move.

MICHAEL

I love you, J.D. I'm gonna love
you 'til the day I die.

J.D.

That's a long time, Mr. Mikey.

MICHAEL

Not long enough.

He kisses her again with all the passion of eighteen year olds on prom night with their whole life in front of them.

EXT. LONE PINE RIDGE HIGH SCHOOL - FOOTBALL STADIUM - DAY

Parents, students, friends and family sit in white plastic chairs that line the field.

Grads walk across the stage, receiving their diplomas.

ANNOUNCER

Andy Eaton, Cynthia Estrada,
Kachina Fragua...

IN THE CROWD

J.D in cap and gown rises and blows a horn noisily as Kachina receives her diploma.

EXT. LONE PINE RIDGE LAKE - DAY

A hot dusty sultry early July day. J.D and Kachina sit on beach towels facing the lake.

J.D.
Mike's leaving for San Diego next month.

KACHINA
Already?

J.D.
He says he wants to get settled in before classes start.

KACHINA
He needs a whole month to "settle in"?

J.D.
I think he's hooked up with somebody.

KACHINA
Down there?

J.D.
Yeah.

KACHINA
How'd he manage that?

J.D.
Open house. Visiting his brother. Who knows.

KACHINA
Oh. Wow.

J.D.
It doesn't matter.

KACHINA
No?

J.D.
Nah. He was fun while it lasted. Only thing...

KACHINA
Yeah?

J.D.
I keep wondering ...

She gazes out across the lake.

J.D.
(continuing)
Now what?

Kachina sits up, tickling J.D. They tussle in the sand.

KACHINA
Now, I race you to the water!

The two race across the sand, and dive headlong into the lake.

INTENSE PUSLING BEAT of Boyz II Men "It's So Hard To Say
Goodbye To Yesterday."

EXT. DIRT TRAILS - LONE PINE RIDGE - DAY

Dirt bikes and motor bikes race across the potted and scarred
hillside as Boyz II Men pounds in the background. J.D rides
a bike alone. Kachina rides on the back of a YOUNG MAN's bike.

J.D executes expert moves, her ponytail trailing out from
beneath her helmet.

EXT. BIKER'S HANGOUT - LATE AFTERNOON

Square cinderblock building with card tables and chairs, pool
tables, juke boxes and soda machines.

A crowd of young teenage riders, swarm into the club, J.D and
Kachina among them.

EXT. SOBIESKI HOME - NIGHT

J.D rides her motorcycle up the drive.

INT. SOBIESKI HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT
ARLENE SOBIESKI, a faded, but attractive 45 year old woman
makes coffee in the kitchen.

J.D enters, streaked with dust and sweat.

ARLENE

Hey.

J.D.

Hey.

ARLENE

You have a good ride.

J.D.

Yeah.

ARLENE

(smiles at her)

Looks like you did. Want some coffee?

J.D.

No. Thanks. I'm gonna shower. Hit the sack.

She starts to leave.

ARLENE

Jadee...

J.D.

I know, Mom. Tomorrow A.M. First thing, before coffee even, Kachina and I go job-hopping.

ARLENE

Stella told me their hiring down at the cafe.

J.D.

Whoopee. Lone Pine Ridge Cafe. Boys in bed?

ARLENE

Yeah. Poke your head in and say goodnight. Your brothers' been askin' for you all night long.

J.D.

Kachina and me'll take 'em to the lake tomorrow. After job-hunting.

ARLENE

You're a good kid.

J.D.

Yeah, I know.

(she kisses her
mother)

'Night Mama.

ARLENE
Good night sweet pea.

J.D exits.

JOHN MELLENCAMP'S "I Was Born in a Small Town" plays over a montage of scenes:

J.D and Kachina serve customers, Kachina spilling coffee, at the Lone Pine Ridge Cafe.

Snow glistens atop distant mountain peaks as teenagers ride the foothills in a falling rain. Off the track, J.D works on her bike, fixes something in the engine, mounts and roars off, water spraying out behind her.

The wind whistles fiercely, banging open the door of the Dirt Bikers Club as J.D and Kachina shoot pool with a group of teenagers.

Summer dust shimmers as J.D and Kachina play with their younger siblings at the lake.

Dry brown oak leaves tumble across the expanse of the Pine Ridge Cemetery. J.D and Kachina rake leaves and place flowers at the grave of J.D's father -- JOSEPH SOBIESKI.

Rain pounds against the windows of Kachina's squat cinderblock house. Her mother BESSIE cooks in the kitchen as Kachina's father MIGUEL plays a flute and Kachina dances to the delight of J.D and Kachina's three little brothers and two sisters.

EXT. LONE PINE RIDGE CAFE - DUSK

J.D and Kachina are bundled up against a fiercesome wind as they walk away from the cafe.

Hurrying towards them is a handsome young man in a crisp army uniform, his head bowed against the wind.

J.D and the young man, neither watching where they're going, collide.

J.D.
Oh! Hot damn!

RUDY

My apologies, ma'am.

J.D looks up, instant sparks flashing.

RUDY

(continuing)

I wasn't watching where I was going.

J.D.

Do I look like a ma'am to you?

RUDY

No, ma'am. You certainly do not.

Rudy grins, holding out his hand to shake hers.

RUDY

(continuing)

Corporal Rudolpho Toledo, Army
376th. Recruitor. At your service.

J.D.

Jadwiga Sobieski. Lone Pine Ridge Cafe. Coffee
Hauler.

(Jadwiga is pronounced Yad - vee' - ga)

RUDY

Jadwiga?

KACHINA

She's named after a Polish King who was a woman. But
everybody calls her J.D.

EXT. VETERANS'S CEMETERY - DAWN

Rose and pink-tinged clouds stipple the sky.

Curled at the foot of a simple white wooden cross, J.D jolts
awake.

J.D.

(mumbles)

Rudy.

She sits up, leaning back against the cross. A field of
crosses, row upon row unfurl around her.

J.D fumbles through her jacket pocket, and pulls out a
photograph.

David...

MEMORY FLASH

INT. VA HOSPITAL - THERAPY ROOM - DAY

J.D in a group therapy room at a V.A Hospital. A fit, lean man in his fifties, the man we recognize from the earlier scenes of him in his bedroom, stands with his hand gently on her shoulder, handing her a card.

DAVID

Call me. Any time.

J.D nods.

BACK TO PRESENT

Suddenly BLINDING LIGHT explodes all around her. The light bounces and swirls then whirls into images of sand. Sand, sand and more sand -- nothing but sand for miles.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

INT. MILITARY AIRPLANE - DAY

J.D leaning against the window of an army airplane carrier, slowly circling for landing.

EXT. TENT CITY - DEPLOYMENT AND SUPPLY - KUWAIT - DAY

Row upon row of army green tents pitched against the sand.

Army personnel, enlisted and officers, non-commissioned officers and sergeants, medics and nurses, move through the 6,000 peopled city busy at their various tasks.

J.D and Kachina follow a sergeant in a group of "newbies" carrying chemical suits, M-16's slung across their shoulders.

SERGEANT

Female latrine over there. It's a long way from your camp, so you're gonna need an

escort. At night, you go in groups.

Kachina looks at J.D surprise and worry in her eyes. J.D smiles, putting her arm around her shoulders.

The company moves deeper into the camp. Soldiers, men and women, loll, playing cards on cots, smoking in the sand, drinking, passing bottles of warm beer and vodka.

Several soldiers sprawl among the litter and dust, vomiting. Inside some of the tents, cots have been turned on their side; couples stand between them, openly having sex.

The sergeant continues marching his company past, silent.

Snatches of conversation swirl on the desert wind:

SOLDIER

I told him, get down goatfucker or
I'll blow your freakin' head off!

An explosion of laughter.

BATTLE SOUNDS begin to rise.

SOLDIER

(continuing)

Pop! Pop! Pop! His fuckin' head snapped off like a
pine branch in the wind, freakin' brains sprayin' all
over the Nikes my mom just sent over!

BATTLE SOUNDS increase, mixed with raucous laughter, battle cries and the screams of death.

SOLDIER TWO

Bam! Bam! Bam! Kicked him 'til his
ribs splintered. Stupid fuck shit all over himself.

SOUNDS CRESCENDO

SOLDIER TWO (continuing)

Oooo-weee the stink! Shit, blood, and gore. Ambrosia!

SOLDIER THREE

Since I was eight years old, man, eight, couldn't
wait to get my first confirmed kill.

HIGH-PITCHED SCREAM.

EXT. OUTSIDE BOOKSTORE - DAY

J.D stands in front of the bookstore, screaming. People stop, stare.

J.D looks into the glass, her ragged, terror-filled face stares back at her like the ghost of the unquiet dead.

She screams again.

Suddenly, the glass explodes shattering, covering her with broken shards.

J.D drops and covers.

J.D.
Get down! Get down! Enemy all
around!

A cop rushes up, grabbing her elbow.

COP
Come on, lady, let's go.

J.D.
Get down! Glass all around!

COP
What're ya talkin' about? There
ain't no glass.

SHOT OF PLATE GLASS WINDOW

Shining in the sunlight, unbroken.

COP
(continuing; grabbing
her harder)
Come on, now. Let's move it!

The cop drags J.D to her feet. Pulling forcefully against him:

J.D.
Nnnooooo! Let go of me!

She breaks free, and runs wildly down the street.

J.D.
(continuing; in a

male Middle-eastern voice)
There is no escape.
(as J.D, struggling with an invisible foe)
Let me go!
(as Middle-eastern man)
No way out!

She runs, fighting her demon, her hand grabbing underneath her ribcage as if warding off a stabbing pain.

EXT. WEST LOS ANGELES STREET - DAY

J.D crouching, stumbles down the street. She turns in maddening circles, punching the air, shouting to an unseen presence.

Passersby stare, point, ignore, laugh, scowl.

J.D.
Shut up! Leave me alone!

She covers her ears.

J.D.
(continuing)
God please! Go away!

Fighting tears, now a whispered prayer:

J.D.
(continuing)
Please, please go away. Kat, please, can't you make him go away.

Down the block a city bus stop looms. On one side of the glass partition is a poster that reads:

YOUR V.A. HOSPITAL: WORKING FOR YOU. J.D stops, staring at the poster. MEMORY FLASH
David, touching her shoulder gently. DAVID
Call me. Any time.

J.D.
David...

She stumbles toward the bus stop.

EXT. WEST LOS ANGELES CITY BUS STOP - DAY

J.D reaches the bus stop, and stops in front of the poster, clasped fists clenching and unclenching at her sides.

Several people eye her warily.

An elegant elderly lady, small and fashionably dressed, approaches.

ELDERLY LADY
Can I help you, dear?

J.D glances towards her, confused, unable to answer.

ELDERLY LADY
(continuing)
Are you looking for the VA?

J.D.
David...

ELDERLY LADY
David?

J.D.
Dr... Turek...

ELDERLY LADY
Is that your doctor?

J.D doesn't answer.

The Elderly Lady gently takes her hand, leading her to the printed bus route schedule on the other side of the glass.

ELDERLY LADY
(continuing; pointing
to the route)
That's the VA Hospital. Right there. You see that?
This bus'll take you right there.

The city bus pulls into the stop. J.D routs through her pockets.

ELDERLY LADY
(continuing)
That's okay dear. I've got it.

She hands her several single bills and some quarters.

J.D.
Thank-you.

ELDERLY LADY
You just take this bus until it
stops right there in front of the
V.A.

J.D nods and with shaking hands takes the money. She boards the
bus.

The bus pulls away.

INT. CITY BUS - DAY

J.D sits leaning her head against the window. EXT. WEST LOS
ANGELES - OUTSIDE UCLA - DAY

The bus roars past the UCLA athletic fields. Football players
run practices.

INT. CITY BUS - DAY

J.D watches the players.

MEMORY FLASH

EXT. CAMP PARKS RESERVE FORCES TRAINING AREA -DAY
J.D at Basic Training, running a maneuver. Holding a M-16 she
rushes a stone wall, scrambles effortlessly over it, drops to
the other side, rolls, her rifle raised, rises, and runs on.

MEMORY FLASH

EXT. IRAQ - MOSUL - DAY

J.D. In Mosul, on patrol with a Marine unit, conducting a house
to house. The Marines bust down a door. An Iraqi man cowers
inside. Two beefy Marines push past him, entering the home. The
Iraqi man follows nervously.

IRAQI MAN
Come, come, I show you. I have

nothing. Nothing.

One of the Marines, a sergeant turns and violently pushes the man out of the house. The Iraqi smiles.

IRAQI MAN
(continuing)
It's okay. Okay.

The other man backhands him.

MARINE
Shut up!

He turns to J.D.

MARINE
(continuing)
He could be wearing a suicide
vest. Watch him. Watch the street.

J.D motions for the Iraqi to kneel on the ground, and trains her gun on him, watching him and the street.

EXT. VA HOSPITAL - DAY

The bus pulls to a stop. J.D jerks out of her flashback. INT.

VA HOSPITAL - DAY

A confusion of sound and sights. Veterans amble through the halls, walking with canes, crutches, walkers, and in wheelchairs; limbs, heads, hands, eyes, bandaged, bleeding, blood staining the dressing, soaking through hospital gowns, vacant eyes, shell-shocked and numb, stare.

J.D crosses to the "Information Desk."

CLERK
May I help you.

J.D.
David...

CLERK
Excuse me, Miss?

J.D.
Turek. David Turek.

CLERK
Is he a patient here?

J.D.
No. Doctor. Doctor David Turek.

The clerk clicks through her computer.

CLERK
I'm sorry, I don't see a Dr. Turek.

J.D.
(becoming agitated)
Dr. Turek. Dr. David Turek.

CLERK
I'm sorry.

J.D.
(louder)
Dr. David Turek!

CLERK
Miss, I'm sorry...

J.D.
(slamming the desk with her fist)
You tell me where he is!

An orderly rushes over.

ORDERLY
Is there a problem here?

CLERK
This young woman...

The months of anguish, the pain of the streets and the agony of war and death explode. J.D screeches the wail of the damned, pounding her fists against the desk in chaos and confusion.

J.D.
I know he's here! I want to see
Dr. Turek! Tell me where he is!
You tell me where Dr. Turek is!

ORDERLY
Medic! Medic!

The corridor erupts. A doctor rushes to the scene. J.D continues to wail flailing her fists.

The orderly grabs her. J.D screams louder, fighting viscerously against his grip.

DOCTOR
(to J.D)
It's okay. It's going to be all
right.
(to a nurse)
Nurse!

Another doctor and several nurses run to the scene.

DOCTOR
(continuing; to the
nurses)
Help him hold her down.

The nurses attempt to help the orderly secure J.D, but she struggles mightily, fists flailing against them, her screams and words incoherent, her mind snapping into a psychotic break.

SECOND DOCTOR
Is she a vet?

DOCTOR
I don't know. Nurse, 10cc Demerol.
Stat! We've got to calm her down.

J.D kicks and screams, her words barely coherent:

J.D.
Let me go! Let me go!

MEMORY FLASH

EXT. IRAQ - MOSUL - DAY

On the streets of Mosul, J.D holds a black-veiled Iraqi woman who screams and cries and thrashes against her. In heavily accented English interspersed with Arabic she screams:

IRAQI WOMAN
Let go! Let me go!

J.D.

It's okay. It's all right.

In the middle of the street two marines hold a young Iraqi man by his armpits. The man, wounded, bleeds profusely, as the marines roughly drag him through his own blood across the street to an Interogation Center.

FIRST MARINE

(calling out to J.D)

Keep her quiet!

The Iraqi woman thrashes forcefully.

IRAQI WOMAN

(in broken English
and mixed Arabic)

He's my son! He's a good boy!

J.D suddenly jerks the woman forcefully.

J.D.

You have to be quiet!

The woman cries out in pain, then sobs.

J.D.

(continuing)

It's okay. They just want to talk
to him.

IRAQI WOMAN

He's my son. He's a good boy.He's
my son.

BACK TO PRESENT

The nurses and the orderly manage to subdue her. The third nurse shoves her sleeve up her arm, and while the others continue to hold her down and as J.D continues to fight, stabs her with the needle.

J.D eyes rolling, collapses.

INT. VA HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

J.D lies deeply sedated in a hospital bed in the ER. IV's drip fluid from several bags.

In the background a television is tuned to CNN. On the screen a young army private speaks to a reporter.

PRIVATE

When we first arrived it was business as usual. Cars goin' past, people crossin' the road. Then everything suddenly went real quiet. The next thing we knew, they were shooting at us from all directions. They'd been just sittin' there, waitin' for us.

A Pakistani nurse, SACHI checks J.D.'s vitals, while a young doctor, IVONNE HURRERO stands by observing.

NURSE SACHI

She was badly dehydrated. Must've been on the streets quite awhile.

DOCTOR HURRERO

Any I.D?

NURSE SACHI

Nothing, doctor. We checked everything. All she had on her were these.

She hands picks up two photographs from the bedside table, handing them to him. He looks at the photographs.

DOCTOR HURRERO

Must be her kids.

NURSE SACHI

I'd bet money on it.

DOCTOR HURRERO

Must be her husband, too. We'd better call LAPD.

NURSE SACHI

Already done.

DOCTOR HURRERO

They can check her prints. If she is a vet, the Feds'll have 'em on file.

NURSE SACHI

I'd bet money on that, too. She mentioned Dr. Turek.

DOCTOR HURRERO

I know David. He ran a workshop here about a year ago. Women's Trauma Recovery Program. He's doing some very interesting work.

(looks at the photos)

Lovely family.

NURSE SACHI

Shame, isn't it.

DOCTOR HURRERO

It always is.

INT. DR. DAVID TUREK'S APARTMENT - DEN - DAY

David sits at his desk in his apartment office. On the wall behind him is a poster of a beach, covered with row upon row of small white crosses. The poster reads: ARLINGTON WEST. The telephone rings. He answers.

INT. VA HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

J.D sleeps. Muffled HOSPITAL SOUNDS filter in: the quiet ding of a bell, rubber-soled shoes squeaking against shining linoleum, machines clacking, and the steady droning of a respirator, the soft drone of the television broadcasting a report from Baghdad.

The hospital room, the SOUNDS, the broadcast from Baghdad swirl and dissolve to:

EXT. LONE PINE RIDGE LAKE - DAY

J.D lies peacefully on a bright blue raft, bobbing gently in the wide expanse of the lake.

In the distance SOUNDS ring out across the water: children at play, balls pocking off round paddles, water splashing, radios playing.

J.D. (V.O.)

So quiet here. Peaceful.

Suddenly, a hand springs from out of the water. A huge splash, a roar, and her raft rocks violently. J.D shrieks.

A body breaks the water. It's Rudy Toledo, the young army recruiter.

J.D shrieks with laughter. The raft tips over, plunging her into the icy water.

J.D.

You're gonna pay for that!

She jumps on top of his back. They wrestle in the water.

RUDY

Hold up! Hold up! I can't breathe!

J.D. unrelenting.

J.D.

You don't deserve to breathe!

She pushes his head underwater.

J.D.

(continuing)

Die monster of the deep!

Rudy surfaces, water spraying. He grabs her, pulling her towards him. Standing waist-high in the water, they kiss deeply.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LONE PINE RIDGE LAKE - DUSK

Rudy and J.D. lie side by side on a blanket. The sun blazes a deep burnished orange on the horizon where the lake meets the sky, painting the shimmering water in streaks of magenta and purple.

RUDY

It got me out of the barrio. I was headed nowhere. Flunked out of high school. Gang-banging. My mom was a wreck. But I knew, somehow deep inside, I knew I was better than that.

J.D.

And you really like the army?

RUDY

I love it, Jadee. The army saved my life.

J.D.

Maybe it can save mine.

INT. SOBIESKI HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Arlene and J.D. sit at the kitchen table, sipping coffee.

ARLENE

Your dad never got over it.

J.D.

Mama, Daddy was drafted.

ARLENE

He was never the same after Viet
Nam.

J.D.

That was a totally different
situation. We're not at war now.

ARLENE

We're always at war. We've got troops all over the
globe.

J.D.

Mommy, they don't send women into battle. Women
aren't even allowed anywhere near the front line.
Besides, this is the Reserves. We're talking two
weekends a month, at most, some cushy job at the
post, great pay. And a \$6,000 dollar bonus.

Suddenly, J.D.'s two little brothers Jack, 13 and Andrew, 10,
burst into the kitchen, hollering and chasing each other.

ARLENE

Hey! Hey! Simmer down!

J.D.

Come here, you!

J.D snags Andrew, and rubs her knuckles across his shaved
towhead.

J.D.

(continuing)

Simmer down!

(to her Mom)

How many chili corn dogs you think
you can buy with six thousand
bucks.

ANDREW

With fries!

J.D.

With fries.

INT. LONE PINE RIDGE CAFE - DUSK

J.D and Kachina are cleaning up after their shift, replacing
sugars, ketchup, mustard.

KACHINA

I want to enlist, too!

J.D.

Come on. Copy Kat.

KACHINA

I do! I think it'd be fun. What else am I gonna do? Spend the rest of my life mopping up the coffee I've spilled?

INT. ARMY RECRUITMENT CENTER - DAY

A small stuffy room crammed with metal desks and filing cabinets. Rudy sits at one desk, talking to a young man about 17 years old.

Army posters and photographs decorate the walls:

A black and white photograph taken only ankle-high of a recruit in uniform wearing army boots with the logo of the U.S. Army star in one corner and the words: THERE'S A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN WEARING THEM AND FILLING THEM.

Photographs of young recruits, male and female, at basic training, riding tanks, scaling walls, fixing equipment.

A poster of several young recruits, male and female with the words blazoned across the front: BE ALL THAT YOU CAN BE.

Red, white, and blue balloons and streamers fly from desktops and across the walls.

Kachina and J.D enter the room.

KACHINA

I want to be all that I can be.

EXT. CAMP PARKS RESERVE FORCES TRAINING AREA - DAY

Segeant 1st Class Denise Salcedo runs her recruits -- J.D and Kachina among them through physical training, starting with sit-ups.

J.D moves through the workout easily, but Kachina falls behind unable to complete the sit-up routine.

SGT. SALCEDO

Got to work on that, soldier. Mind

over matter.

KACHINA

Sir, yes, sir.

SGT. SALCEDO

Okay, let's go. Three mile run.

The recruits jump up and run, circling the field. EXT.

CLAPBOARD BUILDING - WEAPONS TRAINING - DAY

In formation, the recruits march toward the building.

INT. CLAPBOARD BUILDING - WEAPONS TRAINING - DAY

A narrow long building, dark, dingy, and cold with bars covering the mud-streaked windows.

About twenty recruits, J.D and Kachina among them take apart, clean, and reassemble their M-16's, using Q-tips and brushes.

KACHINA

I don't mind cleanin' them. It's shootin' them that scares me. BAM! Whoa! Is that shot coming at me -or going for someone else.

RECRUIT ONE

Get down!

RECRUIT TWO

Friendly fire! Fragua's on the loose.

The recruits laugh.

SGT. VASQUEZ

Fragua! Get busy.

KACHINA

Sir, yes, sir.

EXT. CAMP PARKS RESERVE FORCES - FIRING RANGE - DAY The recruits line up to test their markmanship.

J.D shoots a perfect score.

SGT BLAINE

Nice.

EXT. CAMP PARKS RESERVE FORCES TRAINING AREA - DAY

Platoons of recruits run maneuvers. J.D heads a platoon, leading her squad through a mud-soaked field, rifles at the ready, across an open field, over a wall, and down an embankment to a swiftly flowing river. One by one, the platoon gathers.

A blonde young woman, Anna, is the last down the hill. She hustles to J.D.

ANNA

All here and accounted for, sir.

J.D.

Good.

(to the platoon)

All right, listen up. We're going to ford the river and reconnoiter the situation on the other side.

RECRUIT ONE

That river is pretty swift.

J.D.

And deeper than it appears. Let's move out.

J.D leads the platoon across the river. The current is swift and powerful, and the crossing difficult. One by one, the recruits scramble to the other side.

In the middle of the river are Anna and one last recruit, a painfully thin young man, ADAM. Suddenly, Adam slips in the swiftly moving current. He lets out a terrified yelp.

On the other side, J.D turns, and sees what's happening.

In desperation, Adam clutches Anna.

ANNA

It's okay!

She pushes Adam free. J.D scrambles to the river's edge, and helps Adam out.

But Anna, knocked off balance by Adam, slips under the water, her body flipping over in the furious current.

J.D throws down her back pack, plunging headlong into the water.

Swimming powerfully towards Anna, she grabs her, lifting her head safely above water.

Anna gasps and sputters, but regains her footing.

ANNA
(continuing)
I got it now. I'm okay.

The two cross the river and scramble up the other side.

IN ANOTHER PLATOON

Kachina runs the same maneuvers, crawling through a mudsoaked field, rifle at the ready, running over a grass land, and climbing over a wall.

When Kachina gets to the wall, she is the last recruit. She stumbles half-way over, and falls back. Her platoon leader calls out:

PLATOON LEADER
Fragua! You okay?

With grit in her eye, Kachina calls back:

KACHINA
I got it!

With a force beyond what she had thought she was capable of, she pushes herself up and over the wall.

Her platoon roundly cheers her as she does a celebratory dance on the other side of the wall, and then with the same grit, falls in, and runs with her squad to the river bank.

INT. CAMP PARKS RESERVE FORCES - BARRACKS - NIGHT

J.D moves through the barracks to her bunk. Kachina lies spread-eagled on hers.

J.D.
Hey.

KACHINA
Hey yourself, recruit.

J.D.
You okay.

KACHINA

Yeah.

J.D.

Sure?

She rolls over, looking up at J.D.

KACHINA

Just a little tired and more than
a little sore as hell. But I made
it through.

J.D.

Yeah you did.

KACHINA

I made it through! Dude, we made
it through.

Anna approaches.

ANNA

We all made it through.

She turns to J.D, salutes.

ANNA

(continuing)

Thanks, Captain.

INT. VA HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

J.D lies still deeply asleep. She mumbles softly.

J.D.

Made it through. We made it
through.

Standing by the side of her bed is Dr. David Turek, Nurse
Sachi, and Doctor Hurrero.

David observes her carefully, moving in closer to examine her
face as she sleeps.

DAVID

I see so many of them. A year is
a long time.

DOCTOR HURRERO

The F.B.I said it'd be awhile
before they had a match on the
prints. If they can find a match.

DAVID

Any idea how long?

The doctor shrugs.

DOCTOR HURRERO

You're talking the US Government.
Hurry up and wait.

David picks up the photos from the bedside table, looking at
them.

DAVID

I need to be down in San Diego
tomorrow.

DOCTOR HURRERO

Hopefully we'll have some answers
by then.

DAVID

Did you check with missing persons?

DOCTOR HURRERO

The LAPD is checking everything.
But she could've come from
anywhere -- even out of state.

DAVID

Right.

He moves back to her, taking her hand, looking intently at her,
as if by sheer force of will, he could unlock her secrets.

DAVID

(continuing)

What happened to you?

EXT. CAMP PARKS RESERVE FORCES - PARADE GROUNDS - DAY

Graduation Day. The soldiers lined up by company enter the
parade grounds, marching around the perimeter until they halt
before their Commanding General whom they sharply salute.

J.D and Kachina march with their company.

In another company, the young blonde woman, Anna marches.

AT THE PODIUM

The Commanding General speaks:

COMMANDING GENERAL

We salute these fine soldiers standing before you today who each in his or her own way has become an army of one. The army is a puzzle, and each of these young recruits represents a piece of that puzzle without which the army could not stand...

DISSOLVE TO: EXT. CAMP

PARKS RESERVE FORCES - PARADE GROUNDS - DAY The Commanding

General announces awards at the podium.

COMMANDING GENERAL

...and for expertise in the field
of marksmanship PFC J.D. Sobieski.

J.D marches forward to receive her award as Kachina applauds wildly.

Standing with another company, Anna, applauds vigorously.

The Commanding General pins J.D's ribbon on her uniform. J.D salutes, and moves to stand at the side with the other honoreers.

COMMANDING GENERAL

(continuing)

They don't look the same as they did nine weeks ago. These young men and women came in as civilians and leave here as United States soldiers. Ladies and gentlemen it is with great honor that I present the men and women of the 91st Division United States Army Reserves. Always forward. Vanguard. Victory starts here.

A roar goes up in the crowd as the recruits throw their caps into the air.

FREEZE FRAME

INT. VA HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Nurse Sachi checks J.D's vital signs. Another nurse enters the cubicle ringed by curtains.

NURSE TWO
We just heard from the F.B.I.

NURSE SACHI
Vet?

NURSE TWO
Sergeant First Class J.D Sobieski.

NURSE SACHI
Get Doctor Huerrero. We can move her to a room now.

INT. VA HOSPITAL - JD'S ROOM - MORNING

J.D lies deeply in sleep, her monitors recording her breathing and respiration.

David and Doctor Huerrero stand by the bed. David holds a thick manilla file.

DOCTOR HURRERO
There's no telling how long she'll be out.

DAVID
Is she in a coma?

DOCTOR HURRERO
No. Just a very deep sleep.

David thumbs through the file.

DAVID
Can't imagine why.

The two doctors exchange looks.

DAVID
(continuing)
Were you able to contact the husband?

DOCTOR HURRERO
We're still trying.

DAVID

I'll be in Oceanside. The Sand Piper. You've got all my numbers?

DOCTOR HURRERO

I've got everything.

DAVID

Call me immediately if anything changes.

DOCTOR HURRERO

You bet.

EXT. SAN DIEGO FREEWAY 5 - DAWN

David Turek in his silver Toyota Pick-Up speeds toward San Diego. He passes a sign that reads: OCEANSIDE next exit.

EXT. OCEANSIDE BEACH - DAWN

Dave's pick-up pulls into the parking lot and stops. Dave climbs out of the truck.

On the beach below volunteers set up small white crosses. Dave crosses the sand to join them.

EXT. OCEAN BEACH - DUSK

Row upon row of small white crosses. Each cross bears a sign with a name printed across it, a rose, and a candle in a small can filled with sand below.

Among the crosses, people wander, kneeling, praying, crying, touching the small white markers with kisses.

In the front of the Memorial, David stands on a raised platform. Behind him stand a ring of people in an array of military uniforms, an array of ranks, male and female, some in wheelchairs, some with walkers and canes, missing limbs, bearing the scars of war.

DAVID

Each cross represents a U.S soldier or Marine killed in Iraq. Last summer, there were 1,100 crosses. In February, there were 1500. On May 21st, when we put them up in Ramona, there were 1,592. Where is the rage? Where is the anger against all this loss? When will America wake up?

INT. VA HOSPITAL - JD'S ROOM - DUSK

J.D lies as still as death, the monitors beeping, tubes running into her veins, the television broadcasting quietly yet another battle in Iraq.

INT. INFINITY - INNER SPACE - DAY

In her hospital bed, draped in white, J.D floats in her inner space. SOUNDS of the hospital, the respirator and heart monitor, and the battle in Iraq, surround her, filtering through, echoing, the disembodied words, "Wake up, wake up, wake up."

The words tumble over each other until the voice of a small female child, about six years old breaks through the void:

CHILD

Wake up. Wake up, Mommy.

Now another young female child, this one about 8 speaks:

SECOND CHILD

Mommy, where are you? We can't find you?

The two children speak together:

BOTH CHILDREN

Wake up, Mommy. Wake up.

The chorus of SOUNDS filter in again, building.

As the sound crescendos, the young recruit Anna, wearing flowing white, approaches through the void:

ANNA

Wake up, J.D. It's okay. We need you to wake up now.

J.D moans, mumbles softly and awakens.

Nurse Sachi, standing by her bedside calls out.

NURSE SACHI

Doctor!

INT. VA HOSPITAL - JD'S ROOM - NIGHT

David enters the room. J.D pale and drifting in and out of a light sleep, turns when she hears him enter.

David smiles gently at her.

DAVID
Welcome back.

She flinches suddenly, her hand grabbing underneath her ribcage in a sudden stab of pain.

DAVID
(continuing)
Are you okay?

The pain subsides.

J.D.
You said I could call. Any time.

DAVID
That's right. I did.

INT. VA HOSPITAL - DR. HURRERO'S OFFICE - DUSK

David and Ivonne sit in her office.

DOCTOR HURRERO
Physically, she's fine. She's dehydrated, anemic, and generally weak. But that's the easy fix.

DAVID
How long you going to keep her?

DOCTOR HURRERO
At least a few days. Maybe a week. Build her strength up.

DAVID
And then?

DOCTOR HURRERO
She doesn't want to go home. We reached her husband, talked to her mom, but she's adamant: She doesn't want to see anyone.

DAVID
I'll get her a room in the recovery center house.

DOCTOR HURRERO
You're going to work with her?

DAVID

Hell, yes, I'm going to work with her.

DOCTOR HURRERO

(smiling at him)

Thought you might.

INT. VA HOSPITAL - JD'S ROOM - DUSK

J.D released from her IV's and machines, stands at her window gazing out.

In the distance, the Pacific Ocean shimmers in the last fading streaks of daylight, afire with hues of indigo and blue. Directly below her window in the parking lot, Vets, family, and friends come and go; the Vets as they were in the hospital before, using canes, crutches, walkers, and wheelchairs. Some loiter at the entryway to the hospital, smoking, talking to each other or to themselves.

As J.D stares, the scene shifts and dissolves to:

EXT. CAMP PARKS RESERVE FORCES - DAY

J.D wearing her crisp Army Reserve Uniform walks briskly across the wide expanse of lawn to the Administration Building.

INT. CAMP PARKS RESERVE FORCES - ADMINISTRATION - DAY

She enters the Administration Building and proceeds down the hallway to an office marked: COMMANDING GENERAL.

INT. CAMP PARKS - COMMANDING GENERAL'S OFFICES - DAY

A secretary in an Army Reserve Uniform sits at a metal desk.

SECRETARY

Private Sobieski. The General will see you now.

INT. CAMP PARKS - GENERAL'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

J.D sits before the Commanding General.

COMMANDING GENERAL

Have you thought about advanced training, private?

J.D.

No, sir. I have not.

COMMANDING GENERAL

You should. Your marksmanship is excellent, and your math and science scores are well above the norm. We need good munition specialists, private. It's good training, and the pay ain't half bad, either.

MONTAGE OF SCENES

ADVANCED INDIVIDUAL TRAINING -- AMMUNITION SPECIALIST

J.D with her squad of munition specialist trainees runs through specialized maneuvers:

In a large storage facility, she inspects the ordnance stock with her squad.

Together with her squad, J.D carries ordnance from the storage facility, preparing the stock for transport, and loading it on transport trucks.

In the munitions administrative offices, J.D and her squad learn how to locate and maintain stock, manually.

At a computer terminal, J.D works with munitions records, running the software program for accounting procedures.

In the field, the squad trains to locate IED's (improvised explosive devices), conventional explosives, and chemical munitions.

In the field, the squad detects an unexploded ordnance. They wire the bomb for detonation. Securing a safe distance, J.D with her squad watching, detonates the bomb.

The bomb EXPLODES. The squad CHEERS and high fives.

The cheers morph into shrieks of terror:

EXT. IRAQ DESERT - SOUTHEAST OF BAGHDAD - DAY

Battle sounds and cries.

A convoy of thirty Humvees and civilian trucks hauling U.S military supplies southeast of Baghdad scatter as smoke, gunfire and explosions rock the company.

J.D.

Incoming!

A band of twenty insurgents spring from irrigation trenches and an orchard, firing Kalisnikovs and throwing grenades.

A rocket-propelled grenade blasts one Humvee; small-arms and machine gun fire ping through the air.

The soldiers bail from the convoy. J.D jumps to the ground, her M-16 firing.

J.D and another soldier slip into a trench. About 150 feet away, four insurgents crouch, holed up.

Step by step, J.D and the soldier inch their way toward the enemy, firing grenades to clear their path.

INT. ARMY RECRUITMENT CENTER - PINE RIDGE - DAY

Rudy sits at his metal desk finishing up paper work. The signs and posters still rim the area, though the balloons look worn and tired, and the streamers sag under their own weight.

J.D enters the center, crossing to Rudy.

When he sees her, his eyes shine.

RUDY

Hey, you.

J.D.

Hey, you, yourself.

RUDY

You're back.

J.D.

In the flesh.

RUDY

You can say that again.

EXT. LONE PINE RIDGE LAKE - DUSK

Rudy and J.D sit on the sand gazing out over the water.

J.D.

It was amazing. The sound. The power. Ka-Boom!!!

RUDY

Ka-boom, huh?

J.D.

Not just that...

RUDY

I know.

J.D.
How do I go back to a coffee-
hauler in a run-down cafe in a dying town?

RUDY
You don't go back.

J.D.
Don't go back? And do what?

RUDY
Come with me. I'm getting transferred to San
Francisco. Bigger territory. More opportunity. For
you, too.

J.D.
San Francisco.

RUDY
It's closer to your base. There's plenty of jobs in
the area -- and plenty of employers who love to
employ the Reserves. You could do anything you want -
- or even nothing at all.

J.D.
Nothing?

RUDY
Except be my wife and the mother of my children.

She looks at him.

RUDY
(continuing)
Ah, crap! That didn't come out at all the way I
wanted it to. I've been rehearsing this thing for
hours -- on my knee, ya know, one knee, in front of
the mirror.

(he gets down on one
knee)
I practiced and practiced, and the minute I'm with
you, everything goes flying out of my head...

J.D pulls him toward her, knocking him off balance, kissing him
as they fall together in the sand.

RUDY

(continuing)
Not so bad, after all?

J.D.
Not by half.

They kiss again, their kiss building with passion.

INT. LONE PINE RIDGE CHAPEL - DAY

J.D and Rudy wearing military dress uniforms stand before a Catholic priest. Kachina, also in uniform stands as J.D's maid of honor. Rudy's older brother Carlos stands beside him as his best man.

PRIEST
I now pronounce you husband and wife.

In the pews, Arlene smiles through joyful tears as Jack and Andrew high-five each other.

PRIEST
(continuing)
The moment we've all be waiting for.

Rudy grabs J.D kissing her deeply.

PRIEST
(continuing)
You may kiss the bride.

The rest of the congregation, Bessie and Miguel, and Kachina's three brothers and two sisters, as well as Rudy's Mom and his two sisters and another brother applaud in the pews.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE SOBIESKI HOME - DAY

Rudy and J.D finish packing up a rented moving van.

Arlene, Andrew and Jack hug J.D and Rudy.

RUDY
Don't worry little mama, I'll take good care of her.

ARLENE
I know you will.

J.D and Rudy get in the van, and drive away.

EXT. PRESIDIO ARMY BASE - SF, CA. - DUSK

The Van pulls onto the base. At the gate a guard checks Rudy's ID, then waves him through.

EXT. OUTSIDE BASE HOME - DAY

A neat drive with trim, freshly painted houses.

RUDY

Welcome home.

Rudy and J.D get out of the Van.

RUDY

(continuing)

Should we take a quick peek before we unpack.

J.D.

Race ya!

J.D flies out of the van, leaving her door open. Rudy runs behind her in fast pursuit.

They reach the front door. Rudy pulls the key from his pocket, dangling it in front of her.

But I'm the one with the key.

J.D.

(continuing)

So open it up already.

Rudy opens the door. J.D begins to charge inside, but Rudy grabs her, holding her back.

J.D.

(continuing)

Wait a minute! No fair!

RUDY

You wait a minute.

J.D.

For what?

RUDY

For this.

He sweeps her up into his arms.

And carries her across the threshold.

INT. TOLEDO-SOBIESKI HOME - DUSK

The living room is bare save for a rug lying in front of the fireplace.

Rudy puts J.D down. They continue to kiss. Kissing, holding each other, they move toward the rug, then still holding on to each other, kneel, then lie down.

EXT. OUTSIDE TOLEDO-SOBIESKI HOME - DAWN

The Van sits in the early morning right where the newly-weds left it, doors open and packed to overflowing.

INT. TOLEDO-SOBIESKI HOME - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

On the floor in front of the fireplace, wrapped in old blankets, the newly-weds sleep, safely entwined in each other's arms.

INT. VA HOSPITAL - JD'S ROOM - NIGHT

The sun has long since sunk into the waves of the Pacific. In the distance city lights twinkle. The parking lot below J.D's window is empty and quiet.

J.D stands staring out the window, a thin track of tears streaking her face.

Nurse Sachi enters the room.

NURSE SACHI

Let's get you back to bed.

Silently, J.D turns from the window, and crawls into bed. The nurse covers her gently.

J.D rolls to her side, pulls her knees up tight to her chest, and in a little ball, slowly rocks back and forth, tears continuing to fall silently.

Nurse Sachi watches her, helplessly.

INT. VA HOSPITAL - JD'S ROOM - DAY

J.D sits on her bed dressed in a new pair of jeans and a simple

cotton sweater. Her hair has been washed and brush. The transformation is stunning.

David sits beside her bed.

DAVID

It's a group home. A half-way house. All Vets like yourself. All women.

J.D rises from the bed and crosses to the window.

DAVID

(continuing)

It's not the Ritz, but it beats the streets.

She turns to look at him.

DAVID

(continuing)

It's close enough for you to walk to my office.

J.D turns back toward the window.

DAVID

(continuing)

It's up to you, J.D. Nobody's going to make you do anything you don't want to do.

She continues to gaze out the window, watching the ocean in the distance, her face ghostly reflected in the glass. She takes a deep, shuddering breath, and turns back toward him.

J.D.

Okay.

DAVID

Good.

He rises.

DAVID

(continuing)

Let's get you checked out of here, and I'll take you over there, help you settle in. Tomorrow morning we meet first thing -- ten A.M sharp.

EXT. WOMEN'S RECOVERY TRAUMA CENTER HOME - DAY

David pulls in front of the house in a Toyota Pick-Up Truck, J.D seated beside him.

The house is a California Craftsman with a huge wrap-around porch, well-cared for with fresh paint and sparkling windows.

J.D and David get out of the car. David carries a small overnight satchel.

INT. WOMEN'S RECOVERY CENTER HOME - ENTRY HALL - DAY

Captain Maureen O'Connor, USMC, retired, 60's greets J.D and David at the door.

 DAVID
Maureen, this is J.D.

 MAUREEN
Welcome, J.D

 DAVID
Captain O'Connor USMC.

 MAUREEN
Retired.

 DAVID
Retired.

 MAUREEN
I'm the den mother.

INT. WOMEN'S RECOVERY CENTER HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The Women's Center living room, ringed with windows of original leaded glass is large, comfortable, airy, and bright.

Decorated tastefully, but simply, the room holds two overstuffed couches, several armchairs, endtables, and a large round coffee table in front of the couches.

The walls are decorated with original art work created by the women -- abstracts, battle scenes, great swatches of red and blue, white and black, jagged, painful, mixed in with gentle renderings of fields of flowers and overarching rainbows.

Three women sit in the room. Combat Nurse JUNKO KABATA, in her

50's, Navy Lieutenant AMANDA RINGWALD in her 40's, and a young African-American woman, tall and thin, her head completely shaved in her 20's TARIQ WASHINGTON.

MAUREEN

Heads up, gals. J.D. Sobieski.
J.D -- Junko.

JUNKO

Hello.

MAUREEN

Amanda.

AMANDA

Hey.

MAUREEN

Tariq.

TARIQ

What's the J.D for?

J.D.

Jadwiga.

TARIQ

Yad - whatta?

Tariq's response is so genuine and innocent, J.D can't help but smile.

J.D.

(enunciating clearly)
Yad-vee-ga. It's Polish. You can
call me J.D.

TARIQ

Right. Good. I like that. J.D.
That's good.

INT. WOMEN'S RECOVERY CENTER HOME - JD'S ROOM - DAY

David and J.D enter her room. The room is small, but beautifully decorated in shades of soft blue. It holds a dresser, single bed, a closet, and a large bay window with a plush cushioned window seat.

David sets the overnight satchel on the bed.

DAVID
Just a few things to tide you over
'til you get your own stuff.

J.D.
From the V.A.?

DAVID
Yes.

J.D.
So, what're they in for?

DAVID
Same as you, J.D. Women home from the wars.

J.D.
Battle-scarred and fatigued.

DAVID
Something like that.

He takes a moment.

DAVID
(continuing)
I need to get back to my office. Is there anything
you need, anything I can do, before I go?

J.D.
No.

DAVID
If you do need anything, just ask Maureen, or any of
the women. They've all been where you have.

J.D.
Yeah? You think so?

She looks at him frankly, a secret in her eyes, as if daring
him to guess, teetering on the brink of revealing her hidden
heart.

DAVID
Don't you?

J.D.
Maybe.

She stares at him.

J.D.
(continuing)
Maybe not.

David approaches cautiously.

DAVID
J.D...?

But abruptly, she breaks the line of communication.

J.D.
Tomorrow morning, Doc. Ten A.M.
Sharp.

DAVID
(letting it go for
now)
You remember how to get there?

J.D.
Hey, just because I'm a homeless
bum doesn't mean I'm an idiot.

DAVID
(smiling at her) Homeless no longer. See you
tomorrow.

David leaves, closing the door softly behind him.

J.D stands, looking at the closed door.

J.D.
(softly)
Shit.

Suddenly a Middle-Eastern male voice rings out with a sharp
sardonic laugh.

MIDDLE-EASTERN MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Hah! You're my captive!

J.D swings around, as if looking for the voice. Suddenly, she
pales, and doubles over with pain, her hand grabbing beneath
her ribcage.

J.D.
(in a Middle-Eastern
male voice)

My captive.
(as J.D with guttural
force)

NO!

She rises up from her crouch, as if battling an unseen foe attempting to hold her down.

J.D.
(continuing)
No! No! NO!

With concentrated focus, she crosses to the bed where her satchel sits, pulling out the few meager items of clothing -- simple, utilitarian, clean.

With focus and determination, she opens the drawers to the small bureau, and puts the items away.

She pulls her army jacket from the satchel with such force that papers, matches, and some photographs fly to the floor.

J.D reaches for the pictures. They are of her children, Teresa Helen, age 8, and Sophia Maria, age 6, and her beloved Rudy.

With a cry, she sits on the floor, her back against the bed, and runs her finger across the cherished faces. Tears gather in her eyes.

The photographs dissolve in a blur of tears to:

INT. TOLEDO-SOBIESKI HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Outside the kitchen window, a steady rain falls. Rudy prepares dinner as J.D enters the kitchen, her raincoat open, hair dripping with water.

RUDY
You're home early.

J.D doesn't speak. She goes to him, wrapping her arms around his waist, and lying her rain-soaked head on his chest.

RUDY
(continuing)
What's this? You okay?

She nods against him, holding him tighter.

RUDY
(continuing)
Jeeze, Jadee, you're soaked.

He lifts her chin up.

RUDY
(continuing)
Don't you have enough sense to
come in out of the rain.

J.D.
I did come in out of the rain.
Papa.

RUDY
What did you say?

J.D.
You heard me.

She smiles teasingly, and turns, moving playfully away from him.

RUDY
Wait a minute! You come back here.

He goes after her. She runs to the living room, Rudy chasing her.

INT. TOLEDO-SOBIESKI HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

In the living room, J.D laughs and throws herself on the sofa.

RUDY
Hey, be careful with my baby!

He throws himself next to her, wrapping his arms around her, and kissing her.

J.D.
Your baby. My baby. Our beautiful
beautiful little baby.

They continue to kiss.

RUDY
We'd better get you out of these
wet clothes.

J.D.

Sir, yes sir, Sergeant Major Sir.

Rudy, slowly, carefully, takes off her raincoat, and begins unbuttoning her blouse.

EXT. TOLEDO-SOBIESKI HOME - BACK YARD - DUSK

J.D and Kachina sit at a picnic table in J.D's backyard as Teresa, J.D's two year old daughter, and Mateo, Kachina's three year old son play in the sandbox. J.D is about six months pregnant.

J.D.

(laughing)

I just couldn't do it anymore. I didn't want to be at work. I wanted to be home with her.

KACHINA

You gonna give up the Reserves, too?

J.D.

Oh, no. I'll never give up the Reserves. I really love the work I'm doing on base.

KACHINA

Not to mention your promotion.

J.D.

Not to mention my promotion. And I get to play army for two weeks once a year. How cool is that?

(reflective)

It makes me feel, I don't know, connected to something greater than just me, you know?

KACHINA

Yeah. I know.

Mateo runs over to show his mother a mudcake he just made.

MATEO

Momma -- look! I made it fresh just now!

Kachina, tousels his hair.

KACHINA

Wow! Look how beautiful that is, Mateo!

(she pretends to eat

it)
Yum, yum, yum. Better than Mommy's
tortillas.

MATEO
Oh, no, Mommy. Nothin's better
than that!

Mateo runs back to Teresa.

KACHINA
I want to be a stay at home Mom.

J.D.
I think you should. Talk to Maxie,
sell your house in Lone Pine Ridge, move up here,
have another baby, and we can be best friends and
moms together forever.

INT. TOLEDO-SOBIESKI HOME - BEDROOM - BEFORE DAWN
J.D and Rudy sleep in their bed. It is dark, with just the very
first streaks of light fading in.
The telephone shrills sharply.
J.D grabs the phone.

J.D.
Hello.

COMMANDING OFFICER (V.O.)
Sergeant J.D. Sobieski.

J.D.
(into phone)
Speaking, sir.

Rudy rolls over in bed, mumbling.

RUDY
Jadee...?

J.D rises, the phone in her hand, moves away from the bed.

J.D.
(into phone)
Yes, sir.

RUDY
Jadee?

J.D.
(into phone)

Yes, sir. I understand, sir.

RUDY

Jadwiga!

J.D hangs up the phone, and turns toward Rudy.

J.D.

I've been called up.

INT. TOLEDO-SOBIESKI HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

J.D stands in the middle of the room, her army gear and bags at her feet.

Arlene stands next to her fighting tears. Rudy holds the baby, Sophia, who is now four years old. Teresa, 6, crying clings to her mother's leg.

J.D kneels down, hugging Teresa.

J.D.

It's okay, baby. Don't cry. Please don't cry.

SOPHIA

(howling)

Momma!!

J.D.

(fighting tears,
reaches for her)

Oh, baby, baby, baby.

Rudy embraces Teresa.

RUDY

It's okay, baby. It's okay.

Rudy's voice over laps with J.D's:

J.D.

It's okay baby, it's okay...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. IRAQI HOSPITAL - MOSUL - DAY

The corridors are lined with stretchers, chairs, and bare mattresses set upon the floor holding wounded, bleeding children. J.D holds a screaming toddler about four, bleeding

from a head wound that is wrapped in a dirty, bloody bandage.

J.D.

Where's her family?

A nurse, attending to another children looks numb.

IRAQI NURSE

Who could know?

Marines and soldiers, medics move in and out carrying supplies, carrying the wounded. Kachina works in the background, carrying supplies.

J.D.

What the hell happened!

A Marine sergeant takes the screaming baby from J.D rocking and comforting her.

MARINE SERGEANT

Bad intel. They told us it was an insurgency hot house. It was an elementary school.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TOLEDO-SOBIESKI HOME - LIVING ROOM -DAY

Arlene holds the screaming child, Sophia, as Rudy comforts Teresa.

ARLENE

You come back to us! You hear me,
J.D. You be safe. You come back to us!

INT. DR. DAVID TUREK'S OFFICE - DAY

J.D sits on the leather couch in David's office. He sits in a chair opposite her.

DAVID

So after your first six, you reupped.

J.D.

Yeah.

DAVID

And two years later...

J.D.
Called up. March 2003. Right after the invasion.

DAVID
That must've been a shock.

J.D.
A shock. That's one way to put it. Rudy got out 'cause he was worried about the situation over there. Didn't want to have to go. Wanted to stay home with me and the kids.

DAVID
And you were the one who ended up going.

J.D.
I think that's what you'd call situational irony.

DAVID
So?

J.D.
So?

DAVID
What happened?

J.D rises and crosses to the window, looking out. She takes a long moment.

J.D.
Tent City. Sodom and Gomorrah. Shit and blood and guts and brains and gore and body parts. All kinds of body parts. War, man. That's what happened. War. Ever been to war, Doc?

DAVID
No.

J.D.
You should try it sometime.

DAVID
Tell me about it.

J.D.
Hah.

DAVID

I would really like to hear.
Faintly, BATTLE SOUNDS begin to filter in.

DAVID
(continuing)
That's what I'm here for.

BATTLE SOUNDS build.

MEMORY FLASHES:

Explosions -- IEDs, M-16's; Wounded down, missing limbs,
missing guts, missing heads.

DAVID
(continuing)
J.D?

SOUNDS build; images flash. Suddenly, J.D bends over, holding
beneath her rib cage.

J.D.
(not a response to
him)
No.

DAVID
Talk to me, J.D.

Focused on the world within her head, her agitation builds.

J.D.
(softly, a prayer?)
Go away.

DAVID
What's going on, J.D?

In a deep guttural growl, with the voice of a Middle-Eastern
male:

J.D.
(in the voice of a
Middle-Eastern male)
Keep your mouth shut!

DAVID
Who's there, J.D?

J.D.

(as Middle-eastern
male)
Keep it shut!

The SOUND of GLASS SHATTERING

J.D.
(continuing; agitated
as herself)
OKAY! ALL RIGHT! OKAY!

Her hands holding her head, she paces to the window, and
hunches against the glass.

J.D.
(continuing)
Please, Zafir. Just go away.

David gently approaches.

DAVID
J.D?

J.D.
(again, not a response to David)
Please, Zafir, please, go away from me.

He crouches down beside her.

DAVID
What's happening?

J.D.
No.

She rises, moves away.

DAVID
You can tell me.

J.D.
Not today.

DAVID
You can tell me.

J.D.
I don't think so.

DAVID
I'd like to hear about it.

J.D.
I don't think so, man.
(she grows
increasingly
agitated)
Not today.

DAVID
J.D....

J.D.
Not today. You hear me? Okay, man? Negative! Not
today!

INT. V.A. ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - DAY

J.D sits in front of the desk of a V.A official.

OFFICIAL
Okay. You're all set. You've been re-instated, and
you'll be
receiving your regular monthly checks.
(shows her a form)
Is this the right address?

J.D.
That's where I am now, yes.

OFFICIAL
You can cash this check at any
bank.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES STREET - DAY

Sunlight bounces off glass-fronted buildings as J.D walks down
the street.

She steps inside a bank.

INT. BANK - DAY

The bank teller counts money into J.D's hand.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES STREET - DAY

J.D walks down the street. Seeing a drug store, she enters.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES STREET - DAY

J.D boards a city bus, carrying a small shopping bag.

INT. LOS ANGELES CITY BUS - DAY

The bus stops at the next stop. A group of elementary school children, fifth-graders hustle aboard, jostling each other, yelling.

Some passengers looked annoyed.

J.D watches the kids. One boy, a sweet-faced young kid approaches her.

SWEET-FACED KID

Would you like to buy some candy,
Miss?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOSUL - SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

J.D riding in a convoy pulls up to the school to deliver kerosene heaters. J.D, Kachina, and other soldiers jump out of the convoy.

The school children laugh and cry out, gathering around the G.I's.

SCHOOLCHILD

Hey, American G.I! You got candy?

J.D laughs, handing out candy to the children. Kachina hands out candy to another group.

J.D.

Here, you go.

SECOND SCHOOLCHILD

Me, too!

J.D hands out more candy.

THIRD SCHOOLCHILD

We love you Miss America G.I.!

Another child, a sweet-faced young boy, calls out.

SWEET-FACED BOY

Look, what I can do!

He starts skipping down the schoolyard, edging out towards the rocky field behind the school. The patrol and J.D suddenly become alarmed, as do the teachers.

TEACHER
(in Arabic)
Ahmed! Stay out of the field!

SECOND TEACHER
(in Arabic)
Ahmed! Come back!

J.D suddenly breaks, running after the boy. The boy stops and grins, waving. Thinking it's a game, he ducks his head down and runs full bore across the empty field. Panicked shouts ring out.

KACHINA
Stop! Stop! J.D, no!

The boy racing across the field, trips over a land mine, triggering its force. A sudden, viscious explosion. The young boy's body explodes.

J.D is knocked to the ground by the explosion.

EXT. WEST LOS ANGELES STREET - DAY

The bus pulls up to the next stop.
The boy stands in front of J.D offering candy. J.D's eyes well with tears. She reaches out to touch the boy's face, fighting her tears.

J.D.
How much?

SWEET-FACED KID
A buck.

J.D hands him a dollar.

SWEET-FACED KID
(continuing)
Gee! Thanks, Lady!

He races off the bus with his friends.

EXT. WOMEN'S RECOVERY CENTER HOME - DAY

J.D walks down the street and climbs the porch steps to the house.

INT. WOMEN'S RECOVERY CENTER HOME - ENTRY HALL - DAY

J.D enters the house, carrying her small shopping bag. Seeing her from the living room Tariq calls out:

TARIQ

Hey, what you got?

INT. WOMEN'S RECOVERY CENTER HOME - JD'S ROOM - DAY

In J.D's room, Tariq inspects her purchases.

TARIQ

Lipstick, shampoo, toothpaste,
oooo, I like this perfume. But where are the clothes,
girl?

J.D.

Not today.

TARIQ

Look girlfriend, it don't matter how sweet you smell,
or how shiny your hair is -- if you go around in
those government issues -- you are never gonna feel
like a real woman again. Capiche.

J.D.

Capiche. Just, not today.
(she fights to keep
her self steady)

Okay?

TARIQ

(picking up on it instantly)

Okay. But you let me know when, okay? All you gotta
do is let me know when, and we gonna dress you up
fine.

Tariq quietly exits.

J.D crosses to her bureau, setting her purchases on top. She looks in the mirror.

As she looks, her face shifts and melds. Kachina's features, as in a double exposure, swim into focus.

KACHINA

I'd like some pretty new clothes.

INT. WOMEN'S RECOVERY CENTER HOME - KITCHEN - EVENING

In the kitchen, the four women clean up after dinner. They work in silence.

INT. WOMEN'S RECOVERY CENTER HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The women sit gathered in the living room, sipping coffee or tea, a plate of cookies on the coffee table.

Amanda is sketching. Her pad is filled with sketches of desert sand, bombed out craters, oil wells burning, and starving men, women and children.

As she speaks, we see what she sees:

AMANDA

...We'd been waiting to hear those words for nine long months...going home. Traveling down the Kuwait Highway, I could see the oil wells burning in the distance...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. KUWAIT HIGHWAY - DAY

A convoy of "big green monsters" rolls along in the desert. Wind whips the sand into a storm, pelting against the sides of the trucks. Oil wells burn in the distance. In the foreground, huge craters loom.

AMANDA (V.O.)

We pulled into Safwain Refugee Camp, passing rows and rows and rows of razor wire covered with a thin layer of dirt. Everything tasted of dirt and oil. We passed a little girl with dirt on her face, and this look in her eyes -suspicion...

The convoy rools through the refugee camp, passing the little girl who stares after it. She is dirty, wearing stained, torn, filthy rags for clothes, and a scarf wrapped around her balck hair..

AMANDA (V.O.)

(continuing)

And hunger, hunger so deep, a hunger no child should ever feel. We got to the center of the camp, and they realized we had food in the back of the truck.

The truck halts, refugees swarm the truck, reaching out.

AMANDA (V.O.)

(continuing)

We started handing out the food.
They were grabbing at it quicker than we could hand
it out. It was a sea, a sea of hunger and need and
pain. parents holding children wrapped in torn and
filthy blankets, crying so weakly, like kittens,
newborn kittens, and old, wizened faces, leathery
skulls, gaping hungry mouths.

Refugees continue to swarm the truck, a mass of broken
humanity, children, parents, grandparents.

AMANDA (V.O.)

(continuing)

We had just started handing out
the MRE's when this soldier...

A soldier dressed in green camouflage with an M16 slung over
his shoulder approaches.

SOLDIER

Halt! What are doing?

AMANDA

They're starving.

SOLDIER

You got orders to hand out supplies?

AMANDA

No...

SOLDIER

Then halt. You start this, these people start acting
like animals. Next thing you know they'll be climbing
all over the truck like
a pack of rats. Go on! Pack it in.
Move on out of here.

INT. WOMEN'S RECOVERY CENTER HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The woman sit listening to Amanda.

AMANDA

We shut it down. Climbed into the
truck, and moved out. But those eyes... those eyes.

Here we were carrying all this food, and they were starving. I felt those eyes peering into my back, piercing into my heart. I feel those eyes.

A silence falls. Then quietly, Tariq begins to speak.

TARIQ

I was raped. Over there. Not by the enemy. By my own. You go over there, prepare yourself for war, steel yourself against capture, strengthen your heart for the destruction, and all the time, all the time, man, the enemy is not only there in front of you, they're at your back...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TENT CITY - DEPLOYMENT AND SUPPLY - KUWAIT - NIGHT
Tariq walks through the tented camp to the women's shower in a robe, and carrying her mess kit.

TARIQ (V.O.)

They told us, man, go to the showers in twos. At night, in a group. I'd just gotten over. What did I know?

I was US Army Private First Class. I knew how to protect myself.

The women's showers are dark, deserted. She hears footsteps behind her. She stops, and turns.

Three army privates rush out of the darkness.

SOLDIER ONE

Grab her!

SOLDIER TWO

I got her!

SOLDIER THREE

Okay, bitch! Let's see what you got!

Tariq screams and fights, but she is no match. The soldiers drag her toward the showers.

SOLDIER ONE

Scream all you want, bitch! You're in enemy territory now.

They attack her brutally.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WOMEN'S RECOVERY CENTER HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT Tariq continues speaking.

TARIQ

They're at your back. In the mess hall, driving the convoys, roaming the barracks, hiding at the showers. And they were right. No one cared. They got a slap on the wrist. She said, they said. I got written up -- disobeying a direct order.

TARIQ AND J.D

Go to the showers at night in a group.

Silence. Amanda continues sketching.

JUNKO

I carry ghosts. All the ghosts of the boys I couldn't save. I was in Viet Nam. A nurse.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MASH UNIT - VIET NAM - DAY

Junko works alongside doctors operating on young men. As the wounded arrive, as Junko works, we hear her voice:

JUNKO (V.O.)

I would look in their eyes, and see the light fading. Hopeless. Afraid. Crying out in silence. One by one. How many? Hundreds? Thousands? I saved so few of them.

DISSOLVE TO: INT.

WOMEN'S RECOVERY CENTER HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT The women listen as Junko continues.

JUNKO

I came home from the war. I got married. I raised a family. Got divorced. My last son was married. I came

home from work one day, and sat down in my chair. And I didn't get up. I don't know how long I sat there. All night. Into the next morning. The next night. Finally, several days later, my sister came over. She hadn't heard from me. I wasn't answering the phone. When she came, I was still there, sitting frozen in that chair. Sitting frozen in my own waste, dehydrated, numb, sitting frozen in that chair.

INT. WOMEN'S RECOVERY CENTER HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The evening has stretched into the early hours of morning. Soft music plays, the flute of Paul Horn.

The women sit in comfortable silence, almost a meditation.

As J.D listens to the flute, she rises, and dances to the music of the flute.

MEMORY FLASH

Kachina dances to the flute of her father.

INT. DR. DAVID TUREK'S OFFICE - DAY

J.D sits on the couch. David in the chair next to her. J.D.

After I came home, nothing worked.
One day, I snapped.

DAVID

You want to tell me about that?

J.D.

No.

DAVID

It's what I'm here for.

J.D.

I know.

DAVID

You can trust me.

J.D.

Can I?

DAVID

Anything you say, stays right here.

J.D.
Yeah? You don't have to report it?

DAVID
Report what?

J.D.
Abuse.

DAVID
Abuse of whom?

J.D.
Insanity?

DAVID
Are you insane?

J.D.
Yeah. I am. I was. I am.

DAVID
What happened when you came home?

She rises from the couch, begins to pace.

J.D.
Debriefing in Washington.

MEMORY FLASH

INT. MILITARY AIRPORT, WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

J.D deplanes, and walks with a group of military personnel. Many are wounded, missing limbs, in wheelchairs, walkers, or with canes; arms missing, hands, bandages wound around heads, across eyes.

Standing on the tarmac, they wait at attention as the cargo hatch opens.

INT. MILITARY AIRPLANE - DAY

Inside the cargo hatch is row upon row of flag-draped coffins. Military personnel stand at attention, salute the coffins, and prepare to unload them.

INT. MILITARY AIRPORT, WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

Coffin after coffin is unloaded on the ground.

The military personnel stand at attention as they unload. BACK

TO PRESENT

INT. DR. DAVID TUREK'S OFFICE - DAY

J.D continues speaking to David.

J.D.

Psych. Sent home to San Francisco.

MEMORY FLASH

INT. SAN FRANCISCO AIRPORT - DAY

Rudy waits with Teresa and Sophia in a crowd on the other side of the gate. People wave flags, and carry "Welcome Home" signs. Sophia and Teresa have their own signs -- "Welcome Home, Mommy" that they designed in crayon.

When they see J.D they wave the signs frantically and scream.

SOPHIA AND TERESA

Mommy! Mommy! There's Mommy!

Seeing them, J.D smiles, and moves forward.

The girls crowd around her. J.D hugs them fiercely, then reaches for Rudy. As the family embraces, J.D pressing them close to her, her eyes remain hauntingly distant and empty.

INT. TOLEDO-SOBIESKI HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The living room is filled with flowers, cards, and more home-made signs.

RUDY

Arlene's coming up tomorrow. She wanted to give us some time alone.

J.D.

Good.

RUDY

You hungry?

J.D.
No.

RUDY
Thirsty?

J.D.
I'm okay.

TERESA
Mommy, come look at my room. Daddy and I redecorated while you were away.

RUDY
Let Mommy settle in first, honey.

J.D.
It's okay. Come on, show me your room.

INT. TOLEDO-SOBIESKI HOME - TERESA'S ROOM - DAY

Teresa proudly shows J.D her room, a little girl's garden of delight in pink and white. J.D, hollow and haunted, looks at the room, as if trying to take it in, unable to comprehend her place in this world.

Teresa hands J.D her favorite doll. J.D holds the doll, running her fingers through its hair,panic rising in her eyes, desperately trying to connect.

INT. TOLEDO-SOBIESKI HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rudy gets ready for bed. J.D, still dressed, nervously crosses to the window.

RUDY
You okay, Jadee?

J.D.
Yeah. Sure.

RUDY
Come on to bed.

J.D.
In a minute.

Rudy crosses to the window. He reaches for her, but J.D steps back, avoiding his touch.

J.D.
(continuing)
I'll be there in a minute.

Rudy, speaking softly, allowing her the space she needs:

RUDY

Okay, sweetheart. I'll be waiting.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. DR. DAVID TUREK'S OFFICE - DAY

J.D sits in a chair further away from David.

J.D.
Nothing felt right. It was all...warped somehow. Tattered. I loved these people. This was my family. I knew they were my family, I knew I loved them, but I didn't know who they were. I didn't know... who I was. I went through the motions. I pretended I was me. Until one day, I couldn't pretend anymore.

EXT. LONE PINE RIDGE LAKE - DAY

The Fourth of July. Lone Pine Ridge Lake is filled with picnicking families at tables covered in red, white, and blue.

Arlene spreads out a festive tablecloth and sets out Old Glory plates on a picnic table.

Rudy cooks over a grill, helped by J.D's brothers Andrew and Jack.

Down by the lake, Teresa and Sophia play in the shallow water with Kachina's son Mateo. Kachina's husband Max watches, holding their toddler daughter, Maya, who is about three years old.

Kachina's other siblings play with a ball in the background.

Bessie and Miguel sit at the table, talking with Arlene and J.D.

Miguel calls out to Max:

MIGUEL
Maxie! Take the baby in the water.

MAX

It's too cold! Brrrr.

Miguel smiles broadly.

MIGUEL

Chicken!

(to Arlene, J.D, and Bessie)

If Kachina was here, she have that baby on her back,
swimming out to the raft.

BESSIE

Taking her down the slide.

Bessie, Miguel, and Arlene laugh. J.D is silent.

MIGUEL

(to J.D)

I remember you girls, come summer, you'd live down
here.

BESSIE

Half the time one of us, your mom
or me or Miguel'd have to come get you to haul you
home for supper.

MIGUEL

Kachina loved this lake.

BESSIE

Loved the summertime. Loved to swim.

J.D stares out across the glistening water.

ARLENE

You remember that time you two decided to swim across
the lake.

As Arlene speaks, her words distort, echo. The lake in front of
J.D wavers in the summer heat.

ARLENE

(continuing)

Five miles! Just set out across
the water.

Arlene's words continue to reverberate. J.D looks toward her
mother, trying to mask her rising anxiety, trying to make sense
out of the echoing words.

MIGUEL

They called me from the gas station on the other side: "Tata, Tata," Kachina was yelling. "You won't believe what we did!"

Arlene, Bessie, and Miguel laugh, their mouths open and shutting in grotesque distortion, the sound ringing, assaulting.

MIGUEL

(continuing)

"...But we're too tired to swim back. You have to come get us, Tata!"

BESSIE

(to J.D)

You remember, Jadee?

She tries to hide the anxiety that is rising.

J.D.

Um... a couple of years ago...?

Miguel laughs heartily.

MIGUEL

Yeah. You were kids!

Suddenly an explosion of Fourth of July firecrackers sputters. J.D jumps.

At the grill, Rudy laughs.

RUDY

(to the kids who let
off the firecrackers)

Hey, take it easy over there.

On the other side, another explosion rips.

J.D snaps, jumping to combat stance, holding an imaginary M16.

J.D.

Get down! Get down! Enemy all
around!

At the grill, Rudy throws his spatula down, and runs for J.D.

RUDY

Jadee...!

J.D turns to him, screaming:

J.D.

Fuckin' punk! Fuckin' A-rab fuck!

I'll kill you! I'm gonna kill you all!

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. DR. DAVID TUREK'S OFFICE - DAY

J.D paces.

J.D.

They sent me back to psych. This time to the V.A in Los Angeles.

DAVID

That's where you met me.

J.D.

That's where I met you.

DAVID

But you weren't in my group.

J.D.

No. Somebody else's. You just came and talked to us once.

She moves behind David's desk, sitting in his chair.

J.D.

(continuing)

But it didn't take. Nothing took.

She leans back in his chair, closing her eyes.

David approaches her, perching on the edge of the desk.

DAVID

J.D. When I was at the V.A a year ago, that was the last time I worked with the hospital. I had begun some...rather radical work.

She opens her eyes, looking fully at him.

DAVID

(continuing)

Something definitely not U.S government sanctioned.

(he takes a moment, proceeding carefully)

I'd been working with Vets since about 1999. Post traumatic stress. Some got better. Most did not. It was very frustrating, painful, not to be able to help. And then one day, a colleague of mine from Britain mentioned a new therapy she had begun working with. A new therapy that has its roots in ancient medicinal practices. It's called Spirit Releasement Therapy.

J.D, sitting behind David's desk is jarred by his words.

DAVID

(continuing)

Are you familiar with that term?

J.D.

No.

DAVID

The theory is that under certain circumstances, at times of extreme duress, such as during battle at war, the spirit of a once-living being can attach to a living human being.

Trying to mask a rising anxiety, J.D nervously re-arranges the items on David's desk.

DAVID

(continuing)

That hour I worked with your group, I picked up something from you.

J.D.

From me?

DAVID

Something beyond post traumatic stress. That's why I gave you my card.

J.D knocks over a silver-framed photograph of a young woman with blonde hair in an Army uniform.

David and J.D bend down together to retrieve the photograph. J.D picks it up. She starts.

DAVID
(continuing)
That's my daughter...

J.D.
Anna.

DAVID
(overlapping)
Anna.

He looks at her in surprise.

J.D.
(confused, off-center)
We were in Basic together.

DAVID
In '95?

J.D.
Yes. Camp Parks. She was with
another company, but we ran some maneuvers together.
Is she still in?

DAVID
No.

J.D.
She left the service?
(as if knowing and dreading the answer)
Where is she now? What's she doing?

DAVID
She died, J.D.

J.D.
Died.

DAVID
Killed in action.

J.D.
Iraq?

DAVID
No. Bosnia. 1998.

J.D.

Oh.

DAVID

It was after that when I started
working with Vets.

She looks at him frankly, another question lurking beneath the
first.

J.D.

Does it help?

DAVID

My working with Vets, or spiritual
release therapy?

J.D sets Anna's photograph down on the desk and rises. She
crosses to the window.

J.D.

I liked her. She was spunky. And
tough. She wanted to win.

DAVID

Yes, she did.

J.D.

I'm sorry she's gone, David.

David sits behind the desk, picking up the photograph, his eyes
suddenly filling with tears.

DAVID

Me, too.

J.D moves to him, placing her hand gently on his shoulder.
David reaches for her hand, squeezing it.

DAVID

(continuing)

It helps, J.D. I wouldn't have
been working with a therapy for these many years if
it didn't. It helps.

INT. WOMEN'S RECOVERY CENTER HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The furniture has been pushed to the sides of the room. A drop
cloth spreads across the floor. In the center are three coffee
cans containing red and black oxide, and a white wash. The
women stand in front of large squares of brown butcher paper,

wielding paint brushes fastened to the ends of long branches.

Miles Davis plays cool jazz, as the Art Therapist, Ellen, instructs the women.

ELLEN

Let the music move through you.
That's right. Good. Big sweeping
gestures. Paint what you feel.

J.D creates a piece streaked with black and red. In the center, a woman screams.

INT. WOMEN'S RECOVERY CENTER HOME - JD'S ROOM - NIGHT

J.D sleeps fitfully, mumbling.

J.D.

Get down! Get down. Enemy
everywhere.

J.D'S NIGHTMARE

INT. INFINITY - INNER SPACE - NIGHT

J.D crouches in combat position, screams, and lunges.

J.D.

Stay away from her! She's hurt.

Suddenly, a Middle-eastern male, a young man barely 16 years old appears, wielding a knife.

ZAFIR

I'll kill you both!

His voice is the same voice we have heard J.D speak in.

J.D.

Get out of here, Zafir!

ZAFIR

Not until I've killed everyone of
you!

He lunges, grabbing J.D, holding the knife to her throat.

ZAFIR

(continuing)

Don't speak of me! You hear me!

J.D.

Let me go!

She breaks his grip. The two circle each other, lunging. Using a martial arts move, J.D kicks. Zafir's knife flies in the air, tumbling end over end, shimmering in the muted light of the void, until it disappears.

Emptiness. Nothing. J.D is alone. A menacing echo rumbles through the void.

ZAFIR (V.O.)

Do not dare speak of me. I will
kill you all! G.I bitch!

J.D covers her ears from the booming sound, crouching, cowering in fear.

The echo dies away, reverberating.

Another voice calls. The voice of a young woman:

ANNA (V.O.)

J.D?

Anna appears as before, in flowing white. She moves to J.D, calling her name, kneeling beside her.

ANNA

Don't be afraid. It's all right now. He can't hurt
you. It's all right. You can speak.

J.D awakens.

Her window is open, a light breeze fluttering against the soft blue curtains.

ANNA (V.O.)

He can't hurt you. Speak, J.D.
Speak.

INT. DR. DAVID TUREK'S OFFICE - DAY

J.D enters the office carrying the painting she made, and a bouquet of bright spring flowers.

J.D.

For Anna.

INT. DR. DAVID TUREK'S OFFICE - DAY

J.D sits on the couch, David beside her in the chair.

J.D.

I collapsed. Got better. Attempted normality. Collapsed again. And each time... each time I collapsed, a little more of me disappeared into the void. Rudy did the best he could. The girls, my babies, their eyes...I could see it in their eyes. Fear. They were afraid of me. I was drinking, smoking pot, doing anything I could to stop the noise. There was always this noise, this buzzing...

DAVID

Voices...?

She takes a moment, looking at him.

J.D.

Sometimes. Sometimes voices. Sometimes, battle sounds. Guns, explosions. And this buzz, this hum that kept growing louder and louder, drowning everything else out. One day, my mom had the kids. Rudy was at work. I'd just come back from group, and I...my heart...this pain in my heart, and here, under my ribcage, like a shard of glass, piercing me. I took a drink. Vodka, I think. Took another. Had a joint. But I couldn't get the pain to stop.

MEMORY FLASH

INT. TOLEDO-SOBIESKI HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

J.D is wedged between the bed and the wall, wearing army fatigues, her knees drawn tightly to her chest, rocking back and forth, an empty vodka bottle beside her, a revolver in her hand.

J.D. (V.O.)

I don't know what happened, but Rudy, Rudy came home, and he found me...

RUDY

Jadee...?

J.D. (V.O.)

He found me there on the floor by the bed.

RUDY

Honey...

Rudy cautiously approaches J.D who rocks and moans on the floor.

J.D. (V.O.)
And he reached out, he reached out
his hand...

Rudy reaches out his hand to J.D

RUDY
(his voice breaking)
Sweetheart...

She springs. Bolting to combat position, she points the gun at him.

J.D.
Stay away from me.

RUDY
J.D. Jadee. It's me.

J.D.
Stay away!

RUDY
It's okay, honey. It's okay.

J.D.
Stay away Habib fuck, or
I'll shoot.

RUDY
Jadwiga! It's Rudy! It's Rudy!

J.D.
Fuckin' Ali Baba! You're gonna die!

She fires the gun. The bullet slams into Rudy's arm. He spins with the impact, and drops to the floor.

J.D fires again, wildly. The bullet ricochets off the wall.

Rudy rushes her, his arm bleeding, and knocks her to the ground. The gun fires into the ceiling. Rudy knocks the gun from J.D's hand. She screams, fighting against him with all her force.

They struggle for the weapon. Rudy grabs the gun.
Outside, sirens wail.

J.D screams again, collapses into a tight ball, rocking,
screaming. The shrill of the sirens slash through her scream,
blending, building until they become mingled into one long wail
of bottomless pain and grief.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. DR. DAVID TUREK'S OFFICE - DAY

J.D stands by the window, looking out.

J.D.

My babies weren't home. My babies. My husband. I
could have killed them. That night, I could have
killed them all.

INT. WOMEN'S RECOVERY CENTER HOME - ENTRY HALL - DAY

J.D enters the Women's Center House, her eyes glazed and
haunted.

From the living room, Tariq sees her.

Without a word, she goes to her, takes her by the hand, and
leads her to the bathroom.

INT. WOMEN'S RECOVERY CENTER HOME - BATHROOM - DAY

J.D sits at the edge of the large claw-footed bath tub as Tariq
runs her a steaming bubble bath.

INT. WOMEN'S RECOVERY CENTER HOME - BATHROOM - DAY

J.D sits in the tub, the steam of the bathroom mixing with her
tears.

There's a quiet knock on the door.

Junko enters with a steaming cup of green tea.

JUNKO

Pearl Jasmine. Very aromatic. Very
healing.

J.D gratefully takes the cup. She cradles the cup in both

hands, and breathes in the steam.

INT. WOMEN'S RECOVERY CENTER HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

J.D sits in a straight-backed chair as Amanda kneads the muscles in her back, neck, and shoulders.

Maureen enters, placing a plate of chocolate brownies on the kitchen table.

INT. WOMEN'S RECOVERY CENTER HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The furniture is pushed off to one side. The women's art work can be seen adorning the walls around the room.

A Tai Chi instructor leads the women in exercises.

J.D works the routine, her face concentrated and focused.

INT. WOMEN'S RECOVERY CENTER HOME - JD'S ROOM - NIGHT

J.D sleeps deeply.

Suddenly, her eyes snap open. Her face changes. The eyes are hard, beady. Her mouth wears a contemptuous sneer.

J.D.
(in the Middle-
Eastern male voice)
My captive, G.I bitch!

J.D rises from the bed. She crosses to the bureau on top of which sits a mirror. She gazes into the glass.

In the dim light of the bedroom, Zafir's face gazes back.

INT. WOMEN'S RECOVERY CENTER HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

J.D/Zafir enter the kitchen walking stealthily, as if in ambush.

She crosses to a kitchen drawer, opens it silently.

Inside sits a set of knives. J.D/Zafir picks up a silverhandled blade about four inches long.

Wrapping the blade inside a cloth napkin, J.D/Zafir carries the knife back to J.D's room.

INT. WOMEN'S RECOVERY CENTER HOME - JD'S ROOM - NIGHT

Inside her room, J.D/Zafir opens the closet door, and secrets the knife in the inside pocket of J.D's bulky army jacket.

J.D/Zafir return to bed.

INT. WOMEN'S RECOVERY CENTER HOME - JD'S ROOM - DAY

J.D awakens. Soft streaks of sunlight filter in through the blue curtains. She rises.

INT. WOMEN'S RECOVERY CENTER HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

J.D finishes up a cup of coffee. Tariq, Amanda, and Junko sit around the table, drinking coffee, doing the crossword, reading.

As J.D rises, Tariq looks up, smiles.

J.D smiles back, and heads for the front door.

INT. WOMEN'S RECOVERY CENTER HOME - ENTRY HALL - DAY

At the front door, she stops suddenly.

J.D.

My jacket.

INT. WOMEN'S RECOVERY CENTER HOME - JD'S ROOM - DAY

J.D goes to the closet, and grabs her jacket. She puts it on as she hustles out the room. As she passes the bureau mirror, Zafir's menacing face reflects back.

INT. DR. DAVID TUREK'S OFFICE - DAY

J.D sits forward on the couch, wearing her army jacket, her hands clasped in front of her, clenching and unclenching her fists.

David watches her intently.

DAVID

What happened over there?

J.D.

(pause)

Shit.

DAVID

You've come this far.

J.D continues clenching and unclenching her fists.

DAVID
(continuing)
You're still standing.

J.D.
Define standing.

DAVID
They're only memories.

J.D.
Right.

DAVID
They can't hurt you now.

J.D.
No?

DAVID
They only hurt when you keep them
caged up inside. It's the caging, J.D, that gives
them the power over you.

She rises, begins pacing.

DAVID
(continuing)
Tell me what happened over there.

J.D.
I can't do this.

DAVID
Yes, you can. You have.
(a moment)
Tell me about the voices.

J.D looks at him, wanting to speak, but afraid.

DAVID
(continuing)
Tell me about Zafir.

J.D goes rigid at the name spoken aloud.

DAVID

(continuing)

You spoke to him. Right here in this office.

J.D.

(a whisper)

When?

DAVID

During one of our sessions. You were pleading with him to go away.

She turns away, anxiety rising, fists clenching and unclenching, her hand straying to beneath her ribs. He goes to her.

DAVID

(continuing)

You can do this.

J.D.

I don't think I can.

DAVID

Why not?

J.D.

I don't think he'll let me.

DAVID

He can't stop you.

J.D.

I'm so afraid.

DAVID

Of what?

J.D.

Insanity.

DAVID

You're not insane. You know that.
You are not insane.

J.D.

Just weak.

DAVID

Weak?

J.D.
So weak. Of mind. Of spirit. Of
heart.

DAVID
J.D you're one of the strongest
people I know. You're fighting with all your
strength. For your husband, your children, yourself.
In the midst of a psychotic break you got yourself on
a bus and down
here to find me. Because you knew, through all that
chaos and pain, you knew that I would be able to help
you.

J.D.
He talks to me.

DAVID
Zafir?

J.D.
He lives...here.
(she places her hand underneath her
ribcage)
I can feel him. Inside. Like a shard of glass.

DAVID
Tell me what happened over there.

EXT. IRAQ DESERT - NIGHT

DRUMS pound out a driving, marching beat.

SOUND of a convoy fifteen trucks long rolling in the desert,
wind whipping sand that rains like pellets peppering into
canvas coverings.

J.D. (V.O.)
We deployed out of Basra,
following the Tigris, headed North for Baghdad. Our
soldiers were already there. They'd taken the
airport. The statue of Hussein had fallen in the
square as the Marines, the Iraqi people, the world
cheered.

Kachina, J.D, and two other soldiers ride in the front car, the
gun truck, an armored Humvee; a machine gunner sits half in and
half out of the Humvee manning a .50 caliber machine gun.

The soldiers wear Kevlar helmets; J.D's ponytail sticks out the

back of her helmet.

J.D. (V.O.)

(continuing)

We'd won. We'd already won. So little bloodshed. You could count the casualties by tens -- that is if you didn't count the collateral. But who was counting the collateral?

The convoy rolls.

J.D. (V.O.) (continuing)

We were on collaction. Bringing support to the combat troops on the front line that had secured the airport.

A POP of flares shooting into the night sky. In the Humvee, J.D searches the skies.

J.D.

(shouting over the
roar of the Humvee)

They're popping IEDs.

SOLDIER ONE

Thought you had intel said no IEDs?

J.D.

It's sporadic along this line down here. Once we clear Basra, we should be OK.

Another pop of flares, closer, brighter, louder.

J.D.

(continuing)

Shit!

A barrage of gun fire explodes --AK-47s. Shouts ring out into the night, the voices of Iraqi insurgents.

Gunfire sprays the armor of the Humvee.

J.D.

(continuing)

Get down! Get down!

Another explosion of gunfire. The machine gunner, hit, slumps against the .50.

HUMVEE DRIVER
Gunner's hit.

J.D scrambles.

J.D.
I got it!

Kachina and J.D move the fallen gunner aside. J.D mans the gun.

HUMVEE DRIVER
Over there! They're surrounding us.

J.D fires. An EXPLOSION of machine gunfire. Iraqi voices mix with American soldiers, men and women.

J.D.
It's an ambush!

Another EXPLOSION. The windshied glass shatters, spraying the soldiers inside. Kachina is hit. She cries out. J.D screams:

J.D.
(continuing)
Kachina!

The Humvee lurches; the tires blown out by gunfire. Like an ancient behemoth, the truck lurches to a halt.

Behind the gun truck, the convoy halts.

J.D.
(continuing)
Shit! Shit! Shit! Pull the
perimeter! Let's go!

The driver and the other soldier leap from the Humvee, M-16s firing away.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

The convoy is under attack by a regiment of Iraqi insurgents. A battle erupts.

INSIDE THE HUMVEE

J.D checks Kachina for wounds and bleeding.

KACHINA

I'm hit.

J.D.
You're okay!

Bright red stains the front of Kachina's jacket.

J.D.
(continuing)
You're okay! You're gonna be okay!

J.D opens the jacket. The wound pumps blood through Kachina's shirt.

J.D.
(continuing;
screaming)
Medic!

J.D takes Kachina's M-16 from over her shoulder, and gingerly removes her jacket. Kachina moans.

KACHINA
Help me. Help me, Jadee.

Savagely Jadee throws off her M-16, rips off her jacket, and whips her tee shirt over her head. She winds the shirt tightly around Kachina's chest.

J.D.
Stay with me now. You hear me!
Stay with me!

Another explosion of gunfire. The driver shouts from outside the Humvee.

HUMVEE DRIVER
Back-up's on the way!

Gunfire.

OUTSIDE THE HUMVEE

The driver is hit. He falls to the ground.
A young Iraqi insurgent, barely 16 years old walks up to the driver, who moans, and lies bleeding on the ground. We recognize the Iraqi as Zafir.

ZAFIR

Fuckin' G.I.

He sticks his gun aside the driver's head, and fires. Zafir walks to the Humvee, and pulls open the door. INSIDE THE HUMVEE J.D starts as Zafir stands in the open door, pointing his rifle.

ZAFIR

(continuing)

Let's go! Out!

J.D eyes the cast-off M-16s, hers and Kachina's.

J.D.

I can't move her. She's hurt.

ZAFIR

Let's go!

J.D.

She needs a medic!

Zafir reaches inside, grabbing J.D and pulling her from the Humvee. She tumbles outside the truck and to the ground. Zafir climbs inside the Humvee.

INSIDE THE HUMVEE

Zafir eyes Kachina, who lies bleeding.

ZAFIR

Hey, G.I. Jane. You like to fuck.

You like to fuck Zafir?

Zafir approaches Kachina.

OUTSIDE THE HUMVEE

J.D howls, a guttural cry, and lunges back inside.

INSIDE THE HUMVEE

J.D jumps Zafir, taking him by surprise. They struggle, tumbling out of the truck and to the ground.

OUTSIDE THE HUMVEE

J.D and Zafir struggle for his gun. J.D grabs it, aims, and fires. Zafir shrieks. The gun jams.

From the depths of her soul, J.D howls.

J.D.
Goatfucker!

She rushes Zafir, beating him savagely with the gun, hitting him again and again.

J.D.
(continuing)
Sand monkey shit! You're gonna die!

Bone splinters, blood sprays in an arc, brain tissue flies, covering her in gore.

DOWN THE CONVOY

The battle still rages, but the American soldiers outnumber the Iraqis. Dead and wounded lie all around.

On the ground in front of the Humvee, Zafir twitches in the last throes of death.

J.D scrambles inside the truck.

Kachina lies, breathing shallowly, blood staining J.D's tee shirt, the seats, trickling in pools onto the floor.

KACHINA
Help me, J.D. Don't let me die.

Gunfire pops outside the truck.

J.D cradles Kachina.

J.D.
You're gonna be okay.

KACHINA
I'm hit.

J.D.

(fighting tears)
Not that bad. It's not that bad.

KACHINA
I don't want to die.

J.D.
You're not going to die!

KACHINA
Mateo. Tell Mateo... Maxie...

But she cannot finish. Kachina falls limp.

More animal than human, J.D howls.

J.D.

Kachina!

Feral, all semblance of humanity wiped away, J.D howls again.

She grabs her weapon, and leaps from the truck.

OUTSIDE THE HUMVEE

J.D runs along the perimeter, screaming:

J.D.

(continuing)

Where are you, kaka siah! You're all
gonna die!

The soldiers have pulled a perimeter, shielding themselves
with the convoy trucks, firing.

J.D sees another insurgent lying on the ground, a young man, 17
or 18. She fires.

A soldier calls out:

SOLDIER

Sobieski!

She doesn't respond. She walks the perimeter rifle raised,
screaming.

On the ground, American and Iraqi soldiers lie dead or wounded.

In the distance another convoy roars toward the battle site.

The insurgents, outnumbered, retreat, scurrying into the dark
of the desert.

J.D fires. She fires until her gun is empty.

EXT. IRAQ DESERT - DAYBREAK

Dawn rises across the Iraqi desert. Dead and wounded spread out in the sand stained red with blood, blotched grey with gore and bone.

Soldiers missing limbs, guts spilling out through jagged wounds, headless corpses surreal, inhuman.

The second convoy stands in a line in front of the first.

IN THE HUMVEE

J.D bloodied from battle, cradles the dead body of Kachina.

INT. DR. DAVID TUREK'S OFFICE - DAY

J.D crouches on the floor of the office, cradling an unseen corpse, holding one hand pressed underneath her ribcage.

J.D.

I could feel him. Immediately.
Sitting through the night in the Humvee, holding
Kachina. Like a shard of glass under my ribs.

DAVID

Did he speak?

J.D.

Not at first. At first, it was just a...presence. I'd
been hit, somehow during that night. Iraqi, maybe
friendly fire. I don't know. I didn't even feel it.
They sent me to the hospital in Germany. Then
Washington. Home to San Francisco. I couldn't stop
the pain. I thought I was nuts. Gone mad. Nothing
helped.

DAVID

Can I talk to him.

Anxiety rising, she paces.

J.D.

(anxiety rising)
Shit. Shit. Shit.

DAVID

It's okay, J.D. It's okay. Listen to me now. J.D!
Look at me.

She calms, stops pacing, looks at David.

DAVID

(continuing)

I want you to breathe, J.D. Just breathe. Come on.
Take a deep breath. Good. Hold it. Now let it out.
Slowly. Slowly. Good. Another. Good. Nice and easy.
Just breathe. Just breathe.

J.D takes several breaths, her breathing easing, her panic subsiding.

DAVID

(continuing)

Is he speaking to you?

J.D.

Yeah.

DAVID

What's he saying, J.D?

J.D.

He wants me dead. All of us. He
wants all of us dead...

(in the voice of
Zafir)

All fuckin' G.I's! All Americans!
Dead!

DAVID

Zafir?

J.D's body jerks; her face contorts, hardens, her eyes glisten,
beady and cruel.

ZAFIR

Yes, it is me. Zafir. Finally free!

He walks boldly toward David, challenging him.

ZAFIR

(continuing)

And this time, I will stay free.

Suddenly, from the pocket of her jacket, Zafir pulls the knife.

ZAFIR
(continuing)
Stand back, Doc, or the killing
will start with you.

Zafir points the blade toward David.

ZAFIR
(continuing)
You want to die, G.I doc?

DAVID
(speaking steadily,
gently)
No, Zafir, I do not want to die. Did you?

Zafir, throws his head back and howls.

ZAFIR
G.I bitch! Her rifle beating and beating and beating!
The sound of my bones cracking. Blood filled my
mouth. I was choking! Bitch! I couldn't breathe!

He jumps to combat stance, pointing the knife at J.D's heart.

ZAFIR
(continuing)
G.I bitch! Now you will die!

David springs to Zafir/J.D's side, reaching for the knife.

Zafir waves it wildly.

ZAFIR
(continuing)
Nooooo!

DAVID
Fight him, J.D! Fight him!

J.D struggles against the knife, fighting the pain that rages
inside her, fighting the force of Zafir, trying to force the
knife from her heart.

DAVID
(continuing)
He can't do anything you will not

let him do.

INT. INFINITY - INNER SPACE - DAY

J.D and Zafir circle each other, Zafir wielding the knife. Zafir charges, grabbing J.D from behind, thrusting the knife up beneath her ribcage.

J.D struggles against him. With enormous force, she twists the knife free from his grip, knocking him down, and throwing the knife from her.

Zafir wails.

INT. DR. DAVID TUREK'S OFFICE - DAY

J.D as Zafir wails.

The knife flies across the room. David dives for it, grabbing it, securing it high atop a bookshelf.

J.D as Zafir crouches against the wall, rocking, her cries an eerie mix of masculine and feminine.

ZAFIR

(his voice breaking,
young, confused)

G.I bitch! American bitch! She killed me! She beat me to death with my own rifle! American bitch! American woman!

His wails break into grief-stricken sobs.

ZAFIR

(continuing)

I killed so many! Every one a notch on my belt. Every one one step closer.

David approaches J.D/Zafir. He speaks softly, gently.

DAVID

One step closer to what, Zafir?

ZAFIR

Paradise.

DAVID
Are you in Paradise?

ZAFIR
(wailing)
No! I am here! I am here locked in
darkness until the deaths are
avenged!

DAVID
Whose deaths?

ZAFIR
My family. My village. Everyone,
everyone, but me.

David crouches beside J.D/Zafir.

DAVID
What happened?

J.D/Zafir looks at David, confusion clouding his eyes.

DAVID
(continuing)
It's okay. You can tell me what
happened.

As Zafir speaks, we see what he narrates.

ZAFIR
There was a wedding in our village.

EXT. IRAQI VILLAGE - NIGHT

Villagers celebrate outside an Iraqi mosque. Musicians play,
villagers dance and sing. Food and drink is set out on tables.

ZAFIR (V.O.)
It was very late. The middle of the night. But this
is not unusual. In the middle of the night, the heat
has lost its ferociousness. And weddings bring such
joy, the celebration will last for days.

In the distance a low RUMBLE sounds that builds in speed and
sound.

ZAFIR (V.O.)
(continuing)

Far away in the distance, we heard
a sound. Maybe thunder, we
thought, or a distant earthquake.
Then suddenly...

Flying down over the mountains, three bomber airplanes buzz low
over the small gathering.

Suddenly, the night explodes with flares and flashes and bombs
detonating.

Villagers scream and run, and dive for cover. Mothers throw
their bodies over their children, trying to protect them from
the certainty of death -- to no avail.

The desert sand is pocked with explosions, stained red with
blood, strewn with gore and bone and brain matter and body
parts -- men, women, children, babies.

The bombers, having done their work, fly off.

Zafir stands alone in the middle of the destruction, his face
contorted with his screams.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. DR. DAVID TUREK'S OFFICE - DAY

Zafir screams again.

David, reaches out his hand, speaking softly.

DAVID

Zafir. Zafir.

ZAFIR

(crying)

All dead. All dead but me. Now, nothing but darkness.

DAVID

Zafir. Look around you.

ZAFIR

No!

DAVID

Look past the darkness.

ZAFIR

I cannot!

DAVID

Why not?

ZAFIR

They're waiting for me.

DAVID

Who's waiting?

ZAFIR

All of them. Waiting for their revenge. But I have failed them.

DAVID

They are not waiting for revenge.

ZAFIR

How do you know?

DAVID

Zafir, you are a very brave young man. I know this. And the people who wait for you know it, too. There is no one there who wants to hurt you. Turn around.

Slowly, J.D/Zafir turns his head.

INT. INFINITY - INNER SPACE - DAY

Zafir stands in infinity, in an inner space of white and fog.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

A circle of people -- the people of Zafir's village. At the front stands Zafir's mother. Behind them, a stream of dazzling light.

ZAFIR

My mother!

DAVID (V.O.)

What's your mother doing, Zafir?

Zafir's mother holds out her hands.

ZAFIR

Holding her hands out to me.

MOTHER
Come with us, Zafir.

ZAFIR
But the deaths... the massacre...

MOTHER
All gone. All gone into the Light.

ZAFIR
Mama.

MOTHER
Have no fear, my son. Come walk
with us.

ZAFIR
Mama.

Zafir walks into his mother's embrace. The light surrounds him.

INT. DR. DAVID TUREK'S OFFICE - DAY

J.D./Zafir stands, the look of rage and fear, gone from her
face, replaced with a beatific peace.

J.D.
Wait! Zafir...please! Wait!

ZAFIR
We were sworn enemies, you and I.
Why?
(he places his hands
over her heart)
All madness. All gone.

INT. INFINITY - INNER SPACE - DAY

Zafir stands surrounded by white light, his mother beside him,
other relatives surrounding him. His face is beatific.

ZAFIR
Assalaamu aleikum, J.D.

INT. DR. DAVID TUREK'S OFFICE - DAY

J.D stands quietly.

J.D.

Assalaamu aleikum, Zafir.

The last vestiges of Zafir's presence are gone.

J.D stands a long silent moment, then she turns and looks at David. Her hand explores beneath her ribcage.

J.D.
(continuing)
There's no more pain.
(she feels all around
the area)
The pain is all gone.

David approaches her, speaking very gently.

DAVID
There is still pain in your heart.

J.D shakes her head, walks away.

DAVID
(continuing)
Can I speak to her?

J.D.
Not today. Okay?

She turns to face him, her eyes pleading.

J.D.
(continuing)
Please. Not today.
DAVID

All right, J.D. All right.

INT. DR. DAVID TUREK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The phone rings. The bedroom clock reads 3:02 A.M. David picks up the phone.

INT. WOMEN'S RECOVERY CENTER HOME - JD'S ROOM - NIGHT J.D
speaks on the phone.

J.D.
I have to see her. One more time.
Before I can say goodbye. Will you come with me?

INT. DR. DAVID TUREK'S TOYOTA PICK-UP - DAY David drives his pick-up North on Interstate 5. J.D sits silently beside him.

EXT. LONE PINE RIDGE CEMETERY - DUSK

The Toyota pulls into the Pine Ridge Cemetery. INT. DR. DAVID TUREK'S TOYOTA PICK-UP - DUSK J.D directs David.

J.D.

In the back. Along the stone wall, facing the lake.

EXT. LONE PINE RIDGE CEMETERY - DUSK

The Toyota pulls up beside a row of graves in the back of the cemetery shaded by cottonwoods. Lone Pine Ridge Lake shimmers in the background, it's shining waters reflecting the dying sun.

J.D and David get out of the truck.

J.D, carrying a bouquet of daffodils, leads David to Kachina's grave.

The gravestone reads:

Army Specialist Kachina Fragua Demeter. 1976 - 2003. Beloved Daughter, Wife, Mother, Friend, and United States Soldier.

J.D lays the flowers on Kachina's grave.

J.D.

Hey.

MEMORY FLASH

INT. CAMP PARKS RESERVE FORCES - BARRACKS

Kachina lies spread-egaled on her bed.

KACHINA

Hey, yourself recruit.

J.D.

You okay?

KACHINA

Just a little tired and more than a little sore as hell. But I made it through.

J.D.

Yeah, you did.

KACHINA

I made it through, dude. We made it through.

BACK TO PRESENT

EXT. LONE PINE RIDGE CEMETERY - DUSK

J.D kneels before Kachina's grave.

J.D.

We made it through.

She looks at David.

J.D.

(continuing)

But only one of us made it back.

He places his hand on J.D's shoulder.

DAVID

Is she there?

J.D.

She's always here. She lives in my heart.

Tears well in her eyes.

J.D.

(continuing)

I can't let her go.

DAVID

I know, J.D.

J.D.

It's my fault. I was supposed to protect her.

DAVID

No one could have protected her.

J.D.

I was supposed to save her!

Kachina's voice rings full force from J.D.

KACHINA

You did everything you could!
(to David)
Can you tell her that, Doc? She
did everything she could.

INT. INFINITY - INNER SPACE - DAY

J.D stands in the infinity of inner space, wearing her full
dress army uniform. Kachina approaches her, in uniform as well.

KACHINA
United States Soldiers, Jadee.
91st Division. U.S Army Reserves.
Soldiers die, Jadee.

J.D.
Not you.

KACHINA
Yeah, me too.

Kachina takes J.D's hands in hers.

KACHINA
(continuing)
And then it's time to go home.

J.D chokes back a sob.

KACHINA
(continuing; very
gently)
I want to go home, Jadee.

J.D.
I know.

From out of the void, Anna, wearing flowing white approaches.

ANNA
It's okay, Jadee. She's in good
hands. You can let her go.

Kachina wraps J.D in an embrace.

KACHINA
I love you, Jadee.

J.D.

(breaking)
I love you, Kachina.

Kachina holds J.D as she weeps.

KACHINA
It's okay, friend. It's okay. I
will always live in your heart. Any time you want to
talk to me, I'll be right there.

Kachina kisses J.D on her cheek, and lets go of the embrace.

Kachina turns to the light. Her face is bathed in the radiant
glow.

The light shimmers as a small spot of soft white with golden
edges that surround and pulsate like the rays of the sun,
expanding to expose a tunnel at the radiant core.
An elderly Pueblo woman stands by the edge, her hand held out
to Kachina.

KACHINA
(continuing)
It is so beautiful, Jadee. So
beautiful. Make them see.
(in Pueblo)
Blessings, J.D

Kachina walks into the Light.

EXT. LONE PINE RIDGE CEMETERY - DUSK

Twilight spreads her purple fingers across the green lawns and
small white crosses.

J.D looks at David.

J.D.
(in Pueblo)
Blessings.

Suddenly, her features change. J.D's essence shimmers, and
standing there, as if in double exposure is Anna.

ANNA
Hey, Pop.

David stares at the image. He can barely speak.

DAVID

...Anna?

The image shimmers and more clearly becomes Anna.

ANNA

I never got to say goodbye.

DAVID

Oh, God...Anna.

ANNA

I'm free, Papa.

She moves toward him.

ANNA

(continuing)

I help people over here now. I
guide them to the Light.

DAVID

You helped J.D?

ANNA

She saved my life once. You should
ask her about that. I guided her to you.
(she takes his hand)

I'm free, papa.

Anna kisses David's cheek.

ANNA

(continuing)

You can let me go now.

David, tears flowing, embraces her.

ANNA

(continuing)

Keep the peace, pop. Keep the
peace.

Anna, throws her head back and opens her arms wide.

Her spirit shimmers, and flies free, breaking into a thousand
points of dazzling, brilliant light.

High in the sky, a red-tailed hawk circles.

J.D stands free, her arms flung wide open over her head,

reaching wide, as if to embrace the spirit of the hawk.

EXT. TOLEDO-SOBIESKI HOME - NIGHT A full moon blazing orange rises.

David's pick-up truck pulls in front of the house.

The front door opens. Rudy steps outside, followed by Teresa and Sophia.

J.D climbs out of the truck.

J.D and Rudy stand gazing at each other.

With a cry, J.D rushes forward.

Rudy and the children run to greet her.

David stands at the edge of the walk watching as the family, once again whole, once again complete, embrace.

EXT. SANTA MONICA BEACH - DAWN

Volunteers stake row upon row of small white crosses, each with a hand-lettered sign, a single rose, and a candle in a sand-packed container set in the sand.

Among the volunteers is David, Junko, Amanda, and Tariq.

In one section, J.D, Rudy, Sophia, and Teresa with Kachina's husband Max and children Mateo and Maya, stake a small white cross into the sand. J.D smooths out a piece of paper, writing on it, KACHINA FRAGUA.

She fixes the paper to the cross, then kneels in prayer.

After her prayer, she continues with her family and Kachina's as they stake row upon row of small white crosses in the sand.

PULL BACK

Volunteers, military personnel, visitors, mourners, walk silently, quietly among the crosses, kneeling, crying, touching

their lips to the small white structures, honoring the dead,
praying for peace.

FADE OUT: