INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dozens of people fill the house. All dressed in black suits and dresses. It is a funeral.

FRANK, mid 80’s, sits alone on a couch. He stares at a blank space. Everyone is huddled in their own conversations ignoring him, expect...

PASTOR JAMES, who stands off to the side of the room. He is finishing off a plate of food. He comes up next to the couch, placing the plate on the side table. He reaches out his hand.

JAMES
I’m sorry for your loss Frank.

He waits for a response or an offer to sit down. Nothing.

JAMES (CONT’D)
I can’t even begin to describe or even comprehend what you’re going through. It must me tough.

He take the seat next to Frank.

JAMES (CONT’D)
You see a lot of death in my line of work. I’ve experienced death in my personal live, but nothing compared to losing a soul mate. Someone that you spent over half your life with. There must be a part of you that is missing.

He waits. Trying to pull him into the conversation.

JAMES (CONT’D)
Over the past few weeks your family and friends have come in for counseling. The thing I tell them about death is that it takes time for us to heal. But the good news is that is takes us away from all the bad and wickedness of this world. There’s no more pain or suffering.

He waits once again for a response. Nothing. He reaches his hand up placing it on Frank’s shoulder.

(CONTINUED)
JAMES
Frank, my advice and knowledge that I can pass on.

Frank turns looking at him.

JAMES (CONT’D)
You need to be constructive. Do things that keep your mind going, those gears up there turning. That way you don’t get too focused on the bad and negative of what has happened. Otherwise if you don’t, you’ll end up down a bad road. Once you’re there, it’s very hard to come back from that.

James gets up. He straightens up his suit.

JAMES
My door is always open. I am here for you if you need it.

TIME CUT TO:

HOURS LATER
The crowd of people start to fade away.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
Frank still sits on the couch looking at nothing. He is completely alone now.

His son, FRANK JR. enters the room. He stands off to the side looking at his father. He is standoffish. He is putting on his coat, getting ready to leave.

FRANK JR.
Dad, everything is cleaned up and put away. We’re about to heat out, I have a meeting first thing in the morning, and the kids have a game tomorrow. I’ll be by later this week to check in on you. Some of the neighbors said they were going to bring some dinner around for you over the next couple of days. That way you don’t have to cook.

He stands one foot ready the leave the other wanting to stay.

(CONTINUED)
FRANK JR.
Is there anything else that you need?

Frank just sits there. Long pause of silence. Frank Jr. turns away. He leaves the old man alone.

Frank sits there as the headlights from the car drive away. He stays motionless for sometime.

After a while. Frank gets up leaving the living room.

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dark.

Lights cut on. A bed perfectly made. Frank stands in the doorway. He enters.

He sits on one side of the bed. He looks down at the pillows. His hands run over the indention’s of the pillows. Frank gets up from the bed.

RUNNING WATER. A light streams across the floor.

Frank appears in the doorway looking at the empty bed. He is brushing his teeth.

Frank shuts off the WATER, then the light. Frank emerges from the doorway in his night clothes. He shuffles over to the bed. He sits down on the bed. He cuddles up pulling a pillow close to him. The lamp on the night table remains on.

FADE TO:

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Frank is dressed in normal clothes for a day. He leaves his bedroom. He starts down the hallway, but stops at an open doorway.

INT. HOUSE - SEWING ROOM - CONTINUED

Frank stands in the doorway. He stares into the room. After a while he takes a step in.

He starts to look at all the projects that his late wife was working on. He carefully over a quilt. He lifts it up inspecting it. He places it down stopping at a military ribbon rack.

(CONTINUED)
His finger trace over each ribbon. His eyes close remembering. His lifts up the shadow case, an old faded piece of paper falls out. He sets the case back down. He bends down picking up the letter.

He opens it up as he blindly finds a seat at the sewing machine.

FRANK (V.O.)
My dearest.

FADE TO:

EXT. NORMANDY - BOAT - MORNING

Grey skies. Silent.

FRANK (V.O.)
I’ve missed you very very much since that last night we were together, and will hold that night especially in my memories for years to come.

Dozens of soldiers fill the boat. A young Frank sits near the back. He has one hand over his helmet, head down. The other hand is a letter with a picture.

FRANK (V.O.)
I’ve been turning it over in my mind lately. I’ve read your letter through at least four times, and will probably read it more times before I’m through. I’ve been sitting here looking at your picture and getting more home sick every minute. I’ve wanted that picture more than anything else I know of, except of course you yourself. I keep wishing I could be home with you. I want to leave in the worst possible way so I could come home to see you, but things don’t look so good on that subject.

Frank places the letter in his pocket. He picks up his rifle. He looks forward, ready.

The boat hits the beach. The ramp lowers. Dozens of soldiers pour out of the boat. Bullets fly, hitting soldiers as some fall. Other jump over the side of the boat. Each one scrambles to make it to safety.
FRANK (V.O.)
This war has spoiled a lot of things for everyone I guess. I’ve never been so lonesome in my life as I am right now. I’m completely lost without you darling.

Frank leaves the boat. He runs as fast as he can to safety.

FRANK (V.O.)
I never realized I could miss anyone person so much. I just hope it won’t be too much longer till I’m able to be with you again, and live a sane and normal life.

Frank runs. There’s an explosion in front of him. Sand and fire kick up as he is sent flying backwards. And we...

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT
Frank sits at the head of the table, stubble on his face. Frank Jr. sits a couple of chairs down from him. Fast food boxes cover the table. The two sit there, eating in silence.

FRANK JR.
I brought all the items from storage. They’re in the garage. You need to look through everything. Decide what you want to keep and what you want to throw out.

Frank doesn’t acknowledge his son. He sits there lost in his own thoughts.

FRANK JR. (CONT’D)
Whatever you don’t want I’ll donate.

Frank Jr. looks at his father, then back at his plate. He plays around with his food for a few seconds.

FRANK JR.
Dad, I don’t want to tell you how to grieve. But you really need to talk to someone.

(CONTINUED)
Frank doesn’t say a word. Frank Jr. finishes eating the last of his noodles. He gets up taking his plate to the kitchen.

**FRANK JR.**

I’ll be back in a few days to get the stuff you don’t want.

**FADE TO BLACK:**

**INT. HOUSE – GARAGE – DAY**

The garage door opens giving light to the black space.

Boxes fill the garage. Each box is labeled "STORAGE". Frank enters the garage. He looks at all the boxes. He moves to an easy to reach box. It is already open.

He starts to shift through it. He runs across an item, an old bombers helmet. Tears swell in his eyes. He digs deeper into the box finding a pair of goggles and another helmet. Something hits him...

RAGE. Frank rips the box down. Then goes to another pushing it over. CHAOS. Frank pushes and tearing down all the boxes that he can. As each fall they give way to a green tarp.

Frank gives out. He collapses on the floor. He breaths heavily. The tarp catches his eye. He climbs to his feet. He makes his way towards the tarp. His fingers run across it.

He moves all the boxes away from the tarp. He rips the tarp away, kicking up dust as it gives way to...

A 1950 Harley Davidson pan head. It is rusted, missing parts. An unfinished project. Frank’s hand runs over every inch of the machine. His eyes closed imagining it in its glory days.

**INTER CUT: Younger Frank and his wife as the are riding, wind blowing through their hair.**

Frank’s eyes open. He starts to look around trying to find other parts of the machine. He finds some parts. Each one he finds he places it next to the machine. Once he has found all the parts, he takes inventory in his head.

**FADE TO:**
INT. HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY

MONTAGE: Frank is fixing/repairing the Harley. The boxes are now gone. The bike takes center floor of the garage. The bike starts as a skeleton. Then starts to take form growing muscle and meat. At the end sits the finished bike, magnificent.

Frank stands there looking at his work. He sits on the machine. He starts the machine... success. A smile stretches across his face.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - PASTOR OFFICE - DAY

James sits behind his desk. He is looking over paperwork. Frank appears in the door way. He knocks. James looks up.

JAMES
(surprised)
Frank, come in.

James gets up to greet Frank holding out his hand.

JAMES (CONT’D)
What bring you by today?

Frank steps into the office. He shakes his hand, then takes a seat.

FRANK
The day of the funeral, you talked about counseling.

James looks a little confused.

JAMES
You’re here for counseling?

FRANK
No, not really.

JAMES
Just company then?

FRANK
I’m here more for questions.

(CONTINUED)
JAMES
Depends on the question Frank, but
I’ll do my best to answer them.

Frank sits back. Pulling the question from the back of his mind.

FRANK
Over the past few weeks, I’ve been thinking about death. A lot. With that it brings up the question about what’s after this?

Frank motions around the entire room.

FRANK (CONT’D)
I mean is there a heaven? I just want to know if there is something more to it than this life.

James leans back. It looks like he has been hit with a ton of bricks.

JAMES
That is a hard question to answer Frank. I don’t preach too much about that subject in this church. But the bible does state that there is an afterlife.

(beat)
I have been trained, when asked, to say yes there is an afterlife and heaven does exist.

FRANK
But I am asking, is that what you believe?

JAMES
To be honest with you. I don’t know what’s beyond this life. You know, the worst when we die is we go some place silent and there’s nothing. At best we become angels. I like to believe that we serve a purpose here. That there is more out there. That’s the essence of faith, trust in the unknown.

A smile comes across Frank’s face.
FRANK
Thank you, for everything. I have
to go now.

Frank gets up taking out an envelope from his pocket. He
places it on the desk. James picks it up looking at it.

JAMES
What’s this?

FRANK
A donation.

Frank extends his hand. James gets up clasping his hand
with Frank’s.

FRANK (CONT’D)
I have a promise to keep.

JAMES
Good luck Frank.

FADE TO:

EXT. DESSERT - DAY
Vast empty dessert.

Frank stands alone with his bike. There is nothing around
for miles. Frank looks around surveying the land. A smile
creeps across his face. He is pleased.

He places a leather bombers hat on. Then a pair of
ridiculous goggles. He gets on the bike. His fingers
running over it once more. He starts the engine.

He lies on the gas tank. The PURR of the engine hums
through the machine. His eyes close as he listens.

INTER CUT: Beaches of Normandy. Soldiers storming the
beach. Frank’s home coming. His wife greets him. The
wedding. Having children. Graduation. He is there for the
grandchildren. Frank’s life flashes before his eyes.

FRANK (V.O.)
I never realized I could miss
anyone person so much. I just hope
it won’t be too much longer till
I’m able to be with you again.
Frank’s eyes open up. Tears streaming down his face. He released the kickstand. Pulling his goggles down over his eyes. Smile still on his face. He pulls on the throttle. The bike lunges forward like a rocket. Dust fills the space he once was.

Frank doesn’t look back. He is crouched down low to the bike. A trail of dust behind him. The bike takes off as it disappears into the distance.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

Black.


Focus on a star. Bright white light.

CUT TO BLACK.