

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAWN

JANE MORRISON (25) stands in a crowd of women and children holding her 3 year old BOY.

They look longingly as a military airplane approaches them on the Tarmac.

She looks at her son. Kisses his cheek and smiles.

The stairs come down and almost immediately, soldiers in uniform start pouring out of the plane.

They greet their families with kisses and hugs. Jane sees happiness all around her.

She watches as the last passenger exits the plane. Her face turns grim.

After the soldiers claim theirs, two bags are left in the cargo hold.

A baggage handler comes by and takes them.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

MORRISON (28) jogging on a dirt trail next to the road. Lean and muscular. Shaved head.

He glances at his watch and increases speed to a full sprint.

Green military vehicles drive by in the opposite direction.

He looks at his watch again, presses a button and slows down. Arrives at...

EXT. MILITARY BASE - CONTINUOUS

He shows his identification to the GUARD at the entrance without stopping.

GUARD

What are you still doing here?

MORRISON

(running)

All packed. Just getting one last  
run in.

GUARD

Callahan's looking for you.

Morrison is at a good distance now. He does not look back.

MORRISON

Just getting my things.

INT. MORRISON'S HOUSE, ENTRANCE - DAY

Dustless spots indicate what once had been picture frames  
and personal items on the bare walls and empty shelves.

Morrison enters.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

Morrison is in the shower.

His cell phone vibrates on the counter.

CUT-IN: CELL PHONE SCREEN. "CALLAHAN CALLING"

Morrison does not notice. Finishes his shower.

As he dries himself off, he notices the missed call. Picks  
up the phone.

The phone vibrates in his hand. He opens the new text  
message:

"I'll be over in 10 minutes."

Morrison hurries out of the bathroom.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

His two bags are on top of the bed. He quickly unzips one.  
Covers a SEMPER FIDELIS tattoo on the back of his neck with  
a white undershirt.

He quickly puts on the rest of his uniform, grabs his bags  
and leaves.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Morrison walks in. Notices the window is open.

He stares at it. Paranoid.

After a moment, he leaves.

EXT. MILITARY NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

One bag hanging from each shoulder, Morrison marches along the sidewalk as he types a message into his phone:

"Sam, he's looking for me."

He continues to walk.

The sudden REVVING of an engine startles him, but the car drives by, full of soldiers celebrating their return home.

His phone BUZZES:

"Has he been to your place? I think he knows..."

His fears all but confirmed, he looks at his watch: 16:43

He responds:

"Dropping off my bags. Coming to see you."

He throws his phone into one of his bags and moves along.

EXT. AIRSTRIP - DAY

Helicopter blades whirring. Jet engines humming.

Morrison loses no time going down the runway toward JENKINS, a short but strong soldier, loading bags into a truck.

Another SOLDIER is helping him.

MORRISON

Jenkins.

Jenkins has ear protectors on. Morrison gets closer.

MORRISON

JENKINS!

Jenkins turns to him. Takes off his headgear.

JENKINS

Morrison! Where the fuck have you been?

MORRISON

Can you make sure these get on 19?  
I gotta take care of something at the hospital.

He throws his bags in the truck. The other soldier closes the hatch. Runs to the driver's seat.

JENKINS

What the fuck are you talking about? You're leaving in 10 minutes. You need to get on that plane.

Morrison looks at his watch: 16:43...

He presses a button and it switches to 17:49.

The truck drives away with the bags.

MORRISON

Fuck. I gotta make a call. I fucked up.

JENKINS

Hurry up!

MORRISON

I left my watch on the fucking timer. Make sure they wait for me. I'll be there.

Morrison runs off toward a phone booth.

JENKINS

They're not going to wait.

I/E. PHONE BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER

Morrison dials the number. Checks his watch.

MORRISON

C'mon, c'mon, c'mon, yes, hi! Can I  
get room 3?

He looks outside the booth. Clear.

MORRISON

Yes. Callahan. Samantha.

Checks his watch again.

MORRISON

Okay, thank you.

He turns and watches as one of the airplanes leaves.

MORRISON

Sam! I fucked up. I'm sorry... I'm  
not gonna be able to see you.

He looks out to the airfield. Wipes away a tear as it runs  
down his face.

MORRISON

Baby, we gotta tell him... I'm  
gonna tell him.

He gets agitated. A man walks toward the phone booth in the  
distance.

MORRISON

That's not it. My flight leaves  
soon. My watch-

Through the glass of the phone booth, Morrison sees  
CALLAHAN walking toward him. Imposing figure. Bigger than  
Morrison.

MORRISON

Listen, listen... He's here. My  
flight's leaving and I have to go.

Callahan is closer with each second that passes.

MORRISON

I love you. I can't wait to see you  
and our little boy. 3 months.

Callahan walks around the booth. Morrison watches him and talks into the phone...

MORRISON

We're gonna figure this out.

Callahan slides the booth door open. Morrison hangs up the phone.

The men stare at each other for a moment. It seems to last forever.

CALLAHAN

Interrupting something?

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DUSK

A nurse leaves one of the rooms. Room 3...

INT. ROOM 3 - DUSK

SAM sleeps on the bed. Her golden hair tied in a ponytail.

Next to the bed is her uniform. The name tag reads S. Callahan.

She wakes to the sound of FOOTSTEPS in the hallway.

WOMAN (O.S.)

(through the walls)

We moved her into room 3 a few days ago. Thought she would have told you.

CALLAHAN (O.S.)

(through the walls)

Must have slipped her mind.

Sam sits up at the sound of her husband's voice.

WOMAN (O.S.)

(through the walls)

It's this one right here. Number 3.

Sam stares at the door. Anticipating...

The door slowly creeps open. Her breathing turns heavy.  
Callahan's head peaks in, smiling.

CALLAHAN  
Hey there, sweetie! Did I wake you?

SAM  
Oh... No, I was just reading.

He walks into the room holding a gift for her. Around the size of a football.

CALLAHAN  
Are you feeling okay?

He walks up to her and feels her forehead. Sits down.

SAM  
Better. Just tired...  
(notices the box)  
What's that?

CALLAHAN  
This? Just a present for the future mom.

He looks over to the bedside table. No book.

CALLAHAN  
What book were you reading?

She looks over and back to him.

SAM  
Oh, the nurse let me borrow one.  
Agatha Christie.

CALLAHAN  
Well...

He moves to the foot of the bed. Places the box at her feet.

CALLAHAN  
Morrison was dismissed today. Three years flew by.

SAM

Yeah. Haven't seen him in a while.

CALLAHAN

You'll see him soon, I'm sure.

SAM

Yeah, just three months left here.

Callahan just stares for a moment.

CALLAHAN

That's actually what I came here to talk to you about.

SAM

Morrison?

CALLAHAN

Your present.

He puts his hand on the box.

SAM

You have to tell me what it is.

CALLAHAN

Actually, the opposite. You have to tell ME what it is... I'm surprised you haven't figured it out yet. It's exactly what you wanted.

SAM

I can't.

Callahan smiles.

CALLAHAN

Alright. You have three guesses.

Sam's eyes begin to water.

SAM

I can't.

CALLAHAN

Could be many things. A box this size. You might ask if it's a football for our son.

She starts to cry.

CALLAHAN

Then again, We chose not to know the sex, so no, that's not it.

SAM

You chose not to know the sex.

CALLAHAN

You could ask if it's a doll for our little girl... But like I said, I'm not sure we're having a girl.

SAM

(sobbing)

Please. Please tell me. I need to know.

CALLAHAN

Your last guess might be that it's a picture of us. To remind you of the last seven years we've spent together. A symbol of my love to you.

Sam can hardly contain herself.

SAM

Please tell me what you did.

Callahan stands up. Walks to the door.

CALLAHAN

If that's your final guess. I sadly have to say you're incorrect. And with that, I'll leave you to find out for yourself.

He opens the door.

SAM

Take it away! Please just take it  
with you!

CALLAHAN

Tell him I'm sorry... Next time you  
see him.

He leaves the room.

Sam dreads what might be inside. Crying, she can't bring  
herself to open it.

The box sits at the foot of the bed, listening to her cry.

CUT TO BLACK.H