

SOLDIER ON

"Pilot"

Created by
Jessica Traxler

Written By
Jessica Traxler

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SOLDIER ON/"Pilot"

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. NEW RIVER GORGE BRIDGE - DAWN

It's still dark. The sky painted in hues of blue and indigo and violet. A morning mist wafts over the majestic bridge, hovering over the trees and dark water gorge below.

It's quiet. All the world still asleep.

We SLOWLY MOVE further down the bridge rail... We reach a YOUNG MAN, no older than 25, sitting dangerously along the edge. He's a wreck: hair unkempt, eyes bloodshot. He hasn't shaved in days. He's pale, thin, and dark rings circle around his eyes. He probably hasn't slept in weeks.

He stares abysmally down into the murky water...

(3 beats)

He SOBS, his distant thoughts getting the better of him.

He buries his head in his hands, still bawling his eyes out.

Gradually, he regains his composure.

He pulls dog tags from his pocket, and puts them around his neck.

He takes his wallet out of his pocket and takes out his **driver's license, social security card, military ID, a folded piece of notebook paper, and a picture.** He discards the wallet on the ground and puts the other items in the front pocket of his jeans.

He takes his cellphone out of his pocket. He takes it apart, swallowing the memory card, and discarding the rest onto the ground.

He stares out into the distance. The sun is coming up.

Peeks of orange and pink break the dawn light...

His eyes wander over the beautiful scene. And a small smile manages to grow on his lips.

(3 beats)

He pushes off the edge, falling the whole 900 feet down!

(long beat)

A CAR ENTERS onto the bridge, zooming down it in a hurry,
unaware of the young man who just jumped off...

FADE TO BLACK.

ROLL CREDITS OVER THEME SONG ("Rill Rill" by Sleigh Bells).

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. INDOOR POOL - EARLY MORNING

An 8 lane, 25-yard pristine pool.

The place is empty, save for--

POOL

A MAN swims laps up and down the length of the pool. He's good; fast, agile. He's a fish.

He swims his last lap. He takes off his goggles and competitive swim cap. He's a really attractive guy: light eyes, short, brown hair, swimmer's body; a real lady magnet.

He hovers over the edge of the pool, trying to catch his breath-- FOXWORTH "FOX" COOPER, 36.

INT. INDOOR POOL - MEN'S LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BENCH

Fox sits on the bench before his open locker, drying his hair with a towel. Taped on the inside of the door are several pictures of him in a military, combat uniform with his SQUAD.

He grabs a T-shirt from the locker and slips it on. The T-shirt reads: ARMY. Then a pair of gym shorts he slides on without standing.

TWO MEN with 'NAVY' on their T-shirts approach.

MAN #1

Hey, Cooper, what are you doing here? You know the pool's only for squids.

FOX

Is that why it smells like fish shit?

MAN #2

That might have been those sweaty laps you just got done with.

FOX

I would never shit in a public pool. I did, however, piss in it. Twice. So have fun with that.

The two men laugh, teasing each other.

MAN #1
So, Cooper, 2016? Make it four
years in a row?

FOX
I don't know. I'm getting pretty
old.

MAN #1
And ugly. But it would still be bad-
ass if you went.

FOX
Maybe.

MAN #1
You're going. Why else would you
bring your G.I. Joe-ass here every
morning?

FOX
Maybe I like the smell of chlorine
and piss? Or maybe the sweet,
longing look on your face gets me
rock hard every morning?

MAN #1
(mock southern belle)
Oh, I've never felt so pretty. He's
such a gentleman.

They laugh.

MAN #1 (CONT'D)
See you later, Coop.

Man #1 and Man #2 EXIT.

Fox grabs TWO PROSTHETIC LEGS from out of his locker.

REVEAL: Fox is missing both his legs below the knee.

MAN #2

He watches Fox as he puts both his limps on.

Man #1 circles back looking for his friend.

MAN #1 (CONT'D)
Pretty gnarly, right? Lost them in
Fallujah.

MAN #2
Shit.

MAN #1

Right. He's all right though. Doing better than most out there. *Way* better. I should take you to his bar sometime. It's sick. Come on.

They EXIT as Fox grabs his gym bag and EXITS the locker room.

INT. SHED - CONTINUOUS

A large, cedar shed, converted into a sophisticated workshop equipped with hand and power tools, work bench, drafting table, sink, cabinets, speed drill press, and fridge.

At the work bench, an African-American man-- ANDREW "DREW" RICHARDSON, 33-- works diligently repairing a light socket. We see that his right hand is a prosthetic.

DOOR

An Asian woman-- LT. AUBREE RICHARDSON, 33, his wife-- in a army service uniform, approaches the threshold. She almost knocks, but sees how into his work he is, and decides not to. She stands in the doorway watching him.

REVEAL: from Aubree's POV, we see that Drew's right leg is also prosthetic.

WORK BENCH

Drew attaches the light socket back to it's lamp stand, forgetting the lamp is still plugged in! He gets a little jolt--

DREW
(shock)
Mama!

He doubles-over the bench, drooling, as Aubree rushes to him!

AUBREE
Drew?!

DREW
I-I-I-I-I-I'm g-g-g-good, b-baby.

She helps him onto the stool, then rushes to the fridge to get him a bottle of water.

AUBREE
Drew, drink this.

He takes a couple sips of water.

He seems better now.

DREW
 (on the bright side...)
 It's working!

Aubree rolls her eyes at her silly husband.

He takes a deep breath.

DREW (CONT'D)
 Thanks, Bree.

AUBREE
 Don't ever scare the shit out of me
 like that again!

DREW
You were scared?! I just shook
 hands with Jesus.

AUBREE
 Calling for your mama.

DREW
 I did not.
 (off her look)
 Anyway. Check this out.

He unplugs the lamp then tightens the light socket into the stand, then twist a bulb into the socket. He reaches under the work bench and grabs what looks like a pink, ceramic elephant and places it over the bulb. The way the elephant is situated on the bulb it looks like it sat on it.

He slips a lamp shade over the elephant; lamp stand, shade, then elephant on top.

Drew plugs in the lamp again. Light shoots out of the elephant's trunk and laughing, open mouth. It's cool. Perfect for a little girl's room.

AUBREE
 That's adorable.

DREW
 Yeah? Watch this.

He flips a switch on the base of the lamp stand. The elephant rotates slowly while a lullaby plays, like a music box.

AUBREE

It's so pretty. That's great, baby.
It's going to sell out at the
store.

DREW

Oh, no. This one's just for us.

The expression on Aubree's face changes. She looks pensive for a moment, but she covers:

AUBREE

Absolutely.

She kisses him.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

A POSTAL DELIVERY TRUCK is at the curb. BRANDON ROMERO, 35-- a good-looking, Hispanic man-- hops out of the truck in a mail carrier's uniform with a package under his arm. His left arm is prosthetic with a silicone skin, made to look like a real limb.

He approaches a HOUSE in the quiet suburb and RINGS the doorbell.

A beat.

A HOUSEWIFE opens the door. Her SMALL BOY stands at her legs.

BRANDON

Mrs. Utsey?

HOUSEWIFE/MRS. UTSEY

Yes. Thank you.

She takes the box and signs for it.

Brandon takes notice of the small boy staring at his arm. He can tell it's a prosthetic limb.

The small boy's mother's eye draws to what her son is looking at: Brandon's arm.

HOUSEWIFE/MRS. UTSEY (CONT'D)

(stern whisper)

Charlie. Don't stare.

BRANDON

It's okay.

(to small boy/Charlie)

When you don't eat enough
vegetables, your arms fall off.

The small boy GASPS at the notion!

HOUSEWIFE/MRS. UTSEY
 (to Brandon; whispers)
 Thank you.

Brandon smiles.

INT. GRAYSON & LIAM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

A modern, rustic, cabin-like dwelling.

We hear FOOTSTEPS descend the steps in a hurry.

GRAYSON BELL, 34, ENTERS, rushed. He turns his head, looking in the dishwasher, and we see the right half of Grayson's face is covered in burn scars.

There is a post-it note in the dishwasher: **By the coffee pot. Milk and sugar already inside.** A travel mug is sitting by a freshly brewed pot of coffee. He pours the coffee into the travel mug. There's another post-it note hiding under his travel mug: **Fridge. Second shelf. Red Tupperware.**

Grayson opens the fridge and takes out two tupperware containers with red lids.

INT. GRAYSON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Grayson climbs into his car. He attempts to put the key in the ignition, but there's another post-it note over it: **You forgot your laptop. It's by the door on the cubby.**

GRAYSON
 Shit!

He climbs out of the car and runs back to the house.

INT. FORT BELVOIR COMMUNITY HOSPITAL - PHYSICAL THERAPY CLINIC - CONTINUOUS

A pretty blonde, JUNIPER SMALLWOOD, 27, and a beautiful black woman in scrubs, HARPER YORK, 30, sit across from one another. Juniper on an exam table, and Harper on a rolling stool in front of her.

Both of Juniper's legs are amputated above the knee.

HARPER
 I want to try a high-tension exercise, to strengthen your legs.

Harper places an elastic band around Juniper's thighs.

HARPER (CONT'D)
 Now, just using your thigh muscles
 stretch out the band.

She does.

HARPER (CONT'D)
 Not so hard; it's not a test of
 endurance. Just, stretch...and
 rest. Stretch...and rest.

She tries again.

HARPER (CONT'D)
 Good. That feel alright?

JUNIPER
 Yeah. I feel the pressure.

HARPER
 Not too much?

Juniper shakes her head, still stretching out her thigh
 muscles.

HARPER (CONT'D)
 Good.

INT. FORT BELVOIR COMMUNITY HOSPITAL - PHYSICAL THERAPY
 CLINIC - MINUTES LATER

Harper and Juniper lob a basketball back and forth to each
 other. Juniper's wears her prosthetics.

HARPER
 That's good. Try to keep your
 balance. You're swaying a little.

JUNIPER
 I had these legs for a few months
 now and I still feel like a baby
 deer trying to walk on a frozen
 pond.

HARPER
 They're new. You'll get used to
 them. That's what I'm here for.
 Don't throw so hard; just back and
 forth, nice and easy.

EXT. PHYSICAL THERAPY CLINIC - LATER

Juniper, using her prosthetics, EXITS the clinic. She hobbles
 a bit; her new legs do take some getting used to.

Fox passes by.

JUNIPER

Cooper.

He stops, turns.

FOX

Hey, Junebug.

Her face brightens like a Christmas tree. They hug.

FOX (CONT'D)

New legs? What happen to the old pair?

JUNIPER

I don't know. I think I lost them somewhere in Afghanistan.

FOX

(laughs)
That's funny.

JUNIPER

Out with the old; in with the new.
Fuckers cost me 20 grand.

FOX

20Gs? You should have called me.

JUNIPER

No, that's alright. The old man paid for them. Didn't know he had that much cash to cough up.

FOX

You are aware of the fact that there's a strong possibility your ex-con father just bought you titanium legs with stashed drug money?

JUNIPER

Well, how else was I going to be as cool as you?

FOX

Who said you were cool?

He winks at her then turns to EXIT--

JUNIPER

Coop. You still having that party
at your place?

FOX

Yeah. You might be invited.

He ENTERS the clinic.

She smiles big, blushing. It's evident Juniper has a big
crush on Fox.

INT. PHYSICAL THERAPY CLINIC - CONTINUOUS

Harper wipes down an examination table.

FOX (O.S.)

Oh, look at that. We're alone.

HARPER

How many times do I have to tell
you, Fox, you can't be here?

FOX

Yes, I can. I'm a national
treasure. The Secretary of Defense
said so on CNN.

She replaces the paper on the exam table.

Fox drops his gym bag and hops onto the table.

HARPER

National treasure or not, I'm
pretty sure you're supposed to have
sought out your own PT physician by
now.

FOX

I did, but the last guy wasn't as
half as pretty as you are.

HARPER

"Beauty is in the eye of the
beholder."

FOX

You know who says that? Ugly
people.

HARPER

Well, how about, "beauty is only
skin deep."

FOX
Fat, ugly people.

HARPER
Well, I, sir, believe in both of those things.

FOX
Well, then there is an enormous, hideous monster inside of you that can't wait until you have a baby.

HARPER
(laughs)
You are a horrible person, Fox Cooper. Horrible.

FOX
You know I don't believe any of that. I just wanted to see you laugh.

They share a moment...

She's trying to be annoyed by him but it's hard. He's charming, and she likes him.

HARPER
Take your prosthetics off.

He removes his legs as she takes off her plastic gloves and tosses them into a nearby wastebasket. Fox takes notice of the ENGAGEMENT RING on her hand.

FOX
Now you take off the ring.

She squirts hand sanitizer into her palm and rubs her hands together.

HARPER
(ignoring him)
Lie back, please.

He does as told. She climbs atop the exam table, in front of his legs.

HARPER (CONT'D)
Lift your right leg and pull it toward your left shoulder.

He does as told.

HARPER (CONT'D)
A little tighter. As tight as you
can.

He does.

She helps him. She holds his amputated, right leg and pulls
it to his left shoulder, hovering over him. He GRUNTS.

HARPER (CONT'D)
You okay?

He nods.

HARPER (CONT'D)
How many miles did you swim today?

FOX
The usual. Eight.

HARPER
You make it sound so effortless.

FOX
I like to swim, so it is
effortless. You should let me teach
you. I still can't believe you
don't know how.

HARPER
I hate the water.

FOX
That's unfathomable, but I could
fix that.

HARPER
Other leg, flirt.

He smiles.

They stretch out his left leg.

HARPER (CONT'D)
I saw your friend Grayson on Rachel
Maddow last night.

FOX
It probably would have been kinder
if she just pissed in his mouth.

HARPER
I don't think it was that bad.

FOX
I'm willing to bet the White House
disagrees.

HARPER
Shit rolls downhill.

FOX
But it piles back uphill, too.

HARPER
(smiles)
Very true.

They share another moment... Harper needs to break the
intimacy floating between them--

HARPER (CONT'D)
Is it true you have a bar, an
actual bar, built under your house?

FOX
You should come over and find out.

HARPER
I am not coming to your house, Fox.

A strand of her hair falls from the messy bun atop her head.
He plays with it gently between his fingers.

HARPER (CONT'D)
Fox. Don't.

He keeps fondling her hair.

FOX
Are we really not going to talk
about yesterday? And every day
before that?

His hand moves to her cheek. His thumb traces her pouty
mouth... She breaks away from him. Fox sits up and grabs her
for a kiss! She gives in, letting it happen; wanting it to.

Their kissing turns heavy...

Finally, Harper breaks their kiss and climbs off the exam
table. She turns to EXIT--

FOX (CONT'D)
Harper--

HARPER
 (stern)
 No.

She EXITS, overwhelmed and embarrassed.

FOX
 Fuck.

INT. FOX'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

FOX'S POV - HARPER

Harper and a BLACK MAN in a white, lab coat and stethoscope around his neck, are talking. The man kisses her. Clearly, her fiance.

He can't watch this anymore. He's just torturing himself. He throws the keys in the ignition and turns the engine over, revving it.

HARPER

The sound of tires screeching on the asphalt draws Harper and her fiance's attention. Fox's car: a black, 1970 Oldsmobile 442 W-30 with orange racing stripe.

They watch as he peels out of the lot in an exhaust cloud of smoke!

EXT. FOX'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Fox's car pulls up to his house: a huge, gorgeous shingle-style house with 3 chimneys and tons of windows, resting on lush green grass atop a cliff, overlooking the Atlantic Ocean.

Fox gets out of his car and grabs his gym bag-- He finally takes notice of the MAN sitting on his FRONT PORCH.

The man, MASON HOLLINGBERRY, 35, sits patiently on the porch wearing dark Ray Bans. Two suitcases sit beside him.

FOX
 (approaches)
 Oh, my God!

MASON
 (British accent)
 Fox?

FOX

Who else's angelic voice do you think it is? Plus, you're sitting on my porch.

MASON

Thank God. I thought the bloody cabbie took me to the wrong address.

Fox helps Mason up. They embrace.

MASON (CONT'D)

I told him to take me to the most pretentious house in Virginia; didn't think he'd find you.

FOX

Fuck you. You hungry?

MASON

For American food? Always.

FOX

Alright. Let's go inside.

MASON

Wait. I want to sit here for another minute.

Mason takes off his glasses. His eyes are cloudy, milky white, and scars span the bandwidth of his eyes, like a domino mask. He tilts his head up to the bright, southern sun, letting it shine down on him.

MASON (CONT'D)

There isn't sun like this in London.

(3 beats)

MASON (CONT'D)

Alright. That's enough of that. Bloody fucking hot out here! Christ!

Fox takes Mason's arm and guides him into the house.

INT. FOX'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The inside of the house is just as impressive as the outside; a beach/coastal theme, but with a masculine touch.

Mason sits at the island/bar. Fox reaches into the fridge and hands him a beer. Mason's a good-looking guy, despite his visual impairment: dark hair, sweet smile, sexy accent. He's just as much a lady-killer as Fox.

FOX

Why didn't you tell me you were coming to the States?

MASON

Was a bit of a spur of the moment thing.

FOX

Meaning?

MASON

Meaning, if I had to spend one more freaking day with my well-meaning-but-extremely-irritating sister pampering me like a small child with a soft head I'd have thrown myself off Tower Bridge. I was starting to feel...claustrophobic. I couldn't breathe. I had to get out.

FOX

Of the whole country?

MASON

Well, it's not like I could have gone to my nan's house! She's a detective; she would have found me!

FOX

So cool your sister works at Scotland Yard.

MASON

She's not Sherlock Holmes.

FOX

I know. She's better. So I can't wait until she finds you here. But in the meantime, what do you want to do?

MASON

Get right pissed, smoke pot, eat
obscenely large portions of greasy
American food, and fuck a lot
slutty, American girls who feel
badly for the British man who lost
his sight in Iraq.

FOX

Oh. Same thing you always do when
you come visit. Done.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. FOX'S HOUSE - BAR - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

A bar. He has a bar. Fox has an actual bar in the basement of his house that spans the width of his home. The whole place is designed to resemble an authentic English pub, encased in dark wood with high-back benches and a fireplace.

HIP-HOP MUSIC blasts throughout the place as male and female SOLDIERS, EX-SOLDIERS-- some able-bodied, some not-- and a FEW CIVILIANS fraternize about the place: shooting the shit, playing darts, pool, cards, watching sports on the 90" TV, and of course drinking.

BAR

Fox holds down the bar. Drew sits at the bartop. They watch Mason as he holds court with a TRIO of HOT GIRLS.

DREW

It's the accent. It's got to be.

FOX

Strong probability. But I am secure enough in my manhood to openly admit that he is also a very good-looking guy.

DREW

I, however, am not secure enough to willingly admit that and will now act childishly by making presumptuous rumors that he's somehow drugging women in order to sleep with them.

FOX

I'd call that asinine more than presumptuous.

Drew chuckles.

FOX (CONT'D)

What do you care? You're a happily married man.

DREW

Very happy. About to be happier.

FOX

(excited)
She's--

DREW
No.

FOX
Oh.

DREW
Well, not yet, but we're working on it.

FOX
You know a real man would have impregnated his wife by now.
(off his look)
Now, *that*, was presumptuous.

Juniper approaches the bar.

JUNIPER
Hey, Drew.
(to Fox; flirty)
You.

FOX
Me.

JUNIPER
Drink.

FOX
Beer?

JUNIPER
Something stronger; a man's drink.

FOX
Neat, or on the rocks?

JUNIPER
Neat.

Fox makes her a drink and hands it to her. She guzzles half the drink, trying to look cool and sexy, but nearly chucks it all back up.

JUNIPER (CONT'D)
Christ, Fox! What is that?!

FOX
Three Wise Men.

Drew grimaces, familiar with the cocktail.

FOX (CONT'D)
1 part Johnny Walker Red, 1 part
Jack Daniels, and 1 part Jim Beam
White.

JUNIPER
That can't be a real thing.

FOX
(bad memories)
It is.

DREW
(bad memories)
It is.

Fox quickly makes her a fruity-looking cocktail.

FOX
Sex on the Beach.

She takes the drink.

JUNIPER
(flirtacious)
If you're lucky.

She EXITS.

DREW
Can we talk about that?

FOX
Nothing to talk about.

DREW
Why?

FOX
Because. I mean, she's a sweet
girl, but I'm not interested.

DREW
Again. Why?

Fox leans in with a serious look on his face.

FOX
I think... I think I like men.

DREW
Knew it.

FOX

Fuck you.

Drew laughs.

Grayson ENTERS. The whole bar takes notice and greets him with BOOS. He casually flips everyone off and heads to the bar.

FOX (CONT'D)

Guess I wasn't the only one who saw you on Rachel Maddow.

GRAYSON

I hate my life sometimes.

FOX

Long day?

GRAYSON

Please, Christ, get me a Stella.

Fox goes to pour him a beer.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

I need to know there's someone out there having a far worst day than me. Where's Brandon?

Just then, a WOMAN'S SHOUT echoes through the bar! They look to see Brandon getting slapped across the face by a RED HEAD, then her dumping her beer all over him before EXITING with her FRIENDS!

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

Found him!

BRANDON'S POV - BAR

His friends: Fox, Drew, and Grayson smile at him and raise their drinks to him mockingly.

NOTE: Fox is never seen drinking an alcoholic beverage.

BAR

Brandon approaches.

BRANDON

Can I borrow a shirt, Cooper?

FOX

Nevermind that. What did you say to her?

BRANDON
I thought she was a hooker!

DREW
She should have spit on, too.

They all nod in agreement.

Mason walks up with the three girls he was flirting with.

MASON
Did you guys see the bloke that got
slapped? Who was it?

They laugh. Except Brandon.

BRANDON
I thought she was a hooker! Simple
mistake!

He EXITS upstairs to change his shirt.

MASON
What?

FOX
I'll tell you later.

GRAYSON
No one told me this asshole was
stateside!

Mason and Grayson embrace.

FOX
He's escaping his sister.

GRAYSON
(serious)
She is going to hunt you down.

MASON
I know. I figure I've got about
three days until she finds me, so
why not have a good time until she
does.

ALL
Fuck it!

They each take a gulp of their respective drinks.

INT. FOX'S HOUSE - BAR - LATER

No music. No darts. No pool. The place is emptying out. A wasted STRAGGLER finally staggers out, waving 'goodnight' to Fox.

BAR

Fox breaks down the bar. Watching him is a thin, weasely-looking man. His appearance seems unnatural, or sickly-- CAMPBELL, 26.

CAMPBELL

...but I couldn't stay there anymore because my mama's new boyfriend is a dick and all. Can you believe that asshole accused me of stealing?

FOX

That's a serious accusation.

CAMPBELL

I know! That's why I was mad as a wet hen! So mad I hit him. Two hits: I hit him, and he hit the floor. Clocked him good, right in the jaw.

Campbell laughs. Fox smiles politely. He sees Campbell's rotted teeth. Meth.

FOX

Man's got to stand up for his reputation.

Fox knows the accusation is probably true, but he would never humiliate another soldier.

CAMPBELL

You know? I can't have him going around spreading all types of lies and accusations 'bout me! Making my mama think I'm a thief! You can't just go and put a man's name out there in the streets like that. It ain't right. I'm a soldier. I am a soldier in the United States Marines Corps. Two tours in Afghanistan. I ain't no thief.

FOX

I know, Campbell.

CAMPBELL
I know. You know me.

FOX
That I do.

A beat.

FOX (CONT'D)
Campbell. You need a place to stay?

CAMPBELL
Aw, no. No, man. That's cool.

FOX
You can stay here, Campbell.

CAMPBELL
...You sure?

FOX
Wouldn't have said so if I wasn't.

CAMPBELL
I don't want to impose or nothing.

FOX
You're not imposing, man. Swear.
There's like 6 bedrooms in this
place. I only sleep in one.

CAMPBELL
Alright. Cool. But I only need to
stay the night.

FOX
Stay as long as you want, Campbell.

CAMPBELL
Alright. But it's only for a night.
I swear. Thanks, Cooper. You're a
good dude.

Fox gives a humble shrug.

Campbell EXITS upstairs.

Fox returns to closing the bar.

INT. FOX'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Fox, exhausted, ENTERS his room.

BALCONY

Fox EXITS the bedroom and comes out onto the balcony. The full moon leaves shards of light on the calm water. Pretty view. Probably looks even better during the day.

Fox raises a plant out of the pot and takes out a pack of cigarettes. He puts the plant back and flops into a patio chair. He lights a cigarette and takes his cellphone out his back pocket. He calls someone...

HARPER (V.O.)
(through phone; sleepily)
Hello?

FOX
...I'm not doing this anymore.

HARPER (V.O.)
Who-Who is this?

FOX
It's Fox.

HARPER (V.O.)
Fox? Fox, it's three in the morning. How'd you get my number?

FOX
You left your cellphone in your office the other day. I saw it and used it to call my phone.

HARPER (V.O.)
You're unbelievable.

FOX
I really wish every time you said that it was in a different capacity. How else am I supposed to call you when you won't give me your number?

HARPER (V.O.)
Fox--

FOX
Today was the third time we've kissed. It was the 737th time I made you laugh, the 1,065th time I made you smile, and the third time we've kissed. You're shitty for asking me to ignore all of that.

HARPER (V.O.)
I know. I'm sorry.

FOX

I'm not going to do it anymore. I'm not a good relief pitcher. So you either stop kissing me, or stop asking me to ignore it when you do. You can't have both. Pick.

HARPER (V.O.)

Fox.

FOX

Pick.

HARPER (V.O.)

...I have to stop kissing you.

A beat.

HARPER (V.O.)

Fox?

FOX

Not the option I was hoping for, but it is the one I knew I'd get.

HARPER (V.O.)

Fox, please understand--

He hangs up on her.

His eyes gloss over, filling with tears, but he fights them back. He stands and takes one last drag from his cigarette before flicking it over the balcony.

His phone VIBRATES. Harper.

He ignores her call then shuts his phone off.

Fox ENTERS his bedroom, and closes the balcony doors.

INT. GRAYSON & LIAM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

FRONT DOOR

Grayson ENTERS, a little drunk. He tries to hang up his jacket, but misses the hook completely and it falls to the floor. Okay. Maybe he's more than a *little* drunk...

He sways toward the LIVING ROOM.

An attractive, august-looking man sits on the floor surrounded by files and folders; a laptop rests on his thighs-- LIAM WEBSTER, 27. He watches as Grayson staggers into the room and flops down on the sofa across from him.

LIAM
(British accent)
Trying day?

GRAYSON
I thought alcohol would help. I was wrong. Rachel Maddow ate me for breakfast.

LIAM
She did.

GRAYSON
Do you think I'm an asshole for working at the VBA?

LIAM
You can't ask me that.

GRAYSON
Why?

LIAM
Because I'm biased.

GRAYSON
I should be doing what you're doing. People respect that more.

LIAM
Trust me. You don't want to be dealing with bureaucratic back channels and red tape nightmares all day.

GRAYSON
And just what do you think the VA backlog is?!

LIAM
The ill attempt to switch filing systems from paper to electronic. And lazy gits who don't know their ass from their elbow.

Grayson shrugs: *"Yeah. That's about right."*

LIAM (CONT'D)
Can I make a suggestion? It might help you with your work morale problem.

GRAYSON
Shoot.

LIAM

Shut the fuck up. Whining about getting torn apart by journalists is nothing compared to what those you're supposed to be helping are going through. And you should be happy that there's someone paying attention, and trying to get others to pay attention. Christ knows I'd love to be on the telly discussing my job. Get up, go to work, and fix that sodding mess. And keep your mouth shut with your whole "woe is me."

GRAYSON

That's...good advice. I hope I remember it when I sober up.

LIAM

You better.

Grayson stands with a wobble.

GRAYSON

I'm going to bed.

Grayson turns to EXIT--

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

Thank you. And thank you for making my lunch.

LIAM

Did you eat it?

GRAYSON

Of course.

LIAM

So where are the containers?

GRAYSON

They're... Fuck!

Liam chuckles.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

You didn't leave a note for that.

LIAM

Seems I should have.

Something passes between them. They share a moment...

LIAM (CONT'D)

Talk about the success you've had so far with the backlog, and what's continually happening to make it better, and how improvement comes gradually sometimes, not steadfast like a racehorse. But also own the mistakes that were made and apologize for them sincerely.

GRAYSON

I am sincere.

LIAM

Yes, but you're a soldier, too. They need to show you're just as angry about it as every other soldier. That's why you're there. That's why you took the job: for your fellow soldiers and their families. Not everyone is as lucky as us, so they need a hand, and you're working like a dog to give them a sturdy one.

GRAYSON

Can you do it for me?

Liam GROANS.

LIAM

Just don't go on anymore interviews.

GRAYSON

Sounds like a plan. Plus, I don't think I'm allowed to anymore, so...

LIAM

We can only say that might be a good thing.

GRAYSON

I am though; "working like a dog."

LIAM

I know.

GRAYSON

Thanks. Goodnight.

LIAM

'Night, Grayson.

Grayson EXITS upstairs.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. FOX'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Fox sets the table with a hearty American/UK breakfast: waffles, french toast, bacon, hash browns, egg in a basket, black pudding, grilled tomato, etc.

Drew and Brandon ENTER, looking like death. They sit at the table.

BRANDON

This looks amazing. I can't wait to throw it up.

Drew drops his head on the table.

DREW

Coffee. Please, God, coffee.

Their attention draws to Mason coming downstairs...with the three girls he flirted with last night. They disappear into the foyer.

BRANDON

(mouths)

Are you fucking kidding me?

They hear the front door CLOSE.

Mason ENTERS the kitchen.

MASON

I smell black pudding.

BRANDON

All I smell is stank whore.

MASON

What's it smell like? Jealousy?

BRANDON

(sheepish)

...Yes.

Mason finds his seat at the table. Fox brings a pot of coffee to the table and finally sits down.

FOX

Alright. Does anybody want to say Grace?

A beat.

They burst out into laughter. Not a religious bunch. For obvious reasons.

FOX (CONT'D)

(to Mason)

Already cut. Toast to your left.
Tea on your right.

MASON

Thanks, mum.

They tear into the food.

BRANDON

Hey, there was money missing from my wallet this morning. I think one of your strippers ripped me off in the middle of the night.

MASON

Impossible. I kept all three of those ladies very busy last night.

FOX

It wasn't them. I let Campbell stay the night last night. I'm sure you're all missing money.

Drew and Mason each checks their wallets. He's right. No money. Yet, they don't look angry. Or too bothered at all, just a little sad.

DREW

What's he doing?

FOX

I think it's meth.

DREW

Jesus. You don't get off that shit.

FOX

I heard him sneak out this morning.

BRANDON

To go where?

FOX

I don't know. But hopefully he'll be back and I can bring him to Liam.

A melancholy sadness washes over the table.

MASON

Enough of this. Let's bloody eat.

They return to their plates.

MASON (CONT'D)

So, Cooper, what's been transpiring between you and Harper while I've been away?

Drew and Brandon turn silent and wide-eyed at Fox.

FOX

Why do I tell you anything?

MASON

Was it a secret?

BRANDON

Harper? Physical therapy Harper? Army hospital Harper? You're sleeping with her?

FOX

No.

He smacks Mason upside his head!

FOX (CONT'D)

I'm not.

DREW

Is that it? That's all you have to say?

FOX

Yes. Because that's the truth and it's all I care to say.

BRANDON

So you didn't have a thing with Harper?

FOX

Why do any of you care if I did or didn't sleep with Harper?

ALL

Did you?

FOX

No!

MASON
 (flamboyant)
 Meow! Kitty's upset.

Drew and Brandon join in teasing Fox with CATCALLS and WHISTLES.

DREW
 I think Kitty is a little sad that she's been scratching her own post for a while.

They laugh. All except Fox who is not amused.

FOX
 I've gotten laid, alright?
 Just...not by the woman I *want* to sleep with.

MASON
 So you've been shagging a bunch of women you don't want to shag?

BRANDON
 Ugh. Fatties and uggos.

DREW
 I hope not. Not when Juniper practically puts her pussy on silver tray for you.

MASON
 You can't sleep with Junebug. She's like a little sister. It's weird and incestuous. Like *Flowers in the Attic*.

FOX
 Look, you fucks, I have no intention of ever sleeping with Juniper, and I have completely given up at even attempting something, anything, with Harper. Okay?

MASON
 Is that because Harper "dumped" you last night? I heard you on the phone.

FOX
 How are you eavesdropping and fucking three women at the same time?

MASON

Well, clearly, I know how to multi-task.

Fox drops his fork, frustrated with his friends.

FOX

(points to each of them)
Fuck you. Fuck you. And double-fuck you.

MASON

Am I the one that got double-fucked?

DREW

Yes.

BRANDON

Yes.

INT. DREW & AUBREE'S HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Drew ENTERS from the front door and through the MUDROOM.

DREW

Bree. Bree!

He trots upstairs, just a few steps, when the front door opens...

MUDROOM

Aubree ENTERS in a sparkly cocktail dress and heels beneath a long coat, attempting to sneak in quietly.

FOYER

She makes it past the mudroom, and tries to close the door quietly.

DREW (CONT'D)

Are you just getting in?

Aubree nearly jumps out of her skin!

AUBREE

Uh...yes. Yes. I was out. I'm sorry I didn't call.

DREW

It's 11AM.

AUBREE

Um, you know how it is with Izzie and Astrid. You have fun at Fox's?

DREW

Yeah. Mason's in town.

AUBREE

Really? Wow. I haven't seen him in a--

DREW

Where'd you and the girls go?

AUBREE

Oh, just dancing. Then back to Astrid's place. I think I had a little too much wine. Lost track of time.

DREW

Evidently.

Drew takes his phone out of his pocket.

DREW (CONT'D)

You didn't call.

AUBREE

I know. I'm sorry.

DREW

I called you.

AUBREE

Did you?

Aubree "checks" her phone.

AUBREE (CONT'D)

My phone must have died. I'll go plug it in.

Aubree races past him, upstairs.

Drew gets the very suspicious feeling he's being lied to...

INT. FORT BELVOIR COMMUNITY HOSPITAL - CAFETERIA - CONTINUOUS

TABLE

Harper sits with two other women in scrubs: KASSIDY, 26, a sexy, but dim young woman of Indian descent.

And ESSIE, 28; shoulder-length, black hair with alabaster skin and a permanent bitter disposition.

HARPER

A pool about what?!

ESSIE

To see how long it takes Vaughn to figure out that you're fucking Fox.

KASSIDY

It's up to \$5,000 now.

HARPER

Oh, my God.

ESSIE

So, exactly how long have you two been fucking? I need to know so I can win a bet I have with Patty in Cardiology.

HARPER

Essie, I'm not sleeping with Fox! All I ever did is flirt with him...and kiss him...three times...and he felt me up, but that's it.

ESSIE

(disappointed)
Shit.

KASSIDY

(disappointed)
Shit.

HARPER

I don't believe this.

ESSIE

I don't believe you didn't tell us you were at least making out with him so we could spoil the pot.

KASSIDY

And because we're friends and we share everything.

ESSIE

There is a lot of shit I wish you didn't share, Cassidy.

KASSIDY
Me, too. Like your presence.

Not the brightest bulb, but she can surely throw shade.

KASSIDY (CONT'D)
So, when are you going to tell
Vaughn you're in love with Fox?

HARPER
I'm not in love with Fox.
(off their looks)
I'm not.
(again, off their looks)
I'm not!
(...off their looks)
I. Am. Not.

ESSIE
You know the more you say it
doesn't make it any less bullshit?

HARPER
Fox is...charming, and sweet, and
incredibly inspirational.

KASSIDY
And really cute...from the knees
up.

HARPER
Kassidy!

ESSIE
What? Just because you got a thing
for cripple boys doesn't mean she
has to.

KASSIDY
I like it when a boy has legs.

HARPER
The two of you are offensive, and I
can't believe you work here.

KASSIDY
I hate touching their stumps, so I
wear two pairs of gloves.

HARPER
Stop. Talking.

ESSIE

Getting back to what's important,
are you going to tell Vaughn at
least that you made out with him?

HARPER

He doesn't need to know that. It
didn't go anywhere.

KASSIDY

But he's your fiancée. That would
be deceiving. Like when Ariel
didn't tell Prince Eric she was
really a mermaid.

...

ESSIE

I hate you so much right now.

HARPER

I will openly admit to being very
attracted to Fox, but Vaughn and I
are engaged. We've known each other
since we were in diapers. I said
'yes' to him when he asked me to
marry him because I care about him
and respect him.

ESSIE

You forgot 'love him'.

HARPER

I was getting to that, Essie!

KASSIDY

Then why have you kept setting your
wedding date back since you met
Fox?

HARPER

I met Fox 2 years ago! I have not
being setting my wedding date back
for that long!

She thinks about it a moment... Yes. She has.

HARPER (CONT'D)

Okay. Okay. Fine.

She takes her cellphone out of her pocket and plays with it a
moment. She turns it, screen facing Essie and Cassidy.

ESSIE
September 8th?

HARPER
That is my wedding date. I have
officially set a date.

ESSIE
That's a month from now.

HARPER
I know. I love Vaughn, we're
getting married. Why wait any
longer? Hope you can make it.

Harper EXITS.

A beat.

KASSIDY
We should probably change the pool
to 'Whether or not she stands him
up at the alter'.

ESSIE
Good thinking. I knew you could use
your noodle if you tried hard
enough.

KASSIDY
That's what I told your dad.

Essie scowls as Cassidy EXITS. Burn.

EXT. FOX'S HOUSE - PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Fox, Mason, and Brandon lay out in patio chairs, sunbathing
by the pool.

They hear the DOORBELL.

FOX
Oh, fuck.

Fox gets up and ENTERS the house to answer the door.

(3 beats)

FOX (O.S.) (CONT'D)
MASON RUN!

Mason and Brandon jump up!

A tall brunette with big, bright eyes makes her way onto the patio-- MARTHA "MARTY" HOLLINGBERRY, 35, Mason's twin sister!

BRANDON

Oh, shit! It's Marty, dude!

Mason panics, trying to make a run for it, but trips and lands in the pool!

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Hey, Marty. How's it--

She punches Brandon right in the gut!

MARTY

I'm not going anywhere, so you might as well come out of there, Mason!

MASON

Marty? Is that you? Hey. You visiting Fox, too?

MARTY

OUT OF THE BLOODY POOL NOW!

INT. FOX'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Fox is on his cellphone.

FOX

(laughs)

You should have seen it! He fell right in, trying to run from her! It was great!

HARPER (V.O.)

(on phone; laughs)

Marty isn't that terrifying, is she?

SCENE INTERCUTS BETWEEN FOX AND HARPER, AT WORK

FOX

She's like a She-Hulk.

HARPER

Well, clearly you don't want to make her angry.

FOX

You wouldn't like it when she's angry.

HARPER
Is Mason okay?

FOX
He'll be fine. Brandon, however, is taking that jab to the gut really hard.

Brandon is still on the ground, reeling from Marty's hit, as she pulls her brother out of the pool.

HARPER
Did he puke?

FOX
No. But if he did I would have never let him forget it.

HARPER
Boys. I don't understand how you torture each other...

A beat.

FOX
I promised myself I wouldn't call you. Made it less than half a day.

HARPER
...I set a date, Fox. The 8th. Next month.

FOX
Why?

HARPER
Because you asked me to make a choice.

FOX
You sure it had nothing to do with Essie and Cassidy calling you out on your bullshit?

HARPER
I don't even want to know how you know that.

FOX
Because then that would mean you'd have to stop taking me for an idiot.

HARPER

I don't--

FOX

Yes, you do. Just like you don't think I know you setting a date isn't really about you setting boundaries between us, but more about you really wanting me to disregard them.

She opens her mouth to respond, but Fox has already hung up, getting the last word.

Marty hails both her brother and Brandon into the house by their ears!

MARTY

Alright! Who's bloody idea was this?! To put him on a plane, by himself, and bring him to your wasteland of slags and drugs?!

FOX

I hope you're talking about the Commonwealth of Virginia and not my house. Because this is a pretty bad-ass house, Marty.

MARTY

I want answers!

MASON

I'm a grown man, Marty! No one coerced me into anything!

FOX

This family reunion is really sweet and all, but I got to go.

MARTY

You will not fucking move.

The harshness in her voice and icy glare in his direction sends chills through his body.

FOX

I might have just sharted.

MARTY

Oh, I'll make you do more than shite your shorts, Fox.

FOX

I trust that you will, and could,
but I really need to go break up an
engagement.

MASON

(girlish excitement)
Really?

FOX

I kind of think I have to.

BRANDON

Oh, my God! I didn't know you were
all in love and shit! I just
thought you were trying to get in
her panties!

MARTY

What the hell are you twats going
on about?

MASON

Harper.

MARTY

(sweet; sincere)
Oh, I adore her! How is she? I
never get a chance to ring her up.

FOX

She's good, and will be much better
when I ruin her lazy attempt at a
emotionally crippling marriage.

MARTY

You have my permission to leave
unharmd.

FOX

Thank you.

Mason grabs Fox's arm--

MASON

(whispers)
Dear God, call Drew.

FOX

Got it.

Fox EXITS.

INT. UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF VETERAN AFFAIRS - GRAYSON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Grayson paces the floor of his office in a huff on his cellphone.

GRAYSON

(on phone)

I don't fucking care, Jeff...! No! Absolutely not...! Because I got every single veterans group in this country ready to beat the shit out of everyone in this goddamn building...! FUCK YOU, JEFF...!

Grayson takes a deep, calming breath. In...and out...

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

(on phone)

Jeff. Jeff. Jeff. Listen to me. Listen to me, and listen closely: I will murder your entire family. I will creep through your window in the middle of the night and slit your throat, your slutty, buck-toothed wife's throat, and those two horrible, bratty kids you think are yours; I will slip rat poison in their chocolate milk. Then I will walk my merry, murderous ass to 3347 Rabbit Road, knock on the door and shoot your coke-addicted, stripper mistress right through her tit implants. I will do it, Jeff. I will. I will destroy everyone you hold dear with a murderous rampage, and I will get away with it, scot-free. Do you know why? Because I'm not a soldier. I am not Army Special Forces. I am a machine. I am a weapon. That's what the United States military teaches you to be. It's what it trains you to be. So don't you dare make the mistake of thinking a big desk and cushy office chair has made me a different man to deal with than the one that lost half his face during his third tour. The scars on my face are simply proof that I. Am. Death. Do you understand what I'm saying...?

Whoa. Scary.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)
 (upbeat; on phone)
 Great! That's all that I ask. I'm
 so glad we see eye-to-eye.

He hangs up.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)
 (under his breath)
 Piece of shit.

Grayson tosses his cellphone atop his desk that's covered in files, folders, loose papers, etc. But beneath all that, we can make out his desk placard: **Sgt. Grayson Patrick Bell, SF Under Secretary for Benefits.**

Just then a middle-aged woman in a frumpy, maroon-colored dress and ugly, beige shoes ENTERS-- his personal secretary, PEARL, 55.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)
 Good news! Congressman Jeff Dunning
 is going to bring the veterans'
 appropriations bill to the floor on
 Monday.

PEARL
 (dry)
 Glory. Top floor wants to see you.

GRAYSON
 (scared)
 Tell her I'm dead.

PEARL
 I'm sure she'll take care of that
 for you.

Pearl EXITS.

EXT. VAUGHN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Harper's fiance, VAUGHN DUMAS, 35, climbs out of his car and approaches his house.

He stops, noticing Fox sitting on his porch.

VAUGHN
 Lt. Cooper?

FOX
 This is a really nice house. I like
 it. Lots of windows, and a wrap
 around porch;
 (MORE)

FOX (CONT'D)

reminds me of the house I grew up in. I didn't exactly live on a tree-lined street though, but it's nice. Perfect for kids.

VAUGHN

Thank you. Is everything alright, lieutenant? Do you need to talk about something? We can go inside if you like--?

FOX

Oh, man... I really wish you weren't nice. Why can't you be a dick? It'd be so much easier if you were a dick.

VAUGHN

I'm afraid I don't understand.

Fox stands. He approaches Vaughn.

FOX

You're a real nice guy, and I wish I could let you keep Harper, but I can't.

Vaughn chuckles wryly.

VAUGHN

Excuse me?

FOX

I'm going to take Harper from you. And I'm suggesting you bow out now, before it gets really ugly.

Vaughn realizes Fox is serious.

VAUGHN

...And this isn't ugly? You coming to my house and making pronouncements about stealing my fiancée from me?

FOX

I thought I'd be fair and put us on equal ground.

VAUGHN

We're not on equal ground. I'm ahead of you. I'm engaged to her. We're getting married--

FOX

Yeah, and she finally set a date and everything. That means very little. She set that date because of me. I asked her to make a choice.

VAUGHN

And she chose me.

FOX

The wrong choice. Out of obligation.

VAUGHN

That's what this is about? That's all this is. You told her to choose and now you're upset with her decision. You're pissed I won.

FOX

You're not a winner if she had to choose in the first place. I shouldn't have even been an option. The woman you want to spend the rest of your life with shouldn't have even allowed that to happen.

VAUGHN

I think you should go, Lt. Cooper.

FOX

I think you're a smart man. I think you've been listening to the whispers behind your back at the hospital for a long time now but just chose not to believe them.

VAUGHN

I asked you to leave.

FOX

I didn't want to do it this way.

VAUGHN

But you did. Leave. Now.

Fox turns to EXIT--

FOX

Actually, I'm ahead of you. I kissed her two days ago. And it wasn't the first time. See? Ugly.

Fox EXITS, climbing into his car.

Vaughn watches him peel out, down the street.

INT. UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF VETERAN AFFAIRS - VA
SECRETARY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Grayson sits alone in the office across a large mahogany desk against a expansive window on the top floor. The desk placard reads: **CAPT. ILENE COOKE Secretary of Veteran Affairs.**

A beat.

The door opens and a confident, middle-aged black woman-- ILENE COOKE, 60-- in a red pantsuit ENTERS with TWO YOUNG STAFFERS.

Immediately, Grayson stands.

ILENE

Let's make this quick, Bell.

She takes a seat behind her desk.

ILENE (CONT'D)

I need to be on the last train to make sure my granddaughter does her math homework.

GRAYSON

How is April?

ILENE

I said quick, Sergeant.

GRAYSON

I apologize, Captain Cooke for my shortcomings the other evening on The Rachel Maddow Show. I failed to convey the message of the VA, it's mission and the progress it has achieved thus far. It was my first time on television explaining a complex issue I care about personally and professionally with the deepest sense of passion, but did not do that as I should have.

ILENE

And?

GRAYSON

"And," captain?

ILENE
Sit, sergeant.

Grayson takes a seat. She motions for her staffers to leave the room. They go, closing the door.

ILENE (CONT'D)
You failed to express outrage, Sgt. Bell.

GRAYSON
Excuse me, captain?

ILENE
Are you not angry? Are you not pissed off at the level of fuckery that has plagued this particular office since the Vietnam War? Are you not enraged at the level of disrespect shown to you and your fellow soldiers through congressional backchannels and bureaucratic mismanagement and the complete lack of skill and care of medial professionals at VA hospitals around this nation we have defended?

GRAYSON
(serious)
I am volcanic, ma'am.

ILENE
Good. So am I. I'm even more pissed that we're being blamed for over 50 years of bullshit. Us. We, that wear the uniform. We, that are here, trying, because those that don't wear the uniform have royally fucked us.

GRAYSON
Much agreed, ma'am.

A wryly smirk grows on his mouth.

ILENE
What?

GRAYSON
A friend told me say the very things you're saying now.

ILENE
Then why didn't you say so on that
news program?

He hesitates.

ILENE (CONT'D)
Answer freely, sergeant.

GRAYSON
...I've never been on TV before.

A beat.

Ilene burst out into a fit of laughter!

GRAYSON (CONT'D)
(like a child)
It's not funny!

ILENE
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I
apologize, sergeant.

She calms down.

ILENE (CONT'D)
Sgt. Bell, why didn't you make
anyone aware of you being camera-
shy before agreeing to appear on
television?

GRAYSON
I didn't know that I was until it
happened! I'm Army Special Forces.
I've done three tours in Iraq. I
thought I could handle some woman
asking me a bunch of questions on
TV.

ILENE
I would never be so flippant as to
ever compare the media to fighting
in a war. But it's up there.

She breaks from her desk and grabs her briefcase and purse.

ILENE (CONT'D)
We will get you some media training
before you appear on the Sunday
talk shows next week.

GRAYSON

Oh, please, dear God, don't make me.

ILENE

You will be fine. Now, walk me to the elevators so I can force you to watch a video of April's cheerleading competition.

GRAYSON

Is that my punishment?

ILENE

They're getting better.

Grayson scoffs.

ILENE (CONT'D)

I'd like to see you do it.

GRAYSON

Pfft! I'd make such a boss cheerleader.

They EXIT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. FOX'S HOUSE - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

Fox's car pulls up to the house in just enough time to witness Marty guiding Mason out of the house, carrying his suitcase.

Fox jumps out of the car and runs over.

FRONT PORCH

FOX
Marty, wait!

MARTY
How'd it go with Harper? Please tell her I said 'hello' and I'm sorry I missed her.

FOX
I didn't go to Harper's. I went to Vaughn's.

MASON
Oh, shit. Really?

FOX
Yeah.

MASON
Harper is going to skin you.

FOX
At first. I can handle it.

MARTY
We're sure you can, but we have to go--

Just then Grayson's car pulls up and out climbs: Grayson, Liam, and Drew.

DREW
Where are you two going?

Marty nearly collapses at Drew's presence.

They approach.

DREW (CONT'D)
Hey, girl. How are you?

Drew hugs Marty and pecks her cheek. She's beet-red, like a schoolgirl with the biggest crush.

DREW (CONT'D)
Fox told me you were here. You sneaking off without saying 'Hi' and 'Goodbye'?

Mason grabs Fox's arm.

MASON
(whispers)
Thank you.

MARTY
Oh, um, I-I-I wasn't sneaking off. I was, uh... No. No. I'm not sneaking off. In fact, I'm staying for a few days. We're staying for a few days. Me and Mason.

DREW
(sincere)
Good. I love when you're here.

Marty laughs nervously with an embarrassing snort.

MASON
(whispers)
Good Christ save her.

FOX
Well, I've had a trying day no doubt. Anyone else?

All hands raised.

FOX (CONT'D)
Fucking fantastic. So, let's all go inside, order some pizzas and get really high.

GRAYSON
I advocate for getting high first.

MASON
Should you be smoking pot?

GRAYSON
It's not like I work at DoD. Hey, Mason hang on.

Grayson and Mason hang back while everyone else goes inside.

MASON
What is it?

GRAYSON
I, uh... I saw Nia. At 30 Rock,
when I was there.

Mason is stunted a moment...

GRAYSON (CONT'D)
Mason, you--

MASON
I don't care.

GRAYSON
I just--

MASON
I. Don't. Fucking. Care.

GRAYSON
...Okay.

They EXIT into the house.

INT. FOX'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

STAIRS

We FOLLOW Fox as he makes his way upstairs...

He pauses on the steps, noticing the framed pictures on the walls. Some are newspaper articles with his picture. In them he's wearing Olympic medals around his neck, or competitively swimming. Others are magazine covers (TIME, GQ, People, Newsweek, Sports Illustrated, etc.).

He comes further up the stairs into the HALLWAY. More framed newspaper articles and magazine articles, along with pictures of him with late night TALK SHOW HOSTS, CELEBRITIES, and POLITICAL FIGURES, including the PRESIDENT. Included among them are photos of him with fellow SERVICEMEN, disabled and able. There's even a framed Wheaties box with him on the front.

At the far end of the hallway, against the wall is a DISPLAY CASE. Fox approaches the display case. It's filled with awards: high school athletic/academic TROPHIES, CERTIFICATES and MEDALS, both for military service and paralympic sportsmanship. There's **15 gold medals, 4 silver, and 3 bronze** from over the last 8 years, in addition, to a **purple heart, bronze star, and Medal of Honor.**

BRANDON (O.S.)

Yo!

Fox turns to see Brandon standing on the steps.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

You like that Hawaiian pizza shit,
right? With the fucking pineapples?

FOX

Did you take all this shit out of
the attic?

BRANDON

Yeah.

FOX

Can you put it back please?

BRANDON

Why'd you have it up there in the
first place?

FOX

Bran, just fucking put it back,
alright? And don't go through my
shit.

INT. FOX'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Fox ENTERS. He closes the door.

He takes a seat on the bed.

Head in his hands, he takes a couple moments...

(3 beats)

He reaches under the bed and pulls out a shoe box. He opens
the box and takes out a mason jar with an 1/8 of weed, a
lighter and empty blunts.

He kicks the box back under the bed.

INT. FOX'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

STAIRS

Fox comes downstairs with the mason jar.

As he EXITS the frame, we NARROW in on a PICTURE along the
staircase wall.

It's of Fox, Grayson, Brandon, Drew, and the man from the bridge; all in combat gear, brandishing their service rifles in the desert terrain of Iraq.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW

