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EXT. MEDICAL TENT - DAY

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Duke is almost done changing the bandage on the arm of Pablo, an eight-year-old Honduran boy, while his mother, PINA, watches.

DUKE

Nothin' to be scared of, champ.
This won't hurt a bit --

He smiles at the boy, who stares at him a beat, then smiles back. Duke finishes his task, then pats the kid on the keister, "There y'go!" and the boy trots back to his mother, clutches her hand. They start away, then the mother stops and looks back to Duke:

PINA

Senor? Muy gracias --
(then, haltingly)
Thank -- you.

DUKE

(embarrassed)
Yeah -- sure --

Mother and son move on away -- Duke looks after them a beat, then turns to his next patient.

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EXT. FIELD CAMP - HONDURAS - DAY

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as Allard drives his jeep up to a tent marked HQS BATTERY. Dismounts and enters the tent and...

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INT. THE TENT

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... finds Grace alone. The tent has some folding chairs and tables. Typewriters, field phones, etc. Grace doing paperwork, as:

- ALLARD

Where's everybody, Pavlik?

GRACE

Chowtime, Top.

ALLARD

(glances at watch)
So it is. And you're covering the phones?

(CONTINUED)

M/W

Start

GRACE

(mock-macho)

It's a dirty job -- but somebody's gotta do it!

He laughs -- as she hands him some messages. He flips through them and:

— ALLARD

None of these look very urgent.
(elaborately
offhand)

By the way. How are you doing on this bright, sunny morning after?

GRACE

'Bout like everybody else, I guess. All shook up -- and pretending not to be.

— ALLARD

(smiles)

Long as you know the difference, you're all right.

(smile fades)

I wish --

He trails off, and then:

GRACE

Y'wish -- what?

— ALLARD

That you weren't here.

GRACE

(beat, then
forced lightness)

Well, First Sergeant, if the foxhole I dug doesn't meet your specifications, I'll try to --

— ALLARD

Grace, you are where Congress doesn't want you to be: in a hostile fire zone. I don't care if we are officially treating this as an isolated skirmish! For once, I agree with Congress -- I wish you were back home!

GRACE

Darning socks and doing the laundry?! I --

— ALLARD

(cuts her off)

Don't start spouting women's rights slogans! I'm not talking about women in general -- just you in specific! I wish you were -- safe.

GRACE

(long beat, then)

Where's -- safe?

(then)

Those women and children out there -- ?

— ALLARD

They live in this country! They've got no choice.

GRACE

Neither do I. This is where they sent me.

— ALLARD

And at 500 yards, through a sniper's scope, you look just like --

GRACE

A soldier! Which is what I am! What you've trained me to be! Are you worrying like this about all the guys who --

— ALLARD

No, I am not! Just about you! And if that comes as a surprise to you -- it's also something of a surprise to me.

He ended much softer than he began. Their eyes meet for a moment, then:

GRACE

Well, when you explain it that way --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GRACE (CONT'D)

(then)

When the mortars started falling last night -- the first thing I worried about -- once I saw I was still alive -- was you...

-- ALLARD

(after a beat)

What're we gonna do about this, Grace?

GRACE

I don't know, Gene. I don't know --

He looks at her for another moment, then:

-- ALLARD

Guess I better get some chow.

(grins)

Intense emotions make me hungry. You might as well know that about me.

GRACE

(smiles)

How 'bout bringing me back a sandwich?

-- ALLARD

Double-decker!

And he goes. She smiles after him.

EXT. DESERTED DIRT ROAD - DAY

The dented, paint-flecking van is parked on the shoulder of the road. Maria, dressed very fetchingly now, is examining the motor. Red hazard lights flashing. Now Maria glances off, up the road -- at the SOUND of an approaching VEHICLE...

... and here comes a black limousine stretch-out, flying American flags on the front fenders. And...

... Maria bounces out into the road, waving frantically but charmingly. Obviously a damsel in distress. The limo BRAKES to a stop. The DRIVER leans out:

(CONTINUED)

end