

PURPLE HEART

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FADE IN:

EXT. ROSIE'S HOUSE - DAY

A small, well-kept house nestled in a clustered suburban neighborhood. Balloons are tied around the mailbox, and cars line the street. Noise from the party inside drifts onto the street, and shouts from kids can be heard from the backyard.

RYAN (25) sits in his car. He looks fondly at a PICTURE attached to the car visor of him and a small girl feeding ducks together.

He gets out and slams the door of his truck. He carries and takes out a medium-sized, neatly wrapped BOX. He's tall, muscular and has a buzz cut. His expression is consistently stern.

An elaborate bouquet of FLOWERS and a case of BEER lies in the backseat of the car. Ryan looks at these things sadly. He marches towards the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ryan opens the door to the house quietly. A large banner that reads "HAPPY BIRTHDAY ROSIE AND RYAN" hangs off the far wall. Ryan sees it and SIGHS.

This party is evidently meant for princesses: a table nearby holds party favors like tiaras, tutus and wands. Pink balloons and other frilly, feminine decor litter the living room.

A dozen or so KIDS sit in the living room, watching one of the parents make BALLOON ANIMALS. More PARENTS stand in a nearby corner, chatting idly and watching over their kids.

The girl from the picture, ROSIE (turning 7) appears from a nearby doorway. She dodges through a hoard of children towards Ryan. She wears a bright pink dress with a sparkling, pink tiara. She also has pink ribbons in her hair. She leaps into Ryan's arms.

ROSIE  
Uncle Ryan!

Ryan spins Rosie around as she squeals with joy.

RYAN  
There's the birthday princess!  
Happy birthday, Rosie.

ROSIE  
Welcome home! And happy birthday to  
you, too, Uncle Ryan!

Rosie holds him close-- this is the first time she's seen him

in a very long time.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

Now that you're back can we go to the duck pond again? Pleeease?

RYAN

Whenever you want, Rosie.

ROSIE

Tomorrow! Tomorrow!

Ryan laughs and hands over her gift. She smiles up at him enthusiastically and straightens herself matter-of-factly. Her speech is obviously rehearsed.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

Refreshments and snacks are in the kitchen. Cake will be served at two-thirty and presents will be opened at four. Please help yourself.

RYAN

Wow, look at you, acting like a grown-up.

ROSIE

Mommy is teaching me to be a good hostess for all my friends. She says it's an 'adult responsibility.' I told her to let you invite your friends, too, but she said that you don't have any.

Ryan laughs awkwardly at her innocent and unintentional insult. He checks his watch.

RYAN

Well, it's almost time for your cake. You better go get ready.

Rosie gasps dramatically and runs towards the kitchen with endearing urgency. She then turns around suddenly and looks back at Ryan.

ROSIE

How cool is it that we share a birthday, Uncle Ryan?

RYAN

Very cool.

Rosie runs up to him again and gives him another hug.

ROSIE

I'm glad you got home safe. Cousin Timmy told me you could be blown in half 'cus that's how it happens in the movies, but I'm glad you didn't get blown in half, because I would miss you. A lot.

RYAN

I would miss you too, Rosie. Go get ready for your cake.

She whips back around and runs towards the kitchen again. SANDY, Rosie's mother (32) appears around the corner just in time to stop Rosie from running into her. She looks well put-together and gives off a happy housewife vibe.

SANDY

What's the rush, missy?

ROSIE

It's almost time for the cake, mom! Hurry!

Ryan's smile fades just as Rosie disappears around the corner. Sandy stares at Ryan. Both look worn out.

Sandy approaches Ryan cautiously and the two hug. Sandy tries to hold him close for longer than Ryan prefers.

SANDY

Welcome home.

RYAN

Thanks.

Both look around apprehensively. Their reunion is an awkward one.

SANDY

I'm really sorry about the princess theme. She begged me to do it.

RYAN

Whatever makes her happy. You shouldn't have even put my name on the banner. This is her day.

SANDY

It's your day too, you know. I know you said you didn't want to celebrate, but...

She picks up a small CARD from a nearby table and hands it to him.

SANDY (CONT'D)  
 Happy birthday, little brother.  
 We've missed you. We didn't get you  
 a gift, like you made us promise,  
 don't worry... It's just a card.

Ryan takes the card and feels the envelope- it's thicker than a normal envelope and he shakes it gently.

RYAN  
 No, there's something in here.

SANDY  
 Oh, that's not a gift. It's  
 something dad left in his will.

Ryan stares at Sandy blankly and in confusion.

RYAN  
 I'm sorry I wasn't here.

SANDY  
 It's obviously not your fault,  
 Ryan. Open it later if it bothers  
 you.

Ryan puts the card in his coat pocket. From the living room, a balloon POPS loudly. Sandy flinches; several kids SCREAM from the shock of the noise.

Ryan starts to duck for cover but stops himself mid-action, eyes wide, catching his breath with a pained expression.

He puts his hands in his pockets as though HOLDING SOMETHING small that we can't see quite yet. He breathes in a sigh of relief.

Sandy reaches to comfort him but he steps away from her.

SANDY (CONT'D)  
 Ryan, are you-

RYAN  
 I'm fine, Sandy.

SANDY  
 Alright, alright. Just try and have  
 a good time, okay? Give yourself a  
 break.

CHARLIE (35), Sandy's husband, approaches the pair. He's dressed very casually in a chef's apron like he's been grilling. He spreads his arms wide to give Ryan a hug. The two embrace and Charlie pats him firmly on the back.

CHARLIE

Hey, buddy! Good to see you home.

Ryan nods.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

We got you some beer, in the fridge, if you want it. Bet you missed those, huh?

RYAN

Sure, Charlie. Thanks.

CHARLIE

Kitchen's this way! Hope you didn't forget while you were gone!

He laughs at his own joke. Sandy follows the two as they head to the kitchen, Ryan's hands still in his pockets.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

The kitchen looks much like the living room does, with pink balloons tied to chairs and in bunches around the room. Juice boxes and other party snacks spread out over the counters.

Rosie takes her place at the head of the table. In front of her sits an elaborate CAKE, designed like a princess's castle, with seven CANDLES at the top of it. Sandy lights the candles and Rosie CLAPS excitedly.

Ryan heads towards the fridge to get a beer when suddenly--

He feels a few rapid thumps on his back and hears a soft MECHANICAL CLICKING noise.

KID (O.S.)

(imitating gun noises)

Pew! Pew! Pew! I got you good!

Ryan whips around to see a KID (8) with a triumphant look on his face. With automatic reflexes and a sense of contained panic, Ryan lunges forward, ready to retaliate towards his enemy, the now wide-eyed and terrified Kid, before--

He looks down and realizes it's just a NERF GUN that spews soft, felt DARTS like the ones that hit his back. He breathes in a HEAVY SIGH. His fist tightens in his pocket, trying to bring himself back down to reality.

The party guests, who have all gathered in the kitchen to sing happy birthday, stare at Ryan. He shifts awkwardly. Charlie ushers the kid away from the scene.

CHARLIE

Alright, kid, yeah, you got him.  
Put that thing in the backyard

(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
 where you found it, okay? It's time  
 for cake.

Rosie looks half-confused and half ready to burst into tears. Sandy, positioned near the cake, CLAPS LOUDLY to divert everyone's attention.

SANDY  
 Right! The candles are lit and I  
 don't know about all of you, but I  
 am definitely ready to eat this  
 cake. Shall we sing Happy Birthday?

Rosie's smile returns. She wiggles in her seat in excitement. All the party guests have gathered closer to the table, ready to sing.

Rosie looks over at Ryan as he takes out a BEER from the fridge. He cracks it open-- apparently it's something she dislikes, because--

ROSIE  
 NO!

Ryan stops and everyone looks at her curiously. She speaks with an authoritative air.

ROSIE (CONT'D)  
 As princess of this party I say  
 there are no grown-up drinks.'Cus  
 every Thanksgiving, Uncle Billy  
 drinks too many beers, and then he  
 starts throwing things at the TV,  
 and--

At the corner of the room, UNCLE BILLY (40), a big and burly man with a potbelly, frowns awkwardly. Everyone looks at him now. Sandy cuts Rosie off, embarrassed.

SANDY  
 Alright! That's enough talking for  
 now! How about we start the song...  
 (singing)  
 Happy birthday to you...

The rest of the group joins in. Ryan mumbles along to amuse Rosie.

EVERYONE  
 (singing)  
 Happy birthday to you... Happy  
 birthday dear Rosie...

Sandy glances over at Ryan sadly. Rosie looks over at him, too, so he gives her a thumbs-up.

EVERYONE (CONT'D)  
 (Singing)  
 Happy birthday to you!

SANDY  
 Make a wish, Rosie!

Rosie stares at her cake seriously, contemplating what she should wish for. Then she looks over at Ryan.

ROSIE  
 Uncle Ryan! Come blow out the  
 candles with me! It's your cake,  
 too!

Sandy gives Ryan a serious, "you promised to play nice" look. He walks over to the table and crouches behind Rosie. She pulls at his arm urgently.

ROSIE (CONT'D)  
 Make a wish!

Ryan stares into the flames of the candles. He nods at Rosie, ready to make his wish.

ROSIE (CONT'D)  
 Happy birthday, Uncle Ryan.

RYAN  
 Happy birthday, Rosie.

Rosie HUFFS in a huge breath before EXHALING and blowing out the candles.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Ryan sits at a table in the backyard, filled with other partyguests who mingle and LAUGH together. Nearby, two kids-- the kid from before and COUSIN TIMMY (6)-- chase each other around the yard, shooting Nerf guns and SHOUTING BATTLE CRIES. Ryan watches them with vague disinterest, his hand in his pocket again.

An ELDERLY WOMAN (70) approaches the table. She's a withered woman who looks barely capable of walking. She clutches a CANE and leans on it shakily. She's smiling at him in admiration. Ryan stands immediately to give her his seat at the table with an sense of duty. She sits slowly and takes his hand, patting it warmly.

ELDERLY WOMAN  
 Thank you, dear boy. Thank you very  
 much.

Ryan nods, knowing that she's not just talking about giving up his seat. He gently pulls his hand away to leave. But she isn't done talking quite yet.

ELDERLY WOMAN (CONT'D)  
When did you get back?

RYAN  
Last week, ma'am.

ELDERLY WOMAN  
Such a brave boy. Such a brave  
boy... Thank you. Where were you  
deployed?

RYAN  
Iraq.

ELDERLY WOMAN  
Oh my. How was it?

RYAN  
It was fine.

ELDERLY WOMAN  
Good, good. Glad you came back  
uninjured. My Earl went away, too,  
but...

Ryan shifts uncomfortably. She nods absentmindedly, lost in  
thought. She waves her hand for him to leave.

Ryan moves deeper into the backyard, hands in his pockets. He  
sits on a nearby step and pulls out the card.

He opens it and a PURPLE HEART MEDAL falls out onto his lap  
in pristine condition.

CHARLIE (O.S.)  
It was your dad's. He left it in  
his-

Ryan turns around to face Charlie.

RYAN  
In his will. I know. Sandy told me.

CHARLIE  
He was a great guy.

An uncomfortable beat. Ryan nods in agreement.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Listen, if you ever need to talk  
about your time overseas-

RYAN  
I don't.

Ryan thrusts the Purple Heart towards Charlie, who handles it  
delicately.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I don't want this. Tell Sandy she can have it.

CHARLIE

Ryan...

Sandy approaches and picks up on the uncomfortable silence. She looks at the Purple Heart medal in Charlie's hand.

SANDY

We thought you would want it. So did Dad.

RYAN

You were both wrong.

SANDY

Ryan, what happened-

Her words cut off when she sees Ryan's disgruntled look.

RYAN

It's none of your business. Don't bring it up ever again. (Beat)  
Maybe I should go.

CHARLIE

You can't stay for another half an hour? Come on, Rosie wants you to open the present she got you.

Ryan fixes his coat, ready to leave.

RYAN

I told you not to get me anything. I don't want anything.

SANDY

We couldn't convince her not to. Ryan, come on. Let me help you. Or at least go talk to someone. Something obviously-

RYAN

I don't need a damn shrink, Sandy.

CHARLIE

Easy there, buddy.

Sandy is about to cry. Ryan's grasping the small object in his pocket, tighter than he was before. It might even break if it's fragile. Charlie looks at the Purple Heart in his hand, unsure of what to do.

SANDY

What if Rosie starts asking why  
you're suddenly-

RYAN

She won't ask any questions if you  
keep your mouth shut.

CHARLIE

Hey, you can't talk to my wife like  
that-

SANDY

Charlie, it's okay.

CHARLIE

No, honey, it's not okay. You knew  
what you signed up for, just 'cus  
you got rough housed overseas  
doesn't mean you can be an asshole-

RYAN

(a suppressed "fuck you")  
You don't know what you're talking  
about.

Sandy starts crying. Charlie looks half scared. Ryan repeats  
Charlie's words in disbelief.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Rough housed. Okay. I'm going to go  
now.

SANDY

Listen, both of you, it's Rosie's  
birthday- hell, it's YOUR birthday,  
too- can't we just-

RYAN

I don't care if it's my birthday. I  
really don't- listen, I ate the  
damn cake, I left her a gift, and  
that's all. I'm praying for the day  
she's old enough to understand that  
I don't give a shit about-

ROSIE (O.S.)

You don't care about my birthday?

Ryan turns to see Rosie, clutching a big BIRTHDAY CARD and a  
small, wrapped BOX. Ryan immediately feels guilty when he  
sees "HAPPY BIRTHDAY UNCLE RYAN" outlined on the card in  
glitter, the obvious fruit of an affectionate labor.

SANDY

Rosie, honey, he wasn't talking  
about you-

Rosie starts crying and drops the card in the dirt. Still clutching the box, she turns quickly and runs off towards the house.

CHARLIE  
Nicely done.

Charlie walks after Rosie, slowly making his way through the chaos of the party.

SANDY  
Maybe you SHOULD go.

Sandy leaves, following Charlie into the house to find Rosie.

Ryan crouches down and picks up Rosie's card. He opens it. Colorful doodles are scribbled inside, along with a note written in girly child's handwriting:

"Even though Mom said you don't like your birthday and that I shouldn't bug you I hope you have a good day! Thank you for coming to my party! I love you!"

Ryan closes the card. He heads towards the front of the house to leave, his head hung low, before--

Cousin Timmy runs up to Ryan, yielding his NERF GUN. Ryan stiffens. Timmy points his gun as though he's about to shoot.

RYAN  
Put that down. Now.

COUSIN TIMMY  
Sir, yes sir!

He gives Ryan an enthusiastic salute and puts the gun on the ground.

COUSIN TIMMY (CONT'D)  
We're gonna do a water balloon fight later. Since you're a soldier and stuff, could you join my team so we win?

RYAN  
I won't be here.

TIMMY  
Sucks. Okay. Did you get to ride in the army tanks when you were away? Like, REAL army tanks?

Ryan nods. He tries to leave again but Timmy steps in front of him.

COUSIN TIMMY  
Did you get shot at?

Ryan nods yet again, more visibly frustrated.

COUSIN TIMMY (CONT'D)  
Did you kill a lot of bad guys?

Ryan hesitates this time, shifting his hand in his pocket like he's tightening his grip.

COUSIN TIMMY (CONT'D)  
Did you!?

RYAN  
Yes.

COUSIN TIMMY  
Cool!

Ryan finally leaves. He picks up the Nerf gun and starts walking towards the house.

COUSIN TIMMY (CONT'D)  
Hey! That's-

Ryan whips around gives Timmy a deathly glare. Timmy nervously motions to zip his lips shut and runs back to his friend. Ryan hurries to leave.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Ryan gets in his car. He places the card on the passenger seat and REVVS the engine.

Sandy rushes out the front door, motioning for him to stop. Ryan cuts the engine and rolls down the window as she runs up to the car.

SANDY  
Have you seen Rosie?

RYAN  
No.

SANDY  
Shit.

She pounds her fist on the hood of Ryan's car, tears in her eyes.

SANDY (CONT'D)  
We can't find her. I think- Oh  
God...

Charlie bursts out of the front door. Sandy looks at him hopefully, but he shakes his head. He approaches the car.

CHARLIE

She's gone.

SANDY

Oh God. Oh my-

RYAN

Calm down. Are you sure she's gone?  
Is there anywhere in the house that  
she could hide?

CHARLIE

No, definitely not. Nobody's seen  
her and she wasn't in her room,  
and...

Party guests start flooding out of the front door and the gate to the backyard, looking concerned. Sandy starts to cry and Charlie holds her.

RYAN

Call the police. I'll drive around  
the neighborhood. She couldn't have  
gone very far.

CHARLIE

I'll come with you.

RYAN

No, stay here incase she comes back  
and just call the police. Is there  
anywhere she goes when she--

Ryan cuts off in revelation. He looks up at the photo of him and Rosie feeding ducks.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I think I know where she might've  
gone. I'll call you if I find her.

Ryan REVVS the engine again and peels out of the driveway quickly.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Ryan drives along the side of a suburban park. At the edge of the park near the street is a pond, where a group of ducks quack noisily and fly about. People row boats at the center of the pond and other FAMILIES occupy the space nearby.

Ryan speeds up when he sees a spot of pink- Rosie- bouncing along the side of the lake, almost concealed by nearby shrubbery. He reaches the spot then slows down when he pulls up next to Rosie.

Her body shakes from her noisy SOBS and she's BREATHING HEAVILY. Her pink dress is filthy. She still holds her

present for Ryan.

RYAN

Rosie, slow down. Let me drive you home.

Rosie faces the car but she continues to walk along. Her head's held high- just like a stubborn princess- as she marches on.

ROSIE

Go away.

RYAN

Rosie, please let me explain.

ROSIE

You don't have to. I heard what you said.

A car behind Ryan HONKS for him to keep moving. He ignores it and keeps driving slowly.

RYAN

You misunderstood. Can you please get in the car?

ROSIE

No! I don't care.

RYAN

At least let me take you home. Your parents are worried about you. Don't be mad and run away from them. They didn't do anything. It was my fault.

Rosie contemplates this. She stops walking and Ryan puts the car in park. The car behind HONKS again. Someone yells PROFANITIES out their window.

ROSIE

Why don't you like your birthday?

Ryan SIGHS.

RYAN

Come on. Get in the car.

ROSIE

No.

RYAN

Rosie. Get in the car.

ROSIE

No!

RYAN

Rosie, I meant that I didn't care about MY birthday. Not that I don't care about YOUR birthday.

ROSIE

It's the same day!

A MAN behind them gets out of his car. He approaches Ryan and Rosie.

MAN

Hey, you harassing this little girl?

RYAN

She's my niece. She ran away from home.

The Man looks at Rosie.

MAN

Do you know this guy? Where are your parents?

Rosie looks at Ryan with narrowed eyes, as if she's about to say no just to spite him. Ryan gives her a stern look.

ROSIE

(reluctantly)  
Yeah. He's my uncle. Uncle Ryan.

The man looks back and forth between the two with concern. He shrugs.

MAN

Just get this piece of shit truck off the road, alright, pal? You're holding up traffic.

The Man leaves and gets back in his car. Ryan pulls off further to the side and Rosie approaches him.

RYAN

Rosie, if you get in the car I'll explain why I don't like my birthday. I want to show you something.

She peers over the car window and sees that Ryan has the card she made him. She also sees the flowers and beer in the backseat; she glares at Ryan skeptically.

ROSIE  
Are those flowers for me?

RYAN  
Sure, Rosie. They're an apology for being mean... Now will you get in the car?

ROSIE  
I thought I said no grown-up drinks.

RYAN  
I'm sorry. I'll get rid of it.

ROSIE  
Beer is bad for you and I told you before you're not allowed to drink it today, 'cus Cousin Billy drinks it, and then he starts yelling at the TV like 'who were you throwing that pass to, the ground-'

RYAN  
Okay, Rosie, I won't drink it. I promise. PLEASE get in the car.

Rosie hesitates. Thinks about it. Then gives in.

ROSIE  
Fine.

She hops in the car, putting her present for him gently in her lap. The two drive off.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DUSK

Ryan and Rosie pull up to the iron gates of a cemetery. Aside from the flower arrangements that decorate the dozens of graves, it's barren. The cemetery looks spooky even in broad daylight.

Rosie jumps out of the car, box in hand, and takes the bouquet of flowers-- now hers-- out of the backseat. They're too big for her to carry and she fumbles with them. Ryan gestures that he'll carry them for her. She refuses his help.

ROSIE  
What are we doing here?

RYAN  
Just follow me, I want to show you something.

ROSIE  
I don't like this. It's scary.

RYAN

We'll leave soon- before it's dark,  
I promise. Come on, and stay close.

Ryan gestures for her to follow him. He sticks out his hand for her to hold but she refuses it and holds onto his present and the flowers.

Ryan leads her through the graveyard; Rosie stays close to Ryan but doesn't look at him, still being a stubborn little princess.

They arrive at a grave towards the center. Weeds grow around it and it's the only grave in sight without flowers. The grave reads: "JAMES BRIGHTON; CPL; US ARMY; FEB 13 1987 - APR 9 2009; PURPLE HEART; OPERATION IRAQI FREEDOM."

Rosie looks at the grave.

ROSIE

April 9th...

RYAN

Yes, he died today. Our birthday.

A lonely beat.

RYAN (CONT'D)

He was my best friend in the army,  
when I went away. He died our first  
year there.

Rosie sits down in front of the grave, her dress billowing out around her. Ryan joins her.

RYAN (CONT'D)

You're still too young for me to  
fully explain. But you remember  
when I went away a few years ago,  
right?

ROSIE

Yeah. You went to war. That was  
what everyone kept saying; you were  
'at war' or 'overseas.'

RYAN

That's right. Do you get what that  
means?

Rosie shrugged.

RYAN (CONT'D)

When I was at war, I went to fight  
the bad guys. I fought them so you  
guys back here could stay safe.

ROSIE

You were gone for so long, and now you're being weird.

RYAN

I know. I know. The bad guys over there... They took my best friend away from me, on my birthday.

Rosie leans forward and picks at the weeds by the grave. Ryan watches her tentatively.

He pulls out a set of dog tags from his pocket- the item he's been clutching- and hands it to Rosie. She looks at it, confused. The information reads the same as that on the grave.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Those are dog tags. They give them to you when you're in the war. They're for--

He cuts off sadly. Rosie hands him back the dog tags and continues ripping out the weeds to make the grave look nicer.

RYAN (CONT'D)

That's why I don't like to celebrate my birthday. It's not happy for me. It makes me sad to think about my friend. I miss him. I promised I'd visit him every year, on this day, and drink a beer for him-

Rosie looks over at him with a scolding look, so he shuts up.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Not anymore, obviously, because I promised you I wouldn't. But do you understand now?

ROSIE

I guess.

RYAN

You guess?

Rosie hands over the small box-- his present-- before she resumes picking at the weeds.

ROSIE

I don't think he would want you to be sad. If he was your best friend he would want you to be happy.

Ryan slowly opens the small box. Inside it nestled in colorful confetti is a HOMEMADE PINK MEDAL- a replica of the

Purple Heart, but covered in glitter and imperfectly molded out of clay.

The medallion is glued to a pink ribbon like the one in Rosie's hair. The ribbon's long enough to be worn around someone's neck.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

I saw the purple one that mom and dad put in your card. They just told me it was a medal people get for being brave. But I thought it was ugly. So I made you a better one.

Ryan can't help but smile at her childish logic even though he's on the verge of tears.

RYAN

Do you think I could leave it for my friend?

ROSIE

No! It's yours. For being my uncle.

Rosie takes the big bouquet of flowers and unwraps them.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

We can leave my flowers, though.

She stands up and arranges the flowers around the grave, scattering them on the dry grass in a colorful arrangement. Ryan puts the card back in his pocket.

RYAN

Your mom and dad don't know about this. Can it be our little secret?

ROSIE

I can't lie!

RYAN

Okay, well can you at least give me a little bit of time to tell them about it?

ROSIE

I guess so.

Rosie stands proudly in front of the grave and her flower arrangement. Ryan stands and puts a hand on her shoulder.

RYAN

I'm really sorry I ruined our birthday. Did you open the present I got you?

ROSIE

No.

RYAN

Can I drive you home now so we can  
open it together?

Rosie tugs at his hand. She smiles. Ryan takes the pink medal and puts it around his neck. He moves to put the dog tags in his pocket again but decides to wear them, too.

The two walk away from the grave together. Holding hands. A faint smile on Ryan's face.

FADE OUT