



## “Episode One”

Written by

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ESMAIL CORP

ANONYMOUS CONTENT



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INT. FACILITY OFFICE - MORNING

Through a window, blue sky, bright sunshine and a single palm tree.

HEIDI BERGMAN -- 30s, bright and professional -- rises from her desk and greets WALTER CRUZ -- late-20s, sturdy but a bit shy -- as he comes in.

HEIDI  
Hi, are you Walter?

WALTER  
Yeah, hi -- Heidi?

The office is bland with a few scattered attempts at personality: a puzzle toy, a framed fingerpainting, a large built-in aquarium.

HEIDI  
Yep, come in. Lemme just...

Heidi fiddles with a digital audio recorder on her desk.

HEIDI (cont'd)  
Is it okay if I record this? For my reference?

WALTER  
Sure.

HEIDI  
(Of recorder)  
I just got this, it's a little bit... bewildering.

Walter glances around the room.

WALTER  
That's nice. The aquarium.

HEIDI  
That? Yeah.

WALTER  
You like fish?

HEIDI  
No, it was here. It's built into the wall, apparently.

She squints down at the tank.

HEIDI (cont'd)  
 You see that hose, it's pointed  
 right at them? It's bubbling? I  
 can't tell if it's annoying or,  
 like, enjoyable.

WALTER  
 Hmm. I don't know if fish... enjoy  
 things.

HEIDI  
 Huh. Yeah, you're probably right.

They both stare at the aquarium for a moment.

HEIDI (cont'd)  
 (Turning more professional)  
 Okay, why don't we sit down.

They sit.

HEIDI (cont'd)  
 (Speaking directly into  
 recorder)  
 Today is... April 10th, 2017, at  
 9:08 a.m. Speaking with Homecoming  
 client Walter Cruz. This is week  
 one, session one. I'm Heidi  
 Bergman, EID 101078, and we are in  
 my office, at the facility.

INT. DINER - AFTERNOON

A sleepy place in an aging town. Scattered families and  
 workers sit in booths and at the counter.

Heidi, four years older and wearing a waitress uniform,  
 walks to a table where a couple is sitting.

HEIDI  
 Hi, what can I get you?

CUSTOMER #1  
 Can I get the caesar salad, but  
 with blue cheese dressing?

HEIDI  
 Uh huh, sure.  
 (To the other)  
 For you?

CUSTOMER #2  
I'll take the patty melt. Does that  
come with fries?

HEIDI  
Yep, fries or salad.

CUSTOMER #2  
No, yeah, fries'll be fine.

HEIDI  
You got it.

She takes their menus and walks toward the kitchen. As she  
turns, her friendly customer-service face flattens into a  
kind of blank sadness.

HEIDI (cont'd)  
(At the kitchen window)  
Order in! Caesar with blue cheese,  
patty melt.

Another waitress, DARA, steps to the window.

DARA  
That guy at the booth asked for his  
check.

HEIDI  
Okay, got it.

DARA  
Oh, also, is there any way you  
could take my shift on Sunday?  
Kevin wants me to go to his church.

HEIDI  
Sunday? Sure, yeah.  
(Walking off)  
You go to church?

DARA  
I do now, apparently.

Heidi goes to another booth where a man in a suit is  
sitting: CARRASCO. He smiles as she approaches.

HEIDI  
How was everything here?

She sets down the check.

CARRASCO  
Wonderful, yeah, thanks.

HEIDI  
(Clearing plates)  
All set with these?

CARRASCO  
Uh huh, all finished.

HEIDI  
Great.

CARRASCO  
Heidi? That's your name?

HEIDI  
Yup, just like the name tag says.

CARRASCO  
You've been working here long?

HEIDI  
Almost four years, I guess. Is that long?

CARRASCO  
And, sorry, you are Heidi *Bergman*, right? That's your last name?

HEIDI  
Uh, yes. Do I--

CARRASCO  
I'm Thomas Carrasco. I'm with the Department of Defense?

HEIDI  
Are you asking me if you're with the Department of Defense?

CARRASCO  
No, I am. And you're Heidi Bergman? You worked at the Homecoming Initiative?

HEIDI  
Well... Yes. Years ago. What's this about?

CARRASCO  
I just have a few questions for you.

HEIDI  
Oh, I don't...

CARRASCO  
How long did you work there, at  
the--

HEIDI  
Wait, can we-- I get a break. Can  
we talk outside?

CARRASCO  
Sure. Right now?

HEIDI  
Yes, fine. Let me just--

CARRASCO  
I'll meet you there? Right outside?

HEIDI  
Yes. I'll be right there.

INT. FACILITY OFFICE - MORNING

HEIDI and WALTER sit across from each other. Heidi  
references a file on her computer.

HEIDI  
Okay. Walter Cruz, twenty-six years  
old, three tours. You got here,  
when? Tuesday?

WALTER  
Yeah, Tuesday.

HEIDI  
Wonderful. Now, there's a sort of  
welcome that I'm supposed to  
read...  
(Picks up a printout)  
I'm gonna warn you, it's very, very  
boring.

WALTER  
Ha, okay.

HEIDI  
(Reading)  
Welcome, Walter Cruz. First, allow  
me to thank you, on behalf of the  
president and a grateful country,  
for your valuable service. We thank  
you for keeping us safe!  
(Off-script a moment)  
It's kind of cheesy, I know.

WALTER

No, it's fine.

HEIDI

Okay, good.

(Back to script)

My name is Heidi Bergman, and I'm your caseworker, which means I'm at your disposal to assist however I can in the re-integration process. Our facility is a safe space for to process your military experience and re-familiarize yourself with civilian life in a monitored environment.

(Off-script)

Which just means getting you situated now that you're back. Career-wise, health-wise -- basically, I work for you.

WALTER

Okay.

HEIDI

The only-- I don't wanna say mandatory, but...

WALTER

Mandatory?

HEIDI

Well, yeah, I guess so. The only mandatory elements are the group lunches in the cafeteria, the job-training workshops, and these meetings with me. Which hopefully won't be too painful!

WALTER

No, that sounds really good. I wanna be in compliance with all this. Or, I mean... I know why I'm here. I'm glad to be here. I've talked to other guys who came home, they got really amped, they dove into everything, and then they... they had some problems. I don't want to end up like them. ...But I'm eager.

HEIDI

Eager for what?

WALTER

Everything, I guess. Or just...  
Just a life, really. A clean,  
normal life. And I don't wanna,  
like, pollute things back here.  
With my stuff, my stress or  
whatever. So I'm glad to be in the  
program, and I'm ready for whatever  
moves the process along.

HEIDI

I hear what you're saying. That's  
exactly what we're gonna do. Okay?

WALTER

Okay, great.

HEIDI

(Returning to the script)  
And you acknowledge that your  
participation in the Homecoming  
Initiative is voluntary and  
uncoerced.

(Waits)

I need you to verbally acknowledge  
that.

WALTER

Oh. Yes. I do.

HEIDI

Okay! That's done.  
(Sets down the script)  
So. Tell me about yourself.

WALTER

Sure, um... Anything specific?

HEIDI

Anything! Anything about you.

WALTER

Right, okay. Lemme think...

Walter ponders while Heidi smiles encouragingly.

HEIDI

How about... When did you decide to  
join the military?

WALTER

Oh man, I was young. Maybe 12, 13?



HEIDI  
Really?

WALTER  
Yeah.

HEIDI  
Did your parents serve?

WALTER  
(Laughs)  
My parents? No.

HEIDI  
Why's that funny?

WALTER  
You'd have to know my mom. She's  
anti-military, anti-government.  
Anti-everything, really.

HEIDI  
So you were rebelling, choosing  
this life?

WALTER  
Maybe, yeah. But I also-- That's  
just how I came out.

HEIDI  
What, rebellious?

WALTER  
No, I mean the opposite. Like,  
believing.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

COLIN BELFAST, an upscale company man, speed-walks through a busy terminal, pulling a roller bag behind him. He swerves around an old lady and dials a new-model cellphone.

INT. FACILITY OFFICE - EVENING - INTERCUT AS NEEDED

Heidi sits at her desk, speaking into the recorder while referring to a notepad.

HEIDI  
...see no obstacles to approving  
Cruz for sub-group placement and  
starting him on--

Her cellphone rings. She glances at the screen and then answers, setting the recorder down on her desk.

HEIDI (cont'd)  
(Into phone)  
Hi, Colin?

COLIN  
Heidi?

His voice is swamped by static and airport chatter.

HEIDI  
Colin? Hello?

COLIN  
Heidi? Your connection is really shoddy. Are you there?

HEIDI  
I'm here. Can you hear me?

COLIN  
Okay, just barely, I've barely got you. Go ahead.

HEIDI  
Go ahead?

COLIN  
Yeah, go ahead with the update.

HEIDI  
Oh, sorry, yes.

Heidi switches the phone to speaker mode and puts it on her desk while she taps on a keyboard.

HEIDI (cont'd)  
We're all set with intake, we've got everyone in their rooms, everyone documented. Eighteen men, three sub-groups.

COLIN  
Okay, great.  
(Distracted)  
Where the hell is...

In the terminal, Colin stops abruptly, the stream of passengers bumping around him.

HEIDI

Colin?

COLIN

Sorry, I'm in transit here -- I'm switching at the airport in Detroit. They did a nice job, actually.

HEIDI

How did the presentation go?

Colin cranes his neck at a departures monitor and then walks briskly in the opposite direction.

COLIN

Oh, fantastic. They love the program, love the early indicators, love the broader applications.

While Colin speaks, Heidi glances at a clock on the wall -- it's after 7:00.

HEIDI

(Inaudibly)

Shit. Shit.

She stands and quietly packs her bag while continuing the conversation.

HEIDI (cont'd)

Oh, that's great.

COLIN

No idea if that means we can re-budget around the proposed numbers, of course. It's all double-talk when it comes to the money.

Rushing through the airport, Colin trips over a little girl's backpack.

COLIN (cont'd)

Ah shit, I'm sorry. I didn't see that.

HEIDI

What?

The girl's father shouts at Colin as he passes.

COLIN  
 (Shouting over his  
 shoulder)  
 I'm sorry for stepping on your  
 backpack. This is a walkway.  
 (Back into the phone)  
 It's a fucking zoo in here.  
 (Back to the FATHER, who's  
 still shouting)  
 This is a walkway. Goodbye.

Heidi picks up the phone along with her bulging bag.

HEIDI  
 Colin?

COLIN  
 Anyway, I told them we need to move  
 on this. Fast, fast, fast.

Heidi grabs another file from her desk, turns off the recorder, grabs *another* file, and heads out of her office. She walks down a sleek corporate hallway.

HEIDI  
 The early interviews are really  
 promising, I think, really  
 encouraging. These guys all seem  
 committed to the process, and the  
 surveys are already trending in a  
 great direction. This week,  
 actually--

COLIN  
 Heidi? I don't--

HEIDI  
 Oh, sorry, go ahead.

COLIN  
 I just don't have a lot of time.

Colin stops at an intersection, unsure which direction to turn.

COLIN (cont'd)  
 God, this terminal is enormous.

HEIDI  
 You need to run?

Heidi turns a corner and passes through the client quarters, an abrupt contrast. The basic contours are similar, but the offices have been repurposed as bedrooms.

Propped-open doors reveal Homecoming clients hanging out, laughing, watching TV, playing cards.

At the airport, Colin turns left and rushes down a moving walkway.

COLIN

I do, yeah, but I really wanna impress on you the importance, in the files, the subject histories? Of collecting actual *data*, and then showing week-by-week progress. We need to be surgically precise in identifying their experiences -- *everything* they remember.

Heidi lowers her voice, mindful of the client rooms she is passing.

HEIDI

Absolutely, yeah. I think we're seeing--

COLIN

We need to get really granular with all that shit.

HEIDI

Absolutely, absolutely. That kind of brings up an issue that I wanted to speak with you about--

Heidi looks around and steps into an empty alcove.

COLIN

Okay, I have literally one more minute.

(Stops, looks around)

Where the fuck is B26? These are all A gates. The signage here needs a *lot* of work.

Colin turns around and gets on the opposite walkway.

Heidi leans against the wall and continues speaking a bit quietly.

HEIDI

I was just working with a client today, Walter Cruz?

(MORE)

HEIDI (cont'd)

And I was thinking, as far as being very deliberate and, as you said, granular, what if we took a more holistic approach to the initial stages of the treatment?

COLIN

Holistic?

HEIDI

I mean, at this point, we're throwing them in the chair and starting the process without developing much of a dialogue, and we could get deeper, more individualized outcomes if we could just--

COLIN

Okay, Heidi? I'm gonna stop you there.

HEIDI

Okay.

COLIN

Because I'm not loving these words I'm hearing. We aren't looking for individualized or holistic or whatever results at all. What we're seeking here is *information*, Heidi. Not relationships, not rapport. Your job is to conduct interviews and record facts -- that's it. Whatever these men are holding onto, that's exactly what we need to know. So you need to 180 on this right now, okay?

HEIDI

No, I get that. But the clients, the subjects--

COLIN

Based on what you just said, you don't. So you need to 180 on that, okay?

Heidi sighs and steps out of the alcove.

HEIDI

Okay, got it. It was just an idea. For the-- To improve the data.

She passes through an activities area and then a makeshift cafeteria. She waves goodbye to someone and heads down a staircase.

COLIN

Look, I'm literally flying to DC as we speak, and the guys at DOD are gonna ask me where we're at with this, and if I say "holistic"? They're gonna... I don't even know what they'd do. So whatever the fuck you're saying to me right now, about slowing down, muddying up the process, that's exactly the opposite of what we need to be doing, okay? We need real proof of concept here, just a *house* of data to drop on the Appropriations people, so they shut their mouths and stop prevaricating and open up the approval process. That's our goal. Okay, Heidi?

Colin has come to a stop in the crowded terminal.

HEIDI

Okay, yes.

COLIN

Understood?

HEIDI

Understood.

Colin resumes rolling his bag.

COLIN

Good. Okay, I'm gonna run. Wish me luck.

HEIDI

Good luck, Colin!

Heidi walks across a bright lobby and comes to the front door. The glare of the setting sun makes it difficult to see clearly through the glass. Just before she opens the door--

COLIN

Oh! One last thing. Did we run the background check on the busboys?

HEIDI

Background check the what?

COLIN

The busboys! Did we background check the busboys? Whoever's working in the cafeteria.

HEIDI

Oh, I didn't realize that was part of my--

COLIN

Of course it's part-- Heidi, we have to be *extremely* thorough with the food service. You're my point person there, right?

HEIDI

Yes, definitely.

COLIN

Great. So I need you to stop whatever it is you're doing right now and get into that -- busboys, caterers, whatever. Background checks, full workups. We've gotta be seamless with all that shit.

HEIDI

Alright. Got it.

COLIN

Okay, great, gotta go.

Colin hangs up, pulls out his earbuds, and rushes to a gate. He presents his phone to the ticketing agent, who scans it again and again.

COLIN (cont'd)

This never works. Why does this never work?

In the lobby, Heidi sighs, looks out the glass for a moment, then turns and walks back toward her office.

INT. HEIDI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Heidi bumps open the front door, still lugging her bag of files.

HEIDI

Hello?

ANTHONY answers from the kitchen.



ANTHONY (O.S.)

In here!

Her place is a modest one-bedroom, newly renovated. Half-emptied moving boxes spill books, clothes, silverware.

Heidi sets down her bags, sighs wearily, then musters a cheery posture and heads toward the kitchen.

HEIDI

Something smells good...

Later, Heidi sits at a kitchen table while Anthony -- 40s, sweet but needy -- spoons a mound of pasta onto her plate.

HEIDI (cont'd)

This looks great, thank you.

ANTHONY

Yeah, it got a little cold but--

HEIDI

I know, sorry I got held up.

ANTHONY

It's no problem. You're here now.

He sits down with his own plate and smiles eagerly. They chew in awkward silence.

ANTHONY (cont'd)

So, how was today?

HEIDI

Good. It was... Yeah, good.

She thinks for a moment but doesn't say anything else.

HEIDI (cont'd)

How about you? What'd you get up to?

ANTHONY

I called the internet company?

HEIDI

Oh, great. What did they say?

ANTHONY

Apparently they're not your provider. They don't serve this area.

HEIDI

Huh.

ANTHONY

Yeah. And no one seems to know which company does. I was like, it's gotta be someone, right?

HEIDI

I think it's called--

ANTHONY

I got a little frustrated, I was starting to yell, so I decided: you know what? I'm gonna go out for a walk. I ended up, have you been by that little airfield?

HEIDI

You mean the one past the highway?

ANTHONY

Yeah. I ended up over there and--

HEIDI

That's like ten miles away.

ANTHONY

Is it?

HEIDI

Yeah. You walked there?

ANTHONY

I guess I did. Anyway, there was this little jet out on the runway. And the pilot, he was leaning right up on the plane, just reading his paper, drinking a coffee. And I thought, I wonder if I could do that.

HEIDI

What?

ANTHONY

Live that life. Fly all over. Come back here. It's beautiful here, you know?

Heidi smiles but doesn't respond.

ANTHONY (cont'd)

We ended up chatting, actually--

HEIDI

Who? You and the pilot?

ANTHONY

Yeah, and he said there's a flight school, not too far from here.

HEIDI

Anthony, I've really loved having you down here, all the help with the move, but my job--

ANTHONY

Definitely, me too -- this time has been so great, and--

HEIDI

But I know you need to get back to work, right?

ANTHONY

Yeah, but I hate my job, right? And I know how important this is for you, this opportunity. So I was just thinking...

He trails off awkwardly, and Heidi chews her pasta for a long moment.

HEIDI

I think it's Galaxy One.

ANTHONY

What?

HEIDI

The internet company, for this area. I think it's called Galaxy One.

ANTHONY

Oh, well that explains it. I called the wrong place.

He laughs. Heidi twirls her fork in the noodles.

INT. SHOE STORE - DAY

A manager, CRAIG, sits on a bench next to a stack of shoe boxes. He studies a resume.

CRAIG

You can work nights too?

Walter, sitting on a bench across from him, answers politely.

WALTER  
Yep, that's no problem.

CRAIG  
And, if you had to change one thing about yourself, what would that be?

WALTER  
I guess I'd say... I can be kind of detail-oriented. That can be a good thing, but also it's important to take a step back sometimes. I could do more of that.

Craig nods and writes something on the resume.

CRAIG  
Well, this is very helpful. Thanks for coming in -- we'll let you know soon.

WALTER  
Great.

They stand and shake hands. Suddenly, there's scattered applause.

CUT WIDER to see that the "shoe store" is a kind of stage set inside the facility's communal area -- two benches, some shoe boxes, and other props.

WALTER'S SUBGROUP -- six guys his age -- clap for him, gently sarcastic.

Craig turns to the group.

CRAIG  
That was great, Walter. I like how you asked me about *my* experience working at the store. An interview's a conversation, it's a two-way street. Right?

Walter joins the rest of the group, standing next to his friend SHRIER.

SHRIER  
Good job, dude.

WALTER  
Thanks, dude.

SHRIER  
Fucking nailed it. I think you  
might be manager material.

WALTER  
Shut up.

Craig looks down a list on a clip-board.

CRAIG  
Okay, how about... Rainey?

The guys clap and lightly jeer as RAINEY steps forward. His  
smile is weaker, a bit pained.

CRAIG (cont'd)  
(Consulting clip board)  
You're Week Five, is that right?

RAINEY  
Yeah.

CRAIG  
So, couple weeks, you could be  
doing this for real.

RAINEY  
I mean, I'm not gonna work at a  
shoe store, but...

CRAIG  
It's good practice, whatever you  
decide to do.

RAINEY  
Yeah, sure.

They sit.

CRAIG  
Great! Well, hi, welcome.

RAINEY  
Hi.

CRAIG  
This is my shoe store. I own it.

RAINEY  
It's... really nice.

CRAIG  
Thanks. Mind if I take a look at  
your resume?

RAINEY

Sure.

Rainey hands him the resume; Craig skims it.

CRAIG

You served in the military?

RAINEY

I did.

CRAIG

That's great, we love that. What's something you learned in the military that you think you could apply to your work here?

RAINEY

Here?

CRAIG

Uh huh.

RAINEY

It was basically empty desert. There weren't a ton of shoe stores.

The guys chuckle.

CRAIG

Rainey, come on. Humor me a little.

RAINEY

Alright, something I learned... Like, leadership? Something like that?

CRAIG

You tell me.

RAINEY

I don't, uh... Okay, here's something, as far as shoes. You gotta get the right size, or you could get infected.

CRAIG

Infected, great...

(Trying to remain encouraging)

Um, tell me more about that.

RAINEY

Well, like, I had this one pair of boots. They were too small, but I was stubborn, or lazy or whatever, and I just kept wearing them.

CRAIG

Right, okay.

Shrier leans over to Walter and whispers.

SHRIER

Stubborn, lazy, and ready for success.

Walter laughs quietly. Rainey spins and glares at them, then turns back to Craig.

CRAIG

Don't worry about them. What were you saying?

RAINEY

Nothing, just, I kept wearing them, and eventually I like rubbed the top off my big toe. It started bleeding, and then some kind of fungus got in there. By the time I had it looked at, they were like, what the fuck's wrong with you? You almost lost this fucking toe. So yeah, shoes... they're important.

Scattered laughter. Rainey looks around, beginning to seethe.

CRAIG

(A little baffled)

Uh huh. So that was great, um... a personal anecdote. In an interview, though, sometimes it's best--

RAINEY

Look, I get what we're-- We don't have to do this.

CRAIG

Do what?

RAINEY

We're not fucking challenged. You don't have to treat us like--

CRAIG  
No, it's just an exercise, we're--

RAINEY  
I know what it is. It's ridiculous.

CRAIG  
What's ridiculous?

RAINEY  
This. You.

An awkward silence. Shrier leans toward Walter again.

SHRIER  
So, getting back to your fungal  
infection...

Rainey shoots to his feet and steps quickly to Shrier.

RAINEY  
What the fuck are you saying?

SHRIER  
Nothing. Relax.

RAINEY  
What were you whispering?

WALTER  
Sorry, listen, we shouldn't have--

RAINEY  
(Turns to Walter)  
Did I say anything to you?

Craig approaches, trying to keep things calm.

CRAIG  
Rainey, I really think --

RAINEY  
You can shut up, *Craig*. Go sit  
down.

Walter takes a step toward Rainey.

WALTER  
Rainey, we're sorry, really, we  
won't--

He puts a hand on Rainey's shoulder and Rainey recoils, reflexively knocking Walter in the jaw. Walter steps back, more stunned than hurt.



SHRIER

What's your problem, man?

The other guys surround Rainey, holding him back.

RAINEY

Stop fucking whispering about me!

SHRIER

Okay, alright!

RAINEY

I can hear you!

Rainey's face is red; he's furious, almost crying. Walter watches him, worried.

HEIDI (O.C.)

Okay. And then what happened?

INT. FACILITY OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Walter sits across from Heidi in her office -- the recorder on the desk between them, the aquarium quietly bubbling in the corner.

WALTER

Then? Nothing. That counselor sent us back to our rooms, and then they told me to come here.

HEIDI

How did you feel about it?

WALTER

About what? That he hit me?

HEIDI

Yes.

WALTER

I mean, I don't think it had very much to do with me.

Heidi looks at her notes.

HEIDI

Shrier, he was the one whispering?

WALTER

Yeah, but that wasn't--

HEIDI

And you know him? You guys were in the same unit, is that right?

WALTER

Yeah, we go back. But honestly, I don't really think it had much to do with Shrier either.

HEIDI

What do you mean?

WALTER

I just think Rainey's dealing with some of his own shit. And I don't blame him if it came out sideways. It happens to all of us sometimes. Me included.

HEIDI

How does it happen to you?

WALTER

Different ways.

HEIDI

Give me an example.

WALTER

It's mostly like... I'll get these flashes, things I could do to myself. It's just tension.

HEIDI

For sure.

WALTER

I wouldn't really do it. But, okay, just an example. There's a desk in my room. It's wooden, it's got these sharp corners. And, the day I got here, I don't know why, but I saw the desk and I imagined sitting down and leaning way back and like slamming my forehead into the corner. As hard as I could, over and over.

HEIDI

Uh huh.

WALTER

Or my eye. Driving the corner into my eye. But that was an extreme-- It's not like that all the time.

HEIDI

Um hm. How often, would you say--

A very loud bird calls outside the window. Heidi cringes.

HEIDI (cont'd)

I'm sorry, there's this--

The bird calls again -- an awkward, comical cry.

HEIDI (cont'd)

He'll stop in a second.

He calls again. Heidi and Walter both wait, but the bird seems to have stopped.

WALTER

That's incredible.

HEIDI

It's driving me crazy. He's some kind of protected species. We're not allowed to touch him.

WALTER

I could take care of him if you want.

HEIDI

Would you?

WALTER

No problem. Dead of night, full camo. He'd wake up in the Everglades. Everyone wins.

HEIDI

Oh, I'd love that. I'd be forever in your debt.

There's a silence. The bird has stopped.

WALTER

See? I did it with my mind.

Heidi laughs. They both enjoy the silence for a moment, and then she looks back at her notebook.

HEIDI  
But, other than that?

WALTER  
Than what?

HEIDI  
Other than those flashes you describe, are you having any other issues?

WALTER  
Issues? No, not really.

HEIDI  
Any trouble sleeping?

WALTER  
Yeah, a little. Nightmares, things like that.

HEIDI  
That's very normal. We can see if one of the guys wants a roommate for a few nights.

WALTER  
Huh. Like... What do you mean?

HEIDI  
Some guys, when they first get here, they find it difficult sleeping in a room alone, separate from their unit -- just a little too quiet, you know? So I can ask around, if anyone wants...

WALTER  
Okay, yeah, maybe.

HEIDI  
Maybe Shrier?

WALTER  
Oh yeah, that'd be... I'd be okay with that. That's allowed?

HEIDI  
Of course. That's why I'm here, to help you make this transition. Whatever supports that, that's what I'm gonna do. You've got a lot to look forward to, Walter.

EXT. DINER - AFTERNOON

Carrasco watches Heidi through the glass as she exits the diner.

HEIDI

Okay, I've got five minutes.

CARRASCO

I appreciate your cooperation.

HEIDI

Can we step away from the door a little?

CARRASCO

Sure.

They walk down the sidewalk, past the diner's windows.

HEIDI

So?

CARRASCO

Yes, so, you did work at the Homecoming Initiative? At the Tampa facility?

HEIDI

A long time ago, yes.

CARRASCO

When was that, exactly?

HEIDI

I don't... I told you, around four years.

CARRASCO

Why did you leave that job?

HEIDI

I quit.

CARRASCO

Why?

HEIDI

My mother got hurt. I had to come home and take care of her.

CARRASCO

Okay, so you quit your job to take care of your mom. And now you work here, at this restaurant?

HEIDI

Restaurant's a little generous, but yes, I work here.

CARRASCO

So you're not a counselor anymore. You're doing what, menial work at a--

HEIDI

It's not-- It's what I could get. I had to come home and--

CARRASCO

Because your mom got hurt.

HEIDI

Yes.

CARRASCO

It's not that you're hiding. Moving away, doing different work.

HEIDI

No, I--

CARRASCO

You don't want to talk inside, you want to talk out here.

HEIDI

What is this? Why are you--

CARRASCO

But you're not hiding.

HEIDI

It's a little--

Dara, Heidi's co-worker, pokes her head out the door and shouts to them.

DARA

Heidi? Everything all right?

HEIDI

(Calling back)

Yeah, I'll be back in a second.

DARA

Okay.

Dara goes back in.

HEIDI

(Quietly)

It's a little embarrassing, okay? I had this whole career and now I'm back here. Doing this. Can we-- I need to get back inside.

CARRASCO

What were your duties at the Initiative?

HEIDI

I was a caseworker.

CARRASCO

What did that involve?

HEIDI

I worked with soldiers. Their mental health.

CARRASCO

How?

HEIDI

How? What do you mean?

CARRASCO

What did you do, exactly, to help the men, the soldiers?

HEIDI

Therapy, counseling -- I told you.

CARRASCO

Again, can you see how that might sound like you're hiding something? That vagueness? Do you see how someone might have that reaction?

HEIDI

No, I honestly don't remember much about it. It was... difficult work. It wasn't a good fit for me.

CARRASCO

Wasn't a good fit... Can you tell me the names and ranks of any of your clients?

A pause.

HEIDI  
Do you have any identification?

CARRASCO  
ID? Sure.

He takes out his wallet and shows her his ID.

CARRASCO (cont'd)  
How's that?

HEIDI  
Why are you here? What's going on?

CARRASCO  
I'm asking you about your work, at  
the Homecoming Initiative, and  
apparently you're refusing to--

HEIDI  
I'm not refusing, I don't remember.  
This was--

CARRASCO  
What about the name Walter Cruz?  
Does that ring a bell?

A longer pause.

HEIDI  
No.

CARRASCO  
Nothing?

Carrasco watches her, trying to read her reaction.

HEIDI  
Not that I can recall, no.