

#1 INT. VA HOSPITAL - ETHAN'S ROOM - DAY

Ethan sits up in his bed. We can see his damaged left side of face and his left arm is unusable.

Scott sits next to him

ETHAN

You know the UH-60 Black Hawk needs constant maintenance. The mechanic was also acting as inspector, so I questioned him.

SCOTT

How'd that go?

ETHAN

He wanted to fight me. Then insisted on flying with us. They called him Wrench.

Ethan shifts painfully as he tries to adjust.

SCOTT

I get it. So what happened?

ETHAN

We were in a safe zone. Routine troop transfer. Wrench sat behind me.

(beat)

Then, gunfire. I took hits on my left side. Blacked out.

SCOTT

Damn.

ETHAN

He gained control. Landed us safely. Saved everyone. But he took shrapnel to the heart. Died two weeks later.

Scott takes a deep breath, letting it settle.

SCOTT

That's tough.

ETHAN

It was my bird, my crew. He wouldn't have been up there if I hadn't-

SCOTT
You can't blame yourself.

ETHAN
It was my responsibility!

Ethan pauses, struggling to compose himself. He lays back with his head on the pillow.

Ethan's face reflects the weight of his frustration.

Scott let's him breathe. He knows this feeling all too well.

Ethan struggles and eventually sits upright.

ETHAN
Look at me. I'm useless. You wouldn't understand.

Getting frustrated, Scott raises his voice and stands up with his arms out to hold up his claws.

SCOTT
You think I don't get it?

Ethan stops, his expression shifting to regret.

ETHAN
Look, I'm just... trying to adjust.

SCOTT
Life happens, man. It's what you do next that counts. Lean into it. Let people help you.

ETHAN
I don't know how.

SCOTT
I didn't either until I found a way to help others.

ETHAN
How?

SCOTT
I met this guy named Jonathan who introduced me to scuba therapy.

ETHAN
Scuba therapy? What, shrink sessions underwater?

SCOTT

Diving. You just breathe and everything else fades away.

ETHAN

Sounds intense.

SCOTT

It is. In a good way. It's peace, right in the middle of the chaos.

ETHAN

Peace. I can't remember what that feels like.

SCOTT

I volunteer. You should come take a class.

ETHAN

I'm not exactly "fit for service."

SCOTT

It's called adaptive for a reason. We help each other. It's mission oriented.

Ethan takes a beat, looking down, then back up.

ETHAN

I dunno. Maybe. Could use the exercise.