

EXT. BATTLEFIELD, TENT - NIGHT

The small tent is a frenzy of activity.

Tristan lays on a cot, his chest exposed.

Blood flows from the grim wound in his chest.

Screaming out in pain.

Doctors try to work quickly.

Jack's accelerated breath hangs in the freezing air.

TRISTAN

Jack... Jack...

Jack rushes to lean over the cot of his best friend.

JACK

I am here my friend.

Their hands still finding a tight grip despite the red flowing blood that covers them.

JACK (CONT'D)

Stay strong. The doctors are working...

Tristan tries to take a deep breath. The exhale comes a violent cough that paints Jack's face.

TRISTAN

I don't want to die...

JACK

You are NOT going to die.

TRISTAN

I can't. I am going to be a father.

JACK

Right. You are going to be a father.

Jack can no longer hold his emotions.

JACK (CONT'D)

... You're going to be a wonderful father...

Tristan reaches a blood-stained hand to Jack's cheek.

TRISTAN
She's going to be alone.

JACK
I don't know what to do.

The doctor stands abruptly. His steel gray eyes meet Jacks.

DOCTOR
I am sorry, Colonel.

Jack prays.

JACK
Please. Please, God. Tell me what
to do.

TRISTAN
I need to tell you.

His breathing slows.

JACK
I am right here. Don't be afraid.

TRISTAN
I need to thank you...

Slower.

JACK
Be brave...

TRISTAN
I need to hold it.

Slower.

Jack lunges across the floor, wiping the tears from his eyes.

Pulling the letter and the locket. Rushing back to press it
into Tristan's fading breaths.

JACK
My friend...

Tristan opens the locket, seeing a picture of Georgia.

The tears flow.

Barely a breath.

Jack pulls Tristan's hand into his own.

TRISTAN

Take these home... to my Georgia.

JACK

The Lord shall preserve thee from
all evil --

TRISTAN

Protect them...

JACK

As it was in the beginning. Is now,
and ever shall be, a world without
end.

Tristan dies holding his best friends hand.