

HACKSAW RIDGE

By

ROBERT SCHENKKAN

Revisions by Randall Wallace
March 12, 2013

WALDEN MEDIA
1888 Century Park E # 1400
Los Angeles, CA 90067
(310) 887-1000

OUT OF BLACK, WE SUPERIMPOSE:

The following story is true.

DISSOLVE TO:

IN THE DARKNESS

The SOUND of distant EXPLOSIONS: mortars, howitzers, "Long Tom" artillery, 16" Naval shells, rockets, and bombs. The sound grows louder. Nearer. Hungrier.

Over black, we superimpose:

Okinawa. May 2, 1945

OPENING MONTAGE:

We INTERCUT as necessary quickly between shots, the fury and confusion of true war playing out in front of us, all from a single soldier's POV. The sounds of war crash us between flashes of consciousness.

EXT. HACKSAW RIDGE, OKINAWA - WOUNDED SOLDIER'S POV

--BOOM!!! We're lying on the ground. Under grey, weeping skies, a jagged, ancient coral outcropping abruptly rises above us and dominates the countryside.

--Looking around the landscape a blasted, hellish mix of craters, shell-pocked boulders, and mud. Everything has a scorched and blackened appearance from two weeks of continuous, unrelenting bombardment.

--A small group of AMERICAN SOLDIERS (307th Infantry, 77th Army Division, 1st Battalion, Company B) are fighting with dogged determination several feet away.

--A few men run up to our POV

--Looking down at our leg, a mess of blood, muscle, and exposed bone.

--Looking at our side and ribs, covered in blood.

CAPTAIN
KEEP PRESSURE ON THAT WOUND!

The soldiers tear out bandages from a half-burned Medic Kit and stuff them against the bleeding.

A MORTAR ROUND lands nearby, showering them all with dirt and debris. We black out.

--Looking up at two men carrying our body...

--Heading down a ladder

--We're loaded onto a stretcher and shoved into an ambulance. As the doors close, we briefly catch a glimpse of one of the medics shaking his head at the captain.

The MONTAGE ENDS as we're given a shot of morphine.

FADE TO:

EXT. BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS, VA - SPRING, 1927

In contrast, these mountains lush and green, thick with old growth timber and flowering shrubs. Titles:

EIGHTEEN YEARS EARLIER...

Lynchburg, Virginia

EXT. LYNCHBURG, VA - SAME

Norman Rockwell come to life. Small wooden houses on the rolling hills of the Virginia Piedmont, more country than city. Two boys are rolling a coaster wagon through their yard. DESMOND, the younger, 8 years old, pushes; his brother MARK, 10, holds the wagon tongue and steers.

The wagon contains a collection of rusty junk metal. The wagon is heavy and the boys small, but they're tough and determined. They're like Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn.

(NOTE: The real Desmond Doss, throughout his life, spoke with the distinct accent of the Virginia's Blue Ridge Mountains, a lilting and beautiful usage that persists in some places to this day. We make no attempt to render that accent in these pages, but the presence of it in his speech brought even more distinction and majesty to his real character.)

Sitting on the front porch of their house is their father, TOM DOSS. Tom is a big man, sullen man, broken in his soul.

TOM

What you boys doin'?

DESMOND

We're making money!

MARK

At the filling station they're
buying scrap metal! Any old junk
we haul in, they'll give us cash
money!

DESMOND

We got lotsa junk in the back yard!

TOM

You know why they want it?

The boys hadn't even considered that.

TOM (cont'd)

They sell it overseas. The Japs
and Germans make weapons out of it.

Tom rubs his neck, where there's a nasty scar from World War
I. More than his neck is scarred--but his boys are
innocents.

MARK

Can we take it?

TOM

Do what you want. But when those
plow tips and lug nuts go whistling
by your ears, you'll say your daddy
was right.

The boys head around behind the house, Mark whispering to
Desmond--

MARK

Come on--he ain't never right about
nothin'.

EXT. BEHIND THE DOSS GARAGE - DAY

The boys are digging through a trove of cast off parts from
old farm equipment. Then young Desmond spots a coin, and
lifts it, spitting on it to clean it. It's a dime.

DESMOND

Look! I found a dime!

MARK

(jealous)
That's mine.

DESMOND

It ain't yours.

MARK

I lost it, give it here.

He reaches for it--but Desmond snatches his hand away...and suddenly the fight's on. They're real scrappers, rolling around on the ground, punching, kicking, scratching. This isn't their first fight with each other.

Mark finally pins Desmond.

MARK DOSS

Say Uncle! SAY UNCLE!

YOUNG DESMOND

NO!

Desmond may be younger and smaller but he's every bit his brother's equal in grit and determination. He elbows Mark in the face and shoves him off. In a blind fury, Desmond grabs a good size rock and lifts it over his head with both hands, no thought for what he's about to do but...

...A LARGE HAND reaches into frame, grabs Desmond by his scrawny wrist, and yanks him off his brother.

TOM DOSS (O.C.)

WHAT THE HELL YOU THINK YOU'RE
DOING, DESMOND!?!?

Tom stands over them, holding a kicking, struggling Desmond up in the air like a bug. Tom folds Desmond over one arm and begins walloping him on the ass with the other - big, hard strokes which echo like gunshots.

BERTHA (O.C.)

Jack! That's enough of that!

BERTHA, Desmond's mother, stands behind them. She's a small woman but fierce in her own way. Tom looks at her with defiance but he lets Desmond go, and the boy falls to the ground like a sack of potatoes.

TOM DOSS

He was beating on his brother.

BERTHA

Beating on him doesn't teach him
any different.

Tom waves his hand in half-hearted acquiescence.

TOM DOSS

You're gonna spoil him is all.

INT. LIVING ROOM, DOSS HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

The Doss house doesn't contain much art work, and this wouldn't qualify as art to most people; it's more like a cartoon, illustrating each of the ten commandments.

Desmond's eyes drift over the illustrations; but then they settle on one that has particular relevance: THOU SHALT NOT KILL, depicted by Cain holding a bloody club, standing over the prostrate body of his dead brother, Abel. There is a look of utter horror on Cain's face.

BERTHA DOSS (O.C.)

Murder is the worst sin of all.
We're all brothers and to take
another man's life is the most
grievous thing there is in the
Lord's sight. Nothing hurts His
heart so much.

INT. LIVING ROOM, DOSS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bertha kneels on an old worn sofa with Desmond and Mark standing beside her. They are both looking at a framed illustration of the Ten Commandments hanging on the wall. Bertha turns and pulls Desmond down into her lap but his red-rimmed eyes never leave the print.

DESMOND

Why did Cain kill Abel?

BERTHA DOSS

Oh, he was mad, I suppose. Or he
wanted what his brother had. It
doesn't matter why - it's always
wrong.

Mark is silent, but Desmond is transfixed, unable to stop staring at that gruesome primal scene of the first murder.

EXT. DOSS HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - EVENING

The sun's going down, and Tom Doss is sitting on his front porch, bored and sullen. He reaches to the firewood box beside his chair, and from behind it he draws a Masan jar half full of clear liquid--moonshine. He takes a sip.

From inside he hears Mark's voice.

MARK DOSS

Daddy?! Can we get down now?!

He tucks the jar away quickly and wipes his mouth.

TOM DOSS

Ask your Mama, she's the one didn't
want to whip you!

INT. DOSS LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Mark hops off the chair, leaving Desmond still in the position where their mother left them. Mark heads into the kitchen...

INT. DOSS HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

Mrs. Doss is cooking dinner as Mark comes in, wearing an expression of exaggerated pittance.

MARK

Mama, can we stop staring at the
Commandments?

BERTHA

Commandments. Are you sorry?

MARK

Yes'm.

BERTHA

Tell Desmond.

MARK

(without moving)
SORRY, DESMOND!

BERTHA

Okay, you can go.

Bertha stands for a moment wondering why she hasn't heard a response from Desmond.

BERTHA (cont'd)

Desmond?

(beat)

Des?

She moves into the living room, and finds her youngest son now standing, staring straight at the picture.

BERTHA (cont'd)

Desmond?...

FROM THE POV OF THE PICTURE, we see Desmond's stare, his entire soul fixed on it.

He's staring at CAIN, A LOOK OF HORROR ON HIS FACE at what he's done.

There are tears in Desmond's eyes.

And BERTHA realizes with a certainty what she has always suspected: Desmond feels things in a unique way.

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS, VA, SEPTEMBER, 1941 - DAY

Title: **Fourteen years later.**

Lynchburg has always been a railroad town; tracks cut through the gorges and span ridges.

Twenty-five year old Desmond now walks alongside the tracks. He's grown into a thin but wiry man with a pleasant but crooked smile.

His senses are keen; he hears the chirp of a bird and his blue eyes catch sight of a bright red Cardinal high in a hickory tree. He's a true country boy, at one with nature.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

Desmond waits his turn. Fascinated by all things medical, he can't help but poke around in the shelves and cabinets. The door behind him opens and Desmond whirls around, embarrassed to be caught snooping.

He's even more embarrassed as sees his attendant is an attractive nurse, DOROTHY SHUTTE, early 20's.

DOROTHY

Anything in particular you're looking for?

DESMOND

No, ma'am. I'm just kind of interested in medicine.

He stammers slightly, with nerves.

DESMOND (cont'd)

I used dream about being a doctor. But I didn't get much school.

DOROTHY

You ever given blood before, Mr...?

Dorothy consults her clipboard.

DESMOND

Doss. But my friends call me Desmond. No, ma'am, this would be my first time. When they made the announcement in church about a big car wreck and folks needing blood so...

DOROTHY

Just lie back here.

Desmond has no idea what to do--it's his first time on a hospital table. Dorothy is patient and kind, sensing his country boy innocence.

Desmond watches EVERY DETAIL as she rolls back his sleeve, dips a cotton ball in alcohol and wipes the crook of his elbow with it. For Desmond, it's almost romantic.

Then she wraps an elastic tourniquet around his bicep, and slips an IV needle into his vein.

She notices that it makes him a little pale and queasy; she smiles gently.

DOROTHY (cont'd)

You might be a little dizzy when we're done. Is somebody picking you up?

DESMOND

No, ma'am, I walked from home.

Dorothy watches the RED BLOOD, FILLING THE COLLECTION BAG.

DOROTHY

Where do you live?

DESMOND

Fort Hill.

DOROTHY

That's a ways.

DESMOND

Just five or six miles. But I cut through the woods. It's seven that way!

He laughs. She laughs too.

DOROTHY
You must like the woods.

DESMOND
I always feel lost everywhere else.
But there I can find my way.

Dorothy takes this in; Desmond seems so simple, so boyish-- even backward. But something about him is deep, and poetic. And unique. It brings out the sweetness in her.

DOROTHY
Well I have to tell you, Mr. Doss.
For somebody to walk ten or twelve
miles, to give blood to
strangers... I wish everybody was
like you.

DESMOND
Thank you, 'mam.

DOROTHY
You don't have to call me 'mam.
It's Dorothy.

DESMOND
Dorothy. Yes 'Mam!

She smiles; is he flirting? She gets up.

DOROTHY
You'll be done in a minute. We
have cookies and Kool-Aid. Help
restore your blood sugar.

DESMOND
Giving blood's got all sorts of
benefits.

INT. DOSS HOUSE - THAT EVENING

Desmond enters, more exhilarated than tired despite his long walk and the loss of blood but his face falls when he sees his father sitting, slumped, in his rocker. He's been drinking and has fallen asleep clutching a pint of whiskey. Not an unfamiliar sight. Desmond considers him a moment and then gently tries to extract the bottle from his grasp. Tom's eyes blink open.

TOM DOSS
Excuse you?!

DESMOND

You need some help getting
upstairs, sir?

Tom pushes Desmond away and rises unsteadily, still clutching his bottle.

TOM DOSS

Not from you.

Bertha appears in the kitchen doorway, nervously holding a dish towel.

BERTHA

You hungry, Tom?

Tom just glares at her and makes his way slowly toward the stairs.

INT. DOSS HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Desmond and Bertha sit, eating a cold supper. She hasn't touched hers. Desmond silently reaches over and holds her hand.

Desmond's brother Mark strolls in the back door. He kisses his mother and nudges Desmond's shoulder, sitting at the table.

BERTHA (cont'd)

I was wondering if you were gonna
make it to dinner.

MARK

I went by to see the recruiters.

Bertha involuntarily glances upstairs, afraid her husband might hear.

BERTHA

Your daddy won't like that.

MARK

Daddy ain't payin' my bills. If
there's a war they'll need men--and
the paper mill doesn't need any.

Mark digs in and starts eating. Bertha is distressed at the news; Desmond changes the subject.

DESMOND

Met somebody today, a nurse over at the hospital. Her name's Dorothy Shutte and I'm gonna marry her.

Bertha blinks in surprise.

BERTHA

Goodness. Does she know?

DESMOND

I haven't gotten around to telling her just yet.

Mark grins, and punches Desmond again. Desmond smiles...then punches him back. The brothers laugh.

INT. HOSPITAL - NEXT DAY

Dorothy is working at her station when she looks up to see Desmond standing there.

DOROTHY

Desmond?

DESMOND

Hi, Dorothy. How'd the blood drive go.

DOROTHY

The church announcements worked really well! We got more than enough.

DESMOND

Well, that's good. Cause I need my blood back.

DOROTHY

You what?

DESMOND

My blood. I need it back.

DOROTHY

But...we can't just give it back to you.

DESMOND

Well you got to, because ever since you stuck me with that needle, my heart's been beating fast, and every time I think about you, it beats faster still.

DOROTHY

Is that a pick up line?

DESMOND

Is it working?

INT. LYNCHBURG MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

A movie plays on the screen as Desmond and Dorothy make their way to their seats, obviously late. As they sit, Dorothy starts to watch the movie. Desmond can't help but admire her beauty. He sits awkwardly, trying to find a way to connect with her.

He tries to stretch and put his arm around her, but when she looks at him he fumbles a bit to try and recover. She simply smiles and takes a sip of her cola. Desmond sits in silence again and then tries to have his hand brush up against hers. As he does this, Dorothy preempts him and holds his hand. For that moment, neither of them are watching the movie. Instead they are both looking into each other's eyes.

Desmond slowly leans in and they share their first kiss.

Our music rises into a MONTAGE of Desmond and Dorothy's growing love:

EXT. PEAKS OF OTTER - DAY

Desmond and Dorothy hike through the park and look out across the landscape.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Desmond gets onto an old rope swing just after Dorothy gets off. As Dorothy begins swinging him; she sees Desmond notice a pretty girl walking past. Frustrated, she tugs the rope sideways and Desmond swings into the tree...

Dorothy stalks away after Desmond's crash, but he gets up and catches her and explains something we don't hear but understand. Dorothy softens and smiles...

INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Desmond and Dorothy chat furiously across the table, barely having time to take bites of their food. Something Desmond says cracks Dorothy up.

INT. HOSPITAL - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Dorothy opens her locker to find an orange and a note from Desmond. Her look of confusion on finding the orange turns to a smile as she reads the note.

EXT. LYNCHBURG FOREST - DAY

The leaves are falling from the trees as Desmond and Dorothy walk through the woods, talking. The MONTAGE ENDS as Dorothy puts her head on Desmond's shoulder.

EXT. NATURAL BRIDGE, VA - WEEKS LATER - AFTERNOON

A glorious late Fall day with just a bit of color lingering on the trees. Desmond and Dorothy are walking with other tourists, gazing up at Natural Bridge.

DESMOND

They say George Washington threw a silver dollar over it.

DOROTHY

Seems like a waste of a dollar to me.

DESMOND

I doubt anybody's throwing money at it these days!

(more seriously)

The plant foreman told me the other day that I'm doing such a good job, they might raise me up a notch. Salary too. Hope that doesn't sound too much like bragging.

DOROTHY

So, you're gonna be a man of means, Mr. Doss?

DESMOND

I'm a man who means to be one.

She looks at him, realizing he's planning a future, one that's built around her. Slowly, happily, they kiss.

EXT./INT. COUNTRY ROAD / DESMOND'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Desmond and Dorothy drive back to town - they are both aglow with their love.

As they pull into town, Dorothy notices several cars pulled over to the side of the road and people crowded around the doorway to a coffee shop.

DOROTHY

Desmond...

She doesn't even need to finish her thought; Desmond has already started to pull over.

EXT./INT. LYNCHBURG DOWNTOWN COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Desmond and Dorothy join the crowd that has gathered at the coffee shop, just within earshot of the door. Everyone looks nervously at the radio inside, listening to President Roosevelt.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT (ON RADIO)

...the United States of America was suddenly and deliberately attacked by the naval and air forces of the Empire of Japan!

Roosevelt's speech continues as we CUT TO:

EXT. ARMED FORCES RECRUITING STATION - DAY

A long line of men are already waiting their turn to sign up. We move through the line of faces, some older, some younger, everyone wanting to do their part as Roosevelt's speech plays over. Men continue to join the line, some obviously have come from work, both in suits and in uniforms.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT (V.O.)

...As commander in chief of the Army and Navy, I have directed that all measures be taken for our defense. But always will our whole nation remember the character of the onslaught against us. No matter how long it may take us to overcome this premeditated invasion, the American people in their righteous might will win through to absolute victory.

CEMETERY SEQUENCE...

We see various CLOSE SHOTS OF GRAVESTONES, from a low angle, jabbing up into the sky...

We PAN ACROSS them, a whole forest of stones, like a whole army of soldiers who have become stone slabs as they died in battle. We are...

EXT. LYNCHBURG CITY GRAVEYARD - DAY

The cemetery is in the very heart of the town, on a hill top, surrounded by brick walls. And Desmond Doss's father, Tom, is standing among the grave stones.

It's an old and seemingly haunted place where few people visit; for awhile he seems all alone, until he hears--

DESMOND (O.S.)

Daddy?...

Tom turns around and stands silently as Desmond approaches.

DESMOND (cont'd)

Mama told me you wanted to see me.
Here?

TOM

Here. Yeah.

He walks away slowly and Desmond follows, completely in the dark about why his father has made such a strange demand.

They reach a section of low stones, their perfect lines now twisted by tree roots and time, their once-smooth surfaces pitted by weather and pocked by moss.

DESMOND

Confederates.

TOM

Soldiers. Boys from World War One
are over yonder. Even got some
from the Revolutionary War on the
hill someplace.

Desmond's eyes lift toward his father, starting to understand why his father wanted him to come here.

TOM (cont'd)

Look at 'em. All of 'em soldiers.
All of 'em boys. And all of 'em
dead.

Tom sounds angry, and bitter, as he always has to Desmond; but for the first time in his life Desmond hears an emotion in his father's voice too.

TOM (cont'd)

I don't want my boys here. I don't want you here.

Desmond's eyes meet Tom's; there are tears in Tom's eyes. Desmond is transfixed.

DESMOND

Mark's already joined up. The Marine Corps--

TOM

I KNOW THAT!
(trying to regain control)
I know that...

Tom coughs--a wet, smoker's cough that makes Desmond want to go try to comfort him, but from force of habit he holds back. Tom sags, supporting himself against one of the gravestones.

TOM (cont'd)

I don't want you in this graveyard.
I don't want you to go to war.

DESMOND

Daddy...

TOM

I know they're drafting! But I still got a friend or two! One of 'em works at the Foundry, making steel they use for ships and tanks and such as that. They call it an "essential defense industry," and they'll leave you alone if you work there. I can get you on. They--

DESMOND

Daddy. I already signed up.

TOM

What?

DESMOND

I talked to them at the draft board today.

Desmond watches his father. He approaches him tenderly.

DESMOND (cont'd)

Daddy, I--

TOM

Get your hand off me! YOU ARE
STUPID! DAMN YOU!! First time in
your life I give you the chance to
do something smart, and you do
this?!

DESMOND

Everybody else is--

TOM

You ain't everybody else!
Everybody else jumps in and does
things quick, without thinking!
And soldiers who live, they live
because they can do that! You
can't! You gotta sit and think and
pray about everything!

Desmond stands there trying to find words, trying to find
solid ground in this sudden sea of emotion.

TOM (cont'd)

You're doing it right now.

(beat)

You're a terrible son. I hope they
kill ya.

Tom staggers off, through the old headstones of the dead
soldiers.

INT. LIVING ROOM, DOSS HOUSE - DAY

Bertha sits crying, alone in the living room. She's holding
something in her hands: pictures of her sons, Mark and
Desmond. Her tears fall on the glass of the frames.

Through the front windows she sees the back of her husband as
he sits on the porch, sullen, drinking.

She's all alone.

EXT. TRAIN STATION PLATFORM, LYNCHBURG - DAY

The platform is crowded with young men - recruits - being
sent off by family, friends, wives, and girlfriends. Desmond
and Dorothy are embracing. The waiting train sounds a shrill
whistle - time to get aboard.

DOROTHY

Are you sure...this is right? It's what you're really meant to do?

DESMOND

I'm just sure I can't sit back and do nothing.

DOROTHY

(trying not to cry)
I know.

DESMOND

I am sure of something, though. I don't really have the right to be asking you, and we haven't known each other for very long, but I can't imagine...

DOROTHY

Yes.

DESMOND

You don't know what I'm about to ask.

DOROTHY

Yes, I do, and the answer is, yes. I do.

They kiss. Dot pulls out a small pocket NEW TESTAMENT and hands it to Desmond.

DOROTHY (cont'd)

You keep this with you, all the time. Promise?

Desmond nods and tucks it away carefully in his shirt pocket. The train blows a second, final whistle and starts to slowly pull out.

DESMOND

When?

DOROTHY

Soon as you get leave. Let me know.

Desmond jumps onto the steps of the moving train. Dorothy walks alongside, reluctant to let go of his hand.

DESMOND

I love you!

The train is picking up speed. Dorothy has to let go.

INT. MOVING TRAIN - DAY

Desmond sits with the other young men as the train moves slowly along the rails, past the hickory and oak trees that line the tracks. They rumble over a trestle, and Desmond realizes--

DESMOND
(to himself)
We're going by my house!

A thought strikes him; he looks around at the other young guys.

DESMOND (cont'd)
Anybody got some paper? Anything?
Anything I could write on?

RECRUIT
I got some writing paper.

DESMOND
Can you loan me a sheet, I'll pay
you back!

The guy gives Desmond a cheap tablet; Desmond tears off a sheet and hurriedly pulls a pencil from his pocket to write. He's rushing--but he takes the time to write, with feeling--

CLOSE, THE PAPER:

"DADDY...I LOVE YOU. DESMOND"

CLOSE: THE STEPS OF THE TRAIN CAR AS IT RUMBLES ALONG

Desmond opens the door, braces his foot on the step, and reaches down to the track bed; he deftly scoops up a large rock, and wraps the paper around it.

EXT. LYNCHBURG RAILROAD TRACKS - IVY CREEK TRESTLE - DAY

The train chugs slowly over the trestle; Desmond, leaning out from the train car, sees his house far below. With all his might he throws the rock. It arcs through the air...

DESMOND
DADDY!...

But the train's WHISTLE drowns out his scream...

And the rock falls to the ground, just shy of the Doss's yard. Unseen.

Desmond sees that his message didn't make it. He sees his father sitting sullenly on the front porch, a disappearing speck in the distance.

INT. ARMY BUS, DAYS LATER - MORNING

Desmond sits in an old green Army bus jammed with young recruits, full of nervous energy and excitement. He runs his fingers over the pocket New Testament Dot gave him as the bus enters the gates of...

EXT. FT. JACKSON, S. CAROLINA, U.S. ARMY HQ 307TH INFANTRY

A sign boasts: *Proud Home of the "Statue of Liberty" Brigade!*

Groups of sweaty soldiers run past, harassed by their perpetually dissatisfied Drill Instructors. Desmond's bus stops and the recruits file out. Immediately, SGT. HOWELL, a no-nonsense NCO from Alabama, is screaming at them.

SGT. HOWELL

WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' STANDIN' THERE?!
GET THE LEAD OUT! MOVE IT MOVE IT
MOVE IT!

INT. INDUCTION CENTER - DAY

Desmond and the new recruits are pushed and herded quickly through a series of stations where they are thrown uniforms, duffel bags, boots, kits. Throughout, Howell is continuously yelling and berating the recruits.

Desmond is both excited and anxious - he's never been away from home before and never been around such a group.

INT. COMPANY B BARRACKS - DAY

Desmond enters his new housing. The barracks are stifling, even with all the windows open. There are a dozen other RECRUITS here, all men older than you might expect - the average age is close to 32. Most of Desmond's platoon have been here for days already and the men glance at their new comrade with casual interest.

SMITTY, a burly dockworker, is playing a knife game - "stretch" - against "GREASE" NOLAN, another Brooklyn native and auto mechanic. Smitty balances the knife with an ease suggesting intimate familiarity and expertly throws it into the floor, 30 inches from Grease's right foot. Grease groans. He has to spread his legs even wider to try and reach the knife.

Try as he might, Grease just can't make it.

GREASE

Shoot! You're up, Kirzinski.

Grease moves over and another man, KIRZINKSI, takes his place. Grease sidles up to Desmond and extends his hand.

GREASE (cont'd)

Grease Nolan outta Red Hook. Where you from?

DESMOND

Virginia. Desmond, Desmond Doss.

GREASE

Hillbilly, huh? That's Smitty there, whipping Kirzinski's ass.

KIRZINKSI

Like you were doing better.

Smitty says nothing but as the Alpha Dog in the bunch he gives Desmond a very thorough if silent scrutiny.

"TEACH" EPSTEIN, a High School math teacher from Hartford, glances up from his pulp magazine and smiles.

TEACH

Zeke Epstein. Most guys call me "Teach."

Grease steers Doss towards the back of the barracks.

GREASE

Think we got an empty bunk back here.

Grease pauses near the corner where a group of men are intently playing craps. MILT "HOLLYWOOD" ZANE, a professional gambler from Los Angeles, rolls the dice - sevens - and scoops up the pot.

HOLLYWOOD

Seven is heaven! Come to daddy!
(glancing at Desmond)
Fresh blood! Care to sit in?

DESMOND

No, thanks.

GREASE

Not as dumb as you look! That's
Hollywood Zane. Scott Drucker
there's a genuine Mohawk from
upstate New York. Say something in
Indian, Chief.

"CHIEF" Drucker looks at Grease with undisguised contempt.

CHIEF

Ugh.

Mazilli, a big burly redhead with a thick Boston accent
reaches over and shakes Desmond's hand.

BRUNO "B" MAZILLI

Bruno Mazilli. Beantown. Guys
call me B.

Grease gestures to the far corner where TEX ROYAL, a ranch-
hand from Abilene, is showing off rope tricks to VITO
RINNELLI.

GREASE

That's Tex over there and Vito
Rinnelli. Here, I don't think
anybody's using this bunk.

The barracks' door opens and Sgt. Howell bursts in. Smitty
leaps to attention and yells out.

SMITTY

'TENTION!

Everyone immediately drops what they are doing and stands up.

SGT. HOWELL

COMPANY B ON THE ROPES COURSE. FIVE
MINUTES. *LET'S GO!*

EXT. ROPES COURSE - DAY

The men are marched over to a climbing station where they are
each handed a rope.

SGT. HOWELL

(yelling)

I am going to teach you how to tie a bowline knot so you can get your sorry asses down from a height so I can kick it! Pay attention! Make a loop. Run the tail end thru the loop and around the rope. Run it back through the loop and pull it tight! Alright, let's go!!

The men struggle to follow Howell's instructions. Tex, of course, is perfect but many are flummoxed. Howell walks down the line, testing each knot. He tugs Grease's clumsy creation and it comes apart in his big meaty hands.

SGT. HOWELL (cont'd)

Congratulations, Dumb-ass, you just fell fifty feet and broke your neck!

Howell grabs Zane's rope and the knot actually slips, closing the loop.

SGT. HOWELL (cont'd)

Brilliant, Private Zane--you just strangled yourself, numb nuts!

Howell gets to Desmond who, to his embarrassment, has inadvertently doubled his rope and actually tied not one, but two loops.

SGT. HOWELL (cont'd)

What've you got here, Doss, one for each titty? You're tying a bowline, boy, not building a bra!

Desmond blushes and laughs at himself. There's a good feeling in the group, bonded by their mutual clumsiness.

SGT. HOWELL (cont'd)

You GRINNIN' at me, boy?!

DESMOND

No Sir!

But he still grins.

EXT. PARADE GROUND - DAY

Howell double-time marches the men over to a rack of rifles.

SGT. HOWELL
Grab a gun and fall in!

Everybody around him is grabbing a gun but Desmond just stares at the rack, some powerful emotion working on him.

Irritated, Howell storms up behind Desmond.

SGT. HOWELL (cont'd)
Do we not have one in your size,
soldier?!

DESMOND
(quietly)
No, Sergeant. I can't...won't touch
a gun.

Everybody gets very quiet. Howell stares at Desmond in complete and utter disbelief.

INT. CAPTAIN JACK GLOVER'S OFFICE - DAY

Glover, a tough, no-nonsense former Detroit policeman, is Company B's Commanding Officer, tasked with the almost impossible mission of creating an entirely new unit from scratch. His desk is piled high with reports, manuals, and documents and the office walls are patchwork of overdue work orders and tasks. At the moment, all of that is forgotten as he tries to figure out the enigma that is Private Doss.

CAPTAIN GLOVER
What exactly is the problem?

Desmond responds respectfully, but we can sense he's repeating himself.

DESMOND
The Army's made a mistake. I told
them when I signed up that...

SGT. HOWELL
(sharply)
"Sir."

Desmond nods, flustered.

DESMOND
(to Glover)
Yes Sir. Sorry, Sir.

CAPTAIN GLOVER

What you're saying's not possible,
Private. Do you know why that is
not possible?

DESMOND

No, Sir.

CAPTAIN GLOVER

Because the United States Army does
not make mistakes. Therefore, if
there is a problem here, you must
be that problem and I don't want
any damn problems in my Company.

DESMOND

Sir, I was supposed to be sent to a
medical unit, not a rifle company,
so I could--

SGT. HOWELL

--He's a C.O.

Howell hands Doss's papers to Glover who glances at them with
suspicion.

CAPTAIN GLOVER

You're a "Conscientious Objector?"

DESMOND

No, sir, I am a conscientious
cooperator. I volunteered for
active duty and signed on to be a
medic.

CAPTAIN GLOVER

Are you screwing with me, Doss?

DESMOND

No, sir. I don't have a problem
wearing a uniform or saluting the
flag or doing my duty; only with
the taking of human life.

Glover can't believe what he's hearing.

CAPTAIN GLOVER

You don't kill, is all. Any other
requirements? Anything else we can
do to ensure that you have a
comfortable stay here in the Army?

DESMOND

I'm a Seventh Day Adventist so Saturdays are my Sabbath. And like I was trying to explain to the Sergeant here, I won't touch a gun. Sir.

Glover and Howell exchange looks.

CAPTAIN GLOVER

Well, just so we're clear, Doss, let me tell you my requirements. They're not as complicated as yours, in fact, they're really very simple. As long as you're part of this Company, you will obey my orders. Period. If you won't do it here, I can't trust you'll do it in battle. I'm putting you in for a Section Eight, Psychiatric Discharge. Dismissed!

EXT. PARADE GROUND - MOMENTS LATER

Sgt. Howell escorts Desmond back to the line, where the rest of B Company are finishing calisthenics drills.

SGT. HOWELL

Think you're pretty smart, don't you? Come in here, make a bunch of ridiculous demands, and think we'll wash your ass outta the service, is that the plan?

DESMOND

There is no plan. I just want to serve my country.

Howell studies Desmond skeptically, completely unconvinced.

SGT. HOWELL

Uh-huh. Well whatever your plan is, princess, but you're not gonna get away with it. I guaran-damn-tee you that.

Howell approaches the men with Desmond. Everyone comes to attention.

SGT. HOWELL (cont'd)

(addressing the men)

Gentlemen! I want you to meet Private Desmond Doss.

(MORE)

SGT. HOWELL (cont'd)

Apparently, Private Doss does not believe in violence. He does not practice violence. He will not even touch a gun. Private Doss is a "Conscientious Objector." Do not look to Private Doss to save your ass on the battlefield because he will undoubtedly be too busy with his conscience to help you!

By this time, everyone is staring at Doss with undisguised suspicion, and open loathing.

SGT. HOWELL (cont'd)

I realize some of you may have strong feelings about this but the Government says we have to respect Doss' rights. It's what we men fight for: to protect our women and children and those less able. I will expect every man in this Company to give Private Doss the full measure of respect he's due for the short time he will be with us. AM I CLEAR!?

ALL THE MEN

YES, SERGEANT!

EXT. OBSTACLE COURSE - AFTERNOON

The men run the course, ducking under barbed wire, climbing wooden walls, splashing through water pits, etc. Desmond may be skinny but he's all muscle and has no trouble keeping pace with the front of the pack - a fact not lost on Smitty.

SGT. HOWELL

COME ON YOU MAGGOTS, PICK IT UP!

EXT. OBSTACLE COURSE - CLIMBING WALL - SAME

The men reach a sheer vertical wall with four knotted ropes hanging from the top. Each soldier grabs a line and hauls himself up, hand over hand. Desmond finds himself right behind Smitty.

As Smitty nears the top he glances behind at Desmond, climbing with surprising ease up the same rope just beneath him. Smitty hesitates a fraction and then lets himself slip down the rope eighteen inches, his feet catching Desmond in the face and chest and knocking him off the rope and onto the ground. Smitty grins and easily pulls himself over the top.

Desmond pulls himself up off the ground, a look of hardscrabble hillbilly determination on his face. He snatches the rope, and quickly hoists himself up again.

EXT. OBSTACLE COURSE - FINAL TRACK - SAME

Smitty cruises up ahead on the final portion of the course, victory assured. Desmond bears down and sprints full out until he catches up to a very surprised Smitty; Desmond gives him a sideways glance, and pulls ahead to finish first in the Company.

Smitty is furious as Desmond leaves him in the dust.

INT. DINING HALL - EVENING

A cavernous, drab, pinewood room with long tables seating fourteen men.

Smitty sits at the head; Desmond is at the foot. Platters of Pork Chops, peas, mashed potatoes and corn are passed down. By the time it reaches Desmond, there are only a handful of peas and corn left. Uncomplainingly, Desmond fills his plate with what's left.

Waving one pork chop on his fork over the two other chops on his plate, Smitty yells down the table at Desmond.

SMITTY

Hey, Doss! Sorry we ran out!

Desmond smiles back politely.

DESMOND

That's alright, Smitty. I don't eat meat.

SMITTY

What?

Smitty pretends he can't hear Doss. Yells out to Teach, sitting next to Doss at the end.

SMITTY (cont'd)

What'd the C.O. say?

TEX

Says he don't eat meat!

RINNELLI

Don't eat meat!

HOLLYWOOD

Not a meat eater!

From one man to the next, the word gets passed until it reaches Smitty. Smitty looks at Desmond, at a complete loss for words. Desmond smiles.

DESMOND

I like vegetables, though, plenty fine. Thanks.

Smitty burns, feeling somehow that he's been had.

INT. COMPANY B BARRACKS - NIGHT

In the precious half-hour to themselves before Lights Out, the men play cards, read, chew the fat, or write letters.

Desmond reaches into his shirt pocket and retrieves his New Testament. He runs his hands lightly over its cheap leather cover; he's in sore need of comfort.

A HAND reaches in and snatches the Bible away. Desmond jumps up to see...

Smitty standing there, grinning, holding his Bible.

SMITTY

What'cha got there, Dessie?

DESMOND

That's my Bible.

SMITTY

Seems kinda small.

DESMOND

It's just the New Testament.

SMITTY

Half a Bible for half a man?

TEACH

For Pete's sake, Smitty, give him back his Bible.

SMITTY

Shut up, Teach.

(back to Desmond)

So how come you don't fight? You think you're better than us?

DESMOND

No.

SMITTY

What if you were attacked?

Smitty suddenly BACKHANDS Desmond across the face, staggering him, and nearly knocking him down. Desmond touches his face; his lip is bleeding.

The Barracks grows very quiet. Everybody stops what they're doing and watches. A few more men gather behind Smitty.

DESMOND

The Bible says to turn the other cheek.

SMITTY

Like this?

Smitty SLAPS him again, this time in the other direction. More men gather. There is the smell of blood in the water.

SMITTY (cont'd)

See, I don't think this is a question of religion, fellas, I think this is just cowardice, plain and simple. Is that right, Doss? Are you chicken-shit, is that it?

Desmond's hands clench. It takes everything Desmond has not to leap at Smitty and tear his throat out.

GREASE

Look out, Smitty! He's getting hot!

SMITTY

Are you getting mad, Doss? Well, go on, take a poke! Tell you what, I'll give you a free shot. Go on. No?

Smitty waves the Bible; Dorothy's picture falls out. Desmond reaches for it but Smitty is faster.

SMITTY (cont'd)

Hold on here! What's this?

DESMOND

That's mine. Give it here!

SMITTY

Finder's keepers.
(examining picture)
(MORE)

SMITTY (cont'd)
Hey now, this is a fine looking
woman. Kind of woman who deserves
a real man!

The men whistle and catcall.

DESMOND
Give it back.

Desmond has grown quiet...still...dangerous.

SMITTY
Please.

Desmond's eyes are hard as mountain granite.

DESMOND
Please.

SMITTY
"Please give it back, Smitty."

DESMOND
Please give it back, Smitty.

Smitty smiles slowly.

SMITTY
Nah, I'll just keep it.

Smitty tucks the picture into his pocket. Desmond's eyes
dart up, full of fire--

And he sees Smitty smiling, waiting for him to strike back,
and abandon everything that makes him who he is.

Desmond lowers his arms.

Smitty smirks, tosses Desmond's Bible to Desmond and leaves,
taking the crowd with him.

Desmond, left alone, shunned as a coward, picks up his Bible
and straightens the crooked pages out. A drop of blood from
his lip falls on the cover. Desmond wipes it off with his
sleeve.

COLONEL STELZER (V.O.)
Do you hear voices, Desmond?

INT. ARMY PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - NEXT DAY

COLONEL STELZER is a pinched face Psychiatrist with a receding hairline and a piercing gaze. Desmond sits in front of him: nervous, angry, and defiant.

DESMOND

No, sir.

COLONEL STELZER

But I understand that God talks to you. Is that right?

DESMOND

Look, sir, I'm not some drooling backwoods idiot.

COLONEL STELZER

Is that how you think most people regard you? "A drooling idiot"?

DESMOND

I'm different. I know that. I don't pretend to be something I'm not. I am what I am.

COLONEL STELZER

Sounds lonely.

Desmond says nothing.

COLONEL STELZER (cont'd)

So you don't hear voices.

DESMOND

I pray to God and I like to think He hears me but - it's not a conversation, like we're having.

COLONEL STELZER

So, God didn't tell you not to touch a gun?

DESMOND

God says not to kill. That's the Sixth Commandment.

COLONEL STELZER

I'm quite familiar with the scriptures, Private. And most people take that commandment to mean, "Don't commit murder." War, of course, is a completely different set of circumstances...

DESMOND

I don't see it that way...

COLONEL STELZER

...King David was a "Warrior King,"
and much loved by God.

DESMOND

And that's the Old Testament! Jesus
said, "A new commandment I give
unto you, that you love one another
and--"

COLONEL STELZER

Jesus didn't say anything about not
carrying a weapon! Did he?

DESMOND

No, sir.

COLONEL STELZER

Then why won't you?

Desmond hesitates - then sets his jaw.

DESMOND

Because I won't. Sir.

INT. COMPANY B BARRACKS - DAY

Desmond returns to his cot and finds his pillow soaking wet.
He can feel the men looking at him. Desmond wrings out the
pillow as best he can.

INT. ARMY PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - DAY

Colonel Stelzer is now seated behind his desk. Captain
Glover stands at attention.

COLONEL STELZER

It is my opinion that Private Doss
is not insane or a malingerer. His
religious views are certainly...
unique, but they do not constitute
grounds for a Section Eight
Discharge. He is a legitimate
Conscientious Objector and he must
be allowed to work as a Combat
Medic provided he qualifies in all
other areas of his training.

Glover is dumbfounded - and furious.

CAPTAIN GLOVER
And if I choose to appeal your
decision, sir?

COLONEL STELZER
(with an edge)
That would be unwise, Captain.

EXT. PARADE GROUND - DAY

Glover strides furiously across the yard, Howell beside him.

CAPTAIN GLOVER
We're stuck with Doss...unless he
requests a transfer. From now on
he's restricted to Barracks and KP.
No leave.

INT. COMPANY B BARRACKS - BATHROOM - DAYS LATER

Desmond is on his hands and knees, scrubbing the filthy
toilets with a toothbrush.

INT. MESSHALL KITCHEN - FORT JACKSON - NIGHT

Desmond stands in the crowded, smoky kitchen, washing an
endless stack of dirty dishes. His hands are raw from the
hot water and bleach.

Through the window, he can see Smitty, Grease, Chief, and B
laughing and rough-housing with one another as they head out
of camp on a 24 hour pass.

Smitty and Grease glance back at Doss, silhouetted in the
mess hall window.

GREASE
What a weirdo, huh? Complete
fruitcake!

SMITTY
Shut up, Grease.

INT. COMPANY B BARRACKS - DAY

Somebody in the back yells, "Attention!" as Sgt. Howell
enters in a surprise inspection. Everyone leaps to their
feet. Howell prowls around silently, examining the barracks.
He stops in front of Doss' bunk. Tugs on a corner.

Dissatisfied, Howell yanks the entire bedding off the cot and throws it onto the floor.

SGT. HOWELL

Doss, your area is a disgrace! A pig sty!

Smitty grins. Howell turns to him.

SGT. HOWELL (cont'd)

Something funny, Ryker?

SMITTY

No, sergeant.

SGT. HOWELL

What you men fail to recognize is that a unit is no better than its weakest member. To help you learn that lesson, there will be no passes for anyone this weekend and you will all be on KP! Right now, I want you in full gear for a twenty mile hike. LET'S GO!

Howell exits. Everyone stares at Doss with utter contempt.

EXT. SOUTH CAROLINA COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Company B is in full combat uniforms carrying heavy backpacks and weapons - except Doss, who is unarmed and unburdened. The heat is stifling and the men are sweating heavily as they slog through bogs and thick shrubs.

EXT. SOUTH CAROLINA COUNTRYSIDE - HOURS LATER

The men are in a state of collapse.

SGT. HOWELL

Take five!

The Company falls to the ground where they are; some are too tired to even move into the shade.

TEX

Something's wrong with Teach.

Doss moves to Teach - he's hunched over, his face bone white, his skin dry and hot to the touch.

TEACH

Headache is all.

Teach collapses.

INT. COMPANY B BARRACKS - EVENING

The men wait, their mood sour. Nobody will look at Doss. Howell enters and the men rise to attention.

SGT. HOWELL

Private Epstein is recovering but he will not be returning to his unit; he'll be discharged. We lost a good man today, through no fault of his own, because this Unit does not pull together; because this Unit is weak!

Howell leaves. Slowly, every man in the unit looks at Doss.

INT. COMPANY B BARRACKS - SHOWERS - THAT NIGHT

Desmond is showering, as he does all things now, alone. Smitty, Grease, and Chief enter. Just as Desmond turns to face them, Smitty punches Desmond in the face, knocking him to the floor. The other men close in around him and begin kicking and punching. Desmond curls up and tries to protect himself but he doesn't fight back.

INT. COMPANY B BARRACKS - NIGHT

All the other members of the company sit on their bunks, not looking at one another. The only SOUND is that of Desmond's beating in the next room. Tex curls up in bed and slowly pulls his pillow over his ears to block out the noise.

INT. COMPANY B BARRACKS - NEXT MORNING

The entire company stands at attention. The door opens and Sgt. Howell leads Desmond in. Desmond's face looks like chopped steak: bruised and swollen, his eyes bloodshot. His ribs obviously ache but he struggles to ignore his pain.

SGT. HOWELL

Last night, Private Doss was assaulted in these barracks. I want those men who took part to step forward.

No one moves. Grease sneaks a nervous glance at Smitty.

SGT. HOWELL (cont'd)
Reese? Something you'd like to
share?

Grease shakes his head.

GREASE
No, sir.

SGT. HOWELL
Private Doss. Identify the men who
beat you.

DESMOND
(quietly)
No, sir.

SGT. HOWELL
You mean you don't know who
attacked you?

DESMOND
No, sir.

Everybody is staring at Desmond.

DESMOND (cont'd)
I never said I was assaulted.

Howell is stunned; he doesn't know how to play this one.

SGT. HOWELL
What the hell are you saying, Doss?

DESMOND
I just - fell, is all.

INT. GLOVER'S OFFICE - DAY

CAPTAIN GLOVER
I can hardly leave you in the
barracks; you might have another
attack of falling sickness.

DESMOND
I'm willing to take that chance,
sir.

CAPTAIN GLOVER
The men don't want you, Doss, they
hate your guts!

DESMOND

Sir, they see me as responsible for their loss of leave, their extra duties, and what happened to Teach. They're angry about that - as they were intended to be.

Glover and Howell exchange looks.

CAPTAIN GLOVER

If you're accusing your Drill Instructor of...

Desmond considers them coolly.

DESMOND

I'm not...sir.

INT. FORT JACKSON OFFICER'S CLUB - EVENING

Captain Glover shares a drink with his immediate superior, COLONEL CUNNINGHAM.

COLONEL CUNNINGHAM

He's an embarrassment! We'll be the laughingstock of the Regiment.

CAPTAIN GLOVER

He passed his Section 8; I've brought every pressure to bear that I can and he just won't quit.

COLONEL CUNNINGHAM

You should court-martial him.

CAPTAIN GLOVER

For what? Doss is a pain in the ass but he always toes the line.

COLONEL CUNNINGHAM

Then find a way to move the line.

Glover throws down his drink--and a thought hits him.

CAPTAIN GLOVER

He told one of the guys he's getting married this weekend, when he's on furlough.

Cunningham sees where this is going--and likes it.

INT. COLONEL CUNNINGHAM'S OFFICE - DAY - ONE WEEK LATER

Cunningham sits at his desk, Sgt. Howell standing beside him. A line of men stretches through the office as each member of Company B applies for, and gets, his long awaited "Two Week Furlough." Bored, Cunningham glances at each man's papers and routinely stamps them. Until Desmond reaches the desk.

COLONEL CUNNINGHAM

Private Doss. I can't authorize your pass.

DESMOND

Respectfully, sir, I'm long overdue. And I'm getting married this afternoon...

COLONEL CUNNINGHAM

...I'm not interested in your sob story. You're not rifle qualified.

Cunningham smiles, enjoying this.

DESMOND

I'm not required to carry a gun, sir. Colonel Stelzer...

COLONEL CUNNINGHAM

Colonel Stelzer's determination was...

(reading from report)

"Doss must be allowed to work as a Combat Medic provided he qualifies in all other areas of his training."

(closes file)

You have not qualified on the rifle range, Private.

Silence. Everybody in line - Smitty and the rest of Company B - knows that Cunningham has put Desmond in a box.

COLONEL CUNNINGHAM (cont'd)

Show me you know how to handle a rifle and I'll sign your furlough. Sergeant? Hand Private Doss your firearm.

Sgt. Howell offers Doss his rifle.

DESMOND

Sir. I will not touch a gun, sir.

COLONEL CUNNINGHAM

I am not asking you, Private. That
is a Direct Order.

And there it is.

Desmond doesn't move.

COLONEL CUNNINGHAM (cont'd)

Pick up the rifle.

(Doss remains still)

I want you to think very carefully
here, Doss. Pick up the gun; get
your furlough and have a happy
honeymoon. Refuse to pick up the
gun and I will court martial you,
and you will spend the next five
years in the stockade.

Desmond is tempted but...

DESMOND

No, sir.

COLONEL CUNNINGHAM

Sergeant, you will note that
Private Desmond Doss has disobeyed
a direct order from his superior
officer. Arrest him!

Sgt. Howell leads Desmond out, past the other men of Company
B. Desmond neither seeks their pity nor their help.

Smitty watches Desmond as he is led out. Disbelief. Anger.
Confusion. What the hell is it about this guy?

EXT. STOCKADE - DAY

As the GUARD leads Desmond in, Desmond pleads--

DESMOND

I've got to make a phone call.
Please.

GUARD

No prisoner who's been
insubordinate gets phone calls.
The Army lawyers will come to you.

INT. STOCKADE CELL - EVENING

A bare cell - a cot, a sink, a toilet. Desmond sits on the cot, reading the Bible Dorothy gave him. Desmond looks at his wrist watch: five minutes past six.

INT. 7TH DAY ADVENTIST CHURCH - LYNCHBURG, VA - SAME

Dorothy stands at the altar in her wedding gown, her parents beside her. Next to them are Desmond's parents. A tableau of embarrassment and concern.

MINISTER

(quietly)

How much longer would you like to wait, Dorothy?

Dorothy speaks without a hint of doubt in her voice.

DOROTHY

I think this is long enough.

The Minister whispers to Dorothy.

MINISTER

I'm so very sorry...

DOROTHY

I'm sure there's a reason he's not here. We'll call you on Monday to reschedule.

INT. STOCKADE CELL - NIGHT

Desmond paces in his cell, his knuckles clenched white with barely contained fury. Suddenly, the dam bursts with a SCREAM - a wrenching roar of frustration and pent-up anger. He grabs his cot and smashes it against the floor. He rips the sink off the wall. He smashes his hands against his steel door until his knuckles are bloody. Exhausted, he slumps down to the floor.

INT. STOCKADE CONFERENCE ROOM - NEXT DAY

Desmond's lawyer, CAPTAIN DANIELS, is a nervous young man with a mustache so meagre it seems painted on.

CAPTAIN DANIELS

Private, outbursts like last night don't help.

Desmond shrugs, sunk in misery.

CAPTAIN DANIELS (cont'd)

There is some good news. They've indicated if you plead guilty, the Army will give you a dishonorable discharge, and you can go home. How's that sound?

DESMOND

If that's the good news, I sure don't want to hear the bad.

CAPTAIN DANIELS

Look, Doss, Military Justice is a whole different animal. We're at war! The needs of a Conscientious Objector are hardly a priority. Take the deal and be grateful.

INT. DESMOND'S CELL - DAY

Desmond sits on his cot, reading Dorothy's Bible. The door opens and to Desmond's surprise, Captain Glover enters. Desmond stands and salutes. Glover ignores his salute.

CAPTAIN GLOVER

Sit down.

Desmond sits, uncertain. Glover looks out the window at the parade ground, at the men training outside. He sees Desmond's Bible; picks it up.

CAPTAIN GLOVER (cont'd)

This your Bible?

DESMOND

New Testament. My fiance gave it to me when I joined up.

Glover shakes his head and puts the Bible back down on the bunk.

CAPTAIN GLOVER

You probably think I'm a real son of a bitch who cares more about regulations than he does about his men.

DESMOND

No, sir.

CAPTAIN GLOVER

Did I give you permission to speak?
(beat)

The U.S. Army didn't always arm its medics. Did you know that? The Geneva Convention expressly allows Medics to be armed and to use their weapons in defense but some nice fellow at the Pentagon decided, like you, that he knew better. But after we invaded Attu last year, a thousand Japs armed with rifles and home-made spears launched a banzai attack in the middle of the night directly on the hospital tents where the medics and their wounded lay sleeping. Our boys fought back as best they could with whatever they could find but hundreds died.

Captain Glover looks at Doss.

CAPTAIN GLOVER (cont'd)

I don't give a rat's ass about your principals because the Japs don't. One of them comes at you and some wounded soldier what are you gonna fight him with, Doss? Your New Testament?

DESMOND

With everything I have, sir. I'm prepared to give my life for my men.

CAPTAIN GLOVER

You don't win wars, Doss, by giving up your life! You win wars by taking them.

(beat)

Plead guilty and I will see that you receive an Honorable Discharge. There's no shame in that. Go home and pray, and let the soldiers go over there and fight.

DESMOND

I can't do that, sir.

The two men stare at one another.

CAPTAIN GLOVER

Guard!

A GUARD unlocks the door.

CAPTAIN GLOVER (cont'd)
Your hearing is tomorrow morning.
If I can't change your mind, maybe
she can.

Glover leaves. Desmond rises, afraid to hope, but it's true - Dorothy enters the cell. Desmond and Dorothy eye each other, unsure of how the other will react. Dorothy moves into his arms.

DESMOND
I...you know I would've been there
if there'd been any way...

DOROTHY
What'd they do to you?

Dorothy sits on the cot; Desmond sits close beside her, taking his swollen hands in hers.

DESMOND
I went a couple of rounds with the
wall and lost. Pretty much the
story of me and the army.

DOROTHY
They say you could go to prison,
Desmond. Leavenworth. For a long,
long time.

Desmond is nervous but tries not to show it.

DESMOND
I don't think that'll happen.

DOROTHY
But you don't know it, do you?

DESMOND
I've come too far. I won't quit.

DOROTHY
You tried, Desmond; nobody can say
you didn't. Just say whatever they
want you to say and come home!
There's plenty of things you can do
for the war effort at home.

DESMOND
I believe in my heart that being a
medic is what I'm supposed to do!

Desmond realizes he's raised his voice more than he meant to. Dorothy is starting to seethe.

DOROTHY

This is just pride, Desmond! Pride and stubbornness! Don't confuse your will with the Lord's!

DESMOND

(reserved)

I could say the same thing to you.

Silence. Both are miserable.

DESMOND (cont'd)

I want to do right in God's eyes and - yeah, I may be - like you say - prideful. If I am, it's because I want so badly to be the kind of man you could be proud of. And I'm scared of failing.

Dorothy looks at him - a mixture of love and pity. And then she puts her arms around him and holds him close.

INT. STOCKADE CELL - EVENING

Desmond sits on the floor of his cell, alone, lost in thought. He makes a decision, one that leaves him feeling defeated. He rises and bangs on the door.

DESMOND

Guard! I want to see my lawyer.

EXT. PARADE GROUND - MORNING

Sgt. Howell leads Desmond to the courtroom.

SGT. HOWELL

You're quitting just in time, Doss. Regiment's finally shipping out; we're going to get us a real piece of this war.

(confiding)

You know, some of us had a pool going on you. Hollywood was giving 20 to one odds.

DESMOND

Where'd you put your money?

SGT. HOWELL

Let's just say, you had me a little
worried there for awhile.

They pass soldiers practicing BAYONET DRILL, lunging at and clubbing padded wooden stanchions with their rifles while their Drill Instructor urges them on. Desmond stops to watch.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR

Kill!

SOLDIERS

Kill!

DRILL INSTRUCTOR

I CAN'T HEAR YOU!

SOLDIERS

Kill!

DRILL INSTRUCTOR

IS THAT THE BEST YOU CAN DO?!

SOLDIERS

KILL! KILL! KILL!

Desmond regards all these young men, so confident of their power, acting invulnerable--as if none of them will be wounded, or killed.

Sgt. Howell tugs at Desmond's sleeve pulling him back to reality. He follows but there's a different look in his eyes now.

EXT. DOSS HOUSE - DAY

Tom Doss drives his car up to the house like a madman, leaving deep ruts in the muddy front yard. He leaps out of the car leaving the door open behind him and the engine still running. He hurries up the steps to the front porch where Dot and Bess have been anxiously waiting for him.

DOROTHY

Did you get it?!

Tom hands her an envelope.

TOM DOSS

Right there. Go on!

Dorothy starts down the steps. Stops and looks back

DOROTHY

You're coming aren't you?

A flash of pain crosses Tom's eyes.

TOM DOSS

No. You go. I...Tell him this was your doing.

DOROTHY

But it wasn't.

TOM DOSS

In a way it was. Go on...you're gonna be late if you don't get started.

Dorothy starts to turn away, but then stops again. There is a gentle strength in her face, the kind particular to Southern women.

DOROTHY

Mr. Doss... When Desmond and I marry, you'll be my father too. And I'm telling you: he'd want to know this...from you.

A flash of pain shoots across Tom's face.

TOM DOSS

I'm no good at this stuff. You go.

With one last look and the hint of a nod, Dorothy turns back toward the car and heads off.

INT. MAKESHIFT COURTROOM - DAY

A conference room has been hastily transformed into a courtroom. The JUDGE, a JAG Officer, sits at the far end behind a table on a raised dais. Desmond sits at a table with his lawyer, Captain Daniels. The Prosecutor sits at a nearby table next to Colonel Cunningham and Captain Glover. Cunningham looks very pleased. Glover, on the other hand, is oddly subdued. MP's flank the doors. There are a handful of chairs in the back - empty. Desmond looks around in vain for Dorothy, but she is not there. Nobody is there for him.

JUDGE

This is a hearing into the matter of Private Desmond Doss. The charge is Disobeying a Direct Order from his Commanding Officer. How says the Defendant?

Captain Daniels rises.

CAPTAIN DANIELS

May it please the court, Private
Doss is prepared to enter a Guilty
plea.

JUDGE

Is that so, Private?

A moment. Desmond rises slowly.

DESMOND

No, sir. I've changed my mind.

There is an unpleasant stir in the courtroom.

JUDGE

You wish to proceed with a Court
Martial?

Desmond's lawyer, Captain Daniels, whispers to him--

CAPTAIN DANIELS

Doss, what the hell are you--

DESMOND

(ignoring Daniels; to the
Judge)
If you say so.

JUDGE

This is not a game, Private. Your
lawyer has acquainted you with all
of the possible consequences?

DESMOND

Yes, sir.

JUDGE

Very well. Do you deny disobeying
Colonel Cunningham's order?

DESMOND

No, sir.

JUDGE

It would seem you leave the court
with very limited options.

(a moment)

Why is it so important to you,
given your refusal to even touch a
gun, to serve in a combat unit?

Desmond takes a breath and wipes his sweaty hands on his pants. He's working this out on his feet; trying to give form to his feelings.

DESMOND

When the Japs attacked Pearl Harbor, I took it personally. Everyone I knew was on fire to join up. Two men in my home town who were declared 4-F killed themselves because they couldn't serve. I had a job in a defense plant and could've taken a deferment but it didn't seem right.

It didn't seem right to me that other folks should fight and die for my rights, including my right to believe what I believe. Being a medic seems perfect. I'll be right in the middle with the other guys, no less danger, but instead of taking life, I'll be saving it. With the world so set on tearing itself apart, it doesn't seem such a bad thing to me to want to put a little bit of it back together.

The men in the court can't embrace Desmond's position, but they can't deny his sincerity.

DESMOND (cont'd)

All I've ever wanted was a chance to serve my country and to protect my fellow soldiers.

The Judge frowns.

JUDGE

While the sentiments expressed are laudable, the facts of the case seem incontestable. I have no choice but to recommend we go forward...

The door opens and Dorothy enters. She spots Desmond and rushes past the startled guards to him and his lawyer. She hands the envelope to Captain Daniels.

JUDGE (cont'd)

How did this woman get in here?
Guards!

The MPs close in. Daniels rises, Dorothy's open envelope in his hand.

CAPTAIN DANIELS

Your Honor! I have a letter here!
From Washington!

The Judge beckons and Daniels hands him the letter. The Judge reads it. He glances up at Desmond.

JUDGE

(reading aloud)

"The defendant's rights as a
Conscientious Objector are
protected by an Act of Congress and
he cannot be compelled to waive
those rights. That includes his
refusal to bear arms of any kind."
Signed by the War Services
Commander, Washington, D.C.

A stake through the heart of the charges against Desmond.
The Judge looks over at Cunningham and Glover.

JUDGE (cont'd)

We could proceed, of course, should
the Colonel insist...?

Colonel Cunningham rises stiffly.

COLONEL CUNNINGHAM

I withdraw the charges, sir.

JUDGE

Then this case is dismissed.
Private Doss, you may resume your
duties and begin training as a
combat medic.

As the courtroom clears, Desmond hugs Dorothy.

DESMOND

How did you do this?!

Over her shoulder, Desmond catches a glance from Glover -
there is no look of forgiveness on his face, nor any signs of
forgetting this defeat.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Desmond lies in bed, absently toying with the WEDDING RING
that now graces his left hand.

Dorothy turns off the light in the bathroom and climbs into bed, wearing a nightgown and her own ring. They hold each other a moment and savor the look in each other's eyes.

DOROTHY

Now, I haven't changed my mind about what you're doing and I don't want you to go. But I love you and if you really think this is what you're meant to do, then that's the way it is. Only...

DESMOND

What?

DOROTHY

You don't come home to me and I'll make you sorry you were ever born.

Dorothy tries to smile but her tears betray her and then Desmond's mouth is kissing her and they are lost in each other.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A ROAD - OKINAWA - MORNING

Titles: **OKINAWA. APRIL, 1945**

The Liberty Division has finally made it into combat, but their war shows little excitement and even less glory. A cold, heavy rain dampens spirits and turns the primitive road into a morass of mud. Company B slogs through the mire as they try to get up to the front line.

Desmond walks in the rear - alone - the Red Cross insignia on his arm and his helmet evidence that he is now, finally, a Medic. He carries a full field backpack plus three plasma sets, a surgical kit, and two canteens, one full of water and one full of rubbing alcohol.

Desmond's training hasn't brought him any closer to the men, who still noticeably shun him. And he remains the only man among them, indeed the only man in the entire US army, who is unarmed.

Bruno shifts the heavy Flamethrower equipment on his back.

BRUNO "B" MAZILLI

Thought the Pacific was supposed to be *warm*.

RENNELLI

That's what that zippo on your back
is for.

On either side of the road, the soil is deep red. Rice
paddies and cornfields alternate between low pine-covered
limestone and ancient coral ridges.

SMITTY

Doesn't look a whole lot different
than South Carolina.

Chief points at an elaborate womb-shaped rock structure on
one hill.

CHIEF

Won't see that in South Carolina -
that's an Okinawan tomb.

KIRZINKSI

How come they don't bury their dead
like decent people?

Chief shrugs. A sudden DISTANT RUMBLE of artillery pierces
the air and every man perks up.

JON KIRZINKSI

(nervously)
Ours or theirs?

The men up ahead in the line are stepping over to the side of
the road. Horns of approaching trucks are heard honking
loudly.

CAPTAIN GLOVER

Give'em room! Make way!

Company B huddles miserably off the road as a convoy of ARMY
TRUCKS rumbles past them in the opposite direction.

The first trucks are loaded with AMERICAN SOLDIERS, gaunt,
and haunted-looking. Their clothes are tattered and filthy
but much worse is the vacant look of misery in their eyes.

HOLLYWOOD

Who's that?

CAPTAIN GLOVER

The 96th; what's left of them. The
guys we're replacing.

The trucks keep coming by, one after another, full of silent
men with ghostly pallor and dazed faces.

GREASE

How long were they on the line?

SMITTY

Two weeks.

JON KIRZINKSI

Jesus.

And then the last five trucks pass by - full of DEAD SOLDIERS, each man draped in his own damp poncho and then stacked like wood, four feet high.

The men get very quiet. Desmond takes off his helmet and the others follow suit. The rain beats down on their bare heads and runs off their ponchos. The last truck rumbles past. There is only the SOUND of the wind and the rain.

Captain Glover steps back into the road.

CAPTAIN GLOVER

(very subdued)

Let's go.

EXT. OKINAWA FARMHOUSE - THAT EVENING

Company B enters a typical Okinawan farmstead: low stone wall surrounding a central building with a heavy tile roof and upswept eaves. It appears abandoned, pock marked by mortar rounds and machine gun fire, but nobody is taking any chances.

The men move cautiously, guns ready. SERGEANT JONES hurries up alongside Glover.

SGT. JONES

Sir, we got three Nips coming in, want to surrender. One of 'em looks like he might be an officer.

Glover, Doss, Smitty and several others follow Sgt. Jones out the rear entrance of the compound to the edge of...

EXT. HALF-PLOWED FIELD - EVENING

A group of soldiers stand watching in amusement as three JAPANESE SOLDIERS approach - one riding a bicycle, one sitting on the handlebars, and the third running alongside holding a large WHITE FLAG.

CAPTAIN GLOVER

Hold your fire!

Several of the US soldiers look back to Glover in confusion. A few wave their arms at the Japanese to halt. As the Japanese get within fifteen yards they abruptly stop and abandon the bicycle. All of them pull out GRENADES and throw them at the Americans! The grenades explode and simultaneously the Americans open up. In the brief fire-fight, five American soldiers are wounded and all three Japanese go down.

CAPTAIN GLOVER (cont'd)
Cease Fire! Medic!

It was all so fast; Desmond can hardly believe it.

CAPTAIN GLOVER (O.C.) (cont'd)
MEDIC!

Desmond grabs his kit and hurries towards the closest wounded American.

It's not until he's almost on him that he can see it's actually two men - Bruno, with a gaping stomach wound, and lying beside him, Kirzinski, dead, his sightless eyes staring up at the sky. His first combat casualties.

The classroom can't prepare you for this: the smell of burning flesh; the sight of arterial blood seeping into the ground; the pitiful SOUND of men whimpering with pain. Desmond takes a hurried breath and checks the Bruno's pulse.

DESMOND
B?

BRUNO "B" MAZILLI
Is that you, Doss?

DESMOND
Don't speak. Save your breath.

Desmond starts to cut away Bruno's clothes to get at his wound. Bruno is badly rattled, shaking with pain and terror; the look on Desmond's face isn't comforting.

BRUNO "B" MAZILLI
(whispering)
It wasn't - like - they said it -
would be.

Desmond stops, confused, for only a moment as Bruno's eyes roll back in his head.

DESMOND
He's going into shock!

Desmond quickly injects Bruno with morphine and then wraps a tourniquet around his upper arm. He pulls out a plasma unit - a box with two bottles and a two way needle - and connects the bottles with the needle. While the liquid is filling the dried plasma, Desmond pulls out a sterile IV kit and sets it up. He inserts one end into the now liquid plasma and the other into Bruno's arm. Desmond releases the tourniquet and the plasma begins to flow into the patient.

Desmond waits an anxious moment and then, as the color returns to Bruno's face, he breathes a sigh of relief.

DESMOND (cont'd)
STRETCHER TEAM!

A Two Man stretcher team runs up. Desmond watches them load his patient and carry him away. Only then does Desmond realize how much his hands are shaking.

EXT. OKINAWA FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

As the last of the American wounded are evacuated, Desmond moves to the Japanese bodies. To his surprise, one of them is still alive.

It is Desmond's first glimpse of the enemy and despite the treachery of their assault, this soldier does not appear formidable. The Japanese Soldier looks young, barely out of his teens, and so malnourished he's more skin and bones than anything else. Blood bubbles at the corners of his mouth. He looks at Desmond with absolute terror in his eyes.

Desmond doesn't hesitate, he squats down beside the wounded soldier and starts to treat his wounds.

SMITTY (O.C.)
Leave him be.

Desmond looks up in surprise at Smitty standing over him, service revolver drawn, glowering at the wounded Japanese soldier. Glover strides over.

CAPTAIN GLOVER
Sons of bitches came in under a
white flag.
(to everyone)
No more prisoners! Ever. You get
a clean shot on one of them, you
take it!
(to Desmond)
Leave him alone.

DESMOND

(quietly)

It's my job, sir; take care of the wounded.

CAPTAIN GLOVER

Not these wounded.

BOOM! Smitty shoots the wounded Japanese soldier at such close range that flecks of blood spatter Desmond.

Glover has already begun to walk off. Smitty looks at Desmond.

SMITTY

He's all yours now.

EXT. OKINAWA FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Nervous sentries guard the farmhouse perimeter in two man foxholes. It's pitch black out and the night is foggy, even further obscuring vision.

INT. OKINAWA FARMHOUSE - SAME

Those men not on duty - including Smitty - sit together and eat dinner or smoke.

Desmond sits by himself, ignored by the rest of the company, eating cold K rations.

The door opens and another soldier, Schecter, enters. Schecter is clearly a veteran; he looks ragged and beat but he has a warm, engaging manner. He carries the equipment of a medic but wears none of the identifying insignia. Irv glances around until he spots Desmond and then comes over to him, hand extended.

SCHECTER

You Doss? Irv Schecter out of the 96th. You and me are the only medics they got now in this area so it looks like we're gonna be working together.

SMITTY

The 96th? You just come off the line?

Schecter barely nods, ignoring Smitty, and hands Desmond a medical supply package which Desmond starts to open.

SMITTY (cont'd)
What's it like up there?

Schecter finally turns to face Smitty. He considers him a minute, something flinty in his gaze that makes even Smitty uncomfortable.

SCHECTER
"Hacksaw Ridge." That's where it's all happening right now. They threw us off it six times and after the last time there wasn't anything left of the 96th.

Smitty and the rest of the men are silent. Desmond now has the package open to reveal bandages and surgical dressings - which are all brown instead of white.

DESMOND
Are these bandages OK?

Irv turns back to Desmond.

SCHECTER
They're sterile, if that's what you mean. We started out using regular white bandages but they show up too easy and the Japs deliberately target the wounded. And take off all your Red Cross markings and put some tape over your helmet. Japs put a premium on shooting medics. They'll let a whole squad go by just to get a clean shot at one of us.

DESMOND
How come?

SCHECTER
'Cause they're animals. I've seen them fake being wounded, calling out "Medic!" just to lure you in. Then...

Schecter makes a slashing motion across his throat.

SCHECTER (cont'd)
There isn't any Geneva convention out there. There aren't any rules at all.

The men all look at one another. Schecter hands Desmond a roll of black tape.

EXT. ROAD HEADING SOUTH - DAY

It's a very different Company on the march today. Several men have been killed or wounded and the true nature of the abyss which yawns before them has been glimpsed. Desmond glances up at the terrain around them.

They are crossing an open valley, half a mile wide. A series of gradual slopes lead to their ultimate objective up ahead: a long, high rocky escarpment:

HACKSAW RIDGE

The jagged Ridge runs west, to their right, all the way to the sea. The top of the ridge is protected by a SHEER CLIFF which is 70 feet high.

At the eastern end of the ridge, to the Company's left, is a series of sharp ROCK PINNACLES, 480-500 feet tall, which dominate the entire formation.

With the sun behind it, throwing its enormous shadow out towards the men, the entire structure feels oppressive and malevolent.

The Company has stopped - every man in it absorbing their first glance of the obstacle ahead.

CAPTAIN GLOVER

Let's go!

The Company reluctantly begins to move forward.

They come upon the first of several unburied JAPANESE CORPSES--bloating, decomposing bodies drawing clouds of flies. Their faces are stretched tight, jaws open, as if the dead are still screaming.

A cloud-like dread begins to descend on the men.

Desmond notices the FOOTPRINTS of Rennelli in front of him. The stream trickling down the middle of the road is changing color, getting redder. Blood red.

And then it dawns on Desmond that the ground is so SATURATED WITH BLOOD that they are literally walking through a stream of it.

As every man comes to the same shocking realization.

HOLLYWOOD

Is that...? It's not a stream,
it's blood!

RENNELLI
(crossing himself)
Lord have mercy.

EXT. 1ST BATTALION LINES - DAY

Titles: **April 24, 1945. First Assault.**

The First Battalion's lines are 50 yards from the northern edge of the Ridge, running from the Pinnacle rocks on the left, to about 500 yards to the right.

Up close, the Ridge is an even more rugged barrier, actually an ancient coral reef. Rain and wind erosion have carved innumerable gullies, caves, and holes in the cliff face. Two weeks of combat have left their mark as well. Whatever trees or shrubbery once existed here, all that remains now are blasted, charred stumps and blackened craters.

The men of the Company B have found shelter wherever they can - some in natural defensive positions among the rocks, others in foxholes they have scraped out themselves, or that were left by the 96th.

EXT. 1ST PLATOON COMMAND POST/AID STATION - SAME

Captain Glover has set up his Command Post with the platoon's critical communication gear in a hole between two huge rocks on the lower side of the hill. In front, charred logs have been piled up and covered with dirt for extra protection. Twenty yards behind the CP and dug in behind another pile of rocks is the MEDICAL RECEIVING STATION, the first stop in the chain of medical care for evacuated casualties.

INT. COMPANY COMMAND POST - SAME

Captain Glover has the NCOs, Squad Leaders, and Medics gathered around while he goes over the plan of battle.

CAPTAIN GLOVER
The enemy will be softened up by a mortar and artillery barrage. At 1700 hours, when those shadows give us some cover on the face, Companies B and A will assault the ridge. A will take the pinnacles on our left, while we seize the section of the ridge directly in front of us.

(MORE)

CAPTAIN GLOVER (cont'd)
The two companies will then link up
on top and establish a new
defensive perimeter which we will
hold at all costs.

Glover hesitates.

CAPTAIN GLOVER (cont'd)
We need Okinawa as a staging area
for the invasion of Japan but the
entire movement of the Army has
been held up, right here. Our Navy
is stuck off the coast getting hit
by Kamikaze attacks and losing a
ship and a half a day. Hacksaw
Ridge is the key to their defences.
We take Hacksaw, we get Okinawa.
We get Okinawa, we take Japan. So
the sooner we get this done, the
sooner we can all go home.
Questions?

The men are silent.

CAPTAIN GLOVER (cont'd)
OK. See you on top.

Everyone start to leave.

CAPTAIN GLOVER (cont'd)
Doss.

Desmond returns. Glover waits until they are alone.

CAPTAIN GLOVER (cont'd)
That damn ridge has cost us so many
Americans we don't even have an
accurate count yet. When we
attack, the only hope any man has
of surviving is to kill every Jap
he sees without hesitation.
Whatever nonsense you believe, you
keep it to yourself--and do your
job. You understand me?

DESMOND
Yes, sir.

EXT. COMPANY B LINES - 1700 HOURS

The men wait nervously in their positions, checking their
weapons and ammunitions. Some men have short six foot
LADDERS and heavy CLIMBING ROPES with GRAPPLING HOOKS.

Over their heads, U.S. mortars and artillery shells arc in and explode on top of the Ridge.

As medics, Desmond and Schecter wait the standard 10-15 feet behind the men. They will follow the attack from this position so they can better see when someone goes down. Schecter goes over his supplies obsessively.

Desmond closes his eyes and says a silent prayer. Several of the other men notice. Desmond whispers "Amen" and takes his New Testament from his pocket, running his fingers over its cover.

Suddenly, the artillery barrage stops. Desmond opens his eyes and nervously tucks his Bible away in his breast pocket.

Captain Glover looks at his watch. It's time. He hand signals the "go ahead" to his squad leaders.

EXT. CLIFF FACE - SAME

With the SCOUTS, including Chief, leading the way, the men move as fast and as silently as they can, scrambling over the rubble at the base of the Ridge, hand over hand. This is not the Charge of the Light Brigade. Every man is utterly terrified and is forcing himself to move forward by a sheer act of will.

TWO TEAMS set up ladders against the cliff face. Immediately, two men with ropes climb to the top of the ladders and toss their grappling hooks onto the lip of the Ridge, trying to grab a secure hold.

Surprisingly there is little enemy resistance--only some sniping and a few knee mortar rounds. One soldier goes down.

Desmond hurries towards the wounded soldier when a mortar round lands nearby on the rocks. A handful of razor-sharp shards of limestone smack Desmond in the right side, spinning him around, and knocking him down to the ground!

Desmond's hand and face are bleeding. He looks in wonder at his own blood - half terrified at how close the shell was and half delighted at the modest nature of his injury.

Desmond wipes the blood off on his own shirt, and plunges back towards the line.

The soldiers swarm up the cliff face and finally onto the top of the Ridge which is revealed to be a small plateau.

EXT. CLIFF FACE - TEN MINUTES LATER

Desmond hauls himself up the last few feet of rope and onto...

EXT. HACKSAW RIDGE - PLATEAU LIP - CONTINUOUS

The edge here is maybe fifteen feet wide and two to six feet deep. Dotted with boulders and stumps of shattered trees, it rises up towards the plateau in a small BERM. This tiny protected area is all the shelter the plateau offers.

Captain Glover and the rest of the men are huddled behind the berm, peering cautiously over the edge.

Desmond reaches them just as Glover gives the signal to move forward across the berm and onto...

EXT. OPEN PLATEAU - CONTINUOUS

The plateau, seemingly open, is actually crisscrossed by numerous cunningly hidden small RAVINES and GULLIES, and still smoking from the pre-assault bombardment. There are no Japanese forces or defensive structures visible. That doesn't mean they aren't there. As Glover and his men move out into the open, all hell breaks loose.

HEAVY MACHINE GUN FIRE from three cleverly camouflaged positions rakes the top of the plateau.

Simultaneously, there is a shower of HAND GRENADES from individual Japanese Soldiers hidden in natural folds and man-made trenches in the ground, or popping out of camouflaged "Spider Holes."

Japanese KNEE MORTARS, 81 MM MORTARS, and even 47 MM guns launched from positions hidden in the rear of the Ridge - the "Reverse Slope" - fall among the Americans with devastating results.

The Company responds with their own grenades, carbines, and BAR but the enemy is so well hidden it's hard to find a target. Immediately, the Company starts taking casualties. In front of Desmond, a SOLDIER takes the full blast from a Japanese mortar shell and is tossed up into the air and backwards, slamming into the ground.

Desmond launches himself over the berm and runs to the downed man, ignoring the firing and explosions all around him. The man has lost both his legs from the knees down.

Schechter runs past Desmond and glances down at the wounded soldier. He shakes his head.

SCHECTER
Waste of time! Come on!

The wounded soldier grabs Desmond's arm.

WOUNDED SOLDIER
Don't leave me! Please, God, don't
leave me!

Desmond leans close to the soldier - he can't be more than nineteen.

DESMOND
I'm not going anywhere! What's
your name?

Desmond quickly injects the soldier with morphine and ties a tourniquet around the stumps of his legs.

WOUNDED SOLDIER
S.s..s..Stevens. Private J.
Stevens.

DESMOND
Where you from, Private Stevens?

WOUNDED SOLDIER
Buffalo.

DESMOND
That's near Niagara Falls, right?
Always wanted to see that. OK,
I've got to get you off of here.
Arms around my neck; hold on now!

Desmond picks up the Wounded Soldier and carries him to the cliff edge. Desmond looks down.

It's seventy feet straight down. It didn't seem so far climbing up but it looks like the bottom of the Grand Canyon from here.

Desmond wraps a bandage around his right hand and grabs one of the climbing ropes, while he simultaneously tries to secure the soldier with his left hand.

Suddenly, there is an ear-splitting ROAR, like a freight train approaching, moving down towards him. Desmond looks up to see...

A huge JAPANESE SPIGOT MORTAR SHELL, the size of a garbage can, stuffed with twenty pounds of high explosives, arcing down directly towards him.

Desmond looks around in terror. To jump from the cliff would kill both him and his patient. Desmond pushes the Wounded Soldier down and covers him with his own body...

The shell passes within six inches of Desmond and lands at the base of the cliff - *and fails to go off!*

Desmond shudders with relief.

Shakily, Desmond secures the wounded Soldier, grabs the rope with his one free hand, and using his feet to slow his descent, jumps off the cliff and slides down the rope.

Desmond can't control their motion very well and the rope begins to swing, throwing them into the cliff face. Desmond tries to put himself between the rock and the wounded Soldier.

EXT. HACKSAW RIDGE - BASE OF CLIFF - CONTINUOUS

Bruised and battered, Desmond reaches the bottom; terra firma never felt so good. The Spigot Mortar Shell that missed them is sticking out of the mud - somehow it had landed *on its back* and thus failed to explode. Desmond has to steady himself at the thought of how close he came to dying but he has a job to do:

DESMOND (cont'd)
STRETCHER!

A FOUR MAN STRETCHER team races out from their position hidden in the rocks and grabs the wounded soldier.

Desmond runs alongside as the Stretcher Bearers carry the soldier back through their own lines towards the...

EXT. COMPANY AID STATION - CONTINUOUS

...where a DOCTOR is already treating incoming casualties. He glances at the wounded Soldier with a critical eye.

DOCTOR
Plasma!

Desmond watches while the Doctor goes to work. He glances up at Desmond, gesturing furiously at the soldier's mangled legs.

DOCTOR (cont'd)
You ever hear of triage? He won't
last a day! And if he does, he
won't thank you!
(to an assistant)
GET ME SOME PLASMA OVER HERE!

Desmond stumbles out of the aid station and back towards the Escarpment. He stops in shock as he sees the rest of Company B scrambling down off Hacksaw Ridge in a frantic, helpless retreat. It is utter chaos.

EXT. FOXHOLE BELOW THE RIDGE - NIGHT

As Japanese mortars sporadically lay down harassment fire Desmond crouches in his foxhole looking through his K Ration packages for his dinner options: "Ham and Egg", "Beef", "Ham and Cheese." All meat. Resigned to going hungry, he pulls the single hardtack cracker out of his kit and munches on it slowly, washing it down with water from his canteen.

Smitty comes sprinting over and jumps into Desmond's foxhole. Desmond is surprised, but pleased at his company. For his part, Smitty is trying to put on a good face but clearly, he's unnerved by their first combat experience.

DESMOND
Hey.

SMITTY
Not here to be sociable. Captain wants all the medics to have a rifleman with them at night, in case one of those Jap infiltration teams gets through. I drew the short straw.

As Smitty talks, he nervously lays out his weapons: he jabs his K-bar knife into the ground for quick access alongside his pistol, his carbine, an extra magazine, and two grenades.

SMITTY (cont'd)
I couldn't see them up there! It was like they were invisible or something. You knew they were there because they were tearing us up, but you couldn't see them.

DESMOND
Camouflage, I guess.

SMITTY
Like ghosts. You gonna eat that?

Desmond shakes his head and Smitty snatches the Beef package, rips it open, and stuffs it in his mouth.

SMITTY (cont'd)

Mortars are the worst. I hate the way they sound coming in on you but Jones told me that it's the one you don't hear that kills you. I think Grease wet himself. He wasn't the only one.

(slight hesitation)

Noticed you were talking to yourself plenty, going up.

DESMOND

Praying.

SMITTY

Never been too big on church and stuff like that.

DESMOND

Don't need church to pray. Don't need anything. It's just...you talking to God.

SMITTY

Uh-huh. He ever talk back?

DESMOND

Not like this. More just a feeling of being heard. Safe.

SMITTY

Safe?

Smitty looks around at the desolate landscape.

SMITTY (cont'd)

That'd be a good trick.

Smitty clearly seems to be struggling with something. After a moment of hesitation he reaches into his pocket and hands something to Desmond.

SMITTY (cont'd)

Here.

Desmond looks down to find the photo of Dorothy that Smitty had stolen from him earlier in his hands. It's torn in some places and dirty in others, but the sight of Dorothy brings an almost forgotten comfort to Desmond in that dark place.

SMITTY (cont'd)

I never felt good about taking it.
And never could throw it away.

DESMOND

Smitty...

SMITTY

Don't think this means we're square
or nothing. You're still weird to
me. But... you did good today.

INT. COMPANY COMMAND POST - DAWN

Glover addresses the Squad Leaders and Medics.

CAPTAIN GLOVER

OK, I know we got our asses handed
to us but at least we've got a
better sense of what's on top. The
Japs have built a three Bunker
system in a triangle formation
towards the southeast corner. We
neutralize those bunkers and we
should be able to roll over the
ridge.

SGT. JONES

We're too slow putting men and
supplies up there the way we did it
yesterday. Not to mention getting
our casualties down.

CAPTAIN GLOVER

Yeah. I asked the Navy for some
heavy cargo nets. I figure we can
attach them to those tree stumps up
on the lip and move our men up a
heck of a lot faster. Gonna need
volunteers to tie those nets up.

There is silence. The men avoid looking at one another.
Finally, Desmond raises his hand.

DESMOND

I'll go.

A moment, as the men take this in. Then Smitty raises his
hand, followed by Sgt. Jones.

EXT. BASE OF THE RIDGE - DAWN

Desmond, Smitty, and Jones wait in the relative security of the foot of the cliff. Each man ties a rope to his waist, the end of which is secured to one end of two cargo nets lashed together. Finished, the men pick up their climbing ropes with the grappling hooks. They're ready.

Glover notices a COMBAT PRESS team approaching.

CAPTAIN GLOVER
(incredulously)
What do you want?

COMBAT PHOTOGRAPHER
For the folks back home.

Glover shakes his head and nods at his three rope men.

CAPTAIN GLOVER
Smile pretty for the camera,
fellas.

Desmond, Smitty and Jones force themselves to smile for the photographer.

Glover signals and his men prop three makeshift ladders up against the cliff face. Desmond and the two others begin to climb as fast as they can while the ropes attached to them are carefully played out.

The other soldiers in the unit watch in surprise and even admiration as Desmond scoots up the ladder, all the while mumbling a prayer. He leaves Smitty and Jones struggling slowly behind.

Near the top, Desmond throws his grappling hook up and secures a hold, then hoists himself, hand by hand, up over the...

EXT. HACKSAW RIDGE - PLATEAU LIP - CONTINUOUS

Being sure to keep his head down beneath the height of the berm, Desmond quickly removes the rope from his waist and loops it around a thick tree stump.

Lying back on the ground, feet braced against the stump, Desmond pulls with all his might to hoist the cargo net up the cliff face. By this time, both Smitty and Jones are on either side of him, pulling up their loads. From below, Desmond can hear Glover call:

CAPTAIN GLOVER

Tie it off!

Desmond wraps the line around the tree trunk one last turn for extra measure and then secures it with a knot. He moves to the edge of the cliff and looks down.

He is fearless.

Below him the Photographer is clicking away. Smitty joins Desmond, grinning and posing for the camera.

SMITTY

Like frickin' Iwo Jima!

CAPTAIN GLOVER

Alright, ladies, get down offa there before you get your movie star asses shot to pieces.

EXT. COMPANY COMMAND POST - DAY

Glover lays out the refined attack plan for the squad leaders, medics, and the Combat Press Team. On the ground in front of him, Glover has constructed a crude diagram of the plateau using twigs and stones.

CAPTAIN GLOVER

Company A will start the assault on the pinnacles to draw their focus and then we head up under covering mortar fire to keep the Japs pinned down. Soon as we're in position, we pour in small arms fire while the Demo Squad gets close enough to toss in a satchel charge on the main bunker. Bunker blows, we move in fast on the other two, just like we trained it. Questions? All right, lets--

Tex raises his hand.

TEX

Sir... I'd like Doss to pray for us before we go up.

Glover is stunned, but no more surprised than Desmond.

CAPTAIN GLOVER

"Pray for us?"

TEX

The Company.

CAPTAIN GLOVER

You gotta problem with that, Doss?

DESMOND

(uncomfortable)

No, sir.

CAPTAIN GLOVER

Well - I guess it can't hurt.

EXT. BASE OF THE RIDGE - DAY

Beneath the overhang, every man in Company B has assembled for the assault. Above them, Army mortars are continuously blasting the top of the ridge.

Titles: **Second Assault on Hacksaw Ridge.**

Glover gestures unenthusiastically to Desmond who removes his helmet and kneels, as do Tex and some of the other men. Smitty hangs back but he watches everything closely.

Desmond himself is nervous; this is not something he wants to do, or is comfortable with.

DESMOND

Lord. We pray - that you give our officers here, especially Captain Glover, wisdom in knowing how to give his orders because our lives are in his charge. Give us wisdom and the...the help we need in taking all the precautions we can, and if it be Your Will, we all come back alive. Amen.

Desmond looks around. To his surprise, all the men seem focused in their prayers. Several of them echo his "Amen" with unusual conviction. Glover looks around at his Company and nods. For better or worse - it's time.

CAPTAIN GLOVER

OK. Let's go.

The men of Company B begin rapidly climbing up the cargo nets and scale the cliff. Reaching...

EXT. HACKSAW RIDGE - PLATEAU LIP - DAY

Careful to stay below the berm, they crawl on their hands and knees and spread out along the edge of the cliff in good order.

Desmond watches as Captain Glover quietly signals over the radio to the mortar teams below. Almost immediately, the Mortar barrage stops.

That's the signal for Company B to attack. As one, the men throw grenades over the berm and then rise up and begin a concentrated FIRE across the plateau.

Smitty focuses his BAR on the MAIN BUNKER while...

The DEMO MAN crawls out onto the plateau, beneath the bullets of his own men, carrying a twenty pound satchel charge of dynamite. When he is within ten feet of the Main Bunker, he pulls the fuse and throws his satchel on top of the bunker.

There is a tremendous EXPLOSION, blowing a hole in the Bunker roof.

As the men are waiting for the dust to clear--

A SNIPER SHOT hits Schecter in the leg. He yells once and falls. Immediately, Desmond kneels beside him.

SCHECTER

Oh, man, that hurts! How bad?

Desmond looks down at Irv's leg and sees a severe, but survivable entrance wound. The exit wound, however, is much worse.

DESMOND

Million dollar wound, Irv. You're going home.

Desmond starts to give Schecter a morphine injection.

SCHECTER

No--No morphine. I'm good! Save it for somebody who needs it.

Desmond hesitates a moment, considering how tightly to wrap the tourniquet. He glances at the wound once more and wraps a loose tourniquet around Schecter's leg as a Stretcher Team hurries up alongside. They pick up Schecter and carry him off; Schecter gives Desmond the thumbs up as he goes.

Glover gestures and then leads a charge of the entire Company, yelling and screaming... Desmond hurries after his Company as they race--

ACROSS THE PLATEAU

...towards the now vulnerable bunker.

Several men toss grenades into the hole. Within the bunker, explosions shudder the ground in rapid succession. SCREAMS echo up from inside.

A soldier releases a searing blast of LIQUID FIRE from his flame-thrower into the Bunker's gun port and the screams inside intensify.

Having demolished the Main Bunker, the Company splits into TWO PRE-ASSIGNED TEAMS and each team attacks one of the two remaining bunkers with grenades, satchel charges, and flamethrowers. The Company sweeps the Ridge - victorious.

EXT. BASE OF THE RIDGE - DAY

Desmond climbs down the cargo net to find a group of his fellow soldiers waiting for him. The men smile at him and pat and touch his shoulder affectionately.

SOLDIERS

Heya, Doss!/Thanks, buddy!/ Way to pray./Bless you, man./You saved us!

Desmond smiles tightly and nods--uncomfortable with their praise.

INT. MEDIC STATION - AFTERNOON

The usual chaos as overworked doctors and nurses tend to the newly wounded. Desmond glances around and grabs a passing surgeon.

DESMOND

What happened to Schecter--medic in company B? He came in just as we started the assault.

The Surgeon looks at Desmond and shakes his head.

DESMOND (cont'd)

(stunned)

He wasn't hurt that bad!

SURGEON

The tourniquet must've come loose,
he was bleeding profusely, went
into shock. At least you gave him
morphine.

Desmond's face drains.

DESMOND

He didn't want any.

The surgeon moves on, hurried. Desmond is devastated, guilt-ridden for letting his friend die in pain.

INT. COMPANY B COMMAND POST - EVENING

Captain Glover is on the radio with his superior officer,
Lt. Colonel Cooney, at First Battalion HQ.

CAPTAIN GLOVER

Company B accomplished its
objective today and we have secured
a foothold on the plateau.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY--

INT. FIRST BATTALION HQ - LT. COONEY'S TENT - EVENING

LT. COONEY, an overweight but powerful man sits uncomfortably
in his tent, a map engulfing the table in front of him. As
he hears this news, he relaxes slightly.

LT. COLONEL COONEY

(surprised)

Well done, Captain. Casualties?

CAPTAIN GLOVER

Just one, sir.

LT. COLONEL COONEY

Repeat please.

CAPTAIN GLOVER

We had one casualty, sir.

LT. COLONEL COONEY

Company A on your left was
decimated and you had only one
casualty? Are you sure you
attacked the right ridge?

CAPTAIN GLOVER

Yes, sir.

LT. COLONEL COONEY

Well, what the heck did you boys do differently out there today?

EXT. DOSS/SMITTY FOXHOLE, THE PLATEAU - NIGHT

Desmond and Smitty are carefully heating a cup of coffee over the flame of their burning K-ration wrappers. Smitty is starting to relax around Desmond.

SMITTY

So what's next? I've got a canteen of water here you could turn to wine if you want.

DESMOND

It wasn't me; I didn't do anything.

SMITTY

Yeah. It was God or whatever, but you prayed him down.

DESMOND

He's not a-- a faucet you turn off and on. He doesn't come running when I whistle, it doesn't work that way.

SMITTY

You know what? You're a real pain in the ass! You're all Holy Joe when we're stomping you but then when we're on your side that doesn't make you feel good either!

DESMOND

(very quietly)
Irv died.

SMITTY

Schecter? What happened?

DESMOND

I screwed up.

EXT. BEHIND THE COMMAND POST - NIGHT

Engineers are cutting SHEETS OF TIN with metal snips and bending them around empty artillery shells to make long U-SHAPED SECTIONS. Other Engineers connect the sections into six-foot-long units using a hand punch and metal brads for fasteners. There's something medieval about the image, like blacksmiths preparing strange Gothic siege equipment.

INT. COMPANY COMMAND POST - SAME

Captain Glover's primitive map diagram reflects the day's success and tomorrow's objective.

CAPTAIN GLOVER

Every man should take pride in what we did today. Company B achieved something that no other unit in the 381st or the 307th has managed in the last four weeks.

There are murmurs of satisfaction among the men. Some whistle quietly, or nudge each other in approval. Only Desmond is quiet.

CAPTAIN GLOVER (cont'd)

It looks like we broke the back of Hacksaw's defensive line. However, Chief noticed a cave opening hidden behind those three pillboxes. There's some speculation that this may lead to the heart of the Japanese fortifications.

SGT. JONES

It's too big for satchel charges.

CAPTAIN GLOVER

Exactly. So I've got Engineering building us a metal trough we can carry up in sections and assemble on top. I figure we poke the end of the trough into that cave and pour a dozen Jerry cans of gasoline and diesel fuel down their throats-- and then throw in a phosphorus grenade or two.

SGT. JONES

Fry the sumbitches.

The men nod, spoiling for revenge.

CAPTAIN GLOVER

Any luck, we'll be done with
Hacksaw Ridge by tomorrow afternoon
and headed to the coast.

EXT. THE PLATEAU - DESMOND & SMITTY'S FOXHOLE - NIGHT

Both men are crouched in their foxhole, waiting for first light. Desmond whispers...

DESMOND

You hear something?

Smitty shakes his head but he lifts his gun. Both men lean forward but the darkness is impenetrable.

SMITTY

May be just a rat.

There is another SOUND now, clear to both men, off to their left. Smitty slides a round into the chamber of his rifle. Suddenly, they are swarmed by JAPANESE SOLDIERS! Smitty shoots one but the second soldier bayonets him in the gut.

Desmond ducks a savage thrust from a third soldier and clobbers him in the side of the head with his metal helmet.

Desmond tries to get to Smitty but another soldier steps between them and fires his gun so close that the heat of the blast scorches the side of Desmond's face. Desmond grabs the barrel and pulls the Jap soldier forward, swinging his elbow wildly into the man's face and shattering his nose.

Desmond gets hit in the back and knocked to the ground. His fingers search blindly for any kind of weapon and he finds a broken rifle in the mud. He staggers to his feet, swinging the rifle like a bat but a JAPANESE OFFICER steps forward, pistol extended, pointed at Desmond's heart.

Without thinking, Desmond raises his rifle but a FLARE goes off overhead, bathing the battlefield in a eerie green light and in that split-second Desmond realizes that the Japanese Officer looks weirdly familiar...

He looks like - no, he is - Desmond's Father! Tom Doss smiles at Desmond as he pulls the trigger and the bullet tears into Desmond's chest and...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. HACKSAW RIDGE - PLATEAU FOXHOLE - NIGHT

Desmond wakes up in a cold sweat; his heart pounding. He is back in his foxhole on top of the Ridge at night. Smitty sits across from him, smoking a cigarette and carefully cupping the burning ember so as not to give away their position. Desmond breathes deeply. Shudders.

SMITTY

Hell of a dream.

Desmond nods. Drinks some water from his canteen. Rubs his stiff neck. Smitty's rifle is propped up within easy reach and Desmond finds he can't take his eyes off it. Smitty notices; picks the rifle up.

SMITTY (cont'd)

It won't bite, you know.

DESMOND

Yes, it will.

Desmond takes a breath.

DESMOND (cont'd)

My dad was a drunk. He fought it for years but it got ahold of him hard. Made him mean.

Desmond pauses. And Smitty knows he's hearing a raw story.

SMITTY

How mean?

DESMOND

He use to beat me and my brother just because the sun rose and about as often. I could take that. But when he laid his hand on my momma...

FADE TO:

EXT. DOSS HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - EVENING

Bertha sits on the front step, SOBBING, one hand to her bloodied face. Eight year old Desmond huddles beside her, protectively, one arm around her shoulder.

In the yard, Tom argues violently with Bertha's brother, UNCLE ARTHUR. Both men are drunk and angry.

TOM

Get your damn nose out of my
business! You hear me?

ARTHUR

Touch my sister again, and see what
happens.

TOM

GET OUTTA HERE!

Tom swings at Arthur, catching him off-guard, but Arthur comes roaring back with a flurry of punches which drive Tom stumbling backwards. Tom trips and falls.

Arthur kicks at him but Tom grabs Arthur's foot and brings the bigger man down. They roll over and over across the yard, punching and gouging.

Tom staggers to his feet and pulls a PISTOL out of his jacket pocket! Bertha leaps up.

BERTHA

TOM! DON'T!

With no thought for her own safety, Bertha throws herself between the two men.

Desmond watches from the porch, an eight-year-old boy, frozen with fear.

DESMOND

Momma!

Tom's hand is shaking but he continues to hold the gun out in front of him - now pointed directly at Bertha. She moves towards Tom, her eyes never leaving his face.

BERTHA

Give me that gun, Tom. Please.
Give it here, before somebody gets
hurt.

Tom hesitates. In the distance, there is the SOUND of an approaching Police Siren.

BERTHA (cont'd)

You kill him, and they'll hang you
for sure. You know they will.

Tom's courage deserts him and he hands the gun over to Bertha.

BERTHA (cont'd)
Desmond! You take this and get rid
of it somewhere. Throw it in the
river!

Desmond runs over and takes the gun from Bertha.

BERTHA (cont'd)
Go on, now! Hurry before the
police get here!

Desmond takes off running.

EXT. PLATEAU FOXHOLE - RETURN TO PRESENT

SMITTY
You throw it away?

This is very hard for Desmond; he's never told anybody this
before. Ever.

DESMOND
That's what I told my momma.

SMITTY
What'd you really do?

DESMOND
Hid it. In the woods.

SMITTY
How come?

EXT. DOSS HOUSE - FRONT YARD - THE PAST

Desmond returns back to the house just as the POLICE load his
handcuffed father into a police car in front of gawking
neighbors.

Bertha is weeping, hugging Tom, but he ignores her. Over her
shoulder, Tom can see Desmond, watching his father's public
shame - and he glares maliciously at his son.

DESMOND (V.O.)
Because I was going to need it to
kill my daddy.

INT. DOSS HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Bertha stands outside the bathroom door. From inside, there
are the SOUNDS of sharp blows.

BERTHA

Tom! Please. Stop it!

INT. DOSS HOUSE - BATHROOM - SAME

Inside the bathroom, Tom brutally whips Desmond with his razor strop.

BERTHA (O.C.)

Tom, you're gonna kill the boy!

TOM!

Desmond grits his teeth - he won't give his father the satisfaction of crying out - but he can't stop the tears that are running down his face.

EXT. THE WOODS - DAY

Finally released, Desmond runs through the woods, the tears drying on his fierce face, his eyes blazing.

He reaches an old gnarled Oak Tree and falls to his knees. He digs inside a hollow in the roots and extracts a weathered cigar box and reaches inside to pull out - his father's gun.

Desmond examines the gun in the fading light. The weight of it feels good in his hands. The intricacies of the mechanism itself are appealing. And in its power to distribute Justice, in its God-like power of life and death - it is a beautiful thing.

INT. DOSS HOUSE - EVENING

Desmond enters his house and moves up the stairs. He stops on the landing. From his parents' room he can hear their voices. Desmond pushes open the door to...

INT. DOSS HOUSE - PARENTS' BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

His mother sits at her vanity table, brushing her hair. Tom paces back and forth behind Bertha, berating her.

TOM DOSS

Spare the rod and spoil the child!
Isn't that what that church of
yours preaches?! Well that boy's
spoiled rotten and it's about time--

He stops when Desmond enters.

TOM
What do you want?

Desmond raises the gun. Tom's eyes widen in fear. The gun wavers in Desmond's trembling hand.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. PLATEAU FOXHOLE - RETURN TO PRESENT - NIGHT

Smitty leans forward in disbelief.

SMITTY
You killed him?

INT. DOSS HOUSE - PARENTS' BEDROOM - EVENING - THE PAST

Desmond stands there pointing the gun at his father while his mother looks on in horror.

DESMOND (V.O.)
I could've. God knows I wanted to.
I wanted to kill him for everything
he ever did my momma, and my
brother, and to me!

Then, although it takes everything Desmond has, he turns around and walks away.

EXT. BY THE JAMES RIVER - NIGHT

Desmond stares at the dark waters rolling past. He throws the gun into the river as far as he can.

DESMOND (V.O.)
But I didn't. And that's when I
made a promise to God I'd never
touch a gun again.

EXT. PLATEAU FOXHOLE - NIGHT - RETURN TO PRESENT

DESMOND
It isn't because I'm more holy than
the next guy. It isn't because I
I'm any better. Just the opposite.

SMITTY

(quietly)

You think--looking at all the killing everywhere around us--you really think there's a God that gives a damn about us?

Desmond looks at him. Smitty is serious. Desmond nods.

SMITTY (cont'd)

That'd really be something if it was true. Wouldn't it?

A Japanese mortar round lands ten yards away, scattering debris and shrapnel over both men. As other mortar shells begin to fall, a JAPANESE HAND GRENADE lands close to them.

Smitty pushes Desmond down, grabs his B.A.R. and begins spraying the field in front of them. Simultaneously, JAPANESE SOLDIERS appear out of hidden spider holes and trenches not only in front of, but within the American lines. It's as if they materialized out of the mud by magic.

A chaotic fire-fight breaks out all around Desmond and Smitty as the terrified American soldiers of Company B discover that the enemy is all around them. Cross fire from both sides kills indiscriminately.

A Japanese Soldier bursts out of the darkness behind Smitty and bayonets him in the back. Smitty screams. Desmond jumps up and punches the Japanese soldier in the face, knocking him to the ground.

The Japanese soldier pulls out a knife and Desmond launches himself on top of the man, trying to wrestle the knife away.

The two roll over and over across the muddy ground. Desmond manages to break the other man's grip on the knife but the soldier grabs Desmond by the throat and begins choking him.

Desmond is close to blacking out. He reaches out desperately, trying to find something, anything. His hands touch a ROCK and he manages a glancing blow on the shoulder of the Japanese soldier. It's enough to break his hold on Desmond's throat. Desmond pushes the soldier away and rolls over on top of him.

Desmond raises the rock above his head in both hands, prepared to bring it down on his enemy's skull in a crushing blow. He screams as he begins to bring the rock down but is knocked off course by a nearby explosion.

Desmond is momentarily stunned but almost immediately picks up the rock again and turns back to the Japanese soldier.

He is weeping with fury and frustration. In that one brief moment, the Japanese Soldier rolls away narrowly escaping Desmond's blow, staggers to his feet and runs off.

Desmond crawls over to Smitty but he's too late. Smitty is dead.

Desmond is utterly distraught.

EXT. HACKSAW RIDGE - PLATEAU - EARLY MORNING

The entire area is engulfed in flame and weapons fire. All over the killing field, individual fights and deaths are playing out as the sun begins to peek over the horizon, casting a dull red glow over ground running with blood.

Among it all, we find Captain Glover and his RADIO OPERATOR. Glover tries to assert command and save what's left of his rapidly collapsing company.

CAPTAIN GLOVER
FALL BACK! FALL BACK!

Glover throws a smoke grenade to try and mask his troops' withdrawal to the cliff's edge. His men fire frantically at an enemy who seems to be everywhere, sometimes hitting their own men. Glover yells at his RADIO OPERATOR.

CAPTAIN GLOVER (cont'd)
MORTARS ON TOP! EVERYTHING WE GOT!

As the Radio Operator picks up his headset, a Japanese Sniper bullet catches him squarely in the forehead.

A Second American Soldier grabs the headset and is also hit.

Glover reaches for the headset and a burst of machine gun fire destroys the equipment and sprays shrapnel in his face and chest.

Desmond grabs Smitty's body by the collar of his shirt and drags him back towards the safety of the cliff, some fifty yards away.

EXT. HACKSAW RIDGE - CLIFF EDGE - CONTINUOUS

Despite the horror and chaos, those American Soldiers who make it back to the cliff try to set up a perimeter behind the berm and return fire so that the rest of their comrades can get off of Hacksaw.

As Desmond approaches the cliff edge, Grease frantically waves him to drop down.

GREASE

Get down! DOWN!

Desmond glances over his shoulder to see THREE JAPANESE SOLDIERS, bayonets fixed on their rifles, racing towards him.

Desmond sprawls on the ground and Grease fires, killing two of the Japanese and wounding the Third Soldier - who staggers past Desmond and STABS Grease in the gut.

Grease drops his rifle and SCREAMS. He wraps his arms around his assailant and frantic, staggers backwards and falls...

...over the edge of the cliff, screaming horribly all the way down.

Desmond drags Smitty's body to the edge of the cliff where an insane scramble of men are trying to get down the cargo nets, ropes, and ladders. Soldiers drop or throw their weapons away. Some, desperate to the point of madness, JUMP OFF the cliff.

A burst of MACHINE GUN fire kills Rennelli, not five feet from Desmond.

Desmond is swept up in the confusion and terror; men are falling so fast he doesn't know where to turn. He looks DOWN THE CARGO NET--offerring him escape...

Desmond glances back toward the retreating Americans. Any man who can still move on his own is running or crawling back to the cliff. Behind them, everywhere, there are dead, dying, and wounded American soldiers littering the plateau.

Desmond is covered in sweat, mud, and blood. Shaking with fear and adrenalin. Escape is just a few feet away but - this is what he is here for. He takes a deep, shuddering breath and...

....Desmond heads back, onto the killing field, passing Captain Glover and the last of the rear guard as he does so.

EXT. HACKSAW RIDGE - PLATEAU - DAY

Desmond finds a Soldier with a sucking chest wound. Desmond peels away the man's bloody uniform blouse and applies a battle dressing but the strength of the panicked soldier's desperate gasps for air threaten to pull the dressing further into the wound.

Thinking quickly, Desmond pulls out his poncho and rips off a square of plastic from the tail. Desmond puts the plastic patch over the wound to seal it, and then finishes it off with the bandage. *It holds.*

Desmond grabs the Soldier by the collar of his shirt and drags him back to...

EXT. HACKSAW RIDGE - CLIFF EDGE - DAY

What remains of Company B's makeshift Rear Guard is throwing grenades as fast as they can out of open crates hand-carried to the top.

Two STRETCHER BEARERS grab Desmond's wounded soldier and start down the cargo net with him. To their surprise, Desmond doesn't follow.

STRETCHER BEARER#1
COME ON! WE'VE BEEN ORDERED OFF!
GET OUTTA THERE!

Desmond shakes his head--no.

DESMOND
LEAVE ME YOUR DRESSINGS!

Stretcher Bearer#1 looks at Stretcher Bearer#2.

The two men tear off their first aid field packs and quickly disappear over the edge. Desmond grabs their kits and heads back on his hands and knees onto the field of fire.

EXT. HACKSAW RIDGE - PLATEAU - DAY

The sun is at a low angle now, throwing long shadows across the top of the plateau which is clouded with smoke and dust, creating a surreal world of shadows in which it is impossible to determine friend from foe until you are almost on them.

Desmond manages to creep from spot to spot, relatively unseen.

Japanese Mortar Fire still falls erratically, along with individual sniping. Desmond finds another Soldier moaning on the ground, his right arm mangled. Desmond applies a tourniquet and starts to drag the man back. As he passes another Wounded Soldier, the man cries out and tries to clutch his sleeve.

WOUNDED SOLDIER#2
Don't leave me!

Desmond hesitates. Then...

DESMOND
I'm comin' back.

EXT. BASE OF THE RIDGE - DAY

In the relative safety of the base of the cliff, Glover, his face and chest still covered in blood, tries to get a handle on his situation.

CAPTAIN GLOVER
How many we got down?!?

SGT. JONES
Must'a left nearly seventy-five men
up there!

Glover shakes his head. This is a disaster.

EXT. HACKSAW RIDGE - CLIFF EDGE - DAY

Desmond drags the wounded Soldier back to the lip. He looks over the edge. If he climbs down with each casualty it will take twice as long, he'll exhaust himself quickly, and other men will die who might have been saved.

Making a quick decision, Desmond grabs one of the ropes hanging over the cliff edge and pulls it up. He doubles the rope and ties a bowline in it - just like he did that day in basic training--a secure knot with TWO LOOPS.

Desmond secures the wounded man's legs, one into each loop, wraps the remaining rope around the man's chest twice and then, bracing himself against a rock, slowly lowers the man down to...

EXT. BASE OF THE RIDGE - DAY

...where the two stretcher bearers are huddled on the ground in exhaustion, sucking down water. To their astonishment, they glance up to see the wounded soldier being lowered towards them.

They spring into action, catching the wounded soldier by the legs and gently laying him down on the ground.

STRETCHER BEARER#1
STRETCHER!

The two men hurriedly unhook the wounded soldier and the rope disappears back up the cliff.

Two additional Stretcher Bearers come running up with a litter. Behind them is Captain Glover.

CAPTAIN GLOVER
What the hell is going on!?!?

STRETCHER BEARER#1
Some nut up there is dragging
wounded off the top.

STRETCHER BEARER#2
It's that medic--Doss.

Glover glances up through the smoke and the dust...to see yet another casualty being lowered down. Just for a moment he glimpses Desmond's face over the edge of the cliff.

CAPTAIN GLOVER
Doss?! What are you doing?! Get
your ass down from there!

Desmond ignores him and disappears back over the edge. Glover looks around, trying to figure out how to play this. He gestures to a Second Radio Operator.

CAPTAIN GLOVER (cont'd)
DON'T JUST STAND THERE. CALL THE
MORTARS! TELL THEM TO CEASE FIRE!
IMMEDIATELY!

EXT. HACKSAW RIDGE - PLATEAU - DAY

Desmond spots THREE WOUNDED AMERICAN SOLDIERS lying in the lee of a small group of rocks which are barely keeping them alive, covered as they are by overlapping lines of fire from multiple Japanese positions.

Desmond crawls towards the soldiers, trying to use a shallow depression in the terrain to get close, but a BURST of fire from a Japanese machine gun pins him down.

Desmond tries to catch his breath, wipe the sweat out of his eyes, and regain his courage.

He moves again towards the soldiers, and again a burst of machine gun explodes around him, even closer now, shattering the tip of the stones which barely cover him, and cutting him with razor-sharp shards of shattered limestone.

Desmond is momentarily paralyzed with fear. He knows if he waits any longer, he will lose what little courage he has left. He carefully reaches behind and yanks out his tattered poncho.

Desmond rolls over on his back and waves his poncho over the top of the rocks, drawing a characteristic 6-8 round burst of fire from the Jap machine gun. Then he hears it stop--

THE JAPANESE MACHINE GUNNERS must stop firing and reload.

As they reload, Desmond jumps to his feet and sprints around the side of the rocks, grabs one of the wounded soldiers, and drags him quickly towards the cliff's edge.

INT. FIELD HOSPITAL - DAY

A new wave of wounded soldiers are suddenly being carried in by stretcher teams. As the HEAD DOCTOR begins his examination of the first man - the soldier with the sucking chest wound - he glances over at the stretcher team who brought him in.

HEAD DOCTOR

Where these guys coming from?

STRETCHER BEARER#1

There's a medic still on top.

HEAD DOCTOR

On Hacksaw?

STRETCHER BEARER#2

Won't come down.

The Head Doctor and his Nurse look at one another in disbelief.

EXT. HACKSAW RIDGE - PLATEAU - DAY

Desmond crawls on his hands and knees to a new position behind a small limestone outcropping. Sprawled on the ground beside him are the bodies of four dead Japanese soldiers, killed by a mortar blast.

Desmond is only fifteen yards away from the remaining two wounded American soldiers but they are still closely covered by two Japanese machine guns.

EXT. HACKSAW RIDGE - BEHIND JAPANESE LINES - SAME

A member of one of the machine gun units spots Desmond and excitedly waves to his partner who ratchets back the return on his weapon and sprays Desmond's position with a quick burst.

Desmond hugs the ground with everything he has. The bullets whistle over his head, inches away.

INT. CAVE WITHIN PLATEAU - SAME

Simultaneously, from inside one of the Japanese underground firing positions hand carved out of the limestone, a JAPANESE SNIPER also glimpses Desmond. He carefully slides into position, his rifle poking out of a six inch wide gun port.

The magnified cross-hairs of his sniper scope slide over the rocks until they settle on Desmond's head. Desmond ducks down.

The sniper takes a breath. Only a matter of time before Desmond raises his head again.

EXT. HACKSAW RIDGE - PLATEAU - SAME

Desmond, still focused on the machine gun position (and oblivious to the sniper now stalking him) racks his brains, trying to think of a way to get to the two wounded men.

He glances at one of the dead Japanese soldiers beside him and an idea forms. Desmond takes off his helmet and rips off the tape hiding the Red Cross symbol. He straps his helmet on the dead Japanese Soldier and then very carefully pushes the dead man forward so that his head and trunk appear above the rock outcropping.

A single shot rings out - the sniper strikes Desmond's helmet dead center. Desmond hadn't expected that - the sniper - but he has the presence of mind to fling the dead soldier out from behind the rocks, to the side away from his American wounded. Both Jap machine gun emplacements rake the corpse.

Simultaneously, Desmond rolls out the other side, rises to his feet and sprints like crazy while the machine gun teams reload. Desmond swoops down, grabs the second American soldier by the collar, and drags him off.

INT. CAVE WITHIN PLATEAU - SAME

The SNIPER realizes he's been tricked but by the time he can put another round into the chamber and get his sights on Desmond, the American has disappeared. The Sniper curses a blue streak in Japanese, and then moves to find a better vantage point.

The Sniper half runs, half crawls, through a SERIES OF TUNNELS until he reaches...

INT. ANOTHER GUN PORT - CAVE WITHIN PLATEAU - CONTINUOUS

A dead Japanese Soldier lies slumped against the port. The Sniper shoves him to the floor and takes his place, rifle at the ready...

EXT. HACKSAW RIDGE - PLATEAU - SAME

Desmond moves as fast as he can, darting from rock to rock, dragging his wounded soldier behind him. He's only ten yards away from the edge of the cliff.

INT. GUN PORT - CAVE WITHIN PLATEAU - SAME

The Sniper smiles as Desmond comes right into his sights. He slowly squeezes the trigger and - the gun jams! Furious, he works the rifle bolt to eject the offending shell but when he peeks again through the hole...Desmond is gone again.

EXT. BASE OF THE RIDGE - COMPANY B CAMP - SAME

What's left of Company B has fallen back to a position of relative safety behind the Command Post. The men are in a state of shock. Some, like Tex and Hollywood, just sit and stare into space, lit cigarettes dangling uselessly from their trembling fingers. Others weep shamelessly. Chief runs up and crouches down beside Tex and Hollywood.

CHIEF DRUCKER

(quietly)

Desmond is still up there.

TEX

Doss?

Hollywood's ears perk up.

HOLLYWOOD

Wait. On Hacksaw?

Chief nods. The three men look at one another. They rise stiffly to their feet and head back towards Hacksaw Ridge.

EXT. HACKSAW RIDGE - PLATEAU - DAY

Desmond has returned to get the third soldier. He's deliberately approached him from yet another direction but even from here, the wounded man is still well covered by the two Japanese machine gun emplacements.

Desmond inches his way through a field of American and Japanese corpses when one of the Japanese dead moans.

Desmond stops and glances over at the Japanese soldier. The man has been shot in the shoulder but he's not bleeding badly. Left alone, he will surely die but if bandaged, he might survive. Desmond hesitates - then begins to crawl away towards his intended goal, the wounded American.

The Japanese soldier moans again. Desmond stops. He can't let him die. Desmond moves back alongside the Japanese soldier and begins to dress his shoulder wound.

INT. TUNNEL - SAME

The Japanese Sniper moves from one shooting port to the next, searching for Desmond. He stops. Smiles. He puts his gun up to the port and wipes the sweat off his face and then screws his eye to the sniper scope.

POV SNIPER SCOPE

The cross-hairs move across the landscape...and find Desmond. The cross-hairs start up toward Desmond's forehead, but something he glimpsed confuses the sniper; he moves the crosshairs down to the wounded soldier Desmond is tending and his Japanese insignia comes into clear focus.

The sniper recoils in astonishment. For a moment, he is bewildered. He puts his eye back to the scope.

EXT. HACKSAW RIDGE - PLATEAU - SAME

Desmond wipes the Japanese soldier's bullet wound with alcohol and sprinkles sulfa powder over it; he knows he's exposed here and he's working as quickly as he can. Every second could be his last.

INT. TUNNEL - SAME

The sniper lifts his eye from the scope again; what Desmond is doing has caused him to scan across the whole field of ruptured bodies, both Japanese and American. But he's a soldier, and whispers to himself--

SNIPER
(in Japanese)
What are you waiting for?!

He takes a breath, lowers his eye to his scope, and takes careful aim.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

--He lines the cross-hairs up on Desmond's head.

--Close on sniper's finger curling slowly around the trigger.

--Close on sniper's mouth as he gently exhales

--He squeezes the trigger.

--Through the scope, he sees Desmond taping the final bandage in place when a mortar shell lands between Desmond and the Sniper!

The debris shatters the Sniper's scope and blinds him. He staggers back from the port, blood pouring down his face. Another mortar shell lands even closer and the tunnel shakes. The Sniper turns to run and a third mortar shell falls directly on his position and as he screams, the tunnel disintegrates around him, burying him alive.

EXT. HACKSAW RIDGE - PLATEAU - SAME

Desmond is oblivious to the fate of the sniper as mortar shells are now falling thick and fast all over the plateau. Knowing that any Japanese in the area are as much at risk from these random rounds as he is, Desmond makes a calculated decision to go for it. He rises to his feet and sprints to the third wounded American.

Desmond reaches him and pulls him up to his feet, drapes the man's left arm around his own neck, and begins to stagger/run towards the ridge.

EXT. CLIFF EDGE - DAY

Desmond has roped up the third man and just lowered him down to safety. Desmond crouches there on his hands and knees, shaking with exhaustion.

Behind him, in the distance, he hears another American voice calling for help. Desmond closes his eyes.

DESMOND
(quietly)
Just one more. Please.

MONTAGE

A SERIES OF SHOTS as the sun moves overhead across the sky, and Desmond moves across the plateau, saving one life at a time, dragging/carrying each soldier to the edge of the cliff, roping him up and lowering him down to safety.

DESMOND (V.O.)
Let me get one more...

FADE TO:

EXT. BASE OF THE RIDGE - TWILIGHT

Glover, Hollywood, Chief, Tex and dozens of soldiers from other companies watch silently as Desmond lowers one last man down from Hacksaw Ridge...but this one is already dead...

We see this last man's face...it's Smitty. As the body slowly descends, we realize Desmond's last act was to retrieve Smitty's body.

And with that, Desmond finally leaves Hacksaw Ridge. Slowly, painfully, he climbs down the rope alone.

When Desmond reaches the bottom, he fights not to collapse into the arms of the men waiting at the base of the cliff. His uniform is completely soaked with blood and mud, and flies swarm around him but he's too tired to bat them away with his torn and bleeding hands. The men stare at him like he's a ghost as Desmond glances down at his uniform, straining to move his head to look up again.

Captain Glover is one of them.

CAPTAIN GLOVER
Is he wounded?

TEX
He's not shot.

DESMOND
(barely audible)
Sorry.

CAPTAIN GLOVER
For what?

DESMOND
I think...

CAPTAIN GLOVER
They're all down, Desmond. You
got'em all.
(to the others)
Go him to the aid station.

INT. AID STATION - TWILIGHT

Everyone has heard about Desmond's heroics. The surgeons, stretcher teams, and nurses all watch silently as Desmond changes his bloody uniform for a replacement uniform - a washed and bleached uniform of a dead soldier.

Carefully, he removes his pocket Bible, taking a moment to try and wipe off the blood that stains its front cover. Something on the blouse he's about to put on catches his eye. The lettering is faded but it looks like..."Schecter."

For just a moment, everything swims in front of his eyes.

EXT. DESMOND'S FOXHOLE, BELOW THE RIDGE - NIGHT

Raining. Along with the usual sporadic Japanese mortar fire. Desmond sits - alone - in the dugout he once shared with Smitty. Tex scurries up out of the dark. He puts a can of K-rations down in front of Desmond.

DESMOND
What's this?

JOSH "TEX" ROYAL
(quietly)
Peaches. Never liked'em all that
much.

Tex leaves. A moment later, Hollywood comes over and sets down another rare can of non-meat K rations.

HOLLYWOOD

Here. I'm full.

From all over, Company B survivors come up to Desmond, one by one, and silently lay cans of non-meat food in front of him and then disappear into the dark. Desmond stares at the pile of food.

FADE TO:

INT. COMPANY COMMAND POST - SAME

It is a very subdued meeting of a much reduced leadership team. The men are exhausted; completely worn out mentally and physically.

CAPTAIN GLOVER

(barely audible)

Okay.

(louder)

Okay. Word is...word from HQ is, we gotta go back up on Hacksaw tomorrow. And we gotta take it, this time.

The men are silent, close to mutiny. In the rear, someone groans.

CAPTAIN GLOVER (cont'd)

I know, I know. Look, they know what we're up against and they've promised us a full company of reinforcements, and a massive bombardment preceding the assault, including naval guns and aircraft. The heart of their defensive line is that cave towards the rear of the escarpment. We get to that, take out that cave, and Hacksaw is ours.

The men look at one another, reaching some unspoken agreement, and then stare back to Sergeant Jones.

SGT. JONES

Sir? The only way Company B goes back up on that Ridge tomorrow is if Desmond Doss goes with us.

CAPTAIN GLOVER

(confused)

Any reason to think he won't?

SGT. JONES
Well - it's Saturday.

EXT. OKINAWAN TOMB - DAWN

Desmond sits behind the shelter of a stone Okinawan tomb, reading his Bible when to his surprise Captain Glover appears. Glover squats down beside Desmond; looks out over the countryside as the first sliver of sunlight illuminates the landscape.

CAPTAIN GLOVER
Sometimes, if I squint a little bit, this countryside reminds me a little bit of South Carolina. A South Carolina that's been bombed and blown to a jillion little muddy pieces but still...

Desmond nods.

DESMOND
You catch a whiff of pine sometimes, almost makes me homesick.

CAPTAIN GLOVER
We're gonna have to go back up on Hacksaw tomorrow. And tomorrow is your Sabbath.
(beat)
Most of the men don't believe in the same way you do. But they believe so much... in how much you believe... that they won't go up that Ridge unless you're with them, completely.

Desmond looks back at the Captain, not sure he understands what Glover is asking.

CAPTAIN GLOVER (cont'd)
It's not their Sabbath, it's yours. And they figure that for this assault to be square with God, it's gotta be square with you.

Desmond puts down his Bible and studies Glover.

DESMOND
Sir, if you could give me...just a few minutes.

EXT. HACKSAW RIDGE - DAY

Explosion after explosion tears into the Ridge from a variety of American guns: mortars, howitzers, off-shore Naval batteries and Army rockets. Marine F4U Corsairs bomb and strafe the rugged terrain. Occasionally, a secondary explosion indicates some lucky round has found its mark - an ammunition or fuel dump.

Titles: **Hacksaw Ridge. Third Assault.**

Smoke, dust, and debris rise into the air in a dark cloud lit with flame as if the Ridge were an erupting volcano.

EXT. ASSEMBLY POINT BENEATH THE CLIFF - SAME

The men of Company B - resigned veterans and nervous replacements - wait in their pre-assault positions. But their focus is not on the Ridge. They are all looking backwards, toward the rear of the line.

INT. COMPANY COMMAND POST - SAME

Glover smokes a last cigarette while he gets an earful from HQ over the Company field telephone.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY--

INT. FIRST BATTALION HQ - LT. COONEY'S OFFICE - DAY

LT. COLONEL COONEY (ON PHONE)

What the hell is your delay,
Captain?! You were supposed to
begin that assault ten minutes ago!
The entire 307th Infantry and the
whole 7th Fleet is cooling its
heels for you!

CAPTAIN GLOVER

We're waiting, sir.

LT. COLONEL COONEY

Waiting for what?!

Captain Glover glances towards the rear of the line where in the distance, a long figure kneels.

CAPTAIN GLOVER

We're waiting for Private Doss to
finish praying.

EXT. ASSEMBLY POINT BENEATH THE CLIFF - SAME

On his knees, Dorothy's Bible in his hands. The strain and horror of the last ten days is etched in his face. Haltingly, Desmond tries to work this out with his God.

DESMOND

(quietly)

I've done my best to...to be faithful to you, and the promises I made. I gotta...break one of those promises now and I'm asking your forgiveness. It may be a wrong thing but I can't let my men go up there alone. And if that is a sin then I take it on my heart, alone. Amen.

Chief nudges Hollywood and points to where Desmond Doss is walking towards them.

INT. COMPANY B COMMAND POST - SAME

Captain Glover sees Desmond coming, rejoining the line.

CAPTAIN GLOVER

(into field telephone)

Company B is ready to go, sir.

EXT. ASSEMBLY POINT BENEATH THE CLIFF - MOMENTS LATER

Above them, the bombardment suddenly stops. The SILENCE is deafening. Every man left in Company B - including Desmond - is ready. On their faces, each and every one, is a fierce look of quiet determination.

Captain Glover looks to Desmond. Desmond nods.

DESMOND

(quietly)

Let's go.

Glover leads his men climbing up the cargo nets. Desmond follows behind.

BELOW THE LIP OF THE PLATEAU

Glover and his group leaders hang for a moment on the cargo nets as they pull grenades out of their pockets. They yank the pins and lob the grenades over their heads onto the plateau.

As soon as the grenades begin exploding, Glover and the men are climbing as fast as they can.

EXT. HACKSAW RIDGE - PLATEAU LIP - CONTINUOUS

Glover leads his men in a wild charge up and over the edge of the cliff and onto....

EXT. HACKSAW RIDGE - THE PLATEAU - CONTINUOUS

The men of Company B quickly sweep past the stunned Japanese positions and overwhelm the few defenders unlucky enough to be caught above ground. The Americans push on towards the southern edge of the plateau and...

THE BIG CAVE OPENING

The ASSAULT TEAMS move with grim efficiency. Riflemen throw smoke grenades, shielding their work from the Japanese mortar squads on the southern hills.

BAR Squads keep the defenders pinned down within the cave complex entrance...

EXPLOSIVE TEAMS inch forward under fire to throw their satchel charges inside.

As soon as the explosions erupt, Glover sends in the FLAME-THROWER TEAMS who douse the opening with long searing plumes of fire.

Following them, Chief, Tex, and Hollywood run up with opened JERRY CANS OF GASOLINE, one after another, which they throw into the mouth of the cave and the shaft below.

Glover edges close to the entrance and throws in two phosphorus grenades igniting an ENORMOUS EXPLOSION that can only mean that somewhere inside, a major ammo dump has caught fire.

Suddenly, the entire ridge SHAKES like an earthquake.

SMOKE billows out, not just through the cave entrance but through dozens and dozens of different SNIPER HOLES and cunningly hidden ASSAULT ENTRANCES scattered all over.

Tasting blood, Company B sweeps past the Big Cave entrance SCREAMING with battle lust and moves down...

THE REVERSE SLOPE

A tide of lethal efficiency sweeping everything before it. Hacksaw Ridge is finally falling.

EXT. THE REVERSE SLOPE - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Desmond follows Tex, Chief, and Hollywood as they continue to secure the southern flank of the Ridge.

Suddenly, to their left, a JAPANESE SOLDIER rises from his spider hole, pistol in one hand and grenade in the other. He empties his pistol wildly but all three men get rounds off in reply, dropping the Japanese Soldier to his knees with shots to the chest and head but...

...As he collapses, he throws the HAND GRENADE.

The hand grenade comes arcing towards the Americans.

Desmond PUSHES his fellow soldiers out of the way but there's no escape for himself.

The grenade lands directly in front of Desmond. He throws himself backwards and simultaneously tries to kick the grenade away...

The grenade EXPLODES with a shower of dirt, rocks, and blood! Desmond SCREAMS with pain. He looks down at his leg - it's ragged and covered with blood. Desmond rolls over onto his back.

HOLLYWOOD
THEY GOT DESMOND!

Bright arterial blood is beginning to spurt from Desmond's torn femoral artery. Chief squats down beside him and places both his big hands on the wound and presses down hard.

Simultaneously, Tex is pulling battlefield dressings out of Desmond's kit with shaky hands and handing them to Chief.

CHIEF DRUCKER
MEDIC!

Captain Glover comes running up and when he sees who the wounded man is, his face blanches.

CAPTAIN GLOVER
Keep pressure on!

TEX
HE'S DYING!

CAPTAIN GLOVER

The hell he is! WE GOTTA GET HIM
BACK!

The men gather around and pick up Desmond. [THE SAME SCENE
FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE FILM]

The men half run, half stumble across the still smoking
battlefield, Desmond cradled in their arms, until they reach
the...

EXT. HACKSAW RIDGE - CLIFF EDGE - CONTINUOUS

The men don't hesitate. Carrying their wounded friend, they
scramble down the nets and jury-rigged ladders, their
constant attention only on Desmond...

EXT. BASE OF THE RIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Glover directs the men to carry Desmond to a waiting field
ambulance. The TWO MEDICS there hastily load Desmond into
the truck and begin prepping him for an IV. Glover leans
over Desmond; Tex, Chief and Hollywood press close,
anxiously.

Desmond looks like hell. The color is completely drained out
of his face and he's beginning to shake. Glover holds his
hand. One of the Medics injects Desmond with morphine.

CAPTAIN GLOVER

(quietly)

You're going home, Desmond. See
that pretty bride of yours.

Desmond tries to talk. Can't. Chokes. Shakily he pats his
shirt pocket.

CAPTAIN GLOVER (cont'd)

What?

DESMOND

(almost inaudible)

...my bible.

CAPTAIN GLOVER

You can get another copy when you
get home. Hear it's a popular
book.

Desmond tries to speak and coughs again, a violent shuddering
cough, and a bright clot of blood appears in the corner of
his mouth. Glover glances over at one of the Medics...

...the Medic shakes his head; this guy is not going to make it.

Glover clutches Desmond's hand one more time.

CAPTAIN GLOVER (cont'd)
Hang in there, Desmond.

Glover steps away as the ambulance drives off.

Exhausted, Glover squats on the ground to steady himself. Around him, Tex, Chief, Hollywood, and the others collapse into the mud.

Glover shakes his head; wipes the sweat and the mud out of his eyes; some decision slowly working its way out. He rises stiffly but with great determination, and begins re-arming himself from the stack of supplies and ammunition at the base of the cliff.

As it dawns on the men what Glover intends to do, Tex, Chief, and Hollywood also rise and begin to arm themselves as well. Glover glances at them.

CAPTAIN GLOVER (cont'd)
(quietly)
You don't have to... Every Jap
still up there will die before he
surrenders.

The men nod. They all turn and look back up at the cliff. The plateau above is lit up again by artillery and mortar fire. Then, unbelievably, they begin to climb back up Hacksaw Ridge.

FADE TO:

INT. ARMY FIELD HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Desmond wakes. He tries to sit up but discovers his right arm and left leg are in a cast and the entire right side of his body is covered with bandages. The pain and medications leave him feeling woozy and disoriented. He looks around.

POV DESMOND - DISTORTED

A MAN in unbelievably filthy fatigues is standing beside the bed, looking at him. Desmond manages to get his eyes to FOCUS and the man gradually swims into view - Captain Glover.

CAPTAIN GLOVER

Doctors say you had enough shrapnel
in you to build your own short wave
radio. But you're gonna be
alright.

Desmond manages a smile.

CAPTAIN GLOVER (cont'd)

Just so you know, I put you up for
a sack of medals for what you did
up on Hacksaw, so if some General
with a chest-full of fruit salad
comes through and pins one on you,
you can blame me.

Glover pauses and a smile creeps onto his face.

CAPTAIN GLOVER (cont'd)

Also, I have something of yours.

Glover reaches into his jacket and retrieves Desmond's beat-
up, water stained POCKET BIBLE.

CAPTAIN GLOVER (cont'd)

When the men heard you were missing
this, they all volunteered to go
look for it. Kind of beat up but -
they wanted you to know, they were
thinking of you.

Desmond takes the Bible and runs his hands over it. As
Glover turns and walks away, Desmond notices a soldier (the
soldier Desmond saved) sitting up in bed smiling with two
stumps where his legs used to be.

Desmond smiles back as the soldier lifts his water glass and
salutes Desmond.

CUT TO:

INT. DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE CAR - EVENING

Desmond, in his dress uniform, rides along a two-lane road,
lost in thought.

EXT. DOSS FRONT YARD - EVENING

Tom Doss stands out in the yard, clutching a liquor bottle,
conflicted. He brings the bottle up but instead of drinking
from it, he tosses it as hard as he can.

Tom starts to turn away but then reconsiders. He walks toward where he threw the bottle, and as he reaches down to pick it up, he notices the rock with Desmond's note. He picks up the bottle and then the rock. As he stands reading the note, his eyes tear up. He turns the bottle upside down and pours it out.

EXT. DOROTHY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE CAR pulls up to Dorothy's house, the brakes squealing as it does. Fear freezes Dorothy immediately-- but it's Desmond she sees limping out of the car. She runs to him and throws her arms around him. We see them both slowly kiss as the screen fades to black.

DISSOLVE TO:

EPILOGUE: HISTORIC PHOTO OF DESMOND AND PRESIDENT HARRY TRUMAN

A beaming Harry Truman hangs the Medal of Honor around Desmond's neck.

TITLES (in separate cards):

Desmond Doss was presented the Medal of Honor - the first conscientious objector to win America's highest award for courage under fire.

Of his own heroics, he remained characteristically modest, giving all the credit to his Faith and saying simply, "The real heroes are buried over there."

He passed away at the age of 87 in March, 2006 and was buried in Arlington Cemetery.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.