

"BRASS FLOWERS"

Written by

Kyle Smead

264 N 200 W Apt #M03
Salt Lake City UT 84103
206-280-6003
kylesmead@yahoo.com

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FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE - MORNING

A pale morning light falls through the front door window of Derek's home. DEREK, 44, high and tight, wilting frame, battle camouflage uniform, sits on a wooden bench lacing up black leather boots.

He walks out the door, closes it behind him.

KITCHEN

Dark wooden cabinets encase the room, walls are dark purple. A bouquet of red roses rest in a vase on the counter. MARY, 32, brown hair, brown eyes, apron, tired from her marriage, looks out a window while washing dishes seeing -

MARY POV

-- Derek get into his car, sit in the seat, strap his seat belt on and start the car.

INT. CAR - SAME

He turns on the windshield wipers, looks through the windshield and sees -

DEREK POV

-- Mary watching him through a window above the kitchen sink.

MARY

-- watches the car back out of the driveway and past a tree line on the side of the house.

She turns the faucet knob off and looks at the neighbor's house cross the street seeing -

MARY POV

-- a freshly cut lawn.

-- a rounded ambiguous decoration above the garage.

-- a wooden soldier painted in red, white, and blue.

-- a light turned on above the doorway.

And back to her lawn, seeing -

-- red flowers against a white wooden fence.

BACK TO SCENE

Mary dries her hands with a towel and walks out of the kitchen.

The faucet fixture drips.

INT. CAR - SAME

Derek stops at the stop sign on his street corner and looks into the rear view mirror seeing -

DEREK POV

-- Mary running across the street -

MARY POV

-- Knocking on the neighbor's door.

MARY

-- smiling face.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

A unit flag stands erect from the corner of the room. Derek sits on a chair squeezed out from the corner processing all of the information from the day. He is silent and hardly acknowledges that someone else is speaking to him.

SGM Kerns, 50, Bald, tall, type of guy with a firm handshake, pulls a manila envelope from his desk drawer and slaps it on the table.

SGM KERNS (O.S)
(sarcastically)
The Unit sure isn't going to miss
you.

Derek's mind is miles away from the room and SGM Kerns as he stares at the corner of the room.

SGM KERNS (CONT'D)
 Geez, lighten up already. 25 years
 of service, 4 tours of duty, Bronze
 Star, and a Purple Heart and you
 have nothing to say?

Pushing the envelope towards Derek.

SGM KERNS (CONT'D)
 Honorable discharge as promised.

Derek doesn't say a word or move his attention away from
 staring into nothing.

SGM Kerns lifts his eye brows and get out of his chair. He
 walks to a door behind Derek, opens it to line of SOLDIERS
 standing at attention in the hallway. He walks back around
 Derek and sits in his chair behind the desk.

INT./EXT. CAR - SAME

Derek's car door SLAMS. He tosses the envelope onto the
 passenger seat and backs out of the parking space driving -
 - through a security checkpoint.

-- onto a wet blacktop road.

His cell phone VIBRATES on a dashboard mount. He clicks it,
 playing a new VOICEMAIL MESSAGE.

ERIC (V.O)
 (younger voice)
 Enjoy retirement!!

PLATOON, 20's, clean and athletic voices from all over the
 United States.

PLATOON (V.O)
 One, two, three. May all your
 troubles -

Apathetic, Derek gazes out the driver's side window.

PLATOON (V.O) (CONT'D)
 - be forgotten.

A Car in the distance HONKS, break lights. Derek stops the
 car.

DEREK POV

-- a small gap between his car and a black car with a RED FLOWER BUMPER STICKER in front of him.

He leans back in his seat and looks out the window. He brings his left hand to his chin and stares out the driver's side window.

DEREK POV

- a blue SUV approaching the right hand side of the intersection. In it he sees:

Inside the SUV, CHILD #1, 6, dress, long hair, doll, CHILD #2, 10, t-shirt, jeans, jumping up and down in the backseat, SUV DRIVER, 32, short hair, athletic male, looks at his wife, SUV PASSENGER, 26, dark hair.

Derek turns back facing the windshield. His hands grasp the steering wheel and he looks at himself in the rear view mirror when a Red Car, CAR DRIVER, 24, dark curly hair, PASSENGER, 22, flat top, glasses, shoots past in the left lane, SLAMMING into the SUV.

WOMAN DRIVER, 33, dark blonde hair, business suit, gets out of the black car stopped in front of Derek.

WOMAN DRIVER

(to herself)

Oh My God! Oh my God! Cell phone, where are you. Ah.. Got it. Okay, Call 911.

(into cell phone)

Yes. A car accident has taken place on 5th and Everton. It is bad

Derek leans forward over the steering wheel and winces to get a better look at what is going on.

He sees a man from the SUV bleeding from the head and arm, open his door and limp to the rear of the vehicle.

WOMAN DRIVER (CONT'D)

(into cell phone)

I see a man trying to open the rear door of his car, he is bleeding from his head and arm. I also see -

The woman's voice is muffled from the car doors and windows but Derek hears it and knows that he must do something.

WOMAN DRIVER (CONT'D)
(into cell phone)
- A woman inside of a car with
blood on her head.

Car Driver pinched inside of the red car.

CAR DRIVER
Help!! Somebody help me!!!

Derek glances at himself in the rear view mirror and turns off the engine of the car. He unbuckles his seat belt and reaches into his glove compartment grabbing a stash of napkins.

He opens the door and runs into the scene of the accident, slowly picking up his pace. He darts past the woman on the cell phone and stops along side a busted up vehicle.

DEREK
I'm here to help.

He opens the car door, catching the Car Driver as she folds down to the pavement, bracing her in his arms.

CAR DRIVER
My legs.

DEREK
Look into my eyes.

She locks eyes with Derek.

DEREK (CONT'D)
You're not going anywhere.

CAR DRIVER
It hurts.

DEREK
Listen to me.

She closes her mouth and starts tearing up from the pain of the accident.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Take deep breaths, starting at one.

She acknowledges, shaking her head.

CAR DRIVER
Okay.

DEREK

One.

Derek inhales deeply.

Car Driver inhales deeply.

DEREK (CONT'D)

And out.

Derek exhales, leading Car Driver.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Two.

Car driver inhales.

DEREK (CONT'D)

And out.

Car Driver exhales.

DEREK (CONT'D)

I'm going to place a bandage on
your leg.

CAR DRIVER

How's Tom, my boyfriend?

DEREK

Keep breathing.

Car Driver inhales a deep breathe.

DEREK (CONT'D)

He's fine. Ready.

Car Driver shakes her head again.

Derek stuffs the wadded ball of napkins in a wound on her
right leg.

CAR DRIVER

(grimacing)

Aaaahhhhh.

A car from the opposite intersection stops. MAN #1, 24, Plaid
polo shirt, runs towards Derek. The rain still falls on the
pavement and everyone is wet.

MAN #1

Is there anything I can do?

DEREK
Stay with her while I check on the
other vehicle.

CAR DRIVER
Wait! Don't leave me!

DEREK
Shhhh. Keep breathing mam. One,
Two -

Derek's voice fades out with the oncoming of an ambulance.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Three.

The ambulance arrives on scene, PARAMEDIC, 22, in uniform,
separates Car Driver from Derek.

Derek stands in front of the cars, frozen and quenching for
more. He is strong and wet from the rain. He looks at the
destruction from the wreck and turns his head towards an
American Flag dripping in the rain.

He walks to his car and gets in it.

INT. CAR - SAME

He looks through his windshield into the back of the
ambulance seeing Car Driver laying on a gurney.

A paramedic closes the back-door of the ambulance. He slaps
it on the side and it drives off, lights flashing.

Derek takes a deep breath and looks at himself in the rear
view mirror. He places his right hand on the keys, starts
the car, turns on the wipers, and drives -

SERIES OF SHOTS

-- down a paved road -

-- to a gravel road -

-- into his -

DRIVEWAY

Turns off the windshield wipers, stops the engine, and looks
at his hands stained in blood. He opens the glove
compartment and pulls out more napkins.

He scrubs his hands vigorously in the car.

He doesn't get all of the blood but stops, placing the napkins on top of his envelope in the passenger seat.

He looks up to the house at the window and doesn't see Mary.

EXT. CAR - SAME

Rain drops splatter on the windshield of the car as Derek walks to the front door. He opens the door, enters, and closes it behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. DEREK'S OFFICE - DAY

A SONG from the 1970's plays on a vintage wooden. Combat Infantry Badge, Bronze Star, Operation Iraqi Freedom, and medals of war achievements are encased in glass boxes on the walls.

Pictures of different platoons are framed with thin borders and hang centered on the wall behind Derek's wooden desk.

A wooden book case filled with encyclopedias rests against the wall. Next to it is a wooden gun cabinet.

Inside of the gun cabinet are several guns; M4 semi automatic rifle, pump action shotgun, 30-30, 30 Ott 6, Single Shell Shotgun, Magnum, 50 caliber pistol, 40 caliber pistol, 38 caliber pistol, and a 22 caliber pistol.

Derek sits in a chair behind the desk with the manila envelope resting centered between a cup of pens and a picture of Mary. Derek looks at the picture.

Mary walks into the office holding a large bright smile. It is clear that she is hiding something.

MARY

What would you like for lunch?

Derek doesn't flinch.

Mary takes a step closer, pleading for Derek's attention.

MARY (CONT'D)

It's lunch time honey.

Again, Derek doesn't move a muscle.

MARY (CONT'D)

(peppy)

Okay then, I'll make sandwiches.
You've always liked sandwiches.

Mary pauses for a moment before walking around the desk to Derek, kissing him on the cheek.

MARY (CONT'D)

Glad you're home honey.

Mary walks out of the office.

Derek pulls his attention from the gun cabinet to the empty space where Mary was standing.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING

Derek and Mary sit at opposite ends of the diner table with four empty chairs between them. The glassware is shined and the table is glossy, as if it were just polished with Pledge.

A couple flowers rest in a vase on the center of the table.

Grant Wood's "American Gothic" hangs on a wall in the living room past the table. It rests between a chair and an end table with a lamp on top of it.

MARY

How was your last day?

DEREK

Honorable discharge.

Derek takes a bite from his sandwich, Mary sets her sandwich on her plate and holds her same fake smile.

MARY

Bet you can't wait to work on the car.

DEREK

The car isn't going anywhere.

MARY

I thought you were going to put in an air intake.

DEREK

Thinking about something else.

Mary takes a drink of tea.

MARY
(finding an excuse)
It's good to have you home honey.

Derek sets his sandwich down on his plate, grabs a napkin from his lap, wipes his mouth.

DEREK
You wouldn't believe what I saw today.

Mary, nervous, sets her glass down, bumping it against her plate.

DEREK (CONT'D)
A woman in a red car got into an accident on Traverse Street.

MARY
That's horrible.

DEREK
She drove through a red light, smacking into a blue SUV with four passengers.

MARY
What did you do?

DEREK
I got out of my car and went to her.

Mary slides her chair back and stands up. She grabs the tray of sandwiches and walks it over to Derek. She sets the tray down and walks back to her seat.

DEREK (CONT'D)
She couldn't have been much older than 20, reminded me of when we met.

Mary grabs her napkin from her plate, wipes her mouth.

MARY
You were wearing your dress uniform.

DEREK
And you had a cheerleader dress on with ruffled leg warmers.

MARY

You commented me on them.

DEREK

I wasn't interested in your leg warmers.

MARY

Found that out on the third date.

DEREK

I asked didn't I.

MARY

You were a real gentlemen about it.
And you wore brown underwear.

DEREK

I still have them.

MARY

I got rid of mine.

Derek pulls his hands away from his food. He stares deep into Mary's eyes. She loses her fake smile and her face starts to drop.

She blushes and looks down to her plate.

DEREK

I'm fine on sandwiches.

Derek gets up from the table and picks up his plate, silverware, and glass. He -

KITCHEN

-- carries his dishes into the kitchen and places them into the sink. He plugs it, turns on the FAUCET and looks out the front window seeing -

DEREK POV

-- the bouquet of flowers from the kitchen counter in the neighbor's living room window.

The shadow of a man paces back and forth on a cell phone.

INT. DINING ROOM - SAME

Mary leaves her dishes on the table, gets out of her chair, and walks into the kitchen.

The faucet turns off and a couple dishes clank against each other.

After a brief silence a loud gunshot fires, BANG, followed by a body crashing onto the floor.

Blood trickles across the kitchen floor and into the dining room.

FADE OUT.