

Finding Peace

By

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INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CRYSTAL (20s) lies draped across the couch on the phone. She giggles happily at the words of the person on the other line. She toss and turn on the couch like a teenage girl engaged into the conversation.

CRYSTAL
When are you coming home?

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION - FRONT PORCH/LIVING ROOM

BRYAN (early 30s) sits slouched comfortably in a chair on the front porch away from the window.

The porch light shines above his body.

He rests his head again the wall.

BRYAN
Soon enough.

Crystal frowns playfully.

CRYSTAL
Awww, that's no fair. I want to see you now!

She lets out a frustrated sigh.

Bryan laughs at her frustration.

BRYAN
Don't worry Crystal, we'll be together again soon.

CRYSTAL
You promise?

BRYAN
Of course.

CRYSTAL
No! Say you promise.

Bryan sighs happily.

BRYAN
I promise.

CRYSTAL

Good.

The two sit silent for a moment. Crystal smiles gleefully enjoying Bryan's silence.

Bryan's face turns to a sudden worry.

BRYAN

Crystal, how is your family doing?

Crystal's face saddens at the question.

She sits upright on the sofa curling into a ball, she press her knees into her chest.

Her free arm wraps around her legs as if to defend herself from the reality of the question.

She looks off to the side where a lit lamp sits on a small table. Next to the lamp rests a medicine bottle filled halfway with pills. She stares with defiance.

BRYAN

Crystal?

Crystal snaps from her trance.

She buries her chin within the groove between her knees. She force her eyes to stay forward into the empty space of the living room.

CRYSTAL

They hate me.

BRYAN

Crystal don't say that. They don't hate you.

CRYSTAL

(yelling)

Yes they do!

Bryan silences.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

The only time they like me is when I take that medicine.

Crystal looks back over at the pills.

CRYSTAL

They think I'm crazy. But I don't need that medicine. I just need... you.

Bryan's face is hurt.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

You are my medicine.

Bryan closes his eyes.

BRYAN

They love you Crystal. They need you in their lives. All of them.

Crystal shakes her head wildly. She stands off of the couch enraged.

CRYSTAL

No they don't. They never needed me. They never even liked us. They hated us together. Marriage was the only way they would accept us.

BRYAN

Perhaps they just didn't think I was worthy of you. All those things I did in my past. The stealing, the bullying, not being able to keep a job, trouble making, and everything else.

CRYSTAL

You were young, you didn't know any better. I don't care about all that stuff. You loved me and that was all that mattered.

Bryan nods his head with a smile, touched by her words.

BRYAN

And now look at me... a army man.

Crystal smiles proudly.

CRYSTAL

Yeah... my army man.

The two fall silent. They listen for a breath on either line.

Crystal squeezes her eyes shut trying to block a thought.

CRYSTAL
If anything where to happen to
you...

Bryan sits forward in his chair seriously.

BRYAN
Don't you talk like that Crystal.

CRYSTAL
I'm serious Bryan. I can't stand
the thought of living here on this
Earth without you. If anything
happens to you, then something
happens to me too.

Bryan tightens up in his chair still leaning forward as if
to be talking to her face to face.

BRYAN
Don't you dare talk like that.
You've got so much to look forward
to. So much life to live.

Crystal flops down on the couch.

CRYSTAL
There ain't no life to live without
you in it.

Bryan is lost of words. He doesn't respond.

CRYSTAL
If you go, I'm going too. Ain't
nothing you can say to change my
mind.

Bryan nods.

BRYAN
You win.

Crystal giggles.

Silence lingers again as the last conversation soak in.

Bryan looks at his watch, jumping at the time.

He slides out of the chair and creeps to the window to peek
inside.

He watches Crystal pick up the bottle of pills, reading the
label. She then toss the bottle to the floor.

He closes his eyes hanging his head.

BRYAN
Crystal, I have to go.

Crystal sits on the edge of the couch. She's hurt.

CRYSTAL
So soon?

BRYAN
I'm afraid so. I'm a army man now.
I have duties.

CRYSTAL
(nodding)
I understand.

BRYAN
Before I go, there's something I
want you to have. I saved it for
you.

CRYSTAL
(excited)
What is it?!

BRYAN
Go to the fridge.

Crystal leaps off the couch.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Crystal swings open the fridge.

CRYSTAL
What now?

Bryan walks to the front door and stands there.

BRYAN
There is a bottle of wine in the
back. Take it out.

Crystal push items aside until she reach the back of the
fridge where a decorative bottle of wine lie flat on it's
side. The seal is broken

She pulls the bottle from the fridge.

She reach into the cabinet to grab a glass.

She pours about half full of the red wine into the glass.

CRYSTAL

Red wine, my favorite.

BRYAN

You said you were having nightmares due to the meds so I picked up an herbal tea in New Orleans that helps with it. I mixed it with your favorite wine for better taste. The wine isn't very strong at all but it'll do. Have a glass on me and call me in the morning and tell me how you feel. I have to go now.

CRYSTAL

I love you Bryan.

Bryan's face show hurt, his eyes begin to fill.

BRYAN

I love you too.

Without hesitation he hangs up the phone.

He leans his head against the door as he flashbacks.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. SARA'S HOME - DAY

SARA (30s) and Thomas are standing in the kitchen. Both of their faces flushed and stressed.

SARA

Thomas, you can't keep doing this to her. She has a mental disorder. She still believes that Bryan is alive. You pretending to be him isn't fair to her. She needs to take her medicine.

THOMAS

She loved him Sara. He brought out the best in her. He did more for her in their two years together than we ever did.

SARA

She's sick Thomas. She needs her medicine. How long will you keep

SARA
pretending to be her husband?! End
this now Thomas, before it gets out
of hand.

Sara leans on the kitchen counter.

The two are silent.

Thomas stands in the door way.

THOMAS
I'll make it right.

Sara looks after him with a worried face.

BACK TO PRESENT:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Crystal drinks from the glass.

Seconds later she chokes, grabbing at her throat.

She falls to the floor in an instant death with the glass in
her hands. The red fluid spills all over the floor.

Her eyes are frozen wide open without a sign of life.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Thomas hangs his head.

He kisses his hand and touch the door.

THOMAS
May you both find peace.

He holds his hand to the door a moment longer before turning
away, down the small steps and climbing into his car.

At the base of the door lie a framed picture of the deceased
Bryan in army uniform.

THE END.