

WHAT I'VE DONE

Written by

Brandon Stephens

Watch at: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kRQTABXht44>

EXT. SANCHEZ HOME - DAY

A small 1930s house sits on a small hill in a middle class neighborhood.

Cindy, a good looking, petite, woman about 25 dressed in a formal military uniform follows ALEX, early 20s up to the front door. Alex carries a green duffel.

The neighborhood is quiet, a USA flag sits in it's holder dangling over the front door. Cindy stops, looks up at the flag briefly.

(O.S.)

George! Get your ass in here!

Cindy turns abruptly, quick, tense. A neighbor calls to his French Bulldog in the front yard, the dog stares at Cindy.

NEIGHBOR

George!

The neighbor clicks a pet training aide.

NEIGHBOR (CONT'D)

Treat!? Treat?

The dog bolts into the open door of the neighbor's house, the neighbor stares at Cindy for a sec, goes inside.

ALEX

Babe?

Cindy stares at the neighbor's house.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Cindy?

She turns, finally.

ALEX (CONT'D)

You coming?

Cindy follows. Alex opens the door. Just as the door opens...

PARTY-ERS

Surprise!

INT. SANCHEZ HOME/PARTY - DAY

A mob of people envelope the tiny house. Everyone has a smile on, says hello to Cindy, welcoming her.

They hug and tell her how great it is for her to be home. Cindy forces a smile and hug.

A balloon POPS!

Cindy turns, a child sits with a deflated balloon between his hands.

Music kicks on, loud and Cindy slowly strays away, Alex still getting hugs from the partyers.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Cindy heads down a hallway, the sound of the party becomes hollow, one solid throb in her head. The tension in her face builds and sweat beads on her forehead.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Cindy enters and closes the door behind her. She pulls her military issue peak cap from her head. Her short messy hair is damp with sweat. She stares in the mirror.

INT. SANCHEZ HOME/PARTY - DAY

Alex and the partyers are laughing, smiling. The music blares and their voices all jumble together. Celebratory horns blare and kids run around.

Alex looks around the room, confused.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

ALEX

Cindy?

Nothing. The sound of the party is muffled. Alex moves toward the bathroom. The faint sound of a shower blends in with the party.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Cindy?

He taps on the bathroom door.

ALEX (CONT'D)

You in there?

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

The door opens. The room is filled with steam and the shower is running.

The military uniform is crumpled on the floor. A naked figure sits in the tub, barely visible through the shower curtain.

Alex hears faint crying mixed with the sound of the shower, he slowly shuts the door.

ALEX

Cindy, what are you doin-

He opens the shower curtain. Cindy is naked and hysterical on the floor of the tub, her skin bright red, the water rains down on her.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Cindy...

Alex reaches into the water, rips his hand out quickly. He grimaces, the water is scalding hot.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Holy shit! Cindy, what is it, what are you doing?

He gets the water off, she cries.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. DESERT - DAY

Gunshots and explosions fill the air of the rough terrain. Cindy hovers over LT. JACK NORTHBROOK. They both wear dirty Army fatigues. Blood pours from Jack's mouth. The ground shakes, smoke everywhere. Cindy is in tears.

CINDY

You're gonna be fine, just hold on,
we'll be out of this soon. I love
you.

She looks up, everything's hazy, can't see.

JACK

(barely)
I love you...Cindy...

She looks down at Jack, he's dying.

(O.S.)
Cindy!

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. BATHROOM

Cindy snaps out of it, Alex is standing over her in the bathroom. Alex is foggy, Cindy can't quite make him out.

CINDY
Jack...?

ALEX
No, what, it's Alex.

CINDY
Alex...?

ALEX
Cindy, yes, you're at home, it's
OK. Let's get you out of here.

Cindy looks around, nodding, barely understanding. He grabs a towel, wraps it around her, she shakes.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

The bedroom is small, dresser, queen bed with solid sheets. Alex guides her into the room.

ALEX
Here, let me grab you something.

Alex opens the dresser, digging through.

CINDY
I just want to lay down for a
minute.

She drops the towel and crawls in the bed, closes her eyes.

ALEX
I dunno what you want to wear, it's-

He turns, she's passing out.

CINDY
Jack...

INT. SANCHEZ HOME/PARTY - DAY

Alex heads back to the party.

ALEX
 Hey guys, Cindy is tired and really
 appreciates everyone coming
 over...but we're gonna have to call
 it a day.

The partyers groan, mumble, shuffle out of the house.

Alex watches the crowd head to their cars through the front window.

He waves one last time.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is darker, Cindy sleeps in the bed. Alex slides into the bed behind her.

He reaches his arm over softly. She caresses his arm, turns over.

JACK lies in the bed with her, she kisses him, passionately.

JACK (ALEX'S VOICE)
 I've missed you...

Cindy is laying on her side again, her eyes open quickly and just as fast, she grabs his arm flips off the bed and right back on top of Alex's back, bending his arm behind him!

Alex groans, his face smashed into the bed.

ALEX
 Cindy, Jesus Christ-

She bends the arm harder! She stares coldly, using all her strength. Alex is in pain.

ALEX (CONT'D)
 Cindy!

Finally, Cindy snaps out of and flies off the bed.

Alex is up, massaging his arm.

ALEX (CONT'D)
 You almost broke my arm, Jesus.
 What the hell is wrong with you?!

He storms out of the bedroom.

INT. ARMY BASE DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Alex and Cindy are cramped in the small office chairs, Cindy wears her military dress uniform. DOCTOR looks up from a medical records folder.

DOCTOR

Mrs. Sanchez, it's not always easy when these things happen. I'm telling you this as a physician, that you will need medical supervision, as well as psychiatric treatment. Your husband-

CINDY

I understand doctor.

Beat.

DOCTOR

If you want my advice...

Cindy doesn't acknowledge.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Fine. Your discharge proceedings are complete, you're free to go.

INT. SANCHEZ KITCHEN - DAY

Alex is drinking coffee and reading a newspaper. Cindy whizzes by in Army sweats. Alex barely has time to look up before she's out the door. He spits coffee, gets up.

ALEX

Cindy!

EXT. SANCHEZ HOME - DAY

Cindy jogs away from the house quickly.

ALEX

Cindy!

She doesn't turn back.

ALEX (CONT'D)

(mumbles)
Good morning.

He notices he has coffee on his shirt.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Dammit.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Cindy jogs quietly, breathing normally. The neck of her suit is damp from sweat.

She stops suddenly. She looks around.

Across the street is a small building, sign says MCBRIDE'S GUNS.

INT. GUN STORE - DAY

The tiny shop's walls are littered with semi-auto rifles, scopes, ammo, the works.. Several glass gun cases fill the room.

Cindy handles a 9mm piston knowingly, looking through the front sight.

An older white man in a flannel shirt and cowboy hat comes up.

GUN SHOP GUY

Ma'am, everything checked out, just need a signature and you're good to go.

Cindy places the gun in a small case, signs the form hurriedly and darts.

GUN SHOP GUY (CONT'D)

Hold it ma'am.

Cindy stops, turns.

GUN SHOP GUY (CONT'D)

Gonna need some ammunition, ain't ya?

INT. SANCHEZ HOME - DINNER

Alex and Cindy sit at a small table. They eat in silence awkwardly.

Alex tries to break the tension.

ALEX

Ran into one of your old friends today. Rudy? She's as big as a cow, 8 or 9 months pregnant. Said she's gonna pop any day now.

Cindy abruptly stops eating.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Her and Dave've been trying to have kids for a while she said, then one day, it stuck.

Cindy tries to hold it together but her eyes water, her face is bright red. Alex doesn't notice.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Took them two years of fertility treatments, cost them a 2nd mortgage and- oh shit, what is it?

He reaches across the table. She pulls away.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Cindy, you have to talk to me, I only want to help you-

Cindy is hysterical.

CINDY

I'M PREGNANT! You got it? I'm pregnant.

Alex is dumbfounded.

ALEX

Pregnant...? How-

CINDY

You have no idea what it's like over there! You don't have a clue! The desert is so cold at night, and sunrise, the sun, it tells you how hot it'll be and one part of your body is warm, and the cold still hits your back. That's the way your heart feels all the time!

ALEX

Cindy...I...-

CINDY

NO! You don't know. YOU. DON'T. KNOW. Where were you huh?

(MORE)

CINDY (CONT'D)

Where were you!? You weren't there.
He was there! He helped me forget
about the awful things I've seen,
The body parts, the explosions, the
kids...what I've done. He died
right in my arms, he didn't even
know I was pregnant...

She pulls the 9mm out from behind her. She holds it down.

Alex can only stare wide-eyed at Cindy. She is crying her
eyes out.

ALEX

Cindy, please...

Suddenly, she puts the gun in her mouth!

ALEX (CONT'D)

The baby!

Cindy's eyes open quickly.

ALEX (CONT'D)

What about the baby? Your baby? If
you pull that trigger, your
baby...his baby will die too.

She lets the gun drop out of her mouth just a little.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Wouldn't he want you to go on? You
made it, you're here, if you want
me to, I can help. I'll be here for
you. And for the baby. I understand
why you did what you did. It
doesn't matter.

Cindy takes the gun from her mouth. It hangs at her side.

Alex stands.

ALEX (CONT'D)

There you go, now gimme the gun.

She hesitates.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Everything will be OK. I promise.

He reaches his hand out. Finally, she hands him the gun, he
grabs it. He reaches for her and pulls her close. She
sniffles into his chest softly.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Oh Cindy. I missed you so much.

BOOM! The gun flashes and Cindy gasps, pulls back away from Alex. She reaches down to her stomach, blood is all over her hands. The gun smokes in Alex's hand. Cindy is stunned, looks up at Alex.

Tears stream from his eyes.

ALEX (CONT'D)

(mouths)

I'm sorry.

He pulls the gun up, fires at her, she drops. He lifts the gun to his head.

EXT. SANCHEZ HOME - NIGHT

The moon shines over the house, the U.S. Flag flaps in the wind. A bright gunshot flash fills the black void of the front window.

FADE TO BLACK.