

Crystal

By

Stephen Kane

Week Forty Seven of Orbital Creativity 2011

Stevie Kane
The One Light Collective
3055 Columbus Ave NE
Minneapolis, MN 55418
USA

INT. COREY'S HOUSE - DAY.

A typical Midwest bachelor's split-level.

COREY LUND, a tall thirties in a suit, comes in the front door carrying two grocery bags.

As he walks up the steps into the main room, he SHOUTS.

COREY
Dude, you wanna hear what i heard
about Jody today.

Silence as Corey continues into the kitchen.

He places the bags on the counter, still shouting.

COREY (cont'd)
Sam!

Nothing.

He shakes his head as he heads down the hallway to the bedrooms.

COREY
Having a hard one, bud?

Still nothing. He reaches the door, raps LIGHTLY.

COREY
Sam, what's up?

He only waits a moment before walking slowly in.

COREY
We talked about the sleeping...

In the doorway, he stops in his tracks.

There, on the floor in front of the bed, legs folded underneath his flaccid torso, lies a BLACK-HAIRED MAN, in black sweats and white t-shirt.

Corey is still staring at his crumpled friend, almost in resignation. He takes a tentative step inward.

Flabby arms are a network of pink and purple veins, the skin bruised.

Corey takes a seat on the bed.

In one hand, a small hypodermic needle, empty.

(CONTINUED)

Corey looks down at the body again, then upward following the direction of it toward the far wall.

It's a visual exhibition; a wall covered in photos, awards and newspaper clippings.

A CLIPPING:

SAM DALTON TURNS SMALL TOWN YOUTH AROUND.

The accompanying picture is of a middle aged, black-haired man, surrounded by smiling kids, wearing ADVENTURE CAMP GEAR such as helmets and harnesses.

A FRAMED AWARD:

FOR SERVICES TO THE OWELEIN COMMUNITY

SAM DALTON

A PHOTO:

The original of the one in the clipping.

Corey is shaking his head ever so slightly, his eyes glistening.

COREY
God-damn it, Sam.

Corey turns back to the body, absent-mindedly pulling the bed covers off.

Slowly, very slowly, he gets up and gets down beside the body on his haunches.

He slides his hand along to Sam's hand and eases the needle out of it. He drops it into his outside jacket pocket.

As if touching a child, Corey pushes his left hand into the tight gap between Sam's calves and thighs, as he pulls at Sam's far left shoulder with his right.

Sam's torso is easily pulled backward onto Corey's right arm and his bruised and blackened face is revealed. His tongue lolls. Corey tightens his eyes, taking a breath.

He grunts a little as he exerts all his force into lifting Sam upward.

Sam is limp in Corey's arms as his legs unfold.

Corey moves him over to the bed, laying him gently upon it. He pulls the covers over, reaches for Sam's face, fixing his mouth, his eyes.

He looks at his friend for a second.

Corey returns to the end of the bed, taking a DEEP BREATH as he pulls a cell-phone from his pocket.

He hits THREE NUMBERS and holds the phone to his ear.

VOICE (V.O.)
Police, Fire or Ambulance?

Corey looks at the wall again.

FADE OUT.

Yet another time I had an original idea, then changed at the last minute because something was bothering me. Originally, i had the drug of choice as crystal meth. I thought that a very hard addiction to hide, and so changed it, but i still like the name. I suppose this one is about how we make choices as regards truth, poor decisions and image, in terms of how the interaction of those three can have negative or positive consequences. I think the most interesting thing is that Corey's actions to protect his friend's memory are ultimately futile, because 1. In addition to the obvious physical symptoms, an inquest will immediately reveal the overdose and 2. people probably already know. Nonetheless, we understand them.