

JOHN SIDE

Edited from pgs. 82-83. To be read as a monologue. The italicized dialogue is for context only.

JOHN
I was in Tikrit.

You're a vet?

Special Op. Sniper. I was in one of the first divisions sent over.

You were a sniper?

Lost my sight in an explosion in Tikrit in 03. I left my eyes in Iraq.

I'm very sorry...

(He's painting:)

My job was my eyes...And my job took them away... Take off the uniform, lay it on the ground.. barely see it... it's dark down there.. dark at the bottom... but getting lighter brighter as we rise, rising into gold, the light is golden... and golden, it's like a wall of light, rising up to into the saturated blue...

Why don't you paint what you saw over there? I know why. Because it's horrible. Because nobody wants to know.

... I'm tired of war stories... We only get one life. But within that one life... so many different lives.