

"THE BUNKER" by Tom David Barna

ANDREW DANIEL STEVENSON 24, Marine Veteran.

With his compassionate and long-term therapist.

STEVENSON

Rounds were coming in hot and heavy. Explosions everywhere, screams on my right and left, guys yelling out for the medic, helos raining down fire from overhead; a real fucking nightmare, Doc. (Beat.) And right there in the middle of the shit sandwich was my grandma. (Beat.) Just, standing there. So, I'm begging you, Doc; please increase my dosage or find something a whole lot more potent. I need something that does more than make me bearable in this fucked up world, I need something to stop the damn nightmares and the sirens in my head. It's getting way too real, Doc. A man shouldn't have to live like this. I don't want to live like this. I won't live like this. You either fix me or I'll just fix myself. What other choice do I have, Doc? Fix me, please.