"Give a man enough rope and he'll hang himself"
INT. MESSY LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

SPENCE sits slumped on the couch laughing at TV as he smokes a spliff. The coffee table in front of him is overloaded with books and papers. He checks his phone.

KNOCK KNOCK. He continues staring at his screen.

SPENCE
It's open!

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. He rolls his eyes and mutes the TV.

SPENCE (CONT’D)
You enroll to learn how to use a fuckin' door? It's open!

It creaks open. In peers KATHY looking very worried.

SPENCE (CONT’D)
Kathy! Fuck!

Spence shuffles his papers into a slightly neater mess.

SPENCE (CONT’D)
Sit down, sit down. Fuck! You clowning, girl?

She enters with a book-bag over her shoulder, slumps onto a chair, and stares spaced out and agitated.

SPENCE (CONT’D)
Oh damn! You flyin' high tonight, sister? You just sit back and relax, I'll be right with you.

He takes a long draw and offers the spliff over.

KATHY
No, no I... I... quit.

They share a long stare. He nods and continues to smoke. She rubs her shoulders and tweaks the curtains shut.

SPENCE
That what this is? Straight up?

KATHY
I need you to do me a huge favor. I need you to hold my whole stash.

She offers over her book bag, clearly heavily laden. He takes it and peers in impressed.

SPENCE
You shittin' me? There's enough here to do time for distribution.
KATHY
What can I say? I got a hell of a
taste for the green.

SPENCE
Look, I know we're besties and all
that, and hey, you wanna get clean,
I'm your loud and proud sponsor.
But to hold all this? I dunno. I
could flush it for you, right now?

KATHY
No! Don't' flush all my shit.

SPENCE
Oh, I see-
She stares back guilty.

SPENCE (CONT'D)
-You want me to buy it? You know
I'm between fortunes right now and-

KATHY
-No, I want you to hold it, okay?

SPENCE
(long beat)
You wanna tell me what's going on?

He offers his spliff over. She tries to remain pokerfaced but
snatches it away and takes a soothing puff.

KATHY
Fine! Yeah, I've been dealing a
little... Fuck! That feels good!
Turns out selling drugs is a great
way to make friends and earn money.
Who knew?

SPENCE
Fuck, Kathy! You sly dog, I'm
impressed! You're Superfly! Shit!

KATHY
Turns out it's also a really good
way to get into debt to other drug
dealers.

She stares sincerely concerned with her predicament. Spence
tries to smile it off.

SPENCE
Jeeze, how bad can it be? I mean,
these are just pot dealers, right?
KATHY
Oh it can pretty bad, believe me.
Like... put a hit on you bad.

She tries to remain stoic and not cry. That wiped the smile off his face. He mulls that over for a few moments.

SPENCE
Okaaaay... first things first, try not to panic.

KATHY
(freaking out)
Don't panic? Sure I won't panic. I'm nineteen years old, I never learned to drive, I've only been to one of the Disney parks, and I'm currently being chased down by a hitman from a cartel. What's to fucking panic about?

Spence gets up and lazily locks the front door.

SPENCE
Spence got you, okay?

He sits beside her and rubs her back.

KATHY
No offense, but you aren't exactly The Terminator.

SPENCE
Oh, I don't know about that. I could be all super-biconical under this skin, how'd you know?

She sniggers. He holds her. They slowly lock eyes. There's a strong attraction. He stares intense. She backs away.

KATHY
Last thing I want to do here is drag my best friend into this mess.

SPENCE
(a little rejected)
How about I pay off what you owe?

KATHY
You got five grand kicking around?

He doesn't.

KATHY (CONT'D)
I'm going to run.

SPENCE
Run? Run where?
KATH
I dunno, Spence! It's not like I can take a semester in witness relocation, is it? Now, if I could pay these guys off with essays on pre-seventeen hundred British literature, I'd be okay, hell I'd be the Walter-fucking-White of this campus, by now.

SPENCE
(dead serious)
But how will I find you?

KATHY
I'll let you know when I've worked it out. What matters is I get a head start on this.

SPENCE
You comin' back?

Kathy's face says a very sorry "no". He gets up and holds his head in his hands.

SPENCE (CONT'D)
Fuck! How'd this get so bad, Kath?

KATHY
Look, I need to get moving.

SPENCE
So you're just going to straight up walk out on your best friend forever?

KATHY
You want the four-one-one? Here it is. First week, nobody wants to speak to introverted girl with the Gorjuss backpack, except you, who introduces me to Slater. Who's more than happy to hook me up when I need it. So I'm buying, and I'm smoking, and I'm spreading the love, you know? Making sure the medicinal needs my new friends are taken care of?

SPENCE
You do spread the love.

KATHY
Well, you gotta spread the love. So Slater says, you should buy in bulk, big discount, no cash up front.

(MORE)
KATHY (CONT’D)
Then sell half, pay back what you
owe with interest, you're living
the dream. But I'm not, I'm fucking
smoking the dream. And I'm giving
it away like it's free cone day and
I'm both Ben and Jerry.

She pauses and they both turn a little sombre.

KATHY (CONT’D)
Get in debt, borrow more product to
get outta debt... get further in
debt. Turns out Slater isn't quite
so generous when you owe him a few
grand, and his interest rates
aren't too competitive either. He
owes some guys who owe some guys
who all owe this guy Cooch or
whatever, and well, shit rolls
downhill, and I'm at the bottom.

Spence gives her a reassuring rub on the shoulder.

KATHY (CONT’D)
I honestly wish you'd never
introduced me to that guy.

SPENCE
What a dick. Jeez, You can't trust
any cat these days.

He hurries away out the room.

KATHY
Where you going?

SPENCE (O.S.)
That creep knows the back way in.
I'm gonna go fort knox on his ass.

Kathy smiles appreciative and relaxes a little. She stares at
the mess of papers on the coffee table and zones in on
something. A tiny glinting tip. She lifts papers to find--

A knife badly hidden beneath them. She jolts back, looks to
the front door, and hears footsteps. She sits back and tries
hard to look natural, but dwells on what she's seen.

Spence re-enters and stares, reading something is amiss.

SPENCE (CONT’D)
'Sup? You lookin' at me like I'm
the boogie man, or somethin'.

KATHY
I gotta go.

She gets up and heads to the door. He blocks it.
SPENCE
No way! I'm not gonna let you go out there, into the danger zone.

She hides her trembling and spots a pencil on a notepad. Spence catches her eye and smiles innocently.

KATHY
I just... I need that head start.

She clutches the door handle and focuses on that sharp pencil tip. She turns the handle.

SPENCE
Wait!

She looks back scared.

SPENCE (CONT’D)
Allow me.

He unlocks the deadlocks for her. She opens the door and stares out at freedom.

SPENCE (CONT’D)
Can't believe I'm never going to see you again.

She looks back into his puppy dog eyes. She can't hide her worry. He turns suspicious. She goes to bolt. He grabs her, covering her mouth. She grabs the pencil, and whack--

She thrusts it into his gut. He grunts in pain. She slips free and runs, but he grabs her, drags her back inside while muffling her scream, and kicks the door closed.

He throws her to the couch and pins her down with one hand over her mouth. She pushes back desperately. Both their hands fumble around for the knife on the table and--

He gets it first. But she holds his arm back. Her eyes bulging, barely able to breath. Her free hand searches around for something, anything, it grips--

A glass ashtray. She swings. WHACK! It's enough to disorientate him. He tries to get the ash out his eyes.

WHACK! She hits him around the head again. She raises her arm back and screams. WHACK! It's enough to crack the ashtray. She takes a few steps back shocked and panting.

Spence lies heaving on the couch, his face bloody and clutching the pencil lodged in his gut. He groans pathetically in agony. She stares a little guilty.

SPENCE (CONT’D)
Argh! Call somebody! Please! Look! Kathy! You gotta listen to me!

(MORE)
SPENCE (CONT’D)
They made me do it! I'm in just as much trouble as you, okay? Worse!

She looks at the phone conflicted.

SPENCE (CONT’D)
They gave me a way out! I'm sorry!

Kathy picks up the receiver, dials 911, and waits silently as the operator answers.

SPENCE (CONT’D)
Help! I need fuckin' help!

She places the receiver on the table and looks to her stash.

SPENCE (CONT’D)
No! Don't! Don't you dare!

Kathy crosses to the front door, leaving her stash with him.

SPENCE (CONT’D)
They'll put me away, Kathy!

She looks back with little sympathy and pauses.

KATHY
You and me aren't friends anymore.

She lets herself out, leaving him screaming and howling.

THE END